

Excalibur

Everything secret degenerates; nothing is safe that does not show it can bear discussion and publicity
—Lord Acton

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It's much more than a mere fit of PEAK

"The graduate programme is not being cut," said dean of fine arts Joe Green this week. "We're just not accepting any students next year."

That has to go down as our choice for quote of the week. It's a bizarre piece of reasoning, but then the last three weeks haven't been exactly mundane for Mr. Green.

During that time, the theatre department has suffered the cancellation of its graduate programme (PEAK), the resignation of its chairman and a feverish level of student unrest (most of it directed, rightly or wrongly, at Mr. Green).

The problems in the department — and clearly there are some — go a lot deeper than a mere fit of PEAK. The basic direction of theatre at York is being called into question.

Given the remarkable growth of the theatre department during the past few years, it may well be time for the students and the faculty to share in some self-analysis. And, given his decision to cut the PEAK programme in the first place, Mr. Green may well have made a wise decision in declaring a one-year hiatus for graduate theatre.

It's no good rushing off madly in a new direction simply because the old one may not have worked out.

A group of theatre students has proposed a moratorium and study session to be held today in Burton Auditorium. We hope that the students, faculty and administrators will take this as an opportunity, not to confront each other with demands, but to inquire seriously and openly into the nature and direction of the department. It would be a sensible conclusion to a chaotic three weeks.

Commercial Caterers gets into hot water

Commercial Caterers manager Bing Hodinnott tells us that people have been stealing tea bags from his cafeterias, pouring themselves a cup of hot water and walking through the line without paying.

His solution? Raise the price of a cup of hot water from on-the-house to 20 cents.

A dumb and, if we may venture to say so, unfair solution. What about all those who want hot water for legitimate purposes, such as the Cup-a-Soup or lemonade mix they've brought from home?

Clearly, anyone who wants to buy hot water should simply be required to pour his particular potion into the cup before going by the cashier. Since few people will be tempted to plunk a stolen tea bag into their Neo Citran, this solution should remove both the tea bag thievery and the high cost of hot water.

In any case, we can clearly remember when even Commercial Caterers gave hot water away free of charge. A 20 cent increase is a hefty one.

What would the Anti-Inflation Board have to say?



If you haven't joined yet you're out of luck

Staff meeting today
End of year photo to be shot

All staffers must attend
4 p.m.



Faculty Association chairman Jack Granatstein, having cleared many a hurdle on the route to YUFA unionization, takes aim at the most perilous hurdle of all: the university senate.



We had the most marvelously edifying experience the other day.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when we passed by Atkinson's coffee shop, Ainger, and decided to grab a sandwich and a coffee to take back with us to the library. The shop was not particularly busy we thought as we walked over to the counter to order our lunch.

THREE PEOPLE

There were three people behind the counter. None of them appeared to be very busy. One was leaning over the counter deep in conversation with some friend. Another, a girl, was licking and wiping bread crumbs off a sandwich board. The other was swaying in the background gazing into thin air.

There was, we should mention, a student-customer tapping his fingers impatiently on the counter, obviously waiting to be served.

Since we were interested in giving our digestive tracts more

exercise than our fingers we asked the girl, "Excuse us, are you serving anyone?" After a 10 second pause she answered, without looking up, "No, but try him."

She was pointing to the conversationalist.

Slightly miffed, we tried him. "Are you serving anyone?", we asked, expecting a more reasonable response that the one we'd just received.

His head turned slowly toward us. With beligerent overtones he

snapped, "Can't you see that I'm talking to someone?"

Offended, we started out the door when the third, breaking out of his private reverie rushed to the counter and said gleefully, "May I help you?"

We continued out the door.

That day our lunch consisted of a half pint of cottage cheese, a can of V-8 juice and cookies bought from Oasis.

And they tasted much better than Ainger's sandwiches and coffee.

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