

# Making Waves

by Dragos Ruiu

Welcome to Marquee magazine, where everything is great. Read insightful interviews the like of which you have never seen since Prime Time started putting in filler, and stars' biographies (oops, I mean biographies).

Oh, I guess we shouldn't be too harsh, those writers are just doing their jobs (and it's not pretty). What must it be like, going to the set of one schlock movie after another, and having to write cheery, rosy reviews of every one. Things are always great, copacetic, just nifty-keen. Actor(esses) are always versatile and dynamic.

It must get almost funny after a while, trying to find new adjectives you can apply to puberty movies that consist of chesty ladies finding excuses to take off their shirts, sweaters, etc. "A funny and refreshing look into the difficult life of a teenager." Or maybe, "A movie about the lighter side of a teenager coping with his sexual awakening." They can't just blurt out that this is another zit and this movie; they have to call it an "ode to the adolescent experience."

You know that when a Marquee article says something like "overcoming production difficulties, director..." it means the lead bimbo...er actress got pregnant and ran off, so they had to edit out all her scenes. Or when they say "if only... could find a movie script to showcase her formidable acting talents," it means she has starred in a long line of box-office bombs.

The Marquee world is a whole different universe. There another *Oh God*, and *Heaven Can Wait* rip-off, *Date with an Angel* (coming soon to a drive-in near you) becomes "a romantic fantasy-comedy with heavenly overtones." (!) When Paul Newman was rude to the reporter (probably because he heard whom he was writing for) he becomes "not keen on chit-chat. He doesn't like to talk about movies..."

The other real difficult part of being a writer for this magazine must be the reading level you are targeting. No three syllable words. Remember, you are writing to the same people who clapped when Jason gave a lobotomy with a battle-axe (or was that the pitchfork?).

It must pay well.

Baseball can be hazardous to your health. During the last World Series the exclusive ticket franchiser decided that they were having too many problems with skirmishes in the lines for sales of local tickets. So they decided to sell the 10 000 tickets for games five and six for one hour...

The number was announced at 7:55 on Saturday morning, on local radio and television stations which reached a five state area around St. Paul, Minn. area. Thirty-five operators were standing by. For the next three hours the number of phone calls to this number went above 200 000 per hour. The phone exchanges in the area went belly-up under the stress, they were just overloaded.

For a three hour period (the tickets sold out at 11) most of the people in the region could not get a dial tone, 911 was completely nullified. Several suburbs stationed fire engines at strategic corners just to be safe. Police were broadcasting that people should drive down to the police station, and not even attempt phoning.

Ma Bell just about had a coronary. Just goes to show you — you don't realize how much you depend on something until it goes away. There was one guy who was really pissed off though; he had the same number, but in Rochester, a different area code. He was staying home to answer calls about an ad he placed in the paper to sell some things before he left for college that afternoon. I know it's not funny but... tee hee.

Next time that used ICBM salesman tries to sell you a Minuteman 3, just say NO. It turns out they are not as infallible as we have been given to believe. Three years ago at an ICBM site they had this problem you see...

I mean it really looked like it was going to take off, and it was generally agreed that this would be a bad thing. Well, nobody had told it to go, but it still wanted to go.

The solution? (funny you should ask...)

They got a big, heavy tank (APC actually) and parked it on top of the silo door. The reasoning was that even if the door managed to open, the tank would fall and hurt the rocket. Good thing they keep those tanks around.

They should have used something really heavy and useless, like a Cadillac.

Both the above anecdotes were from USENET news.

## Dumb Poet album by Fools

Immaculate Fools  
Dumb Poet  
A&M

review by Stephen A. Noble

Please God, if you exist, don't let this be true, let it be some kind of joke.

Sometimes I play a record that makes me so glad that some caveman first beat on a stretched animal skin and howled; it's good to see that although music has progressed to a more complex structure, there still remains heart and honest emotion.

Then there are other records which make me so annoyed with that first adventurous caveman for starting the whole process. It's enough to make one cynical, thinking that the black vinyl with such hideous attempts at music, that a whole industry revolves around these "artists."

Therefore, God, if you exist, make this record some kind of a joke, or something — please!

It's ironic that one of the main songs on the album is called *Tragic Comedy*. It really makes me wonder whether the group is taking itself seriously or not. The song itself is well-chosen as a single, well-chosen for the pop market. It boasts the kind of melody that would make even Prince Charlie tap his feet and invite them down to the Palladium for a benefit gig in aid of his mum's corgis or something.

The production of the album is aimed at giving the music "that big sound." But you

just can't have that kind of effect if you don't have the emotion and the honesty to back it up. It comes across as all very contrived, all very normal let-me-go-home-now-I've-seen-it-all-before. Cliched screaming guitar lines abound.

On songs like "Never Give Less Than Everything" and "Dumb Poet" the vocals sound like a combination of a calm, yelping penguin and a man being sharply kicked in the chest — it's just so strained, so unnatural.

And then there's the lyrics. Well, well, perhaps "Dumb Poet" is a fitting name for the madman who wrote them. Listen boys, there's more poetry in dirty laundry than there is in false words about love and the bloody moon. For example, take these lines from "Tragic Comedy":

You laughed when I cried  
To make me smile, you said  
Everything would be alright  
I mean what I say  
It's humourous  
My love for you is serious  
So serious.

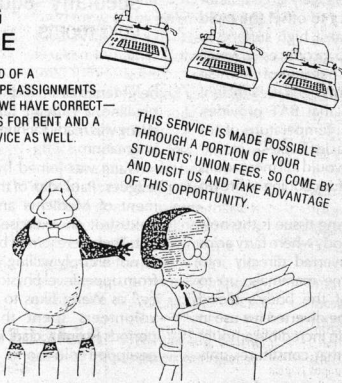
Ahhhhhhhhhh, God, please save us from these immaculate fools — if you exist of course.

People often try to categorize music in order to find an excuse for it, or to give them reason to say that it's good if taken as a certain type. Give people like this a sharp body swerve. There are only two types of music: good and bad. The Immaculate Fools, having no heart, no honest emotion, fall deeply into the latter category. Now let's hear no more about them.

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