

A forum for comment and reaction. Excalibur will accept columns, comments, and cartoons from any member of York.

by Paul Perell

Loneliness

Having in the course of two weeks read John Locke, Thomas Hobbes, John Stuart Mill and having heard about Bentham, Jefferson Rosseau and others at speed Mach. II from video taped Broad-bent I have learned from the authorities why man left the freedom of the state of nature. But they were all wrong. Man did not leave the state of nature to escape the condition of war, nor did he leave it to secure the protection of his property. He left because he was lonely.

Being lonely at university is an excruciating experience. It is the worst kind of loneliness. It is the loneliness of being alone in a crowd, of seeing happy groups and couples from your residence window, of finding no one you know in the cafeteria at lunch.

The college system is no refuge. Being one out of a thousand is no different than being one out of thirty thousand. It is no different than being one out of five. It is being one.

Orientation is no help, though one has to admit that York people are genuinely friendly and unalof. You are welcomed — not hazed. Nevertheless orientation is superficial. It offers the opportunity of rendezvous but makes people judge their peers by the flimsiest of criteria, physical attractiveness and a glib tongue.

I think beauty is important; at a dance I always try to meet a beautiful girl. But the people you fall

in love with, the people you call friend — these precious people are more than physically beautiful. I try to meet a beautiful girl because I hope she is a beautiful person and I am then twice blessed.

Orientation gives the opportunity of introduction and trivial conversation: "how was registration?" "are you in residence?" "what courses are you taking?" "what do you think of the band?" — I never listen to the answers. It's boring enough asking the questions.

Lectures are no different. The only person you learn about is your professor and I doubt if he's seriously interested in you as either a number or as an individual.

Parties have the potential of being a solution but you have to be lucky and get there at the right time or you meet the usual crowd of couples and the usual group of drunks.

There is however one last and promising hope. Tutorials and the clubs offer a medium to meet and "know" people that is not trivial and is besides enjoyable. However, as valuable as these societies are, they do not solve the problem of the initial loneliness which must be endured with patience.

Only a hermit exists in loneliness. The rest of us are left with the truth of nature. Loneliness hurts.

by George B. Orr

Comment

Life is tough when you've got to churn out one article per week to keep the masses interested.

With that in mind, I've made three tries at filling this space, and discarded them all. First one was a real killer about the chapel they're going to build around here some day, and what a groovy place it could be if only they'd modify plans and put a bar in it.

Second try was a blurb about the York Festival coming off in November sometime. But I think you'll hear enough about that in the next few weeks without me adding my little bit.

Third try was about the University of Maryland, where they've introduced a new concept in student feeding. But all it burns down to is that they serve Cornish rock hen on paper plates once a week and save %. And nobody cares.

Pretty racy stuff. But it loses all its verbal captivity when you have to suffer through my interpretations.

Could talk about the faculty council elections, but it all took place yesterday.

I suppose I could talk about the weather, or the football team, or the vending machines that never work, or something fascinating and topical like that. But everybody's got their own ideas on this kind of thing anyway, so it is just as well left out.

So I guess we run off the deep end and get personally involved. Following is a list of little things I picked up this week.

October 12 is Columbus Day, in honor of the man who first settled in Columbus, Ohio. He was the inventor of the pasty, among other things, and is thus a great American folk-hero.

Chicago-based commodity dealers tell us that the 1968 crop of soybeans will top four billion bushels this year. All you soybean eaters take heart.

The Space Age is eleven years old this month, as we joyously celebrate the launching of Sputnik I on October 4, 1957.

The land on which this campus was built was originally part of a clergy reserve that fell into the hands of the province as the result of a high-echelon poker game on the night of May 12, 1855.

Pioneer Village is named after the first settler in North York, a Belgian named Stanislaus van der Pioneer. The Spanish side of his family was renowned for the sailors it produced. They were known as the Buccaneers.

Pierre Trudeau can't speak a word of French, but he sure puts one hell of a Gallic flair into his pig-Latin.

Marshal McLuhan first came across his novel concepts of 'hot' and 'cool' after an extraordinary trip taken in a Peel Township outhouse in the middle of winter, upon finding that the Eaton's Catalogue had frozen shut.

And so it goes for this week. Next week, maybe more, but no promises. Once this Festival business gets settled a bit, things will return to a bit more conventional style.



"I wonder if anyone is watching?"

by Mike Snook

Administrivia

Not only are students subjected to the irks and ills of administrative errors and ignorance at York, but faculty as well.

Of course, this stands to reason, for what is a faculty member except a student who has had the years to learn more, and proven his ability, ostensibly, to teach his younger compatriots.

