



EXCALIBUR'S COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

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## Idylls of the King

There likewise I beheld Excalibur  
 Before him at his crowning borne, the sword  
 That rose from out the bosom of the lake,  
 And Arthur row'd across and took it—rich  
 With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt  
 Bewildering hand and eye—the blade so bright  
 That men are blinded by it—on one side,  
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world  
 'Take me,' But turn the blade and ye shall see,  
 And written in the speech ye speak yourself,  
 'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face  
 Taking it, but old Merlin counselled him,  
 'Take Thou and strike! The time to cast away  
 Is yet far-off.' So this great brand the king  
 Took, and by this will beat this foemen down!

Tennyson



## NO YORK AID

On Monday, Dr. Murray G. Ross, the President of York University, explained that starting next year, all aid to university students and aid programmes would be "the function of the provincial government. Education Minister, William Davies' much criticized Student Award Programme will apparently be all-encompassing.

While there has been no offi-

cial cancellation of York aid programmes for '67-68 it appears now that in-course awards, scholarships and residence bursaries will disappear.

As yet, no residence bursary applications have been accepted, and they may yet be cancelled for this year. Mr. Parks, Vice-President of Finance, said that no decision on its continuance this year has been made.

## Elections

Elections will be held for the offices of President, Vice-President in Charge of Communications, Treasurer, and two members from Vanier College.

Nominations will open Monday, Oct. 3 at 10:00 am and close Friday, Oct. 7 at 5:00 pm. Official Campaigning will begin Monday, Oct. 10 and will end Thursday, Oct. 13 at 5:00 pm. The election will be held on Friday, Oct. 14, and the polls will open at 10:00 am and close at 4:00 pm. Polling Booths will be set up in both Founders and Vanier Colleges.

Only students in at least the second year of their courses may run for the offices of President, Vice-President and Treasurer. Only students from Founders College may run, nominate and vote for the two members to be elected from Founders College and only students from Vanier College may run, nominate or vote for the two members to be elected from Vanier College.

When voting, students are required to present some form of identification, preferably their A.T.L. cards.

The importance of the Student Representative Council to the future of student government on York Campus can not be stressed too greatly. Therefore, student participation in all facets of the election is of paramount importance.

Anita Levine

Rex Lingwood, C.R.O.

## Our Gal Miss United Appeal

Last Sunday Paula Ingham, 17, of Founders College was crowned Miss United Appeal in ceremonies at Massey Hall.

Paula is a freshman student who wants to travel and work in External Affairs after university.

She is taking history, political science, and Russian. Paula is in the York University Choir and is head of swimming at Beverly Hills Motor Hotel. She has spent the

past summers as a lifeguard.

Miss Ingham was one of 110 contestants and was chosen out of 12 finalists at the Sunday night finals.

Her victory means that she will be attending various fund raising functions around Toronto as well as kicking off an Argo football game during the six-week United Appeal.

We congratulate Miss Ingham, a girl with lots of appeal.

Gary Woodhill

## No Hidden Rise In Residence Fees

Alarm over alleged "hidden costs" in Founders residence fees has subsided after a more accurate investigation by the Founders College Student Council. Contrary to initial rumours, only the bed-making service has been reduced but other services have been added at no additional cost to the student. Many thought that the rates had risen to the tune of a \$48 service cutback. However "the actual rise in fees amount to a mere \$3 for residence students for a year," says Howard Nemvin, Founders' President.

Concern was not wasted however. The houses have, as a result, examined the general value of resident service offered for \$815. York fees rank amongst the highest in Canada yet essential services such as telephone and intercom systems have not been provided as they are in other universities; the phones are both scarce and inaccessible. Despite recent installations of shower curtains and shop racks, the residence council together with the dons has approached the administration with a list of priority, MAJOR improvements.

## Book Store Protest

"Outrageous Prices!" That is one of the beefs of a group of students who on Tuesday went into action against the bookstore.

Their first action was to write up a petition and circulate it among the students. They also called for a complete boycott of the bookstore and hoped to organize a student co-operative.

Later, on the same day with the help of Lynn McKee, editor of Fountain, the concerned students met with the Vice-President in charge of finance and Jack Allan, manager of the bookstore. After a long three hour meeting, the students said the matter was a lot more complicated than at first thought. The Fountain intends to publish a full report.

The main points to come out of the meeting were that the administration has not given the bookstore enough space to operate, that there are a lot of complicated trade and distribution problems involved, and that the bookstore is losing money even with current prices.

The students said that they have some fourth-year economic students looking into the matter.

Fred Nix

# PAST MASTS

EXCALIBUR

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 15

FEB. 3, 1967, TORONTO

PUBLISH **Excalibur** OR PERISH?  
THE STUDENT WEEKLY OF YORK UNIVERSITY

Excalibur

Vol. 4, No. 8

THE YORK UNIVERSITY WEEKLY

October 30, 1969

EXCALIBUR  
THE YORK UNIVERSITY WEEKLY  
September 14, 1972  
Vol 7 No 1

Nocalibur

Everything secret is unprofitable unless it is exposed by sensationalist publicity. Lord Thomson

THE  
PYONGYANG EXCALIBUR

feather bed  
THE SCUM  
You get what you pay for  
Uh... who keeps track?  
TORONTO, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1974  
Still in circulation

Cosmicalibur

ci. 6.02x10<sup>27</sup> No. 27

The Pan-Galactic Newspaper

Akron Theta-7

Excalibur

Volume 12 No. 1

York University Community Newspaper

Sept. 15, 1977

Localibur

Vol. 12 Number 27

York University Weekly Communist Newspaper

Thursday, April 6, 1978

EXCALIBUR  
Weekly

SPECIAL REPRINT EDITION:

About 10,000 copies of this issue of X-cal were stolen from campus Saturday. Sorry thieves, we won't stand for it.

nocalibur

5 April 1981  
Volume 18, Issue 27

YORK UNIVERSITY'S LAPPED NEWSPAPER

loCalibur

December 5, 1983  
Volume 20, Issue 17

YORK UNIVERSITY'S LIZARD-SUCKING RAG

excalibur

April 10, 1986  
Volume 20, Issue 30

YORK U'S COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER THAT DOESN'T EAT AT THE FACULTY CLUB

# The more things change . . .

From a cloakroom in Founders College to 111 Central Square; from an initial four page issue to an average of 20 pages; from 1966 to 1986; *Excalibur* has changed. Yet in looking back over two decades of primarily York history, it is striking how many issues have remained the same. Student government, security, the college system, administrative jurisdiction, housing, food, and apathy have concerned and often outraged the York community since *Excalibur's* inception. It is unlikely that these social flames will ever die.

When producing a weekly newspaper it is often difficult to look beyond each month. Time seems to move at an unprecedented speed or is it that temporality itself becomes numbed? In retrospect, however, *Excalibur* functions as an historical document tracing the physical, structural, political and social developments of York.

*Excalibur* will always mirror the social climate on campus; the York community is its barometer. When the paper published photographs of strippers and streakers in its first decade, hardly an opinion was voiced. The late 60's and early 70's were a time of social ferment, with Vietnam, Americanization, and the FLQ crisis fueling student unrest. Students held numerous rallies and even withheld fees to protest fee hikes in a time when York was experiencing rapid expansion, growing at the rate of a college per year. But this all came to an end with the moratorium on university construction in 1972.

With provincial cutbacks literally making York a half-finished university, an era of restraint heralded the arrival of a backlash against the perceived excesses of the previous era. Universities, especially York, became a place where the emphasis was more on getting a degree than on getting an education. Plans of changing the world took a backseat to worries of one's own personal future.

From just over 20,000 in 1972, York's student population grew to over 30,000 by 1982. And because this student growth was not matched facility-wise, a whole new array of student problems arose. Overcrowding, underfunding and student-teacher ratios became part of the *Excalibur* agenda with a numbing regularity, and are still problems that plague us today.

This massive growth (there are now over 40,000 students) changed the character of York and of *Excalibur*. As York itself became a small city, *Excalibur's* focus turned inward, concentrating more on community issues.

To fully encompass 20 turbulent years in 20 pages is impossible. Offered here are mere snatches of York's and *Excalibur's* history. If you are interested in anything more, drop by our offices at 111 Central Square for a chat or visit the York Archives in Scott Library. In the meantime, enjoy.

## FISHWRAP TEAM

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Think it over, over coffee.  
The Think Drink.



# Excalibur

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

## And now... for you men...

Men! Do you suffer from that unhealthy, unsightly, uncomfortable physical defect called P.O.?

Penis odour, a new bodily disease has been recently discovered by the makers of a product called BRAGGI, the world's first masculine hygiene deodorant spray, and as the ad says: "If you think you don't need it you're fooling yourself."

This new Revlon creation, which appeared in Playboy magazine last month is undoubtedly the masculine response to the recently-marketed Feminine Deodorant Spray (FDS)

As as incredible as it may seem, this product will eventually find its way to the shelves and cupboards of affluent males throughout North America.

BRAGGI is designed to control and suppress all "unpleasant" natural functions in the groin area, functions which most males have probably never felt concerned about in their lives.

But just as the advertisers of the profitable sex industry have convinced the public that hair on the female body is obscene, that the application of FDS is a necessary process for every female in search of a loyal oedmate, that perfume, makeup, shaving lotion, and deoderant are prerequisites for people entering into the company of others, they will no doubt assure men — especially those interested in the "liberated sex life" of Playboy magazine — that they really do have smelly crotch rot, and that girls naturally will not go to bed with them unless they use BRAGGI.

The exploitation of sex for the purpose of making profit, in the last decade, has been primarily geared towards the ever accessible house-bound market of women, but obviously the business is so good that Revlon has decided that its time to work on the fellows, and where is a better place to begin than with the most sensitive and vulnerable — culturally and physically — area of a man's body, his genitals.

Perhaps the most destructive aspect of this industry, besides its utter wastefulness of human and economic resources, is the perverse attitudes toward love and sex it forms in the minds of men and women.

Because of the powerful effect of advertising, products such as BRAGGI and CUPID'S QUIBER really do become human "needs" after a period of media indoctrination. Most men today almost naturally think of hair on the legs of women as an ugly sickening sight, and it is quite likely that, because of this, they would be sexually unarousable even though they might be attracted to the "hairy" girl in other ways.

Armpit hair and perspiration have become "hangups" for both sexes, and the continual bombardment of the playmate of the month image, that is, the flawless, hairless body with not a pimple or wart in sight has caused men to desire such a perfect sexual object.

It has caused women to seek artificial body beautifiers in order to attain the unreachable physical perfection of Miss Playmate or Miss America.

It would seem that even the girls who are sickened by what they are told to do with their bodies would submit to pressure anyway, simply because they believe that men won't take them any other way.

Interestingly enough, Desmond Morris points out in *The Naked Ape*, that "The female who so assiduously washes off her own biological scent then proceeds to replace it with commercial 'sexy' perfumes which in reality are no more than diluted forms of the products of scent glands of other totally unrelated mammalian species." P. 79. Perhaps this proves that animals are more intelligent than humans in this respect, since their attraction to each other does not depend on the suppression of their natural sexual characteristics.

For us, living in the midst of the Revlon and Avon world, it is hard to believe that before industrialization men actually could stomach having sexual intercourse with a natural undeodorized, unshaved female.

We wonder if we would consider Cleopatra as ravishing as Anthony did, if, while portraying the queen, Elizabeth Taylor appeared on the screen displaying pubic hair under her arms. We would even guess that Eve had a terrible case of B.O. living in the jungle like that, but Adam apparently got over it despite the absence of Ban and FDS.

However Adam and Eve were uncivilized, and ironically, in the name of progress, the thriving, very rich sex industry has replaced those natural but "unattractive" sexual habits with perverted new concepts, such as "Necessary second deoderants", in order to solve the very pressing problem of penis odour.

We simply can't wait till BRAGGI comes out in flavours. Maybe our sex life will improve.

## Excalibur

November 27, 1969

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excalibur, founded in 1966, is the official weekly of york university 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 liberation news service. printed at newsweb. excalibur circulates to over 17,000 people. office: central square (southeast corner) behind the ministry of love, york university, downsvew, ontario.

THE WORLD'S FIRST

## Masculine hygiene deodorant spray

(If you think you don't need it  
you're kidding yourself.)



Specifically formulated to be a man's second deodorant. Controls perspiration odor in the groin area. Because it's absorbent and smoothing it soothes irritation, chafing and scratchiness. Once you try it, you'll wonder how you ever were a one deodorant man.

## Braggi Private Deodorant Spray

Conceived and created by Charles Revson of Revlon.

# Threat of Americanization triggered search for Canadian identity in Excalibur's pages

By REBECCA CANN

The issue of Americanization scorched the pages of *Excalibur* in the academic year 1970-71 as the paper became a major forum for heated debate. The academic ramifications of a national quandary led students and faculty alike to protest the lack of Canadian courses, Canadian content and Canadian professors and graduate students at York. *Excalibur's* five editorials, six features and countless articles and letters throughout the year focusing on Americanization helped fan the flames beneath the already sensitive administrative toes.

Canada's search for national identity found its way onto York's agenda in 1969. In September of that year *Excalibur* ran an article reporting on the Canadian Union of Students Congress in which the Americanization of universities was summed up in four main points:

- Course content was heavily loaded in favour of US textbooks, concepts and history.
- Many courses deliberately devalued Canadian content (University of Toronto graduates were frequently unable to devote their Ph.D.s to only one Canadian author).
- Canadian universities were doing research for American corporations and military departments.
- The prestigious position of American universities in certain disciplines affected Canadian teaching methodology in those subjects.

While the congress chose to reject a quota system restricting the number of American professors teaching in Canada, three resolutions concluded the meeting. These included a demand that all academic openings in Canadian universities be advertised in Canada, a suggestion that Canadian graduate schools emphasizing the Canadian perspective be established to orient faculty towards Canadian problems, and a resolution that students participate in hiring, promotion and tenure of pro-

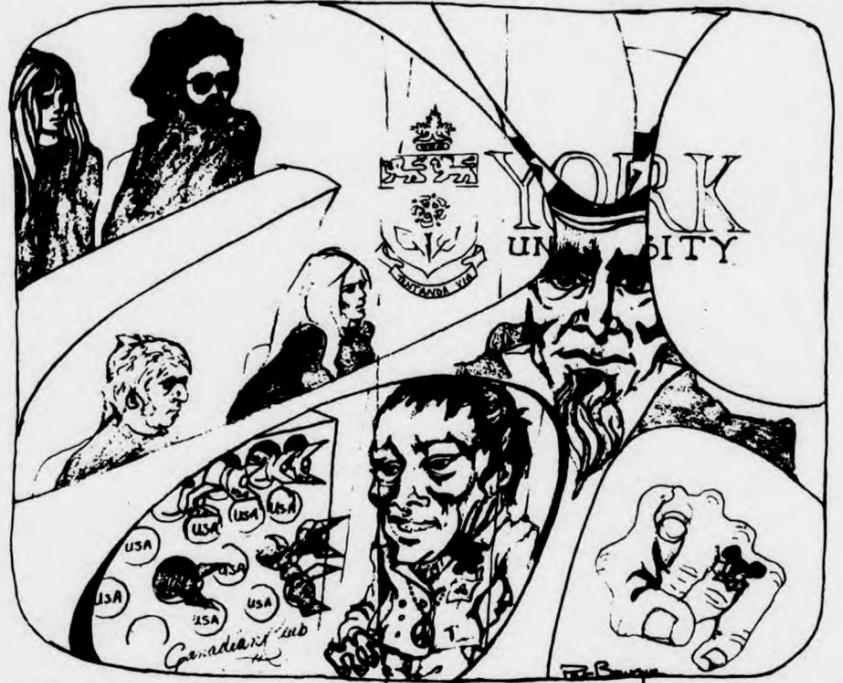
fessors as well as participate in curriculum committees. This final point emphasized the hiring criterion as a professor's "concern with the needs of the Canadian people, rather than strictly his nationality."

It was not until September 1970, however, that *Excalibur* staff began to focus its attention on the Americanization problem specific to York. In the first issue of that year they published a speech made by student Mike Blumenthal at spring convocation, that had been cut short by administration. In the speech Blumenthal accused many of York's directors with conflict of interest, declaring that while they sat on the Board of Governors, many of them were also involved with the boards of various American corporations.

At the same time Blumenthal provided revealing statistics from the past year on the Faculty of Arts. Out of 15 departments, only three had 50% Canadian faculty or better. Eight departments had more American professors than Canadian, while there were more British than Canadian.

