

AND NOW...  
THIS WEEKS' DODGY MEAT CARTOON



**THE GO-BETWEENS**  
**16 Lovers Lane**  
*(Beggars Banquet)*

It is a beautiful spring day. Majestic swans ponce gently past the banks of a rather leafier section of the Thames. In a small meadow; a well-hung willow provides lush shade for a group of students from the local poly technic. Flung with extreme precision about the picnic blanket are Proust's 'A la recherche etc.' some Keats and Betjemen and Goethe's 'The Sorrows of Young Werther'. They are dressed in chlorox brilliance and each is adorned with a chunky sweater tied loosely about the artistically skinny sholders.

Grant smirks at Lindy, Lindy giggles at John and; slowly but surely, musical instruments begins to appear from oversized battered leather satchels. A guitar, a clarinet, a mandolin... Crikey! Amanda has even brought a violin! And

so the songs begin. Antiseptic little stale crumbs of precocious woe bereft of all passion float across the murky old river as the quintet gaze seriously at the clouds, vacant eyes in a head tilted at just the right angle.

Alright, alright, they're actually Australians, but the scene described above always haunts me while listening to 16 Lover's Lane. Whip up a bit of latter-day Triffids, some of the more tuneless aspects of Prefab Sprout and a double dollop of pretention à la Lloyd Cole and you can call me a tosspot if you haven't cooked up some Go-betweens.

Not for the easily sedated that pride themselves on being able to spot bull cookies at fifty paces.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE WRETCHED PORK HEADS THAT WRESTLES WITH THE VIDEO SHELVES FOR FORTY-FIVE MINUTES ONLY TO LEAVE THE CONVENIENCE STORE WITH A SACK OF DOUGHNUTS? CASSANDRA CAN HELP YOU:

**HOW TO PICK A**  
**VIDEO**

The unanswerable question: When you go into a video shop and you are surrounded by top rentals that are about to be snatched off the shelves by video addicts, multiple copies of E.T., Dirty Dancing and (well, let's just say it was out, OK?) Cocktail, the unavoidable Friday the 13th Part MXLCVIVVXXIIIIX: The New Plot and Nightmare on Elm Street 19: Freddy Gets Plastic Surgery, such Victorian pornographic classics as Playboy Video Calendar 1837: Upper Canada Family Compact Women In Corsets (now rated G), and the kiddie movies: He-Man and the Masters of the Universe (how many of you still play with those?), Marry Poppins and the Tin Soldiers From Hell, The Neverending Story Part 3: The Final Chapter, and Ernie and Bert Live From the Twiddlebug Flowerbox, what do you choose? Allow this humble soul, writer of many definitive treatises, to direct you towards tonight's rental.

**STEP #1: Consider your mood.** It's a known fact that when you're deathly depressed, watching "E.T."

(why it depresses people rather than nauseates them, I don't know) ain't gonna do it fer ya. And a sex comedy will do nothing for you either. When you're happy, a comedy. If you're romantic, a Shades of Love movie. If you're angry at or jealous of someone, get a mad slasher dead teenager movie and pretend you're Jason or whatever.

**STEP #2: Consider what you can stand.** Those of you who are more in the deep-thinking range should avoid those annoying teen flicks with brat pack members in them (to detect, consult November 11th's "Teen-Flicks" essay, November 3rd's "Shunning the Boring in 7 Easy Steps" by Deanna T., and whatever the teen magazines are promoting this week). If you get queasy when you prick your finger with a needle, avoid gore films. And NEVER rent any of those "magical" Walt Disney fairy tales, even if you're an animation freak, if you can't bear any more goody-goodies like that teacher's pet in your English class.

**STEP#3: Consult movie reviews.** Even they can be reliable. True bombs are detectable that way, as are true gems. But there are some reviewers you should trust more than others. Siskel & Ebert's show should be part of your TV Guide (5:30 Saturdays, MITV), and Robert Ebert's 1989 Movie Home Companion part of your library. NEVER go by what Seventeen or Glamor are promoting. Stay away from those paperbacks that are typed in microscopic print and rarely have a synopsis beyond 10 lines. Be wary about the Gleaner's reviews. (But the Bruns is always to be trusted!)

**STEP #4: Don't trust "Top Rental Lists."** Only once in a blue moon do they give any hint as to the quality of a movie. Top Rentals are almost inevitably BratPack Teen Flicks unless they are Steven Spielberg produced, Star Trek or general science-fiction, or have about ten million good reviews. Even then, there can be flubs. So go for the more obscure movies.

**STEP #5: Ask friends with tastes like yours what they recommend.** My friends are 9 times out of 10 going to want to see those stupid BratPack movies, so this step is only to be taken by those who have outgrown that

type of movie and whose friends have done the same. (Of course, I never grew into them...) It is imperative that more than one opinion be gathered re: a certain film. And when all of them conflict (a rare occurrence, to be sure), rent just to find out (if you want to spend the money).

**STEP #6: Check out the awards and nominations.** If it's got a bunch of Oscars for "Best Actress in a Comedy" or that sort of thing, it's a good sign. But you're taking risks if it won Best Movie at the Cannes Film Festival. Such movies are almost inevitably very boring. And don't go buy the junk about "Best Cinematography in a Docudrama" or "Best Musical Score." That is a direct pointer towards sitting on the shelf for all eternity. (Not you! THE MOVIE!)

**STEP #7: Count the copies on the rental rack AND in the sales bin.** Go back in time to when "Crocodile Dundee I" came out. One video store bought 25 copies. Now I think they only have one or two. If they're selling more than two of the copies at a time, it's a bomb.

CASSANDRA  
CARLISLE

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