

I WRITE WITH AN  
**AXE**

OPINIONS  
**the case for conscription**

**Dear Axey,**

by Brett Gellert

Excalibur has been getting letters over the last few weeks on questions that no one is willing to answer.

The university staff are busy building multi-million dollar buildings while the student administration is deciding on whether or not we should belong to the "We Support Multi-Lettered Organizations That People Really Don't Give A Damn About" League.

The editor in his great wisdom, and because I was just sitting around making fun of the guy who does Cyrano, requested (forced) me to answer some of the more urgent sounding letters.

The first question comes from a Poli-Sci major who asks: *Is Brian Mulroney for real?*

Excellent question. Yes, unfortunately the PM is for real. I think as Canadians we'd like to imagine he wasn't for real, much like headcheese.

The only person I ever met who defended the PM was a guy I worked with in the summer named Kevin Travers. Mind you, he had one of the best senses of humor I've ever come across, so I think he was joking. I think most Brian Mulroney supporters are only joking: it's all part of the wacky world of politics.

From a Phys-Ed major this interesting question: *How many beers can someone drink before they think they can fly like Superman?*

For this question, we had to conduct a serious, scientific study. We got a two-four and an average male. The average male was my assistant Clem. My idea was to feed him beer until the desired effect (wanting to fly like Superman) was achieved.

After four beers, Clem became loud and extremely flirtatious. After five, he was knocked down and beaten rather badly by several enraged women from the staff. After six beers, Clem showed signs of imitating Adam West from the old Batman TV show. After 10 beers, he thought our word processor was the control panel of the Exxon Valdez. He kept leaning from side to side screaming, "We're gonna hit, hand me another hit, hand me another beer."

At 15 beers, he exhibited the desired effect. He leapt through the air (his boxer shorts on his head like some type of helmet) and crashed into the ground like a university elevator, screaming something that sounded like, "I will vanquish you."

So if you want to be Superman for a little while, it's going to take more than a case of 12 to do it.

The next question comes from a Fine Arts student who asks: *Do we really get our value for our entertainment dollar?*

Hell, I don't know. A good way to judge if you're getting your money's worth at a movie is to count the number of car crashes. If that number exceeds the number of dollars you paid, consider yourself entertained.

At operas, my only guess is to gauge the quality of the Mama Cass impersonators dressed in viking outfits.

In professional wrestling, the better match is the one involving a guy who can walk to the ring and still have an ounce of dignity left.

And a good baseball play is one in which the players lob food into the audience, preferably hotdogs.

Decent TV is any show that has people yelling "Mulroney Sucks."

by J. Hagey

Hey, son, how ya doin, kiddo? Come on over here and talk to your old man for awhile, eh boy? That's right, come on over and sit with me.

Gee, you are gettin' big, just look at you! Well, I shouldn't beat around the bush, son, I got some bad news for you. You're going to have to leave home soon and go on a little trip. Now son, don't look like that, it's not that me and your mother want you to go but it's out of our hands.

We, son, are just small cogs in the social wheel. Sometimes things are bigger than us, things like honor, responsibility, fossil fuels, government. Sometimes we can't think of just ourselves, we got to think of others.

So you are going to have to take this trip, my boy, a little trip around this great big ole world of ours. It'll be hot where you're goin', so stop with your frownin'. It's just like a big beach. It it was up to me you

wouldn't have to go, but nobody listens to your father, not anymore.

I'll try and explain it this way, see there's gonna be war. That's right son, just like you seen on the VCR, only this is bigger, more audience participation. That's right son, you get to take part in it all. No, it's not like video games neither son, just sit still and listen to me.

Now you're going to have to go and do a lot of things and take orders from people who you'd as soon spit on in the street, but you gotta take them orders, and you gotta take them good. Don't want to be a traitor to your country now, do ya? And you'll have to do some pretty hard things, killin' people and all. Some of it won't be pretty for sure, but you better do them, all the same, you got a long line of soldiers behind ya, lot of 'em in our family, so ya gotta keep the tradition strong, don't let us down.

