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FEATURE

CMOR Tries to Censor Mo[illegible]y Fruvous

ALSO

Dave "THE WAVE" won't take down posters *page 3*

Projectors vanish amidst controversy

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Letterman scores touchdown!

INSIDE: *Official Tony Knowles Collector Card!*

news 2

Photo by Rene Hering

■ *CMOR business manager Richard Fickes heard complaints on his new policy.*

New CMOR censorship policy causes uproar

By Lara Schroeder and Lynne Stefanchuk

The campus radio station has been accused of being "stuck in the '90s".

A decision by CMOR business manager Richard Fickes to prohibit DJ's from playing music with political overtones last week shocked deejays to such an extent that he altered the policy a few days later.

Fickes, who originally announced that songs like "Stuck In The '90s" by Moxy Fruvous could no longer be played on the station, ultimately decided to allow political songs on specifically alternative shows.

"If we find a piece of music that we find politically sensitive we'll keep it on an alternative hour with a rider saying that these are not the views of the station," he said.

Moxy Fruvous member Jean Ghomeshi, reached at his home in Toronto, was outraged at Fickes' decision to single out the group's song.

"I think it's disgusting," he said.

"The song's not very aggressive considering the views of the band."

Fickes, who was hired in part to improve advertising sales, says he finds the song personally disturbing and thought it might turn off advertisers.

"I don't think it's an issue of censorship," he said. "It's an issue of attempting to be as inoffensive as possible."

"It all comes down to the almighty buck."

First year Creative Communications student and deejay hopeful Jackie Touchette believes that Fickes should worry more about pleasing his staff than outsiders.

"Fickes is obviously afraid of taking any chances when it comes to making real choices in the radio station," she said.

"It's like letting Herb Tarluk make the musical decisons at WKRP."

Ghomeshi offered some words of wisdom for Fickes, on behalf of Moxy Fruvous.

"In terms of their commercial and material desires, I'd like to offer CMOR some unsolicited advice," he said.

"Playing music with some sort of opinion and intelligence could be good for the station. Just ask artists like R.E.M., U2 and Joan Baez."

University of Winnipeg radio station assistant manager Dan McLean said he would never implement a similar policy.

"It's like censoring Mr. Dressup," he said.

Fickes said he was surprised by the reaction to the new policy, and unhappy that many deejays chose to complain about it behind his back.

"If deejays have a problem with one of my policies, they should complain through the proper channels," he said.

"The final decision rests with me, but it's not an arbitrary one."

ON THE COVER:

CMOR business manager Richard Fickes hovers above Toronto's Moxy Fruvous, whose song "Stuck In The '90s" he recently tried to censor from the station for being "too political".

"Stuck In The '90s" by Moxy Fruvous was recently singled out by CMOR business manager Richard Fickes as being "too political" for the station. *The Projector* decided to print the lyrics to the song so readers could make up their own minds.

Clem had a daydream, a daydream from heaven
Picked up the headline, his country was made up of singers...
And no more right-wingers

He wakes up to "homeless are stupid, welfare is stupid
Private investment, efficiency, cool fiscal plannin'"
Sounds like more Pat Buchanan

Back in his day job this afternoon
Unlikely he'll move down to Cuba soon

RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN

Clem reads of the old days, twenty years goes a long ways
"Challenge the system!" Relating is easy on demo...
Now they'll send it by memo

'Cause there's no need for the peace sign, post-Republican "peacetime"
Join the parade, wave the flag, tell the world it's your lackey
Abbie Hoffman was wacky

Riding the bike to his foreign car
Burning his mind in his VCR

RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN
RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN

and he's lost...
don't you know what it's like to be lost?
and older..."tears on his shoulder"
real men are bolder!!