One week later the university senate voted to withhold statistics on the citizenship and educational background of faculty and graduate students, information that, in the past, had been made public as a matter of course. This news ran concurrently with a two-page spread on "How the Multinational Corporation Hurts Canada," the first in a series of features on the implications of Americanization. This stunning 'coincidence' appropriately marked the beginning of some of *Excalibur's* most effective and powerful coverage in its 20-year history.

*Excalibur* became the community's mouthpiece through editorials, articles and letters. All angles of the issue were tackled and both students and faculty were provided with the space to voice opinions. In one issue alone three letters filled one and a half pages: *Excalibur* staff provided a picture and a blazing headline and turned the event into a feature. The first sentence referred to "... the unadulterated tripe which *Excalibur* served up ... relating to the



Americanization issue ..."

While *Excalibur's* editorials demanded action against the senate's decision, the paper avoided a witchhunt not only by opening its pages for the community's use but also by keeping the issue clear; "there is increasing evidence to show that the influx of American professors and content into York has diverted the university's energies from examining Canadian problems and hence finding solutions to these problems ... If the senate persists in ignoring these needs—the need to deal with Canadian content in classes and the need for Canadian professors to teach them—and if it continues to openly work against the interests of the Canadian people, then it may be forcing people at York into a position where the only alternative left is to shut this institution down."

The senate's reasoning that the privacy of individuals should be protected was quickly shot down as one *Excalibur* editorial pointed out that citizenship was a matter of legal status and public record, not a private matter. The community strongly backed this stance; the senate didn't stand a chance.

Within the first two weeks of October the Council of York Student Federation had called for and held a demonstration. *Excalibur*, meanwhile, had published its second feature on Americanization, two editorials and, as brandy for the flaming pudding, statistics disclosing the fact that over 60% of Atkinson College's new faculty appointments for the year were non-Canadian.

By October 15th York president David Slater was calling a special senate meeting to request the release of the controversial statistics. That same week *Excalibur* made sure the university community knew of the *Toronto Star's* editorial, which had insisted "on the public's right to know such facts" and suggested York was "trying to cover up the number of Americans recently hired to its teaching faculty." One week later the senate succumbed to these overwhelming demands.

The statistics were made public but this singular triumph was just the beginning of *Excalibur's* exposure of Americanization at York. In the midst of the senate furor Gwen Matheson, a part-time professor at Atkinson College, resigned in frustration from her post. Her repeated attempts to teach Canadian courses had consistently met with refusal by the college administration. In a full-page feature *Excalibur* published Matheson's letter of resignation, providing readers with a specific example of York administration's participation in the Americanization of the university.

Stories of frustration and anger experienced by students and faculty continued to fill the pages of *Excalibur* throughout the year. Professors thwarted in their attempts to teach Canadian courses, and students protesting the lack of Canadian content in their courses, were events that frequently found their way onto the pages of *Excalibur*.

At the same time the paper maintained interest in the issue of Americanization on a national level with several features. Included in these were "Specifics of US Domination," a digging into the past of Canada's political relationship with the US, and "An Academic Bay of Pigs," a full page attack on *The Canadian Review of American Studies*.

In February of 1971 *Excalibur's* centre-spread was given over to a report on *Encounter Canada*, a full day of seminars, discussions and presentations devoted to the question of Canada's identity. Speakers included Hugh MacLennan, Farley Mowat and Jack McClelland.



**THE 51st STATE:** To drive home the threat of Americanization of Canadian universities, Excal staffers raised the star-spangled banner in front of the Ross building.

*Excalibur* summed up the event by stating, "our challenge is to build a North American nation according to our own designs, not those imported from the neighbouring nation which has foregone its opportunities." But the article concluded with the question, "Where do we go from here?"

*Excalibur* seemed to answer its own question in its final Americanization editorial published that year. After yet another professor was refused permission to teach Canadian content at York *Excalibur's* editors tossed aside the waffle.

"Just how much do those 'struggle for Canada' and 'keep it Canadian' buttons some of us wear really mean to us? A Canadian professor has just put her career on the line. We at *Excalibur* plead with our fellow students—our fellow Canadians—to rally beside her. No Canadian should have to stand alone in this struggle. And if we don't help her, who the hell will? ... *Excalibur* is backing Roma all the way, but despite our apparent big mouth, we're only a handful of individuals; it's not enough, but if we do have to go it alone, we will. And if that means we get smashed right along-side her, then so be it. We couldn't go down in better company."

As a newspaper, *Excalibur's* past has the occasional faux pas but the coverage it provided on the issue of Americanization has nothing to be ashamed of. Forceful and consistent, *Excalibur* staff stimulated and maintained pressure on the university administration to the breaking point. By providing support and an opportunity for expression to the community, York University's Community Newspaper experienced one of the most exciting and powerful periods of its 20-year life.



## THE IMPERIALISTS. IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THEY'RE IN TOWN.

From Winters College to the Humanities building — and practically everywhere in between —

The Imperialists are there when you need them. Their assignment: to mold you into a compliant branch plant intellectual — capable of rationalizing Canada's political, social and economical system, while having some of the skills needed to keep the shit machine running.

They have what it takes: behavioural sciences, ivory towers, "value-free" scholarship, meaningless lectures, politically castrated courses on "social problems", exams and the BA and BSc. The Imperialists have the know-how (and the cops) to make branch plant capitalism enslave us all — and make sure we will never, ever rebel. No matter where you are. The Imperialists are never far away. Agents have control of every academic department. All set to really mess up your head. With branch plant scholarship from American Empire.



**AMERICAN EMPIRE, LTD.**  
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## SRC—paperwork or leadership?

The Students' Representative Council is in a sad state. It depends on the colleges for handouts. It has no specifically defined role in the university and because of this it's even unrecognized by the administration.

A week from today elections will be held for seven positions, including that of President of the SRC. What kind of council will the students be voting for? It is imperative that the candidates make clear what kind of council they want to sit on.

It should be a council which can effectively represent the students as a whole. To this end, it must insist on financial independence from the colleges. No more doles.

It should demand that it and it alone appoint students to the administration-faculty-student Advisory Committee on Student Affairs (ACSA) being set up now by President Ross. The colleges will already be represented on the SRC (2 members each). There's no justification for the independent college representation on ACSA unless it is to undermine the SRC's role of the voice of all the students.

The SRC must be more than a mere "paperwork" organization, serving the college councils. It should be a dynamic initiator of policies promoting the interests of York students.

October 7, 1966  
Ron Graham/Mannie Zeller

## End hypocrisy—legalize marijuana

Social norms of human behaviour change relatively slowly, even when they are influenced by fashionable waves of behaviour.

Normative legislation develops even more slowly. It has been argued that this very fact ensures the individual the guarantee of his basic human rights, which are more static and less needy of constant change.

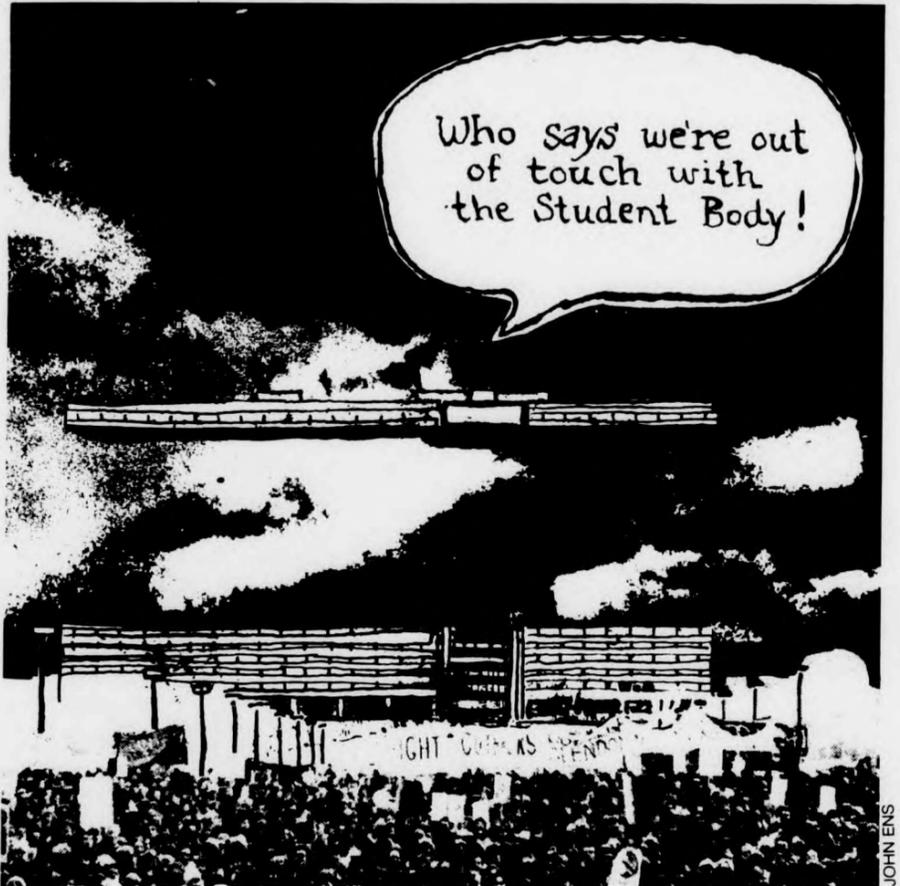
In the case of the increasing use of marijuana (and other drugs) the slow and timid response of legislators and the law-enforcement agencies warrants serious criticism.

Any first year student at York learns in his Social Science courses that a major source of deviance from a norm is the discrepancy between the value of an established norm and the constant neglect of these values by some parts of society, the hypocrisy of preaching one norm and executing another, can be most harmful if it is allowed to persist.

We plead for the legalization of marijuana. Our reasons are obvious. Even if one believes that individuals do not have to resort to marijuana to feel free to "do their own thing," it would be blind to suggest that this warrants the prohibition of its use. For, if the ultimate aim is to become better human beings, we can only work towards this aim by educating the individual thoroughly and un hypocritically. Education means presentation of true alternatives and actual provisions for the individuals to select according to their own rational and emotional standards.

Legislated norms should only be used to protect society, and have to be balanced against the basic right of the individual.

Since the use of marijuana is not more dangerous for the individual or for society than the use of cigarettes, alcohol, or sex, we cannot reach any other conclusion but to legalize its



use and consequently its distribution.

It is obvious that the legal distribution of marijuana will result in a higher quality and lower price of the product. Once everybody can legally use this stimulant, its use will regulate itself, and lose much of the artificial excitement and criminal implications which now surround it.

The case of hallucinatory drugs is different. We do not encourage the legalization of these drugs, because their obvious danger to the

individual user. Provision should be made for their controlled use by psychiatrists and doctors since such drugs can provide valuable clues in research.

But the problem is not solved yet: society is in dire need of complete information and education (as opposed to paternalistic guidance) on marijuana, drugs, and for that matter, on all stimulants.

January 30, 1969  
Ross Howard/Rolly Stroeter

## Soft pornography not so harmless

Recently, *Excalibur* received a spate of letters to the editor on the issue of pornography. The author of one such letter suggested that *Playboy* magazine is a harmless publication and that its readers are merely looking at beautiful women.

We disagree.

In fact, *Playboy* is the most insidious of pornographic material—it may seem innocent compared to some of its competitors, yet it's a strong part of an industry which seeks to retain men's dominance over women and portray human beings as things.

This type of pornography is not as blatantly hurtful as the obvious instances where women are shown being beaten, bound, or raped (and enjoying it).

To further add to the facade of harmlessness, *Playboy* publishes articles by respected writers, offering its readers the perfect excuse to buy it: "I only read it for the excellent writing." Readers think they're getting a taste of the sophisticated 1980s lifestyle.

But still, there is a very clear message relayed to consumers of all types of pornography, and

the message is this: Women are but playthings of men, to be admired *only* when they are (at least close to) air-brushed perfect, do not speak (except to heap praise on "their man"), and care only for their outward appearance.

There is *no* reference to the personalities, intelligence, or opinions on issues such as politics or finance ("men's realms") of these women. Isn't that the most important part of a human being?

We do not advocate full censorship. We recognize that erotica can be an important part of an individual's sexuality. Images portraying sexual acts between or among consenting adults in a spirit of sharing and caring should not be censored.

But when human beings are exploited and used merely as objects, we must draw the line. In order for women to be treated as three-dimensional people, they must no longer be considered in one dimension—on the pages of *Playboy*.

February 23, 1984  
Roman Pawlyshyn/Bernardo Cioppa



## An editor's tearful farewell

Imperfect as it is, though, the *Excalibur* has become an extension of myself and the untiring staffers who work so diligently week after week. It is our baby and despite the flaws and imperfections we embrace each issue like a doting mother. When the baby is good we all beam with pride and when it's bad and gets a spanking from our readers we rush to its defence, because we can appreciate *Excalibur's* good points when no one else can. We know that we owe a debt to the paper for allowing us to work in the best possible medium.

So to all the people I've met and worked with and who's presence has enriched myself and the paper, my gratitude and affection go out to you. I'll miss you all.

To all the people who've made the job so tough and, at times unattractive, I hope your conditions clear up soon. Until then remember not to throw the baby out with the bathwater.

April 8, 1982  
Gary Cohen

# Tentanda agnus (The sheep must be tried)

York's financial difficulties show every sign of continuing in years to come. Therefore, we must look for unused resources and find innovative ways to cut costs and increase efficiency in all of the University's endeavours.

For this reason, *Excalibur* is strongly in favour of the proposal to raise sheep on campus.

Now, gentle readers, before you say Bah, congratulate yourself on your wit, and dismiss the idea, think of the advantages.

The most obvious gain would be the abolition of the wastefully expensive maintenance of the grounds. We would, in effect, have self-cropping, self-fertilizing lawns.

Speaking of the self-fertilizing aspect, this would also eliminate the need for the yearly resodding of the paths which students wear in the grass by taking short-cuts across the lawns.

With our sheep on the job, you may be tempted to scamper across an inviting lawn on your bare feet some bright Spring day—but it just won't be worth the risk.

In the past Calumet College has expressed interest in starting its own farm. The proposed programme could be a step in this direction. It would provide practical vocational training for students as shepherds. Have you ever heard of an unemployed shepherd?

The saving of money by Physical Plant may be one of the main considerations in arguing

for the establishment of the York flock—about there are other spin-offs as well.

Most important would be the great quantity of wool which would be gathered. Administrators and professors will readily admit to frustration because of spending too much wasted time in committees. In committee meetings, you always have your hands free. But with sheep on campus, just imagine the President's Advisory Committee on University Policy: a room full of middle-aged men in three piece, blue pin-striped suits. One of them drones on and on while the others spin the wool into yarn, or work diligently with their hand looms while listening to the speaker.

Committee work would still get done and yet we would finally have a measurable benefit from our bureaucrats as well as occupational therapy for them. This is not a new suggestion, of course. Gandhi tried a similar proposal in India.

It has been suggested that the product could be misused by the administration to make thousands of extra-large toques as a compulsory uniform for undergraduates. We think it unlikely, however, that even York's administration would expect the students to pull the wool over their own eyes.

There have been more whimsical suggestions, of course. Because rats are expensive, Psychology students might be encouraged to

think on a large scale. Experiments running rats through mazes pale in comparison to a ram in Complex 1.

It has been suggested that residence oil bills could be reduced if room temperatures were lowered to 60 degrees Fahrenheit and a warm, snugly sheep assigned to each residence room for warmth.

There are two disadvantages to this proposal: first, in most colleges, this would result in three in a bed which is against health regulations. Second, in one college, which shall remain nameless, there would be some danger

to the ewes. This may calm some of the Stong students down but it is definitely illegal.

The only real danger will come if the administrators realize that sheep are more profitable than students. They will rub their hands with glee as enrollment drops but the flock increases. Would anyone notice if the lecture halls were turned into sheep pens? It may not be educational, but the York sheep station is a good, sound, business proposition.

January 31, 1980

Hugh Westrup/Mark Monfette

## Keep bleating sheep faculty out of our Student Centre-to-be

It seems it was only yesterday that York's architects and planners were building a ramp outside the Ross building that some historians maintain was intended to aid tanks in quelling student outbreaks of violence.

The times they are a changin'. Last week nary a word of protest, not even a Molotov cocktail to be heard whistling across campus as the Faculty Club was officially declared off limits to students.

While days of sit-ins and riots are now mere memories, and briefcases and flannel have replaced yesterday's frisbees and denim, how could the student body put up with this blow to their freedom? It seems we have forgotten Kent State.

