

Commentary

Advertorial

By Stephan MacLeod

In these 'most-podern' times, sponsorship is a necessary evil, but how can such a thing really be evil? Perhaps the invasion of logos and propaganda in our already cluttered landscape is what gives sponsorship a bad name. But I doubt most people even notice. Besides, a few random acts of vandalism of posters for Casey's Pub and cardboard cut-outs on the Coke machines, most students have grown too accustomed to advertising to even notice the giant Roots banners at the Field House or the subtle references to Don Diego's Tacos I slip in almost everything I write for *The Cadre*.

My position as advertising manager for this newspaper allows me to experience first hand the psychology of manipulating students in the name of commerce, and through my job I've learned that most mom and pop shops in Charlottetown are under the impression that an ad in a student newspaper will not increase business. Dealing with these 'crazy' people can seriously deteriorate a person's self-esteem. With so much rejection and the occasional insult from The Editor, I've come close to tears on many occasions.

Organizing a rock concert is perhaps the last thing someone as fragile as myself should undertake, but I accepted the task because nobody else would. If businesses think advertising in *The Cadre* is futile, imagine their response to being asked for money so we can put on a concert. The fact that this concert happens to coincide with the East Coast Music Awards, which it seems have already drained Charlottetown's

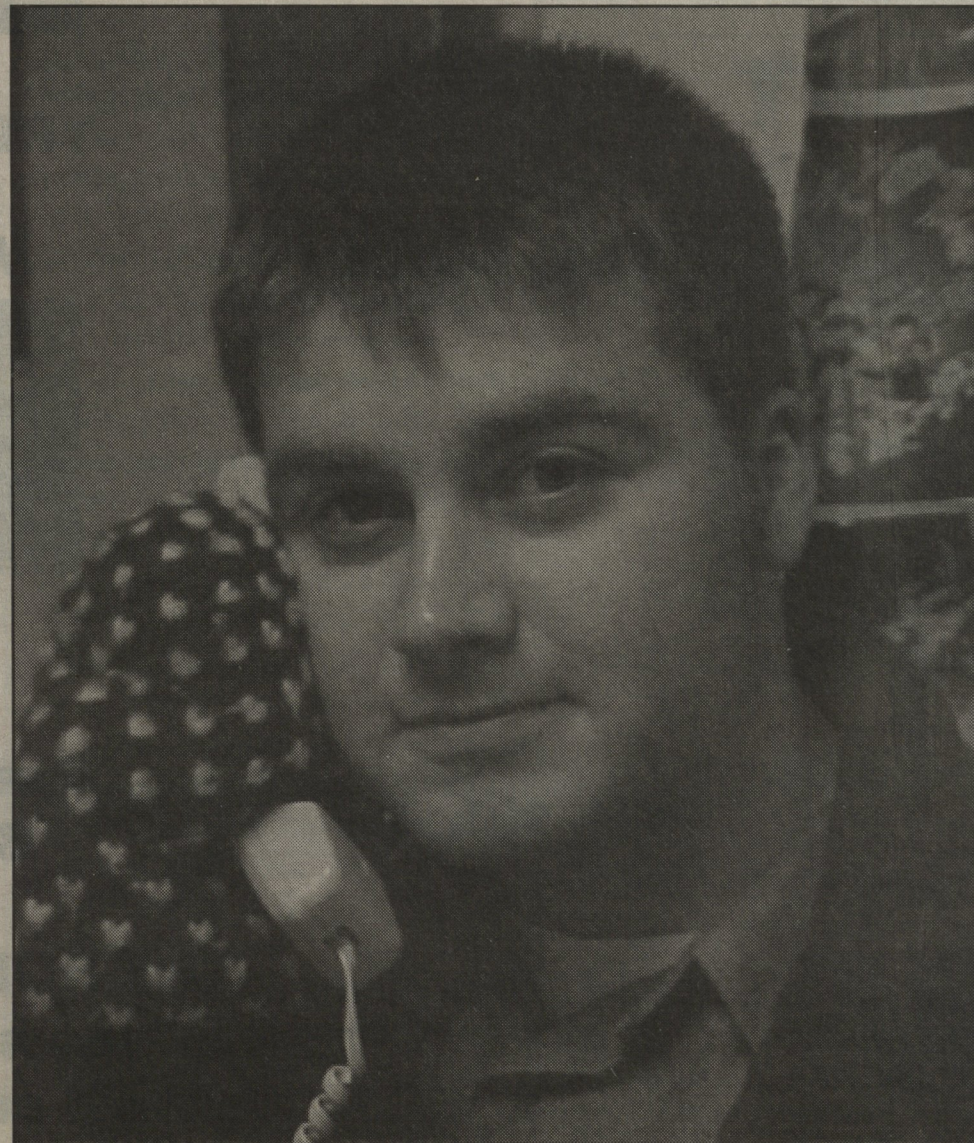
business community of sponsorship money, only adds to the amount of rejection I get on a daily basis.

What I've learned through trying to acquire sponsorship for the Alter-Cases, the unofficial showcases of ECMA weekend, is that businesses treat sponsorship more like a charity than an ad campaign. It helps relieve their corporate conscience by giving them the chance to contribute to the community.

The motivation for sponsors of the Alter-Cases is a bit more sincere than that. I'm happy to say that most of the sponsors who gra-

ciously donated to our show happen to be organizations on campus who want to help us put on an event for UPEI students. So the impression I'm getting of sponsorship is that it's not particularly evil — it can actually be quite honourable.

Maybe I'm just saying that because the money from sponsors allows us to keep ticket prices low, and get free beer for the bands, but I wouldn't knock sponsorship just because it takes attention away from the events being sponsored. Who actually notices the sponsors anyway?



Latimer—Raising Issues on Quality of Life

By Stephanie Douglas

Like Robert Latimer, if I were faced with a decision to watch my daughter suffer minute after agonizing minute, day after day, year after year—I would end her life in a heartbeat regardless of the consequences to myself. We keep people alive and somehow assume that because doctors can keep someone alive; it's the right thing to do. However, is it really? When we talk about quality of life, what do we mean? Is it quality of life based on what each of us as an individual already has and takes for granted, or is it the quality of life that a particular individual can hope to have given their unique set of circumstances?

Do we have a national standard on what constitutes quality of life? If not, how can we determine someone else's quality of life or death? Latimer's case should be one more reason for Canadians to focus on the question of quality of life and who has the right to decide how someone should live and when and how someone should die. This is not a new issue, nor one that is going to go away. In 1993-94, many Canadians followed Sue Rodriguez's quest for a dignified death. She didn't have a choice that involved not dying, that was an inevitable consequence of her illness. She only wanted power over the when and the how.

Tracy Latimer didn't have a choice that included not dying, nor did her father, the only choice he had was in determining how long he could stand seeing one of his children suffer daily before the inevitable happened.