Soon I'll be 30, I don't want to be 30
I've got some big plans, goodwill has some big hands
With each new computer screen, the world tells me I'm more green
Buy a new Game-Boy!
For the fun and the fashion...just for the passion

Back in his day job this afternoon
Unlikely he'll move down to Cuba soon

RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN
RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN

White lies, rich guys. Hoarding a big prize
We've got work to do

RELUCTANT TO FIND HE'S STUCK IN THE '90S AGAIN

news 3

Photo by Rene Hering

■ *Dave Hackbart : a growing boy needs his posters.*

Vice President's posters called "inappropriate"

By Rene Hering

Dave Hackbart's fighting for his right.

The SA Vice President of Student Affairs, who recently caused some controversy by signing off "Dave the wave, if it swells ride it" in the campus survival guide, is defending his right to have several beer posters featuring scantily clad women up in his office.

"I've seen more awkward pictures in the Louvre in Paris," said Hackbart.

"Everyone's idea of what's offensive is different. I don't find these posters offensive. If people are offended by these posters they'd be offended everytime I left my house."

Refering to one of his beer posters featuring several female models washing a vintage 1957 Corvette, Hackbart said, "This is what men like: beer, women and cars."

As Vice President of Student Affairs, Hackbart may be called upon to refer sexual harassment complaints to student advocate Mark Dourn, who would begin an informal process of mediation.

According to Hackbart, a consensus in the SA offices, including president Gord Fardoe, vice president of finance Robert Scott Hodgson and program director Jackie Lindal, found the posters to be acceptable.

However, some RRCC students find the posters to be inappropriate.

Three Nursing students who refused to be named, said Hackbart "should take the posters down" or "delegate the responsibility of handling complaints to someone else."

Two Restaurant and Hotel Management students also found the posters inappropriate.

"I guess in away he's promoting harassment," said Olivia Richardson.

"I don't think the posters are appropriate for his office," said Elaine Jose. "Women will feel like he's not helping them at all."

Immediately after the *Projector* interviewed Hackbart, SA president Gord Fardoe stated emphatically that dealing with sexual harassment complaints was exclusively his responsibility, not Hackbart's.

Fardoe later admitted that Hackbart might have to field complaints since it falls under the jurisdiction of student affairs.

Academic President Tony Knowles, who presently makes the final decision on formal sexual harassment grievances, refused to comment on the posters citing a possible conflict of interest.

"If the material in Dave Hackbart's office is offensive and someone complains, there is a process for dealing with that," said Knowles.

"It's not appropriate for me to say one way or the other because I act on recommendations," he said. "If I pass judgement now I would be biased."

Photo by Rene Hering

■ *Like a thief in the night 4,500 papers were gone.*

Newspapers vanish

By Jim Williamson

The Students' Association and the*Projector* are at odds over some missing newspapers.

On August 24, 4,500 of the Projector's 5,000 copy run suddenly vanished, 3, 500 of which turned up the next day in the first row of lockers in Building E.

According to Projector Editor-in-Chief Jason Beck, the papers disappearance signified one individual's form of censorship.

"Based on the number of complaints we received on the issue, and the number of people who yelled at me about it, I've absolutely no doubt that whoever took *the Projectors* was doing so to prevent them from being read," he said. "It's too much of a coincidence to consider a prank."

SA President Gordon Fardoe, however, considers the incident to be a harmless prank that played upon the issue's controversial content.

Fardoe denied being personally offended by anything in the issue that went missing.

The issue contained a story on SA Vice-President of Student Affairs Dave Hackbart alleged sexist remark in this year's Survival Guide as well as a story on the Manitoba Liberal party's controversial hiring of former SA executive director Don Hillman.

"I expressed concern, but considered the stories publishable," said Fardoe. "The Student's Association would never stop an article from being printed. We can only advise."

According to Fardoe RRCC Security is not taking any further action into the matter.

"It was a prank. The papers were found so further action was unnecessary," he said.

Fardoe believes the *Projector* staff overreacted by reporting the theft to the Winnipeg Sun "too soon".

One thousand copies of the issue are still missing.

