

What Really Matters

by Faith Hunter

Howdy, folks. Welcome back! (Not encouraging words, I know, but they're expected.) Well, for my first column of 1996, I had planned to write a depressing -- but true -- commentary on money and its evils. After all, wealth (or at least non-poverty) is required for almost everything a person needs and does in his or her life. Survival takes money (food, shelter), as does education (especially beyond highschool), little extras in life (entertainment, computers), and bigger extras in life (cars, marriage, children). And that is only the costs of "normal" lives. Then there multitudes of other issues: glasses, dentists, prescriptions, vitamins, physical/emotional therapy, tutoring services, in-home nurses, swimming lessons, Cub Scouts, et cetera. The list is endless, but the bottom line is this: money, whether we like it or not, seems to dictate the direction of our lives.

As I started writing, however, I wondered if there were ways to eliminate, reduce, or alter some of the stifling effects of the economic whirlwind. And being a senior at UPEI, the tuition issue came immediately to mind. I am selfishly relieved for myself -- I am almost done here -- but I worry for the general future of education (and there is also the possibility of my continuing in that vague institution called grad school).

At this point, it seems fitting that I say something about CFS. I have not yet heard much in defense of the organization, so I consider myself temporarily biased. Yet, if all we hear is true, then I think CFS should become CFSS-FEIA (the Canadian Federation of Some Students For Every Issue

Around). Regarding their use of funds, the money spent on referendums could have been better used as scholarship and bursary funds for those struggling to stay in school -- don't you think?

Alas, I don't have an easy answer, but I one radical idea came to mind. Education, though allegedly open to all who seek it, is not an equal opportunity business. I use the specific word "business" because UPEI is a business, one which, like other businesses, depends on money in order to operate and will demand more and more as long as people keep paying. And so, to get satisfaction from this business, we must approach it as such.

I personally think the tuition problem is solvable: STOP GOING TO SCHOOL. You think I am joking, but I am completely serious. If all students at UPEI, and not just a few little protest groups, stop attending all classes on the grounds that tuition is too high, tuition will go down. If it didn't, the business would go under. And no business wants that to happen; they have to keep its primary shareholders -- us -- happy.

Sure, I see problems with this theory: It would take time to sort out an agreement, there may be delays and interference with individual educational goals. Yet consider the overall picture, the long-term effects: Would you prefer to suffer through 4 years of getting deeper and deeper into debt or financial instability or to take 5 years but pay a reasonable (and attainable) rate? Not to mention that you would leave a legacy for future students, ones which -- unlike us -- might never know what it's like to have a student loan rejected or reduced. Think about it.

Take Care & Dream Big.

Announcement

The Canadian Red Cross Society is now accepting registration for its winter swim program. Two separate programs are being offered, one at the Dutch Inn on Thursday evenings and the other on Saturday mornings at the Kirkwood. For further information or to register please call the Red Cross at 628-6262 and ask for Marilyn MacLean.

Announcement

A notice to all Sub-Organizations. You are welcome to join the Sociology/Anthropology Society in this year's pub crawl. For more information contactt M.G. Drake or J. Duggan at 892-6936.



by J Jones

This week -- Dashed dreams and irreverent reveries

I'm in one of those moods again -- you know "What am I doing here? Am I going to get a decent job when I'm through at UPEI? Why can't I get some Tang around here?" Okay, except for the Tang bit, I'm rather stressed. I am on the verge of giving up my major life-long dream -- to become an

internationally-syndicated columnist (Note -- do not confuse this with a Communist in an international syndicate -- totally different dream). However, in the depths of my despair, I have discovered a new dream and a new goal for myself. I now want to become a full-time male model.

I've been thinking about it, and I think I could handle the intense pressures of the glamorous world of male fashion modeling. I have extensive experience in dressing myself (been doing it for almost fifteen years now!), and I have perfected the art of combing my hair but making it look uncombed. Since most males don't wear make-up (or at least admit to it), I figure I've got it made! I figure I could even stand nude modeling or wearing a "male dress" if need be, but you should know that I'll only do it if a suitable female supermodel is in the same shot, and as long as it's done in good taste (ie. not revealing me, but exposing her. Isn't that the way it's done?).

I know this could be a little hard to swallow for any models out there, but I think that modeling is the best job on Earth. Imagine -- being paid for looking good! It's usually the other way around for most people. The only real

requirement (aside from being able to dress yourself and comb your hair) is to be able to wear silly clothes in front of a lot of people without breaking into laughter or hiding in shame.

Of course, I'd have to do a few other things in order to be taken seriously in the fashion business. I'd have to shorten my name, since it is a little-known fact that male models can only go by a single name (Hm. . . J.), and I'd have to develop a vaguely European accent. This accent must be recognizable as non-North American, but most be foreign enough to alter my pronunciation of English words, so that "the white elephant" becomes "ze aylayphunt zat eez hu-wite." And of course, I'd have to break down and get a tan, since there are no albino male models. Small sacrifices, considering the scope of my plan. If -- no, when -- I make it onto the cover of cheesy romance novels, I'll be able to retire from my life of glamour. By that time I'll be a washed up has-been (30 years old) that is always drawing criticism from the immortal Jean-Paul Gaultier.

In reality, I'll never be a male supermodel. As Drew Carey said, "I'd love to model Speedos, but I'd look like a pear with an elastic band around the middle." Now that's someone who knows what he's talking about. I may never replace Fabio, but I'll always have a secret and impossible dream. Now, if we're talking attainable career plans, I've got this connection to the Island Mafia that I'd like to discuss with you at a later date. . . preferably when I'm out of the province.

GIVE SOMEONE A SECOND CHANCE.

March is Kidney Month. Please give generously.

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