To make such charges of subjection, one must have evidence. It is neither difficult, nor distant, a task, to find it.

The greatest injustice perpetrated against this university, the real university of students and faculty, is the great myth of the college system. The idea is wonderful, the myth is fatal.

Through the joint efforts of the Ontario government and the administration, it has become highly improbable that a workable college system can be implemented here. The government refuses the necessary funds, and the administration simply deals with us as a large multi-versity.

If you do not believe this, ask yourself how many of your classes are in your home college. And if you are a "day student" as the majority are, what other link do you have with the college? There is no other academic link. There are social activities, but how close can you feel to your college at a mass dance?

And as for the faculty members, unless they happen to be fellows of the college actively engaged in college activities, which it appears only a few have opportunities for, what possible link can you have with your college?

The end result is a system which means something only to college masters, senior tutors, magazine editors and resident students. This is roughly one quarter of the university population. Did someone mention college system?

The faculty have their problems aside from those shared with students. A feud has been running for several years between various faculty and the parking authority. When a junior faculty member loses his parking privileges, a copy of the damning letter is sent as well to the master of his associated college, to Dean Saywell, and to Mr. Annis of the Facilities Dept. of Physical plant. This smacks of blackmail through embarrassment.

And further, most of the campus buildings are locked at five at night, with the exception of the library which is locked at midnight during the week. To enter one of these buildings it is necessary to convince a campus cop of one's right to be there, a right largely defined, curiously enough, by one's ADMINISTRATIVE authority.

This is ludicrous. Those buildings are for students and faculty members, not the private playthings of powerful administrators. No building should ever be locked, especially those used regularly, such as the science buildings and the library.

The latter should be open 24 hours a day. Use the damn campus cops to protect the property, not to police the inmates. Faculty and students are equally discriminated against in this manner.

A further injustice involves the payment of parking fees. It is a known fact that the parking lots at York campus have been paid for by a specific grant from the Ontario government. This information was released by Vice-president Small at a recent Faculty Association meeting.

Why then are we charged parking fees? To pay the salaries of the campus cops? All they do is protect the privileged senior staff members' parking spaces in the inner, more accessible lots.

A further example of the pedestrian and absolutist view of the administration is their 9 to 5 Monday to Friday policy of operation, once again with regards to locked doors.

This past summer a faculty member teaching one of the summer courses had arranged to hold an extra class with his students, on Saturday morning. They arrived and found the college locked, and the residence porter unwilling to unlock it. After a lengthy delay the faculty member convinced a campus cop to open it. Such a delay, and such an attitude is an unmitigated insult to professors and students alike.

The facilities of this campus, I repeat, are for our use. The administration is obviously ignorant of the fact that the most important aspects of university life, private study and extra-curricular activities outside of normal class hours, occur at times other than their personal office hours. Or else they just don't care.

It is obvious that such attitudes are detrimental to the future and well being of this university, and that in setting such policies the administration has overstepped all just bounds.

The administration should provide the washrooms and classrooms and residences and academic buildings, but then leave them for their proper use.

The administration should take its handcuffs off the academic scene, and take its rent-a-cops with it.

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Letters may be edited for space.

Dear Sir:

York University; the bright, new university, the great experiment in creating a well-planned, Canadian university city is DIRTY!

How many times have you been walking through our halls and watched someone throw his (or her) cigarette butt on the floor? How many times have you walked into the Winters Common Room (by far the filthiest) and seen the tables, chairs and couches literally heaping with everything from crushed pop cans to lunch bags and cigarette butts?

This is your university. You

paid to come here, it was entirely your choice. For most of you, three, four, or even more years of your life will be centered around York University. You can complain in the editorials of the newspapers about how "it is more like a mausoleum in a cemetery" (Goldstein and Hertzog, The View From the Bottom of the Pile, p. 4, Oct. 3, 1968, Excalibur), but complaining or not, it is about time someone did some constructive thinking on the very basic problem of keeping the university clean.

First, 013 — Winter's Coffee House must be held at least partially responsible for the disgusting mess that the Winter's Common Room is in. The majority of the "debris" scattered around

(i.e. coffee cups, and empty pop cans) was purchased at the Coffee House. The employees could ask their customers to use waste cans, and even clear away some common-room debris every hour or so.

There really aren't any specific methods to alleviate the other problems, but we can still try to combat the messiness in one simple way and that is for you to care.

The ideas I'm bringing out in this letter are simple, almost trivial points but they are continually ignored. These problems must be combatted, and the only way to be successful is for you to realize — It's up to you!

Alan Shefman
McLaughlin