Students don't know

By Roseanna Schick

With the federal election called for October 25, students at Red River Community College remain largely undecided.

An unofficial poll of 50 RRCC students during week one of the election coverage revealed that 68% of respondents have yet to choose their preferred party.

Of the decided voters polled eight chose the Progressive Conservatives, four chose the Liberals, the Reform party received two votes, and the infamous Rhino party received one vote.

One student polled will not be voting at all.

The New Democratic Party did not recieve a single vote.

The most important issues among undecided students are jobs and education, and how accessible these will be in the future.

Undecided students said they will be watching the federal leaders closely in the upcoming weeks to determine their individual positions on crucial issues, and are open to proposals from all the parties involved.

A poll of 50 RRCC students will be taken randomly every week until the election.

The results will be published in upcoming *Projector* issues.

editorial 4

The Projector is Red River Community College's official student newspaper. It is published by the RRCC Students' Association on alternate Mondays from September to June, with a circulation of 5,000.

The Projector's mandate is to provide fair and objective coverage of issues and events of interest to Red River's students. Any interested parties are invited to contribute.

Letters to the editor are welcome on any subject, but must be signed. The Projector reserves the right to edit for good taste, length and legality.

The editors can be contacted in Trailer K, through the Students' Association office, or by calling 632-2479. For advertising information, call 632-2473, or FAX 632-7896.

editor-in-chief
JASON BECK

news editor
RENE HERING

entertainment editor
KENTON LARSEN

production manager
WARREN YAREMA

Censorship alive on campus

Vanishing Projectors, banned music... what next?

Censorship is alive and well and hiding in the hallways of Red River.

While the radio station, CMOR, has been encouraging it, *the Projector* has been fighting it head on.

In the six months I have been editor of this fine publication, I've been yelled at, politely asked not to write stories, told to mind my own business and even harassed at home at six o'clock in the morning.

Last month, I heard dozens of complaints from friends of former RRCC executive director Don Hillman, who felt the Sept.7 issue of *the Projector* should have been banned because the cover photo and accompanying article did not portray him in a very positive light.

I also took a barrage of verbal abuse from Students' Association Vice-President of Student Affairs Dave "The Wave" Hackbart, who spent two weeks complaining about the fact *the Projector* exposed the collection of bikini-clad beach bunny posters he had up in his office.

To top it all off, in case you missed it, the 4500 copies of the controversial issue disappeared for 24 hours, before most of them were found hidden in lockers.

Amidst all the flack the editors received over the last issue, for a brief moment, we actually believed the censors were going to win.

As we awaited a decision from the S.A. as to whether or not the papers were going to be reprinted, however, other media outlets were willing to come to our defence.

In addition to *the Winnipeg Sun* and CJOB, who made our dilemma known off campus, the University of Manitoba publication, *the Manitoban*, offered to come to our rescue and reprint the missing issues for us if the S.A. voted not to.

Though our issue came out as scheduled, censorship soon surfaced from within CMOR, where station business manager Richard Fickes chose to ban political music, such as Moxy Fruvous, from the station in fear that some of it may offend advertisers.

While Fickes claims the ban is needed to clean up the image of the station, CMOR now sounds like it's well on its way to becoming the campus equivalent of 1290 Fox.

What could possibly be wrong with Moxy Fruvous?

Well, let's see: Moxy has an "x" in it, and so does the word "sex", so that can't be tolerated... and Fruvous starts with the letter "f" and, oh god! So does the "f" word!

Maybe the problem has nothing to do with the name, but rather the song "Stuck In The 90's"?

Hmm... it mentions Pat Buchanan. Isn't he the anti-christ in some circles?

I wonder if the same individuals complaining about *the Projector* being too controversial will complain about CMOR for trying to play it "too safe"?

The bottom line is that thought-provoking, intellectual music deserves to be heard as much as a campus publication that strives for freedom of speech and investigative journalism deserves to be read.