In its obnoxious quest for 'excellence' yet another barrier of elitism has been raised by the University and no one seems to care.

We demand a call to arms. Storm the bastille Faculty Club. Bring knives, forks, and yes, even spoons.

"Let them eat fettucine" one hears emanating through the marble walls of the Faculty

Club as professors enter their oasis of quiet and escape. The Club's managers say the pesky students don't have enough money to deserve this privilege. We may be swarms of locusts, but we can afford the cannelloni.

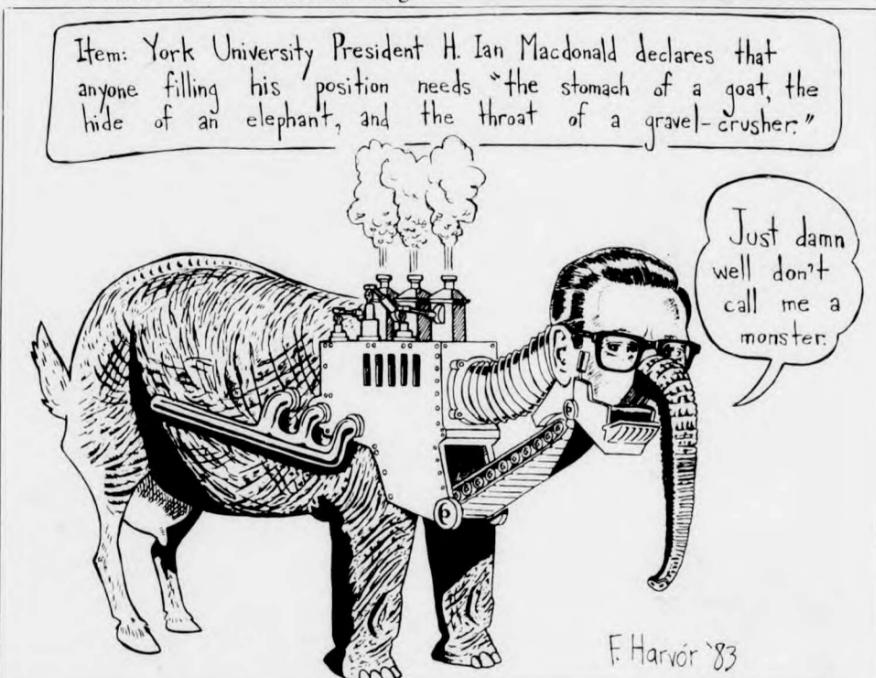
Revenge will be ours. When the Student Centre is erected we will not forget. The doors of our building will be guarded against vapid professorial drivell.

There will be no exceptions. If we let even one frisbee toting purveyor of knowledge in, other less savory types will follow like bleating sheep, polluting our environment with tweed dust and malodorous pipe fumes. Once they are allowed into the Student Centre they will then mount an incursion into other student lairs. Everything we hold dear to our existence will soon be in danger of being swept away as domino after domino topples.

We've already lost the Faculty Club. What's next? The tanning salon?

April 3, 1986

Elliott Shiff/David Byrnes



## Reflections of an Excalibur Editor

It's not always easy to fulfill the two essential functions of a campus newspaper, that of encouraging participation from the campus community and at the same time producing an end product that is journalistically and technically competent. For the past two years *Excalibur* has, therefore, hired two full-time editors to handle these functions.

This year the editor and managing editor spent most of their time training new staff and co-ordinating the basic production (layout, etc.) of the paper. For a number of reasons the results of our efforts became most apparent in the second term.

Of first significance was the fact that a hard core of staff had become fully trained at this point. News editors, Barry Lerner and David Chud, for instance, who started the year as cub reporters, were now competently organizing and editing the news. This was undoubtedly one reason why 65 percent of our news copy this term was on York events. (We have done a content breakdown of *Excalibur* copy for the issues running January 8 to March 11.)

Also instrumental in increasing the quality of the paper this term was our success in improving layout techniques. This added greatly to the overall appearance of the newspaper.

But the most important factor in the general improvement of the paper's second term was student utilization of *Excalibur*. For some reason students started using the paper more frequently. This influx of "viewpoints" and other small features enabled us to create the "University Forum" page, which is now set aside exclusively for opinions from York community members.

Increased submissions by students also helped boost our number or original features to a point where they represented almost 60 percent of feature content.

Also of interest is the fact that original *Excalibur* features this year have been reprinted in other campus newspapers across the country, including universities in Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary and St. Catherines.

This year *Excalibur* attempted to break down its hierarchy and allow more staff participation. The creation of the two news editor positions is a structural indication of this. In addition, a loosely organized editorial board composed of all editors is now responsible for writing editorials. If the staff as a whole disagree with an editorial policy it can be discussed and altered at the next regular weekly staff meeting.

Discussion of staff participation also brings up the question of "bias" in the newspaper. In terms of news coverage we have always insisted that reporters make their stories factually correct. As in any newspaper, reporters pick their own "angle", that part of an event which they

feel is most important to emphasize.

We have not been able to cover every event we wanted to. Reporters pick stories to cover according to their interests. (They're not getting paid and you can't force volunteer workers to cover something they don't want to.) If some of our readers feel that different events should be covered, we encourage them to come in and work on the staff next year. We'll take all the help we can get.

In a discussion on bias a frequently asked question is: Do you feel you represent the campus? (Implicit in this question is a suggestion that the newspaper's editorial policy should represent the mood of the campus.)

In answering this question I can only recall a personal experience I had in my first year at York, 1967. It was then that I joined a very small group called the Committee to End the War in Vietnam; hardly a radical group, at best a small "I" liberal organization. But we were despised. Scarcely a day went by at our literature table when people didn't stop and tell us how we were "dupes of the communists", how the Americans were "fighting for democracy," and we should be supporting them. I think it's safe to say that our group did not represent the campus mood over the years has, of course, changed—changed to such an extent that last year's Vietnam moratorium drew 2,000 students.

My point is that there are people working on *Excalibur* who feel it is more important to adhere to a set of principles, which they believe to be honest, than it is to sway with every campus wind.

In short, some of us feel that the role of *Excalibur* is to raise issues, stimulate discussion and, in cases, to change—not reflect—the mood of the campus.

The important feature about *Excalibur* is not whether we do or do not represent "the campus" but rather whether or not the paper is open. And, in that regard, our policy has always been one of printing all articles regardless of their political points of view.

Next year the campus will be larger and our information gathering and reporting job will be even more difficult. Consequently, we'll be looking for recruits. Even if you don't always agree with everything we say don't think you can't work for the paper. Some of the most vocal critics of *Excalibur* (i.e. Edwin Rothschild) ended up writing for us. No experience is necessary and, as Barry Lerner and David Chud will assure you, it's easy to move up into a position of responsibility. So when you come back next year drop in and see us. There'll be an opening waiting for you.

March 25, 1971

Bob Roth (signed)



## Women demand equal big thrills

Your cover photo by Dave Cooper gave all the "tough" men of York their big thrill for the day with those cute York Festival buttons so neatly placed just right over each pink nipple. So what do you suppose all us girls are?—lesbians?

I sure get a big thrill out of seeing some dear with her blouse off.

How about giving the girls of York a big thrill next week? Let's have a front cover photo of some magnificent young male of York all aglow in his birthday suit with a York Festival button of course delicately placed over his overworked sex organ?

A Believer in Equal Rights for Women (VIII)  
October 24, 1968

## Excal a bastion of effluvium

As the sphincter of rhetoric opens, the shit of inconsistency begins to pour out. The repressed anal-fixated attitude of the "Canadian colonial mentality" (whatever that is) has been released and with it a flood of diarrhea diatribe instead of purposeful phallic penetration into the pituitary penthouse of power. The powerless often want to mimic the dominant instead of actually striving for power. How sad!

CYSF decries the fate of continued Canadian subservience to the giant, USA and his prodigal son, Ltd. *Excalibur*, whose ongoing policy it is to consistently support this position, reflects its journalistic incompetence by being unable to develop any clear idea of "Canadian consciousness".

Let me elaborate: In five editions it has reviewed only two Canadian produced films and 10 foreign films, six of which are American.

It carries advertising paid for by American-owned corporations: The Villager Shoe Shoppes, Arnold Palmer Dry Cleaners, Tampax, Levi's, Hair, an American tribal-love-rock musical, and Coca-Cola...

This is extremely seductive and *Excalibur* perpetuates this evil, unconscious, degenerate, social-psychological destructiveness, although it maintains at the same time that American domination must be thrown off. Wow! Unbelievable! Far out! ...

*Excalibur* is still in the "American context". Look at any American college newspaper and you will be sure to find articles on "American Imperialism", drugs, sex, sports, entertainment. These are crucial, relevant issues, but somehow they reek of America.

*Excalibur* is still stuck in the stone, constipated so to speak. Arthur, come forward, take the "vorpal sword" in hand and slay "the Jabberwock". In other words, cut the bullshit!

Edwin Rothschild  
Graduate Sociology  
October 22, 1970

## An asshole by any other name

The piece on me which appeared in *Excalibur* (Oct. 19) has convinced me there are more assholes in this country than I had surmised. Its author, I note, is an assistant professor in physics but I can assure him he has a brighter future in yellow journalism. If he will contact me personally I can supply him with the names and addresses of several magazines that will pay him good money for his talents.

Someone who in 1972 still wants to dictate to a poet the subjects he ought to write about should be put on display beside the fat bearded lady and the dancing bears. The last time I heard such cuckoo sounds was way back in the frenzied totalitarian

thirties. Of course the present rulers of Soviet Russia employ people of his ilk and ignorance to silence the dissidents of that enslaved country; and he most certainly would be at home there for he would find them using the same perverted language and tendentious nationalistic tripe. I am left wondering what two-bit backwater college in yahooville spawned him. It's been years since I've encountered such a pure and well-preserved specimen of Canadian philistinism and obtuseness.

I shall not dignify dishonesty, pompous vulgarity, and smugness by attempting a point-by-point refutation. Anyone who's interested might read ALL that I've written about Americans and Canadians and decide for himself whether I have a "colonialist mentality". (Migawd, how can one go on using these verbal chestnuts without gagging!) But to Cannon and his ill-trained ilk I merely want to say this: no amount of moronic or adolescent flag-waving will deter me from indicating the less agreeable aspects of my compatriots, let the knuckleheads and yokels howl as loudly as they please. Though hidden under a maple leaf, an asshole is still an asshole.

Irving Layton  
November 1, 1972

## Campus needs torture chamber

I was surprised to find out about the chapel. It's just what this place needs. My big question is, when do we get the cemetery? Do you know that once they put the lake in we can have burials at sea, and of course, a York Undertaking Club. Then the Osgoode students can spend some time on last will and testaments instead of alimonies. But let's not stop here York ...

As a conscientious student, I'd like to know what denomination the chapel will be? Now this is my plan, if we let the Jewish Student Federation amalgamate with the Christian Fun Club we can save on taxes, use matzoh wafers, and use Mogen David wine for holy communion. We can fit the Hare Krishnas in the B'nai Br'ith lodge as long as they leave Saturdays free for Bar mitzvahs and the Rosicrucians can share the east wall with the Egyptian Aton Club ...

Let's not stop this monumental growth with only a chapel. How about a museum and planetarium. Then there's the aquarium, amusement park, torture chamber, delicatessen ...

Fred Potts  
January 18, 1973

## Excal's shortest letter of all time!

Gosh would you please recheck the author. I would have sworn it is by F.W. Nietzsche.

Ausma Strauss  
March 15, 1973

## Pitou! Pitou!

An premiare paje deux vautre feuye de choulx du 15 marce, vou zave ose aimprimme "La Bilinguism, A Quoi Ca Saire?"

Jeu meu leu deumende biain ossy! Surrrou, oh Canada!

Veuye kroir, chair Meussieu, an mon netairnel reconaïcance, aincy ka sayl de tous lai phrankofones de Glendonne.

Jean-Claude Guedon  
Multiplication des scienses naturelles Glendonne  
March 29, 1973

## Reader rankled by raunchy rag

Is it really necessary when quoting me to continually use the more

colourful adjectives included in my vocabulary?

Whenever you carry a story with a direct quote from me it always contains various streams of four-letter words and other suggested obscenities that I might use from time to time.

Needless to say, this has not pleased me a great deal.

In the future I wish that you would lend your writing ability to the more accepted nature of my speech, so that my sparkling image might remain unscathed.

If you don't do this then you can all FUCK OFF.

Rick Leswick  
CKRY—FM  
January 30, 1975



## Mass castration urged by reader

Well really! I think your irresponsibility in publishing that exploitative photograph on page three of last week's *Excalibur* is unpardonable! ...

Burlesque shows are directly parallel to the oxen and bullock type of parading carried on during the period of slave-trading in the colonies, on arrival of a cargo of human chattel for sale. And this advocacy of the contemporary prototype of slavery (to male chauvinistic piggery) should merit castration on sight.

Slavery is not only inhumane, but also wicked and unjust! After all, every animal in Toronto has the Humane Society to protect it from undignified treatment by man. So why shouldn't woman have the right to that dignity too?

I mean, WHY NOT?  
Mary Quan  
March 27, 1975

## Is this guy [sic] or what?

After reading your most recent edition (March 23) of *Excalibur*, I could not help but be dismayed at the lack of irresponsible journalism this paper manufactures. [Sic, we assume.] The largest problem is that the paper is controlled by a smug group of "post hippies" whose naive idealism is reflected by the barest of minorities at York.

This one-sided group is seldom, if ever, open to other points of view in the paper, but instead runs [sic] articles that hopelessly overwhelm in terms of length, dissenting articles. With the quality of education being a major concern your paper has done

nothing but *weaken* York's position. Your stands in virtually everything have been so absurd that you have little, if any, credibility left, a *disgrace* for a university paper in the largest city in Canada.

Whereas you could offer viable alternatives and co-ordinate the education crisis in Canada, you offer stupid positions, i.e. "give us money for school," forgetting [sic] that the majority of youth do not attend and that this position reinforces [sic] the spoiled-brat image of universities [sic] dissenters', you urge big business to pay for all, forgetting the precarious state of Canadian business and you publish gloating stories over a useless demonstration (I guess you would be happy to find other out-of-touch aged "hippies" like your self [sic] making one last stand) yet offer *no* alternatives, no compromises; an extremely unrealistic approach.

This paper has tremendous potential in this critical time of post secondary education. Yet by this extremely short-sighted group we students at York are suffering. I urge you to support Mr. Chodikoff in his efforts to make the paper not a joke as present, but a powerhouse.

I also urge you to join me to work for the paper because if we don't get our views across, [sic] nothing will change but have this minute but naive *hyperactive* group continue in Don Quoxité [sic] style.

James Wesson  
Ed not, re "post-hippies" ... Well man ... hey, I mean wow, that's really far-out ... wanna buy a candle?  
March 30, 1978

## Prisoner pleads for pen-pals

I have been in prison for the past five years for bank robbery. At the present time I am in the segregation unit of the prison. I was stabbed and for my refusal to identify the person that stabbed me the officials have left me to rot in the segregation unit. Seventeen months now I have been locked in this cage.

A little mail from some of your good people would be a big help. I am a white male, 32 years old. I like good rock music, pretty girls good weed. All I can say is I will answer all that take the time to write.

Jackie Martin 04025-156  
Box PMB  
Atlanta, Georgia 30315  
U.S.A.  
February 14, 1980

## Reader not into fetal pig scene

Regarding "Coed Comix" of October 22. It was the most debased, revolting, lewd, subverbal, cynical, snide, immature, repulsive, nauseating, obnoxious, reprehensible, horrid, offensive, unsavory, odiferent, pernicious, smutty, irresponsible, feculent, invidious, execrable, icky, unutterable, hateful, hateful, reprehensible, horrid, offensive, unsavory, odiferent, malodouros and pewy piece of excrement I have ever had the misfortune to read.

Peter Fennison  
October 29, 1981



compiled by Zena McBride

## York-based periodicals flourish

# Critical, literary and academic journals fill void

By LAURA LUSH

Despite an economic climate that has never been favourable to literary and critical periodicals, York-based publications continue to flourish thanks to the efforts of a hearty few who believe their magazines are filling a void in the publishing marketplace.

As Atkinson College English professor and author Barry Callaghan put it, "Journals are independent and by and large come out of the devotion of the people who start them." Callaghan, who has been teaching at York since 1966, founded his literary journal *Exile* in 1972 on this very principle.

