

# 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  
Todd MacLEAN  
Natalie PENDERGAST  
Jeremy TERA

## CONTENTS

3	AL WAXMAN
5	GLBT
7	CORPORATE CAMPUS
8	ENVIRONMENT
9	ROBERT LATIMER
11	POLITICS
12	SEAT SALE
13	COMMENTARY
15	54°40
16	CHOICE CUTS
18	THE EVENT TENT
19	DISCS OF FURY
20	MARK CUBAN

## INFO

We know that there are often no commas in the paper. We also know that letters with accents, and things in bold type sometimes don't show-up. We can do nothing about this. It is a problem that arises when you take the document that is *The Cadre* from a PC format, which we use, to the Macintosh format that our printer uses. So yes we know: and thank you for noticing and **we are tr s sorry.**

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)

We updated our website every month at  
<http://www.upei.ca/~cadre>

## Editorial 19: What Painful Words, Unsaid or The Joker in the Deck

*As a result of dogged determination I had thought I'd found a way out of this dark tunnel where my captors have kept me for the last few weeks. I am close to the light when a gloved hand snatches my foot, weakened from the torture and the lack of food and light, I slide back down into my dungeon.*

*Editoriale! They scream with lighted torches shaking in my poor cherubic face.*

*No, I scream, not another.*

*Editoriale! They scream as they pour piping hot cocoa over my arms and force me into a manoeuvre that used to be called the Camel Clutch when performed by the Iron Sheik, but is now, apparently called, Editoriale! because that is what they keep screaming until one of them forces a pen into my hand, and prods me viciously with a bayonette until I am forced to submit, and reluctantly begin.*

## The Story of The Cadre (Part 2 in a series of parts that number, in the end, 7)

It is early last year. The *Cadre* office has just recovered from its first ever cleaning: the air is thick with "plug-in" style air circulation. I am talking to Mad Leo, the university's library technician, "rumped intellectual" and social ombudsman. He is suggesting I meet the son of a union-type friend of his. The boy's name is Stephan, Mad Leo says, Stephan MacLeod. And he is rather funny.

**FACT:** "Facts and Opinions" was an editorial and random notes section in *Sports Illustrated* in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

**OPINION:** Stephan MacLeod's "Fact and Opinion" is the most pop-

ular column in this paper's history. So popular that you are, in all likelihood, reading it right now.

**FACT:** "Fact and Opinion" was to be a sober account of the local news and happenings through the eyes of me, The Editor.

**OPINION:** Upon meeting MacLeod, and instantly recognising his astounding wit, I decided "Fact and Opinion" was his.

"I have something for you," I said.

Stephan had been hanging around the office for awhile, and had submitted something called the "Entertainment Payment" which I liked, but did not think had the staying power (I also didn't think it would provide him sufficient challenge) to make it something that people would read—wait for, really—that the new "Fact and Opinion" would have.

"Mm-Hmm. Okay, what is it?"

"I want you to take a fact, and then make a funny comment about that fact: and 'opinion.' Do it in themes, facts about things, and then go off on them" (note: there is no way I can remember exactly what I said, since it was so long ago, but I am pretty sure I have never used the words, "go off").

"Mm-Hmm." He said in the way he says such things that invoke both a subtle understanding of the vagaries of human existence while, at the same time, make one wonder whether he is actually listening.

"You understand what I want right?" I said, in the authoritative way I say things that makes you wonder if I am really in charge around here, or, in fact, just the Rube with my name at the top of the masthead.

"M.M... I think so."

The next week I was sitting in my black chair, which incidentally

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 21**