

Letters To The Editor

York students indicate sad state of humanity

I am concerned about the future of humanity if York students are typical. I fear however that they are the cream, and that humanity is in a far worse state than even the York student body indicates.

There are at least two foreboding indices in the November 7 issue of Excalibur. The first is an article by Robert Ashford describing an acting-out of the malaise of this society — that dread disease, intolerance. Ashford comes down much too lightly on the thoughtless, bigoted behaviour exhibited by some people (?) in Central Square toward the York Homophile Association.

But, perhaps I am being intolerant of intolerance. Perhaps these people have a perfect right to express their disapproval of an activity in a physical, abusive manner. If they do not like the colour of my sweater, perhaps they do have a right to stone me to death, as this is a logical progression from expression of disapproval of someone's sexual preference by apple-core throwing.

The second and even more insidious example was presented under the guise of humour. It is not the particular item that I find so distasteful, but rather the underlying assumption, which seems to be shared by a number of faculty and students, that there is no place in this sphere for the imperfect.

I refer to Steve Brinder's comment that the staff of the Oasis and the book store are supplied by the St. Joseph's School for the Slow. It connotes an elitist viewpoint that would have all the 'less than perfect' (as measured by this mythical elite) eliminated. And, I do mean that literally.

For, once you put all the emotionally, physically and intellectually handicapped out of sight; once you remove all the un-beautiful, the next step is to say why keep them

alive, if we won't (or don't want to) keep them around.

I must make myself clear. I am not concurring with the notion that the staff at the Oasis or the book store are actually among those classified as slow learners, although I see no reason not to hire slow learners. On the other hand, if I had to deal with intolerant, boorish, impatient, hypercritical people on a daily basis, I too would probably become "a little thick". Numbness and dumbness are not synonymous, but the resulting behaviour may be similar. (Forgive the misuse of dumb when I mean dull. Or, do I mean obtuse? Or stupid?)

What I am trying to say is that a little tolerance, exhibited by all, goes a long, long way toward a more pleasant, more humane life for all. But, a little intolerance exhibited by a few, makes us all numb to the daily injustices we observe, to the daily injustices we incur, and especially to the daily injustices we inflict upon others.

Lucille A. Bradley

Mouritsen won't disappoint fans

I have almost been convinced that I am as important to the university as my recent coverage in Excalibur implies.

Lest Michael Mouritsen-watchers be disappointed this week, I am writing to comment on last week's front page article reporting my resignation from the university Food Service Committee. (My visit to the Central Square men's room last Friday morning went unreported, so I am unable to comment on that.)

Anne Scotton's complaint that I

had never been selected by the Green Bush Inn as its representative to the Food Committee is rather silly and would not warrant a reply except for the bad light it seems to throw on my resignation.

As Anne knows very well, campus organizations are often invited to send representatives to meetings on short notice. In such cases, an officer of the organization attends the meeting and is ratified (or replaced by a permanent representative) later. Since the other Green Bush officers were not interested in the Food Committee, but I was, I attended (and in fact was ratified by the GBI executive afterwards).

Michael Mouritsen

OFS is futile waste of money; 'No' vote urged

I sincerely hope that I speak for a majority of York students when I say that the Ontario Federation of Students is in no way worth three beers to me.

Indeed, the very fact that the OFS wishes to compare itself with alcoholic beverages says something about this group and its view of students. The OFS clearly considers us all to be beer drinking slobs, for anyone who is truly a student would more likely use \$1.50 to purchase a textbook than beer.

In any case, the OFS is a waste of money, and I do not wish it to be my money which is wasted. The OFS can criticize the government until it is exhausted if it wishes to, but one would think that by now the OFS would have learned that such action is futile, for the government does not and will not listen to students (or

teachers, for that matter) be it one or one million who complain.

Excalibur's editorial put things quite neatly when it stated that "the OFS in the past two years has trembled on the brink of uselessness", but I cannot see how it then concluded that it was worth giving the OFS our money. Financing this group on the basis that it has "worthwhile projects ... for the future" makes as much sense as voting for a politician who has done nothing in the past, but makes great promises concerning what he will do if re-elected. Neither the politician nor the OFS will fulfill these promises, and everyone should know this by now.

I for one want no part of the OFS, and I urge all other York students to reject the \$1.50 increase in our tuition fees which this group seeks. Buy a textbook, or even three beers, but please do not waste your money on the OFS.

Phil Carr

Algonquin Park can accommodate variety of uses

I would like to comment on the two major themes in Mick Birnal's criticism of the Algonquin Park master plan — "Algonquin Plan Is Conservationist's Nightmare" (Nov. 7).

These were that logging operations be phased out of the park and either carried on outside its boundaries or the workforce relocated; and that the park as a "wilderness area" or "natural environment" should be "preserved".

The first relates to Stephen Lewis' much publicized statements and letters in the Toronto Star in which he purports to prove, using the ministry of natural resources' own statistics, that logging can be removed from the park and carried on within a 50 mile radius without dislocating the present workforce. This only goes to show how accurate the maxim about "lies, damn lies and statistics" is.

Certainly Bernier should have replied to this assertion — and I also wonder why he hasn't — but he may have felt that he needn't bother because Lewis' reports are so demonstrably wrong. They are mistakenly based on "allowable cut", a configuration which is without basis in the estimate Lewis attempts to make. Also, no mention was made of any recent inventory of the area, no mention was made of species, condition or age classes, no mention was made of the physical cost of getting at the stuff and no mention was made of the tenure of the land within the 50 mile radius.