While the University encourages the growth of journals, it does not have a specific funding policy for literary publications. Vicki Hodgkinson of the Office of the President said that York "does not have the money that is needed to sustain a journal for a continuing time." Journals should "plan to be self-sustained" by securing funds from other sources such as the Canada Council (CC) and the Ontario Arts Council (OAC) Hodgkinson said.

There is, however, a President's Ad Hoc Fund that will provide initial seed money for new journals. "It is a last resort committee," said Noli Swatman of Research Administration. "If you can't get money from other committees, we will help, although the money is more of a means of support rather than a large investment." While York can offer very little in the means of funding, it can and has offered other support like office space and secretarial services to handle the publication's mailing.

The relative ease or difficulty of beginning a publication is often determined by one's in-house support system. Callaghan's *Exile*, for example, seemed to grow out of the natural enthusiasm and support of Atkinson College.

"Atkinson is a remarkable and quite a unique college in regard to the business of journals," Callaghan said. "The creation of *Exile* Callaghan said, came out of a five minute conversation with the late Dean Harry Crowe which culminated with Callaghan proposing to Crowe, "How would you like to have one of the two best literary quarterlies in the world?" Crowe then agreed to provide funding for *Exile* for the first year until outside support from the CC and OAC could be secured. "I don't think that (the support) could have happened in the University proper," Callaghan said.

Although *Exile* now subsists solely on council funding and monies from its close to 900 subscriptions, Callaghan still considers it a York-based publication because two of the three editors have been affiliated with York at one time

or another. Associate editor Ray Ellenwood, a former Atkinson student, has been with *Exile* "from almost the beginning," Callaghan said. Atkinson College continues to provide secretarial support to handle the quarterly's mailing.

The early to mid-70s proved to be a "wonderful moment in York's (publishing) history," Callaghan said. "For about six years there was an extraordinary amount of energy and accomplishment that came out of York devoted to contemporary writing. It's surprising that such publications came out of such an architectural wasteland like York," Callaghan added.

One such magazine that arose out of this milieu was the *Canadian Theatre Review* (CTR) in 1974. Founded by Don Rubin of York's theatre department, the magazine set a precedent in Canada by being the first professional theatre journal devoted to theatre criticism. "York was a very strong influence for Canadian theatre studies," Rubin said. The national magazine featured such articles as cultural politics, theatre for the young, homosexuals in the theatre, and Quebec theatre. "It was a York publication by the Faculty of Fine Arts," Rubin said. "We used lots of York faculty for editing and writing."

The CTR received seed funding from the Faculty of Fine Arts and further monies from subscriptions and advertising. The CC and the OAC provided funding after the magazine's first year of inception, Rubin said. Rubin estimated that the CTR's circulation rose from 800 in 1974 to as high as 4,000 in 1979.

Rubin left his editorship in 1982 when he went on sabbatical. Although the publication rights were sold to the University of Toronto press at that time, the editorship is still held by a York professor, Bob Wallace of Glendon College.

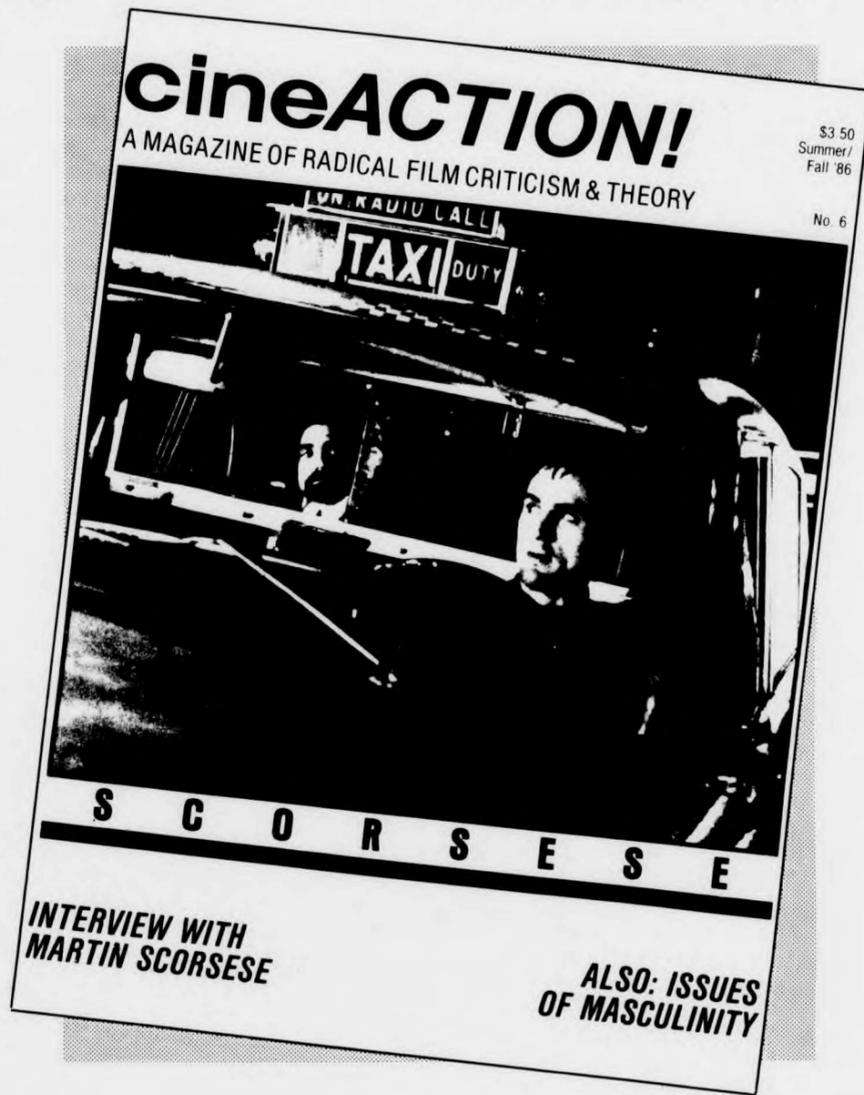
One of the more recent publishing initiatives to arise out of York is *cineAction*. Calling itself "A magazine of radical film criticism and theory," all but one of the present 10 member collective are involved with the Atkinson College Film program. Robin Wood, co-ordinator of the Atkinson College film studies program and a teacher in the York film department, said the first issue of *cineAction* came out in May, 1985. The first issue was largely funded by private donor John Anderson, Wood said. The quarterly also received a small subsidy of \$200 from Atkinson College and other donations from "generous film supporters and film makers," Wood added. *cineAction* has since received funding from the CC's Exploration Fund and the OAC.

Wood said that he approached the Dean of Fine Arts for funding and support but received no response. "There was no interest from the York film department," Wood said.

"*cineAction* is the only one (magazine) of its kind in Canada," Wood claims. "It is the only serious film criticism magazine that exists today."

still struggling." Davies added that publication costs run at about \$5,000 for every *Borderline* issue.

Probably one of the most interesting endeavours initiated by a York faculty member is chairman of the English department, Frank Davey's electronic literature magazine *Swift Current*. Initiated solely by Daveys, the elec-



Wood said that *cineAction* has published articles from both undergraduate and grad students in the film department as well as freelance writers. Having both a national and international scope, the magazine has reached a circulation mark of 1,600 with 300 subscribers from Canada and around the world, Wood said. "That's very good," he said. "It's much more than most specialist magazines (obtain)."

Another publication to sustain the crucial funding hurdle is the critical interdisciplinary magazine *Borderlines*. Celebrating its second anniversary this month, the *Borderline* initiative was "stimulated by York people," says York sociology professor Ioan Davies. Davies is also one of the only York-affiliated editors on the dozen membered editorial board. A mixture of York grad students, past and present from the departments of film, social science and mass communications, plus writers from other universities and freelancers have all contributed to *Borderlines* at one time or another, Davies said.

Published at Bethune College, Davies said the funding for *Borderlines* came primarily from the Faculty of Arts, Dean of Graduate Studies, the President's Ad Hoc Fund and individual donors. The magazine also took out a bank loan and has since received both CC and OAC grants.

Davies said that *Borderlines* has a "York imagination," growing out of the "work done here at York." He said that *Borderlines* is unique in that it attempts to explore "all the aspects of Canadian culture" while "providing a bridge between academics' perceptions of what culture is and the real experience of people who are making culture." Davies said that "most universities are only concerned with academics; they don't want to reach out to the artist, copywriter and other people working in the field."

The last issue of *Borderlines* came out in July and had a circulation of 1,200 with 700 subscribers. "We want to have at least 1,500 subscribers," Davies said "to break even. We're

tronic magazine provides a data base for about 100 writers who access each other's ongoing work. Currently there are 20 to 30 subscribers to *Swift Current*, Davey said. While York does not provide any funding to *Swift Current*, it does provide technical assistance and space to house the data base, Davey said.

York-based publications are not limited to just faculty and students. Nick Powers, owner of Gesture Press and employee of York's book store has aligned with former York student Chris Warren to publish *Tandem Ten*, an upcoming poetry anthology featuring 10 poets of the York community.

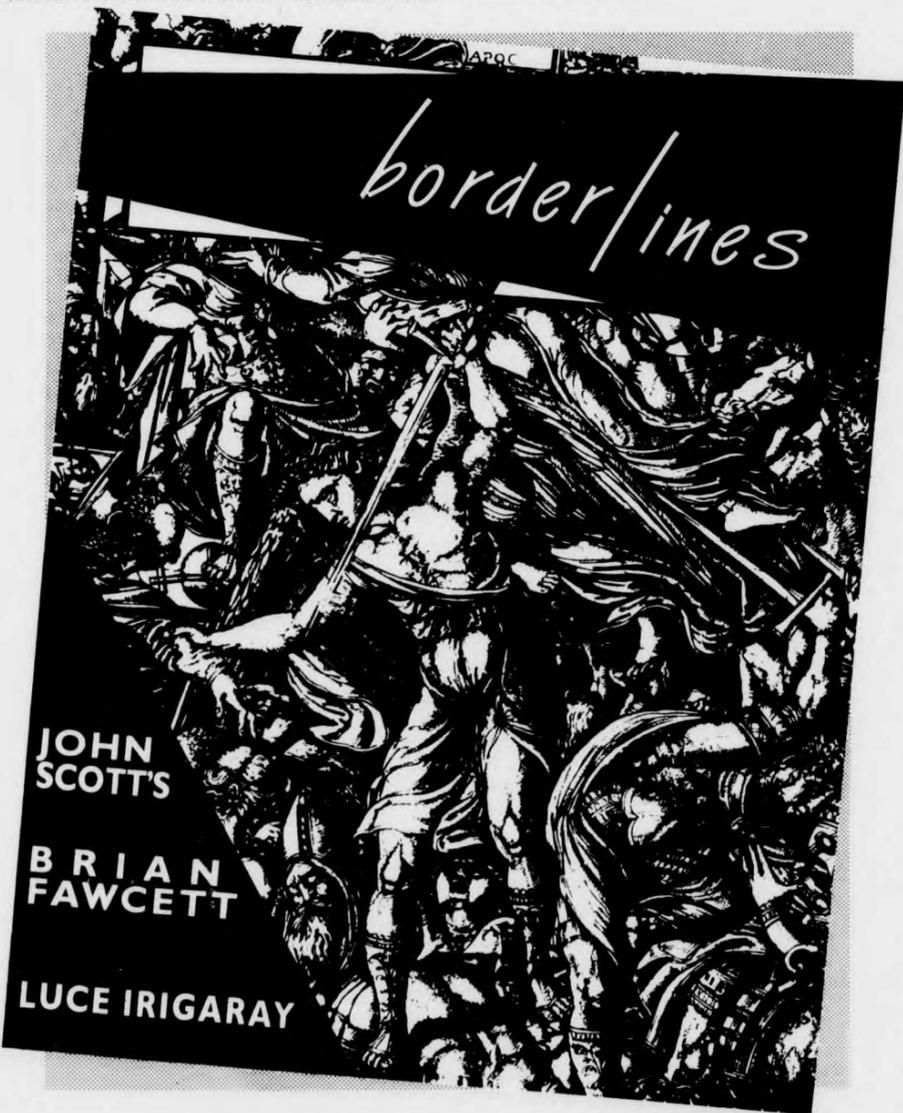
Recognizing the number of serious writers at York, Power said that the anthology aims to provide a format for aspiring writers. "There are a lot of good writers at York, both past and present," Power said, "who are trying to get published. We thought it was a good idea to put together an anthology."

Power said that the range of writers included in the anthology consists of past and present York students and one staff member. Power and Warren will distribute a dummy copy of *Tandem Ten* to the various bodies of the York community in hopes of securing the approximately \$500 needed for funding. "If we get support from the University first," Powers said, "it will help when we look for outside funds."

Power and Warren also plan to hold both a York and outside reading and benefit evening in an aim to "seek a bridge to a wider audience."

*Tandem Ten* will be published under Powers' Gesture Press with an estimated initial print-run of 250 copies. Power is determined to publish the anthology regardless of whether he gets funding support, but says the amount of funds will ultimately determine the production quality of the anthology. The 45-page publication's estimated price will be around \$3.00.

Maintaining a simple mandate, Power said the anthology hopes to capture the "time and space continuum" of the various writers that have come to and left York.





# Our former staffers reminisce

## THE SEQUENCE:

By GARY BLAKELEY



1. Gather your materials.

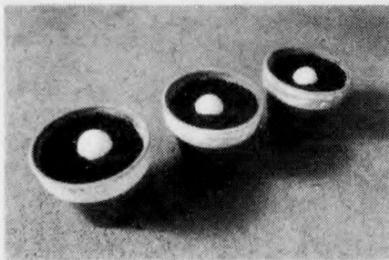
## Poultry Raising



2. Add high quality soil to pot.



3. Sow, small end down.



4. Nurture, two months, in a warm environment.



5. Result.



6. Virgil Stump (Treadmill, Ont.) "It changed my life."

## The joy of shish kebabing university's sacred cows

*Hugh Westrup was Editor of Excalibur in 1979. At present, he is a freelance writer for publications such as Canadian Science News.*

By HUGH WESTRUP

Student newspaper editors are lucky. Years later you read through the old yellowed copies from your year, and there it is: your life spread out before you on paper. For eight full months you poured every ounce of passion into the newspaper, and now, thumbing through the pages, the memories flood back.

It was mid-September of 1979 when York University Vice President John Becker asked me how I would enjoy feeling the toe of his boot pressing down on my face.

Poor Mr. Becker. So early in the school year and already showing the strain of dealing with another obstreperous *Excalibur* editor.

1979-1980 was indeed a time of strain for *Excalibur* and the York University administration. It was my first week on the job, in fact, when *Excalibur's* business manager announced that the newspaper had fallen \$40,000 into debt, of which \$25,000 was owed to the York administration. The university was now demanding repayment and we had not a penny to give them. We hadn't a penny, either, for the company that printed *Excalibur* every week or for our own salaries!

Desperately in need of money to tide us over until the mess could be straightened out, I consulted Vice President Becker about a loan. That's when he showed me the toe of his boot.

From week to week, *Excalibur* hobbled along, a tin-can-and-string operation. Just prior to the revelation of the debt, we had purchased an expensive typesetting machine so that the newspaper could be produced entirely on campus. But now that we were broke, we couldn't buy any of the necessary back-up equipment. Unable to afford a "waxing machine," for example, we depended on the generosity of the York communications department. God knows how many thousand elevator trips we took, most of them in the middle of the night, to the communications department's office on the eighth floor to use the waxing machine there.

Looking back, some people might blame *Excalibur's* financial crisis for the new "conservative" tone of the newspaper that year. Perhaps so, but the year was 1980, the start of a new decade. Students were feeling hostile to the mind-set that had ruled campus politics for so long. Marches, strikes, sit-ins—the old forms of protest seemed little more than worn-out, vacant gestures. And the campus groups that had formed years ago to protect the students' interests had themselves become powerful institutions with their own reactionary politics.

At *Excalibur*, our editorials dutifully lanced all the usual targets: the York administration, the Ontario government, the Atkinson student council. But our real pleasure lay in shish kebabing all those sacred cows which for too long had safely grazed on *Excalibur's* goodwill.

And so, it was the York Women's Centre that *Excalibur* labelled "censorious" when the women there called for "guidelines" to limit the availability of erotica on campus. *Excalibur* deplored the "trade union mentality" of the Graduate Assistants Association when it won a job security clause in its new contract. And when a group of students occupied President Macdonald's office in protest over tuition fee increases, our editorial "Unoccupied minds" let out this blast: "The student occupation of the President's office . . . has to go down as one of the most mindless and misdirected activities to have occurred at York in recent memory . . . Undoubtedly, the 'occupiers' regard themselves as quite radical. They are radical only in that they have discovered yet another means of expressing lack of intelligence."

