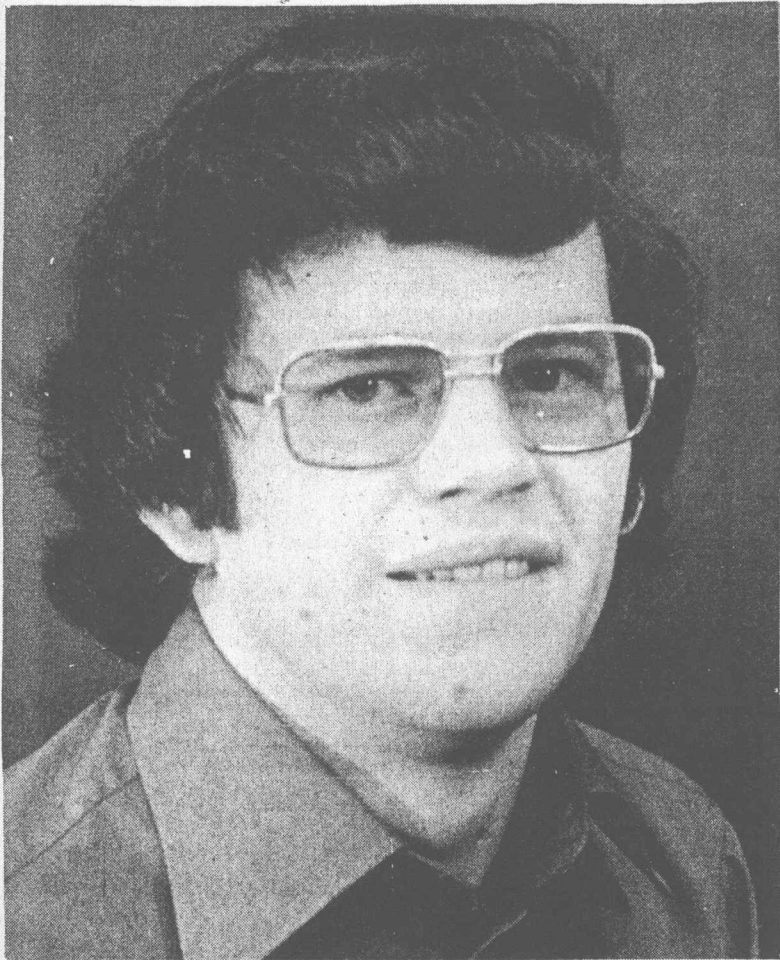


Friday, March 26



support

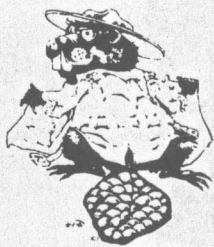
JOE MCGHIE

S.U. President 1974-75; obtained University-Government financial assistance for HUB.
 - 4 years experience in elected student positions.
 - for effective representation of student concerns.

for

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Culture- Do



Garboed Art

In a recent article, Susan Sontag stated: "We live in a culture in which intelligence is denied relevance altogether, in a search for radical innocence, or is defended as an instrument of authority and repression."

Artists whose motive is to exploit a medium in a self-serving manner have no claim to be artists since they deny that their tools are a medium, but ends in themselves. The immature demogoguery surrounding The Artist prevents serious response, or has made a cul-de-sac of such recourse.

Can one intelligently criticize an artist who does not use his or her medium intelligently? If I wish to watch the Empire State Building for twenty-four hours, I will do so, though I will not watch Andy Warhol's film of this subject and duration.

It is fine for Warhol to make the film, but for it to be peddled as art was not the original intention. Grappling with new styles and themes can be innovative and revolutionary, but when a history is denied by creating the very groundrules for acceptance as an artist, it becomes unnecessarily restrictive.

This film as an object cannot stamp itself "art" and expect to be judged accordingly. If freedom is a prerequisite for artistry to prosper, then any restrictions should not extend beyond the bounds of the medium: 24 hrs, etc.

It is argued that freedom is possible only within some sort of

structure, but above and beyond this, there is no excuse nor defensible reason for prejudicial limits. Intelligence is going beyond picking up the pencil and regurgitating a semi-connected stream of consciousness to synthesizing signs, signals, and symbols in a communicable fashion.

Jesteryear

Sock hops, eight-ounce burgers, souped-up Chevies, chinos and that little twist of vaselined hair poised over the forehead where your girl had flicked it as you cornered her between classes.

Good times, happy days. The fifties as a gloriously decadent era of spunk and its revival twenty years hence as indicative of something we lack? Sorry brother. These were among the limited years of relative peace which seem to have developed their own environments. Whether reactions to previous or forebodings of coming events, they're easy to identify: the turn of the century, the twenties, and the late forties and fifties. It's tempting to add the seventies, and perhaps the connection is legitimate.

By lifting these ages out of context, a more rational view is condensed from the contradictions of Fitzgerald and Day of the Locust, West Side Story and Kerouac. Historians try too hard to get the facts straight when, in fact, there are no facts. Such is what we do to the fifties, resurrecting artifacts which suit our needs while we also claim to be living in the present. Folks who were around then have more often labelled the fifties "boring" than chosen a collection of "representative" physical items: an unresolvable dilemma which pits historians upon one another foot and mouth.

Unqualified categorizations destroy any perspective we may have on history, be it that of the fifties or

