

-Mike Malice Interviews- Fat Daddy, October Revolutionary, and Maud's Friend

Malice: Isn't it true that the three of you, while posing as entertainment writers for Excalibur, are actually members of a secret sect of Devil Worshipers?

Maud's friend: Calm yourself, super-groupie. As my friends, the Paupers, the Magic Circle, and the Pink Floyd would say...

October: I mean it's a send-up, see, a big put-on--so don't get up tight...

Fat Daddy: It all reminds me of the perfect protest, you remember, the one at Amherst when MacNamara...

Malice: And isn't it also true that Maud herself is a Lesbian?

Maud's friend: Oh you thilly, I'll give you such a pinch...just because her favorite song on the Lovin' Spoonful album is 'Butchie's Tune', you don't have to...

Malice: I hear you have Communist inclinations, Comrade October.

October: Hang loose, baby. The coolest thing to hit western civilization is Dunn & Bradstreet, where I work.

Malice: Then obviously, your pseudonyms stand for a fascist group controlling Excalibur.

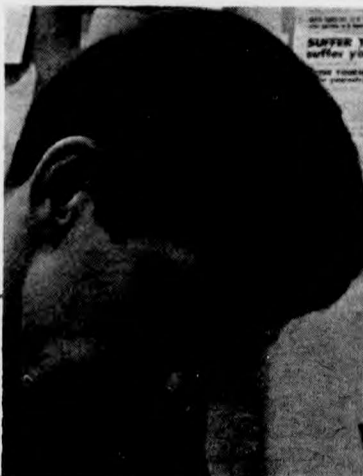
Maud's friend: Damn right, chickee. We're what makes the reactionary press go round.

Fat Daddy: Yes, just like at Amherst, when Bob Fothergill, Elia Katz and I were sitting around at Alexis Zorba's waiting for MacNamara to show up and discussing "Fascism and Kenneth Anger", when Roger Corman walked in...

Malice: Let's not get off the track, Fat. I've also heard from Laurie Siegal that you three are really the City Muffin Boys. Come on, admit it.

October and Maud's friend (in unison): That's nonsense. We're the Scandinavian Furniture.

Mike Malice, who is really Frank Liebeck, scowls on finding out his three top entertainment pundits are really an underground rock group.



Faint-hearted photog

Coop cops out

by Esther Franklin

Intrepid ace Excalibur reporter--photographer Dave (Blood 'n' Guts) Cooper, came to school last Thursday without eating breakfast. Little did he know, as he came whistling into the Excalibur office, how sorry he would be.

Cooper was immediately accosted by Babbling Nut Anita, who bubbled, 'Duvvele sweetie, we gotta go give blood, baby'. Cooper gulped in fear, and stammered, 'DDdddooo we hhhhave to love?'. Yes, said the undaunted vamp, we do.

Thus it was at the gruesome twosome, neither of whom had ever given blood before, found themselves quaking before a nurse in Winters common room, waiting for the prick of the needle.

Coop turned to his companion saying bravely, 'Don't worry, love I'll see you through this.' She

looked up at him shyly, saying, 'Gosh, Dave, you're so courageous', and meaning it. At that moment, Cooper's stomach growled--a foreboding of things to come. It was then they saw the sign, 'Feed before your bleed.'

Coop and Anita were led to their separate beds (damn) and the needles were forthwith shoved into their separate (damn) arms. From her berth across the room, Anita knew somethin was wrong. For four nurses were fanning David, brow-mopping, pulse-taking, while Mike Handelman part-time nurse, held his hand.

Dave Cooper, he of the brave talk and empty stomach had passed out.

When chided about his non-intrepid behaviour, namely fainting at the sight of his own blood, Cooper commented, 'Faint at the sight? Who looked?'



"Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling in my stomach."
Left to right: Don Steinhouse as "Bergetto"; Trish Hardman as "Philotis"; and Don Fraser as "Poggio".

On March 15 and 16 the Glendon College Creative Writing and Dramatic Arts Programme will be at Burton Auditorium with their production of John Ford's tragedy "TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE". Professor Michael Gregory, Chairman of the Department of English at Glendon is directing thirty-seven students from both York and Glendon, including Lisa Herman and Ted Reed who recently performed in 'Dylan'.