Encumbered by debt and with a pack of new enemies growling at our doorstep, *Excalibur* nevertheless survived the year. Among the staff there prevailed feelings of joy and camaraderie—a sense that we were genuinely working together. These feelings animated the countless trips to the eighth floor, the numerous battles with creditors, and all the four-o'clock-in-the-morning sessions when the editors would almost choke to death on their own laughter while dreaming up silly headlines for the upcoming issue.

That's how I like to remember it. Not long ago, I met a woman who studied at York while I was there.

"Oh yes, I remember the year you were editor," she said.

"Really?" I replied. "What thing in the newspaper do you best remember?"

"Well," she said. "It was a front-page article on the thousands of cockroaches getting exterminated in grad res."

## 2 a.m. editorials and toothpick-propped eyes

*Warren Clements, Excalibur editor in 1974, is perhaps best known as the creator of the Nestlings comic strip. But to make ends meet, he had to become an editorial writer for the Globe & Mail.*

By WARREN CLEMENTS

If this were an *Excalibur* editorial, written circa 1974, I would be struggling at 2 a.m. to find just the right words (and settling for the wrong ones) to assail the cafeteria food or the student council. Others on staff would be cramming loose articles into the unfilled corners of layout sheets and making excuses to the typesetter who, in those days, was situated some distance north of the campus.

Then, hours after we had finally crept away to our beds/couches to dream about student counsellors jumping out of Versafood cakes, the alarm clock would ring. Two or three staff members would drive to the typesetters at noon of the same day, eyes propped open with toothpicks, and sit down at a table covered with proof sheets of the typeset pages. We had to read those pages and correct the mistakes. Half-asleep, we were lucky if we caught any of them. If we were really lucky, we didn't create more.

We told ourselves that these all-nighters built character and were part of the golden memories we would have of the place after we left, which was in part true. I mean, I'm writing about it. But it takes a certain madness to persuade yourself that staying awake so long that your body trembles and shivers with the dawn is an integral part of turning out a weekly newspaper. I've resisted the impulse since then, that's for sure. Brrr.

At home I have two bound volumes of *Excalibur* from the mid-70s, one year when I was entertainment editor under editor Brian Milner (who is at *The Globe and Mail* now) and one year when I was editor with assistant editor Doug Tindal (now working with the United Church of Canada). What strikes me on looking through the pages is, first, the number of budding writers who happened to be at York in those years and were drawn to the paper; many have gone on in journalism, including (and I apologize for an incomplete list) Julian Bel-

trame, Oakland Ross, Michael Hollett, Jennifer Hunter and Rick Spence.

Second, close to every article has a story behind it. Maybe a new writer was trying out his or her skills for the first time, asking for guidance and working gamely to rework a piece that showed promise. Maybe we had a scoop. Maybe we let our enthusiasm get away with us. I remember a photograph of George Dunn, director of safety and security, pointing to the white space on a wall where a stolen painting had hung. Unfortunately, in the published photo you couldn't tell the space from the rest of the wall, with the result that he was "indicating the original position of one of the paintings stolen last week" by pointing at a blank wall. Very helpful.

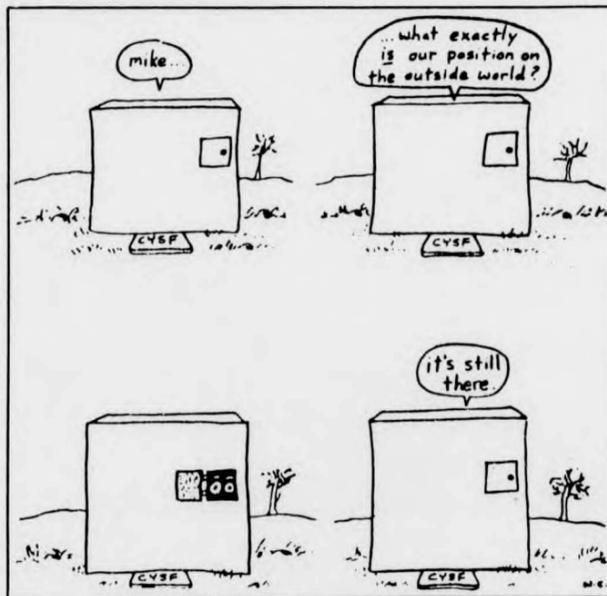
The advertising manager in 1974-75 was Jurgen Lindhorst, who did his job so well that the paper had a healthy surplus at the end of the year; but as in every paper, we editorial types didn't gladly suffer the constraints of a 12-page paper when we had copy to fill 16 pages, and there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth. When we did persuade him to give us 16 pages, we ran some excellent centrespreads, on campus art (Anne Camozzi), the CYSF (Oakland Ross), urban conservation (Anna Vaitieku-

nas), grape and lettuce boycotts (Richard Wagman) and African studies (Chris Gates).

We also had fun. There was Travel Club in 1973, the magazine for Trekkers—a parody of club newsletters based on the shuttle service from York to the subway. Later came Pinballer (the magazine for pinball players), The Toronto Scum (based on a certain tabloid, with the headline *Toads Wreak Havoc, Thousands Homeless*) and a special section on the end of the world. Still, we weren't always a match for the real comedy on campus, including a gentleman called James Smith of the Subterranean Miners Rugby Union who ran for CYSF president by urging students, "Don't vote, and don't eat my campaign posters."

I can't end without a bow to the light columns of Ralph Ashford (who went on to become a policeman) and the excellent illustrations of Peter Hsu (who went on to produce science-fiction comic books populated by naked women, a constant obsession. Keeping them and Rambo-style weaponry out of Peter's editorial cartoons was a running battle.)

But that way lies nostalgia. It was a terrific period, and it gave a lot of us a feeling for what we wanted to do in life. Many of us are still doing it. Here's to *Excalibur's* anniversary.



## PHOTOGRAPHERS! EXCALIBUR NEEDS YOU!

to cover sports, concerts, news events, rallies, naked women and all kinds of other crap.

See your name in print — mispeled over 7,000 times!

Work in one of North America's newest darkrooms!

Meet all the groovy people behind the lens this Thurs. (today) 3 pm at a general meeting.

You don't have to be good — we aren't!

All photo staffers and potential staffers must attend.

**WE NEED YOU!**

# An ode to coffee

Lydia Pawlenko was Managing Editor in 1980. She began at Excalibur in 1978 and is currently a technical writer for an aerospace firm.

By LYDIA PAWLENKO

On this venerable occasion of *Excalibur's* 20th year, we owe at least an ounce of gratitude to coffee.

Without coffee, I doubt that a single issue of *Excalibur* would have been put to bed. In the most desperate hours of layout nights, we performed absolute miracles armed with only an X-ACTO knife and a cup of coffee.

I am writing this without delving into my hard-bound volume of *Excalibur's*, a prize rewarded to editors as they vacate their posts. There is no need to review clippings on budget cuts, tuition hikes, cafeteria boycotts and vandalism attacks to give testimony that one year was more tumultuous than the next. These events probably still challenge the reporting skills of *Excal* staffers. But I feel ashamed to admit that after being away from campus for a few years, they're muddled in my memory.

For clarity's sake, I'll keep my old *Excaliburs* on the shelf next to the outdated sociology texts I can't bring myself to part with.

I will remember instead what *Excalibur* taught me, that writing is hard work and I graduated into journalism without illusions. I eventually learned that coffee upsets my stomach and gives me insomnia. Luckily, my colleagues and I managed to gulp down ideals by the gallon; ideals that remain with us. They caused us to strive for perfection and overcome limitations, to ask more questions and seek life's truths with great determination.

Coffee fueled the ceremonial discussions, in which we pounded our knuckles on cafeteria arborite and recited our political and aesthetic judgements on the topic of the day. Between sips, we pondered world affairs: El Salvador, Afghanistan, Quebec, the Middle East, Bruce Springsteen and the latest sale at Cheapies.

The emotion-laden editorial meetings were conducted over a cup of you-know-what. Always held the morning after the layout night before, staffers jolted themselves awake with hits of caffeine to fend off weariness.

Those days when we distributed bundles of *Excaliburs* across the campus, hot off the press, were special indeed. We experienced that mystical feeling of being that much closer to what we assumed was journalistic sainthood—we gave it our all, got no sleep and drank too much coffee.

Now, pass me another cup. Here's to you, *Excal!*

## Former sports editor finds journalism job-hunt frustrating

Edo "Rambo" Van Belkom started his *Excalibur* career in 1984, and became Sports Editor the following year. These days, Van Belkom is writing part-time for local community newspapers, although he likes to be considered "currently unemployed."

By EDO VAN BELKOM

I was, for a time, the sports editor at *Excalibur*.

I had the pleasure of cheering for the home team with more than a passing interest.

After two years I left, thinking I had all the marketable skills to sell myself to an employer in the journalistic field.

And why shouldn't I have thought that?

The sports section was running well. I was doing the odd story on the side, and I had everything I needed to know to become a top flight journalist.

And then I went out into the real world and the wheels fell off.

It is rather easy to distinguish yourself at *Excalibur*, simply because there are only a few people at York crazy enough to sacrifice everything just to work on the paper. All you have to do is give up the hunt for good grades, anything that resembles a social life, part time jobs and a little bit of sleep.

With these things done, you become a spoke in the wheel and if you do just a bit more you become part of the hub.

In the real world, there are scores of people who are willing to do this and many can do it better. Everything that made you special suddenly makes you average.

I don't know how many times I've been through this; it must be more than 100 times because I could rattle it off in the middle of the night without skipping a beat.

"Hello Mr. ( . . . . . place name of editor here) my name is Edo van Belkom. I am calling to ask if you have any job openings. I was sports editor of *Excalibur*, the York University Community Newspaper, for two years. In that time I was responsible for every aspect of the section from story assignment to layout. I'm also quite

capable of doing news and have been doing feature articles for many community newspapers in the metro area."

These calls are usually followed by a "Hmm?" on the other end, and after a slight pause, "We're looking for someone with at least four years experience with hard news. Keep in touch."

These are not just isolated cases.

I knew of a job opening with the Aurora Topic, a small community paper that is based in Newmarket. The position required that the reporter cover the area between Newmarket and Lake Simcoe. I thought I would be perfect for the job and considering that the newspaper was so far away from the city, I assumed that only a few people would apply.

Nineteen people applied. A short list of six was made and I wasn't on it. The people who were on the short list lived in the area or had worked for the paper previously. Some were journalism school graduates.

In Aurora for crying out loud!

The journalism field is just as hard as any other to get into, and probably harder than most. The problem lies in everybody thinking that they can write for a living, just like me.

I haven't given up yet, it's just that if I don't crack somebody's starting line-up soon I may go back to driving a truck and make twice as much money as I would at a newspaper.

But this story doesn't have a sad ending, it's just depends on the way you look at things. I have been working part time for a couple of newspapers and selling the odd story here and there. Nothing to settle down on, just enough to bounce, bump and scrape my way from day to day.

And someday I will pass that strip-search they call an interview and join the ranks of the fully employed.

But more importantly, in *Excalibur's* 25th or 50th anniversary year, my name will be added to the honour roll of former *Excalibur* volunteers that have rise to prominence in the field of journalism.

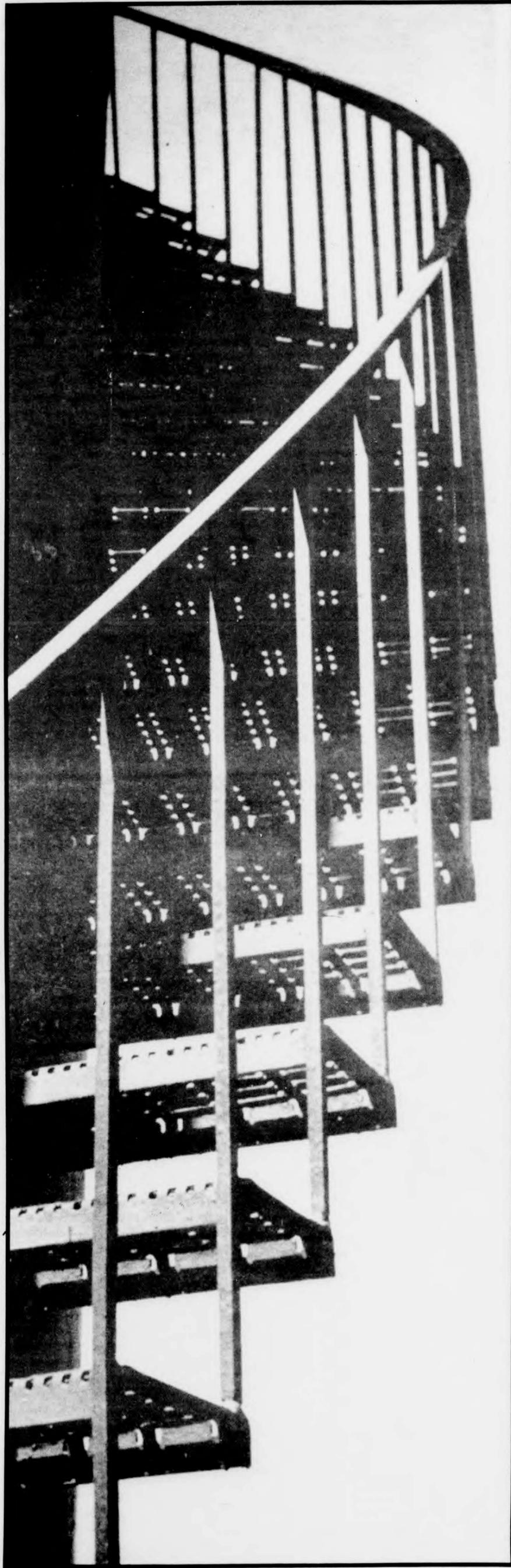
Only then, in select company, will I consider myself a success.

**I CAN'T BELIEVE IT ---  
I HAVE LICE!**



Triple X has proven to be a lice killing liquid. It is effective on all three types of lice. It is safe and easy to use. Triple X may be purchased in pharmacies without a Doctor's prescription.

**I DON'T HAVE LICE ANYMORE!  
TRIPLE X DID THE TRICK.**



JON YOUNG

## Marijuana: the second most favorite chemical in the whole, wide world

By GARY GAYDA

**Pot and Pat**  
 'My first experience with marihuana was at York last year,' the student said. Pat (not the student's real name), had consented to tell me about a 'pot' experience. 'It was a quiet, friendly pot-party.'

Interviewer: 'Where did you get it?'

Pat: 'Well, it's available quite readily in Yorkville.' (At least one student was getting it last month) 'But we got it from Chicago by mail.'

Interviewer: 'How many were at the party?'

Pat: 'I'd rather not say.' (There were 5)

Interviewer: 'Was it planned?'

Pat: 'Yes. It's very important to have a familiar atmosphere, and people around you when you take it.'

Interviewer: 'What effect did marihuana have on you?'

Pat: 'Well, it's hard to describe, although I am aware of its effect on me. (Pause) I noticed a repetitive rhythm, with six stages. A slight uneasiness quickly gave way to the first stage--a hilarious high. Everything was so damn funny: objects,

people, thoughts, everything. Then, I began to feel cold. It was winter, but the room was well-heated. Still, I felt cold, and my heart speeded up.'

Interviewer: 'When was this?'

Pat: 'About twenty or thirty minutes after inhaling. After that stage, a relaxed, faintly languorous feeling came. Then a heightened sense-awareness. Colors seemed vivid, and merged. Music seemed distorted, and then very clear. I became very sensitive to different scents about the room. Or did I imagine them? They seemed very real, though. I was overcome with awe. And this awe

was endless--for time and space were endless. I walked along beside the tennis court, and an hour later, I looked back. I had walked only a few feet, and not more than a minute had passed. The sun was setting, and I stared at it until it went down. The colours were beautiful--the reds and yellows were brilliant.'

from "Marijuana: The Second Most Favourite Chemical in the Whole Wide World"

December 9, 1966

### Birth control book:

## It's here at Excalibur, but it's illegal

By VAL GRANT

Every time a girls takes a birth control pill she is legally put in the same category as a back street butcher-abortionist.

That's what Section 150(2c) of the Criminal Code of Canada says. By this federal law it is a criminal offense to "sell, advertise, publish, use, have for sale or disposal any means, instruction, drug or medicine" for birth control or abortion.

Even a Roman Catholic priest giving instruction on the rhythm of birth control could be prosecuted under this law.

