

NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

I know Miss Canada

By JOE POLONSKY

One of those lingering tunes you bring home with you as a fond memory and moral from Fiddler on the Roof is the soulful 'Tradition'. The song symbolizes the Fiddler's tune. Do not forget your roots. Do not be ashamed of your tradition, rather, cherish it.

That's the trouble with York, approximately. It's not quite that we have forgotten our tradition; we've never even had one to forget. Do we have horny engineers printing gross newspapers strewn with phallic symbols in between the ads? No! Do we have drunken engineers pissing on the football field after the game? No! Do we have customs such as that of McCall House at U of T where every year all the guys get together and piss on the lawn of Queen's Park? No! Do we have ceremonies like at Queen's, where all the freshettes are initiated into Queen's in a most impressive candlelighting ceremony where all the girls receive their personal candles with ribbons tied around them to indicate the faculty of the man they are going to marry? No! We at York are stuck in the here and now; suspended in the present with no sense of the elegance of history.

Well, far be it for me to be one of those people who never puts his money where his mouth is. Therefore, I am about to write for the second year in a row an article on the Miss Canada Contest.

The motivation for the first Miss Canada Contest Commentary stemmed from the fact that the winner was from my home town, Thunder Bay. Alas, unfortunately and inevitably, this year's Miss Thunder Bay did not win. But you will be pleased to know that she did come First Runner-Up, which means as we all know, that if the winner cannot for some reason or other serve out her reign (i.e., she has to get her wisdom teeth removed, which prevents her from smiling all the time) the runner-up gets to take over the crown, the banner, and half the fur coat.

Last year's article toed the line, and expressed how I felt the contest exploited women. Well, this year I have not exactly changed my mind but have come to realize the inadequacy of that explanation in assessing the myths which keep the contest going. This year's Miss Thunder Bay was Patti Bain. Not only is she a super gymnast, but her father gave me haircuts, her brother played third base on my baseball team, and her other brother and I ran together for the executive of the junior high school. We both came second, in very close contests. My contest was particularly noteworthy. I was the first boy in the school to sprout a moustache and she was the first girl to sprout boobs. In hindsight, I must admit the latter was more impressive.

The Miss Canada Contest is really not the Miss America Contest. The girls are far from being Hollywood Beautiful. They are not terribly sophisticated, but rather they exude that small town sincerity, of girls who just the week before, were looking around for a date to the football dance. And through the courtesy of CTV I was soon swept up into pulling not just for Patti Bain, but for home. Television and the makers of Can Can Panty Hose had taken me from school work to home work from St. Augustine's City of God to Patti Bain's and Joe Polonsky's City of Thunder Bay.

So what with the oppression of women and the suppression of my former self both rummaging through my psyche, I dashed off to the fridge for a few quick beers, naturally followed by a quick trip to the bathroom. That's the problem with York. Nobody pisses anymore. Not on the football field. Not in the central square. And not in the Vanier Coffee Shop.

★ GOOD EATS ★

By HARRY STINSON

Perhaps the appeal is novelty, or because eating is easier than exercising, or even a liking for the taste of natural foods: whatever the reason the health food business is booming, although only a few years ago, public incredulity and hilarity, caused the rare stores that handled health foods to almost apologetically pass their goods off as imported delicacies, or medicines, things have changed, and everybody and his dog is after a share of the market.

In addition to the fabled carrot juice, the consumer can usually find apricot, fig, prune, papaya, and celery flavours: one company produces over forty varieties of juices, concentrates and syrups. There is soy oil, sesame, safflower, garlic, and all-blend, plus a host of others that ranges to avocado, apricot, sunflower, walnut, and even wheat germ oil. Black strap molasses, special honeys and peanut butters sell well. If you have a natural sweet tooth, try some honey-dipped prunes, raisins, or figs, or a (Better 'n Chocolate) instant drink powder from the makers of natural caramels.

Cereals make up a large and popular portion. The list is headed by (stone-ground) whole wheat, and includes oatmeal, rice mix, pastry (graham) flour, millet, wheat germ, a pancake mix of special flours, carrot noodles, Irish wheat, bonemeal, and rice cakes. Soy is sold as a green, yellow, or 'new, improved' bean, as an oil, a flour, lecithin, or in granules. There is sea salt, and egg-replacer (73 cents/3/4 oz. replaces 12 eggs). The instant coffee is caffeine-free, and made from barley and rye, and varieties of herbal teas are available.

If you go for pills, there are bottles of them in sizes of 100 and 300 capsules. (A sampling would encompass spinach, alfalfa, kelp, pollen, thiamine, yeast, garlic, calcium, celery, liver and B12, and a multitude of vitamins).

Easily one of the fastest moving items is granola a breakfast cereal that is produced in several flavours, by a variety of natural food companies. Honey-Almond Granola, for example, contains oats, soy oil, honey, wheat germ, sliced almonds, sesame seeds, salt, and flavouring.

Price-wise, health foods are generally more expensive. The 300-size bottle of spinach tablets, for example, is \$6.79. Cereals like Granola are considerably more costly than normal products. But brown rice, 16 oz./39 cents), compares reasonably to standard rice and the de-emphasis of meat could lead to savings. And as the market grows, the already-vigorous competition is bound to keep prices in line.

COMIX!



WERE BOTH VICTIMS OF THE SAME OPPRESSIVE SYSTEM.



WERE BOTH EQUAL OPPRESSORS IN THE SAME STRUGGLE.



WE ALL HAVE THE SAME GOALS.



IF I WANT TO GET SOMETHING DONE, I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE TOP.



WHY DO I HAVE TO GO TO THE TOP TO GET SOMETHING DONE?

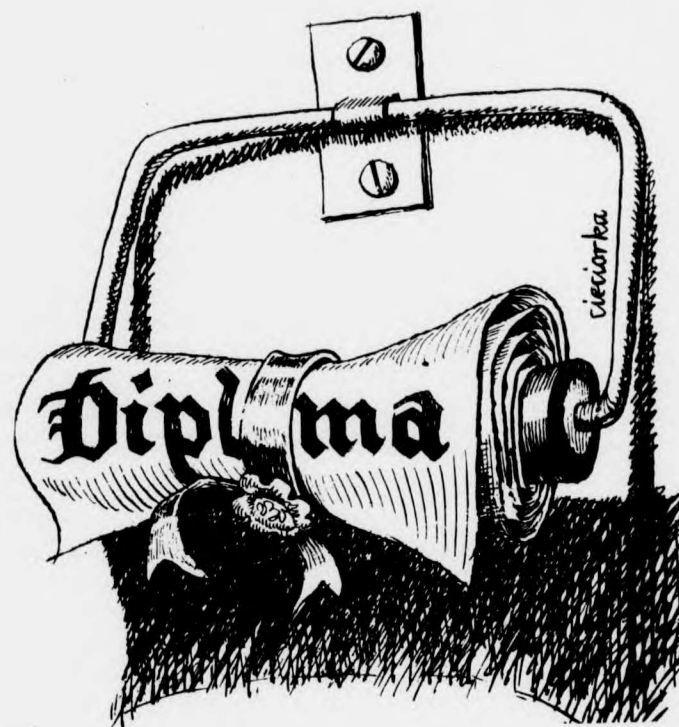


CAMPUS FAX.

No 36



While waiting for the KEELE ST. BUS, second year student SIMON FOONZOLT actually CURSED the bus, OUT LOUD! He was at once turned into a large, circular peice of green cheese, and can be seen rising from time to time over the Foonzolt Séances Bldg.



"You will meet a beautiful, dark-haired girl from Women's Liberation who will tell you to go to hell."

