

LETTERS cont'd

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trated? I would be frantic. Maybe dates should be arranged according to year, or according to year, or according to each letter in the surname, there has to be a solution. Think about it. It is your valuable time they're wasting through their present lineup system.

—Dave Heilig

Work for settlement, says student senator

Editor:

On behalf of the Student Senator Caucus we would like to convey the following stance to the Administration, YUFA and the students of York University. We feel, as an elected body of student representatives, whose mandate concerns the academic standards and policy of York University, that the impending strike action by YUFA should be averted at all cost. It is with the understanding of the far-reaching effects of the YUSA and CUEW strikes of 1985 that we suggest strong actions on both sides without delay. In realization of the effects of previous strikes, it is clear that in all previous cases the students have been the victims.

It is the responsibility of the SSC to ensure that the academic integrity of

York be maintained for students. It is with this in mind that we suggest that both sides work vigorously for an immediate solution. It is not our intention to recommend a preference for either side and this statement should *not* be misinterpreted as such. It is our purpose here, rather to express our dismay that such a situation could again disrupt the York community.

—Raphael B. Hazen

On behalf of the Student Senator Caucus

Education our goal, not cheesecake

Editor:

I would like to add my comments to those already printed regarding the Women of York calendar. Not only is the calendar (as stated by Andrea Meason, *Excalibur*, issue 7) not representative of the actual women of York, it is derogatory to all women of the university, including those who are cute and peppy. Presumably, we are all here to study and learn; at any rate, our objective is not cheesecake. We can get that from the sun, if it is our inclination. Hopefully, as mature, intelligent human beings, it isn't.

—Su Gardner

Opinion

Calendar regressive

By NAOMI PASCOE

"Have you seen it?" is the headline on the advertisement for "The Women of York Calendar." If you have, you may have noticed the picture of the woman in gym shorts on the front cover. The next picture is of a girl with a cat. From that point on, the pictures look like those a boyfriend would take of his girlfriend at the family picnic. Nothing offensive or lewd. The problem is that the cover and advertising posters lead you to believe something else is inside.

That is just the beginning of the problems with the format. The advertising surrounds each page in obtrusive margins. Next, the calendar has been referred to as "An Activity Guide." Seeing as there are no campus activities listed, I must assume that shopping at Roots and eating at Ginsburg and Wong are the only activities York students are interested in.

Setting the actual calendar aside, I must comment on the principle behind the calendar. It is not representative of York women in two ways. Not all the faculties of York are represented. Beyond that, beside one black woman, all of the women pictured are white.

The women were not paid for the time involved in posing for the pictures (which were taken by one of the

publishers, leaving you with poor quality black and whites) and do not receive royalties. For this I cannot blame the publishers because they were merely being shrewd. I can blame only the women themselves. They have taken the feminist movement back 80 years by accepting a pat on the back and an ego trip for payment, while allowing David Rosenblatt and Adam Cooper (the publishers) to walk away with the gross.

If you *must* buy a calendar with pictures of women, go for the *Playboy* version, which sells for the same price and has color photos. It will probably better serve whatever purpose you had in mind. If you need a student activity guide, get a copy of *Manus*. If you just need a calendar, go to your local bank or butcher shop and get one for free. Better yet, steal the one your parents will be receiving soon in the mail from their insurance company. If you already have a calendar, save yourself the three dollars.

The opinions expressed on this page are the views of the writers, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of Excalibur. Members of the York community are invited to contribute to this space. Excalibur reserves the right to select submissions for publication. Address submissions to Excalibur Opinion Page, 111 central Square, Ross Building.



YORK UNIVERSITY
UNIVERSITY YORK

By WARREN CLEMENTS

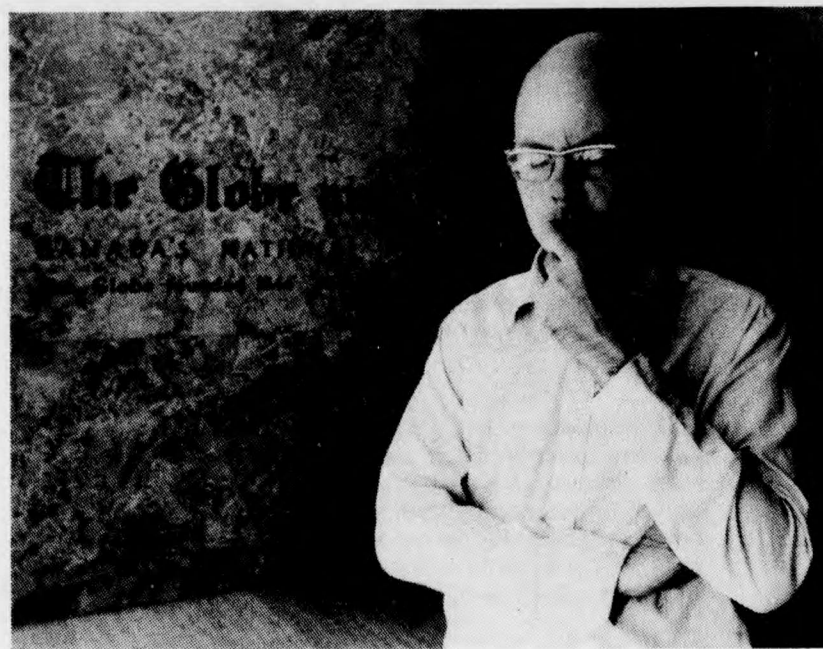
York University in 1970 was a paradise for the budding writer. While *Excalibur* drew serious would-be journalists like a magnet, the campus was alive with other newspapers financed by college councils which were perfectly happy to put their control and financial management into the hands of students who knew nothing about putting out newspapers. In basements and closets in Winters, Vanier, Founders and McLaughlin, to name only four, writers and artists with delusions of creativity were putting together tabloids and broadsheets that went from the sublime to the ridiculous, usually in the same issue.