Despite the law, *Excalibur* feels it is the right and the responsibility of every university student to know about the various methods of birth control. It is stressed however, that each individual must make his or her own decision on whether to engage in pre-marital sex.

*Excalibur* will begin distributing copies of the McGill university "Birth Control Handbook" for a token price of 10 cents a copy today.

The handbook provides detailed information on all methods of birth control from oral contraceptives to the rhythm method, and clearly outlines the side effects and safeness of each. It also has a section dealing with abortions.

The chances of *Excalibur* being prosecuted for their criminal offense of distributing the handbook are slim.

Mrs. E. Jocelyn of the Planned Parenthood Association says her organization tried unsuccessfully to force the issue in a test court case two years ago.

A reporter from a Toronto paper bought a book on birth control from them and took it to the police, asking that the Association be prosecuted. The police refused to lay a charge. They said no judge would ever hand down a conviction.

So, our present outdated law on birth control, although up for revision, is still on the books.

There is new legislation before Parliament which would take birth control out of the Criminal Code and put it into the Food and Drug Act. But this bill is being held up in the House of Commons. With 49 other pieces of legislation waiting, chances are slim for the passage of the bill this session.

This bill, the "Bill to Amend the Food and Drug Act and the Narcotic Control Act," lumps birth control with narcotics. The hold-up is in the inclusion of LSD and the exclusion of marijuana in the bill.

Meanwhile, every doctor and clergyman who instructs in or prescribes birth control and every person who practises it is breaking the law.

The Planned Parenthood Association fought hard not to have birth control included in the new "Omnibus Bill" which covers abortion and homosexuality. Now, ironically enough, this bill is about to be passed

while their bill is tied up in Parliament.

The Association feels the McGill handbook is a very good pamphlet, but they caution students against using the facts without first developing their own individual philosophy.

The Association indicates that pressure from universities on the government could provide the extra push needed to get the badly needed new birth control legislation through.

The Planned Parenthood Association could name only two prosecu-

tions under the present law in recent decades.

In 1938, a Kitchener woman with the birth control agency was acquitted when it was proven to the judge's satisfaction that her distribution of birth control information was for the public good.

More recently however, a Toronto man who called himself a pharmacist and ran a mail-order birth control business, was convicted.

*Excalibur* will distribute the 2,000 copies of the handbook it purchased from McGill for 10 cents a copy.

If there aren't enough copies of the handbook for every interested student, *Excalibur* hopes the Federation Council will purchase more copies.

Until now the Federation Council has shown no interest in making birth control information available on campus even though several Canadian and American universities and *Excalibur* contributed towards publishing the handbook.

March 6, 1969

## Airline exploits women

By BOB WALLER

She smiles, she fluffs up pillows for you, she wears shorter skirts.

That's the line of one Air Canada advertisement that appeared in *Globe and Mail's* Report on Business on February 19.

In the ad, which appears below, the government-owned airline appeals to executives to fly Air Canada because "We try to make business trips a pleasure!"

And how do they do so? Why, of course, they offer "an Air Canada stewardess. Nice company coast to coast!"

In the ad, as you can read, the company presents their 'typical' stewardess as a butcher would—as a prime piece of beef.

The objectification and dehumanization of women to serve commercial purposes is nothing new in advertising. Corporations discovered a long time ago that capitalizing on one of the basic needs and pleasures—sex—to sell their wares was effective.

Naturally, however, they didn't exploit men as well as women. Simply put, the reason why is that most of the people who began utilizing women for profits were men and with some exceptions, objectifying men in advertisements was not particularly attractive (i.e. it wouldn't sell).

Also, it should be added that our society is dominated by men; our culture is patterned by men and consequently works to reinforce their dominant positions; and finally, our profits-first society is controlled by men.

Needless to say, however, the ills of this situation will not be remedied by objectifying men along with women. Unfortunately, a trend to do so seems to be appearing (remember the groin deoderant for men, Braggi?) in recent advertising. Two exploitations have never made a liberation.

That may seem a little general to apply to a roasting of an Air Canada advertisement. What is important is to see that a crown corporation which is supposed to run in the inter-

This is an Air Canada stewardess.  
 Nice company coast-to-coast!

**Her hair.** Looks great. She's now allowed to fix it the way that makes her look best. Which is kind of nice!

**A pretty smile.** Goes a long way to soothe the business mind. One of our greatest assets!

**Our schedule.** With more flights to more places in Canada than any other airline. Businessmen particularly like the extra convenience! See your Travel Agent.

**Her new uniform.** It makes a big difference to how she looks. She looks better. She knows it. So she shows it—in lots of little ways.

**Her legs.** The pride of Canada! A sight for many a sore businessman's eye!

**Her hands.** They fluff up your pillow; hand you magazines; and serve you delicious Connoisseur Service on all our North American DC-8 and DC-9 flights of over 2 hours.

**We try to make business trips a pleasure!**

**AIR CANADA**

*We're going places!*

ests of all the citizens of Canada is, in fact, exploiting one-half of the population by running the ad below which dehumanizes women as some sort of pleasure machines.

In doing so, Air Canada reveals itself as being basically as oppressive as car companies and other large

corporations. If it will boost profits, use it.

They recognize that themselves. At the bottom of the ad they say: "We're going places!"

February 26, 1970

# Women must discard sex roles, seduce men

By RALPH ASHFORD

The average woman may have come a long way in changing her social status in the past several years, but she still hasn't reached the point where she will ask a man out. It's time to drop this stupid indoctrination. There's no reason a girl shouldn't take the initiative in respect to dating and sex.

For the purpose of this article I will overlook the few guys that would find it objectionable if they were asked out, and also the few girls that already do take some of the initiative.

**Rule one:** Guys. Don't think that because a girl asks you out she is of little moral fibre.

**Rule two:** Girls. Don't think that because you spend money on a guy he will let you take him to bed.

All right. Now the first question you may ask is, "What is wrong with the present system?"

Well to begin with, not every guy has the nerve to ask a girl out. So there he is sitting at home with his hand on a Saturday night because he fears rejection. Why should girls have the last word? Why shouldn't they be open to rejection?

Now assume that the guy does have the nerve. What if he hasn't got

any money or any available car? This may not be a problem in the summer, but in the winter you can't go on picnics or for walks on Toronto Island. But there are girls with money and, in some cases, an understanding father with a car. There is no reason a girl shouldn't use her resources or at least pool hers with a guy's so that they can have some money and a car. And a date that might otherwise never have been possible.

But the crux of the problem is that girls are looked upon as sex objects. Something to salivate over in a magazine. Something you must have in order to prove your masculinity.

So, for a change, why can't guys be sex objects? Playgirl and Viva have taken a step in this direction by showing us what a limp stud looks like when he's building a house or sailing his boat in the nude. Of course the girls in the pictures are at least half-dressed. But that's all right. Girls shouldn't get all the glory. And it's a step in the right direction.

So now let's imagine what would happen if guys were passive and demure sex objects.

Proposition. The girl is attracted physically (or intellectually) to a cer-

tain guy. She asks him out and he says 'yes'. She tells him she will pick him up at 8 p.m. on a particular night. No problem.

Evening. The girl buys the tickets or pays the admission and buys any drinks they may have throughout the night. Again, no problem.

Home. The guy asks her if she would like to come in and she says 'okay'.

Couch. They beam away at each other so she decides to put her arm around him.

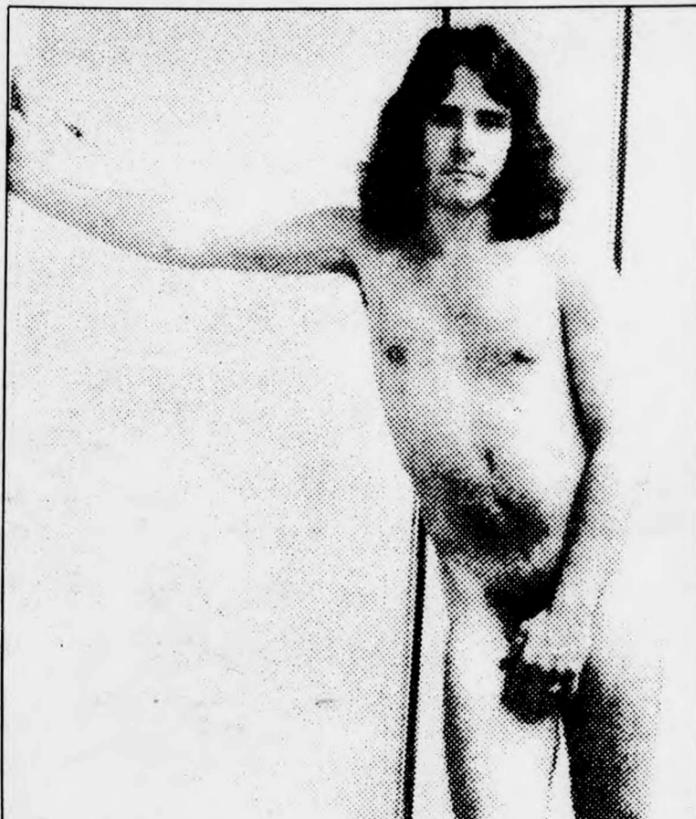
Together. Twinkles and smiles. She plants a kiss on him.

Heat. She puts her hand down his shirt to see if he's a man. He keeps moaning 'no'.

Bed. Not necessarily. But this is where the girl gets the upper hand because most guys can't say 'stop'.

Because this will be relatively new to most girls, you may need a few good lines to get his clothes off. Remember. He's a sex object. Ask to see his circumcision. Or tell him he needs a sperm count. The possibilities are endless.

All this may sound ridiculous, but I assure you the problem is real. If girls are going to lose their sex object stigma they must take the offensive and make guys the sex objects.



PETER HSU

1974 Excalibur columnist/poster boy Ralph Ashford puts his money where his mouth is. Ashford, while not covering Miss Canada pageants, used his unique talents and charms to entertain Excalibur readers.

It may be only one facet of sexual equality, but if you wish to equalize the sexes, then it's as good a project as any.

November 21, 1974

Ralph Ashford was a weekly humour columnist for Excalibur towards the end of its first decade. In a recent telephone interview, the demure Mr. Ashford revealed that he will attend the 20th anniversary bash fully clothed. Sorry, girls!

## Forget the warts—remember the new sex

During the year Excalibur has often had occasion to be more than just a newspaper.

Staff members have by turns adopted the roles of ombudsman, sob-sister, sounding board and information officer. The newsroom phone lines have, for example, been virtually ablaze all year with queries from Downsview housewife-secretaries about the going rate for typing essays. (The rate is currently 50 cents per double-spaced page.)

Among the many uncommon things that have happened to us on our way to the printer's this year are the following:

Bernard Birman, a member of CYSF and a perennial candidate for CYSF President, made frequent sorties into the Excalibur office to enquire if anyone knew anything about "you know, Scalibur, that newspaper thing."

A young woman made several phone-calls during a week-long period to complain about the quality of the air on the ninth floor of the Ross building.

"President Macdonald's office smells like someone is dying in it," she said. The woman went on to warn of an outbreak of planter's warts in the gymnasium.

Just this week, a harried young man rushed into the newsroom and asked for the sports editor. Upon learning that the sports editor was not in, the man left the room only to reappear several seconds later with a pair of jeans clutched in one hand.

"Give him these," he panted, and left.

On another occasion, a determined young woman stormed into the office demanding that Excalibur rally support for the Canadian beaver.

"The Americans are taking over everything," she declared. "The beaver is going to go down the drain like everything else in this country!"

Short of a predictably abortive phone-call to Pierre Trudeau's

office, Excalibur soft-pedalled the issue. Let Barbara Frum worry about the beavers, we reasoned.

In a recent issue, Excalibur disguised a staff ad with a phony account of the discovery of a "new sex". Shortly after the issue hit the stands, we received a call from a professional gentleman.

"What is this new sex, please?" he wanted to know. You can fool some of the people all of the time.

Our second most popular feature of the year was probably the two bushels of "Why not" buttons which were dropped off at the office to promote International Women's Year. The buttons, several thousand of them, were snapped up by eager women and men within a couple of hours after we put them on display in the staff lounge.

We had to refer people to the Obiter Dicta office in Osgoode for days afterward, as demand for the



Feelings of Canadian nationalism ran high as New York considered making the beaver its state animal.

## Excalibur Interview with President H. Ronald Macdonald

By MICHAEL HOLLETT

The York University bored of governors announced this week the surprise appointment of a new president of the university. The bored appointed H. Ronald Macdonald to take over as chief administrator of York.

Macdonald was formerly the head caterer to Ontario Premier, Swill Davis.

Excalibur spoke with Macdonald Tuesday in his styrofoam furnished ninth floor office.

**EXCALIBURGER—We may as well start by discussing the body that selected you as the new president, the bored of governors of York. Do you see the bored as the power of the university?**

**MACDONALD—**I wouldn't say they are the power. Many people in this university have areas of authority and responsibility. It just so

happens that the bored can veto absolutely any decision made by anybody about anything on this campus but I wouldn't say they have any real power.

**EXCALIBURGER—Would you say the bored is a democratic body?**

**MACDONALD—**Sure. I was elected president for example.

**EXCALIBURGER—Would you say yours was a fair election, considering the fact that the only other candidate was a box of french fries?**

**MADONALD—**The best man won.

**EXCALIBURGER—What justification is there for the bored holding all their meetings in secret?**

**MACDONALD—**If the meetings were open people might attend and hear things they didn't like. People might come to meetings and decide

buttons thrived long after our supply had ended.

Our most popular feature of the year was the Save the Whale poster displayed in the lounge window, fronting on Central Square. The office was inundated all fall with requests for copies which, unfortunately, we were unable to provide.

After the poster disappeared one night (under mysterious circumstances), we received a multitude of complaints about its absence.

One weekday morning during the winter, an obviously distraught young man strode resolutely into the office waving what appeared to be a morsel of farmer's sausage skewered on the prongs of a fork.

"You call this a farmer's sausage?" he demanded, with almost maniacal intensity. "I don't call this a farmer's sausage."

Apparently, the offending sausage had too much, or too little, grain in

it. It was the last straw in another man's fight to keep mind, body and Versa Food together.

The photo of a Versa Food pie complete with complementary insects which we ran on the front page several issues ago was the result of a tip provided by two nauseous students who groped their way into the newsroom and managed to spill their stoma . . . sorry . . . story before collapsing, in disgust, on the floor.

And our list would not be complete without a brief mention of York's official calligrapher (he does the printing on all York degrees), Georges Steffen. He warmed our hearts and cooled our typewriter keys with story after story after story after . . .

April 3, 1975

they don't like the decisions the bored makes so it's better we don't let anyone in, then no one complains.

**EXCALIBURGER—Really?**

**MACDONALD—**Uh, no. Only kidding. Actually there is no reason for anyone to attend the meetings because nothing that important happens at them. If anything important did happen, you can be sure we would tell everybody. Anyway, now we do publish double-decker, pre-screened neo-confidential minutes of the meetings.

**EXCALIBURGER—What do you think of the recently announced \$100 tuition fee increase for next year?**

**MACDONALD—**It's totally unnecessary. The problem is, and I've talked with Swill about this, the Ontario University system is inefficient. I came up against this same problem in the burger business and we handled it easily. When you maxim-

ize efficiency you can cut costs, make profits and still turn out a reasonably good product. There's no reason tuition fees should be in the hundreds of dollars and there is definitely no reason it should take three to four years to get a BA. If I had my way we would be turning people out with degrees every four weeks.

**EXCALIBURGER—How?**

**MACDONALD—**Simple. Let's say you're a student and you want to enrol in the September semester. The first thing you would do is show up at the university and pick up a big styrofoam box full of all the books you would need for your courses. This would eliminate the expense of the bookstore and cut down on the number of staff.

You would also get another styrofoam box full of course materials, essay topics, tests and so on.

Students would then take the stuff home and periodically show up to

continued on page 16

# A whole education—just \$19.95 Secretary files grievance against bookstore boss

continued from page 15

stuff their essays and tests into big boxes with happy faces on them in Central Square.

As I said the whole course of study would take about four weeks to finish. Students would get really nice degrees at the end of it all. I know a guy who could print them up for cheap. Anyway, the whole thing would cost about \$19.95. You'll get change back from a twenty. Poorer kids could get discount coupons or something from the government. We'd be graduating them faster than you can fry an egg.

**EXCALIBURGER—What do you think of the college system at York?**

**MACDONALD—**It's got some potential. I especially like McLaughlin College. It has inspired me to make some changes in the other colleges for next year.

