

# 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

## Non-existent minutes, non-existent meetings

It comes as quite a surprise to learn that the three colleges who "collaborated" on a ferry-boat ride during Orientation Week were unaware of each other's position on the deal.

Bethune's council chairman insists there was a prior agreement that equal numbers of students from Winters, Bethune and McLaughlin would board the boat.

Winters' president at the time said a quota agreement had been worked out "months before the event."

And McLaughlin's council chairman says the question of quotas was never raised.

Some collaboration. The actual amount of money involved is rather tiny, but the bickering proves that mere financial cooperation between colleges isn't sufficient to pull off worthwhile campus events.

### NO HUDDLES?

Were there no meetings between the social coordinators of the colleges involved? Were there no minutes kept of the meetings? McLaughlin's chairman admits there was a "basic lack of communication"; was there even an attempt to set up communication lines?

The whole squabble developed almost comic proportions when a motion was brought before the Bethune council to ban Mac students from Bethune events.

Would sessional validation cards be checked at the door to Bethune movies? Would Mac retaliate by banning Bethune students?

Perhaps the affair would culminate in moonlight gang wars between marauding bands

of residence students. Shadowy figures would slip into the Bethune quadrangle by night and scribble in foot-high chalk markings, Remember the Ferry-Boat.

Surely if the college system is to work at all — and the college councils would be the first to defend the system, at least out of a sense of self-preservation — the various units must exchange information and ideas with one another, and think through moves like the ferry-boat ride in terms of cooperation as well as cost-sharing.

The colleges will only reinforce a sorry sense of isolationism by going Dutch treat on events, and then squabbling over who pays the difference for the following two months, as they try vainly to recall the terms of their "co-operation".

—Anthony Gizzie—

## The \$6 a week rip-off that nobody noticed

What do you think a student would do if he were losing a potential \$800 a year?

Speaking from experience, I'd say that if he went to York, he probably wouldn't do a thing. Yet there must be many who are financially handicapped due to recent Ontario Student Awards Programme (OSAP) policies.

For example, the uniform figure allotted for board and lodging across Ontario was set at \$32 per week. Considering that the average estimated weekly figure a York student spends is \$38 and that the mean is \$42, many students must be adversely affected.

Last year the OSAP allotment was \$30 per week. This means a 15 per cent rise in the cost of living compensated for with an extra \$2 a week (or six per cent increase to an already inadequate figure).

For a 34-week period, a York student is eligible for \$1,088 towards board and lodging. This figure does not even cover residence fees and certainly not the majority of off-campus rates.

To make matters worse, if a student cannot afford, or cannot find, campus living facilities, he or she may be forced to live a great distance from campus. Let's face it: York is halfway to Barrie, and living accommodations in this area just do not exist. Many students, as a result, commute daily.

However, the Ontario government punishes those who own cars and apply for financial assistance, to the tune of \$400. It is unfortunate, because half these cars are not even worth this amount.

But OSAP is lenient in a few instances: if you live with your parents over 25 miles from York, if your wife needs the car to work, or if you need the vehicle to drive Junior to the daycare centre, you are exempt from the \$400 cut.

The students living off campus and paying extremely high rent and food prices (not to mention licence plates and 19 cents a gallon in taxes) just have to manage.

Now these small worries are only slightly compounded by the fact that

NEWS ITEM: LIBRARY OFFICER SUGGESTS BORROWERS RETURN BOOKS TO LIBRARY STAFF, NOT TO DEPOSITORY BIN...

No, of course not. What condition is your book in?

Just the way I got it..

Yes, sir.. may I help you?

I'd like to return a book...

I see. Well, normally we like our students to make appointments, but I suppose ...

..I didn't..



You're not going anywhere.. how come half the pages are torn? And what's this blotch on page 91?

It's a fly. I caught it between pages.. and I'm sorry about the tears, but I was doodling with my pen knife..

The supervisor's not going to like this.. what's this drawing of a porcupine on the front cover?

