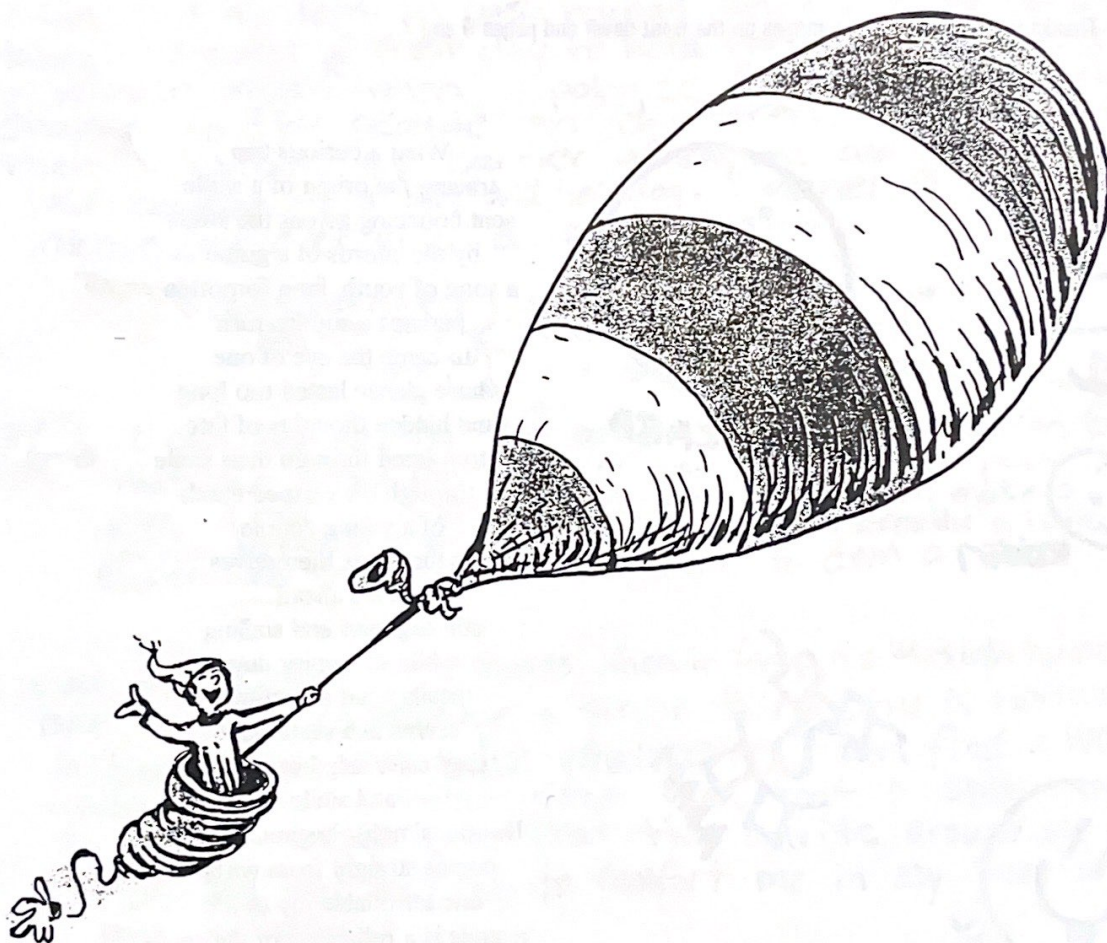


You'll be on your way up!
You'll be seeing great sights!
You'll join the high fliers
who soar to high heights.

university
of
sheffield
fall 2000



unherd.

Fall 2000

a publication of OPIRG Kingston

<http://www.web.net/~opirgin/>

OPIRG Kingston is funded by an opt-outable \$4.00 student levy fee.

The opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of OPIRG Kingston.

This issue was made possible by Adam, Allison, Cara, Paul, Rich, and Robin.

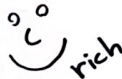
Thanks to Dr. Seuss for the images on the front cover and pages 3 and 7.



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 yesterday
they can't help but reflect
and smile

But the simplest beginning of all
comes straight from within
uncontrollable joy of life
a smile is a reflection of the soul

by Rich Larson



attitude switch

In a world which seems at times to be paved-over filly madness, i can
Sometimes see the tiny maple tree pushed
through the crack in the shelter of a sidewalk.



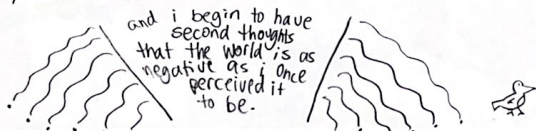
i can still reaffirm my sense of self by lying on the lush
green grass under the warm sun and listening to the waves
of an endless lake-sea crashing against the rocks in a
timeless rhythm. And I can see how many other people
agree with my belief that this should never, and will never,
fade. :*:

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 apologize for not giving my spare
change to the people on the street, and even more strongly
when i break my barrier of shyness and give an apple i've
just bought to a girl and her dog. i marvel at how i feel such
intense joy over such a small act.

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

i can try to find the other side in every opinion
that the media portrays as one-sided. if gas prices
rise, i can be hopeful that more people will make a
switch to public transit, that the Earth 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 art
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 pain and share
in my gladness.



in the grey

Lindsay stays as far away from the greys as possible. I rest comfortably in the grey, uncomfortable.
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 bruised, woody,
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, mediocreatly 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
ly
not grey.

black blue red yellow green purple white



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.



I love 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

understand hate.

By
Cara Spittal



IN DEFENSE ^{OF THE} 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 undoubtedly 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 vomit.

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 undoubtedly 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



utopia utopia utopia

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

URBAN 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 sippy kitchen waste. The results are fantastic!

Balcony Gardens

Drought tolerant plants that will thrive on your balcony

Sun

ANNUALS
Sunflowers
Nasturtiums
Marigolds

PERENNIALS
Coreopsis
Sedum
Most Herbs

Shade

ANNUALS
Lobelia
Impatiens
Begonia

PERENNIALS
Hosta
Lady's Mantle
Gout Weed

Starting Seeds

What you'll need

- seeds
- soil
- containers
- fertilizer
- good water
- light

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 your seed 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