**EXCALIBURGER—Like what?**

**MACDONALD—**Some name changes for example. The colleges will be called: McStong, McBethune, McFounders and so on.

**EXCALIBURGER—We have also heard you are planning on changing York's motto from "Tentanda Via" to something else. Is this true?**

**MACDONALD—**That's right. The new slogan will be "Tu-deservas a degree-as today."

**EXCALIBURGER—Tell me about the 'One Canada' conference?**

**MACDONALD—**Did you say 'One Canada' conference?

**EXCALIBURGER—That's right.**

**MACDONALD—**Jesus, that changes things. I thought it was the 'Bun Canada' conference. Christ, I'd made all these plans. I was gonna cater the thing, I thought I'd sell tons of burgers. I was going to make a killing.

**EXCALIBURGER—Do you follow student politics at York?**

**MACDONALD—**Let me put it this way, if the United Left Slate gets elected they'll probably change the name of the place to the Red Barn.

**EXCALIBURGER—What does the initial 'H' in your name stand for?**

**MACDONALD—**Hamburger, of course.

April 7, 1977



## Flintstones on the mythopoeic wheel

By PROFESSOR PHYLLIS STEIN

I have no intention of retracing the steps taken by I.A. Elliott in his brilliant but overpriced *Myth and Metaphor: Fred and Barney—Adam and Noah* (Princeton, 1978), but rather shall concentrate on the inherent difficulties of so ephemeral an approach as Elliott's, and then look at possible alternatives to the puzzle *The Flintstones* present.

More than one critic has noted that Elliott borrowed heavily from the pioneering Hanna-Barbera scholar, the French pataphysicist Ubu Beau-Shitr, whose 1972 study *Les Flintstones: S-Z* went largely unrecognized on this continent until its translation in 1976 by University of Toronto Professor Emeritus Roland (1971), *His Boy Elroy* (1972), and *Daughter Judy* (1972) so influenced Elliott's long-time partner and ex-wife Oedipa Maas-Elliott.

*The Flintstones: S-Z* opted for a quasi-Frazerian view of *The Flintstones*, going so far as to suggest that what Hanna-Barbera had in mind was an attempt to demythologize our subconscious notions of prehistoric society, in particular, and overall patterns of technological advance and human adaptation to same, in general. The approach, needless to say, was an unpopular one, particularly among North American critics more familiar with interpretations such as this one from Gary Gerani's *Fantastic Television*:

Adapting modern technology in a prehistoric setting was a gimmick that eventually wore thin, but the characters never did. (174)

The idea that the universe was man-centred and man-directed was itself the very core of Hanna-Barbera criticism at the time. With Roland's translation came the beginning of a new appreciation, one which shattered the very foundations of early Barberism, and led an otherwise recalcitrant Enos Cabell to write, prior to his trade to the Mariners, "We doubt not but that *The Flintstones* wanted one final season to

destroy our long established mits." And while, on the surface, Beau-Shitr, and later Elliott, seem to have got hold of the crux of the matter of *The Flintstones*, we must ask ourselves, along with Roy Batty, "Tyrell Corporation?" Hanna-Barbera, in short, must have had something else in mind.

If we think of Elliott's "Time out of time" and "Time past and time future" phraseology, we get an idea of how important such concepts become to any consideration of *The Flintstones*. Think in particular of the theme song:

Flintstones, meet the Flintstones, they're a modern stone age family, From the town of Bedrock, it's a place right out of history



I'M HUME? Coincidence or typo?

An obvious, if somewhat over-worked allusion to Elliott's conception of a time away from time, where action and suffering only will be understood, where peace will be had, where all will be still, where the boys are. The constant and consistent images of Fred and Barney running through domestic scenes of hell or

driving through crowded purgatorial streets with one or sometimes two background patterns repeating endlessly, points to such an interpretation.

If *The Flintstones* are on Elliott's wheel, moving cyclically to the middle, we must accept that theirs is not an attempt at demythologizing, but remythologizing: that is, the confirmation of past types, past stories, past patterns. Is, for example, the Grand Puba of the Royal Order of Water Buffalos a denial or affirmation of religion? Is Barney Fred's Shadow? If so, is the Great Gazoo his Oversoul? The often agitated set-toes between Fred and Wilma have an overwhelming resemblance to Freud's Id-Ego conflict, with Barney/Betty often serving as the arbitrator, Superego.

We would of course be remiss in ignoring a completely different and equally valid approach to this animated enigma. In the spirit of Jungian and eastern philosophies, critics like Enoch Bendley have completely rejected the dualistic approach of traditionalists in favor of a more profound paradoxical one. Though less utilitarian than others, Bendley's approach is eloquent and convincing. As he says in his conclusion to his masterwork *Yabba Dabba Tao* (1981):

Fred and Barney are, then, the quintessential paradox; Fred the dark sensual source of human passion, Barney the epitome of human reason and ethics. In Taosit Language they are Yin and Yang: together, the symbol of spiritual unity; apart, the shattered halves of a now chaotic whole. Who could ask for a better symbol of the twentieth century Western dilemma. Their dreams are our dreams; their failures, our dilemmas; their successes, our hopes.

Translated by Kevin Connolly and Jason Sherman

Oct. 25, 1984

By LYDIA PAWLENKO

A grievance against bookstore manager Rafael Barretto-Rivera has been filed by secretary Ingrid Degas following his request that she bring him coffee.

"I filed a grievance not only against getting coffee, but as a general protest against what appears to be a widespread practice at York—secretaries having to run personal errands for their bosses," said Degas.

She was aware of the clause in the new YUSA contract which states: "If an employee is required to perform any duties of a personal nature not connected with the approved operation of the university, he/she may file a grievance."

When Barretto-Rivera asked her to bring him coffee, Degas refused.

"To me this is work of a personal nature, I had a talk with him, and he suggested that I file a grievance with the union," Degas said.

Such duties as writing personal letters, handling service representatives and getting coffee, not to mention walking the dog, were not tabulated in her job description. After the new clause was added to the contract, Ingrid Degas felt there became a unique opportunity to do something about it.

"In the informal step, Mr. Barretto-Rivera said he was going to fight it all the way to the top. In effect he is saying that his secretary should

provide personal services. The union has also made it clear that we are going to fight," said YUSA president Lauma Avens.

The grievance has gone to the Director of Personnel Services D.J. Mitchell, and is now awaiting arbitration by the Ministry of Labour, a process that could take three to five months.

Lauma Avens explained that this is a "black and white issue" that has been brought up in YUSA for the past three years.

"Mitchell says that any order given by a boss is by definition an approved operation of the university," she noted.

Ms. Avens strongly objects to the expectations that secretaries are to fill a "mother role".

"Ingrid is the first to dispel this whole myth. It starts with the thing that women don't have to work. Attitudes towards secretaries need to change," she said.

Lauma Avens said that in terms of university cutbacks, secretaries already have too much work and shouldn't be expected to carry out extra duties on top of their specified jobs.

Bookstore director R. Barretto-Rivera refused to comment. "It is a personal matter that I am not prepared to discuss. It will be handled legally as it should be," he said.

January 25, 1979





# Dick & Jane and life in America

By ELLIOTT SHIFF

In today's hifalutin world of semiotics and post-structuralism it's encouraging to see a book that probes the depths of society without using words longer than two syllables. Marc Gallant's *Fun With Dick and Jane* consists of a series of 22 enlightening vignettes which bring Dick, Jane, and Sally into the '80s with a vengeance.

When we last left the trio they were North America's role models for young people growing up in the world of white picket fences and milkmen.

Dick, the hero of the family, is now an aspirin munching father, who helps his kids fly kites and drives the family around in a K-car. Jane is an up and coming divorcee who divides her time between the cuisinart and Amway. Sally, now living on the West Coast, is a twice divorced modern day Helen of Troy who has left the sleepy world of Dayton far behind.

Not all of the original characters have survived the last 20 years. Puff

the cat, grandfather, and Zeke, the man who was always raking leaves, are six feet under. Grandmother is still alive and kicking, living in a retirement home just outside of Dayton, where she spends the majority of her time bowling and leading tours to the Holy Land.

Gallant wears his influences on his sleeve as the short, punctual sentences are clearly Hemingwayesque in nature. Some scenes are only one page long with no more than three sentences to a page. A typical example is the return to the farm sequence. Taking a page out of Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again*, Dick hustles his family into the K-car to go search out their roots only to find that the farm has been transformed into a Pharmaceuticals factory. The pathos is clear. Heavy scenes of this nature however are cleverly balanced with lighter ones such as the scene where the newly

reincarnated Spot is taken for a walk, while Dick trails faithfully behind, Pooper-Scooper in hand.

In the confusing world of Macintosh computers and allusions to Mr. T, the story still preaches down-home values, as Dick's wife Susan brings their thirsty children some red kool-aid, something readers of all ages can relate to. It is timeless scenes such as this that will grant this book instant immortality.

While everything seems to be coming up roses for Dick, his sister Jane has had a significantly rougher ride down the turnpike of life. While she is not openly bitter about her failed marriage there is a distinct look of tension on Jane's face as she stands by the cuisinart, measuring-cup in hand. Her youngest daughter Jessica is already at the rebellious stage, dressing up as a punker complete with green hair.

Although the section devoted to

Jane generally drags it is important to stick through this part of the story in order to fully comprehend the social impact of this book. Despite the fact that she has been dealt a tough lot in life Jane still believes in the American dream. When Jane relates to Jessica how she sells Amway products it is downright inspirational. (I almost broke down crying at this point.)

The story picks up as the reader is whisked to the West Coast to be reunited with Sally. Sally is no longer the drooling baby crawling along the rug. In fact it is the reader who is moved to drooling as Sally is revealed as a hot-to-trot twice divorced sexpot, dressed in snug fitting leotards which she stretches to the limit in every conceivable direction.

The scene moves from aerobics to weight lifting but one thing remains constant—Sally has clearly been around the track a few times, in every sense of the term. Sally however is not all cheesecake, as Gallant once again dips into the well of allusion, blatantly characterizing her along the lines of Diotima of Mantinea, Plato's daemon in *The Symposium*. This heavy handed plagiarism is acceptable only for the simple reason that it allows the plot to take a somewhat bizarre turn. Jane's daughters, who are visiting Sally, are encouraged to draw abstract paintings as opposed to the concrete "house" which they are used to constructing back home in Dayton.

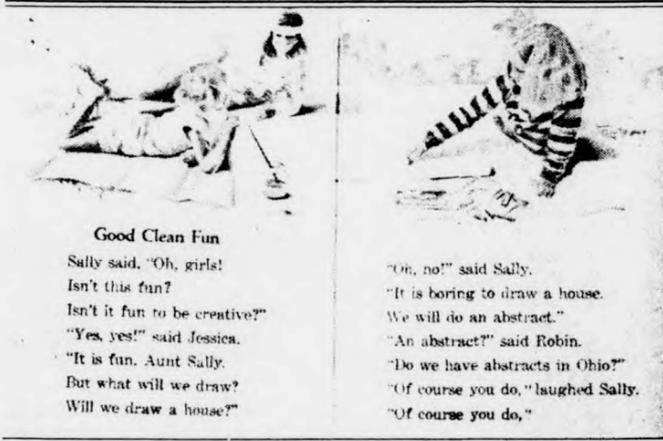
Alas, Sally is a well rounded woman, and following her enlightening drawing session with the girls she slips into a bare back dress for one of

her suitors, a slick dude named Craig, who brings her a flowering cactus. Craig is unabashedly straight forward, evoking every tiresome compliment imaginable Sally's way. He even cries out, "You are such a gourmet." Fortunately Gallant uses better judgment, sparing the reader the inevitable closing page of this scene where the unrequited Craig limps back to his car after a frustrating evening at Sally's.

Although the story ends rather abruptly, the reader is left with a distinct "feel good" attitude. The unfortunate Craig is left behind quickly as the scene switches to Sally's party, a mixture of networking and fun. For those who criticized the early Dick and Jane books because of the lack of racial representation, your fears will be assuaged. At Sally's party we meet Winston, Sally's black broker, Hisako, her oriental friend from EST, and Daryl, her dandified accountant who glances knowingly at young girls. In two pages, Gallant has made up for 50 years of white middle-class stereotypes, while creating new ones almost instantly.

While one may feel suddenly cut off at the end of the story it certainly leaves an open option for future adventures of Dick, Jane and Sally. Perhaps next time we meet up with them it will be Dick and Jane in Space. But until then treasure your copy of *More Fun With Dick and Jane*. It will rest comfortably in your bookcase next to Sartre and Tolstoy.

March 6, 1986



### Good Clean Fun

Sally said, "Oh, girls! Isn't this fun? Isn't it fun to be creative?"  
"Yes, yes!" said Jessica.  
"It is fun. Aunt Sally. But what will we draw? Will we draw a house?"

"Oh, no!" said Sally.  
"It is boring to draw a house. We will do an abstract."  
"An abstract?" said Robin.  
"Do we have abstracts in Ohio?"  
"Of course you do," laughed Sally.  
"Of course you do."

## Pizzagate: Excal hacks uncover mock mozzarella

Resident prince of verbosity R.D. Macpherson and trusty sidekick Gary Blakeley recently made a horrifying discovery in the newly-decorated Winters Dining Hall. So sit down, and if you have a weak stomach . . . beware!

"Although you're grievin' don't think of leavin'. Now that I've got you by my side."

Some rumblings, a basic urge, and the stomach signals its readiness for a slice or two of Winters pizza. Blakeley and I would honor that call willingly, and Winters would always satisfy. Whether one chose the Deluxe or the Vegetarian slice, one was in for a veritable plethora of tastes, textures and toppings. With such anticipation, Blakeley and I made our weekly pilgrimage to pizza

mecca on the first Tuesday of the new term.

Those fresh, lovely hand-made shells (or crusts) were gone. Before us was a machine-made, pre-fabricated, once-frozen hollow reminder of the past glory of the Winters Pizza. The toppings, once garden-fresh, and present in extravagant proportions, were distinctly born of cans and were applied with an unprecedented parsimony. The result? A noticeably depreciated and, in fact, unsatisfactory product. In a few short weeks, Winters' only reason for existing, the very epicurean rock upon which the foundations of the college had been laid, had disappeared.

What heralded the change, the digression, this trend away from fresh to frozen and canned? Blakeley and I wanted the facts before we began drawing conclusions.

First, we sought to corroborate our findings; we surveyed other diners informally and found a consensus of dissatisfaction. One sagacious consumer—who wished to remain unidentified, for she was going to continue ordering the pizza irrespective of its decline and feared "selective-slice retaliation"—illuminated us to the fact that the digression had coincided with a redecoration of the cafeteria. Indeed, new ambient lighting had been surreptitiously installed over the Xmas break.

Simultaneously, the very aesthetic appeal of the pizza-making process had been withdrawn. We were short-changed as the cafeteria withdrew the felicitous performance of dough-kneading, and through cleverly-designed visual barriers, had rendered secret the topping ceremony. The consumer is presently fully alienated from the process: s/he might, if lucky, view only the finished raw product being popped from its packing crate into the oven. What the new counter is, in actuality, hiding is the absence of Pizza's traditional labour-intensive base. With Winters' reluctance to

disclose to the public their contra-humanistic, machine-fabricated product, we might infer thusly that a sense of shame has been felt at the managerial level. No; a measure so pervasive and unethical as this one perpetrated by Winters cannot be solely an economic one, one which could be flimsily concealed by low lights and new staff and justified only by the final balance sheet: there is a larger principle at work here.

Winters cafeteria has saliently shifted to the political right. In an appeal to the changed consumer face at York, it has sought to match the different political/economic ideologies of the customer. The new right

at York, burgeoning and evidenced by the growing popularity of Ayn Rand, are being given the clarion call by Winters. These people appreciate the means over the end. These people prefer the idea of Pizza over its taste, gladly surrendering the old cooperatively-made pizza for the new, mechanized, individual-run pizza parlor.

As disparate as these factors may seem, Blakeley and I could only conclude collusion. Given the continuation of the present pizza-making infrastructure, things will not likely improve. Ayn Rand munches on a McCain frozen pizza and smiles a rare smile.



Ladies warmly welcomed  
at  
Toronto-Dominion.

October 3, 1968

Glendon Campus Branch  
Toronto-Dominion Bank  
Open Tuesday & Friday

York Campus Branch  
Toronto-Dominion Bank  
Normal Banking hours

# Cosmicalibur

Vol. 6.02x10<sup>27</sup> No. 27

The Pan-Galactic Newspaper

Akron Theta-7

## WORLD ENDS: BILLIONS HOMELESS

By FRANKLIN SIFTON

In one of the most savage im-molations seen in centuries, the world exploded today at 11:03 sidereal time.