It was an iconoclast's delights. The Winters Seer, lodged in the basement of Winters College, swerved from being an arts paper to publishing whimsical editions that painted the world as a leisure-time activity conducted solely to provide the Seer with weekly material. If somebody slipped bad poetry under the door, the paper threw taste to the winds and ran a Bad Poetry page. If *Excalibur's* editor had the actionable gall to call a professor an anti-Semite, the Seer was ready to pounce with *Localibur*, its parody of that infamous issue. In the campus version of internecine warfare, the paper ran parodies of the other college newspapers. Oh, they were giddy times.

One of my more vivid memories is of the opening of the Great Tunnel connecting the Ross Building (winner of an early award for Excellence in Concrete—seriously) with what Winters considered its college complex. Even those who cursed the bitter winter winds found the prospect of an underground tunnel rather amusing, with overtones of *The Return of the Mole* people, though that didn't stop them from using it once it was built. The Seer particularly saw this as an issue worthy of comment; imagine our delight when we discovered that no ceremony had been planned to inaugurate the tunnel. The paper immediately contacted the Office of the President (the David Slater, who went on to become chairman of the Economic Council of Canada) and arranged its own ribbon-cutting ceremony, which the President graciously agreed to attend.

Not wanting to tip off *Excalibur*, we kept the publicity to a minimum, with the unfortunate result that few

Whimsical college tabloids are the spirit of the past



THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . . Warren Clements, member of the *Globe and Mail* editorial board (above), muses on his giddy days as 1974/5 *Excalibur* editor (below).



people turned up to watch Mr. Slater cut the ribbon. But we got some dandy photographs of the event, which we ran as the lead item in our subsequent parody of *The Globe and Mail*, with the headline *Ribbon Cut, York Tunnel Falls Apart*.

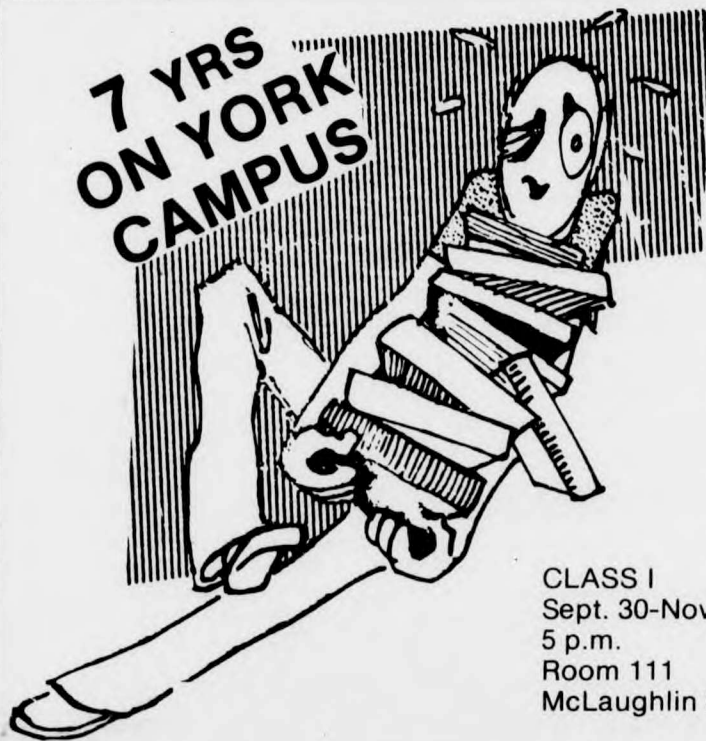
Excalibur remained the campus newspaper, so I joined *Excalibur* in my fourth year. From this vantage point it was possible to watch the self-styled conservatives and radicals chewing each other up in the Council of the York Student Federation (CYSF) and holding meetings so long, and so boring, that it was impossible to finish one without somebody stomping out and breaking quorum, usually on an obscure point of principle. The United States had held over the Vietnam War as a special treat to give latecomers a chance to join the protests, and a variety of crusades usually spilled over the Central Square onto the floor of the CYSF meeting, where earnest advocates demanded student funds for their cause on the basis of incontestable right. *Excalibur* wrote a few high-minded editorials criticizing the playpen atmosphere of student polit-

ics in general and making lofty allusions to a world outside the ivory tower which, the paper implied, was laughing up its sleeve at these antics. It was only when we entered that world as graduates that we realized the political systems had much in common, and that CYSF had been an excellent training ground, in terms of endurance if not debate.

All things seemed possible at York at that time, and many of them were. Students who had felt regimented in high school went to the opposite extreme in the first-year college tutorials. They walked into a room with no blackboard and no teacher's desk, and were unable to tell the tutor from the students. They would hear the tutor give his or her pronouncements on the value of democracy in the learning process and the futility of trying to assign marks (great raising of eyebrows here). If the weather was nice, they might wander onto the grass somewhere and vent deep thoughts.

This is still an era when students assumed they could find jobs on graduation; the spirit of Woodstock had taken a couple of years to cross the border and was still in evidence. There was a sense that avenues were open for amateurs, that people willing to learn could open any door on campus and find somebody willing to give them an opportunity. Not enough people took the chance, but those who did were, and remain, grateful. As the alumni fund-raising office keeps reminding us,

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