

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

produced and directed by
the gateway staff

This is the first issue of *Casserole* to find its way into the community that is Edmonton.

As such, it sets a trend for the ensuing issues. They will all be community issues to a certain extent, all focussed somehow on the relation between the university and society and between studentship and citizenship.

Today on C-4 and C-5, Alan Douglass is confronted by the inadequacies of an ivory tower education. He also establishes the same bonds of communication with his friends outside the tower that *Casserole* is attempting to forge.

They should care for people, say Mr. Douglass and his fellow employees, not lock them up or cast them aside.

Which brings us to the cover photograph by Mike Vann of *The Edmonton Journal*. It is a simple picture, just a man sleeping. Maybe he is drunk, maybe he is just tired.

But no one seems to care. Maybe they will have to lock him up or maybe he will rise groggily to go his own lonely way.

Opposite is former *Casserole* editor Elaine Verbicky's colorful view of Kahn-Tineta Horn and in the regular *Gateway* there is a column by the *FM*'s critical of Miss Horn's views.

The article by the SDU on C-3 was submitted as the collective opinion of some members and they might notice one paragraph has been deleted for space reasons. We tried to choose one that would not affect the argument.

Finally, Ron Dutton and Terry Donnelly are just pleased as punch to present Steppenwolf and Belle de Jour reviews on C-6 and C-7.

We'll be around next week too, and the next, so talk to us too.

—A.S.

Kahn-Tineta Horn verbally scalps whites

"We're your landlords. And the rent is due"

By ELAINE VERBICKY

Leaning on the lectern, the better to defy her listeners, she launched a flood of complaints in the name of Indian people of Canada and a string of demands that left the room momentarily stunned and silent.

Canadian history books, especially the French ones, have always depicted the Indian as an evil savage, she said. The French have been raised with a hatred of Indians.

"And now, along comes this French-Canadian gentleman, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, brought up on the hate literature of French-Canadian scholars, and he says he wants to tear up our treaties because he feels like it."

Imagine his calling the new government Indian program a "White Paper!"

She stood in the glare of the SUB theatre floodlights, in moccasins and buckskins, her black hair flowing over her shoulders, eyes shooting spears at her audience.

Confronting a packed house of white university students Thursday afternoon, Kahn-Tineta Horn, a former Indian Princess of Canada and a full-time crusader for Indian rights, tried to shout the white man down and out of the country.

"Why don't you all go back to where you came from," she cried. "We were doing fine before you came. We own this land; we're your landlords. And the rent is due."

The Liberal government's recent proposals to change the Indian Act destroy treaty rights and break promises made hundreds of years ago which are binding forever, said Miss Horn.

"What will the betrayal of Canada's promises bring to Canada?" she enquired softly. "I say that a solemn curse will come upon this land. When Trudeau has destroyed the reserves, 300,000 Indians will descend on the cities of our nation—and God help those cities."

The white man has piled injustice atop injustice in his treatment of the native people of North America, she said, and cited examples of white dealings on her home reserve of Caughnawaga near Montreal.

"The city of Montreal dumps its garbage on our land. And the way I figure it, they're paying us about \$200,000 less than they ought to be paying. Some of our land was expropriated for the St. Lawrence Seaway, and that problem is still in the courts. There was messy dealing there," she said.

And any Indian person fighting a court case will not get justice, she said. "The only time he gets justice is when he has money."

"I just finished fighting a case in Cornwall, Ontario, where they tried to charge me with obstructing 23 policemen," she said with a wry laugh. "They each weighed about 250 pounds. I don't see how I could have obstructed one, let alone 23."

From Caughnawaga troubles, Miss Horn moved into a general attack on white society.

"We don't want to integrate with you," she shouted. "How can you expect us to respect a society that allows people of the same sex to have . . . well, to do it . . . you know, the homosexual law."



—Forrest Bard photo

A POX ON YOUR CITIES

" . . . why don't you all go back to where you came from?"

If the white people won't leave, they must at least respect treaty rights of Indians. "Those are good treaties. We shed a lot of blood for them, and the promises in them are made forever."

Her beaded headband was covered with symbols of good fortune and sacred signs to protect her from evil spirits and dangerous thoughts. The sun sign sat on her forehead like a flaming challenge.

"Yes, I'm a racist," she cried. "You're either a racist or a hypocrite, and I'm a racist." No Indian should marry a white man, she said. Indian women should have less education, to keep them from wanting to leave the reserves. "The education they get should be on the reserve, and it should help them to be good wives to Indian men."

The Indian "Problem" was going to keep growing, she warned the students in the theatre, because the Indian population of North America would double in 10 years.

A question came from the floor regarding birth control.

"Birth control?" Miss Horn replied. "Birth control, yes. The white people should use it. But not Indians. Maybe when we get to be as many as you, then we'll use it, but not till then."

The white man must continue to respect

treaty rights, she said. "Those are good treaties. Our fathers took care of us. You know, we don't have to work with those treaties. You're just lucky we want to—sometimes."

"And apartheid—sure, I'm for it. I'm against mixed marriages. You whitemen stay away from the Indian girls, you hear?" she demanded. "White people marry away our best people."

Later, in an interview, Miss Horn defended her racism. "If I live in the city of Montreal, I won't turn blonde," she said. "I'm always an Indian. It's a spirit in all of us."

"And women who marry — whites — they shouldn't. Their children grow up caught between two cultures, and the Metis suicide rate is very high."

Is there any hope the Indian people of North America will have their lands returned?

"Yes," she said. "We have it on the best authority. There is more than hope."

Her eyes were dark and intense as she spoke. "All the Indian people have just discovered we have a certain prophecy in common—that's how we know the lands are coming back."

Does the prophecy mention anything of nuclear war and today's white-urban problem?

"Yes," she said, smiling secretly. "That is why we are so sure."

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