Billions were injured.

"I never even saw it happen," sobbed Theresa Cribbins, a schoolteacher in Fenlon Falls, Ontario, "although I peeked a bit through my fingers."

Hellfire and flame ravaged the planet Earth, leaving behind billions of frightened, homeless humans. Most of the population perished in the holocaust, many seriously.

No toads were affected.

The end of the world follows a number of similar blasts throughout the universe. The planet Pluto imploded last week, sucking thousands of cosmic shards into its core; several molecules escaped to Neptune, infecting it with an alien virus which caused all life on the planet to wither and decay.

"It hasn't been a good week," admitted the Lord yesterday. "I've been run ragged trying to keep up with the destruction. Only last night I was sitting up with a sick Saturn."

That planet had contracted an unfortunate case of ringwort, and is recuperating in another galaxy.

While the armageddon enveloped the earth, hundreds of political leaders converged on Baffin Island to discuss the havoc. Before a decision could be reached, however, the island sunk.

No toads are believed to have been involved in the incident.

The precise nature of the end of the world was at first only suspected by the majority of the terrestrial newspapers.

In Toronto, the Globe and Mail carried a banner headline reading "Holocaust may be skeleton in Tory closet", while the Star's headline



Timo photos

ran. "Metro rocked by explosions: girl, 12, injured."

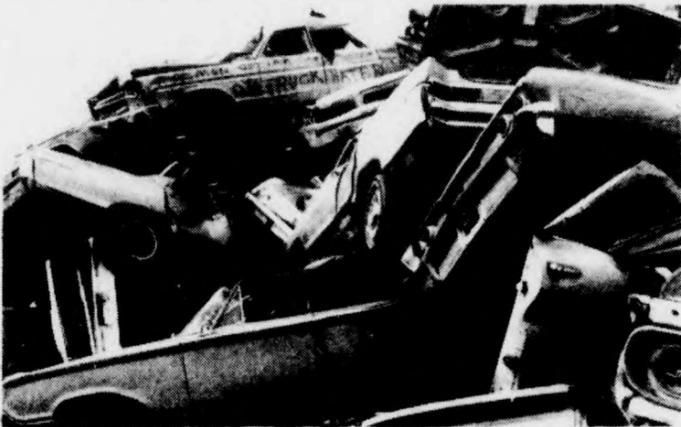
The Toronto Sun completely remade its front page with pictures of local disasters, but decided to save the colour shots for the Sunday paper.

"There's nothing like the end of the world to boost circulation," said

the Sun's publisher.

Across the world, citizens fearing an imminent snuffing of their lives prayed vigorously to their respective gods.

"I promised them only that I wouldn't send any more floods," the Lord laughed. "I didn't say anything about spontaneous combustion."



As the world ends, hundreds of drivers decide simultaneously to pull off the road and mull the situation over. Before the Big Heat swept away the firmament, the ensuing gaggle of cars was purchased by the Museum of Modern Art.

### Wrenching nostalgia deluges eye-witness

While other papers scrambled to publish garbled wire service reports of the planet Earth's recent demise, *Cosmicalibur* quickly dispatched its seasoned pundit and newshawk, Nat Hawthorne, to the scene of the accident.

He files this first-hand, eye-witness account:

As the sun, scarcely recognizable in its blazing nova form, burst across the horizon, I could hear the final throbbing notes of what could only be the horn of Gabriel.

The end had come.

Forced to shield my eyes in the radiant light, I peered out to see an earth barely recognizable. Parched soil, smoldering flames; off in the distance, dragons began to rear their jagged heads as swirls of lava filled the hollow valleys which, only yesterday, had been lakes.

Slowly, methodically, the dragons set about consuming the barren earth.

The last traces of the atmosphere disappeared hours ago, and yet, there was a darkening in the western sky. Off in the distance, there was a sound. Faint at first — so faint I could barely hear it.

Before long, I could hear voices. Human voices. Straining my eyes, I could just make out a procession of darkly clad figures advancing slowly in my direction.

The heat was almost unbearable, and yet a shiver ran up my spine. The agonized moans of the company reached a wailing crescendo as they

passed by me, not a dozen feet away.

The day of judgment was at hand.

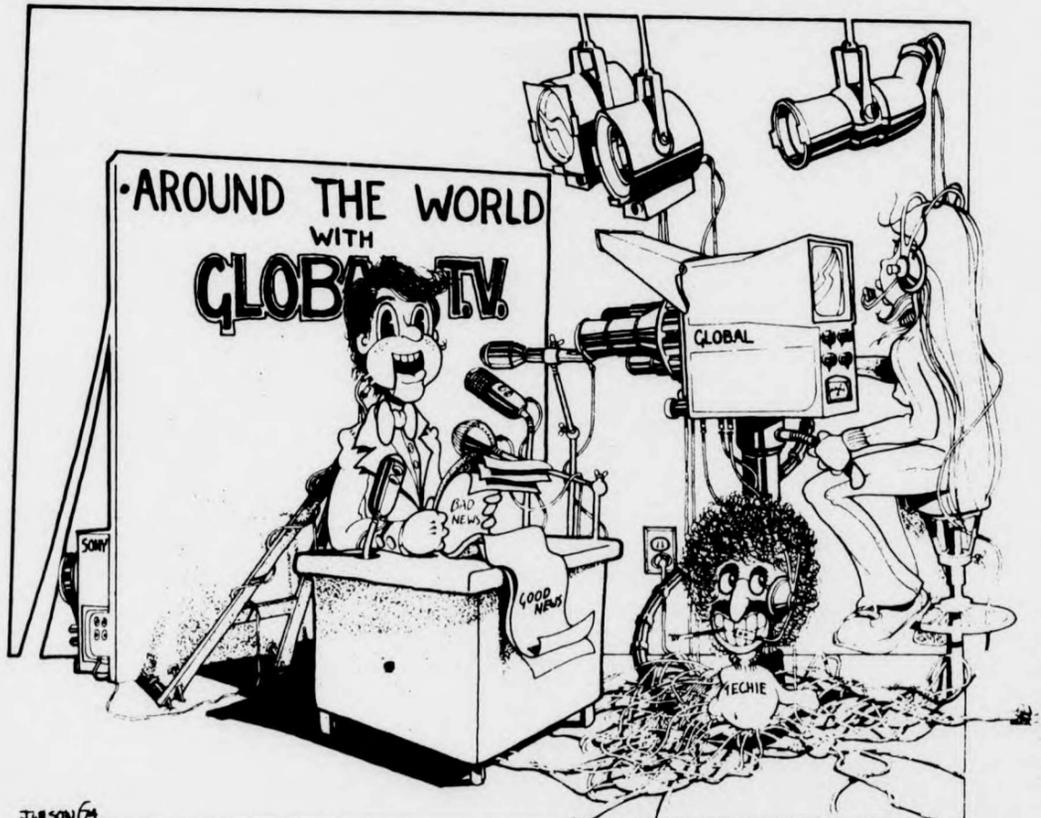
Suddenly, with a fearsome quaking, the earth opened up before my very eyes and swallowed them all. For a moment there was no sound, save the gnashing of teeth.

And as quickly, the rift closed. Soon, from an empty sky, rain began to fall. In torrents.

C'est la guerre.



One politician recommends that people try to sleep in their refrigerators during the fiery onslaught. There is a run on frozen daiquiris, iced lollies and chilled Dubonnet.



As fires sweep the earth, television networks report news of the inferno, pausing only for commercial breaks. (Fried chicken and baked Alaska score a big hit.) Charcoal-broiled homes make a come-

back, followed by charcoal-broiled home-owners. In the late news, the sun is eclipsed by a great horned furry thing, and doesn't return. Some citizens express surprise.



Since few people know that tires exhale oxygen, colonies of toads live safely and undetected in abandoned junkyards such as this one.

April 3, 1975

# U of T/York rivalry at heart of college hockey

By Mel D. Broitman

*"If you've never seen a college hockey game or known the excitement of a good hard-nose, fast-skating match you should have been at the York-Toronto final... Varsity Arena held a loud, bursting enormously competitive crowd that would have taken the roof off if possible." (Roger Hudson/Peter Woods, Excalibur March 13, 1972)*

*"The hockey season is over for the Yeomen; but their spirit lives on. As Varsity Blues' captain Dave McDowall was receiving the Queen's Cup at centre ice, after taking the OUA A final 6-2, the deafening chant of 'YEOMEN, YEOMEN' drowned out the presentation." (Phil Cranely, Excalibur March 13, 1972)*

Old dreams may die a hard death, but new dreams are always born. When York lost its first ever Ontario University Athletic Association (OUAA) hockey championship to the University of Toronto Varsity Blues back on March, 1972, it was a bitter defeat. But as *Excalibur* writer Phil Cranely so correctly pointed out fourteen years ago, "for the Yeomen, the spirit lives on."

The York and University of Toronto men's ice hockey rivalry is one of the greatest in the history of Canadian college sport. Games between the two schools have continually placed hockey on the highest plane of competition. The rivalry between the two clubs has become synonymous with excellence in athletics, ferocious intensity and a dramatic tension that has often times driven the supporters of the two teams into a frenzy.

The roots of York hockey have very humble beginnings. While the University of Toronto was building a dynasty that would claim seven national championships in an eight year period beginning in 1965, the Yeomen hockey tradition was slowly evolving in the great outdoors. York hockey first began as a club in an open-air rink at Glendon College. York's first hockey coach, Bill Purcell, had his team practice and play in freezing temperatures and on snowy evenings.

Although both schools enjoyed enormous success in the 1960's, they competed at distinctly different levels. The University of Toronto was a major force in the Ontario-Quebec Athletic Association (O-QAA) the forerunner to the OUAA and the finest athletic conference in the country. York on the other hand, joined the Ontario Inter-University Athletic Association (OIAA) in 1961, a league designed for competition among the newer and smaller Ontario universities.

Both Toronto and York were the class of their respective leagues. York however, never came close to achieving the notoriety of the legendary Varsity Blues. For the Yeomen it was always an uphill battle, with the Blues standing all alone at the top of the heap.

The two schools did nevertheless engage in exhibition games, with December 9, 1968 marking a historic occasion in the annals of Yeomen hockey. York defeated their cross-town rivals 3-2 at the then relatively 'new' Ice Palace. Right from the outset a friction between the two teams developed as the Blues would not allow the Yeomen to bask in their glory. Paul Carson, Sports Information Director for the University of Toronto, recalls those early confrontations. "York won a couple of exhibition games, partly because our people didn't take it too seriously. We would take it as training camp and play borderline people."

Regardless, a true sporting rivalry was evolving. Two years later and again in December, the Yeomen and Blues exploded their battle into the public eye. Maple Leaf Gardens played host to the first ever Hockey Canada Tournament, and the Yeomen and Blues treated over six thousand fans to one of the greatest Canadian college games ever played. In the tournament semi-final, York outlasted Toronto 2-0. A scoreless tie was broken with less than five minutes remaining in the third period, when York forward Murray Stroud poked a rebound home as he was falling to the ice. That goal established the York/U of T hockey rivalry for all time. "That game at the Gardens put York on the map," says Bill Purcell, who was then coach of the Yeomen.

Once again an air of bitterness permeated York's victory, as in the tourney York used players that were yet ineligible for regular league play.

It was not until 1971, when York and Toronto would finally play for keeps. A new league, the OUAA, was formed involving schools only from Ontario. York joined and immediately became the main challenger to the perennial national and provincial champions, the Varsity Blues.



**A FIGHT?** No, Murray Stroud (under the pile) was mobbed by his teammates after scoring the winning goal in York's 2-0 victory in the Hockey Canada tournament in January of 1971.

That first (OUAA) York team sported nine law students from Osgoode who were eligible because no 'transfer' rule existed. As a result, Murray Stroud, Steve Latinovich, Bill Holden and others, allowed York coach Bill Purcell to immediately ice one of the finest teams in Canada.

"At that time every regular season game was a sell-out," Carson says. "For the playoff games, the arena was full half an hour before the game started."

York's first loss in the 1972 OUAA final began a series of frustrations at the hands of the Blues. In 1973 the new York coach, Dave Chambers, enjoyed great success except for the playoffs. From 1973 to 1977, York finished the regular season in first place twice, along with a pair of seconds and a third place finish. The Yeomen reached three OUAA finals only to lose every time by a single goal. Twice York were the victims of the University of Toronto Varsity Blues.

The culmination of Dave Chambers' five years at the helm of the Yeomen came in 1976-77. The Yeomen ran away with the league only to once again have to overcome one final hurdle—the Varsity Blues. "In those days the OUAA final was sudden-death and always

played in their (U of T) rink," Chambers recalls. "In 1976-77 we were first by about eight points last time in their building." York lost 3-2.

The 1976-77 final is known as 'The 3-2 Game' to all those who witnessed it. "Most people say that 'the 3-2 game' is one of the best hockey games they ever saw in their lives," Chamber says. "It was just a classic and the most memorable because it was sudden-death for the OUAA championship." It was especially frustrating for Chambers and his Yeomen because they were a far superior team. "The '3-2 year' York definitely had the better team on paper," Carson said. "Blues' coach Tom Watt always regarded that championship as one of his major coaching victories."

Of course Varsity Arena has never been a favourite place for York teams. According to York's first coach Bill Purcell, "U of T (Varsity Arena) was always a tough place to play in. They always found a referee to lean towards them. I can honestly say that, because I coached there. It was a very intimidating arena."

The '3-2 game' marked the end of Dave Chambers' first tenure as York's coach. It was not until he returned eight years later that the

Yeomen enjoyed any real success and met the Blues again in the playoffs.

In the meantime, seven years and five coaches left York's hockey program at an all time low. The Yeomen actually missed the playoffs entirely on two occasions and never beat the Blues in a regular season encounter. The rivalry appeared to be dying; it still takes two to tango.

In 1984, not only did Dave Chambers return to York, but Tom Watt resurfaced as head coach of the Varsity Blues. The Blues were defending national champions and the rivalry was ready to be born again.

If there were any questions about Dave Chambers' house-cleaning at York (19 new Yeomen), the critics were silenced on November 21, 1984. The Yeomen blasted Toronto 7-2 right in Varsity arena to capture the Sesqui Cup, emblematic of college hockey supremacy in Toronto.

Right from the beginning it was fate that Chambers and Watt would meet again in the playoffs. Memories of the three game semi-final series in 1984 will always be cherished by York hockey fans. The Yeomen finally shed their traditional burden and for the first time beat the Blues in a playoff game. York opened the series with a solid 5-3 win again at Varsity Arena. Game Two provided the counter-punch for nearly twenty years of frustration. York swept the Blues in two straight with an incredibly dramatic 4-3 victory in sudden-death overtime. Adam Parson's goal at 2:37 of the first extra period christened a new era in York/U of T athletics.

The Yeomen eventually rode the momentum from their conquest of the Blues right through to the national championship game. Fittingly, it was in Varsity Arena, where York would down Alberta 3-2 and claim their first ever national championship.

Last year the Yeomen and Blues met again in the OUAA semi-finals. The series marked the return of college hockey to the limelight in Toronto. With all three games decided by one goal, and two in overtime, the playoff encounter captured the imagination of hockey enthusiasts at both schools.

As has been the history between the two teams, the telling blow came at Varsity Arena. In front of a near capacity crowd, the Yeomen prevailed 2-1 in another classic match-up. "Last year was very much a Toronto/York series in reverse. It was exactly opposite to the series of the 1970's," Carson says. More importantly as Chambers says, "We are back to where the rivalry was expected to be. It is one of the great ones in all of college sport."

The calibre of Canadian college hockey has improved tremendously in the last few years. There is a trend among good young hockey players to seriously consider the University student/athlete experience. Even the pros are dipping into the Canadian college talent pool.

Riding the upswing are the Yeomen and the Varsity Blues. Their rivalry lies at the heart of Canadian college hockey.



**NATIONAL CHAMPIONS:** The York Yeomen win the University Cup downing the Alberta Golden Bears, 3-2, to claim their first ever national championship. The Yeomen beat the U of T Blues in the best of 3 OUAA semi-finals where each game was decided by one goal.

# THIS UNIVERSITY BELONGS TO THE STUDENT!

We need people who care about what's happening at our university.  
We need people who are probing and opinionated.  
We need people who give a damn about this university.  
We need people who think the system here at York is wrong and should be changed.  
We need people who think we're not getting a good education.  
We need people who feel the faculty is ignoring us.  
We need people who want administration changes.  
We want change.



# DIG IT