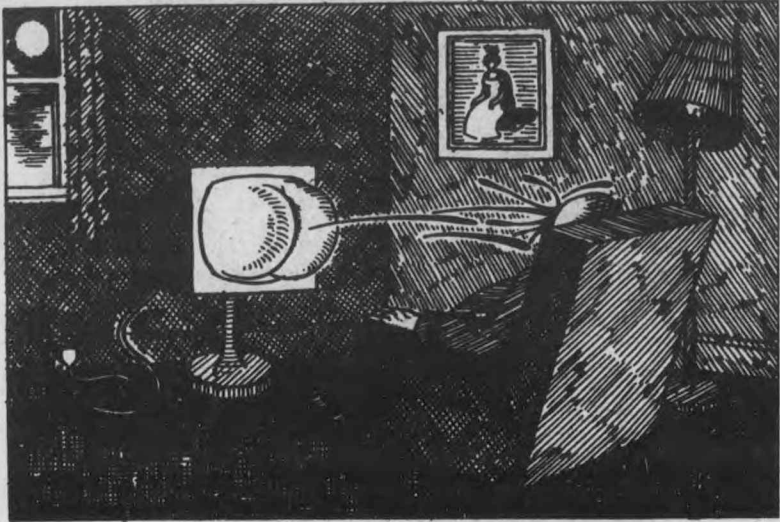


MONITOR ——— MONITOR



MONITOR ——— MONITOR

**CRAP
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Number one in an occasional series
this week
**HOW TO MAKE A
NETWORK (S)HIT**

CHILD PRODIGY CAROLINA CASSIE STRIPS THE BOLLOCKS DOWN TO THE BONES AND REALIZES IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE EASY TO PUT A POTENTIAL RATINGS KILLER TOGETHER.

OK, assuming you're one of those people who is a) specifically oriented career-wise towards TV, b) willing to expose yourself (whoops! I meant well, not that anyway) to the general public, and/or c) darned conceited, you'll want your own TV show. Let's say you already have the go-ahead from some major network like NBC or Cable 10. What do you do?

There are many formats to choose from in both comedy, drama, and science fiction, and you can pick, choose, and mix 'n' match from any category. Here is a sample list:

HAPPY FAMILY. Mommy will be a lawyer who handles very small cases, Daddy will be a doctor, a lawyer, or a Ward Cleaver who goes to "the office" for the "Handle man project." The kids will occasionally have life-threatening crises like a pimple or no date on Saturday night, but everything is usually OK. Example - *Cosby Show*.

QUIRKY FAMILY/NORMAL HOUSEKEEPER. This is rarely taken. If you eliminate the housekeeper, usually the kids will be sluts or druggies and occasionally parents are too, but everything ends up OK. Example - *Bewitched, Married With Children*.

WEIRD-BIMBO-HOUSEKEEPER. Where you have a normal family and some absolute twit who absolutely alters the lives of the family for the better but only ruins the series. Examples - *Who's The Boss* and *Free Spirit*.

COMMUNITY. Just one big quarrel and happy family of 2000 people, 8 of whom are regulars. Examples - *Dynasty*, *Amen*, *Star Trek TNG*, et al...

THE FUZZ. Community with police. Example - *Car 54, Where Are You?*

BUDDIES. Usually cops, usually totally different, usually very weird. Examples - *Miami Vice*, *Alien Nation*.

Now, when you have a format, you can go into casting. If you don't have any big name dudes, you can use tars of the following caliber -

LEADING ROLES
Male or Female Cop - spunky, sexy, heart of gold
Male or Female Parent - Kind, sweet, sexy, heart of gold
Major Bad Guy - nasty, sexy, heart of gold, money-loving, Scroogish.

SUPPORTING ROLES
Male of Female Teenaged Kid - perverted, hair-spray addict, "aw he/she's cunnnnnnnute" addict, no pimples, sexy mold, etc., etc, ad nauseum totally infinitum.
Male of Female Little Kid - Bratty, cute, cuddly
Sister (adult) - Whorish, single, alcoholic
Brother (adult) - Macho, single, smoker, alcoholic

(above also applies to neighbors)
Mother - Naggy, gives guilt trips, aged, wrinkly, in a wheelchair (also for grandmothers)
Father/Grandfather - see Mother

You will usually be able to find actors best suited for one or more of these roles. Once you have this and a time slot, you are all set.

