

EDITORIALS

ACSA - What We Don't Know

It is understood that the deliberations of the Committee should not be reported in the press....

Minutes of the meeting of Advisory Committee on Student Affairs.
April 3, 1967.

Students, you are not entitled to know what happened at Thursday's meeting of the Advisory Committee on Student Affairs.

ACSA was set up last year, ostensibly to aid President Ross in administrative decisions concerning student life and activities.

The idea was laudable but the details were ludicrous. Only five of ACSA's 18 members were from the student body. Committee decisions were kept secret.

How could York boast of its 'community of scholars' concept when students were given no real voice in the running of the university.

Students had no way to find out what advice had been given to the president or whether the president had chosen to follow or ignore such advice.

Student members of ACSA objected--protested--and walked out.

Some reforms were effected as a consequence of that action.

The number of student representatives has been increased to 12, which means the council has a present membership of 24. Now, at least, the recommendations on student affairs originate with a body of which students compose 50%.

But how far have we really come?

The meetings of ACSA are open or closed at the discretion of the Committee. Understandably so, as some subjects are too dangerous or contentious to be discussed in the open.

But have the students at large yet received the right to read the minutes of the proceedings? Have the students the right to know which of their representatives is doing the talking?

Surely we have the right to know what kind of advice is being given on our own behalf.

ACSA members, tune in. Vote us that right or turn in your badges.

If the principle of the 'community of scholars' is to operate in reality, the policy of keeping the majority of York students in the dark must be abandoned.

letter to the editor

VERSAFOOD

Dear Sir,

Versafoods Services has sold 51% of its company to an American concern. In view of this, the Student's Council should make strong representation to the powers that be at the Administration end of the University to have this American concern removed from our Canadian University. In fact, C.U.S. should approach all the Universities in Canada that have this American Catering Outfit and strongly urge its removal.

I have nothing against Versafoods. They are doing a job for an institution and coping with it. I do have a quarrel with the principle that a Canadian Institution of Canadian Education is giving our Canadian money to an American concern for the privilege of being given a basic staple of life--namely food. How can we be a nation if we can't even feed ourselves? We should progress to "Buy Canadian" rather than regress to American opportunism, especially in this our Centennial Year of Confederation.

J. William Angrave.
(Vanier III)

VANDALISM

Dear Sir,

Last Year, after repeated incidences of vandalism, Dr. Fowle, the Master of Vanier College, ordered all of the vending machines removed from that college.

Under the circumstances, Vanier students could hardly blame Dr. Fowle for doing so. The result was that Vanier students were forced to walk over to Founders College for drinks, cigarettes, and other refreshments.

However, this year there are three colleges instead of two, and the original two colleges have vastly increased enrolments. Because of this, Vanier and Winters students, in addition to the inconvenience of walking over to Founders for refreshments, have become accustomed to finding the vending machines completely sold out.

I say, bring the machines in Vanier back. If York students were responsible for the vandalism that occurred, they have certainly been inconvenienced by the removal of the machines to the extent that they will not repeat their actions.

Or if, as is more likely, high school students and students of other universities did the damage, they can be eliminated by the 'get tough' policy that the administration imposed on us



during our final examinations last year, when we students had to present our ATL cards to enter the colleges at night.

In any case, York students, and particularly we Vanier students, want our Versa-machines back.

Sincerely,
Bob Dale (Vanier II)

DEBATE AGAIN

Dear Sir,

After perusing some of Mr. Lipskar's remarks in the last edition of Excalibur, I feel compelled to reply.

Let me state initially that absolutely no one, with the always notable exception of Mr. Lipskar himself, has ever suggested that the inquiry would be anything but open. Let me now say, unequivocally, that any oral part of the inquiry should and must be completely open.

But there is one statement which, more than any other, bothers me greatly. I refer to Mr. Lipskar's brazen attempt to personally discredit me and to impeach the validity of the statements I have been making about last year's debates.

I am therefore reluctantly forced to point out that, in the past, one of Mr. Lipskar's most effective methods to stop the questioning of his actions has been to cast suspicions on those who are questioning him. I therefore contend that Mr. Lipskar's comments about me are nothing more than a diversionary tactic enabling him to put off answering certain questions which must be asked.

Indeed, Mr. Lipskar's apparently sudden conversion to wanting everything out in the open has so impressed me that I now wish to ask publicly certain questions which I hope Mr. Lipskar, in his desire for public awareness in all things, will not hesitate to answer in Excalibur.

Before asking these questions perhaps I'd better explain why they are being asked of Mr. Lipskar. Last Year, he was the co-ordinator of the great debate. Any individual in charge of any group effort knows that if the project goes well, he gets no credit; if it fails, he gets all the blame. Also bear in mind that when a person is in almost exclusive and complete control

LETTERS - p. 12

Leaving Love and Life

by Jim Lennox

The setting is concrete and glass, rising out of freshly mowed grass, a California college I experienced. The time is now, when a prelude is being written for an incumbent world war. I was asked to explain the California scene for you.

There are some natives who feel California is another world. The college student wishes it were true, and knows it is not. In his wallet, where the picture of a forgotten girlfriend once was, lies a draft card. If it is stamped I-A, he is next. California is Shangri-las with one strike against it. It reluctantly plays its part in the War Game.

Four years ago I landed in Los Angeles and all was different. Life seemed like an endless vacation. Even school is all right if you're in shorts and a T-shirt. Someone had been to Newport Beach that morning before school, and he told you of perfect surf breaking from six to eight feet. You said school could wait. You forgot Calculus to demonstrate Physics in the warm Pacific. What's so important about attending every class, you asked.

The winds of change blew. Now it is a matter of life and death.

You must know these people. The feeling they had of living on an island paradise apart from the world was real to them. I attended classes under olive trees. I studied where rolling surf played a tune to relax me. I knew as friends people who some call great musicians. Freedom was the word.

I loved this life passionately, and learned to obey its laws. If you felt like telling someone you loved them, you did. They'd laugh and answer, "I love you too." Happiness is nearly always beautiful. When it is dying, it is ugly.

And now it is dying. The look

on that student's face changes to fear when the old "Uncle Sam" joke is cracked. The campus talks with friends change from Descartes to draft quotas. The announcement in the school paper explains how a former student has died of bullet wounds in Du Nhang. A girl with traces of womanhood and an engagement ring asks, with tears in her eyes, "Why?" And slowly you notice a pattern beginning to form. Your friends, one by one, disappear. To counteract a vague fear, the good life must go on. The electric hands play louder now, and there are still girls to be loved. Her father was a car salesman or a land speculator, but she is an angel. The California girl has been copied, not duplicated.

A fringe cat, who seemed always slightly different, lets his hair grow. He takes a pill and you never see him again. Someone says they saw him giving away flowers on a corner in west L.A. "They don't play school!"

Between classes you read the school's tabloid. The editor pleads with his government to end a war that is not ours to fight. The Young Republicans (a very active group on campus) call him a Commie. In the United States, being a pacifist and a communist are the same bag.

Unconsciously, I had almost told you a lie. In my wastepaper basket at home there is a story about how campus life could be in California. If it were that way, I wouldn't be here, three thousand miles from the place and person I love.

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