Look..all I wanted to do was return my book.. Can I leave now?

I'm sorry, sir. You'll have to get somebody to sign you out.



it takes from six to eight weeks to have your loan processed, as opposed to three weeks last year. But what do all these affected students do? Practically nothing.

All this is not to say that OSAP is an ineffective or poor programme, for it is not. While a few students unfortunately abuse it, many others

benefit from this financial assistance. Yet we shouldn't stop attempting to readjust the allocation procedure.

Student Awards officers fight diligently to aid students with financial problems, and try to correct the inadequacies listed above. Yet with no student support, written or vocal,

they are just another bureaucratic voice in the Ontario government's money machine. They're situated in 110A Steacie, and they need your help and support to help you.

Besides, isn't it time students learned to help themselves instead of having others bang their heads against a wall for them?

—Steve Hain—

## Media cater to low-grades appetites, moronic majority cannot discriminate

Entertainment.

The multi-million dollar industry whose main purpose it is to amuse, tease, arouse and agreeably occupy the inanimate intellect that characterizes the North American lifestyle, during the idle hours that make up leisure time.

Unless, of course, you're between the ages of 18 and 25 and still possess the idealism and impetuosity of youth; because then you still have your third eye.

The one that allows you to discriminate between what is bad or good; and which will develop and mature with age, much like a California redwood, if allowed to grow under the proper conditions.

In simpler terms, if you continue to feed your head instead of allowing it to stagnate, then your ability to discriminate logically and rationally will remain intact.

But the moronic majority, tired of the runarounds, the knocks and the general lack of order that dominates western living, are too tired and uptight to complain, thereby silently succumbing to the constant barrage of prime time drive offered by the dubious decoration in the corner.

The subtle cyclops that comes in all shapes and sizes projecting a grey, or if you have more money than brains, a coloured two dimensional image.

I'm waiting patiently for the day when the Fahrenheit 451 screen comes into vogue. Then, even if the programme quality is mediocre, the packaging will at least be attractive.

But still people sit at home conveniently drinking beer and munching munchies as they watch Cannon arrest his 73rd dope-crazed hippie commie pervert for molesting an old flame's four-year-old fawn.

Or Archie complaining to Edith about lack of head — (in his beer glass, you degenerates.)

If it isn't a tale about violence in the streets or miracles in the medical ward, chances are that it will be dropped in mid-season. Unless it happens to be an adaptation of a \$uccessful movie or long-running play.

All in the attempt to generate some excitement in the lives of an audience that has long since ceased creating any of its own.

While television has catered to the couch conditioned jocks with an overabundance of coverage (it is interesting to note that while an appearance by Bob Dylan was cancelled to accommodate the local junior hockey team in Ottawa earlier this year, this week that same team had a game rescheduled so that closed circuit coverage of the Ali-Foreman fight could be held) and to the fans of As the Nose Blows et al, they have not programmed proportionately for a significant segment of the population: the old people.

A percentage of them would rather be entertained than bombarded with the high-paced sickies that flood the networks, and I'm quite sure an alternative to Lawrence Welk would go over nicely.

Due to my current status as a bed warmer, I've found more time to view what actually goes on the air. Saturday night was a red letter occasion, because for the first time in a long while I saw a movie that had believable and well developed characters, no heavy message or predictions or reflections that I had to toy with.

It was The Parent Trap, a predictable comedy that was made in 1961, and one which I vaguely remember seeing the first time around.

It also seems to me that York occasionally has 'revivals', when they show Marx Bros. and Bogart and Cagney movies. Just simple entertainment.

And that's where both the industry and people fail. The industry in the sense of programming audio-visual diarrhea and the people in the fact that they accept it by watching it, and not developing their own capabilities, thereby keeping themselves narrowly limited.

Where one day they'll allow some aspiring young director to broadcast, through the wonders of closed circuit television, the destruction of the human race.

And the scalpers will run around outside Maple Leaf Gardens asking if anyone's got an extra pair.

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