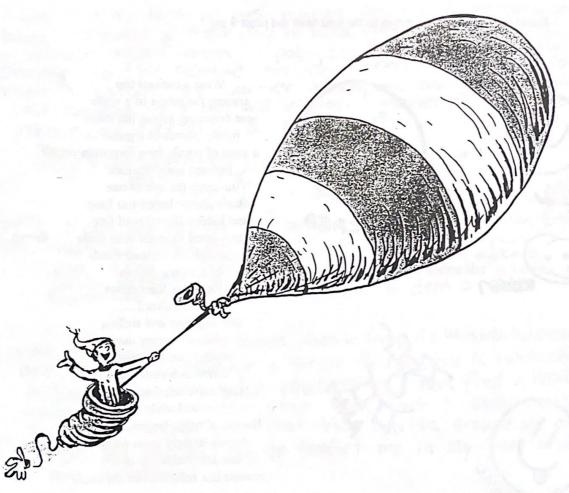
You'll be on your way up! You'll be seeing great sights! You'll join the high fliers who soar to high heights.







all 2000

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What a curious trip tracing the origin of a smile sent bouncing across the street by the chords of a guitar a song of youth, long forgotten perhaps a sudden turn to catch the eye of one whose glance lasted too long and hidden thoughts of fate are translated through their smile or through the clasped hands of a young couple as they pass themselves years ahead still together and smiling while the senior duo recalls what sometimes seems like vesterday they can't help but reflect and smile But the simplist beginning of all comes straight from within uncontrollable joy of life a smile is a reflection of the soul

by Rich Larson

" rich

attitude switch)

in a world which seems at times to be pared-over filty madness, i can Sometimes see the finy maple tree pushed through the crack in the shelter of a sidewalk.

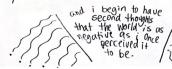
i can still reaffirm my sense of self by lying on the lush green grass under the warm sun and listening to the ward of an endless lake-sea crashing against the racks in a timeless rhythm. And I can see how many other people ascee with my belief that this should never, and will never, fade.

i can find my faith in basic human decency in the stranger who takes a second of their day to hold the door for me. I can feel it within myself when i a pologize for not giving my spare Charige to the Reople on the street, and even more strongly When I break my carrier of styness and give an apple i've just bought to a girl and her dag. I manel at how I feel such intense joy over such a small act.

i can spend all my time looking for fourleafed clovers, never find one, and still feel happy.

in can try to find the other side in every opinion for that the media portrays as one-sided, if gas prices inso, i can be hopeful that more people will make a switch to public transit, that the Bath will breathe a little easier and that i will never have to own a car.

even in my darkest moments, when it feels as though human beings are unable to produce a single thing that is worthwhile or lasting or has any value whatsoever, I can find a work of oit given life for no reason other than that a spirit was moved to create. I can see that the spirits around me are my friends, and that they help to comfort me in my spains and share in my squadness.





in the grey

Lindsay stays as far away from the greys as possible. I rest comfortably in the grey, uncomforted.

why does she keep her distance?

"Because you can't be spectacular in the grey... You can be good. or great, but you can't be spectacular..."

You can't keep everybody happy. stepping on everybody's toes, just a little. It doesn't work.

my toes, beaten and worn. tired from some careful stepping of their own.

sometimes, it's not okay anymore. sometimes, my toes are unbearably sore and tender. constant pressure makes them bruisy, woosy,

beaten blueish-grey. "why the fuck am I suffering in the grey?"

Lindsay scolds her friends, and her lovers: you can step on everybody's toes, mediocrely content. but I know you can be better than great.

it's okay if you don't want to be with me, but get off my toes!

be spectacular not grey.

green purple yellow black blue red



I love to practice playing the guitar.

The key of G sounds to me like perfection; it reminds me of

the way I feel when breathing crisp autumn air on a walk in the country.

I love my dogs, their

eyes are innocent, and they always love me back.

I love people, because I believe that they all

can be good.

I love Walt Whitman because his words transcend beauty, and because he tells me to "Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, to give alms to every one that asks," and to "stand up for the stupid and crazy."



Sometimes I am stupid and crazy.



Hove simple metaphors and simple happiness.

Sometimes I love the world so much that I can hardly believe it exists.

Sometimes I despise the world and its architects of pain and suffering.

Sometimes it seems as if the bad outweighs the good.

I'll never hate the earth.

But it doesn't.