Putting out a campus publication is not always pretty; especially when a number of people would rather read a Red River public relations newsletter than a college paper that sets out to report real news and have a little fun with the powers that be at the same time.

On that note, I'd like to remind whoever took *the Projectors* and whoever was offended by our last issue of one thing: this publication is written, edited and laid out completely independent of the S.A.

If, in the future, you feel offended by anything, don't storm S.A. President Gord Fardoe's office to air your complaints.

Fardoe has been open-minded and professional in regards to *the Projector* at all times, and shouldn't have to take the flack for us editors.

If you have a complaint, we're willing to listen to it face-to-face.

God knows, we're used to it.

Jason Beck

CMOR business manager Richard Fickes and station manager Corey Petrachek recently announced that the campus radio station would no longer be playing political songs, such as "Stuck In The 90's" by Moxy Fruvous.
The Projector, therefore, felt that it was about time the letters CMOR were meant to stand for something and offers the following suggestions:

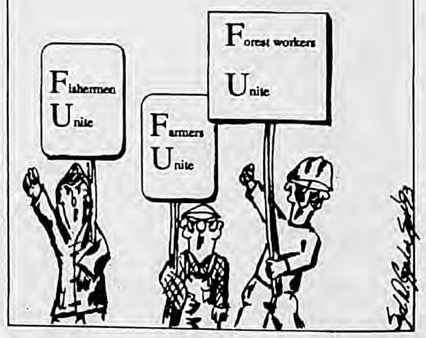
Top Ten Things
CMOR Stands For

10. Censorship May Obliterate Richard.
9. Cash Money Over Ratings.
8. Cynical Morons Or Rejects.
7. Communist Maggots Of RRCC.
6. Corey May Ogle Richard.
5. Censors Mask Offensive Records.
4. Cockamamie, Madcap, Obnoxious, Rhetoric.
3. Commercial Music Of Robots.
2. Cretins May Own Radio.
1. Can Moxy Or Richard.

fair Comment

BY SYD D. GOPHER

Canadians united by government



opinion 5

Talk shows exploit masses

The prostitution of human suffering

Ratings and seven-figure incomes cannot be denied.

You and I - as part of the mass television viewing audience of modern day North America - are responsible for the fastest growing business this decade: the prostitution of human suffering and misfortune otherwise known as the daytime talk show.

Not since the dimpled, prepubescent days of Shirley Temple has human exploitation been more public or subliminally titillating.

And not since the rapid, rabbit-reproduction of the mass media "coupled" with so much "journalistic intellectual bravado" has so much spewing adrenalin and dirty laundry become accessible to so many with so little effort.

What I find so baffling is the willingness of adult human beings to be trotted out onto a pastel set for their hopeful though misconstrued fifteen minutes of fame; if they can't get on stage, even a cameo appearance in the audience will do - all in the name of "getting it out in the open" or "helping others with this problem".

If there is any one person out there who can be helped - just one- they claim all of this will be worth it.

But who, one must ask, is helped?

The Nazi band leader who legally adopted two seventeen-year-old girls and likes to engage in armed combat with his concert audience? The shy, overweight teenaged girl flanked by an obsessive, overbearing ex-sweetheart-of-the-rodeo-mother who is refused a prom date on national television? The man who is both father and grandfather to his fifteen children? The twins who can't agree on anything?

Joannie from Happy Days? Mickey Rooney? The Bradys?

Few are helped, but many are entertained. And as with illegal drugs and K-Tel purchases, none of us are doing it but a lot of it is getting done.

We all agree talk shows are the lowest form of low-life communications; therefore the question is not who watches these things or who likes them, but rather why do they exist at all?

The answer is simply the oldest paradox in the book: we love to hate what we hate.

It feels good, and talk shows inspire us to the greater and greater heights of our efficiency and productivity. We all have so many better things to do with our time.

