

# EDWARD BORE

Sunday Sept. 10th as part of their Orientation Program the new Freshman were subjected to Edward Bear. My tympanic membrane will take some time to heal from wounds acquired when I attended this musical defecation. It would be an understatement to say a few people felt ripped off by these slightly musical bowels. A good number of people felt cheated. Edward Bear was once a fine up coming group. I had seen Edward Bear once previous and had a favourable impression of them until the night in question happened on me. In only a year they have really gone a long way downhill.

The concert was not though completely without merit. The organist and the staff of Confederation Center deserve awards. The organist for some very tasteful runs over and above his quite adequate backing of the other not so adequate musicians. The staff for not leaving after the first show. The drummer, outside of having a nice pleasing voice, had best trade in his drums for some other instrument and have another go at being a musician. The best thing I can say of the guitarist is that he was the shits. In a three piece group he plays a major part (the guitarist) and must be even more careful of keeping the rhythms of the numbers he plays. I'm afraid the guitarist for Edward Bear knew rythm only as a method of Birth Control for Roman Catholics. He lost his place several times during the course of the two performances if my ears were correct and they usually are. The guitarist insisted on playing long drawn out licks which were out of key with what he was playing songwise. As a result he would lose rythm when finishing his lick.

The group lacked professionalism. There was no energy level on stage with the exception of a few numbers. The group seemed to say, "Fuck you, you silly little Islanders we've got it made and we don't have to worry about our playing to please you." I have never heard one group play so much for themselves. The material itself was really quite poor. The last time I heard anything quite so exceedingly bad it was played by a chap named Soupy at Gentleman Jim.

and write new material and then to go on tour of the Yukon and Northwest Territories and perhaps Antartica. After playing in a few cold places they will be prepared to give their audiences a warm feeling show that will send a good feeling through them instead of a pain in the ass their cold shoulder fuck you show gives you now. Clean up the act or change their name to the Musical Bowels is the choice they must make. Incidentally, there is a market for trained musical bowels at musical conventions.

by Doug Gallant

"It was really fun, I went to all the things!" This was the impression of one freshman - and apparently, a lot shared the feeling. Many stimulating and appreciative words, as well as some critical ones found their way to the recorder as a number of Freshman were interviewed last week.

First thoughts that came to mind ranged from, "Well organized -not bad ideas." to "Alright - got to know a lot of kids." to "Didn't like it, except for the Shinerama."

While we're on this topic, almost everyone reacted most enthusiastically about the Shinerama than about any other topic. Many said they really enjoyed it and felt good to

## OPINION

be doing something constructive for Clare King was "really nice cause. I would do a lot of things - not like to go burn purpose things sponsor more."

Howard Sim from Quebec felt "a good cause - if they did more that to help people really be good - just doing a lot of things."

Karen McNair felt she wouldn't benefit project

## King Biscuit Boy

### Cooks

My faith in Canadian music somewhat shaken by Edward Bear (who were supposed to be one of Canada's top groups) was fully restored Friday night by King Biscuit Boy. What can you say about a group that good that someone else hasn't already said. There wasn't a big crowd at King Biscuit Boy but there was a good crowd. The people seemed to be getting into it. King Biscuit Boy plays a damn fine harp. He isn't the finest I've ever heard that has to go to Charlie Musselwhite of Charlie Musselwhite Blues Band, whom I heard cut loose at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto. King Biscuit Boy put out some good gutsy music. Of you like blues you should have gone. King Biscuit Boy gives you blues with balls. Gooduns, King Biscuit Boy's group could have done a concert by themselves. A fine group made up of four capable musicians. The guitarist was a fine musician knowing exactly what to put in and where. The numbers were documented here, there and everywhere with hotlicks that shot through with good feeling though sometimes he leaned towards Jimmy Page a bit more than he should. The bass player and the drummer were a strong unit giving guts to the music as a really tight duo. They complimented each other very well. The piano player could not be heard very well but what you could hear was good and very tasteful;

it sounded a bit like Jeremy Spencer, a fine English bluesman. Then there's King Biscuit Boy again. I can't say anything good about him that somebody else hasn't said before me. Just read the back of the handbill.

Duane Allman - "He's a mother".

Ronnie Hawkins - "He's the best damn harp player in the world".

David Clayton Thomas, "He sings blues better than I do." What can I say after that, nothing baby but play on, I'm still singing their songs, "I got a sweet little angle I love the way she spreads her wings."

You missed something if you missed King Biscuit Boy. To each his own baby. Things are starting to look good. If entertainment like King Biscuit Boy keeps coming this could be a good year for U.P.E.I.

By Doug Gallant

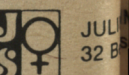
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