

ANTISTUDENT



15p

The continuing story of the ECT of everyday life on campus

The castle is proudly aesthetic
Erect and grand.
It spreads itself out with a complacent smile from copse to lawn.
And eases its posterior
emitting a gentle farting breeze
through the murmuring trees
to the rippling waters edge

The greenhouse guardians
soft spoken, consciously casual,
Tender intravenous feeders; sprinkled
over the Basil Spence watering can
of pure knowledge and reason.
We sit in a row and smile
with grateful petals upturned
we are still, but we still don't know, won't grow
chariman No went home to sleep it off.

Of course we are the one-percenters, we made it
deposited at the end of the escalator, stand on the
right, no prams and push-chairs
tickets PLEASE
Man, we got the ticket
 we got the train
But now we're on there ain't no
place to jump off
Always on the way to somewhere, but
somehow never quite making it.

I got the brainfactory blues...
This place has a god complex (white god)
I'm wearing myself down just
dragging round this concrete swamp-
trying to make it on time (for what)
The man is on the platform
The man writes on the blackboard
The seats are secured in rising rows
We too have a function (could it be?)
We absorb.
Pink nubile sullen
We soak up the dribbles.

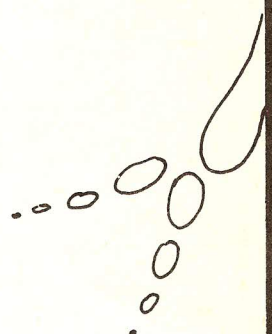
We are cradled in the hands of our Protectors Hallelujah
A prayer for ICI Amen
A prayer for Philips Amen
With grateful thanks to the Council of Europe and
the National Coal Board
and SPRU (Science Project Research Unit)
To you too.
The Dalek that feeds us
suffocates us.

Assessment is the only reality of the Filing cabinet

We compete for isolation
Biting our teeth
Every grade only says more about the space between us
And our willingness to prostitute
for the substitute.
Alone we are trapped

The solution comes just past the thin red line between the
I/nervous/cracking and the US/together/choosing/moving.

ECT = electro-convulsive (shock) therapy



End of the University (1)

