

STUDENT UNION ELECTIONS

vote, stupid.

ADVANCED POLLS

March 20, 21

REGULAR POLLS

March 22, 23

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Editorial 14: The Auto-Pilot Ice Age (or How Student Politics is like eating a banana)

When you begin paying attention the most normal of occurrences can become truly beautiful, and some



things you never pay attention to. I have driven, as have you, countless places, only to realize, upon arrival that I have no memory of the journey. Auto-pilot, in cars,

relationships, school and life, is an important, even necessary thing for people to count on. The ability to cruise through days unaffected by your surroundings helps you though the truly painful, and the truly mundane. Sometimes, though, when you have

been stuck in this plowing through the motions, you need something to wake you up, and push you back into the race. For me it was two hand fulls of ice. I'm interested in fruit shakes these days, and

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I have bought a blender. I began noticing the casual elegance of many of the fruits I had been working with (the way a Kiwi-wrapped in one of the most hideous shells-leaps in green and black dots off a spoon is absolute poetry). But it was not until I began to feel and notice the ice that I saw the power of such beauty to arrest me of all whimsy and concern. Can't explain it much, but it was, and is, a truly memorable experience. I am choking down two a day, as much for the aesthetic as for the taste.

Speaking of choking down, I am interested to know how any human being can swallow a banana (unblended that is). It has the consistency of fecal matter (by sight anyway) and with all apologies to you banana lovers the thought of actually eating one gives me a Patti and Selma-induced shudder.

Speaking of eating shit I think that B.J. McCarville will win the race for president, I also think that Megan Miller will win for valedictorian, Gordon Henley will win for finance, and Kirstin Stavert will win for communications, and I am absolutely sure that Lori Doiron will win for activities. These are not endorsements by the way, just predictions, not on behalf of the newspaper either, but myself. I would like to have told the stories of the weird and strange offers made of/to me this past week in the name of realpolitik, but I will not. It would just make you disinterested, maybe make you switch back to auto-pilot, when what you should be doing is grabbing yourself some ice. Nice huh? 'Yeah, real nice y'all.'