

# THE CADRE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Kent J. BRUYNEEL

COPY EDITOR  
Sarah MURPHY

PRODUCTION MANAGER  
Jeff COLL

NEWS EDITOR  
Stephanie DOUGLAS

ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR  
Ryan O'CONNOR

SPORTS EDITOR  
Marc MACDONALD

ADVERTISING MANAGER  
Stephan MACLEOD

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Shawn SEARS

REPORTER  
James SCHEIB

CIRCULATION MANAGER  
Paul FELTON

CONTRIBUTORS  
Jessica BEEBE  
Jonah CAMPBELL  
Matthew DORRELL  
Adam GAUTHIER  
Mike LECKY  
Jared LEON  
Natalie PENDERGAST  
John SUTTON  
Jeremy TERA

## CONTENTS

- 3 HOMELESSNESS
- 4 POLITICS
- 7 SEAT SALE
- 9 KISS
- 10 CHOICE CUTS
- 11 EVENT TENT
- 12 DISCS OF FURY
- 13 SPORTS

## INFO

*The Cadre* is the official newspaper of the UPEI Student Union. It is printed 10 times per semester. 2000 copies are distributed on Wednesdays.

The opinions expressed within *The Cadre* do not necessarily represent the views of UPEI or the UPEI Student Union Inc.

There are meetings open to anyone Wednesdays at 5:00 in Main 06. The deadline for submissions is Friday at 5:00 PM.

## CONTACT

SUBMISSIONS  
[newspaper@upei.ca](mailto:newspaper@upei.ca)

ADVERTISING  
[ads@windomearle.com](mailto:ads@windomearle.com)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR  
[kent@thebasementco.com](mailto:kent@thebasementco.com)

WEBSITE  
<http://www.upei.ca/~cadre>

## Editorial 22: Make her laugh at that.

I parked my car in a snowbank in the greater metropolitan area of Charlottetown today. As I searched for change for the metre, a man in a blue snowsuit - it was that cold - asked me:

"Sir, where can I buy a hammock?"

This is an excellent question and I have been repeating it to myself all afternoon. The question helps me to quantify how much I hate the winter.

A lot.

I appreciate some things, the beauty of ice encased trees for example - shimmeringly intricate and complex sculptures. My admiration lasts until I find my piece of shit Chevy Nova encased in ice too. I have to kick at the chunks of ice carefully so I don't put my foot through the side of the car again.

I am tired of the wind, the snow, the ice and the middle-aged women draped in hideous mounds of fur pelts. I have lost my winter gloves, and it being winter I cannot buy new ones. Winter clothes are only sold in the fall. I am worn down by seeing student money and effort thrown away (1). I am weary of the shock of discovering that today, like yesterday and the day before that, the UPEI campus has no underground tunnels, but does have some parking lots which are closer to Prince County than they are to my classes.

But fuck all that - the winter, the midterms, the papers, the what-nots, what-have-yous, and the where-it's-ats. All of it. Despite the wind, the snow, the over-achieving janitorial staff, the professors delirious with academia, and my poor rusted Nova, I'm trying very hard to remind myself that it's still more good than bad.

There are a few things to cheer for, if you think hard enough. Spring for example, even though it's mostly a mythical season on PEI. There's rock and roll: Port Citizen, Windom Earle, The Monoxides and Eyes for Telescopes so far this week. There's alcohol: I recommend Propeller Bitter (from a Halifax micro-brewery) if you can get your frozen little mitts on the stuff. Cheer for Stephan (2) too, it's tough I know, but someone should - the poor filthy bastard. And there's ass, let's not forget ass (3).

And then there's *The Cadre* which should always, and as frequently as possible, be cheered for. More specif-

ically there's the upcoming poetry edition which you should all submit poems for. All of you. Really. Because it's a more constructive outlet than letting the air out of your professors' tires or going on a month long bender or dropping out of school so close to the end and moving to New Zealand to herd sheep and live in a little cabin far away from society, cities and people and . . . actually that doesn't seem so bad. Not much snow in New Zealand.

So I'm telling all of this to the girl (or woman rather, as I am always and forever politically correct) who's selling me coffee. I don't think she's really listening, or if she is, she doesn't know what I'm talking about. She's laughing. She asks:

"So what about the guy looking for a hammock? What did you tell him?"

The thing is, I have no idea where you'd buy a hammock, even in the summer. So I told him that he asks a good question, which is not a good answer. He explained that he figured it would be cheaper to buy a hammock in the winter.

Suddenly, I understand. It's not about hammocks at all. It's a metaphor, see? About making the best of situations, and not giving up, and all those good hallmark sentiments and reassurances. So, yeah, what I said before: Fuck all that, it is more good than bad.

You can't get Propeller Bitter in New Zealand after all, and Eyes for Telescopes don't play over there much. Come to think of it, I'm not a big fan of cabins or sheep. And, for better or worse, you won't see Stephan spreading nacho toppings over an area slightly smaller than Montague.

As I'm explaining this to the girl (sorry, woman) who's selling me coffee (because she's a captive audience) I'm waving my hands around excitedly and spilling coffee on my jacket (which is already coffee coloured because I have such foresight). Whether she gets it or not, she's still laughing.

Matthew Dorrell  
Travel Bureau

(1) Student money and effort are all the more valuable due to their scarcity.

(2) See Appendix A on back page.

(3) As The Editor (4) reminded us last week.

(4) See Appendix B on back page.