

Campus Types

WHICH ONE ARE YOU?

Come on—admit it! You're a Loogan. Or maybe you're an Artiste? Or one of those comatose Biz School types? *Excalibur's* Paul Pivato and Kevin Connolly can peg you from the far side of campus. Just for you they've compiled this anthropological chart of various campus species.

Central square type



They clog up Central Square, standing around in small groups: the GG boys draped in gold chains and the femmes fatales in fur. They're the Central Square crowd. And they're too cool to be real.

They aren't the smartest students around. Most of these dames and dudes think Jean-Jacques Rousseau is a French fashion designer. For mental stimulation they head over to the drug store for a few hours of Pac Man. They're the type of people who don't laugh at the commercials on prime-time TV.

The Central Square crowd spends much of its time squawking in small, easily identifiable tribes, each of which has its own patch of territory, its own chieftain, and its own lingo.

The college Casanovas in these tribes often strut about uttering such profundities as "check it out" and "hey, man" and "chick."

The tribal girls are your shy, sensitive types. They chew Bubblicious bubble gum, say "O Gawd," and wear fishing tackle for earrings. These looking-for-Mr.-Goodbar girls are true romantics. They believe the most important aspect of a relationship is love. If a guy is good-looking and has a lot of money, they'll fall in love.

The main problem with the "beautiful people" of Central Square is that they all think they're living on page 10 of a Sears Catalogue.

The Artiste

Particularly proud and independent, York Artistes manage to make arrogance an animate life form.

In dress, they're complete slob, but little do we know that it takes them three hours every morning to cultivate this spontaneous casual look. In the company of other artists they're cheshire cats, witty, charming, and self-effacing. In private they're the exact opposite: coarse, catty, and self-aggrandizing.

Most true Artistes are vegetarians, and despite their insistence that the rest of humanity are "killing themselves," it is they who are gaunt, anaemic, and prone to dizzy spells. The Artiste is easily recognized by his gray, stunning, red-blue complexion.

All this emaciation helps reinforce the Artiste's choice of clothing, which includes the ritual John Lennon glasses, the peaked beret, and the stained Albert Camus trenchcoat, for that extra look of existential despair.

The Artiste is a whining little creature, their conversation a series of laments, moans, and dirgeful gesticulations. They often say things like "life is a Kafkaesque



nightmare," or "we are to the gods like wanton boys, they crush us for their sport."

"I'm not trying to alienate anyone!" insists the Artiste, forcing a safety pin through his cheek. Modern Artistes never read any of the great masters, insisting that they are distractions to their own vision, but will be happy to offer their opinion on any of them should they come up in conversation.

Favorite Album: Tower of Swine.

Favorite sport: Mime.

The Biz School type



They're dull and proud of it. They dress conservatively and carry a briefcase for that special Bay Street touch. Many of them seriously believe the future of Canada rests on their shoulders.

The Biz School types can usually be found in the catacombs of Administrative Studies, which has a distinct caffeine-and-mothballs aroma. It is in this sober atmosphere that Biz School students learn to exploit and swindle and manipulate—techniques that will prove very useful later on in life.

Most of the Biz School types come from homes in the suburbs that have furry toilet seat covers and musical door chimes. When they grow up they want furry toilet seat covers and musical door chimes too.

These future executives speak a language all their own. When a Biz School type says that he finds "the university experience both challenging and rewarding," he really means: "I hope four years of this bullshit will get me a high-paying job." He knows there are more important things in life than money, but he just can't seem to put his finger on them.

The Biz School student's idea of a joke is to hold out their hand for a handshake, and when the other unsuspecting person goes to shake it, they quickly pull their own hand away. Then they break out laughing, sometimes for periods of five or ten minutes. But generally speaking, they are much more serious than this.

The Computer type



You never see them around because they're salivating over their computer terminals. You should make one your friend—they're likely to be running the world a few years from now.

York's Computer Science students are basically hunchbacked creatures with small round fingers, giving them a biological advantage over the spinal erector types with long, bony fingers. These guys spend their money on rent and computer magazines. If any money's left over, they buy some food.

You can spot them skittering about Steacie in baggy K-Mart jeans and Adidas running shoes. Sometimes, after a long night of programming, Mike, John, Lin Yang and the boys go down to the vending machines for a bit of frivolity. Sometimes they throw crumpled chip packages at each other. Sometimes they make jokes about each other's glasses. Sometimes they don't even go down.

After a hard day at the terminal, the Computer Science student likes to relax by playing digital games. Their favorite games are ones involving intergalactic warfare. After obliterating a planet from the screen, the Computer Science student howls with laughter, points at the blown-up planet and pounds the terminal in joyous triumph.

Favorite sport: ham radio

Favorite TV show: *Doctor Who*

Favorite food: computer chips and ham radio.

The Loogan



The most obvious thing about the Looga is his unusual wardrobe. When out on the town he's suitably attired in beige stretch pants with two-tone patent leathers (size 14) and a regulation green tartan cardigan. He's more casual at home or school opting for stretch denim dungarees, a thick brown belt with monogrammed buckle, and topped off with an if-you've-got-it-flaunt-it T-shirt.

Loogans almost single-handedly keep the

Brill Cream industry afloat—their glistening, rainbowed coiffure is often visible at 200 yards. No one has had the heart to tell them Ski-Doo boots are no longer fashionable winter footwear. And contrary to popular belief, Loogans are not color blind, although they make everyone else wish they were.

In the halls of York, the Loogan can be seen carrying his books, pencils, and hockey cards in a torn, tripled-up series of Dominion bags. During particularly boring classes his voice can be heard at the back of the room mumbling "Need 'um, need 'um, got 'um" between cracks of O-Pee-Chee bubble gum.

Always willing to offer his opinion, particularly on books he hasn't read, the Loogan is particularly active in English class. There, his strengths lie in his uncanny ability to parallel literary classics with scenes out of *Starlost* and *Laverne and Shirley*.

The Loogan's tongue seems to be twice as large as normal people's, causing him to butcher words with incomparable skill and alarming regularity. Thus, in Shakespeare class, Coriolanus becomes "Cornelius," Othello becomes "Orthello," and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, dialogue from *Quest For Fire*.

Favorite food: peanut butter and baloney sandwiches.

Favorite album: K-Tel's Sound Explosion (c. 1971).

Favorite sport: lawn darts.

The Radical



Not the type of people you invite to a party. You can spot them on any campus: they're morbidly serious, self-righteous and in dire need of a bath.

A lot of the radical crowd hang out at the Ainger, where they sit around listening to "oppressed people's music" and eating mashed yeast. Another favorite haunt is the Grad Lounge, where the radicals have banned Carling O'Keefe's "apartheid" beer from the hordes of capitalist lackeys.

The radicals are impossible to miss: they always froth at the mouth when discussing Marxism or apathy at Save the Penguins rallies; their clothes look like they were stolen from a Goodwill bin; and they have nicotine-stained fingernails from hand-rolling their own cigarettes. The men usually have scraggly beards and the women usually have scraggly armpits.

York radicals take courses like "Gilligan's Island and Third World Colonialism" or "Feminism in Yugoslavia: A Decade of Struggle." Almost all of them have an intimate knowledge of African politics, pronounce Nicaragua like a drunken Spaniard (Nee-ka-ra-gwah) and think that cults are legitimate religions.

Radicals at York believe that if students only knew they were living in a decadent, exploitative society they would try to change it. What the radicals don't understand is that students like living in a decadent, exploitative society.