

Okay, see ya

That's what I've been trying to figure out! Damn people never write their local cartoonist. Chic peas are particularly tantalizing with ketchup and vinegar. It's all a matter of taste.

Woodchips are the best thing in the world. Next to your skin. Say something, Ron. Reality is for people who lack imagination. Everything is better when it's done twice a week. Some things are even better more than twice a week. Stuart's on the radio, *deja-vu*. So, an interruption of cold water to buildings is necessary. Chill out. Slug! Slug! Slug! Slug!

Cont'd on p. 22. Just one moment, please. Steve's stomach is in training for Friday. You can't take it with you so eat it now. I'd like to hear some funky Dixieland. I don't mean to alarm you, but your underwear is in tatters. Don't throw your cigarette butts in the urinals, it makes them soggy and hard to light. This deal as a wobbly as a gifaffe in four inch heels. Look, they're both dead. Kic-up. Cows in pink boots never give milk. In a minutes there is time for decisions and revisions which a minutes may reverse.

Drugs will get you through times of no money, better than money will get you through times with no drugs. So, say no to money. The waxer is working much better, much better.

IIIRRRRAAAA. IRA!
After he threw out the grapefruit he realized he had made a grave mistake. The car was blue, not yellow! The nerve! The arrogance! Salutations and resurrections.

After she swallowed the papaya whole, she was at a loss for words.

Some suggestions suck and some people feel guilty because it is easier than doing the work. It'll help you become more efficient. If you use the same pencil to take a test that you used for studying for the test, the pencil will remember the answers. A new pencil is bad luck in tests.

He ate his toast and drank his coffee and wondered whether Martha's voice could be heard through the floorboards. Poor Martha, she didn't feel like singing. Reactionary, my ass!

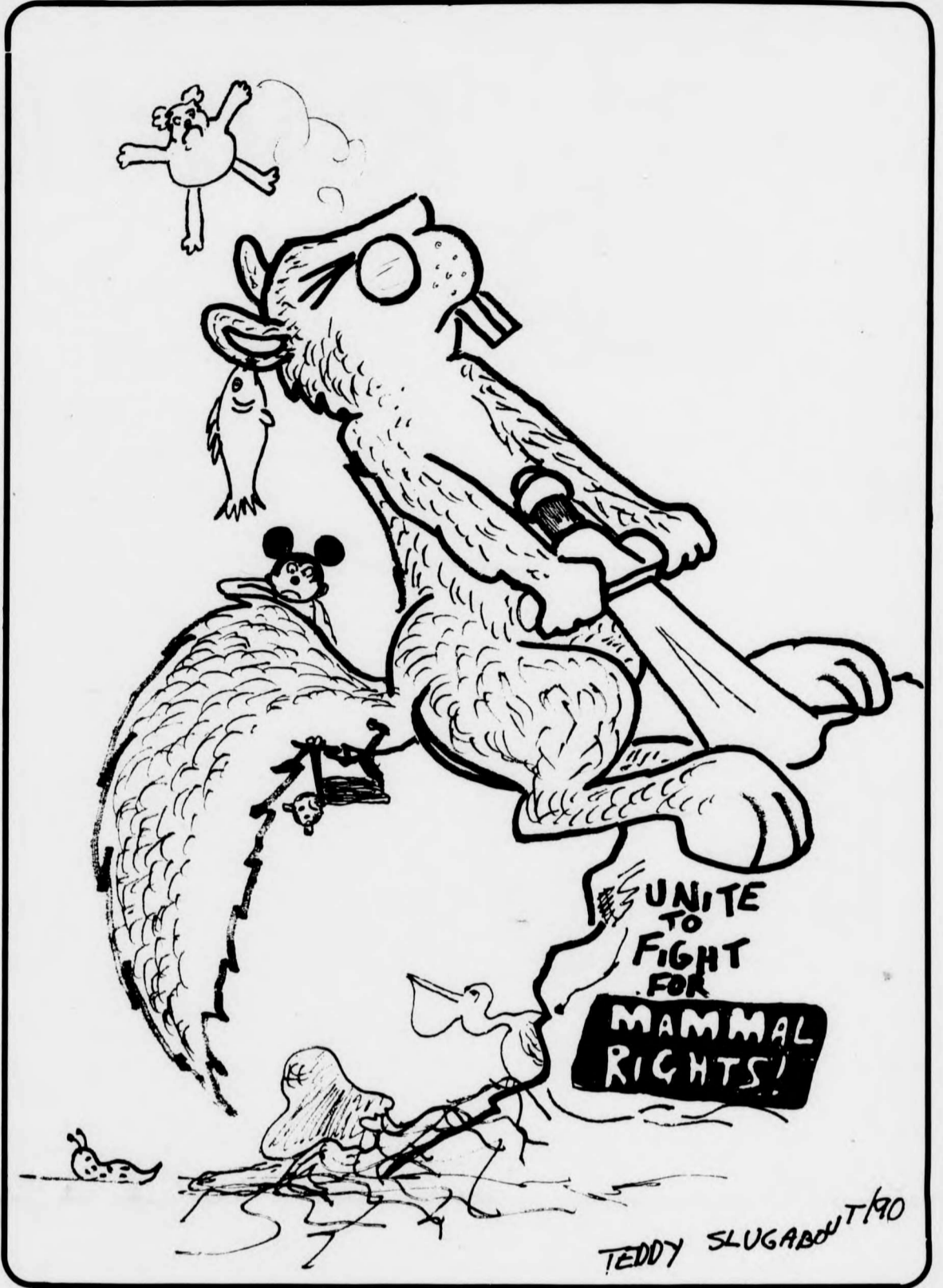
I used to be normal, happy and well-adjusted but that was before the job that ate my brain. The deemphasis on traditional grassroots campaigning fractured one of the few natural links between the political world and the public.