Ratings Heaven!
Cassandra Carlisle

ALLANAH MYLES
Allanah Myles
(Atlantic Records)

Dear Lord, don't ask me why I originally decided to buy this. I just loved the cover. I adored the cover. That pulled me in. Snazzy advertising works. OK, so she looks a little bit like Marina Sirtis. And she's Canadian hard rock. So what else could I do except borrow 5 bucks from Mom and buy it?

"Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy..." my first reaction. "This quality can't last. This first song is sooo good. They'll never pull it off. Allanah will never be able to stay this good for the rest of the album." See, I was going on lyrics only as far as constant quality was concerned, because Atlantic Records has a rep for majorly bad lyrics. Witness Debbie Gibson. Stacey Q. The Muppets. Heaven help me, Allanah's writers have such talent. And the music ain't bad either.

As far as general aura goes, Allanah Myles' material borders on the metallesque without

straying too far into the darkness-realm of Satanic rule of the thrashable, yet does not withdraw into the format trappings of the danceable.

I am sounding like Deter from Saturday Night Live's "Sprockets".

If only for the admirable quit or miffs, I am deeply in love with the AC/DC meets Leonard Cohen format. Sometimes it waxes repetitive, but that is what we must learn to accept in Allanahdom.

Should any country affectionados take an interest, there are at least two songs of the geve involved- "Black Velvet" and "Hurry, Make Love (To Me)", of which "Velvet" is the ultimately superior.

either way, not for the Madonna/Debbie set or the lyrically devoted Guns 'N' Roses fanaticues.

Cassandra
(of, the Carolinas)
Carlisle

**The The
Mind Bomb
Epic**

Sick of bands that peddle mindless dander about how great their hedonistic little social lives are, or that dissect musical daisies with she loves me/loves me not with an instrumental accompaniment of computer generated, video game sound effects and/or choke-on-a-fret, cat killing guitar bashing? Well kiddies, my advice is to pour yourself a nice cold glass of Purplesaurus Rex, epoxy your thighs to your fave piece 'o livingroom furniture and give this album a few thirty-three-and-a-thirds.

Subtlety about the world we crawl over is not the aim of this band. This album shows excellent progression from previous releases of the group, both lyrically and instrumentally. Haunting vocals growl shadowy morality on everything from religion to politics to individual and group ethics on sex, charity, faith, and emotion. Although somewhat graphic in places and perhaps a little too sardonic for the average listener, not too much that is said is false (to me anyway). the music is, as hoped, well in line with past efforts from The The. although the beating edge that appeared in *Infected* has been

tempered, the use of horns, harmonics and piano linger to compliment rasping vocals. Not quite as somber in tome as *Soul Mining*, *Mind Bomb* still makes you want to die slowly rather than in frantic spasm.

The band's patented demoralistic view of human endeavour and spirit is expressed in the opening tune *Good Morning Beautiful* (with the aid of electronic vocal distortion of the Laurie Anderson Genre). Religious zealotism is slammed in *Armageddon Days Are Here (Again)* which slides nicely into social commentary in the *Violence of Truth* and *The Beat (en) Generation*. Sobering views of passion and lust are offered in the last three tracks, *August* and *September*.

**BURN
OUT**

Last Saturday night, the Burners, a five man band out of Calgary appeared at the UNB Engineering Pub. They played before a small but enthusiastic crowd of about 150 people.

The Burners music consisted of an interesting blend of original and cover music with styles reminiscent of George Thoroughgood and the Georgia Satellites.

"Above the Weather," an original tune, had a very bluesy feel to it, while "Nobody," very much reminded us of the Boss, Bruce Springsteen. The band obviously felt very comfortable with these varied styles and did their utmost to whip the crowd into a veritable frenzy. Indeed, their cover version of Johnny Be Good, was one of the strangest ever heard, but perhaps their best tune of the night was their own Hollywood Saturday Night, one that had the place rockin'.

VP Activities Stephane Comeau wasn't very pleased with the turnout at the event (Don't make me say it! - Ed.), but "At least it was better than the Randy Peters," he said, referring to a concert which bombed last year. "I think that everybody like the band," he said, "Too bad there weren't more people."

Lyle Norg

Gravitate to Me and Beyond Love. Love is not dead, its just subliminally masochistic and self-destructive.

The hi-lite of the album is *Kingdom of Rain*, combining script of adult intention and emotion, standard *The The* accompaniment and the incredibly strong vocals of *Sinead O'Connor*. Her voice, the music and subject come together in a way that amplifies what the band has delivered in all their albums.

Fans will be pleased, the squeabs will be left puzzled; just what a good release should do. Just don't get too analytical with it, you might end up killing you neighbour.

Thanks *Sarabellum*. Yo, on the ill-tip.

PJ

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