

Nocal expose!

Maggie's year at York

Nocalibur has filched, at no little trouble, a chapter of Maggie's forthcoming memoirs, which has been edited out of the final book. It chronicles her little-publicized term at York as an exchange student from Simon Fraser University, which she attended in the late sixties when she was in her flower-child period.

When I got to York, I just thought "Urgh!" there's so much concrete here, and all. It was just these cement towers poking up above the snow. But they were so big and dominant looking that I thought well maybe I'd give it a whack.

There was Charo, my roommate in McLaughlin College, who gabbed with me about boys for many nights. We both agreed that boys were overrated but good for bedwarmers. Once when the heat was broken in our room, we

were so cold we both got into my bed and smoked a reefer of Iranian snake oil under the sheets.

Another time Charo was entertaining the first and second string football teams in our room when I arrived from class. I sat down, Indian style, on the bed and was soon wrapped in warm communication with several offensive ends. Yum!

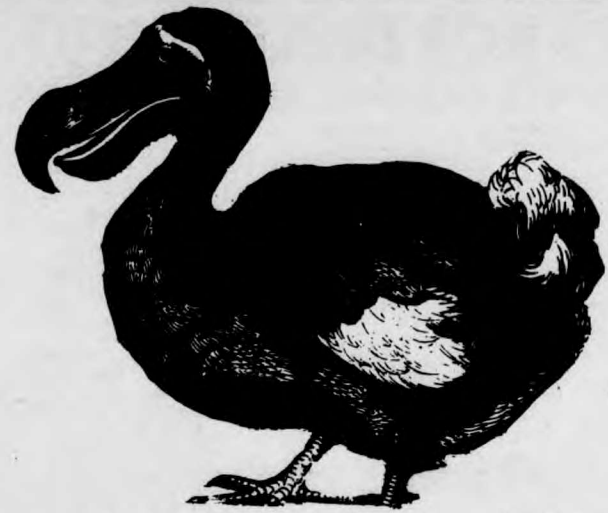
But it wasn't all parties at York, oh no! The long hours I toiled curling my hair, manicuring my nails, sweating in our college sauna, deciding which book to read as I slipped off to sleep. York was hard, but I'm glad I persevered.

I met one super cute lecturer who showed me the closet in his office. And another professor who knew about these places under the staircases in Ross where few people go hardly.

I guess the climax of the whole year, though, was the time Pierre came. He insisted it be a private visit because he had something intimate to discuss with me. But I was feeling flighty when he arrived, so I put a fake moustache on him and hid his bald spot a floppy felt hat, and seduced him into coming for a drink at the Elbow Bend.

We decided to see how many of the bars we could crash before closing time. We made a little game of it, and said we had to chug a beer in each bar and then see if Pierre's could still stand up. We went to the Cock and Balls, the Absent and Markup's and then entered the tunnel laughing merrily at the graffiti. I remember one super funny punch line that went "what did the Oh, gee, now I've forgotten it again.

Anyway we passed through the



Brad Burp, made a detour to Asskisson's licensed restaurant and sat in the back and necked. By this time Pierre's resolve was reclining and I dared him to try the rest of the trip minus his disguise. Agreeing, he stripped off his hat. Wow!

There was a faint rain falling in the spring air as we hustled towards complex too. It's always such a long way over here, I said to my dearest, and he agreed.

At last we got to Poorman's. Pierre was hot to order Pierrier

water but I reminded him of our agreement and he ordered not just a beer but a double scotch/also.

Alas! The scotch must have been too much for Pierre because as soon as he tasted it he slipped off his chair and banged his head on the floor. He wound up with a terrible black eye from the incident, and swore he would never go back to York's bars.

I told him I'd heard lots of York guys say that after a bad night, and that seemed to cheer him up.



Shorts and Briefs

In order to minimize budget problems, the York Women's Centre and the daycare centre will merge," according to John Baiter, Vice President of Student Floggings.

"There is no reason why women cannot discuss freedom and liberation while changing diapers."

Baiter, a noted York Prude, maintains that "Idle hands are the devil's workshop. We don't want all those girls with nothing to do sitting around talking about lesbianism."

Baiter suggested that this measure is best for the good of the University and of the women involved." This strategy will both minimize costs of daycare and provide many useful skills, invaluable to the girls when they take up their proper place in society."

The representative of the York Women's Centre at the meeting was incapable of coherent comment to Nocalibur.

By Mimi Heckler

The Canadian Atomic Energy Commission has stated without reservation that "In Canada, there is absolutely no possibility of a nuclear accident similar to the recent one in Pennsylvania."

"Should such an incident occur the public is encouraged to look on

the bright side" says a commission spokesman. An explosion at the Pickering site would only require the populace to remain underground, protected by lead shielding for a few weeks. Permanent, non-sexist birth control (ie. sterilization) could be effected by men or women exposing the appropriate parts of their bodies to the atmosphere for as little as one hour per day. Environmentalists could be assured that such an incident would forever (at least for 5,000 years) eliminate any possibility of the Pickering airport being built and biologists would find many new forms of plants and animals growing in the area.

