

Even more Less than Zero

By ANDREW CLARK

Performing Arts in Sacred and Profane Traditions: my head splits; Professor Bright talks to us about people eating live rats in Asia or somewhere. Kim hands me a few hits of acid. I take them. Even this doesn't help me understand Professor Bright. He calls it "theatre of rats," and I can't stop thinking of that; children coming of age, hitting puberty and capping it all off by wolfing down a few live rats. Kim starts to shake, he's a little bored I guess, so am I.

After class we go to the liquor store at Steeles Avenue and buy some gin. The guy behind the counter asks us if we're going to drink gin and tonics, and I stare at him, all I can think about are those poor 14-year-old girls in Holland biting the heads off rats.

"No, well yeah. No." Kim says to him.

"Well, what is it?" The guy behind the counter asks.

"What the fuck do you care, you pushy liquor store guy!" Kim screams.

It's Thursday.

Kim and I walk back to Founders. There's a traffic jam on Steeles Avenue and people are frowning in their cars. Kim has stopped shaking. The cars move by us slowly. I can feel the acid making sense of the rat thing in my brain. Kim looks at the cars, they roll by, Kim just stares blankly at them.

"Nice car." Kim says, still staring. "It's new. What you drinking? It's new. I think it's going to rain. Really. Yes I definitely think it's going to..."

Kim keeps on talking to the air, and staring out into the icy blue sea of cars streaming down Steeles Avenue, slowly. I spark up a joint and start to smoke it. I wonder who lives in that barn house with the BMW in front of it. Kim keeps staring and walking and talking.

"Who built the Ross Building? Who built the Ross Building? Who built the Ross Building?" he says.

"Isn't that the guy on the third floor?" I ask him.

We get to Founders in no time. Kim and I realize that we live in Vanier and we leave. Kim tells me that Founders was his first choice. We get to Vanier and head up to the room. We make some gin and tonics and smoke a joint.

I remember leaving home for the first time. No, the induction ceremony on top of me. . . No, I remember playing softball in grade eight after school in May. Doug is there. He hits it into the bushes at the edge of Dale Park



ATTACKING AN AGE-OLD PHALLACY: Yutaka Kobayashi, visiting student from Tokyo, constructs the granite sculpture that will be installed in McLaughlin College in September. Winner of the mural competition, Kobayashi takes no responsibility for the adjacent story. "It is related to me only geographically speaking," he said.

and runs the bases. Everyone looks sunny. It's warm and Doug laughs as he runs the bases. I haven't heard from Doug for three months. He went to U of T.

Eight pm. Kim throws up in the hallway. We're in this girl Rosalba's room, she's a "Poly Sci." student. She smiles and starts talking about a line up in the cafeteria. This guy Steve, with black hair, starts talking about the CYSF elections.

"I don't want to vote because I don't want to get a hole in my card," he tells everyone.

"I thought the CYSF was a religious group," one girl says.

"I wrote to a friend of mine at Guelph and told him that I was eating Beaver three times a day here," Steve brags. "Well, like it's great, cause it's not like a lie," he exclaims.

A song by Echo and the Bunnymen comes on. I don't know what it is. Kim's back by now, looking kind of grey and pale but all the same as he's a little happier now than he was during Bright's class.

I cut up a few lines and we do them.

A commuter student starts talking about university. She says, just like highschool, except you have to travel

farther and it's easier.

"I've got an essay on post modern realism due tomorrow," Kim says.

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Well, do you think you're going to do it?"

"Yeah."

I cut up a few lines and we do them. There is a naked girl on the bed now. Steve is talking to her about Marx or Groucho or someone.

I don't know them. Somebody calls on the hall phone and tells me that he's wearing nylons.

"How big are you?" he asks.

"bout five then," I tell him.

"I wanna suck your..."

"You wanna talk to Kim."

"Your..."

"I gotta run o.k.," I say hanging up the phone. Minutes later the phone rings again.

Rosalba's roommate has a pet called Moby. I notice it, and think of the young girls. Kim vomits in the cage. A bunch of people from the 5th floor come down and we do some mushrooms. One of the girls says: "Hi Mark." I don't know who these people are.

More Anna, Anna then some

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fifteen minutes before the flick ended.

When Anna started talking to a cockroach because nobody else would listen, I finally realized what all the cockroaches in my apartment are there for.

When Anna started talking to a cockroach because nobody else would listen, I finally realized how lucky I was to have so many cockroaches at home

Political statement in Anna is just brilliant

By JAMES FLAGAL

Wrinkled, aging, and quickly losing all powers of reason, Anna is an effective, symbolic portrayal of the decline of America. In 1945 United States was at the very centre of world affairs, especially because of its geographic isolation which protected it from the ravages of the Second World War. With its military and economic dominance intact, the US became the main architect of the international trading and

monetary system which the world would follow for almost the next three decades—the Bretton Woods System. So too stood Anna at the centre of the Czech film industry. Her supremacy was unchallengeable; her future of prominence seemed secure.

But then came the Soviet tanks, quelling the liberalism that pervaded Czechoslovakia in 1968, and Anna's career along with it. And as Anna watched the status quo crumble before the mighty hand of the Russians, so too did her life in the lime-light end. In 1972, President Nixon decided to go off the gold standard, a telling development of the precarious trading position which the US then faced. No longer could it afford to have a currency which was inflated above its counterparts, thus no longer could it live under the system that it built to encourage economic growth amongst its allies.

Yes, how generous Anna was by giving so much to the Czech serf which pleaded for her help. And how altruistic was the US with the Marshal Plan, plus many other programmes which helped these war-torn countries like West Germany

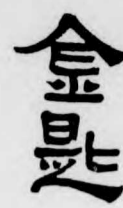
and Japan get back on the road to financial recovery again. And yet, it is these same states which challenge America's hegemonic power so effectively today. So, it wasn't such a surprise that Kristina left Anna to suffer alone and realize the stark reality she faced. Anna is only a microcosm of the power politics which characterizes our world; those states which you aid will inevitably abandon you and ignore your interests once their needs are fulfilled. In that, Anna is truly a brilliant political statement.

And last but not least...

Excal reviewer lusts for XXX hardcore porno

By VERONICA DAVENPORT

Movies are made by men for men, dammit!! Two gorgeous women. No gorgeous men. One tit (female of course). No male body parts to speak of. Well, men got their \$6.50 worth of tit. Meanwhile, we women got ripped off!!! Bigtime!!! That's all I have to say.



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