

Winchester don't look like no singer, but...

by Milfred Campbell

Well, I'm just sittin' morosely over my Blue - after Lizotte's just told me that she don't like my crude plays and was gonna run off with this Drama major to Thorsby where they're gonna drink absinthe and talk artsy artsy all day.

So there I am, all deflated when who shows up but Garvin and Thrumbo, my ole drinkin' buddies from Thorsby who got these tickets for the Jesse Winchester concert.

Before I know it, I am at this concert, heart-broken waiting for this bugger to do his music so's I can go home and finish the rest of my 5 Star. Well before the "star" they give us some locally brewed stuff called Glory Hill, a fine bunch of string pickers who've turned hippy - but still kept that down home style. Thrumbo was dancin' in his seat till he spilled the wine on this guy's new, western style saddle boots everybody's wearin' now. The Glory Hill folks had a pretty goot time playin' for a damn near packed audience, and we all clapped and hooted for an encore which they gave us. They also got worse humor than Thrumbo's Gumby and Pokey jokes.

Jesse Winchester and his band played for the rest of the show. He sure don't look like no singer, he looks more like my existential philosophy professor. And he has a crazy way of dancin' which Garvin described as on in the night (after a few belts of my 5 Star) as one of those wooden marionettes you work with strings so their knees knock together. Except he really gets it in time to the music - especially with the number *Boober Man*. His music was pretty clean, nothing fancy just right on cue which I figger's pretty hard to do because most of his songs have got so many time changes. I wished that I could'a heard the lyrics a little better, the music was turned up too much. I really liked *Everybody knows but me*, a song about some guy who's fool, and everybody knows but him. I could sure identify with that - it made me think of what Irma done to



Jesse Winchester did alright Tuesday night at SUB.

Photo Gary Van Overloop

me. There was another song, a love song about an old guy wanting to love a young woman cause "she plays the old game" real new like, and the old guy wants to do it again because he wants to foreget everythin that happened inbetween.

That really hit me, reminds me what Bernice, the waitress back home in Thorsby tells me about old loves, in a way I can see it now, and Thrumbo agree too, so the three of us went home and got pissed on my 5 Star. I wish Irma had been at that concert.

Cardinal — asserting rights and striving for rebirth

by Wayne Kondro

Harold Cardinal, *The Rebirth of Canada's Indians*, Aurig, 1976, \$4.95 paper.

Despite Harold Cardinal having traditionally been a strong advocate of Indian rights there is reason to suspect that his new book is more detrimental than beneficial to the Indian cause. Cardinal deals effectively with general philosophical issues, but when specific issues are taken up Cardinal's bombastic and generalized style undoubtedly will support those who believe compromise came to Canada too soon.

Cardinal begins and ends with a call for cooperative participation between Indians, whites, individuals and government arguing on a 'unity-of-interests, beneficial-to-society' stance. The bulk of the book, however, is concerned more with invectives for past grievances and proposals to rectify those grievances, which at times are not altogether valid.

Cardinal, who has recently taken a federal civil service position, is particularly hostile to the federal and provincial governments, continuously deriding the

