

THE CADRE

Brought to you by the UPEI Student Union

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A Cry for Help

Do you want to **CONTRIBUTE** to *The Cadre*? Remember, this is **YOUR NEWSPAPER** too. If you want to help, feel free at any time to come down to **MAIN 06**, in the basement, and talk to us. We also have weekly meetings every **TUESDAY AT 5:00 PM**. There is **FREE PIZZA AND POP** for anyone who comes.

Otherwise, if you wish to give us **SCATHING CRITICISM, MANIFESTOS, UNPRODUCED SCREENPLAYS, DEATH THREATS, INSIDER INFORMATION**, or anything else that you don't want to deliver **IN PERSON**, you can send an **E-MAIL** to us at [<newspaper@upei.ca>](mailto:newspaper@upei.ca).

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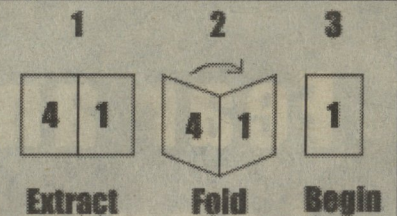
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Special Feature

The Faction, a new pull-out humour section. Some assembly is required. See right for details.

How to Read The Faction

This year, *The Cadre* is proud to present its latest feature: a new pull-out magazine entitled *The Faction*. The middle four pages of this issue have been designed especially for you to remove and read separately from *The Cadre*. To ensure this, we have developed a new printing technology that requires you, the reader, to put the pages in their proper sequence. To do this, you must extract the middle spread from *The Cadre* and then fold the pages backward, against the original crease. The process is also depicted below.



Editorial 01: The Dreamer in Dreams

There are several reasons why I now think that criticism is the lowest form of communication.

Principally, criticism as applied to art is generally about the process of doubt and of de-construction; and I do not want any part of that anymore. More sad, to me, than the tearing apart of art is the mistaken belief that students and professors feuding with each other, in pathetic little campus wars, makes any sense at all; so I want no part of that anymore either.

I saw the show "Paper World" by Shayli Vere at the Kier Gallery on the last day of August and I thought it was ravishing.

Pulp paintings, digital photography and mushroom paté go a long way towards evoking a mood. The pulp painting (imagine paper mache extrapolated to its most logical conclusion) had the feel of cave drawings, and this, I think, was the intended effect. Vere, a PEI artist, (no matter where she was born) was inspired to create the aforementioned work by a book called *When the Women Were Drummers* written by Layne Redmond. That I must now read.

The work on display at the Kier Gallery is filled with quasi-androgynous forms, dancing, uniting and renewing themselves in color and circumstance. There were also bowls made from pulp, one called Goddess Bowl (if you always thought that a bowl could be art you were spot on). I touched one of the bowls, though that was not allowed, and I wanted more than anything to hold it in my hands. To feel its texture on mine.

"Paper World" runs until the 12th of September, I will be there at least once more. 132 Richmond Street. 7pm. (902) 628 8452. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

I regret the naming of names that took place in the last issues of *The Cadre* last year. The singling out of "good" and "bad" professors. I know now that those feeling of anger and frustration came from a place dark and foolish inside me. And so I regret not so much the inclusion of them in the paper, as the inclusion of them in my thoughts. But I do want to tell a brief story.

Two. Really.

1. At a maritime school last year the editor of the newspaper took a class from someone he later publicly attacked.

He had not planned it this way but he felt provoked and, like most people with small authority, did the only thing he could think to do. He lashed out. Tried to lay the velvet shithammer to the professor but wound up feeling stupid and weak. Like most people with small authority. Well that same professor, during that class, once sang an Irish Yeatsian song that that student/editor found surreal and moving. True even. Beautiful really. It makes no matter what else happened between the two of them, at least not to the student/editor. It makes no matter at all. That teacher showed that student/editor something of beauty, something of value and the student/editor should say thank you (Thank You).

2. At a maritime school this summer a professor approached the then Student Union president in such a fashion as to suggest the censoring of the campus newspaper. Particularly this professor felt shortchanged by that newspaper's editor in a series of public and private exchanges. The professor was wrong for doing this. He was foolish for suggesting to the SU president that the faculty would withdraw their funding to that paper (the faculty does

not sponsor the campus newspaper) and he was mean-spirited in a more general sense. But the editor forgives him. And the editor hopes the professor does too. Opinions on who is good or bad, like marketing and money in general, do not matter. So the editor does not care about them either. Any. More.

Shayli Vere has great rich eyes that one could sink into. If I had the chance to take a proper picture of her eyes you would say, "yes" I could sink into them. The above-mentioned professors should attend the exhibit at the Kier Gallery, if they are on the Island. It would make me feel like we were closer. Like we had something in common. Even.

Welcome to what will be the best year in this newspaper's life. You have my guarantee. And Ryan's. And Marc's. And Sara's. And Stephan's. And Jim-beau's. And Danica's. And Coolbreeze's. (And whomsoever else wants to come join us).

And Jeff's. Especially Jeff's (Jeff's a fucking ninja you know).

Kent J. Bruyneel
Editor-In-Chief