

Women must discard sex roles, seduce men

By RALPH ASHFORD

The average woman may have come a long way in changing her social status in the past several years, but she still hasn't reached the point where she will ask a man out. It's time to drop this stupid indoctrination. There's no reason a girl shouldn't take the initiative in respect to dating and sex.

For the purpose of this article I will overlook the few guys that would find it objectionable if they were asked out, and also the few girls that already do take some of the initiative.

Rule one: Guys. Don't think that because a girl asks you out she is of little moral fibre.

Rule two: Girls. Don't think that because you spend money on a guy he will let you take him to bed.

All right. Now the first question you may ask is, "What is wrong with the present system?"

Well to begin with, not every guy has the nerve to ask a girl out. So there he is sitting at home with his hand on a Saturday night because he fears rejection. Why should girls have the last word? Why shouldn't they be open to rejection?

Now assume that the guy does have the nerve. What if he hasn't got

any money or any available car? This may not be a problem in the summer, but in the winter you can't go on picnics or for walks on Toronto Island. But there are girls with money and, in some cases, an understanding father with a car. There is no reason a girl shouldn't use her resources or at least pool hers with a guy's so that they can have some money and a car. And a date that might otherwise never have been possible.

But the crux of the problem is that girls are looked upon as sex objects. Something to salivate over in a magazine. Something you must have in order to prove your masculinity.

So, for a change, why can't guys be sex objects? Playgirl and Viva have taken a step in this direction by showing us what a limp stud looks like when he's building a house or sailing his boat in the nude. Of course the girls in the pictures are at least half-dressed. But that's all right. Girls shouldn't get all the glory. And it's a step in the right direction.

So now let's imagine what would happen if guys were passive and demure sex objects.

Proposition. The girl is attracted physically (or intellectually) to a cer-

tain guy. She asks him out and he says 'yes'. She tells him she will pick him up at 8 p.m. on a particular night. No problem.

Evening. The girl buys the tickets or pays the admission and buys any drinks they may have throughout the night. Again, no problem.

Home. The guy asks her if she would like to come in and she says 'okay'.

Couch. They beam away at each other so she decides to put her arm around him.

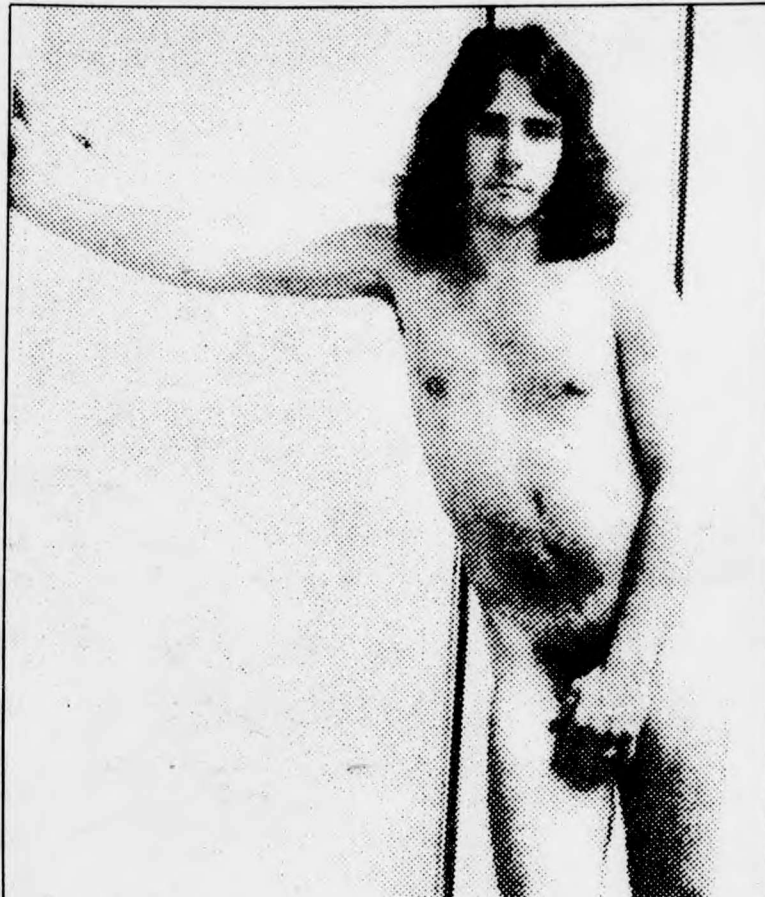
Together. Twinkles and smiles. She plants a kiss on him.

Heat. She puts her hand down his shirt to see if he's a man. He keeps moaning 'no'.

Bed. Not necessarily. But this is where the girl gets the upper hand because most guys can't say 'stop'.

Because this will be relatively new to most girls, you may need a few good lines to get his clothes off. Remember. He's a sex object. Ask to see his circumcision. Or tell him he needs a sperm count. The possibilities are endless.

All this may sound ridiculous, but I assure you the problem is real. If girls are going to lose their sex object stigma they must take the offensive and make guys the sex objects.



PETER HSU

1974 Excalibur columnist/poster boy Ralph Ashford puts his money where his mouth is. Ashford, while not covering Miss Canada pageants, used his unique talents and charms to entertain Excalibur readers.

It may be only one facet of sexual equality, but if you wish to equalize the sexes, then it's as good a project as any.

