

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 Newsweb, Excalibur is published by Excalibur Publications.

News 667-3201

Advertising 667-3800

Council undermined

It's of some interest, and certainly of great sociological concern, that more people are upset about the student council setting aside \$300 for the arrested Artistic supporters than they are about a huge undertaking and expenditure planned by Radio York—an undertaking which could have wide-ranging consequences for the future of student government on this campus.

First, let's get it on record right now that Excalibur fully endorses the idea of an expanded radio service serving the local community. We're also satisfied that Radio York did enough homework to know about the feasibility of FM broadcasting.

It's the method they're using to get what they want that bothers us. Radio York is not run by a bunch of conspirators, but the plan they're hatching does have sinister implications.

The plan basically means circumventing existing student political bodies in an effort to drain off student funds (and \$75,000 over a three year period is quite a chunk) without regulatory control by students.

The political result of a referendum granting Radio York its money without student council assent will be a serious erosion of CYSF's authority, and that authority won't pass to the colleges, but to the administration.

We don't have any great love for any student council on campus, least of all CYSF which has done everything in its power to curtail press freedom at York. But it's not hard to see Radio York's action setting a precedent for other organizations in the future. Frankly, we'd rather see students who can be replaced by elections controlling student funds than York's administrators. And, amazingly enough, they probably agree.

Lest we forget...

It's time to give out Excalibur's Better Late than Never end-of-the-year awards.

- The You Deserve a Break Today award goes to Versa's Central Square cafeteria for their imaginative way of preparing cheeseburgers. One cold slice of Velveeta, to go.
- For best continuing news event in a supporting role, the Page Three award goes to the Artistic Woodwork strike.
- And the Sudden Death award goes to the Winters' Seer. May it rest in peace.
- The Joseph McCarthy Memorial award goes to the SDS, for their Ban Banfield campaign last year.
- The Speak Hoarsely and Carry a Blunt Club award goes to Nit Redneck and the Bearpit Sessions. A job well over-done.
- The Marshall Petain award goes to the staff association executive for its courageous leadership and unceasing determination to win a better deal for the workers.
- The Moustache That Ate Cleveland award goes to graduate studies dean G. F. Reed.
- The Only Good Sculpture's a Dead Sculpture award goes to the vandals who totalled the big blue sculpture outside Farquharson.
- And the I Could Have Danced All Night award goes to Steve, Allison and Ken of the Tuesday night line-up at Radio York, and all the other faceless voices behind the speakers.



That's another Fine Arts mess you've gotten us into, Joseph

Michael Lawrence

The meek shall inherit the dirt

I think I'm getting a Chicken Little complex.

Remember Chicken Little? Convinced that the sky was on the verge of collapsing, the little squawker ran from one end of town to the other, warning of the ensuing disaster. Alas, his calls were in vain. And as we all know, the sky is still up there, that is, on the days you can see it through the smog.

No, this egghead doesn't believe we're going to have a sky collapse re-run. But it seems to me that the silver lining of the York clouds has tarnished a fair bit.

Yes Virginia, there is a Budget Crisis. I grant you though, you could never tell by the non-reaction around here.

Let me tell you a little story; as true as it is unbelievable. This morning, while riding the York bus to school I heard the most amazing evaluation of the present budget difficulties. Two professors, one male, one female, were discussing the unfortunate consequences of the upcoming cuts. Here is the conversation as I remember it:

A: This budget thing is pretty serious, eh?

B: You're so right, it's already noticeable. Have you seen how sloppy the faculty lounges have become... and the quality of the food, I say!

A: Yes, yes, it's just disgraceful.

B: I'm going to suggest to the President's Council that some investigation be made of

the matter.

B: After all, if we were in the business world, we'd be considered executives. Senior professors deserve better treatment than this. Executives have decent club facilities; that's not asking so much.

A: I certainly agree. By the way, I was invited to join a new women's club downtown.

B: How nice.

A: Sauna, pool, exercise room...

B: That's more like it!

I promise you, this isn't fiction. Courses being dropped, staff and part-time faculty being let off and these two are worrying about the haute cuisine and lack of spa facilities in their faculty lounges. How comforting to know we're in good hands.

This rather glib reaction to a major economic crisis is not exclusive to certain members of our esteemed faculty. The support staff, whose existence is even more directly threatened, refuse to believe that many of them will be sent on permanent vacation next year. Continuing reports of budget consequences meet with little or no interest. The meek shall inherit the dirt.

But never let it be said that this critic refuses to dispense positive action or solutions. What follows is the Michael Lawrence prescription to cure the York budget problems.

The solution came to me this weekend. Leafing through my latest Popular Psychology, I discovered that lingual scientists are on the verge of teaching monkeys to talk. Already some animals have acquired the ability to communicate through hand signals, similar to individuals who are deaf. By breeding these apes, the scientists hope to generate a few monkeys that will be capable of learning actual speech.

I realize that the solution must now be obvious to most of you, but for those who remain mystified, let me explain. Talking apes present a whole new market of available students. Fantastic, you say? Not at all. Let the BIU stand for Baboon Income Unit and you're ready to roll. As for the faculty, they should go ape over the idea; they're always crying for better quality students, and what perfect students they would be.

The best thing about this solution is that no one, particularly the province, would have to know that this veritable jungle was actually becoming one. Granted, some of the faculty and students would need additional grooming to prevent the apes from looking outstandingly neat. As for clothing, a supply of corduroy sport jackets would allow any chimpanzee to pass easily for a graduate student in sociology. And with those passing remarks, allow me to return to the coop to scratch out a living.

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