

Making Waves

by Dragos Ruiu

At a certain age your brain turns off. By my estimate this age seems to be 28. Proof, you ask? Simply look at that flourishing new mega-music-business... the (oooh) GOLDEN OLDIES STATION!

More and more stations are switching to this format. By some industry estimates, in a couple of years, the number of stations that will play new music in North America will be reduced to mere handfuls. The old stuff sells, and what sells gets ratings, and ratings get you advertisers, and advertisers let you stay in business and buy potato chips for your DJ's... you get the picture.

People love those classic songs. "Gimme that good ole time rock 'n' roll. This new stuff sounds like sledgehammers melting!" they scream. Here we go again.

All these people are going to have kids (well, some at least)... And they are going to complain about the 'noise' that the young people are listening to. Here I was, disillusioned enough to actually think that our generation would understand about rebellion through music. Nope. They are going to keep whining "Boy, those were the good ole days... Yeah, that was MY era."

Good old days!!! What could they be talking about? Maybe it's something that clouds your mind when you get older — all those painful memories get erased so you can reminisce properly. "Remember those teen years when we were free?" What a load of crap.

Free! Yeah, that's what I call it when everyone is telling you that you have to be responsible like an adult now, and the very next second telling you that you aren't old enough... You finally get out into the real world, only to find that the bed of roses has barbed wire around it.

When you find that some musician is singing about the very same problems you are having and you feel relieved that you really aren't all alone, the Big People say you shouldn't be listening to that stuff. You find some sympathy, and what do they try

to do, take it away.

Well, folks, our new and improved, brighter, and whiter generation will probably do the same thing to the next generation. Examine your tastes; when was the last time you re-evaluated all that good stuff you listened to years ago and probably still listen to. Would you still buy a Monkees record? Face it, answer is yes. (Notice that re-releases of Monkees records are now selling even when they were flops in the original early releases.)

Debbie Harry has a new record... The Police is getting back together... So is Genesis... Bruce 'The Boss' Springbore has his new nostalgia set out, and it's selling like Crack. AC/DC sales are still pretty constant. Boston and Heart still roll in the bucks. The Beach Boys still do tour dates. Even Johnny Rotten is still around. (His latest album is named *Album*, his tape *Tape*, and his single *Single*.) Paul Simon, Mick Jagger, the occasional Townshend...



sic' groups to go away, but the attention they are getting in comparison to newer shall I go on?

Nobody can honestly expect these 'clas-

and more exciting groups is indicative of a trend. The baby boom is getting older, and the music industry with it.

The fact that musical tastes remain staid and conservative doesn't bode well for future youths. A new resurgence of Death Punks are coming back and heavy metal looks tame by comparison. You see Skate Punks again in the elementary schools. Young kids with camo jackets and Clash shirts and colourful skateboards. Punk is the trendy thing among people 12-16 years old, and getting bigger by the second. There is even Prep Punk!

This is not the Punk of old. That was for show, like the Sex Pistols, a lot of screaming. This is a more violent, hateful rebellion. I've even heard people complain that it's not safe to slam-dance anymore!

And the traditional reaction: fear, dislike, and distrust is surfacing, even among relatively 'young' people here at the U of Eh. In Montreal, they are 'banding together' against these new 'young-violent-hoodlum-skinheads'. Give it a couple of years and we will see the generation gap back at the grand canyon norm... Wait and see.

Get off on heavy metal heaven

Orgasmatron
Motorhead
Attic Records

record review by Scott Gordon

Right! Is everything louder than everything else? Then let's go!

Yikes! This is no ordinary heavy metal band: this is Motorhead. This is no ordinary heavy metal album: this is 'Orgasmatron'. That means that you must be very careful with the volume of this record or it will kill your plants and turn tomorrow's fettucini alfredo into yogurt.

This... 'fascinating' collection of musicians don't worry about synthesizers or programs, except to run them over with their

amps. This is music to weld by, and it's great! They don't just assault you with sound that you can actually distinguish from a chainsaw cutting through a garbage can, they grab you by the leather and studs and shake you up with their satirical and often humorous lyrics.

Several moons ago, amidst stale cigarette smoke and stale beer, ex-Hawkwind bassist Lemmy Kilminster formed the original Motorhead trio. He was kicked out of Hawkwind because he was busted for possession of speed in Toronto during a tour, hence the name Motorhead, which means speed freak. Several albums, and broken teeth later, the band now consists of four leather clad maniacs crooning such ditties as 'Deaf Forever', 'Claw', 'Doctor Rock',

and the title cut, all personal favourites on this album that may possibly change your way of listening to music; ie. Never with headphones unless you really do want to be 'Deaf Forever.'

This is very probably the best heavy metal album that I've heard this year. To quote Lemmy, "If ya don't buy it, we'll move next door to you and your lawn will die."

Help, I'm not funny and *The Gateway* is coming.
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