I don't

Cara Spittal

understand hate



ever seen this might be the most subversive thing you've

IN DEFENSER CITY RAT

Rats have been vilified in history as carriers of the bubonic plague, they were catapulted by Genghis Khan over city walls in the early days of biological warfare, generally seen as filthy and base, rats do not have a place in our soap obsessed culture. Yet, what do we really know about the lifestyles of the common city rat?

Here, in the Ghetto, rats are commonplace amongst the piles of garbage and filth that we, ourselves, create as typical responsibility-free students. Living amongst his family and his peers, the common city rat moves from each pile of refuse in search of food, i. e. leftover pizza, chicken bones, poutine. They crowd into dark, moldy basements in search of warmth and shelter from the street cleaners, garbage trucks and sneaky rat-trap wielding landlords and students. Threatened with decapitation, massive spinal injuries and other rat-related pitfalls, the rat seeks refuge in the old couch on the porch, the box next to the washing machine or the mattress thrown out into the back yard last summer. Facing their own mortality and in need of escape from the reality of their stress-ridden lives, rats find comfort in the arms of other rats, procreating at an unbelievably rapid pace.

As students living in the Ghetto at Queen's who undoubtably have been exposed to Mister or Missus rat rummaging through their garbage or hobnobbing with yesterday's muffin crumbs on your kitchen floor, we tend to portray the rat as vermin, as no better than the garbage they eat. Yet many of the qualities of the common rat that we hold against him run parallel to the qualities of the average Ghetto inhabitant. In the common rat, we see the uncomfortable reality of our own lives

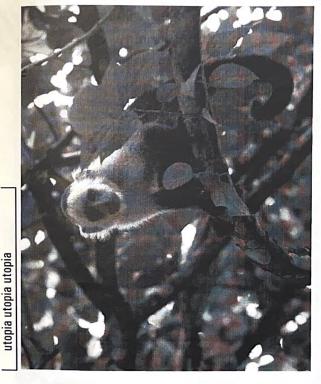
The common rat lives in and produces filth. While we place the rat at the bottom of the great chain of being, student produce the garbage rats rummage through, eat what would normally be described as garbage in the real world, scrounge for the very leftover pizza that rats crave, and ingest beer, fungi and other foreign substances that leave them lethargic, slothful and able to produce more garbage in the form of yomit.

Before we chastise the rat about the uncleanly conditions in which he lives, let us ponder the decrepit state of the Student Ghetto. Walking down University Ave., one can not help but notice the crumbling facades and the stench of decay that characterize our evil shantytown. And how different are Alfie's and The Brass from piles of garbage? Alfie's, a dark, dungy basement that was deemed unsuitable for storage, and the Brass, otherwise known as "That Hole", bear close resemblance to the social hot-spots of the common city rat.

After grocery shopping at the dismal A&P on Princess St., spending hours on end in the dark basements of Jeffrey or the elevator-sized seminar rooms of Watson Hall, and scurrying around campus in search of edible grub, the student, like the rat, often seeks the comfort in the arms of the first almost-suitable mate he or she can find. This process of stress relief or comfort-seeking is continued repeatedly throughout the daily life of the average student.

So you see, in the end, the average student is much like the city rat. Like any other natural creature, living in comfortably close society with others of its species, the rat seeks simply to live out its life the best way that it can. So next time you find rats in your basement, which you undoubtably will, don't throw an old shoe at them, or set traps to slaughter their loved ones. Don't judge them because of their precarious lifestyles, but attempt to understand them, embrace them if not with a hug -- because that would be disgusting -- with an understanding smile and a slice of cheese. We owe them at least that much. The End

By: Adam Ewing + Cara Spittal



URBANI GARDENING

Composting

- Use all veggie scraps, tea bags coffee grinds and egg shells
- Place into a dark coloured plastic bag and tie the top
- Place in a warm sunny area, as this speeds the decomposition process
 - Occasionally shake up the bag
- In two or three weeks you should have great compost for growing!
- For extra juicy compost in the fall when everyone throw out their precious leaves, mix the dry leaves with your soppy kitchen waste. The results are fantastic!

Balcony Gardens

Drought tolerant plants that will thrive on your balcony:

Sun: ANNUALS

PERENNIALS Coreopsis

Sunflowers Nasturtiums Marigolds

Sedum Most Herbs

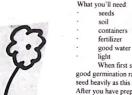
Most H

Shade: ANNUALS

PERENNIALS Hosta

Lobelia Impatiens Begonia

Lady's Mantle Gout Weed



Starting Seeds



When first starting out, choose plants that have a good germination rate (stated on the package). Do not seed heavily as this makes transplantation rather difficult. After you have prepared your seeds and are waiting for germination, place you's eed tray on top of the refrigerator. It is very warm there, and the heat aids in germination and rooting for cuttings.

