

The Beer Brothers check out York

by Nikola and Martin Gamulin

We *Excalibur* people don't get out much. But the Gamulin brothers sure do. As a service to incoming York students, Nick and Martin and their imaginary friend Frank performed a highly objective survey of the drinking establishments on campus. Here, in their expert opinion, is the lowdown on the pub scene at York.

The big No-Name pub

"The yet unnamed R/C" read the shirts of the two conspicuous-looking types toting walkie-talkies inside.

"Excuse me," I shouted over the loud din, "what is this place called?" "You'll have to get off the stage. No beer," replied the young man, motioning to my beer with his walkie-talkie.

"Whatever. What is this place called?"

"You can't bring beer up on stage," he insisted.

"Yeah, I know. What is the name of the pub?" I saw his partner lumbering up.

"Buddy, no beer on the stage," barked the second bouncer.

I grabbed the first bouncer and took him off the stage. "Okay, now just tell me one thing and then you can go back to making sure no one brings beer on the stage. Does this place have a name?"

"No." He pointed to his shirt. The "R/C," I discover, stands for Restaurant and Club.

"No name eh," I offered feebly.

"Are you planning on getting one?"

"Yeah. We are having a contest. \$350 to whoever can name it."

Figuring I'd gotten all the information I could from this guy, I thanked him and went to the bar to get more beer. Three hundred and fifty bones. That could buy a lot of beer, especially here. At \$2.40 a 12oz draft... Let's see, carry the 3...uh... screw it — I'm an arts student.

I survey the situation. This place is good. No, it's really good, damn good even. Hell, I'd come here even if I didn't go to York.

I guess I can forgive them for not having a name.

"Frank, where's the washroom?"

"Over there. The lights are too

low. You'll see what I mean."

Thud! I suppose I should listen to Frank more carefully next time. Whoever designed the lights above the urinals was either 5'8" or never pissed standing up.

Things overheard in the no-name pub: "Right now buddy, let's go." "Notice the dance floor can be viewed discreetly from any given point." "Hi, I'm doing an article for the school paper..." "Sure buddy, take a hike."

This new pub, no name and all, is a class establishment. It's huge but will probably be packed every Thursday (that's pub night at York for the ignorant).

The Orange Snail

It's got two things going for it: a good rep and a name. However, the Snail will be hard pressed to hold on to its status as the pub-to-beat with the no-name pub for competition.

According to barflies, you can expect the Snail to expand into the cafeteria and get some pretty good bands that you've probably never heard of. "Garage bands" they are called by those in the know. You can find the Orange Snail at Stong, assuming you can find Stong.

The Cock and Bull

I wonder if they had a contest to name this one, and who named the bartend-

ers? The two veterans behind the bar on this particular evening are affectionately known as Sep and Soupy. Sep, Soupy, Bull, Cock.

"Hi. I am doing a story for the school paper. What's your name?"

"I don't speak English good," offers a woman with a French accent.

"Well, come on and tell poo?"

Advice: Don't try your French on a French woman, especially if you're drunk.

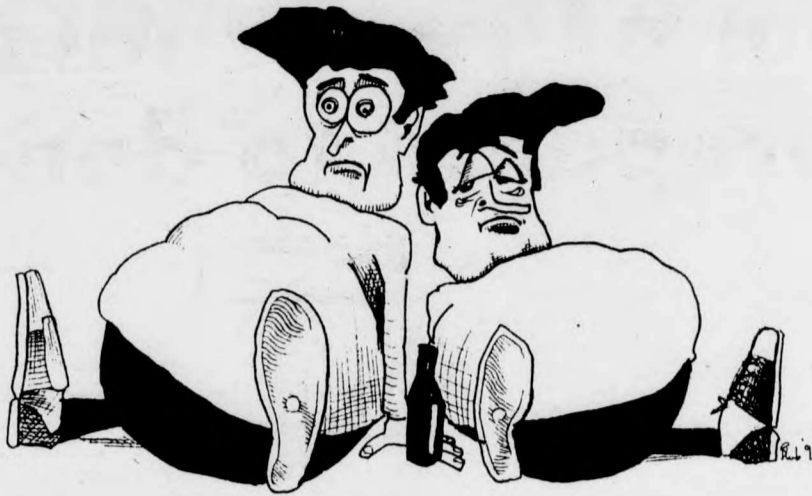
Sep and Soupy tell us people always come in and steal the sword gracing the main wall in the Cock and Bull, only to return it later. Apparently, it started with a York hockey team, when hockey was still the main sport around here.

Later, a woman in first year, who claimed her name was Spacey, confided "that's totally *deja vous*" because she had a dream about a hockey team stealing a sword only a week earlier.

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave, buddy."

The Open End

"Where's the Open End?" I asked as I wandered through Vanier College.



"Who cares!" remarked a second year Arts student, obviously not an Open End lover. My next question was, why not? Could it be the music? The crowd (or lack thereof)? The prices? Or, perhaps, the pub itself?

"The name makes sense," I remark. "I mean, there is an end to the pub and then they open it and then the pub is twice as big. The name makes sense, just like Skydome."

"Did they have a contest to name it?"

"Gee, I don't know."

"What happens there?"

"Mostly sex on the dance floor."

"Really?"

"I shit you not. Saw it with my own eyes, a tall woman and a Scottish guy and they weren't even drunk."

"Let's go."

It sounded promising, but we got there and found ourselves in the company of precisely 13 people and none of them were having sex. They were all hotly debating whether or not to go to the no-name pub.

Grad Lounge

Last but not least, for the strong silent type, there is a place called the Graduates' Lounge. It's located on the seventh floor of the Ross building, and that's probably one of its best attributes.

From that perspective you can get a panoramic view of the whole campus. There is no dancing or loud music at the Grad Lounge, but there is a pool table and even shuffleboard. This is where you can sit down, drink a lot of coffee, smoke a lot of cigarettes and debate the constitutional crisis even if you don't care about it.

And the winner is...

In the end, we'll give the pub with no name the grand prize. As for a name, here is my kick at \$350 bucks: "Notre Vie." Don't even think about stealing it.

And remember, when using the pubs, try to drink responsibly if possible and take our example and travel by TTC or get a designated driver. Above all have a good time.



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