I don't have any real experience to relate to ya, but we need to preserve our standard of living so you

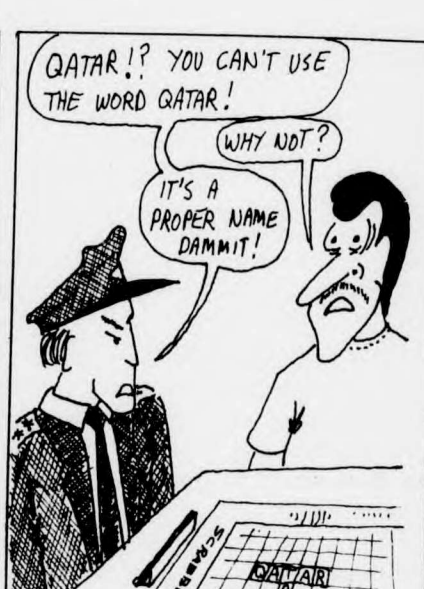
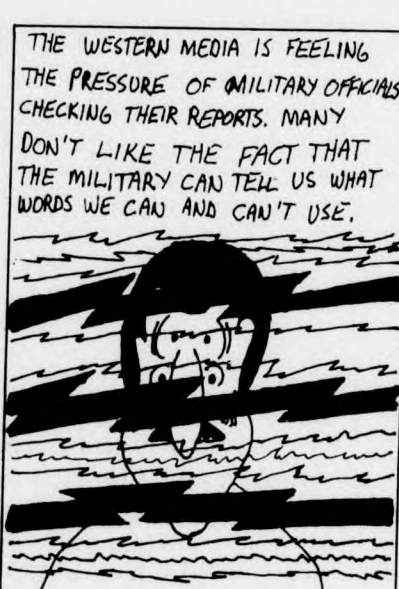
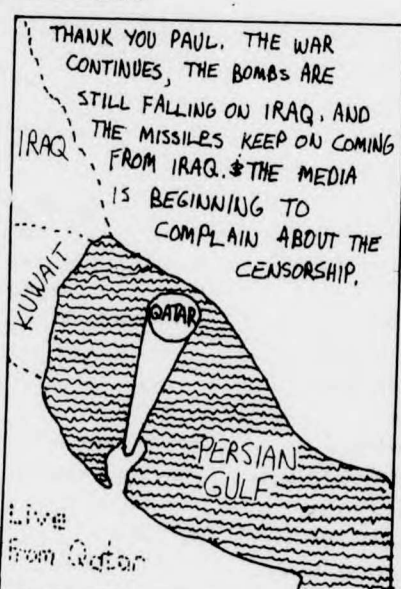
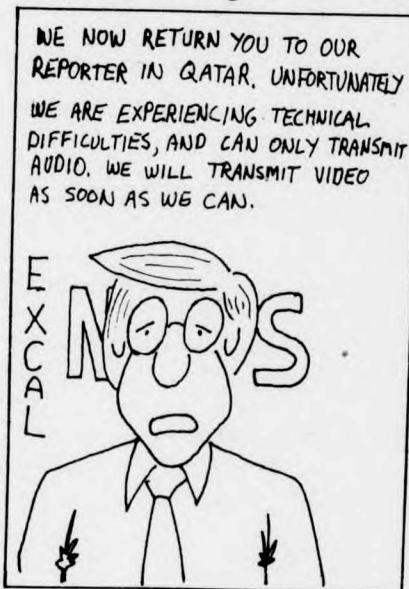
youngsters gotta go over there and defend it. What . . . yes, thanks to them feminists over the years your sister will be goin' with you. Can't be unfair to her on account of her gender, she's got her right to kill and burn as much as you do. Now don't expect to come back all in one piece, you probably won't. Oh, you'll lose an arm or some toes or something, everyone does, it's part of the game. Your grandfather wasn't so lucky, he lost half his face and his penis in his war. Sorry son, I don't have the time to go into what a penis is right now, maybe when you're older we'll have a talk but right now you got to get set for this adventure. It's comin' at you and you can't do nothin' to prevent it, so just enjoy what small parts of it that you can.

Now, like I said before, I wish that you didn't have to go, I wish there was another way around this but it just ain't so. No, they decided these things are too important to do their own fightin' so we poorer folks gots to go in their place. We go and meet the other important people's poor

folk and then we kill each other for them. No, I don't think these important people don't give a damn about us small guys either, but that kind of attitude isn't goin' to get you anywhere fast in this world, son, so mind your tongue. Besides we have to have gas or civilization as we know it would grind to halt, no more cars or planes, or trains or buses or boats. All our freedom of transit would be squashed, so you got to go and protect it, protect our freedom.

Stop cryin' son, I can't take it when you cry. Makes me think I'm askin' ya to do something terrible, and it ain't so bad. Sure, you'll have to maim some civilians, burn their houses and you'll have to go up to women as sweet as you mother and beat them and rape them, but don't think too hard on it, don't moralize, remember, war is Hell, boy, so you gotta do your part, so don't skimp on torturing babies neither, you gotta do your fair share. Now go get washed up for dinner and practice a new grace for the table, it's your turn tonight, son.

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