

TEN CENTS FOR SANITY

By Bruce Little

Longest time I stayed anywhere was Saskatoon. I liked it. Had a job with the city cleaning sewers. See we had cameras down there told us where a block-up was. Then we could go right to where the problem was. Spent most the time cleaning up cameras that got blocked-up. Got two bucks an hour which wasn't too bad cause that's ten cents more than the guy before. They had to let him go cause he was pretty crazy. Fellow said I wasn't and that was worth ten cents.

Always carried a mickey of rye in my hip-pocket. Had to. All kinds of shit down there. Cut your hands on razor-blades and stuff trying to clean out the cables for those cameras. Rats, by God, as big as police-dogs and twice as mean. A man had to fight for his lunch.

It wasn't all that dirty cause we wore slickers and hats, course if you caught a flush that made a terrible mess.

Member one night. Saturday it

was, me and couple of other fellows were working out in the suburbs. Got feeling pretty good around midnight, sitting around smoking and having a snort. And swoosh! This guy caught a load right on the head. Was he pissed-off! Ups the ladder and out the man-hole, says he'll straighten that shit-head out. Well, we sits down to wait. Seems like he wasn't coming back and wasn't coming back. So we decided let's go see whats going on.

Well we knew where to go cause it comes straight from the horses-ass, you know. Real nice house, by God, and she's all lite up. So we walks up to the door and gives a knock on the knocker.

This lady come and opened up. Looked kind of put-out so I asks if he's here. She invites us in right-away to the room where they're all sitting around. Big fire going in the fire-place and him sitting there with a glass of Black and White in his hand. Old fellow in his pajamas pulled up on a stool

looking up in his face apologetic like and keeping that tumbler right full. Asks us to sit down on that sofa he's on and us all shit. Well we look at him with the crap dripping off his hat just sitting there grinning and set ourselves down.

Well the family's all there by the looks of things. Coupla young ones rubbing their eyes and a coupla cute little chickie-pooes in their nities with their mouths hanging open.

The old fellow keeps saying he's sorry and he didn't mean it. I says, well if a fellow's got to shit he's got to shit. That didn't seem to make him feel no better. Kinda cringes and fills my glass, which ain't half empty. Goddamned if every time that word come up it wasn't worth half-a-pint. I kept saying, "Well back to work or the whole town be constipated."

Trying to make him feel good but I couldn't. Never seen a man so sorry about a shit. Said it happened pretty regular. Nothing

to worry about. Everybody does it. The chickie-pooes nod their pretty little heads when I steal a glance.

Couldn't talk reason to that man. He had to apologize no matter what a fellow could do. His girl gets up to the can, I reckon, and he hollers at her, "Can't you see we have company."

Well, I says, hoping to clear the air, "Reckon I could use a good crap myself," and heads for the can. Coming back I notice its four o'clock and we ain't done nothing so I say's, "Let's go boys."

Up we get and I kinda think, even though they didn't say so, it was high time we left. Them slickers get pretty raunchy if you don't hose them off and it was a pretty warm house.

All he can say on the way down the walk is "Weren't that the cutest ass you ever seen."

Now, from where I stand, they all look the same.

What About the Price of Beans? (an economist's night-mare)

By Bob Trecartin

Here I am again sitting through another one of these "guest lectures" on economics. How many has it been? This speaker like all the rest seems more intent on establishing his own particular point of view than "enlightening" us on economic theory in general. As his voice rises above a monotone all heads snap to attention in anticipation of receiving the "point" of the whole thing; alas it is nothing more than one more re-buttal of his colleagues theories. Pounding his fist on the podium his voice becomes one of self-righteous indignation, my colleagues constant referral to value of the marginal product in this instance is nothing short of exaggeration. What has that go to do with the price of beans? Suddenly there it was! What about the price of beans? Bowing my head in true Keynesian fashion [Being a neo-keynsian myself] I took the junior economists pledge to follow this grave issue through to

the bitter end.

Where better to start my investigation than within the economic department itself. Accordingly I took my case to a faculty member of no small significance in economic circles. [Who for obvious reasons however wished to remain anonymous]. Shuffling my papers in front of me, [to establish myself from the beginning as a serious inquirer] I began tell me sir, what are the present market conditions internationally for beans? That is a difficult question, however [breaking into a smile now] let us ASSUME there is an answer. Turning to his shelves he stated that "where better to look than at the economic reports of Brazil "Brilliant sir, truly brilliant I replied with not a quiver of a smile showing. Ha! he exclaimed here it is "net bean production for the fiscal year 73-74 is certainly down" frowning now he mused, I don't remember hearing that the climate in Brazil took a

turn for the worse. Au Contraire sir I replied, according to my preliminary studies the bean harvest was exceptional. Damn it man [Professors are a bit theatrical] where did they go then? Sir aren't you forgetting that I came here to ask YOU questions? Quite right he replied, well then we can only assume that the Brazilians finally got smart. Ha! the cunning devils he chuckled. You see son if the Brazilians destroyed a part of their bean production it is only to their advantage. Destroy some of your crop destroy in the process a great deal of the supply, assuming that the Brazilians assume that we assume that they assume demand will remain the same or possibly go higher there it is! A Higher price! Sir I exclaimed is that moral? Son [slapping his stomach] if you learn anything this year I hope its that in the world of economics nothing is moral.

Re-shuffling my papers [again to give me a feeling

of confidence] I asked in your opinion what steps can be taken to rectify this alarming situation. Again son that's a difficult question, if we assume that they assume that we assume we can't get along with out coffee for example I'd say that's a pretty safe assumption. [Without understanding why I began feeling light headed at this point] however I had to remember my pledge, Follow it through to the bitter end. Decrease our demand son, that's the only answer. For you see if they assume that we assume that we can bring down our demand then the cunning devils can assume that price must by the basic laws of supply and demand come down. The only other solution would be a trade embargo, but being a Neo-Keynsian [smiling with self satisfaction] myself I don't even want to consider the consequences. However I will give you some idea of what may transpire here. Firstly the price of

coffee will rise drastically [unless the above steps were taken] forcing the inflation index ever upward, secondly the resulting rise in price will force lay-offs in the coffee industry. [not to mention the bean bag industry] So you see son in a way they have us by the bean bag. Ha Ha very good sir I chuckled, say did you learn that one in graduate school? Actually no, I heard it... Never mind where I heard it!

Have you any other questions? Feeling like I wanted to leave I limited myself to one final question, wouldn't a government subsidy of the coffee and bean bag industry work sir? What are you, some kind of Pinko? You students subsidy subsidy subsidy that's all you can think of, damn it, say do I have you in any of my classes?

[next week: a sociologist's view of the effects of "a bean bag shortage" on our youth.]