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UNIVERSITÉ CANADIENNE

*en France*

Laurentian University

Information Session for  
University of Alberta  
Mon., Feb. 6, 1989 at 2:15 p.m.  
International Centre - 172 HUB

THE STUDENTS' UNION  
EXTERNAL AFFAIRS BOARD  
PRESENTS

A STUDENT LOAN SEMINAR

**WEDNESDAY,  
FEBRUARY 8, 1989  
ROOM 034 S.U.B.  
12:00 noon - 1:00 p.m.**

If you are applying for a Student Loan for the first time, or have any questions about the process, spend this hour finding out more.

## IMPORTANT JAN. FEB. MAR. '89

FEE DIVISION WILL BE DISBURSING  
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FEB. 01 & 02  
FEB. 27 & 28  
MAR. 01 & 02**

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 432-3389  
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## "FIRST YEAR"

THANK THE  
LORD!

IN 2 WEEKS  
I'LL BE ABLE

TO GET A  
\*BURGER!  
IN HUB!



## Bitch, bitch, bitch

by Dragos Ruiu

Gee, I just spent six bucks and some so I can go see a movie on a big screen with real sound and no commercials. Oh wow, the lights go out. Some geeks at the front start screaming like little kids. No problem, this movie looks good and they will pipe down soon.

I saw the preview, and if those were only some of the good bits in the movie, it should be a killer. The screen flares up...

Disco Music? Numerous bouncing babes on a beach? Wait a minute am I in the right movie theatre? Did I accidentally go into "Surf Bimbos From Hell" while looking for theatre number 61? Boink, bounce, baboom, baboom...

The screen flashes a Club Med logo and says "That was half an hour of Club Med, can you imagine three centuries." Oh, it's just a commercial.

Yeah, they have those now. Ok, I get the picture. Come to Club Med and get laid. Either that or they sell silicon implants there. Well that's over with... let's get on with the movie.

The screen darkens again, and come up with play-dough raisins ripping off old sixties tunes. I'm beginning to get annoyed. But after a mere eternity it finishes, and we get... a teaser. And another. And another.

Several hours later, the movie starts, and I realize that I might as well leave. I've seen it. I saw a preview: the punchline of every joke as well as the climax of every action scene.

As I leave, somebody stuffs a bag of Raisin Bran in my hands. Grrr...

Welcome to the new generation of hyping movies. It used to be that "spoilers" were a faux-pas. No one except an annoyed and incompetent movie reviewer was allowed to spoil the surprises in movies.

This, however, is the era of marketing. To get a piece of that illustrious box-office take pie, movies have to out-gun or out-sex all the competition. It sort of explains why schlock like Rambo XIV gets made. You can sell that junk, packing more kills per second into the teasers and TV

commercials.

If your movie doesn't have the silicon sex maiden or a muscle-bound Arnie nuking some ethnic minority you have to take a different tack. First you might collect moody scenes of sordid characters and try to get the pretentious art-film crowd.

An even better move is to get Michael Jackson or George Michael or Slim Whitman or somebody to do the theme music. Do some quick edits a la MTV, and tadaa, one movie/video teaser guaranteed to get hordes of mindless teeny-boppers spending their weekly four hundred dollar allowance on seeing Tom Cruise be a gimp garbage collector who gets all the girls.

Movies haven't actually changed a lot. The ad men have just become more aggressive.

I like to throw a wrench in the works by going to movies late, or by going and buying some Coke-flavored-water and plastic topped 51-day old popcorn while all the teasers play. I like to imagine that I'm making some advertising executive cringe.

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