



To honor the noble efforts of our provincial governments audit I have composed the following song. Based on the classic Stan Roger's tune, I present to you - "The Value Auditeers."

It's been four years that I've studied here,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now.  
I left my home and my family  
to get a B.A. in Philosophy  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here and better my life  
if I worked real hard, have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year,  
waiting for the cuts of the Auditeers...

I spent my days with my profs,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now.  
They talk about truth and life and God,  
but what good is that in a 'real' job  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here  
and better my life if I worked real hard,  
have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year,  
waiting for the cuts of the Auditeers...

Then I went home and read my books,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now.  
I studied them all night after night,  
but they make me think and that's just not right  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here  
and better my life if I worked real hard,  
have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year,  
waiting for the cuts of the Auditeers...

I lost my weekends to my papers,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now.  
Writing my thoughts down on a page,  
when I could have been working for minimum wage  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here  
and better my life if I worked real hard,  
have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year,  
waiting for the cuts of the Auditeers...

Now the government is worried I've wasted my time,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now  
They see no value in what I do,  
yet they loaned me the money to see it through  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here  
and better my life if I worked real hard,  
have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year,  
waiting for the cuts of the Auditeers...

Now here I sit in my twenty-seventh year,  
oh I wish I'd gone to college now  
No money, no skills, just a mind set free,  
is it too late to trade it for a Business degree?  
God damn them all

I was told I could come out here  
and better my life if I worked real hard,  
have no fear  
I'm a lowly Arts student in my last year...  
And I say to Hell with the Value-Auditeers...

sense. Here in Charlottetown, we deal with this usually via the local incinerator. I'd say that is a pretty good representative of Hell. Note that there is also a smoke stack. Now, recall that I didn't say anything about every product of life being good. It may end up as acid rain, but it all comes down in the end. Doesn't it seem, sometimes, that the horrible acts of reviled people echo in society long after their death?

Heaven is an antique store, to the best of my knowledge (I am not being derogatory). This goes beyond garbage. Some things just stand the test of time, prove themselves of their value, and receive a special place where they become even more revered. Museums fit in here, too.

Purgatory, for those like myself who are (ahem) catholically challenged, is basically landfill, as it takes a really, really long time for things to be dealt with.

The hardest theory to pigeon hole is held by those scientific types who view humans as mere mortal animals. You are born, you live, and you die as a biological organism, and the end is indeed the end. At the same time, it is a known biological fact that organic material is broken down into the soil and reenters the cycle of nature. Composting. This is the greatest proof that no life is wasted, however you look at things, because every being, in spite of whatever, ends up giving back to the world in some way.

I know, as I write, that this may be a very naive way to look at the world, a way to give some kind of purpose to existence and value to every scrap of it. Then again, it does help to sort through the clutter once in awhile and look for the order within.

## Deep stuff Waste Watch

BY ERYN FAGAN

A person, I guess, can find the greatest of inspiration where others may only see garbage. That's my interpretation of this piece, anyhow. It is also commonly known as idealism... Whatever it is, this inspiration came to me one strange insomniac night, and ever since it has helped me to look at things a touch differently. With the advent of

Waste Watch in Charlottetown, I decided to share my ideas with whoever might read and think awhile.

Different forms of waste must be processed through varying ways. Equally, different people believe that they will be processed, eventually, in varying ways. In this way, each of the three major theories on life after death can

be roughly compared to a general method of dealing with garbage. Strange, yes, but I've actually found that by viewing beliefs in this way, one can find that no life can ever be truly "wasted." Here's the spin:

Some garbage can be recycled. When its present form can no longer function as is, it is simply remolded and

given a brand new life, Hollywood style. Does this not sound a little like the idea of reincarnation? Through this perspective, souls are also "recycled", moving from one shell into another like hermit crabs. "Death" is just a construct. No waste here.

Alas and alack, some garbage is just, theoretically, unusable in a functional