November 21, 1974

Ralph Ashford was a weekly humour columnist for Excalibur towards the end of its first decade. In a recent telephone interview, the demure Mr. Ashford revealed that he will attend the 20th anniversary bash fully clothed. Sorry, girls!

Forget the warts—remember the new sex

During the year Excalibur has often had occasion to be more than just a newspaper.

Staff members have by turns adopted the roles of ombudsman, sob-sister, sounding board and information officer. The newsroom phone lines have, for example, been virtually ablaze all year with queries from Downsview housewife-secretaries about the going rate for typing essays. (The rate is currently 50 cents per double-spaced page.)

Among the many uncommon things that have happened to us on our way to the printer's this year are the following:

Bernard Birman, a member of CYSF and a perennial candidate for CYSF President, made frequent sorties into the Excalibur office to enquire if anyone knew anything about "you know, Scalibur, that newspaper thing."

A young woman made several phone-calls during a week-long period to complain about the quality of the air on the ninth floor of the Ross building.

"President Macdonald's office smells like someone is dying in it," she said. The woman went on to warn of an outbreak of planter's warts in the gymnasium.

Just this week, a harried young man rushed into the newsroom and asked for the sports editor. Upon learning that the sports editor was not in, the man left the room only to reappear several seconds later with a pair of jeans clutched in one hand.

"Give him these," he panted, and left.

On another occasion, a determined young woman stormed into the office demanding that Excalibur rally support for the Canadian beaver.

"The Americans are taking over everything," she declared. "The beaver is going to go down the drain like everything else in this country!"

Short of a predictably abortive phone-call to Pierre Trudeau's

office, Excalibur soft-pedalled the issue. Let Barbara Frum worry about the beavers, we reasoned.

In a recent issue, Excalibur disguised a staff ad with a phony account of the discovery of a "new sex". Shortly after the issue hit the stands, we received a call from a professional gentleman.

"What is this new sex, please?" he wanted to know. You can fool some of the people all of the time.

Our second most popular feature of the year was probably the two bushels of "Why not" buttons which were dropped off at the office to promote International Women's Year. The buttons, several thousand of them, were snapped up by eager women and men within a couple of hours after we put them on display in the staff lounge.

We had to refer people to the Obiter Dicta office in Osgoode for days afterward, as demand for the



Feelings of Canadian nationalism ran high as New York considered making the beaver its state animal.

Excalibur Interview with President H. Ronald Macdonald

By MICHAEL HOLLETT

The York University bored of governors announced this week the surprise appointment of a new president of the university. The bored appointed H. Ronald Macdonald to take over as chief administrator of York.

Macdonald was formerly the head caterer to Ontario Premier, Swill Davis.

Excalibur spoke with Macdonald Tuesday in his styrofoam furnished ninth floor office.

EXCALIBURGER—We may as well start by discussing the body that selected you as the new president, the bored of governors of York. Do you see the bored as the power of the university?

MACDONALD—I wouldn't say they are the power. Many people in this university have areas of authority and responsibility. It just so

happens that the bored can veto absolutely any decision made by anybody about anything on this campus but I wouldn't say they have any real power.

EXCALIBURGER—Would you say the bored is a democratic body?

MACDONALD—Sure. I was elected president for example.

EXCALIBURGER—Would you say yours was a fair election, considering the fact that the only other candidate was a box of french fries?

MADONALD—The best man won.

EXCALIBURGER—What justification is there for the bored holding all their meetings in secret?

MACDONALD—If the meetings were open people might attend and hear things they didn't like. People might come to meetings and decide

they don't like the decisions the bored makes so it's better we don't let anyone in, then no one complains.

EXCALIBURGER—Really?

MACDONALD—Uh, no. Only kidding. Actually there is no reason for anyone to attend the meetings because nothing that important happens at them. If anything important did happen, you can be sure we would tell everybody. Anyway, now we do publish double-decker, pre-screened neo-confidential minutes of the meetings.

EXCALIBURGER—What do you think of the recently announced \$100 tuition fee increase for next year?

MACDONALD—It's totally unnecessary. The problem is, and I've talked with Swill about this, the Ontario University system is inefficient. I came up against this same problem in the burger business and we handled it easily. When you maxim-

ize efficiency you can cut costs, make profits and still turn out a reasonably good product. There's no reason tuition fees should be in the hundreds of dollars and there is definitely no reason it should take three to four years to get a BA. If I had my way we would be turning people out with degrees every four weeks.

EXCALIBURGER—How?

MACDONALD—Simple. Let's say you're a student and you want to enrol in the September semester. The first thing you would do is show up at the university and pick up a big styrofoam box full of all the books you would need for your courses. This would eliminate the expense of the bookstore and cut down on the number of staff.

You would also get another styrofoam box full of course materials, essay topics, tests and so on.

Students would then take the stuff home and periodically show up to

it. It was the last straw in another man's fight to keep mind, body and Versa Food together.

The photo of a Versa Food pie complete with complementary insects which we ran on the front page several issues ago was the result of a tip provided by two nauseous students who groped their way into the newsroom and managed to spill their stoma . . . sorry . . . story before collapsing, in disgust, on the floor.

And our list would not be complete without a brief mention of York's official calligrapher (he does the printing on all York degrees), Georges Steffen. He warmed our hearts and cooled our typewriter keys with story after story after story after . . .

April 3, 1975

continued on page 16