

U2 — Unforgettable Fire

By Glen Boswall

After admiring U2's "Boy", "October", and "War" albums for so long, I feared that my expectations for any new album would be too high. Upon first hearing the record, I was somewhat disappointed by the lack of grab that characterized "Boy" and the other earlier albums. The more I listened to the album, however, the more my disappointment faded and my appreciation grew.

"The Unforgettable Fire" seems to place more emphasis on the lyrical content and sound than earlier works. This provides ample opportunity for singer, Bono Hewson, to expand and display his vocal talents. If you thought he was good before, listen to "Elvis Presley and America", "MLK" or "Bad" and find out how

right you were.

Guitarist 'The Edge' Evans continues to impress me as either a certified genius or a certifiable lunatic. He continues to violate every tradition and rule ever associated with rhythm guitar. Yet I know of no other guitarist with a truer sense of what rhythm guitar means and what its purpose is in relation to the group as a whole. This album is no exception to his distinctive style. He hovers all around the melody, repeatedly defining and modifying it.

Enough of the merits of individual band members. Not to slight the considerable talents of drummer, Larry Mullen Jr. or bassist, Adam Clayton, but space runs short. What about the album as a whole? What about the songs?

"The Unforgettable Fire"

album seems to represent a maturation for U2. It abandons much of the recklessness of their earlier albums, a fact which may at first disturb you. Fear not, each member now seems to have a

larger sense of what the others are doing.

It all comes together in a talented display of tone, message, and well-crafted sound creation and mix. Congratulations to the band members

and producer, Eno Lanoise for making it all click.

There isn't as much of the fast stuff on this album but "Indian Summer Sky" and "Wire" give you a little of that. "Wire", however, becomes a bit monotonous. "Elvis Presley and America" and "MLK" have a warm hypnotic quality I have not

heard since the Police recorded "Invisible Sun".

The song "Unforgettable Fire" is unfortunately quite forgettable and I question its use as the title track. This is more than made up for by the single/video release "Pride (In The Name of Love)." Martin Luther King Jr. would have been proud.

Dimwilt in Underland

by Jim Lai

For those who still haven't figured out last week's episode, here are some hints:

1) Glumbell represents childhood.

2) The name Dimwilt implies a legacy of ignobility. The name is made up of dimwit and wilt, suggesting stupidity and decay.

3) The Mountains of Darkness represent fears and the transition from childhood to adulthood, as will the kingdoms of Underland.

4) Simwilt is a typo. And don't you forget it.

Now on with the story:

Sly Dimwilt carefully made his way across the flimsy rope bridge. The bottomless chasm seemed even deeper than before. Despite the slippery patches of glowins moss all over the place, he made it across.

As Sly turned around, he saw the bridge collapse. A film of fear enveloped him as he ran away into the only exit — a narrow tunnel.

He ran blindly. The tunnel

led to a complex of maze of tunnels. The glowing moss was everywhere. Lost in the maze, Sly Dimwilt ran even faster.

The Sly fell.

He had fallen in a pit trap. Sly cursed his stupidity.

He looked around the pit. There were literally thousands of people weeping and wailing. Their cries filled the air.

"Where am I?" Sly asked.

"The Pit of Despair," cried a voice.

"How do I get out?"

"What?" the voice wailed in outrage. "Don't you care? Can't you see my suffering? Oh, the agony, I am in great pain."

"Why?"

"Why?" the voice sobbed in outrage. "Why not? What's so bad about pain and suffering?? Why can't you enjoy beins unhappy for the sake of it? Don't you feel any pity at all?"

"You disgust me," Sly stated flatly. He noticed that the walls were made of packed earth, which offered several fragile footholds. Sly Simwilt began to climb the dirt wall.

"Why are you leaving me when I need you the most?"

wept the voice. "You just want to make me cry."

"You cry over nothing," Sly shouted as he reached the top of the Pit. He looked back down and saw several people struggling after him, begging for his return. He turned and walked away.

After walking a considerable distance (not far enough, in Sly's opinion), he eventually came upon a sign which said: "Welcome to the Kingdom of Psycho-Derelicts." At last, He had reached the first of the kingdoms of Underland.

Soon, Sly came upon a vast cavern, which could hold all the brains in Glumbell. Let me rephrase that. The cavern could hold all the marbles in Glumbell. (There are only 27 functioning brains in Glumbell, evenly dispersed among the entire population of 70,533. However, over 144 metric tons of marbles can be found in Glumbell.)

Instead, the cavern held a huge walled city. Sly walked around it in search of an entrance. Unfortunately for him, he found it.

(To be continued)

Fresh Point of View

By Kaberia Dasgupta

I walked into the house. At least, I made an attempt at walking. The books managed to slide from my arms and onto my feet. I went down to join them. After about fifteen minutes, I made it to the sofa.

One of my little sisters, discerning that I was tired, decided to perform an unprecedented act of kindness. She sat down a soft drink about five feet away from me.

"Here," she said.

I managed to twist my head around to actually view the glass. Bubbles were floating to the top of the drink. Bubbles of carbon dioxide. A gas $pV = k$. Vapor pressure. The derivative of the rate of increase of the radius...

"No! No more!" I shouted.

"What do you mean?" asked my sister, looking slightly perplexed.

"What do I mean? Why do you want to know what I mean? Do you really care? Does anyone really care?"

My sister, sensing that I was losing my mind, decided not to waste a glass of 7-Up.

"How was your day?" she asked.

"It's all a plot. They plan to take over my mind."

"Sounds like it's working."

After giving her an exclusive view of my tongue, I looked desperately for something with no meaning, no depth. I managed to grab the remote control.

I glanced at the orange button on it. "POWER", it said. Power. So many people have thirsted for it. MacBeth, Hitler. Power, the ultimate

destroyer. What is power?

ΔP(γr)δ?

With a yell, I hit the button.

My head hit the sofa just as the image flickered on the screen. At last, something truly meaningless.

"He's not your son," said the woman on the screen to the man who was grasping a Father's Day card.

Finally! Some violence to relieve my tension. I reached up to grab the remnants of the 7-Up. As I glanced back at the television set, I heaved a sigh of disappointment. They were kissing. Well, maybe they were happy.

I went to the kitchen to get something to eat. Underneath all the apples and oranges was a bag of potato chips. Relieved, I returned to the family room.

The couple were fighting. Well, that was more like it.

Teddy health hazard revealed

By Bob Stanley

Last week's story on the tragic kidnapping of stuffed animals on campuses across

Canada has lead the F.B.I. (Fuzzy Bear Investigators) to another problem facing these innocent creatures.

In recent stuffed animal contests, picking the cutest on campus, it was discovered by the F.B.I. that owners

were injecting the "toys" with additional stuffing to increase the plumpness and give them a more appealing quality.

The concern of this organization is that the added stuffing puts on a dangerous strain on the seams and increases the danger of receiving A.I.D.S. (absolutely, indescribably, dangerous stuffing) from one of those phony Cabbage Patch Kid dolls.

Hints on detecting stuff doping:

- 1) You can bounce a penny two feet off the animal's belly.
- 2) The seams are strained.
- 3) There is a strong smell of kerosine (in the cases involving A.I.D.S.)

If A.I.D.S. is suspected, take animal to a restuffer before it explodes.

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