

EDITORIALS

Behold thy Sword Excalibur

EXCALIBUR is The Student Weekly of York University. Our purpose is to inform, entertain, and speak for the students of this University--all the students of this University regardless of year, faculty, or college affiliation. EXCALIBUR is available to anyone who will go to the trouble of picking up a copy.

EXCALIBUR is produced by the students (with the co-operation of the faculty and administration) for the students. Without your help, without your active participation EXCALIBUR is meaningless black on white. With your help EXCALIBUR is an instrument, a powerful instrument of the student body.

We wish EXCALIBUR to be part of York's half-forgotten attempt to produce the "Whole Man".

As Laurier LaPierre, former host of This Hour Has Seven Days recently stated:

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We tend to forget the university is a society devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and involvement. And the university must be a reflection of the community of scholars who compose it. If the university is to become this reflection and if it is to produce the total man, its students and teachers should exercise at least fifty-one per cent control over it.

EXCALIBUR IS YOUR INSTRUMENT. IT ASKS ONLY THAT YOU READ AND CONTRIBUTE TO IT WHETHER AS A MEMBER OF OUR STAFF (OF WHICH THERE IS ALWAYS NEED) OR AS A CONCERNED READER WISHING TO EXPRESS HIS VIEWS IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Layout Night

Layout night in Levine's Dungeon. All the prisoners, if not present, at least accounted for. Gayda's on the floor as usual, but Bonnie's beside him. Tap, tap tap go the typewriters. Richard is laying out--it's one a.m. and only 15 pages to go, Halleluhah. Got to make that 9:45 train to Expo. Clip, Clip go Don's scissors as the college takes form and for god's sake don't change liebeck's copy. No, don't box it either. Howard is late from his stint as a struggling journalist--and we need him, dear arnim. The Wonder is with it tonight--"Okay people, let's go--only 14 pages left so let's move it and it's 2 a.m." Anita's got a code in her dose but that still doesn't stop her. "oh you boys--stop that! And so we are back at it again. Only 240 days to final exams. Excalibur, the super-sword weakly of yurk u. Thus grindeth the gears.

Excalibur Contest of the Week Name That Goon

Excalibur enthusiasts--if there are any left from last year's purge--may have noticed a weird character reappearing from page to page.

No, it's not the reincarnation of the late Arnim Pitt, who was killed and eaten by a ferocious groundhog, while taking a shortcut through the York Woods to the Phys. Ed. Building recently.

No, our new mascot is presently nameless although he is known affectionately to Excalibur staffers as "goon".

Please, if you can't give him a home, will you give him a name?? Aw c'mon guys.

Send all brilliant, witty, and clever suggestions to Excalibur, c/o the envelopes stuck up on the bulletin boards. All dumb, stupid, and unprintable suggestions should be addressed to:

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Excalibur

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offices: york university

Another Year

Another year at York and "Excalibur" heads into its first full year. Today's 20 page giant is a far cry from the 4 page first edition of this paper. More important, however, is the change in the university and its members, from a timorous, and (sometimes) confused interaction to today's decisive dynamic style--yes, York has begun to show its maturity.

In 1965 about 400 students and faculty huddled together in 4 uncompleted buildings, hammers pacing lectures and descending light standards threatening to hammer lecturers (remember that time in French 101?) Burton Auditorium was called "The Deep Freeze"--they had remembered to include everything but the doors, and those two-hour English and Nat Sci 101 lectures were rumoured to have medical people present to treat frostbite. Residence students lacked furniture--and proper heating equipment, which they still find fickle.

Versafood was panned, and Roloids considered setting up a permanent booth outside the cafeteria. Some students discovered bridge--and that was the last that was heard of them.

Others discovered more basic satisfactions and enjoyed their pleasure guests until electronic alarms were installed (which didn't stop them but slaved some administration consciences), spirited parties (and party-goers) blossomed, and students began to eat blossoms of many exotic plants. Class-cutting and the coffee-cram became standard practise.

York had come of age.

Are you a vet of those days? Does the mention of Ronald Nye, editor, stir a dormant memory of a phallic "Fountain"? When you hear "Fred Holmes", does it hearken back mind-awakening of the sound of hushed footsteps in the girls' dormitory? And does the bellow of "Harry Kopyto" make you run for a tape-recorder, ear plugs or a copy of the "The Uses and Abuses of Statistics"?

If not, you have been denied one of life's most fulfilling experiences--an opportunity to hear talented, and outspoken individuals, true freethinkers less sullied than the rest of us by the bonds of social constraint and personal restraint. Through them, and the issues they raised and created, we became involved in controversies central to our understanding of our society, our university and ourselves.

This year's freshman class, and the returning community of scholars: I challenge you to present personal convictions and persevere in their presentation, if forthright and relevant criticism does not modify them. Show your interests: form clubs, societies--yes, even cliques, if they are open to everyone with like views and are not discriminatory with regard to irrelevant criteria.

In the words of a Carleton University student editorial: "Wake up, you apathetic bastards!"

Last year, activities were run, by and large, by interested 2nd and 3rd year students. Freshmen and faculty were often reluctant to join in active participation in activities through shyness, or (could it be?) exhaustion from academic overwork.

This should not become a tradition. The secret of success is constancy to purpose and this does not permit apathy. True university must be a relaxed, contemplative and often meandering trek if it is to benefit the student. But it must not be allowed to slip over into complacency. Personal involvement is important.

University should involve total education; clubs and organizations don't necessarily prove that a university is benefitting an individual. Our president believes in the value of student inter-action as a learning experience; hence, the college system with many "meeting places"--saures, common rooms, cafeterias. It brings to mind Stephen Leacock's musings: "If I were founding a university I would found first a smoking room; then after that or more probably with it, a decent reading room and library. After that, if I still had more money that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks."

This may seem a denial of associational activity, but it isn't. It is, instead, the presenting of an alternative. Just how relevant are organized or unorganized activities in our society? The realistic student will recognize the value of both, and will ensure that his educational experience includes both.

Only then can he qualify as a whole man, a person endeavouring to learn about Canada, about his culture, about Man. He has then started a lifetime struggle to grasp the truths of the past and utilize them in creative and dynamic work in the present.

Increasingly, our environment is a product of man. How we will shape it is our decision.

CUS Life Plan

C.U.S. (The Canadian Union of Students) of which you are all members is organized to seek and protect your best interests. Among other things C.U.S. helps you obtain bargain rates for things varying from clothes to jewellery.

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(For further information regarding the C.U.S. LIFE PLAN see the insert in this paper).