

Bad Coffee, Bad Grades & Japanese Monster Movies

By NICK OLIVER

Man, they don't pay me enough for this shit. Writing a column isn't as easy as it used to be. Now they got them dang-fangled word/food processors, and all these laser gun printers. Simpletons like me who can barely chicken scratch out a column's worth of useless banter just don't have what it takes to make it in the real world of serious journalism. I mean I never thought for a minute I'd be invited to write for a paper as prestigious and reputable for hard news and flawless journalism as the Bruns. You can imagine the soft pitter-patter of my heart when I got the magic phone call from Ed McMahon...the rest is poetry (or prose, whichever. I can never remember)

In my merry journeys of literary wonder, it seems certain mem-

bers of Tibbits Hall were offended by my comment regarding selected tenants of said residence. To these, I would like to extend an open hand, an olive branch and good tidings. I am sorry some of you took offense to my ponderings. I wish to thank those who have spoken to me about it since and would like to apologize for the tasteless remark. I regret trying to attribute the causes and effects of such a nasty thing as mass crabbiness with female sexuality. I should hope none of you laughed at it.

You might not laugh at anything I have to say, in which case you might have more in common with most people than you think. The only people who laugh weekly at "B.C., B.G. & J.M.M." scare me. I picture them at home stuffing them-

selves full of vachon cakes and Canada dry watching three's company, then feeling proud of themselves for keeping such socially-relevant satire on the air. Speaking of satire, look it up. You might understand what I'm driving at.

It's been suggested to me, that if I'm going to write for entertainment, then maybe I should cover more campus events. Well, I would if there was any entertainment on campus to cover. "The show of 1992" may be all there is this year if it goes down the tubes. Putting all your eggs in one basket, if I'm not mistaken, is a finely honed skill that only selected PC Youth members are trained to pass on to the next generation. It would seem that this is more pervasive in the hallowed halls of the second floor of the office

wing of the S.U.B. But it's quickly spreading. Be on your guard. All these attacks on my literary persona have weakened me and I'm feeling uninspired this week. I'll go crawl back into the cave of insulated isolation that all journalists live in though I fear that they'll pretend not to have room for me again.

Thanks to the unknown girl who invited me to the social in the doorway of Tibbits on Friday night. Sorry I had to turn you down but I really did have to leave to meet someone. I hope my rejection was gracious enough. One thing is for sure, I could have had everyone in Tibbits talking about you. Same bat time, same bat channel next week.

Ta!

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