

Editorial 07: Talk is Cheap

A savagely windy and rainy night rages outside as the Cadre gets put to bed in its yellow sleeper at a record hour. The sun has not even poked its head out and I am preparing to head home. A revelation for those of us who do this. Much controversy has circled the paper this week. Let us just say that the paper's freedom and autonomy were briefly threatened, but not for long. The incident itself is not worth describing in detail except to say that it proves, once again, that this university is full of people interested in solutions and in the greater good. No complaints from this desk. Freedom of the press is an absolute and we were glad to see our SU representatives show that they are, along with shrewd business people, smart enough to see the big picture. By the way, if you have a problem take it to the SU, 2 to 1 says they solve it for you (knock on Hogan's door first).

Our SU president deserves mention for his swift actions this week. The new president has calmly swept aside the first obstacle with which he was presented. Mr. DeRosiers has struck a deal with Computer Services and Security to allow Kelley building, and the computer labs therein, to stay open all night. Heads up to DeMoncton for a job done well. It was a matter of strange timing that the deal was made at almost exactly the same time The Cadre was released challenging the closing of the labs, or was it? Actually, the two were unrelated, no shit, well done John boy.

Representation on any level is only as good as the constituency that it represents. It is not possible for the SU exec., or, The Cadre to represent the student body well unless the student body is prepared to take an active role. We receive much criticism for the work we are producing here, most warranted, some bitter and not even worth discussing, and we receive countless suggestions on how to make things better; what we do not receive, however, is much help. Not that I am asking, I am very happy with the team we have right now (except that 1/3 of the crew are in Newfoundland at a CUP conference drinking their weight in shine no doubt). But you know, when a person stands in front of me and tells me how bad the paper is, and how it requires countless changes, I am interested to see what they will add. Deadline day comes and goes and the only people here are the ones who have been here all along, (man even our guys on the Rock filed Email style) so that is why I pay criticism little mind; in the end it boils down to what any one person is prepared to do. Like my homie Keith Richards said, "Talk is Cheap."

On a different note I have acquired a copy of the world's greatest song, which I have been chasing for some ten years; actually my girl found it in a Wal-Mart discount bin. It is a great thing to look for something for a long time and then have it; but it is sad also. For years, every town I visited I looked in the local record store for this song, it never appeared on any album, but I checked every compilation, every bootleg, every mixed tape, to no avail. Now, whenever I walk into some beat record store I have no treasure to look for; no memory laden song aching for me to find it. I have it now, and that sort of makes me sad. I will be glad to play the record for anyone who comes and asks. As for its title, well that's between me, and Sherri, and Gerry Rafferty. Strange thoughts in my head this savage Sunday night.

I hope that isn't too vague.

Cool Love

by Ladies Love Coolbreeze

Dear Coolbreeze:

If a guy grows a moustache it is considered "sexy", but if a girl tries to grow a beard its gross. What's up with that?

Babyface Robinson, the Flying Bunkbed

Dear Babyface:

Well if a girl has big tits it's considered sexy, but if a guy has big tits he gets to be a weatherman for the CBC.

Dear Coolbreeze:

I was looking for cute boys down by the overpass when I saw the hunk of my **d r e a m s**, **M o n t g o m e r y** Lovely, inventor of the popcorn machine. I started flirting with him when the most embarrassing thing happened, my little brother shot me in the leg with his bow and arrow. I was mortified as I staggered off and he shot Montgomery in the arm. How can I make Montgomery notice me?

Jenny the Jukebox Allnighter

Dear Jenny:

Two words...dress slutty.

Dear Coolbreeze:

I have a mega-crush on a mega-nerd. How can I get him to sleep with me?

Larry the Flaming Pickleball

Dear Larry:

What really gets me all hot and bothered are those costumes that people wear in parades, like those giant kangaroo suits or those oh so sexy bear costumes...excuse me a minute...okay I'm better.

Dear Coolbreeze:

Why do you have to be so crude? I find your comments to be in bad taste, and demeaning to anyone with a speck of intelligence. Your advice is usually bad, and the letters are obviously false. Nobody in their right mind would actually seek your opinion on their sex life, and if they did they would end up in more dramatic situations than the ones described in your column on a weekly basis. You are a sick, perverted heathen, yet I find myself strangely attracted to you. Do you want to go

rollerblading with me?

Confused in Cavendish

Dear Confused:

Let me clear a few things for all my loyal readers. The subject matter in some of the letters may be a bit taboo, but pretending like these problems don't exist is not going to help anybody. It is important that all the freaks and perverts have a forum to discuss their lives because the mainstream media (i.e. The Buzz) isn't going to acknowledge that they even exist. I realize that some people may be a little sensitive about certain topics, but they have a choice whether or not they want to read this. Nobody is being forced to follow my advice or listen to me. And for the millions of women who want to see me and the men who want to be me (or vice versa), this is not a dating service, but I will be accepting photos of fans in their underwear, if I'm allowed to post them on the Internet.