

# Excalibur

Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity  
—Lord Acton

Excalibur, founded in 1966, is the York University weekly and is independent politically. Opinions expressed are the writer's and those unsigned are the responsibility of the editor. Excalibur is a member of Canadian University Press and attempts to be an agent of social change. Printed at Daison's, Excalibur is published by Excalibur Publications.

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## Waiting with baited breath for food service options

The possibilities are endless. We'll have a Baskin-Robbins ice cream parlour outside the Phase II fine arts building, and a Big Boy hamburger outlet in Central Square.

Macdonald's will put their golden arch across the Winters residence patio and sell their wares from the porter's office. And assorted specialty coffee shops will pop up in odd alcoves offering Chinese food, Indian cuisine or even take-out pizzas. It's certainly an entertaining

daydream, made even more tangible by the university food service committee's consideration of similar (though slightly less offbeat) possibilities in the course of their regular meetings.

The committee voted Monday to recommend that a new consultant's report be contracted to examine the mechanics of vital food operations on campus, and to propose some remedies to the current horror tales of lukewarm, tasteless food and slapdash service.

The recommendation was not unexpected. After reading the Johnston report, released this month after it had stewed in somebody's drawer since last November, the committee could not have acted otherwise.

The Johnston report wasn't a particularly bad study. It scored some good points against the VS (Versafood) operations, while giving them a few deserved pats.

But the terms of reference which the administration gave the Johnston consultants were infuriating. Far from revamping the York system, the consultants

were asked to take the complacent view that Versa would be here forever, and to set about suggesting improvements.

No way. Versafood's meals are a laughing-stock across the campus. Admittedly, institutional food is never endearing, since it has to undergo various distasteful preservative processes. But York's food in the last year or two had stooped below even that low term of reference.

Coupled with the fact that the university has lost hundreds of thousands of dollars on its food

operation, this grim appraisal of our daily fodder points to only one solution: let somebody else take over.

At the February 3 meeting of the food committee, the executive will probably present its model of a university food system operated by more than one caterer, with leeway for a variety of ethnic food outlets to spread across campus and offer diners more than a choice between stewed meat and boiled stew.

The options can't come too soon.

## Something less than Elite

Ah, there's nothing like a consistent, hard-hitting magazine.

Elite, a new journal subtitled "the magazine for today's man" and published from offices in Montreal and Toronto, hit the

stands with a mild thud this month, and promised browsers a "damn-good read".

"With an unswerving emphasis on originality, Elite will treat each topic it touches with good taste, urbanity and frankness," swaggered editor Adrian Waller, erstwhile theatre critic for The Montreal Gazette, "always remaining non-partisan, refraining from making moral judgments, and at the same time, being non-apologetic for printing what it deems to be the truth."

Uh huh. We direct your attention to the opposite page — specifically the letters column.

"How about a Canadian Watergate?" asks reader G.Hawkins. "From what I have read, I think your magazine would be the one to print the real truth behind Canadian politics."

The frank and non-partisan editor replies: "We are not in the business of exposés. We'll leave that to other magazines interested in that type of editorializing. We feel that the world could only accept one Watergate and besides, we are happy with Canada — and its government."

Easy come, easy go.

## A correction

Contrary to a report in this space last week, food committee member Mike Hennessy did not take the chair when the dismissal of John Montgomerie, then finance sub-committee chairman, was conducted at the university food service committee meeting on January 14.

Hennessy, who as deputy chairman automatically assumed the chair in chairman Peter Jarvis's absence, relinquished the post to Peter Charness in order to conduct the executive sub-committee's case against Montgomerie.

We regret any embarrassment the error may have caused Mike Hennessy. However, the improprieties pointed out by Excalibur in the proceedings against Montgomerie were reported accurately, and remain to be cleared up.



"I'm not an art vandal, dammit! I'm the night janitor!"

—Ralph Ashford—

## Our guest today hates dancers

**Voice:** It's time to play The Grate Debate. (You, the reader, may applaud at this point.)

**Host:** Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. As you know, each week here on The Grate Debate, a group of people is selected by spinning the 'Minority Wheel'. This group is then attacked by the guest on the left. The guest on the right subsequently attempts to defend this group. Last week the Bengali nation lost and this week?... well, let's meet our guests first. Jack?

**Voice:** Thank you, Tom. On the right we have a lovely young lady who is currently unemployed and holds a sociology degree. From Waterloo, Ontario, please meet Miss Karen Carpenter. (Meagre applause, if you will.)

And on the left we have a young man who presently attends York University and writes for the Exchequer. Please wel... pardon?... the Excalibur! Please welcome Ralph Ashford. (Applause should cause reading of 8 on Richter scale. Thank you.)

**Host:** Nice to have you two with us tonight. You know the rules, so let's spin the 'Minority Wheel'!... (clickclickclick... clickclick...click...click)... and it's People Who Dance! All right, lllllet's debate!

**Ralph:** Dancers eat...

**Host:** Ah, pardon me, Ralph. A little more tact, please. Heh heh.

**Ralph:** Oh. Sorry. Well, the thing

that really grabs me by the short and curl...Sorry...that really bugs me is the garbage that all these dancer-types like to listen to. You know what I mean — all this chuck 'n' jive crap, with a 4-4 beat and half the blacks in Philadelphia ohhin' an' ahhin' an' everything. It's junk and everyone knows it, but still it sells. And you know who buys it? Dancers, that's who!

**Karen:** Now wait a minute There's nothing wrong with dancing. It's good exercise, it's recreational and it's fun.

**Ralph:** Yeah. Sure. But my point is that you dancer-types will settle for anything as long as you can dance to it. Most of the dancer-types I know wouldn't care if Jeff Beck walked on stage at one of your dumb dances.

**Karen:** Who?

**Ralph:** There! That's my point! If I say Eric Clapton, what do you think of?

**Karen:** Umm...I know! He sang I Shot the Deputy...ah, Sheriff. See. I'm not as dumb as you probably think.

**Ralph:** Yeah. Sure. Do you realize that Clapton has been called the greatest blues-rock guitarist in the world?

**Karen:** Does he play guitar?

**Ralph:** See! See! One of the best goddam guitar players in the world and you don't even know he plays guitar. You're too busy dancing to listen to any of his good music!

**Karen:** Well, why should I care what he is or how good he is? Is it important? No, it's not! Just because you think it's worth knowing, you think everyone should know it...

**Host:** (to camera) We'll be right back after a brief pause for station identification. **Host:** (eight minutes later) All right, Ralph, would you like to continue? By the way, you might want to set a precedent for yourself by keeping your argument above an elementary level.

**Ralph:** Yeah. Sure. I just wanna make three points. Number one: bands that play original music starve simply because the dance crowd doesn't wish to hear anything they haven't heard before.

Number two: whenever a band stops playing to give the lead guitarist a solo, the dance crowd starts gettin' all uptight and within no time at all they start heckling — just because there's no lousy beat to dance to for one lousy minute.

Number three: for some stupid reason, dance floors are almost always right in front of the stage and anyone who chooses not to dance sits there all night with an obstructed view...where's Karen?

**Host:** Ah, the show finished five minutes ago.

**Ralph:** Oh... really?... well, anyway, let me tell you somethin' else that really burns my ass. You know that Terry Jacks guy...

Excalibur still needs writers, photographers and helpers.

Staff meeting today at 2 in Room 111 Central Square.

The meeting today will attempt to draft a policy with relation to opinion pieces—length, number and format

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