

COMIX!

gort I predict that one day Industry will manufacture everything from autos with internal combustion engines... to beer cans!



And pollute air, water and land.



True...but Industry is ingenious! With public prodding, Industry will recycle solid waste into salable metals, paper, glass, fertilizer...

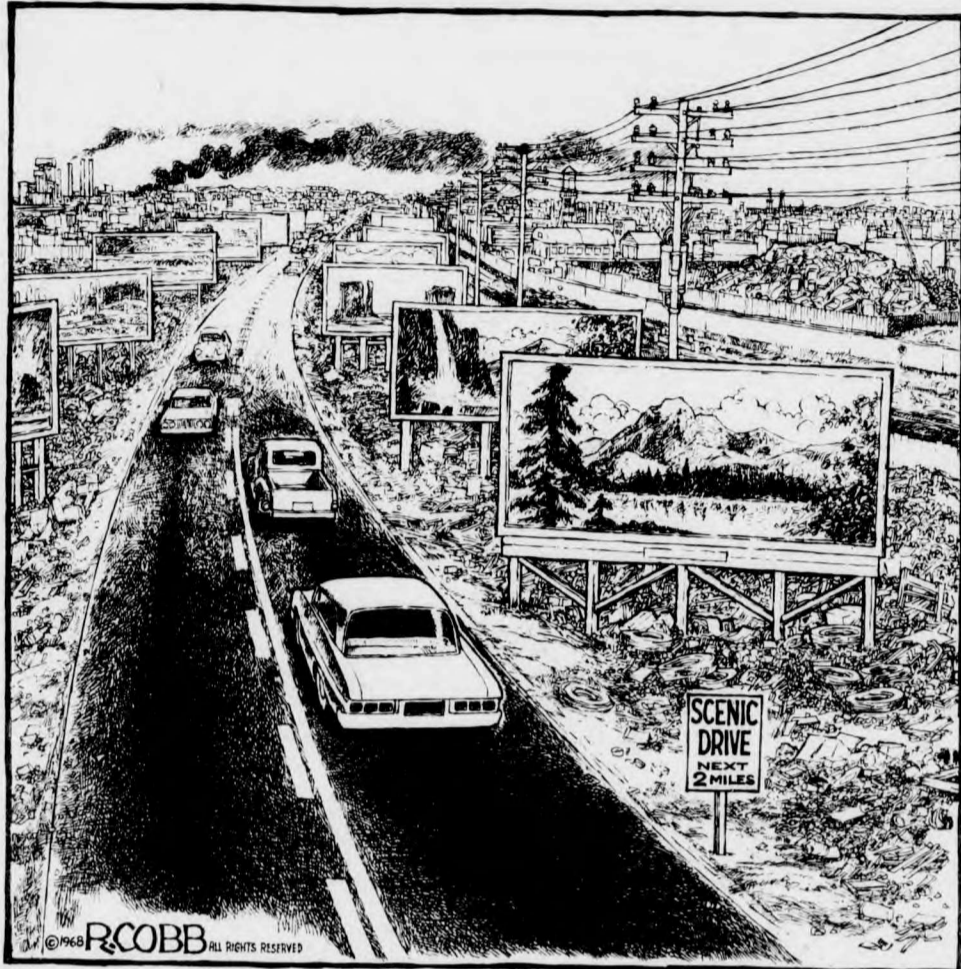
...pet food additives! Even useless refuse will be incinerated, generating steam for sale to utilities. Yes, Industry is fantastic!



Industry will not only show profits from their original products, but will profit from their own Pollution!



Do y'suppose Pollution could be an elaborate Industrial money-making plot?



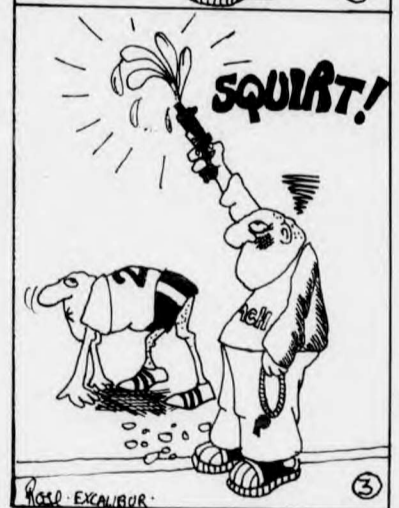
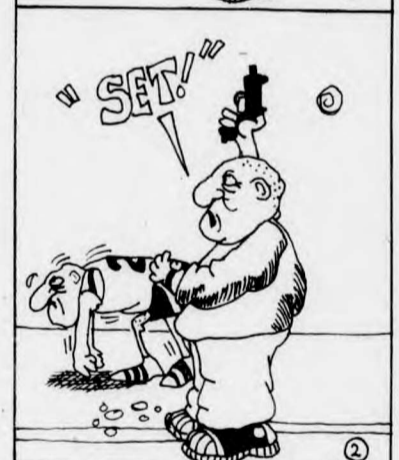
CAMPUS FAX No. 147.

THE FLOWERING FOBBLON PLANT.

THIS RARE, EXOTIC PLANT ONCE FLOURISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN A SMALL AREA ON YORK'S CAMPUS. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE UNIVERSITY ERECTED A BUILDING IN TRIBUTE TO THE PLANT; UNFORTUNATELY, THE BUILDING WAS ERECTED ON TOP OF THE PLANT, RENDERING THE LAST SPECIMEN EXTINCT.



