

ing this, there were reports from marathon dancers of drunk SUB staffers shouting obscenities at dancers, fights breaking out, and overall "rowdiness." McCarney said he told them (the staffers) they could drink the beer outside the building, but not only is this illegal, but the idea of drinking beer in below-zero weather might have been unappealing to the staffers. Lojek's job would hang on whether the reports were confirmed and what actions were seen as.

The whole affair was senseless and completely avoidable.

day six . . .

Slightly after the marathon ended, it became apparent that Carnival was in financial trouble. Every event save for the independantly-organized Thomas Hauser lecture drew far less than had been expected and budgeted for. Sunday Night's "Residence Appreciation Night" featuring the movies "Rocky III" and "Time after Time" drew only fifty-eight people. Just forty tickets were sold for the King and Queen pageant, the Terry Hatty/Casino night attracted 231 people, and Tuesday night's International Carnival and Richman/Poorman dinner were cancelled because only two tickets were sold by Monday. It looked grim.

By Monday, McCarney was quite cheerful about the deficit, as if some weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "We're going to lose money," he told me, all smiles, "about three thousand." The movies on Sunday night slaughtered by the Super Bowl telecast had been booked months in advance and couldn't be shifted, said McCarney.

McCarney seemed as much at a loss as I was to account for the lack of participation in Carnival. "We had excellent promotion, a great committee, and we had good entertainment organized," he said. "I don't know what it is (the reason for low turnout)," he muttered, adding "Carnival's not a way to make money. It's for spirit."

day seven . . .

Fallow.

day eight . . .

Somehow, amid the opening throes of a serious booze debt panic, I managed to witness a large chunk of the Black & Gold Revue.

By ten after nine when I got there, the Gazette's (dis)owned(ed) Rusty & Dave were sorta presiding over a very well stage-managed show with only one act, as they say, "sucking out loud." The talent varied between accoustic singin' and pickin' and comedy stuff. There wasn't much "variety" other than that — a piano here, a juggler there, and a jazz band and a sleaze'n-roll band for amplified entertainment. It lacked the edge.

There just wasn't anyone at the talent show with the appropriate touch of the psychotic to make things vital. In his final (?) appearance, Johnny Strange impressed, especially with his credibly believable "Harry Houdini Escape Manacle." The only other serious fringe competition lay with John Knowles and his musical impressions. While still a hit-or-miss affair, brilliance

was evident in places, like a country version of *da, da, da* . . .

The musicians provided much pleasure on almost every account, with none really seeming incredibly better than the others, although Brina Tommey pleased me and the crowd by managing a mass "My ding-a-ling" without losing the beat on accoustic — which is no mean feat. Rusty's seeming favorites Randy & Ron pulled second place out by their R. James-promoted encore "Mr. Tanner." They seem a very Simon & Garfunkleable duo, and had the crowd rooting for them. Of course I missed the winning act, Blair Jarrod.

And what of the performance of that repressible duo, Rusty and Dave, as hosts? Well, this (large — the revue pulled a profit) crowd was a R&D crowd and the boys managed to pull off the affair in the spirit of their column. But heavy tsk tsk's are forthcoming for relying on reading past columns aloud for yuk attempts. Could not the world-famous rhyming couplet have thought up a few new semi-used ideas for their adoring admirers? Otherwise, the Ken Burke quote-of-the-week is "We're egomaniacs right now." — Rusty James, during the Revue. RIGHT NOW???

The most apparent animal present at the Black and Gold was the shadow of the beast — school spirit. Here were student-type people, scared shitless, willing to perform in front of mass numbers of people competing for a two hundred dollar prize. But the spirit didn't come from the stage — it came from the audience — it was just being there with a whole lotta people like yourself, having a good time and not being self-conscious about the deal.

But now is not the time for conclusions — there's a Super Sub Explosion (hoo boy) still to go.

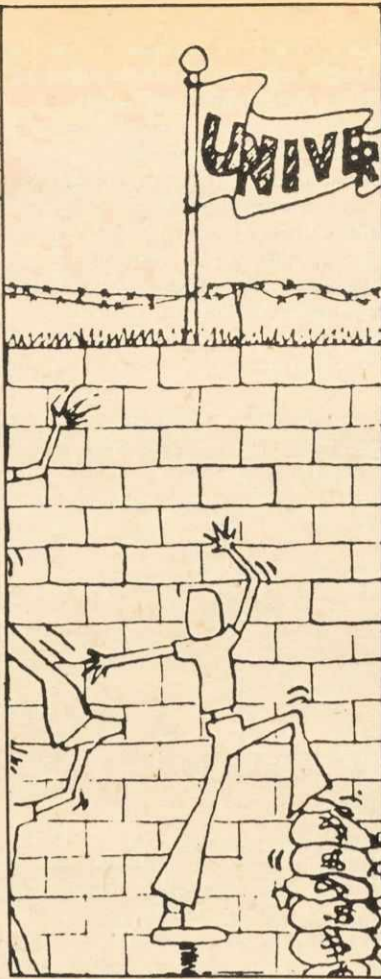
day nine . . .

As per most SUB extravaganza's the building was packed for the three-floor event, although it might even have ended up losing money. But it was a good time. So was Carnival, come to think of it — a good time even in its failures and terminal weird vibes.

The key I had always missed was that the crowd is as much the entertainment as what's up there on stage. During Bryan Adams' first set, I met a guy called "me" who wanted to be in the Gazette, plus large numbers of characters who noticed the oddity of a human walking through a SUB crush with a clipboard tucked in close and pen sticking wildly out of his mouth.

As I walked through the various acts and pushed my way to the stage front with Bryan Adams, I saw lots of the characters I had encountered over the week, even if I hadn't met them personally. The same SUB staff were still being undertipped, the same carnival people who spent all week freaking were finally relaxing, the dance marathon people were milling about, student politicians were stumping for office, and society people were partying once more. For the first time, I felt something in common with them — it was school spirit.

So what of the Explosion? It was




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