It's been a long time, been a long time, been a long, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely time. Does this mean we have to start wearing safety boots and hardhats? I can't do it on the spot. We'll have a moshing, shanking good time. Avoid passive constructions. Hey you with the Diet Coke, I have a zit on my nose.

Do you feel bloated? What is that heavy breathing coming from down the hall? My answering machine. Until you find the bomb there is really no danger.

It must be Tuesday. Mary is off to Spanish class. Do you like anchovies? Here's to all my friends. Use your head, can't you, use your head, you're on earth, there's no cure for that.

See ya later guys.



Historic Note To All Students:
The "SWORD IN THE STONE" WAS JUST A SWORD IN THE STONE! THE EXCALIBUR WAS GIVEN TO ARTHUR BY THE LADY OF THE LAKE. THANK YOU FOR ALLOWING ME TO CLEAR THIS UP.
—THOMAS MALLORY.

THE ROUND TABLE

Queen for a day	Shmutz Pills
Lady and Boy Is She Waiting	Bloodletter Songster
Executioner	Thrust N' Perry
Dungeon Master	Slew Gravestone and Dangerous Wolverine
Witches and Warlocks	Angel and Amber
Jousters	Jake Ratsman and Li'l Josher
Eight Wonder	Ah Oui
Flash in the Dark Knights	J. Sun and Andre the Giant
Court Jesters	Frank Incensed and Juniper Less
Henchpeople	Lance a lot and King Richard
Various Peasants, endless knights, peons, surfs, cart pullers, moat swimmers and rat keepers	
Scribes	Sun Shone and Mervye Chains that Clank
Rolling Stone	Kippel n' Bits
The Rock with the Whole In The Middle	Magical Merlin
King Arthur	Heaven Monopoly

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letters

We will publish, space permitting, letters up to 500 words. They MUST MUST MUST be typed, double spaced, accompanied by the writer's name and phone number. And a box of chocolate covered almonds for the typesetter. Libelous material will be rejected. Deliver to 111 Central Square during business hours.

Shocked to the gills

Dear Editor:

As a candidate in the Official *Excalibur* Mascot Election, I feel it is my duty to bring to the public eye certain electoral improprieties. I should admit at the start that I am shocked and dismayed by the information that has come to my gills.

My inside sources have informed me that the chipmunk has been running an illegal campaign. Apparently, he has been stuffing the ballot box. I know that your staff and the other humans at York University will be as outraged at this atrocity as I. And I have these

facts on the strongest authority — the mouse. Unbeknownst to the chipmunk, the mouse has been hiding in the ballot box since the voting began and he has copious notes to prove that the chipmunk is involved in illicit activities. Not only did one human place over 100 votes, but he marked the ballots incorrectly (obviously he wasn't a very bright human).

We rodents of the university will unite to bring about the downfall of the chipmunk. We demand a large scale enquiry be conducted immediately. Consider this — if he is willing to stoop this low in the elections, how low will he go once he is installed as Official Mascot? He may be an expert at burying nuts in the ground but what other covert enterprises is he up to in his cave? The future of this paper is at stake. We cannot allow such activities to continue. I call for all believers in the truth and justice to rally to this cause and lets bring the oppressive chipmunk to his knees.

Respectfully Yours,

J. Edgar Fish

Illogical irresponsible

Dear Editor:

It has come to my attention that the editors of this paper have never discussed my planet, Vulcan, in their features section. You discuss Nicaragua, El Salvador, but not Vulcan. I find this to be very illogical. People on Vulcan are very friendly and we have even integrated ourselves into your inferior race.

The features section is illogically discriminatory, and I feel that we Vulcans have been misrepresented. I had even considered running as the editor-in-chief of your inferior paper, but I found this to be illogical on my part. Why would I want to be a part of a paper that does not acknowledge a race as superior as my Vulcan race.

For this reason, I have decided to go back to Vulcan and start my own paper. I will call it *Excalivulcan*. I will of course not mention Earth in any of my articles or features; it is only fair, and it is logical. Live long and prosper.

Sincerely

Mr. Spock (ex-science officer U.S.S. Entercalibur)

P.S. I also find it very illogical that the universal animal of Vulcan, the Spockupine, was not in the running for mascot of *Excalibur*. It simply shows your inferiority and lack of prestige.