

EDITORIAL

Nineteen issues ago, I entered room 06 of Main building with the whites of my eyes bleached with the adrenalin of anticipation, small beads of perspiration glistening on my knitted brow. It was a time of uncertainty; I had no idea where this medium would take me. I had no idea who would help me take this medium somewhere. I had no idea where I had left my laundry money.

The progression was subtle. Up to our old tricks, we made another little alteration in our fragile identity in the form of a name change. Call us schizophrenic; some already do. And the wacky antics didn't stop there. We spun new aesthetics onto newsprint, swindled full-colour covers out of our publisher and toyed with office spatiality. What I thought were breakthroughs didn't make this edition of the UPEI student newspaper any more special than any masthead before us, though, as each of the previous had encountered the same. I'm no different than any of those who came before me. I had high hopes, a vision, a goal of something pristine and perfect that the rest of campus would read voraciously, that our scrap of journalism would become a necessity.

These ambitions were lofty to say the least. I could say I failed, but as I grew into my job, I realized that there were parts of this thing called student press that take precedence over the printed product that's packaged for mass consumption by apathetic and activist alike.

The year in review speaks better in the voices of the volunteers and scrimpishly paid staffers than any summation I could muster now that I'm mired with papers and finals and recuperating from mild/nagging illness.

Frenetic Ross Williams thinks most fondly of the paper in terms of doubling his CD collection, and probably speaks for most of our nuts in a nut shell. But it doesn't stop here.

Two of our most dedicated volunteers aren't even students here, but contribute graphically every week. Bill "Billions-Billiard Ball-Billt-Billiam" Matthews whists that the year was best due to "drawing comics, making all the fantastic covers, all the great people I met here and at the [CUP] Nash [national conference]." Luke Leunes also had some fond memories of the 1997-98 Year of the Cadre, highlighted by being the honorary Mexican in the back of a station wagon. "That was the best," quoth Leunes with a sparkle in his vacant gaze. He also liked the feeling of "home" at the Cadre, which heightened the giddy glee of off-Island conference escapades. Ever the enigma, Leunes loves the Cadre as Joanie loves Chachi.

One of the staples of the newspaper is the hardhitting news you've come to expect from the Cadre. Be it the Leadership Development Symposium story hot off the presses or narrowly missing tabloid status with journalists' favourite adverb "apparently," Todd "Cockdick" MacLean has devoured the prestige involved with the Cadre, as did writer Erin Fagan. MacLean apparently "came for the news writing, stayed for the vulgarity." Indeed. Indeed.

The sprawling social web woven at the Cadre also keeps packing the sprawling office. Brody Morrison credits the staff for the sheer happiness of being involved with the paper. Suzanne Williams liked meeting new people, and Kristen Patterson wiped aside a tear as she confessed that she just plain old liked "being with everyone." Even Billy Berjerker McQueen rightly swooned as he told tales of the jolly fraternization to be had at meetings headed by "Radical Crazy Cool Rawlines." I'm touched. Jamy-Ellen Proud tried sincerity by saying that the paper is a good place to be because we're "a hoot" and we're "cool." Moments later, Proud conceded that free pizza on Thursdays was the real reason we'd reeled her in. We take what we can get.

But not is all breaking bottles and smoking in the Barn, as Jill McRae might have you know. Peter Gillis thrives on "the opportunity to search for truth and to bring it to the student body for their personal enlightenment." I think that's what we all meant though we said other things.

Let's not be sentimental, though. This is the journalistic school of life/hardknocks/obedience. We've come a long way baby, and know that we can go farther.

The Cadre. Taste it again for the first time.

Happy summering. Feast on many peeled grapes and put tinfoil sheets beneath your chins. Wear lots of nosecoat and lounge on whatever sandy shores you can find. Find that book you've been meaning to read. Frolick. Ride a bicycle built for two. It's three o'clock Monday morning right now, and we know that's what we're thinking. Sarah Murphy knows best: "I like Sundays. I like three o'clock in the morning because I can't feel the pain anymore."

Indeed. Indeed.

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