AT THE TRACK



NAKED CAME POLONSKY:

Throw-up blow-up

By JOE POLONSKY

Mon Oncle Antoine is a beautiful movie, and a triumph for the emerging Canadian film industry. It is the spark that the Canadian film industry needed to prove to itself that it could produce films equal to those of the European masters. And what is of extraneous interest about the movie is that it is but one of three major Canadian flicks now playing in Toronto.

Rip-Off, showing at the New Yorker, is the funny story of three bored high school students in Toronto. Face-Off, showing at the Odeon Carleton, is the boring story of a hockey player who gets advice from George Armstrong and falls in love with a pop singer, who takes acid and hallucinates on Ali McGraw. Face-Off provides the spark that the Canadian film industry needed to prove to itself that it could produce films equal to those of the American masters.

Well, what with Rip-Off and Face-Off such huge successes, it was inevitable that work be started on the next effort in the series, Piss-Off. The film, a co-production of Foster Hewitt and Sons Inc. and the NFB is the telling tale of an English professor at a Toronto university who gets most annoyed with his department and switches to the Humanities. In a letter of resignation, addressed to the head of the department, he writes:

Dear Zeus:

The stilted, specialistic, sanguine, abhorringly autocratic procedural procrastinations of this department give me a pain in the anus. As a matter of fact, if I were to sink into one of my few more prosaic pronouncements, I would go so far as to exclaim, that this department is a veritable — Oh heck, I just can't say it. Anyways, my denouncement is precise. I shall no longer be shackled to your metaphors. And furthermore, your lack of apocalyptic vision is appalling. I am quite confident that my Danielness shall be much more appreciated in the home of Humanities.

I respectfully remain,
Prometheus.

P.S. Give me back my cigarette lighter.

Anyways, Prometheus, whose name by the way isn't really Prometheus, but rather Tom, Son of Zinger, found that bliss was really not right around the corner, but that much to his dismay, soon realized that the Humanities Department wasn't really all that different. Poor Tom was at the edge of his nerves. He was all played out.

The next scene of this Canadian movie has Tom driving home. City Hall, and the Toronto Dominion Centre are in the background. This is somewhat strange since he lived on a farm outside of Barrie. Finally he arrives home, and is immediately comforted by the sweet smell of chicken soup and lentil beans, his wife doing her yoga in front of the Mike Douglas Show, and the kids playing darts with a dartboard made out of Joan Baez's face. Here, he figures, away from the university, he can get a better grip on the situation.

It is after dinner now, and the family is all sitting around in a circle in the living room with a candle carved in the shape of Joan Baez's face in the middle. Tom is reading the Bible. His wife is doing Bill Cosby's Noah routine. The little boy is trying to build a model car, and the girl is reading him the instructions. It is a happy scene.

All of a sudden there is a knock at the door. It is Norman Depoe. He wants Tom to be a guest on an interview show. Tom doesn't know whether he should accept or not. In despair, he phones up his father, Mr. Zinger. He gets a bad connection.

"Pa, they want me to be on network TV. And you know how I am a real sucker for fame. It's kind of like I was born with it."

"Son, I've seen what they do to academics on TV. They really spin those people's minds through the mill, and in only fifteen minutes."

All of a sudden, a flash of lightning spins through the air and hits the telephone line.

The next day both father and son were found dead. Both were smiling, as the credits rolled by.

★ GOOD EATS ★

Two new places to go

By HARRY STINSON

The natural food boom has brought the opening of several health kitchens in Toronto. Here are two of the most successful eateries.

CORNUCOPIA, 25 Victoria St., downtown, is doing a rollicking business with hours geared to the business community (it's not open weekends). Nevertheless their clientele encompasses a cross-section of society, a characteristic noted by most natural food dealers. Customers at Cornucopia gorge themselves from a selection of salads, soups-of-the-day, fresh juices, special sandwiches, (on rye, whole wheat, pumpernickel, or onion), herbal cheeses, fruits, yogurt shakes, and dessert breads (like carrot, banana, date, or nut). If you want to take it with you, a health food store is attached.

ETHEREA FOODS (Rochdale), with its long communal benches, caters to a different crowd. It is a cheerful, wood-panelled, cafeteria, offering the likes of hot, spicy, mung bean soup, health bread, soy patties, mushroom stew or vegetable goulash on brown rice, and the sandwich supreme of the health food set; the Cosmis Special (avocado relish, bean sprouts, mushroom, tomato, and skim milk cheese on whole wheat, broiled and sprinkled with caraway). Then wash it all down with a yogurt shake, a cider concoction, or some herb or berry tea. Fortunately, both places are comparatively cheap.

One of the most incredible (literally) health food phenomena is an oriental root called 'Ginseng'. For 5,000 years a religiously revered cure-all, stimulant, and elixir of youth in China, Korea, and Japan, Ginseng is selling like wildfire in the States, and has recently been introduced into Canada. To justify its astronomical price (an average \$20 for a bottle of 150 capsules, in the U.S.), its boosters claim that not only does it cure disorders of the heart, joints, nervous system, stomach, skin, eyes, and body organs, plus sexual disorders of any kind, but it revitalizes the body and maintains (and increases) sexual virility well into old age. Rich in vitamins and minerals, Ginseng, ostensibly reactivates the sexual organs and the endocrine glands, which in turn control body functions and the assimilation of vitamins and minerals. Amazing?! But it's probably best to take these claims with a grain of sea salt.

Valid or not, the development of the natural food movement has unquestionably led to improvements and new discrimination in North American eating habits. There are now over 50 health food specialist outlets in Toronto, and that's a lot of Granola!

In future columns; the challenging quest to unearth decent food at York, more restaurants worth trying, and recipes for everything from pizza to puppy-dog tails, to Chinese fried rice, to cider.