

Excalibur

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

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Elitist education policy discriminates

The elitist educational policy of the provincial Conservative government, revealed by its new graduate scholarship programme, must be thoroughly condemned by the university community.

Even when all its ramifications are taken into consideration, the new policy smacks of only one thing—discrimination.

Only first class honours students will be eligible for scholarships. In effect, 1,000 students will now divide \$3 million, whereas, under the old scheme, 2,000 students with both first and second class grades received money.

The net result, no matter how you look at it, is that fewer students will receive more money. Instead of reducing individual grants—or, better yet, raising new revenue from capital tax sources—to solve monetary problems, the province has simply cut off all but the elite from public funds.

Logic dictates that graduate school enrolment will decline. Only those with the highest marks or enough personal funds will be able to afford post-graduate studies. Students without money will be forced more than ever into stiff, de-humanizing competition for grades.

And if past trends are any indication, the financial squeeze on the average student will get worse instead of better. In 1970, the total amount

available for fellowships was \$5 million. Last year, according to a Globe and Mail report, it was reduced to \$3.5 million. Now, the total is only \$3 million.

When budgets have to be slashed, education always seems to be first on the list. Even that might be acceptable if the province would get its priorities straight. Does George Brown College really have to look like Ontario's answer to the Taj Mahal?

Our community needs protection

During the last presidential search the names of the candidates were kept secret. When the names leaked out, all but one candidate withdrew, leaving the university with no choice but to accept David Slater, the only one remaining.

Now we're told the names of candidates receiving majority votes in the Senate will be withheld to "protect" the losers. The Senate's executive committee should get it right: it's the community, not the candidates, that needs protection.



Michael Lawrence

Nixon hesitance: Last craps, tapes

Aunt Elsie called long distance from Washington this morning.

Until yesterday she was gainfully employed as one of those ladies who keeps the White House white. Today sweet Auntie called, asking me if anyone in these parts needs a domestic with questionable references.

It all came to a head last week, she told me, when the big Dick himself asked her to mop the washroom floor in the executive boudoir. It seemed Tricia had erupted a little off cue when she noticed a miniature nuclear submarine doing manoeuvres in the tinky-dinky. Though it submerged immediately, little Tricia popped the caps right off her teeth and fled. The FBI is still looking for her.

Auntie told me that while she was cleaning up the Tricia pish (Auntie was never coy), she noticed a tiny microphone connected to the base of the bowl. Someone had decided to bug the executive bowels! Subversives would stop at no end, particularly the President's.

A startling chain of events followed. Auntie quickly informed the president of her startling discovery. She described his reaction as one of concerned amusement. For a moment he remained quiet, turning left and right as though he suspected someone was listening. When he was sure all was safe, he reached into his pants and pulled out an iguana.

"The jokes on you," he said, "you were expecting a rabbit!" Auntie dismissed herself, explaining that she had just succumbed to a vicious attack of hemorrhoids.

Little did the president know that Auntie's supposed attack was only a clever ruse. Placing her ear in an advantageous position, Elsie pretended to be an antique door knocker, while all the while she was listening at the keyhole, undetected.

The conversation she overheard left an irreparable impression on her heart, as well as her earlobe.

The big man had rushed to the phone and was busy in a harried conversation. She wasn't sure who was on the other end, but

she remembered the president demanding that a member of the plungers report to his office immediately. After some mumbling she couldn't decipher, she recalled a request to hold the tomatoes and send along a dozen miniature depth charges. This was a man of action!

As the president opened the door to leave, Auntie was discovered.

"Elsie, just the person I was looking for! My iguana needs a good scratch." He ushered her back into the office and told her to listen carefully.

"Elsie, today you have stumbled across the greatest security leak that has ever threatened this great nation." How Tricia's bladder booboo could threaten the republic was beyond Elsie's comprehension, but she continued to listen.

"Evil men have conspired to deface me in front of my faithful public. They will never be successful."

"Elsie, I'm sure you've heard those vicious rumors that I am refusing to respond to

court orders. They demand I turn over those tapes and now you know why. That microphone you found was no surprise to me. I had it installed when I was first elected. Some people read there, I dictate. But they installed the automatic mechanism so inconspicuously that I forgot all about it.

"When those pranksters decided to request the tapes, it suddenly hit me. There, for the nation to hear was Nixon's fourth movement. I became desperate.

"Elsie, if Cox had gotten those tapes, in two days the world would have known that I was the biggest fart in the whole U.S.A."

At that point, my aunt suggested it was already public knowledge. The president began to scratch his iguana incessantly. She submitted her resignation the day after the form arrived.

Aunt Elsie will be here tomorrow. She would have arrived yesterday, but she broke her leg on the way to the train station. It seems that someone had dropped their tooth caps on the D.C. pavement.

A. Ungar

Remember the revolution

Seventeen years ago, briefly, Budapest was the capital of the world. Popular insurrection split the Iron Curtain. The citizens of the Hungarian capital poured into the streets. An amiguous flame of hope was lit, its flicker captivating all observers.

Some saw in it the desire to replace the sway of communism with that of free-enterprise, American style, some the restoration of the proto-fascism of the prewar era, others the will to humanize and democratize Communism.

The events themselves are ambiguous. Each was reflected in the revolutionary current.

Hungary in 1956 was inchoate, both socially and ideologically. The exigencies of the Cold War moved Stalin to clamp the brutal bureaucratic monolith, adopted from the war-torn soil of Russia, onto Hungary's awakening national life following its liberation in 1945.

The pre-war latifundia were eradicated, and the financial magnates who had been the main props of the pre-war regime, were expropriated. At the same time, however, the generation of home-grown communists symbolized by Laszlo Rajk, who might have given Hungarian Communism a more human face, were disgraced, imprisoned and executed. The stamp of Russification was driven heavily into the sinews of the nation, lest Tito's successful rebellion to the south repeat itself.

First and foremost, the Hungarian Revolution was nationalist. Marching students and workers demanded the right to sing patriotic songs, and end of Russian economic exploitation and a free hand for Hungary to determine its own future.

This all-embracing national feeling provided a cloak under which the most diverse interests hid.

The old middle classes sought after the image of western bourgeois liberalism. But

the overwhelming majority, the workers and peasants, were demanding control of their factories and lands in a revamped socialist commonwealth.

This perhaps more than anything else spurred the Russian intervention, since as history will attest, the Russian bureaucracy will attempt to coexist with regimes at the opposite end of the spectrum, whether headed by a Hitler or a Nixon.

Many thousands fought and died. Imre Nagy, who had become the head of a multi-party government, was kidnapped and shot in Roumania. Under the Russian-imposed Kadar regime, socialism has once again come to mean cynicism and regimentation.

But the hope Hungary lit has not been extinguished. It flared up again in Prague in the spring of '68, in Poland in 1970, and continues to burn in the minds of thousands of dissenters in the Soviet Union itself. It is so intertwined with basic human dignity that it cannot be suppressed.

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