A really big explosion at Pickering would eliminate any need for the electricity now being generated at the plant and would instantly create the deep-water port which we have needed for so long in the Toronto area.

By James Carp-Bill

Propaganda Canada, the government misinformation agency, announced today that there is no longer any unemployment in Canada. In a clever, semantic interpretation the Prop Can spokesman, flourishing a dictionary, explained that "Everyone in Canada must be doing something. The problem is only that some Canadian are not

being paid for what they are doing. "By realizing that students, housewives and many others are actually working without pay, the government has instantly created 10 million new jobs."

This supercedes Mr. Turdeau's earlier plan to tie wage-earning to continued citizenship which would have eliminated joblessness among Canadian by definition.

When asked to comment on this announcement, Mr. Cluck had Hotair Stevens explain it to him. Cluck then stated "The Regressive Conservative Party does not believe in government intervention in the Canadian Vocabulary."

By Jack Meoph

The Governors of the Board (GOB), in its dauntless efforts to provide a top-notch quality of education to York students, has opted to include an innovative teaching device in its academic program for the '79/80 school year.

In what will be a first for university education in Ontario, GOB has requested Radio York to carry a series of lectures in political science, French and computer science over its air waves.

For the benefit of students enrolled in the courses, there will be desks set up at all locations where Radio York can be heard on campus: in the north west corner of the pedestrian tunnel, in the kitchen of the Atkinson Cafeteria and under the stairs of vanier college residence. Special speakers will also be set up in parking lots., Z and Q.

By Ty Rade

The TTC has finally agreed to provide York University with its own subway extension.

TTC's chief general manager Michael Barren told the Nocalibur, "It's time the TTC gave the York community a break. We don't like to see you shivering in the cold slushy streets"

It is a generous gesture, considering the Commission's \$2 112 billion deficit. The TTC has agreed to provide an express route which will whisk students directly from the Wilson station into a proposed station located in the basement of the Ross Building.

Said York's Big Mac, "I'm delighted. It's like giving my kids the princess phone they've always wanted."

By Turkey Lurkey

The studious, tense atmosphere of the Reserve Library was disrupted yesterday, when a potato chip chomping scholar was assaulted by a band of pre-exam frenzied students.

"They're all crazy! I wasn't even doing anything," complained victim Ernie Sputnick, nervously munching some sour cream 'n' onion ruffles. "It was as if the whole library got up at once and came over to my desk. After they shoved me around and took away my chips, everyone seemed to have disappeared behind their desks all at once."

By Luce Dentures

No Control

Editor - in - cheese
Mangling Editor
Nude Editors

Darkroom Pervs
Entertaining Idiots

Spurts Editors

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Editorial Hanger-on
Busybody & Advertising

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Pale Stupor
Dim Lewelsh
Laura Beige
Huge Jockstrap
Braying Jolson
Gary Herporn
Wipe Korican
Elliot Leftout
Lawrence "Larry" Knocks
Mark Muppet
Geek Madrid
Evelyn Kook
Ogre Gracious

letters

All letters should be addressed to the editor. They must be typed and reflect an attitude of mindlessly reactionary hatred, preferably with religious overtones, or, on the other hand, a pea-brained, apolitical complacency — otherwise people won't believe they're reading Nocalibur. The deadline is when we say so.

A child of his time

I don't really have anything to say in this letter. I'm just your typical, blank generation student of the late '70s who wants everything to be all right in his little world for ever and ever, and never wants to take a stand on anything or say anything or feel anything.

I like York because I'm going to administrative Studies and get a good job and live in Etobicoke and go to Miami Beach in the winter.

You guys should have a Sunshine

Girl Column and have more record reviews. Can the cutbacks stuff; what do you think this is 1967?

Arnold Frudd

Second-year Sociology

Repent ye fornicators

One thing I hate is a homosexual. They make me sick. I am of course motivated by feelings of the deepest religious compassion, but if there's one thing I can't stand it's somebody who is out and out DIFFERENT.

The perverts have a chance to

repent now, but if they don't they're going to burn and suffer and writhe in torment in hell and I can hardly wait for this justice to be meted out by Our Loving God.

Rabid Mateus

The president is my friend

Dear Excalibur,

Why don't you guys stop being so mean to President Macdonald! He's only trying to do his job, you know. I met him once at a disco and he seemed like a very nice man. I bet your just jealous

because he makes so much money and you don't.

Luv and stuff
Debbie Ditsy

Florid with anti-imperialism

Down with Nocalibur, the fascist, scumbag mouthpiece of the reactionary bourgeois administration. I will not be intimidated by Nocalibur's campaign of malicious political, typographical, bilateral and botanical persecution initiated by the arch field editor Pale Stupor

and his subservient, sycophantic gang of sackbutts. Your statements about myself are a deliberate attempt to create a split between the York Bowel Movement of which I am supreme commander and the rest of York University. Your deliberate lies and distortions just further reveal that Nocalibur is nothing more than a propaganda rag for thugs, and dogs of the imperialist, colonialist, capitalist Canadian status quo which is propped up by the crazed hoodlum Pale stupor and the York administration. Pooh on you.

Jeffrey Florist, NER.D.