

Excalibur

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

Excalibur, founded in 1966, is the York University weekly and is independent politically. Opinions expressed are the writer's and those unsigned are the responsibility of the editor. Excalibur is a member of Canadian University Press and attempts to be an agent of social change. Printed at Daison's, Excalibur is published by Excalibur Publications.

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Planning would be so easy-without all those students

When John Becker said that his handling of the student clubs' eviction from their offices was "ham-fisted," we could only agree. Words like mishandled, bungled and botched also spring to mind.

Becker said the administration has long considered moving Canada Manpower into the clubrooms but was happered by a lack of funds. No one disputes the fact that Manpower and the Career Planning Centre are essential student services; but are the clubs expendable by the same token? It's strange that when funds at last become available, they provide for the office renovations of a government agency without a nickel for the student clubs of long standing which are being displaced.

HARD TO BELIEVE

It is hard to believe that this shuffle was carefully thought out over a long period, simply because of the last minute scrambling that surrounded the clubs' 24-hour notice of eviction.

It almost looks as though the administration tried to make up for lost time at the expense of the student clubs. The only "variable" the University didn't count on when it composed its master plan was that the students already in the room might refuse to betray their own interests.

The administration has dug itself into a hole by not allowing human factors. Wouldn't universities be easy to run if there were

no students in them? Wouldn't it be easy to administer an empty campus where there were no complaints, no disruptions, no squabbles?

But students do exist, and universities are places whose final justification is that students attend them. Any formula that does not account for this is worthless.

When the university's eviction notice was disregarded the administration seemed genuinely surprised — almost flustered; Becker commenced to rhyme off a list of promises, alternatives, good intentions, and ultimately, an apology.

DOG EAT DOG

Meanwhile he was trying to set various student groups — Excalibur, CYSF, the Jewish Student Federation and the clubs — at each other's throats over office space. It was an insult to be thus treated, and the clubs rightly took it as one. They remained strongly unified, adamant that they wanted no part of "interim solutions."

It seems this is the only way to proceed in such cases. The administration must realize that students will not accept whatever decision is dumped on them from the ninth floor. Students must be consulted on decisions that affect them so intimately, and their views must be given serious weight.

It is encouraging to see that York's clubs were neither tricked nor intimidated into taking less than they deserve.



— Fiction —

Encounter on a soft shoulder

By FRANKLIN SIFTON

Chester eased his Lotus sports-coupe to a halt on the gravel shoulder of the highway, a few yards behind the red Buick.

"Having problems?" he asked, strolling toward the cute blonde who was attempting to raise the Buick's hood. He had caught a brief glimpse of her from the left lane of the road and had realized she was definitely worth stopping for.

"It's the engine," she sang cheerily, flipping the appropriate switch and catching the hood as it snapped up.

"What's wrong with the engine?" smiled Chester as he circled the car and moved close enough to catch a whiff of her perfume.

"There's a lobster in it," she replied sweetly.

Oh no, thought Chester. A psycho. He retreated slightly to the far side of the bonnet.

"A lobster, you say," he laughed. "Há ha. Well, well."

ROARING MOO

"It wasn't there when I left home," she mused. She twisted the cap off the radiator. A roaring moo filled the air, and Chester backed off another two paces.

"What was that?" he cried. "There's a cow in my radiator," she replied. "I think this is getting a bit out of hand."

Chester's curiosity was aroused, and the sight of a cute blonde in tight pants standing helplessly in front of a sick car aroused both moral and immoral fibres in his body. He mov-

ed over to her, and she backed off to give him breathing space in front of the engine.

"I don't see anything," he said.

"You have to bend over a bit more," she said.

"Oh yes," he said, reaching into a crevice with his right hand. "Why... why, it looks like a tape recorder..."

ANOTHER MOO

He pressed a button, and the moo sounded again. Realizing that something odd was going on, Chester began to extract himself from the inside of the car. But it was too late; the hood snapped down on his body, and amid a chorus of sucking, biting, slurping and similarly digestive

sounds, Chester was drawn slowly into the car's intestines and chewed deliberately by molars hidden far behind the engine.

The cute blonde brushed her hands against the contours of her tight pants and walked leisurely to the driver's seat, where she planted herself primly.

"I hate putting myself through this every day," she murmured half-aloud. "But it does save on gas."

She pressed hard on the accelerator and the car, after permitting itself a long, guttural belch, responded by lurching away from the gravel shoulder and back onto the main highway.

Notes from the radiator...

Teach yourself Custodian

By TED MUMFORD

Now you can learn to speak this strange North American dialect, used by janitors from Los Angeles to the Magdalen Islands. There are three basics in Custodian.

One: There is no rigid word order in Custodian. A phrase with four words can be said 24 different ways. For instance, the English phrase, "Where is the dirt?" can be translated in Custodian as "Dirt the is where?" In some regions even syllable order is thrown to the wind. For example "Dere whis thirt?"

Two: Every word is slurred into the next in Custodian. Thus "Who ate my broomm?" becomes "Mybroomatewho?"

Three: Because of the slurring and variable word order, Custodian conversation is kept to a minimum so massive misinterpretations do not culminate in janitor gang wars. Things usually discussed include punchclocks, dirt, and spraybuffers. T.S. Eliot, Mozart, and Watergate are never discussed in Custodian.

Others in this series: teach yourself Infanticide, teach yourself Early American Mud.



Join the Excalibur staff

Positions for writers and photographers to cover news and sports are always open. Drop by today's meeting in Room 111 Central Square at 2 p.m. and sit in.

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