

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.

News 667-3201

Advertising 667-3800

Editorials take a breather while campus builds up steam

No editorial this week.

Aside from anything else, we still haven't finished brushing the dust off our army surplus typewriters. And with the first rush of news stories, we haven't had a decent chance to get angry at anything in particular.

We did notice the omnipresent swapping of local real estate. The Canada Manpower Centre is moving from the Temporary Office Building to the CYSF offices in N111 Ross. CYSF has been shuffled to the Jewish Student Federation offices. And the Jewish Student Federation was moved to a room on the main hallway, next door to a section of the department of information and publications which just moved down from the eighth floor.

CYSF also took over the storeroom of stationery supplies, which immediately moved to the Physical Plant. The club rooms across from the old CYSF offices have been promised to Manpower, which means the clubs must apply for space to the various colleges.

The administration has turned out new systems by which profit-making student businesses must for the first time pay rent; while a blanket canteen liquor licence for the campus seems only a calendar's jump away. Salisbury steak and beer?

The much-discussed funds left in trust for the past few years by the late William Scott, earmarked for a campus chapel, seem on the verge of being finally used for that purpose. How much religion will manage to sneak into the structure is something everyone's talking around.

There's also a rumour of a sports stadium to be built jointly by the borough of North York and this university on a campus site. The rumour seems to have sprung from a mysterious Toronto Star clipping earlier in the summer.

We've seen no improvement in the cattle drives students must endure to buy books and fiddle with bank accounts in Central Square. One could conceivably pick up War and Peace, get in line and finish the last chapter even as he reached the cashier's desk.

Parking tickets have been seen fluttering idly under windshield wipers, occasioning some interesting thoughts. When one buys a parking sticker, one agrees to obey the parking laws and restrictions. If one does not buy a sticker, is he still legally bound by those laws? As usual, the campus police can't impound your car, but they can and will tow it to the other side of the campus if the mood strikes them. Good exercise.

For the benefit of first-year students, we should remark immediately that the campus which seems quite green and cheerful in late summer develops into a bestial wind tunnel during the winter. Some claim it's an experiment by the psychology department, others that all the electricity on campus is furnished by huge windmills; in any event, don't be in too much of a hurry to sell your parka.

Next week, for sure, a bona fide editorial. Solid gold guarantee. Meanwhile, welcome and welcome back.



"Versafood is getting better all the time."

Letters we never received

Student trapped in one-way line

I have been standing in line for three days. I'm standing in Central Square with both ends of the line disappearing in front and behind me, whither I do not know.

I am a first year student and I'm hoping this line is the one where I can pick up my sessional validation card. The current rumour is that the line is for the men's washroom.

I am afraid to investigate because if I leave the line I will lose my place. We have sent scouts ahead to find out what line we are in but they have not yet returned. It's been two days since the last one left.

The people in my end of the line have been singing songs for the last two hours in an attempt to keep up morale, but I'm afraid we are all at the breaking point.

We plan to elect a line council and president this evening if nothing else come up.

I wrote this letter, put it in my shoe and threw it as far as I could hoping a compassionate person would find it. Please help us.

Sincerely,

The guy in the yellow shirt near the TD Bank.

Dire warnings in poisoned type from old friend

I am a piece of carbon paper. I have been sitting on your typewriter for the last two years. I know every letter you've typed, and every note you've dashed off in heats of frenzied passion.

So if you don't want to see your name blackened irreparably, leave a quart of typewriter oil by the 'q' key tonight and don't call the cops.

I bet you're saying to yourself, 'What's going on? Carbon paper can't type.'

Maybe not in the past, baby, but I took a typing course and I'm coming after your job.

In anticipation of the oil,
Your Carbon Paper

Frantic student waiting for sign of wayward bus

I am writing from the York Mills subway station. I have been waiting for the red rocket for the last six months. It was supposed to have been here by 8:30 a.m. March 27. What's going on?

York commuters are used to being treated as second class citizens by the administration but this is terrible. Just because we don't live on campus, and therefore continually breathe down the administration's

neck, we get shuffled aside.

I'll bet I've missed my class for sure now. I will expect some representative of the bus service to explain to my prof why I was late.

I call on all students who find themselves in situations similar to my own to rise up and demand proper treatment from the bureaucratic fat-cats who run this place.

That bus better hurry up and come and when it does you can bet I'll give that bus driver a piece of my mind.

Sincerely,

Irma Wheatgerm

Central casting for liquored life

I will be conducting a temperance crusade at your university during the week of September 16.

It is my custom, as I lecture on the terrors of alcohol, to have at my side a man named Leroy, a living testimony to the evils of overindulgence.

Leroy is a pitiful shell of a man who drools and slobbers at every mention of the word "whiskey"; unfortunately Leroy passed on to a better life last week.

Your name was given to me by a mutual acquaintance in the hope that you might take Leroy's place when I visit York next week.

Astrology

By TED MUMFORD

Your horoscope for the week of September 12.

Aries: Now is not a good time to initiate new projects. In fact it would be a good idea to stay in bed. You Arians are such pits anyway, I don't know why you even bother.

Taurus: You may feel you are being taken advantage of, but with a little faith in your fellow man, things will get better. Just send me \$300. and everything will be alright, my friend.

Gemini: Boy, are you in for a surprise this week. Militants will bomb your house, your wife will run off with the dogcatcher and your children will turn into dope fiends overnight.

Cancer: Finish what you start... ride with the tide... be ready for change, travel, variety... run for Parliament... discover a cure for cancer... find a solution to the world ecological crisis... count your change.

Leo: Lunar influences will give you a sharp practical outlook and hair on your palms.

Virgo: Be cautious in bold new ventures, and remember to be humble, proud, tall, and short.

Libra: Avoid real losers. Like the one on your right, for instance.

Scorpio: Stay away from canned fruits at all costs. Don't even go near the grocers. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Sagittarius: A good week to start a quack astrology column in your local paper. Avoid rodent-like professors.

Capricorn: As everyone knows, those under the sign Capricorn are the superior individuals—bound to rule others (I'm one myself, oddly enough.) A good day to invade Poland or to write your ninth symphony. Beware of your close friend Brutus.

Aquarius: Boy are you ever screwed up this week, eh? That's what you get for not listening to my advice from last week, bud.

Pisces: Look for a long-dormant talent to awaken in you. Two possibilities are landfill and mud sculpture.

You born today: You are a person of rare perception, you can see through others; you are gifted artistically, and capable of giving and commanding much affection. You have a great body, would you like to come up to my room tonight? Tomorrow night maybe?

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Writers, photographers, librarians wanted

First Excalibur staff meeting
Today at 2 p.m.