Tickets can be obtained now at the box office and will be on sale at Founders the week of March 11

PEANUT BUTTER *from page 3, col. 5

We phone the printers. (Actually we phone the U of T student print shop, they do the technical stuff before we send it to a printing firm up on Yonge St.) The printers have now been warned on how many pages we're printing. We'll probably change our minds.

A reporter wanders in, ignores his assignment tacked up on the big board, and bitches about people putting fingerprints on his motorcycle helmet. (Dave Cooper--he wears it on the bus.)

Fred Nix, the editor in chief--until two weeks ago (Fred had to resign in an attempt to pass his year in one month's work), shares a sandwich.

More news people wander in. There's talk of a protest

march about the increased residence rates. We wonder if the protest will happen.

Copy editor Anita and News Editor Ross argue about what pages to put this article on. We do a lot of arguing, in Excalibur. In fact, at the national conference of Canadian University Press in Vancouver at Christmas, a member of the national executive told other editors we were the weirdest paper he has seen. 'Everyone in that office stands around and yells at each other like hell, and swears to never work again. Five minutes later they kiss and make up.'

John Adams, YSC's leader, comes in, complains about our lousy coverage of his last week's meeting. We all smile. John goes away.

The afternoon goes on, more people come in and go out.

8 p.m. One lonely reporter is pecking away at the TTC story.

Tuesday 11 a.m. Richard is on the phone, complaining to the printers about last week's mistakes. Assistant news editor Linda is still chasing people around the office, trying to convince them we need their stories in on time.

A photographer stands over the sports desk and groans as the sports editor flips through 20 pictures of basket balls and brilliant scoring plays and decides on a picture of the cheerleaders.

By Tuesday afternoon we have an idea of how many of the news stories we will be printing, judging by the rate of progress our reporters are making. Some stories are an absolute 'must', and we assign a photographer to get related photos of the event.

Anita is reading three or four papers from other schools across Canada (we receive a copy of 50 other papers each week), another staffer keeps trying to make a phone call to her boyfriend.

Tuesday night: at least two reporters are working on stories in their rooms (you can drink beer there), and the News Editor Ross is sitting through the five-hour YSC meeting. He is there both as a reporter and because as next year's editor in chief (his position officially starts as soon as this edition is finished) he wants to complain about the rotten budget they've allotted us.

Wednesday morning. Somebody wants to place an ad, two days after our advertising deadline. The assistant news editor starts to read through every story handed in so far to correct it for errors. The story will go through a closer examination by the Copy Desk some time late tonight.

Another argument over the printing of some four letter words. Mike Snook, who has been editor-in-chief since Fred left, settles it.

Claire starts laying out the sports page around 4:30.

Wednesday night 7:30. Lil, Bob, Doreen, Anne and a half dozen other staffers are threatening a sit-down strike if we don't provide pizza. Most news stories are in, Linda edits them briefly and passes them to the Copy Desk. From there they go to Layout and a collection of staffers who write the headlines. A few of the major stories are still to be written, and from these

Nix takes trip considers merger with Queen's paper

by Anita Levine

Special to Excalibur from LIUNPSIAPNS (Levine International United News Press Service, Incorporating Arnim Pitt News Service)

York--Fred Nix, York Street Baron, and editor-in-chief of the mighty Excalibur, super sword of York, leaves today on a short trip to Kingston, Ontario to investigate possibilities of taking over another paper, namely the Queen's Journal.

The move follows a flying visit to Toronto by ex-forest ranger, Bruce Little, the son of Nix's adopted son, Arnim Pit. Mr. Little is reportedly thinking of selling the failing Journal to a scrap paper company, unless it can be revived by Nix's efficiency crew from the Excalibur.

Accompanying Nix on this trip will be his latest mistress, Italian movie actress, Franchesca de Angelis. (shoes courtesy of AL) Miss de Angelis declined to tell reporters if and when there would be a wedding.

After his sojourn in Kingston, Nix and his party will make a brief flight to Ottawa, to seek the advice of international financier J.J. Dufort, owner of C.U.P. (manufacturer of glass bathrooms). Nix has indicated that if Dufort feels a merger between Excalibur and the Journal is feasible, he will act on Dufort's advice.



Italian movie-star and sometime Excalibur staffer Franchesca de Angelis, looking somewhat less than glamorous in her honda helmet on her return from a wild weekend with her latest amore, playboy-editor Ferd Nix. For follow-up, see story p. 5.

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