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MERRICK EXPOSES HIMSELF TO PREPPIES

by Peter Merrick, VP
(external) of CYSF

For the past three months I, Peter Merrick, have gone undercover to expose to the York University populous the most famous area on campus, known as "Central Square." To find out the answers that every studious York student asks themselves when they walk through this passageway: why are these preps wasting space at this particular overcrowded university, and what makes it a perfect campground for those who prefer to hangout in it?

There has not yet been a fire but from three months of intensive research, I have come to the conclusion that the only thing that could make this complex empty on a week day would be such an event.

To get properly prepared to take on this hard and dangerous assignment, I had to dress preppie and learn small talk. These are the two basic essentials that are required for acceptance into this close knit clique of Central Squarites.

In September, I picked the bench which was to become my home for the next few months and observed the natives engage in their native tongue (small talk). It was truly incredible to hear people talk about absolutely nothing, but it was even more amazing to listen to the Central Squarites be repetitive by standing around in the same places all day, saying the same thing.

Within the second week of school I noticed that 80 per cent of those York students



that hung around Central Square were blind! They completely ignored the non-smoking signs and as if this was not bad enough, none of these rich preps brought their own butts, but turned to myself to singlehandedly supply their habits (on top of them being the laziest students on campus, they are by far the cheapest).

By the time October rolled around, I had accomplished one of my primary goals to properly research this article: I had become a full-fledged Central Squarite with all the privileges that accompanied it. The new privileges bestowed on me were immense! I could now walk through the Central Square complex and was guaranteed to see someone I knew who I could spark up some "intense heavy-duty" conversation with. Other privileges consisted of being able to date other Central Squarites, and being invited to all the "hip" and "groovie" Central Square parties.

Now, since I had become an honest-to-goodness real participant in the greater meaning of life, I was taken aside and told "The Unwritten

Laws" of being a proper Central Squarite. These laws have never in the history of York University been revealed to the university's general population. This was the hard core information that I had spent two months with these spoiled brats trying to dig up. The Central Squarite laws are:

- 1) always say how much you hate Central Square;
- 2) only say if asked; I have only been in Central Square five minutes and will not be here in another five;
- 3) while sitting in this hallway always claim you're going to class, the library or home in the immediate future;
- 4) never eat donuts at Tim Horton's because they're covered in tar from the smoking corridor;
- 5) always ask your Central Square buddies if they are going to get pissed drunk on Thursday night;
- 6) if you have cigarettes do not tell anyone;
- 7) if you're asked how you are doing in school, lie, say you're doing incredible.

When confronted with these rules Peter DoNotKnow, president of the CWhySF, said "What do you expect, they're students, did you think if they were intelligent they'd be students here?" He then rolled around on the floor laughing.

It is now December and many Central Squarites are cramming for their exams. The hallway is always full at noon, so one day plant yourself and maybe you will find the magic of the benches. Who knows, we might engage in some idle little small talk.

BY RONALD MCDONALD

TOO MUCH TV DOES THIS TO WRITERS

Ever been to sea Billy?

Well I have, and, I'll tell you, it's not a pleasant experience.

For years, I'd been chained to my desk, until my doctor told me to get a way for a while. "You deserve a break today," he said, as he gleefully sent me off on an aquatic nightmare.

I went to the east coast and set off on an inexpensive cruise. I checked around for prices, because I found the more I looked, the more I saved.

But the ship was a wreck. Hidden under my pillow in the less than adequate sleeping quarters, I found a small envelope filled with a suspicious white powder. Sniffing it curiously, I quickly realized that Coke adds life. Soon, however, I began to feel dizzy and tired. As I noticed my ring around the collar I

thought, sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't.

While sleeping off the effects of the curious white substance, I dreamt about chocolate bars. How do they get the soft, creamy Caramilk inside the Caramilk bar?

When I awoke, I desperately needed to take a spoon full of sneezing, coughing, aching, fever, sniffing so you can rest medicine. However, soon afterwards, I developed INNNDIIIGESSSTION, so I took some Pepsibismol, it's the taste of the new generation, Oh what a relief it is.

I went for dinner the next evening, mainly because of the meat. But because I wanted to be a Pepper, I used hot chili sauce. How do you spell relief? R-O-L-A-I-D-S! But I still couldn't find the beef.

Heather help, please end this for us.