

Excalibur

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

Can CYSF survive?

It's becoming more and more apparent that the only way we will ever encourage student participation at this campus is to allow all students — not just a council of 26 — to take part in the decision-making process.

The poor CYSF nominations turnout indicates that it makes little difference to the average student whether the board, the senate of the CYSF make decisions for him — he feels equally alienated in any case.

Let's face it, the only viable alternative, now, is a system of mass meetings and mass voting, the town hall approach.

Unfortunately — but typically — most of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates have missed the boat. Instead of running on programmes of eliminating the root causes of student problems, they have chosen to run on platforms (and we use the term loosely) of "padding the playpen." Huge lectures; boring, irrelevant, course content; piles of end-of-term essay assignments — these are the problems students face. The mentality of most CYSF candidates, however, seems to be: Give them a bigger dance on Friday night.

In other words, if we sink down another inch into the broadloom, the problems will go away.

We cannot help feeling that most people running on the CYSF-as-a-dance-committee platform are being incredibly opportunistic; it doesn't

solve students' problems, but it sure pulls in the votes.

This year's candidates are not even bothering to run on any issues or principles. The fact that Rob Macrae, who was originally running for president, dropped out of the race when he found he could get in by acclamation as a Winters rep, is indicative of this power-not-policy approach.

There is only one candidate who has bothered to talk about academic reform in a meaningful way. His name is Bryan Belfont. Belfont and his running mate Terry Fobert are on the Young Socialist ticket.

A lot of people have serious questions about the Young Socialists. In fact, we at EXCALIBUR have had bad experiences with them at times. The only thing we want to say — and we know it sounds frivolous — is that Belfont is different. You can talk to him without being harangued.

EXCALIBUR is not going to come out this year and tell you who to vote for. All we're saying is that there are two clear-cut alternatives. If we want to treat symptoms, there are plenty of dance committee types running; if we want a programme that calls for academic reform and student power our only option, like it or not, is Belfont. Besides, with two members of the right-wing York Green Committee already acclaimed to council, a balance from the left might not be a bad idea.

Letters to the Editor

Love of York

We have heard many people screaming and shouting that York University is meaningless, that its students are alienated, that courses have nothing to do with what is going on in the world and that all in all life around the campus is pretty dissatisfying. We do not believe these things, in fact we think that York University is just fine. And here's why!

York University has large, spacious lecture halls without windows, which could only give the students a beautiful view of the outdoor concrete landscape. York University conducts lectures with over three hundred students — what a great time and place to get acquainted with your classmates, the professors and abstract information. One can even indulge in sexual fantasies with the chick sitting three rows down. "I just love the whole warmth and atmosphere of the place."

"It's so much more liberal than U. of T." "Yeah, so many of the tutorial leaders light up." "Far-out man! Is that for real?" "Yeah!" "Far-out, man, far-fuckin' out..."

"I could never be alienated here. I drive in every day, takes me about an hour from downtown, go to my classes and lectures, meet my friends, go home, do some homework, make a few phone calls, tell my parents to leave me alone, go to bed, get up, drive to school, takes me about an hour from downtown, go to my classes and lectures, meet my... Alienated? Not me! I'm going to university."

York University has the finest available educational, scientific, and physical facilities anywhere in the Province of Ontario. Austere, grey, concrete panelled classrooms, constant tests of the electrical system, expensive audio-visual equipment designed for instant liberation, every elevator ride an adventure, a wonderfully distinctive faculty made up equally of conservative and/or liberals, a boon to all kinds of educational innovation and passionate critical thought, a tough grading system designed to separate the bright from the dull, the intelligent from the stupid, the eager from the lazy and the acceptable from the unacceptable, a food

service designed to give the best food at the cheapest prices, underground bunkers for places of uninterrupted silence — these are some of the few fine facilities here on the York campus. "I only wish I could stay longer."

"Have you ever been in those grad residences?" "Well..." "I have, man, and wow, they must have been built with cardboard, cinder blocks and other cheap materials. The furniture they got could injure you; everything's got sharp wooden corners. Man, wow, you know, the walls are so thin you can hear some guy's chick moanin' while he's..." "Yeah, yeah, I know, I know, Christ, I ought to, I live there."

We admit that even though we consider York University fine, that doesn't mean, by any stretch of the imagination, that a few things aren't quite dissatisfying now and then. For example, telling time at York is a true educational experience. It's just like a multiple-guess test. "Does anyone know what time it is?" "Have you been to the Central Booktanical Garden?" "Yeah, once. I liked the plants, but where do they hide the books?"

We discovered that many students find it difficult eating their lunches in the central square dining area, and so we suggest to those students, after talking with cafeteria personnel, that there is plenty of room in the Atkinson and Stong facilities and there's still adequate space in Vanier-Founders-Winters-McLaughlin. And so, instead of ganging up in the middle of the school, spread yourselves out, move around the campus, you good ol' university students. A brisk walk in the winter sunshine will do you all a whole world of good.

We found there are many who feel that York University is nothing but a playground for pot-smokers. We initiated a survey research of the entire student population and discovered, contrary to the original statement, that there are no more than 30% of that population who have ever engaged in this criminal offence. Therefore, to whom it may concern — York University is not a playground for pot-smokers, it is a hang-out for pot-smokers.



"Not much happening around here... good thing Sha Na Na's coming for a little excitement..."

"I've been meeting so many people here." "That's bullshit. You've been meeting a lot of chicks." "Yeah, so, I'm meeting all the chicks I wanted to meet in high school." "Yeah, but that's not meeting, you just want to find one that'll ball." "Yeah, so I just want to find a chick that'll just ball with me." "So how could you be meeting many people?" "That's just it man; it takes a long time to find that chick!"

"Could you please comment on these departments of the University?" "Of course!" "The Psychology Department." "No comment." "The Film Department." "Comment." "The Social Science Department." "No comment." "Is that all you're going to say, comment or no comment?" "That's all you asked me. Besides that's about all I could say!"

"Did you get that book you wanted?" "Yeah, I just ripped it off the book store." "Ya did?" "Yeah, it's easy." "Well then, tell me!" "Sure, now listen very carefully, mahygytyrdmu gtrtayfjklo graftjuhfyg and you walk out."

All in all, we must admit that the very best thing about York University is its students. I overheard Professor Lamprey tell Professor Whale that most of his students seem to be flounders. And Professor Whale said that wasn't true, on the contrary, his students were jelly-fish, just quietly absorbing the surrounding matrix of his knowledge.

We love York University, do YOU?

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Excalibur

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