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editor-in-chief matt STEWART
production manager/graphics thomas LLOYD
copy editor catherine SWEET
news editor laura FANNING
entertainment editor brodie MACRAE
sports editor alex FIELD
photographer brad DEIGHAN
reporters mariève MACGREGOR
 julie VEINOT
advertising manager natasha MACKINNON
distribution manager lennie MACPHERSON
contributors johnathan SMITH, michelle TROWS-DALE, patricia McPHAIL, kathleen DEERING, cat WILLCOCK, scott FLEMMING, danny FISHER, will PATE

The Cadre is the official newspaper of the UPEI Student Union. 2,000 copies of *The Cadre* are printed 10 times per semester. There are meetings open to anyone Mondays at 4:30 in room 213 in the W.A. Murphy Student Centre. The deadline for submissions is Thursday at midnight. The opinions expressed within *The Cadre* do not necessarily represent the views of UPEI or the UPEI Student Union Inc.

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The Cadre
UPEI 550 University Ave.
Charlottetown PE C0A 1T0
Tel: 566-0629
Fax: 566-0979
Ads: cadread@yahoo.com

Letters to the editor:
mjstewart@upei.ca

www.upei.ca/~cadre

Matt (Editor-in-Chief): Can you please help me?
Catherine (Copy Editor): You know, whining about it isn't really going to make me want to help.
M: No, seriously, I have no ideas for this editorial.
C: Hmmm... I don't remember it being in my job description to come up with ideas for you.
M: Get bent.
C: What?
M: You know, it's an expression, like kiss my ass.
C: I know what it means. I just can't believe you'd use it. That's sad.
M: Yah. I'm kinda pathetic like that.
C: Yah.
M: Uh-huh.
C: So, you need something write about, eh?
M: Yes!
C: Well, you've been talking non-stop about those damn gerbils of yours. Write about them.
M: ...

Editorial 13: I Own Gerbils

I own gerbils. It's true. I really do. We just bought them a few weeks ago. My girlfriend and I. We figured they'd make great little pets. They did. At first. Then they turned nasty.

Gandalf and Puck. That's what we named them. Pretty good names I think. I suppose their names don't matter that much. They still turned nasty. We could have named them Ernie and Bert and they still would have turned nasty.

Hold on a second — now I'm not really being fair. In truth, only one of them turned nasty. Gandalf. Gandalf turned nasty. Very nasty. Nasty enough for both of them.

We're not really sure what

drove him to it, but Gandalf seems to enjoy kicking wood shavings all over the place. Out of the cage. Onto the floor. Everywhere.

He picks on Puck. He hogs the food. He chews at the cage. He throws big, wild, loud gerbil-parties at night. He makes so much noise, I swear he must wake the neighbours. He's not a nice guy — err, gerbil.

Okay, okay, okay... I feel as though I should explain what's going on here. You're probably wondering what is the relevance of an editorial about gerbils. I could be writing about space shuttles crashing, war in the Middle East, nuclear weapons in South-East Asia, avalanches in British Columbia, weapons inspec-

tors, suicide-bombers, economic crisis, and Australian wildfires. I could be writing about all of these things...

I'm not.

I'm tired of being over-saturated with crisis after crisis. War after war. Bombing after bombing. Catastrophe after catastrophe. I'm turning my television off. I'm ending my obsession with disasters. I'm going to go home and watch my gerbils. They make me smile.

Even Gandalf. He's really not that bad.

Matt Stewart,
Editor-in-Chief

Choice Cuts

web site: www.untitled.com
By: Brodie MacRAE

Check out this site : www.untitled.com. What's on it? I haven't a clue. It's a members only sight that gives absolutely no indication as to what its content might be. How do you become a member? I quote: "Apply by submitting all required information to membership@untitled.com. You should already know what information is needed. *If you don't - please do not try, or ask.* Thank you."

What the hell is that? Some secretive society in which not only membership, but knowledge of its activities grows by invitation only? Kind of like trying to fit in with the cool crowd in junior high, or with Islanders in general when you're from "away."

I found a site that has a poll as to what readers think its content might be (www.satanosphere.com). Options included a secret government agency, George W. Bush's poetry and your virginity.

We here at the Cadre are offering

some lousy prize to be decided upon later for the most clever theory submitted to us as to what this site is all about by the next issue. We will offer a less lousy prize to anyone who untangles the mystery for us, but we don't expect that to happen, so why bother planning for it?

Email your theories to brodie_m@hotmail.com. Remember, you miss out on all the lousy prizes for all the crazed conspiracy theories you don't submit.

Book: Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?

Author: Philip K. Dick
By: Jonathan Smith

First published in 1969, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* was the book that inspired the movie *Bladerunner*. The story deals with a bounty hunter in pursuit of a group of renegade androids who are able to pass themselves off as completely human. Though Dick's hard-boiled style may be somewhat outdated today, the book is still highly entertaining, while at the same time, posing questions

such as what does it mean to be human? Are emotions what separates man from intelligent machine? What if the machine could duplicate those same emotions? A short, but worthwhile read.

Book: **Contact**
Author: Carl Sagan
By: Jonathan Smith

I can hear the groans already, but hear me out. Though the movie was met with less than spectacular box office success, the novel upon which it was based nevertheless shines as a great sci-fi novel stuffed with lots of philosophical tidbits. The renowned and unfortunately deceased astronomer Carl Sagan has left us with a story about a young scientist who has devoted her life to detecting and decoding any extraterrestrial signals from space and what happens when the event actually occurs. Though the prose can be fairly technical at times, Sagan demonstrates his ability to write about science and still manage to keep everyone interested and on track, even those of us less than scientifically oriented.