The other alternative to shifting operations is of course to halt them entirely. Birnal's "reasonable" suggestion is that this be done over a period of 10 years. Whether it is one or 10 years begs the question. What do you do with the people? What happens to the communities? The workforce is scattered, literally, over a couple thousand square miles from Pembroke in the east, Huntsville in the west, Kios in the north and Bancroft in the south. There are no large concentrations of these people so what kinds of alternative employment are proposed? (If somebody suggests tourism I'll beat them over the head because there is no industry as exploitative as that).

Birnal's second theme is the preservation of Algonquin as a "wilderness" ... "natural environment". Algonquin Park is no

such thing! Logging has actively been carried out there since 1831 and the face of the Park has been completely altered as a result of this. The birch which the author is concerned about were introduced only as a result of logging and fires; those "magnificent pine stands" aren't even in the areas in which logging is being carried on.

A few hysterics may think this merely an apology for the commercial activities of a few vested interests. It isn't. There is a lot at stake — jobs and whole communities in what must be admitted to be one of the poorest areas of this province.

A legitimate concern is what some consider to be the alienation of the timber values in the Park. Yet there is no question, dealing as we are with a renewable resource, that the strictest supervision of commercial cutting in this province is carried out on Crown lands, that the strictest of these is in Algonquin Park and that it will be even stricter under a new crown corporation—the Algonquin Forestry Authority.

I don't know what particular set of values justifies the label "conservationist" but Algonquin as constituted today can accommodate a variety of pursuits and interests. Itinerant weekenders cannot dictate the line for everyone.

Marshall Leslie

Birnal replies: "Logging can not co-exist indefinitely with nature. Leslie apparently believes that the logging companies are only 'harvesting' Algonquin's forests. Nothing could be further from the truth. In 1972, Bernier himself admitted to the legislature that the yellow birch is being cut down faster than it can grow back.

"Leslie terms the goals of conservation 'selfish'. I am afraid there is more than 'dirt roads and bridges' in their very legitimate objections. Gavin Henderson, a well-known conservationist, best expresses that group's feelings when he says, 'Flying over Algonquin is flying over an industrial landscape.'

"This is something no weekend camper may take credit for."

Spurned driver says nevermore

There was recently a letter in Excalibur referring to the ungracious motorists who pass hitch-hiking students.

I am the driver of a large campervan, equipped to seat 10 people, and have just suffered the ignominy of being refused by a group of students. These fellow students were waiting for the Steeles bus, in damp, cold and miserable conditions, and I was headed towards Yonge Street. I stopped and offered a ride. Would you believe not one taker from this group of poor students? I admit that as a bearded, jeans-wearing 37 year old student, I may not fit the standard York image, however, outright rejection is carrying things just a little too far.

If the green and white camper, normally parked in 'D' lot, now passes you by, come rain, blizzard or sunshine, look to avenge yourself on those who normally catch the Steeles bus on Mondays at approximately 2 p.m.

Jon Harris

Opinion

CKRY should vary its format

By STEVE HAIN

The boys at CKRY-FM were ecstatic when news of their increased budget came from amorous Annie's council chambers.

Now the equipment could be repaired, and the ripped-off records replaced, and the way was paved for a productive season, with the chance of an FM licence a few years off.

Unfortunately, the day may never come when Radio York will attain that piece of parchment, because they probably won't get the budget from CYSF needed to cover expenses, the station personnel may not want it, or the CRTC will refuse the application on the grounds that they would be supporting another straight format FM station.

Radio York. Where any student can walk in, and take a "voice test". And where, if he passes the test, he is shown the master board and how to use it, and where to find the record request forms (in a mass "crackdown" to prevent records from being stolen).

And where the perspiring disc jockey is then pushed into the task of programming his own show with no more previous experience than his own particular musical taste.

More often than not, his FM exposure has been limited to that pillar of uniformity, CHUM-FM. So he mimics what he hears: play a few records, name the artists with a little background (if he knows any), and tell the time and the weather.

So what you have is a print instead of an original.

University students, in an atmosphere of 1,001 interesting ideas and interpretations, are more content to stay with an established and tired format than to develop a different (and therefore creatively more stimulating) one.

It's ironic that station personnel try to conduct themselves in a professional and business-like manner, because as a business, Radio York has failed. Those who deny this are suffering from delusions, due to the simple fact that the station generated limited capital of its own.

Even the business community is not too im-

pressed; it regards Radio York as the student station that it is. What we have, in effect, is an amateurish, inexperienced replica of CHUM-FM.

So what are the alternatives? First of all, the station should realize its limitations, and entertain the enlightening thought that its energies would best be directed toward an alternative, with respect to the concept of format.

The straight format is fine for those who aspire towards careers in the radio industry; but their programming should be confined to the daylight hours. The evenings would then be devoted to those who wish to experiment with broadcasting formats.

Film, photography and music have constantly been expanding and seeking new and varied techniques. But radio has receded from its heyday in the 40s to the business and precision-like atmosphere of the 60s and 70s.

The new format would be called radio montage — a collage of feelings, expressed by the disc jockey both in the music that he plays and the words that he speaks. Just as Picasso, who was skilled in the basics of drawing, created great works of art in the abstract, so the montage radio creator would possess knowledge of the basics while choosing to create in the abstract.

The only advocate (to my knowledge) of this format concept at Radio York is Michael Dolgy, who has been broadcasting on and off there for the past three years. His background in the media includes work at the Sound Factory, a Toronto-based recording studio, and in commercial writing for both Martin Onrot and CKFH.

It is obvious that CRTC regulations restrict the format at CHUM-FM; why must Radio York's programming also be restricted when it has no regulations governing them outside of the control of the listeners?

Each jockey has the freedom to programme his show in any manner that he chooses; but outside of differing sounds, each show takes on the quality of George Orwell radio.

CKRY is FM in name only.