

Kyte Spyte

with Lindsay Kyte

At Christmas time this year, my mother gave me a holy cross necklace that was blessed at St. Anne church in Quebec. Even though I've lost or destroyed every piece of jewellery that I've ever owned, Mom felt that this object was necessary for a student who had to walk to get where she wants to go. Dodging cars on University Avenue last week, I have to admit, I was kind of glad I had ol' Saint Anne looking out for me.

I'm sure that I'm not the only one who has ever noticed how close the

noticed how close the sidewalks are to the traffic on University Avenue, especially on the stretch closer to downtown. I mean, all I need is for one guy in a Jeep on a cell-phone to dial the wrong number, and the editor of the Cadre is going to be short one article for next week. I wouldn't say that I'm an overly paranoid pedestrian, but I can't help but think that there is something wrong with a situation where I have a serious fear of being majorly bruised by a cruising by rear-view mirror.

Now, this situation can only happen if you are standing upright. In the winter, so I've noticed in my two years of living in Charlottetown, the sidewalks are something passing drivers tsk at and no one bothers to clear. I always try desperately to put my boots in the prints made by that individual who seems to like to walk around when the snow has just fallen so that his or her feet will be permanently preserved when the

snow ices over. But, unfortunately, this person never has the same size feet as me, and the bruises I may avoid from the above mentioned mirrors, I find on various parts of my lower anatomy as I ricochet off of the ground.

And what about actually trying to cross the road? I have come up with a theory that motorists around this town think that those funny white marks on the road are nostalgic markings for tourists to indicate where railroad tracks once were. "Look, honey, Anne may have taken a train from here!" I am here

a train from here!" I am here to inform those who have vehicles that these are actually what the cavemen called "crosswalks," a term that applies back to the days when Mr. Flintstone had to pull on the dinosaur reins, and let people cross. I have waited long minutes at crosswalks around Charlottetown, with passing drivers looking at me, some smiling, some waving, but none stopping. In Halifax, there are buttons that can be pressed at crosswalks that beep and flash lights to inform the driver that an individual desires to be on the other side of the street. Perhaps if Charlottetown installed a few disco balls and a modest laser show, I could make it to my first class on time.

But after my class, my worries will still have not dissipated. You see, now I can press a button, one that lets me cross from UPEI to Brown's Court. "Great!" you think. "What a good setup! Yay for the button!" Well, if

you are flailing pom-poms right now, you have obviously never actually used it. The light changes slowly, and you trot across the street rejoicingly, the bluebird of happiness on your shoulder. All of a sudden, you look to the right. A driver with glazed-over eyes is viewing you as an insignificant obstacle between him or her and a luscious t.v. dinner waiting at home. You dodge to the side, narrowly avoiding being beamed by the maniac, when you see on your left a driver who holds in a hand an essay that was due ten minutes ago,

that was due ten minutes ago, and a point is being lost for every thirty seconds thereafter. This person doesn't care that you are a living, breathing person. From the world of the windshield, you are a video game blip. The crossing button at this location serves mostly as a race's starting gun, where man (humans, that is) and machine-driving lunatics compete for pavement space.

With no bus system for students to rely upon, more care should be put into the walking routes of university students. It's a dangerous obstacle course, where the least of possible injuries incurred is an ugly purple welt from slipping on sidewalks that no one has salted. Mom was definitely right in making me wear that blessed cross, as I have survived long enough to write this article. Perhaps crosses should be handed out in first year for those planning to battle the traffic, the student pedestrians.

Letter to the editor

To Marc MacDonald via the Editor:

Marc—my man—you obviously have to put your ears where the music is. Don't wait for the proverbial ship to come in; swim out to it, or tune it in as it were. The radio stations which our tax dollars sponsor, CBC Radio One and Two, broadcast a very diverse range of music and are far from "talk radio". CBC Radio Two (104.7 FM) is home to some of the best jazz in the world six nights a week. It also broadcasts blues programs; programs with techno/ambient/trance/etc., "alternative" (to what?), rock, fusion, world beat, and just about everything else you can think of. Its main fare is classical music which it broadcasts during the day. CBC Radio One (96.1) is also home to some great music, though it features more talk than Radio Two.

If you're into alternative and hip-hop you will definitely want to check out CBC One and Two. About a month ago I was treated to a late night of ol' school hip-hop (Tribe, LONS, Digital Underground, Black Sheep, Public Enemy etc.) on CBC Radio Two. It was great. Another great show is

on CBC Radio Two. It was great. Another great show is Disc Drive on CBC Radio One (I think?). This show is in the afternoon and takes requests of all kinds. As the CBC is not subject to pleasing a listen audience so as to please a bunch of suits they will play almost anything. They rarely play really popular stuff, but instead play the popular stuff five months before it becomes popular. The CBC is also a great musical learning experience. Most of the music is very challenging, and thus more gratifying to listen to for non-musician and musician alike. I won't list every quality program, but instead recommend that you go to www.cbc.ca where most every show has a very informative site.

I do not work for the CBC, nor am I the dependant of a CBC employee. I am, however, a tax payer and my money (and yours) runs the CBC. Island Radio is kept afloat by sponsors who want to attract baby-boomers and teeny-boppers so I don't expect it to play what I like.

Marc, I urge you, and every other student here at UPEI to check out the CBC... pssst... no one will call you a geek. Honest.

Matthew McQuaid

[Ed. note: I miss Real Time... Radio Sonic just doesn't seem the same....]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MAY BE FORWARDED TO <NEWSPAPER@UPEI.CA>. PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR PHONE NUMBER. LETTERS WITHOUT A NAME OR PHONE NUMBER OR EMAIL ADDRESS WILL NOT BE PRINTED. DUE TO SPACE CONSTRAINTS LETTERS SHOULD NOT EXCEED 300 WORDS.