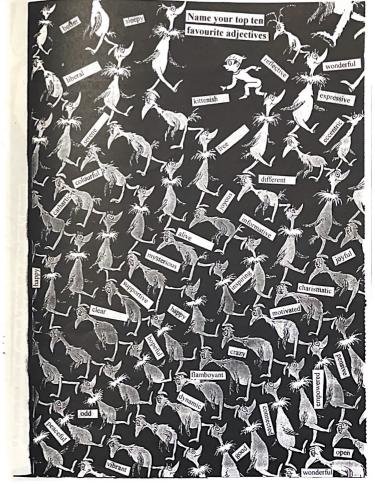
Once there is emergence through the soil, place the plants into direct light. If you do not have a nice large window with full sun, you may have to purchase full spectrum lights. Good light ensures that your plants will grow optimally.

Start most seeds six weeks before Victoria Day weekend. Organic seeds are available at Tara Natural Foods on Princess Street.



by Cara Spittal





BUBBLES, MONKEYS, AND CYBERNAUTIC DREAMS

in all Buttlibores

The same of the sa

THE PARTY AND TH

A SUN O (SO) (SO)

some point samebody somewhere will find a way to

cathode ray

sure the material body will hit the screen with will go through the looking glass,

but we

S new direction?

it's already here.

dive right through

that giant bubble we daily press our faces up against.

might see the pixelated nature of this new reality.

noise, the medium [is the message],

you can see the chaos, the static,

not only do you irradiate yourself, but you just

and if you get too close to the screen,

you don't have to look too hard to see the future

well, here i am. sitting in my bathtub, my body obscured by lemon-scented bubbles. the world outside this basin is a stressful one, so I take refuge. I could think about the fact that this article is due today and i've only just started. I could think about my exam this afternoon for which i am grossly under-prepared. I could think about my thinning savings account and the growing piles of overdue bills on my kitchen table. I could think about many things, but instead i sit here in warm water, listening to the sound of a ventilation fan and of my cat playing with a leaf she brought in from outside. Yet, the stress still churns inside my head, so i direct my thoughts elsewhere.

The first of the sol to sol to sol as shown on our retine. and it's been present since the big bang, 11's the background radiation of our universe

the bubbles, i look at the

growing, as the lather keeps foaming.

this planet is covered with six billion bubbles very much like me.

and each

bright eye shining back at me is a rainbow. thousands of them floating on the surface

and i hear their voices—a faint but constant crackle, like static or noise.

an oily swirl of infinite possibilities. pushing my way through air, floating on land

six billion and

of the water, their bright eyes shining back at

and each and i too

maybe you'll free up something else. switch directions again. of them. think of yourself as a monkey—maybe you already do, jump up, climb a tree,

having to control your body and maintain this collective halluchation called reality. have to hold and destroy, and as you go off to explore the new frontiers of technology, everything that you do with them, and yourlarge primate brain gives you the power to hairless ape, long out of the trees. and leaving the trees freed up your hands to do play with your food! think of Yourself as a primate, because really that's what you are. chaos that the patterns are pushed through. but if maybe your brain will become free from the chore of

Utopia Wopia utopia.

Is the human race supposed to be striving for utopia?

Is our base purpose a search for perfect

the perfect partner the perfect house the perfect job

the perfect government the perfect social system

We are certainly on a quest for self-improvement, which in itself implies that we have a goal already formulated, a concept of what we would be trying to achieve. But is it possible to actually see this conscious or subconscious model fully realized in the world outside our own minds? Just as some would say there is no hate without love, could it be that if perfection were reached, it would be unrecognizable for lack of contrast? Or would we find places for improvement in perfection?

Would we recognize other concepts of perfection? If my vision of utopia were reached, would every other person in the world be satisfied with it? Would I even be satisfied with

> I think human beings are fundamentally imperfect beings, and will eternally remain so. This is not a negative statement. I think part of being human is striving to be better, and without a vision of perfection, one would never have any impetus to improve. But as a concept that will ever actually be reached...I don't think it's very likely. That's not a negative, it's just an acceptance of what I perceive the human race to be.

> > And that's all.



