

Kyte Spyte

with Lindsay Kyte

Apartments. If you happen to have one, you understand the statement that there is no perfect apartment. Sometimes your showerhead sprays sideways. Sometimes the heat included in your rent means that the landlord is always quite toasty while you beat up radiators with a Dollar Store frying pan. Or else you could have a neighbour that constantly sings at the top of his or her lungs. I can't complain about the last situation, because I actually am that neighbour.

The search for an apartment in Charlottetown can be a cold and tedious one. I was advised during my search by a wise individual that a lot of places "slap a heritage sign on a building that should be condemned, especially in the downtown area." This I found to be true. Some buildings have more money spent on the plaque proclaiming its years than on unnecessary things like plumbing. Luckily, I was not easily fooled.

What got my eyebrows arched this week were the number of landlords who did not bother to show up for the viewings I so carefully orchestrated and recorded. Out of five appointments on one day, three landlords did not bother to show. The next day, two out of five jilted me at the apartment altar.

This isn't only highly inconsiderate, although I must point out that it is *very* inconsiderate, but it's also bad business. I stood in front of various buildings in Charlottetown, trying to look like I had some important business to conduct so that the neighbours peering through Venetian blinds (oh yes, I saw you!) wouldn't feel it necessary to alert the authorities. I tied and re-tied my shoelaces, squinted around the street (why is it that we always think squinting makes us look like we have something important to consider?), and consulted again my careful agenda. When I was no longer sure that I could claim ownership to molecules below my elbows or knees, I left. But I wondered, as I walked on frostbitten limbs like the Tinman, what kind of an idiot would run a business but not bother to show up for appointments? Again, I formed some major grudges that day that I will never forgive, even when I'm ninety and theirs is the only nice seniors complex in town. Kyte Spyte is down to the marrow, and I'm sure that I'm not the only one afflicted with this condition.

One situation actually made me laugh, once I calmed down enough by imagining this particular building looking like a pizza of rotten food articles I had pitched at it. A certain land-

lord did not meet me at the appointed time, so I politely called to inquire as to the reason for her absence when I returned home (I am always quite polite until I've been wronged, and then I turn into this vengeful beast). This woman actually had the nerve to *yell* at me, and make sarcastic retorts to boot. Though I am quite a master of sarcasm myself at the best of times, I was too much in shock to respond, especially when she used a few obscenities as adjectives. Refraining from comments about her limited vocabulary as proven by the use of such terms, I said in a snippy tone, "I don't think I'd like to rent an apartment from someone so rude, thank you" and hung up on this landlord from Hell. A narrow escape, I consider it now.

I am happy to report that I found a very nice apartment, with a friendly landlord, that is an oh-so-convenient forty-five minute walk from UPEI (I am writing an article about the lack of a bus system in Charlottetown while I walk, never fear). So, apartment hunters, beware of the inconsiderate landlord, or you too could wind up pretending to conduct scientific studies on the flight patterns of seagulls on a cold street corner in downtown Charlottetown.

Take two: people are smart...psych!

By MARKIAN SARAY

Some smart person at MIT polled all these people and asked them the top-eight inventions that they couldn't live without. Ready for the results? Here goes: 1) automobile, 2) light bulb, 3) telephone, 4) television, 5) aspirin, 6) microwave oven, 7) personal computer and 8) blow dryer.

Now lets think about if we didn't have these inventions. Automobiles have pretty much wrecked this earth with toxic emissions and really crappy jobs like pumping somebody's car because they're too lazy to do it themselves.

Light bulbs are pretty cool (or hot, if they are on for long periods of time) but what about the candle? Think of how the light bulb killed that industry! Here you had all these candle corporations and, all of a sudden, the lights go off on them. Now all these candlestick makers are unemployed and all these machines start making light bulbs. Sure, let's dim more people's futures.

The telephone is a pretty handy device. Like, when I'm bleeding, or when I've eaten that third Whopper With Cheese and I need my heart resuscitated, its nice to know that there's a person on the other line waiting to save me. But how many phone calls are really important? Trying to figure out where to go, or asking people out, or general babbling, promotes people being separated from each other. Instead of meeting someone, you'd rather call them. If we didn't have phones, there would be an abundance of quarters and you would be more fit, having to walk to pick up your pizza. Plus, telephones promote sweat shops just how many call centres are there?

Television is good.

As for aspirin, I'd rather get knocked out. Sure, people have headaches and cramps and stuff, but is this something you could not live without? Give me a break! How did the cave people live? Like, when they had headaches, they just didn't go to the cave grocery and buy aspirin. They danced around a fire and ate hunks of meat which probably does cure headaches.

A microwave oven is handy, but I think people could live without having their pizza pops cooked in three minutes. Like, why do people cook if Whoppers are \$1.49?

A personal computer is pretty handy. I remember the day when we didn't have computers here at the Manitoban, when we worked in quill-and-ink. It was a bit laborious, but nonetheless, it looked nice. Plus, we all use computers just for word processing, so what we couldn't live without is not a personal computer, but a machine that makes our writing better.

Now this one really blows: a blow dryer. I appreciate hair, but I think we could live without a hair dryer. I'm not sure if all of us would look less attractive, but then all the ugly people would have a better chance of getting dates.