No love for music



Picking Up the Pieces Murray Head

review by Marc Dumouchel

Murray Head's attempt to follow up on the success of "One Nite in Bangkok" is the single "Picking Up the Pieces". The song itself has the standard theme of shattered love and having to start over again, hoping for that true love to come along one day. Fairly standard stuff, and done in such a way that it comes oil as mere flutt.

The extended play version has a lot of strengths. The texture of the melody is varied and upbeat; the song has a lively rhythm. It is an easy song to listen to, technically sound and smooth. "Picking Up the Pieces" has a polished tone to it; each note has been carefully composed to give it a flowing feel. The instrumental arrangement and the production values give the song a pure, crystalline flavor and feel.

However, the song is not all sweetness and light. Though technically and melodically very good, the song is missing something. It took me a while to figure out why I do not like this song as much as I should. It just doesn't come out and grab me and shake me up. The song, though punchy, lacks excitement. It is not a boring song, but it is not the sort of song that will turn Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. "Picking Up the Pieces" is strong, but it is not so strong that it poses a no-hostages attack on the senses and emotions. It lacks that hidden, surging strength that lies just under the surface of some songs, just aching to escape. The reason for this is the totally uninspiring vocal. Murray Head puts no energy into his singing. Similarly, the lyrics show no brilliance; they are merely words fitted into the melody.

I like this song. I like it better than "One Nite in Bangkok". Yet I cannot love it. It should have been infused with a lot more

Author Kevin McKinlay in SUB

Wild and fun novel

by K. Graham Bowers

The topics Colin McKinlay covers in his novel Marjorie's Missile are distinctly Canadian ones and few people are as qualified to write on these topics as McKinlay is.

McKinlay brings together the issues of Native Rights and Self-Government, Cruise Missile Testing and Canada Sovereignty in a humourous novel that takes the reader on a wild search for a missing Cruise Missile.

During a secret test flight, the Americans mysteriously have lost a Cruise Missile, and Marjorie, a CIA agent, must leave her position as a computer programmer to accept her first assignment as a field operative find that missile! If she succeeds, she will receive a bonus of one million dollars. Her search takes her from New York City to Saskatchewan's Onion Lake Indian Reserve. There, as we follow Marjorie's journey, we meet a host of colourful characters.

There's "Earthman", the ferry operator, a wealthy high-tech Indian who claims to be over 100 years old; Ruby Dee Chokecherry, a beautiful Non-Status Indian and a single mother of eight; Victor Nookum, the American Air Force Sergeant responsible for the ill-fated missile test, who the narrator likens to Boss Hogg from The Dukes of Hazzard; and Marjorie's new mail-order husband, Lionel, who the author has cheerfully created

in his own image. McKinlay served three years with CUSO as

an English Instructor in Thailand after graduating from Simon Fraser University. Since returning from Asia, McKinlay has lived and worked with the Indian People for over ten years, including the last three years as a grade one teacher on the Onion Lake Indian Reserve, where he provided the students with computer education, partially at his own expense. McKinlay now resides in Edmonton with his dog, Skipper.

Although the characters tend to revert from street talk to correct English and back again, creating an awkwardness, this can be overlooked if the reader concentrates on the adventurous storyline. Nevertheless, McKinlay has done a commendable job with this, his first novel. True to his independent nature, he published this work himself.

Marjorie's Missile is wild and fun: the sort of adventure that would make an excellent Disney movie (if Disney were a Canadian movie-maker). And it is valuable reading for anyone intrerested in the plight of the Canadian Indian.

As Lionel says, "Funny thing is, the barroom seems to be the only place where Indians and Whites get a little peek at each others' behaviour, and that's just a drunken

Marjorie's Missile gives us a more accurate picture of how Indians behave on a day-today basis, and just as importantly, why they behave in the ways that they do.

Underground currents

Ray Walker is a freelance broadcaster who will be featured on a weekly basis in the Gateway.

by Ray Walker

It is always difficult to venture outside one's social circle to be bombarded by so many views on life. Up for lengthy debate are the inconclusive subjects of religion, economics, and politics. The one subject which most strangers (or cocktail aquaintances) will not debate or acknowledge having differing opinions on is music; especially

The public views local musicians as amateurs. As a result these individuals are all thrown together like dirty socks: Polka band, punk bands, and bands of pretty boys. Should these bands be treated equally? What's the difference?

Music should be judged according to its

credibility and orginality.

Such a point of view will separate the individuals from ninty-five percent of Canadians ie: those who believe that a quality local band is one which does a good job of playing familiar songs at the tavern, Saturday night after the hockey game. Don't misunderstand me, most members of top 40 cover-bands are often wicked musicians. The reason I choose to snub this sacred institution is because we somewhere have to make a distinction between entertainment and art, and here I draw the line. The exception to this rule is for Jazz, where the art is found in

a composition is played.

Original style can go a long way towards making music credible. Unfortunately, most record agents and talent scouts are looking for bands who fit an already proven formula. When it comes down to it, most groups who play their own material and have their own style do not play often. Why?

Live original music does not have an instant appeal on the local level. People do not know the songs. It may be too loud, too fast, too much, or too weird. It is easier to please your date and your friends by aiming a bit lower by taking in a top 40 cover band. Most go all of the way to the lowest common denomiator and spend evenings in a bar or restaurant with canned music or MTV as entertainment. The end result is a local scene with all the flavor of cottage cheese.

In Edmonton there is no A circuit or B circuit. Top bands share venues with garage bands. The best of the local artists are found in hall parties, small theatres, and basements. Bands which appeal to the "lowest common denominator" play the regular venues. But have heart friends, this column will be

exploring the halls, basements, and garages in Edmonton and western Canada in an effort to prove that.... Art isn't dead, its just buried under a pile of dirty socks.

Ouz: Transportation 500

Please answer the following multiple choice questions.

1. What is a Student Pak??

- a) Four monthly transit passes (January April) sold for \$122.00
- Something available only to post-secondary students.
- A package only sold three times a year (September, January, May)
- d) All of the above

2. How does a Student Pak save you money?

- a) Allows unlimited travel, not just to classes.
- Buying monthly pases individually would cost more (\$136.00).
- You never need pocket cash to take a transit trip.

3. Where is a Student Pak available?

a) The Bookstore, SUB

- b) Campus Drugs, 8623-112 Streetc) Churchill LRT Station, 99 Street/102A Avenue below Sir Winston Churchill Square
- d) All of the above

4. What is the right choice for student transportation.

- a) Use Edmonton Transit.
- b) Buy a trimester "Student Pak".
- Save as much extra cash as possible.
- d) All of the above.

Answers: If you've answered 'd' for each question congratulations, you've passed the test!



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