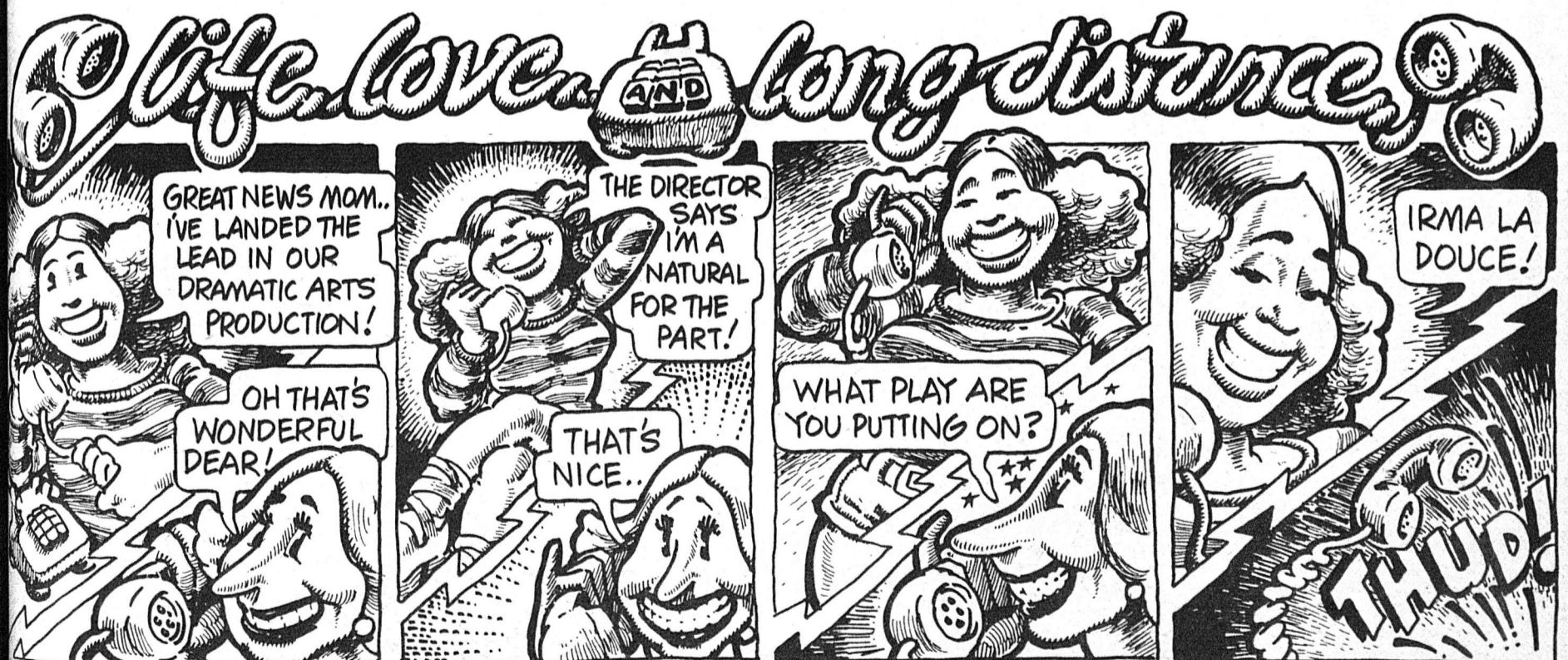
bureaucratic maze which thwarted the intentions of the Indian organizations and well meaning members of the Indian Affairs department during the early seventies. To an extent, the Lougheed administration is exempt, perhaps because both the Indians and his government would like to maintain a close bond with the Queen. This hostility is most evident when Cardinal discusses economic development, claiming under-financing and lack of proper training on the part of Indian Affairs, while demanding resources and expertise to train Indians for what are essentially civil service jobs.

Cardinal traces the demands back to treaty and aboriginal rights, which he defines as religious beliefs involving a balanced relationship with the Creator and the land. In a section dealing with the revision of the Indian Act, including a specific outline of proposals, Cardinal talks of complete renegotiation of all treaties, total rights to all the resources of the land (forests, minerals, etc.) and makes inauspicious claims such as, Indian hunting, fishing, and trapping rights, which are needed for survival, and have been eroded because of conservation programs. Not only do Cardinal's demands often seem antithetical to the concept of

aboriginal rights he propounds, but they tempt us to redefine our moral and legal responsibilities.

The book deals most effectively with the field of education. The reprint of portions of the National Indian Brotherhood's policy paper on control of education are particularly revealing in their claims for self-control over educational activities and programs for the preservation of the Indian identity. Although Cardinal supports the Brotherhood's premises his educational discussions are often bombastic, geared solely towards his economic development proposals, and incognisant to provincial jurisdiction over education and the constitutional difficulties therein.

Aside from the occasionally extravagant demands that underlie the book, the one thing most evident is Cardinal's frustration, not only with the government, but with the Indians themselves, primarily for failing to support his fledgling Indian organization, and ultimately his proposals. At any rate, he believes these attitudes to be changing, and informs us that the concomitant rebirth of Canada's Indians, so to speak, is only beginning.



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