

Record review:

Prince's Purple Rain

By Glen Boswall

made it to Island theatres. On opening night or thereabouts I got the opportunity to see

it. "Why don't you review the soundtrack?" I was asked by my typist and co-moviegoer. Ye-gads-a brainwave.

This album boasts some of the best and the ugliest music I have ever heard. You soar up to the heights of "When Doves Cry" and "Let's Go Crazy" only to crash into the incredibly grotesque "I Would Die For U".

"Let's Go Crazy" is definitely the rocker of the album. Pure energy from end to end; the cut starts with you off with a spoof on any Southern crusader and pumps you straight into three or so minutes of pure adrenaline.

Prince fan or not, you'll

have trouble keeping your Nikes on the deck for this one.

Some other notable high-points are "When Doves Cry", "Take Me With You" and "The Beautiful Ones".

You can hardly call any of these songs notable based on their talent content alone some have it and some don't rather, each cut seems to give off a different feeling. Some give you that good feeling and some make you grope for the alka-seltzer or the nearest receptacle.

"I Would Die For U" and "Baby I'm A Star" fit the latter category. In the interests of sanity, these cuts should only be heard after a

loud explosion or other hearing-impairing events.

Prince has a future as a composer, singer or guitarist. He performs all three roles admirably. I would personally like to revoke his drummers percussion licence and replace him with any suitable drum machine. The rest of the band, however, know their stuff and function well as a unit.

Prince has been likened to Jim Hendrix, and the dark side of Michael Jackson. Perhaps he is both. He combines the Jackson brothers' sense of beat and meter, yet rides on the dangerous side of lyrical content and musical experimentation as only

Hendrix could. His music seems to take on a disjointed yet cluttered sound.

Aside from a few ugly numbers, the whole album manages to come through with a punch.

Purple Rain: The Soundtrack

High Points

"When Doves Cry"
"Let's Go Crazy"
"Take Me With You"
Appolonia in the movie (Ooh-la-la!)

Low Points

"I Would Die For U"
"Baby I'm A Star"
Bad Drummer

Fresh point of view

By Kaberi Dasgupta

Twenty-six days left, or so my sisters tell me with visions of Cabbage Patch Dolls dancing in their eyes. (Eleven days before that other, or alternately terrifying event. It starts with an E. But let's forget about it for now.)

Guess what's in the stocking of the *Netted Gem* staff? No, not \$100,000 worth of equipment.

Give up? Well, look out Panthers, because here come the *Netted Gem* sweatshirts. (Is advertising allowed in a column?)

Yes, the decision was finally made. Taste prevailed and the chosen colours were grey and blue, as opposed to GREEN. Journalists are often faced with problems of such paramount importance.

Here is what it's called — *The Netted Gem Sweatshirt*.

Just in case you're colour blind, it has this title written on it.

Did I say it was a present? Well, it really isn't. However the staff did get a discount (HA!)

I'm sure I can guess your next question. Yes, they will be available to the public — but not unless the public joins the staff. How much? Well, due to a previous promise, I am unable to divulge that little piece of information.

But whatever the cost, it's worth it.

Or so I am told.

Surely the intellectuals as well as the athletes deserve some support.

Well, I had better get back to preparing for that other occasion. Bye. And Merry Christmas!

Lifestyles continued

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generalization. I have qualified the statement.

This is not bad copy, you know? A little scathing perhaps, but on the whole quite good. It's certainly avoiding getting maudlin; chalk up one point on my side of the board.

Did you see the great cartoon over my byline? Make that under. Isn't it fabulous? I'd say it typifies that which follows, wouldn't you? I'm taking stabs in the dark as to where it is being placed, but I've been assured that I have got dibs on it. Yeah...

Still with me? Rest assured I have made allowances for this being November, and have adjusted the content accordingly. If you stop and think about it, you will quickly realize that as yet, I haven't said anything earth shattering.

ALRIGHT. Let's be brutally honest with ourselves. This stuff is so fluffball, it

couldn't even give a cobweb a run for its money. NOT EVEN a cobweb being pelted with cotton balls.

I'm going to let you in on a deep, dark secret. I don't have and never have had any intentions of saying anything in this week's column. GASP NOW.

Wait a minute, though. I'll bet my next cup of coffee that you've thoroughly enjoyed reading this week's *Netted Gem* gospel. NOW YOU MAY WHEEZE.

I've just instructed Mr. Scott to beam me up. But, before I go, I'd like to wish you all a merry Christmas, where'er you hang your hat for the holidays.

If I may be permitted to quote my favorite literary character, Tiny Tim in Dicken's *A Christmas Carol*: "God bless us every one!"

Captain out.



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