

EDITORIAL

Bribes won't buy Excal experience

As editor of *Excalibur* I am always amazed at the people I meet. Some are the type of people you might hear about, or see in a B-movie. But you're sure they couldn't possibly exist.

Over the past few weeks several characters have graced the halls of *Excalibur*. Some want a column. Others just want their names in print. Many volunteer in order to beef up their resume — you know the type.

One of the more interesting individuals — we'll call him Richard — phoned me up early July. Richard had an urgent question.

"I was meaning to come into *Excalibur* last year but I never had the time," he began. "I've just sent out some resumes and I included *Excalibur* as a job-related experience. Is that okay?"

"Is what okay?" I said.

"Well, will you cover for me if someone calls to verify my working at *Excalibur*?"

"Absolutely not," I responded in disgust.

Richard paused for a few seconds and then said, "Will \$50 cover it?"

Wow, \$50. I had to fully consider his offer. "Let's see," I said to myself. "Fifty bucks will buy me a great night on the town in Whitby."

I decided to decline the offer but I did explain to Dick that if he'd like to become an official staff member he was more than welcome to volunteer his services.

I thought I'd never hear from him again, but two days later, there he was, standing at my door and asking for a few more moments of my time. Dick began asking me various questions about *Excalibur's* operations. After about 10 minutes of answering I became intensely curious as to what exactly he had written in his resume. What did Dick say he did at *Excal*?

Richard confessed that he had written he was last year's Assistant Editor. I was floored. Not only had there never been an "Assistant Editor" at *Excalibur*, but half the functions Richard claimed to have performed at the newspaper don't exist.

"Dick," I exclaimed, "we don't have computers (yet), we don't desk-top publish, and printing is done off the premises."

Richard was clearly an idiot. He even upped his bribe to a whopping \$100. When I refused, he said, "Oh, cut the journalistic integrity shit. I only need you to sign a little piece of paper. Nobody will know."

Richard has yet to return to the newspaper. I suspect he has resorted to more rewarding activities — larceny, extortion, maybe arson. Despite disliking every corrupt bone in his body, I did enjoy meeting him. Perhaps, in 20 years or so, I'll bump into Richard, his wife, and his two little tire thieves and we'll laugh at the whole event.

Excalibur is seriously looking, though, for volunteers. We don't have an "Assistant Editor" post but our news, arts and sports departments welcome all interested writers, photographers, graphic artists and production staff. No experience is necessary. No matter what type of character you may be, *Excalibur* invites you to drop by our offices and say hello.

Who knows? If the price is right I may even write you a letter of reference.

e x c a l i b u r

Editor Adam Kardash
Production Manager Brian Krog
Production Staff Richard Abel, Paul Gazzola, Bob Shairulla, Lisa Webster
Staff Mike Adler, Brian Archdekin, Suzyn Butyn, Stacey Beauchamp, Frank Clarke, Orsola Lina Cugliari, Len Cler Cunningham, Farhad Desai, Mark Dillon, Deborah Dundas, Paul Gazzola, Karim Hajee, Dionne Harding, James Hoggott, Howard Kaman, Jonathan Kardash, Mike Liddel, Lorne Manly, Garry Marr, Tonja Oswald (visiting correspondent), Mark Pasquini, Bashir Patel, Nancy Phillips, Ken Quigley, Mike Redhill, Tracey Reid, T.J. Roberts, Trevor Rosenberg, Heather Sangster, Alpa Sheth, Jeff Shinder, Andre Souroujon, Monika Stegel, Susan Vanstone, Sanju Vaswani, Brian Wright
Advertising Manager Merle Menzies
Advertising Assistant Zena Kamocki
Advertising Rep Meiying Yap
Johnny Typesetting Stuart Ross
The Other Typesetter Mary Jankulak
Board of Publications Chairperson Brigitta Schmid

EDITORIAL: 736-5239
TYPESETTING: 736-5240
ADVERTISING: 736-5238

MAILING ADDRESS:
Room 111, Central Square
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview M3J 1P3



Who's on first, what's on Tuesday ?

Student speaks out on sects

By DARRYL WIGGERS

Since the mass suicide at the People's Temple in Guyana 10 years ago, the topic of sects — any group, part, or faction united by a specific doctrine — has received little attention from the media.

Although interest in the subject has dwindled, it would be false to assume that religious sects, especially those which adhere to a particular religious faith, no longer pose a threat to those who are incapable of identifying their existence. At least at York University.

My first encounter with the York Chapter of the Church of Christ occurred in November 1987 when I inadvertently met a friend from my first year. 'Martin' had changed considerably — for the better, you might say — and I was curious as to why he had turned to Christianity.

Eighteen months previously, a similar phenomenon had occurred to my best friend Bill, and I couldn't sufficiently understand why. Martin was more than willing to make an attempt at satisfying my curiosity.

This was to be the first and only time that I would feel comfortable in the company of Martin, or any other Church of Christ member whom I was subsequently introduced to.

Over the next three months I attended a number of social functions orchestrated by Church of Christ members. These were usually free dinner parties — free, at least, for non-members — where no religious instruction was given. In addition, there were also weekly Bible talks — group gatherings where scripture was examined.

Initially, my motivation for keeping company with these people was to seek an answer for myself: why,

after resuming a close relationship with by born-again friend — in addition to a girlfriend of the same faith — could I not accept Christianity as easily as they had. In time, however, I began to sense other motivations: guilt, obligation, and a growing belief in the accusations, which all Church of Christ members were making; that I was just being stubborn for not accepting Christ into my heart.

Normally, I might have allowed my instincts to go unchecked, but when I attended my first Church of Christ Sunday service, shortly after my rekindled contact with Martin, I couldn't help but to be overwhelmed with feelings of repulsion — feelings

"They will do everything in their power to bring about their ultimate goal — turning people to Christianity."

which were rekindled by the tremendous amount of pressure I received to join their faith and congregation. A part of me, however, was immensely curious. Much the same way one might slow down to view the carnage of a traffic accident.

As a result of this first encounter, I became much more cautious in their company and rejected whatever measures they tried to place on me. I wanted to make my own decisions. They, on the other hand, preferred to make them for me.

One of the first instances in which I confessed my ill feelings towards the Church of Christ occurred when I vowed never to attend another

Church of Christ sermon. When I told this to another Church member, he was sorry that my first encounter with their congregation was at the Sunday service. This was apparently a mistake on Martin's part.

As it was explained to me, Martin was supposed to invite me to a couple of socials first. These were to be followed by a few Bible talks and, finally, Sunday services — over two hours of continuous singing and Bible lectures.

Although one might be encouraged to attend a Bible talk first, the objective of Church of Christ members is basically the same: to develop a friendship with the non-believer before encouraging a serious commitment to the Christian faith. After all, would you betray the wishes of a friend who only had your best interests in mind?

Curiously enough, as I later learned, Martin had intended me to be baptized at that first Sunday service. He had apparently assumed that I was more keen on becoming a Christian than was actually the case, and decided to skip normal procedure.

I shudder to think what might have happened had things gone according to plan. I'd probably be in Central Square now, asking strangers in the most intimidating way possible, "Would you like to come to a Bible talk?" God forbid, if that ever happens, I give everyone permission to shoot me on sight.

It is also curious to note that according to them, I was a "baby" Christian and required private instruction so that I could receive the right interpretation of the Word of

cont'd on p. 5