

Red Ryder reviewed

By Glen Boswall

While most of you at U.P.E.I. were attending the Dean's Banquet, dancing and

drinking to Haywire at the Barn, or sitting at home doing whatever, your music reviewer was perched high in

the stands of Kenney Coliseum listening to the musical strains of ... Red Ryder.

touring is a welcome rest. These problems, however were minor.

From what I hear around campus, not many people from U.P.E.I. made it to the Coliseum last Thursday night.

The sound was a fair reproduction of the studio cuts. Hats off to the sound crew and band members for managing to arrange that in the acoustically poor Coliseum.

The crowd turnout was none the less respectable (about 800 to 1000 by my estimates). Red Ryder appeared on stage right on schedule at 9:00 p.m. and proceeded to charge through their repertoire.

The light crew did a good job as well. The color coordination was good and the variety interesting.

For the last gig of what must have been a tiring tour, Red Ryder did a good job. The movement on stage, if not lively, was flowing. Lead vocalist Bob Cochrane's between song chatter seemed a trifle rehearsed but he did manage to keep the audience involved.

All the above combined to make a decent 90 minute show with "White Not" and the "Young Thing, Wild Thing (Rock Me)" windup being the definite highlights.

The strains of touring showed somewhat on the band, however. At times, individual band members seemed to become detached and lose interest in the show. Cochrane's voice seemed slightly strained and even cracked on some high notes indicating that a break from

I was supposed to have an interview with Red Ryder for you but some kind of mix up and a non-cooperative (bordering on snotty) road crew prevented that. I was surprised the band had the nerve to show up on campus to see Haywire after refusing to give the agreed-upon U.P.E.I. interviews (CIMN and the *Netted Gem*).

Rest assured that I had a good laugh when they were denied entrance to the pub by our C.P.'s!

Fantastic fables

By Dr. Prunesquallor (of course)
The Adventures of Alix Kreap, Part I

In the land of Benziz, there was a man named Alix Kreap. Alix was a very average person. In fact, he was so average that King Dim gave him the coveted Mediocrity Award.

The people of the land were so bored of him that they asked King Dim to throw him in the dungeons of Memory Hall, where they also placed captured Mystics, Wise Men, and Engineers.

After three people died from exposure to Alix, King Dim agreed. He needed his taxes.

That was the end of it, so everyone thought. But it was only the beginning for Alix.

In his prison cell, Alix discovered a secret door. He went in and was never seen again by the people of Bezniz. So what, you say?

Alix wandered the tunnels until he was tired. There was a light at the end of the passage. He reached it and found himself near the top of Mount Duffy. Totalling ignoring the Wise Man there, he went back.

After many days, he reached another exit.

He must have starved to death, did you say? Well, he ate the slime and mold off the walls, noting that it tasted much like the stuff in the Cafiteerya called fude.

As Alix got out, he saw hundreds of Froshlings running around in circles.

"What's going on?" Alix asked one of them.

"The Wot Monster is after us with red tape!"

"What monster?"

"Right!" This was the land of Late Registration, of course.

"Oh." Alix Kreap was not very bright, as you can see.

"Where is it?" Alix asked.

He was not widely renown for his conversational ability either.

"Where is it?" Alix asked.

"I don't know! I'm lost!"

"Oh," Alix sighed. He was not widely renown for his conversational ability either.

Then, the Wot Monster appeared, slinging webs of red tape at everyone in sight.

"Are you the what monster?" Alix asked. In fact, Alix was not bright at all, as you can see.

"Get away — you bore me."

"Oh." Alix had a very limited vocabulary, as you can see.

"Save us!" the Froshlings cried.

"Oh, alright," Alix said.

Alix, even though he was average, had one exceptional talent — he could kills with puns. This did **not** help Alix from being thrown in the dungeon.

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In my opinion

(A column wherein you can fight back verbally at what ails you. Submit typed, double-spaced articles to the *Netted Gem*, fourth floor Main or Student Union Building, by one on Mondays. Name must be included. Submissions consisting of more than 500 words will not be accepted.)

John Pendergast is a writer with the *Netted Gem*, commenting on a discussion of sexism and sexual harrassment which took place at a Canadian University Press conference he attended last weekend (see editorial page 4).

However, there was much "excess fat," or as one can say in plain terms "waste," being discussed at the conference.

For example, I did not enjoy "beind hit over the head" with certain issues such as generic language. Personally, I try to use as much generic language in my newspaper articles and

academic papers as possible. But I do not want to go to such extremes as rewriting the Webster's Dictionary.

A second topic of much overblown contention was the issue of sexual harassment.

However, I want to make this clear before I proceed. Sexual harassment is an important issue in the workplace and many women (or men for that matter) od have strong cases against employers who "stand too close too them" or "give them playful taps on areas where the sun does not shine."

One paper in the region did have a solid case of sexual harassment launched against a male editor (the name of the paper was not disclosed). But what I found very strange about the issue of sexual harassment being discussed in our male caucus was the veil of conspiracy and head games.

A noted fieldworker for CUP became usually irate and "spewed" all kinds of obscenities at us as he discussed the topic of sexual harassment. An experiment in behavioural psychology came to mind where the rat must emit a response to an unconditioned stimulus.

When the sexual harassment issue was discussed at the final plenary on Saturday night, I question the chairman (Oops! I meant chairperson) and other leading CUP executives about the purposes behind the men's and women's caucuses. "Was this some kind of elaborate psychology experiment designed to monitor our response," I asked rather light-heartedly. I was told very soberly that its only purpose was to openly discuss sexual harassment and nothing else ("how dare you, you sexist pig, insinuate anything more").

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