

so much money betting on Panther games that I've had to sell the fillings in my teeth. What ever happened to the good old days when steroids and drugs helped athletes win games? I suggest that we invest in more performance-enhancing drugs so we can compete on the same level as other universities' teams. Come on, kids, you should be getting juiced to win games, not for its pleasant side effects. I demand that our coaches motivate these athletes to try harder and help me win my fillings back.

I guess the market for fillings will be flooded by students next year when tuition increases. It's bad enough that students have to attend a school that doesn't have a winning sports team, but, to add insult to injury, they have to pay more money next year. I say, "Bah!" In my day, education cost less than a trip to Summerside. I have no sympathy for punk kids complaining that mommy can't afford to send them to school, but I do think that for the price students have to pay to attend UPEI, they should at least be treated to a nice new pair of grey slacks or a few free sandwiches. "You can't learn about Hitler on an empty stomach," is what I always say to my Poli Sci majors.

By allowing Scotsmen and bagpipers on campus, this institute of education is opening the doors for wild Highland sex and dancing.

Maybe some of the students' money will go into the building of the latest eye-sore on campus: the new Student Union Building. Some Bluenoser architect thought it would be funny to incorporate the structure of the old Alumni Gymnasium into the architecture of this new building, but for some reason, it looks like they're including parts of every other building on campus as well. Bricks from Main, windows from KCI, and the cattle stench from the Barn are all being mixed and matched into a structure that looks like the demented construc-



The Barn is dead.

tion of a retarded boy with too many different pieces from different Lego sets to make something consistent. To hell with this fancy shopping-mall design. I hear the big wigs are selling the name of the building to the first corporation to pony up fifty bucks and a bottle of Jim Bean. I think they should name it after the Queen Mother, God rest her soul. There's not nearly enough buildings named after Queen Elizabeth in Charlottetown. The poor old Queen Mum probably died of heartache because they didn't name that infernal fixed link after her daughter. For shame, Catherine Callbeck. For shame.

Students are lucky enough to get several opportunities to hear "God Save the Queen" this year since convocation will be held six times in one day. That means more than three valedictorians will talk to UPEI graduates about how important memories of university life will be to each and every student. Ha! Every day, my rickshaw

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driver regrets having gotten his degree in Biology at UPEI instead of learning how to swallow swords and travel with the circus. His memories of UPEI are bitter every time he sees an ad requiring someone with sword-swallowing experience in the classifieds section of *The Guardian*.

I know that I'll have no pleasant memories of this or any other year at this damned sink hole they call UPEI. The only thing keeping me going this year was the knowledge that the horrible Barn will be destroyed. Not even the biggest urinal cake in the world could hide the unholy odours coming from there; no more whiny rock groups twanging cover songs about loose women and rocking in the free world; no more vomit-soaked carpets being tramped on by dancing drunkards spilling their foam-capped, watery draft; no more campus radio station churning out songs—no, wait a minute. The Student Union rid the campus of that demon many years ago. And the Student Union, those saviors of the underdog, those cheerleaders of school spirit, those tough-decision makers who work so hard at improving campus life by keeping it exactly as it is year after year, they will finally be housed in a building that is actually on campus. Maybe from their new tower of ivory, they can ensure that apathy prevails throughout the entire university and finally kill the enthusiasm and spirit of



The Queen Mum is dead.

all students.

I hope the newly-elected Student Council president Chris "The Tower of" Power can keep up the good work that he did this past year as VP of Campus Affairs. This young whipper-snapper, with his Daddy Warbucks haircut and vision of a drug- and rave-free campus has his work cut out for him. Let's hope and pray that the new members of the Student Council continue their legacy of being pushed around by the university and doing whatever SU General Manager Heather Love slowly tells them to do. Even though she's a woman, I suppose it's better that she's running things than a bunch of dungaree-wearing students.

Well I'd better be going, my rickshaw driver is waiting to take me down to the Legion. This year, like any other, was not especially impressive at UPEI. We've still got the same inept decision makers pushing programs of study that hardly any students seem interested in; we've still got less parking space than Woolworth's on a Friday afternoon; and nobody seems to be interested in the increasing costs of tuition. But I'm not going to let this stuff bother me. I'm going to drink until I unlearn everything I experienced this year at UPEI like they do at those Psychology Pub Crawls.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, UPEI!