

# The Netted Gem goes to the Tempest.

by Jonathan Orlowski

As the lights stab the darkness of the stage, a multi-level Island emerges. Front and centre is a large five-star pendent which is a magic

symbol.

A storm rages as Prospero the magician enters with spirits following behind.

The image of lightning flashing upon the majestic figure standing on top of

the Island lures the spectator's interest, then clasps the awe with both hands, never letting go.

After an excellent introduction, the play left me a little let down because the magician was at times soft-spoken.

But the play picked up with the entrance of the spirits and with the comic relief.

Because of extenuating cir-

cumstances (term papers), I was only able to review half the performance. During the dress rehearsal, at least, the lighting, sound effects, and costumes were of professional quality.

The acting was no less, despite the last-minute replacement of Gonzalo. Pinch hitter Doug Buell had five days to learn his lines and cues.

Director John Lunman,

who has directed Shakespeare's plays at the Stratford Festival, is impressed.

"The cast had five weeks to put the play together. Within a week they had grasped the difficult Shakespearean English."

He added, "That's a feat, considering it took three weeks for the main characters in my Stratford production of *MacBeth* to get the lines.

"There was no fooling around. . . I would have none of that. . . and everyone did his homework."

Lunman added that, while many say 100% of the credit goes to the director, he thinks in this effort it's 50-50.

If this tempts you to see this play, don't let anything stop you. The show continues from November 15 to 17 at the Steel Recital Hall, UPEI.

## Seriously

By Glen Boswall

Human beings gave a natural propensity for ridicule and hatred.

This is Canada. This is P.E.I. We don't hate people for race or religion anymore (at least not overtly). We may good-naturedly rib political rivals. One can only feel embarrassment for arguing against the women's equality movement.

What, then, are we proud to hate about?

Music.

Boswall, the righteous rocker right?

Well, kiddies, I don't know whether to get sick or laugh about the fist fights over music. I don't know if you would call three people beating up a punk rocker, or two drunks trying to punch each other out at a Halloween party, a fight.

You doubtless heard the

scorn heaped on others because of their musical preference.

Listen closely. It's not good-natured anymore.

You can draw the battle lines about one thousand different ways.

Everyone sees the enemy differently.

The true headbanger (Ozzy, Judas Priest, Iron Maiden) cannot comprehend any taste but his own. Those who do not follow his lead are 'fags'. Case closed.

The bopper crowd (Boy George, Michael Jackson, Cindi Lauper, or whoever is currently popular) think that only what is or was very popular is music.

Let us not forget the pseudo-artistic / intellectual crowd (Bowie, XTC, Prince, Psychedelic Furs or anything else that can't be understood). They come on as the sole receivers of God's gift of intellig-

ence. They are usually blind enough to believe in their own superiority and recognize no other form of music as serious.

They are remarkably similar to the vintage music crowd (The Doors, The Beatles, Led Zepplin, The Rolling Stones) whose musical tastes, have never made it past the mid-seventies and who fervently wish that all recording studios had been destroyed at that point in time.

Last but not least are the punks (Sex Pistols, Black Flag, etc.) who believe that true talent is reflected by playing out of tune.

Each of these categorizations are extremes which personify very few of the millions who buy records, play in bands, attend concerts and listen to the radio. But realistic or not, these categories become boundaries over which few

friendships and little communication crosses.

Music is designed to communicate, to increase understanding, for dance, for parties, for FUN.

It, unfortunately, plays an adequate substitute for skin colour or religion in encouraging ignorance an intolerance. It is not the music itself that encourages this intolerance but the people who listen to it.

Music does not dictate behaviour or dress codes. It is ridiculous to believe that one has to put on deck shoes to listen to Platinum Blonde, studded wrist bands and faded denims to hear Saxon, or the scruffiest clothes one can find to listen to Jim Morrison.

The differences and boundaries are where they are because we have put them there. Don't pervert the purpose of music; just sit back, listen and enjoy.



Prospero (Dr. Edward Edmonds) and Ariel (Elizabeth Mair) in a scene from the UPEI Theatre Society's production of *The Tempest*. Performances November 14-17 at 8 p.m. Tickets \$3 students, \$4 others. (Photo: Guardian)

## Life Styles

by Lori Anne Heckbert

Well, you had your week off. You are obliged to read this stuff once again. Yeah...

This week is going to be our very first movie review! Oh joy, or bliss! And, the lucky winner of the very first movie review is, not "Sesame Street Goes to Town", but... "Purple Rain"!

Seems a logical choice, doesn't it? I mean the movie came out around when I was born, didn't it? At any rate it's got to be at least a year since it was released. SUFFICE IT TO SAY, it's here.

I want to know how you go about talking about a movie without telling everything - you people are supposed to say "Gee I'd love to see that", not "Gee, no sense in seeing that, I already know what happened".

Let's begin. At the beginning. There was Adam. And there was Eve. And there was that stinkin' tree. Then, a whole passel of trouble. Wrong movie? That's "Jack and Jill Under the Balsam Fir",

you say? Golly - I sure am sorry.

It's a pretty torchy flick. The plot is relatively easy to follow. Prince and the Revolution are playing at this club, I assume the place is New York. Our hero lives in the basement of his parents' house; nice pad he's set up down there for himself.

It becomes obvious when his father smashes his mother around that his parents have more than their share of marital troubles. Also, not a great way for an all-round great guy like Prince to grow up.

Anyway, he and the band do their gig every night. One evening, he meets Apollonia, a very nice lady. And I don't mean she's sweeter than saccharine, either. She says she's a singer and dancer. The girl could bawl in Cantonese off-key and no one would care. But still, she's not bad.

Prince proceeds to have an unbalanced relationship with her, the stuff of which rock videos are made. One obvious criticism of

the movie would be that it was one long video, but I don't think that's the case. The soundtrack blended well with the plot.

As the movie rolls along, you become aware that Prince is the Dustin Hoffman of rock and roll. He is as irascible and difficult to work with as Hoffman is purported to be. A couple of girls in his band want him to sing the songs they write. His resistance is vehement, but he grows up during the movie and becomes a nice guy, and sings their songs which are, by a stroke of luck, actually quite good.

I'm not going to tell you anymore (should that be two separate words?), I'll let you find it out for yourselves. I don't know about you folks, but I've had a nutsy kookoo weekend and I'm dog tired. I'm leaving you Tex, you've gone too far this time.

"OK Edna." "I did tell you I'm schizophrenic, didn't I? Take care of yourselves. Until we meet again..."

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