

Editorial 06: Franny, Apathy and an Electric Blanket of White Snow

By the time the good people of P.E.I. awake their world will be covered in a Dylan Thomas like blanket of electric white snow. It is 4:38 am and not a soul has touched the ground on campus. When you are reading this there will be no trace of the undisturbed beauty that awaits me on my way home. When the sun comes up this morning I will be miles from here in my bed with only my orange cat to keep me company.

Franny, named for J.D. Salinger's Franny Glass, does not much like the snow. She is a western cat, doped up on pills and transported across the country by me. I cut a hole in my window screen so she could run around on the roof; mostly she calls at birds and does wind sprints when I am trying to sleep; but, alas Franny will have to learn, once again, to live inside, for old man winter is here, and he has a mean-on. So Franny is the least of my concerns.

After the much noted melodrama of my last salvo I shall endeavour to not answer my accusers so much as flip them off. (Firstly by discussing my cat.)

Those who want news will find lots inside. My feelings on the lack of news in this paper are well known; we print what we can get, and work on making dead ends good stories. The locking down of the computer labs is a story Sara has been working on for weeks, she has been stone walled at almost every turn. It has led to a cowardly passing of the buck by both security and computer services. It is really a matter of accountability. One of you stand up and say it was me, and this is why. The problem with a notoriously apathetic university is that that apathy extends itself to faculty, staff, and all else. Several professors, and dozens of students were invited personally to write for the Cadre and have not delivered, so their critiques fall on my deaf ears. By the way this week's cover is the best thing to ever grace a University Newspaper, but you know, I'm prone to hyperbole, and I think Heather is a genius.

Finally to the guy I told to PFO; sorry, it was a dumb shot I regret taking.

I had not planned to write an editorial this week but something about the snow and the nicotine and the lingering effects of drinking with Ron Sexsmith spurred me on. I can think of nothing more inspiring in this world than this campus at first snowfall, forty minutes before the sunrise, wish you were all here.

COOL LOVE

by Ladies Love Coolbreeze

I was watching the news and I noticed a story on a celebrity couple that was "on the rocks" and I could not believe it. How could this kind of thing happen (again) to the King of Pop, Michael Jackson? I've decided to devote this week's column to famous people and their problems.

Dear Cool:

I'm a cute yellow character from a video game and I'm not sure how to handle my recent rise to fame. I thought if I became famous, then women would shower me with panties, but instead I am the obsession of millions of nerdy schoolboys. This seriously sucks and if I don't get laid now, I never will because my popularity will eventually burn out quicker than you can say Pauly Shore. Help me.

Pokemon

Dear Pokemon:

You're looking at this whole situation the wrong way. You should look at your young fans as a way to win the hearts of any woman you want.

Women love sensitive men who can befriend children. That is why the Big Brother program was started: so guys could trick chicks into sleeping with them. But a more reasonable way to take advantage of these boys without taking them to baseball games is to tell women you are holding them hostage and you will cause them bodily harm unless she lets you POKE her, MON.

Dear Cool:

I was checking out this hottie at the mall and I nearly freaked. My friends told me to go talk to him, so I walked up to him and attempted to break the ice. But as soon as I opened my mouth he got caught shoplifting from a record store. He may have stolen a Def Leopard album, but he also stole my heart. Why is it that all the cute guys are either shoplifters or crusty old men?

Jennifer Love Hewitt

Dear Jennifer:

That's a question I ask myself all the time. A good hunk is hard to find, unless you hang out at reform schools or senior citizens homes. Here are some

of the qualities of two babes: Leonardo Di Caprio is an irresistible thief because of his street smarts and his ability to pick a lock with his tongue. And Sean Connery, the sexiest crusty man in the world, has appeal because of his gray hair and his collection of wooden duck carvings.

Dear Coolbreeze:

I have a lot of blackouts. One minute I'm drinking in a bar and the next thing I know I'm waking up on a farm next to some chickens. I have no memory of what happens when I lose consciousness, but I think it's something bad. The other day I saw a poster of myself in a record store. Sometimes I swear that I hear my voice crooning from the speakers of pick up trucks. And toothless fat women in jean jackets approach me in the streets thinking I'm some sort of country star. How can I figure out what happens to me when I have one of these spells?

Chris Ganes

Dear Chris:

Next time a fat woman accuses you of being a

country star, ask her if she's ever slept with you. I suspect that when you have a blackout, you try to convince fat women and truck driving hillbillies that you're an award winning country singer in order to have your way with them. When you wake up you lose any recollection of the events that happened to you because you are embarrassed at how pathetic you became. I used to have the same problem: whenever I'd fall asleep I would become Jeff Foxworthy.

Dear Coolbreeze:

I was totally hitting it off with two cuties at the beach when my dad yelled, "Hey Martha, did you get your bladder problem fixed?" I was so embarrassed I almost pissed myself. I haven't spoken to my father since then. Why did he do that to me?

Martha Stewart

Dear Martha:

Fathers are protective of their daughters. Sometimes they are worried about boys taking advantage of their little girls, and sometimes they are genuinely concerned with bladders.