They ensure we will never again spend another semi-conscious afternoon on the couch, remote in hand, absently kicking at dust balls with soft, slippered uncalloused feet.

The disdain we exude over these banal bits is a secret language we use on one another, to reassure ourselves with rolling eyes and knitted eyebrows of our inexhaustible intellectual reserves.

Ultimately, though, my opinion matters little.

Oprah will continue to balance her black bachelors with white ones, Phil will continue to balance senators with strippers, Maurey will continue to attempt the fertilization of Connie, Geraldo will continue to be the horse's ass and Sally will continue hunting in Arkansas and Alabama for backwoods families, luring them out of the bush, glassy-eyed, squinting and gunshy with plane tickets, a hotel room and the promise of a trip to the big city.

It's

Red River Community College Academic President

Tony Knowles Collector Cards!

Card 1
Tony At The Podium

Collect the complete set in the year ahead just to prove you are hipper than all of your so-called friends!

Campus Chatter

By Jennifer Still

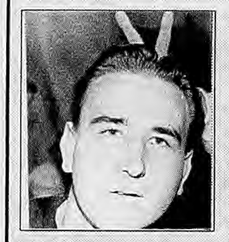
Which party do you plan to support in the upcoming federal election?

Nicole Doherty (Business Administration):

"Kim Campbell, because I'm not voting for the Liberals because I don't agree with anything they or the NDP do."

Michele Gabbs (Business Administration):

"Certainly not Kim Campbell because of what she did to the Milgaards. I'll vote for Jean Chretien because he's part of the Liberal party and it is very concerned with unemployment."

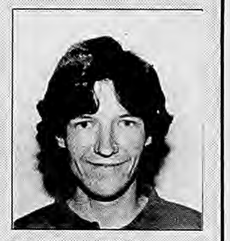


Jamie Gerwing (Sales And Marketing):

"Conservative. I think Campbell has different ideas. She seems better than the rest of them. She'll help the prairie provinces more than the NDP or the Liberals.She's a good experienced person."

Jim Williamson (Creative Communications):

"The conservatives. Although Campbell's stance is downbeat, it seems to be the most realistic at this time. Her long-term benefits are more important than a quick fix. Want me to do an impression of her?"



Marcello Auriti (Business Administration):

"Preston Manning. I like his ideas on the Young Offender's Act. I don't want to go back to the old politics of the Conservative party. I think it's time for change."

RRCC joins Target: Education coalition

Coalition uses "positive harassment" to make education an election issue

By James Ham

If you want to make sure something is done, sometimes you have to do it yourself.

Red River Community College has joined forces with the universities of Manitoba and Winnipeg in forming the Target: Education coalition, a group working to make education a higher profile campaign issue in the federal election.

"We have tried lobbying in the past but it has been mostly ineffective." said Target: Education spokesman Brian Kelcey.

"There was no clear evidence that we as students do have power behind us and that we are willing to throw that power around where the political parties will feel it most."

"It will be a form of positive harassment."

The coalition has targeted two swing ridings, Winnipeg-South and Winnipeg-North, on which they will concentrate their efforts.

"We will employ door to door canvassers, distribute leaflets and lawn signs and host and attend candidate forums," said Kelcey.

Target: Education was started by the University of Manitoba Students Union as an alternative to the campaign of the Canadian Federation of Students which Kelcey said ran a partisan campaign, solely made up of students that concentrated primarily on the issue of education.

The Target: Education coalition plans to focus on the impact the three schools have on the Manitoban and Canadian economies.

They have included on-campus employees, who are directly effected by funding cuts to post secondary education, in their campaign.

Kelcey said that the coalition will be non partisan in its operation but conceded that he is himself a card carrying New Democrat and that the coalition also receives support and some of its funding from the unions on the three campuses.

" This coalition will look and run like a partisan campaign. But we will not pass final judgement on any particular candidate. That is the big difference. We do not have a candidate running in this election."

Candidates Reg Alcock (Lib) and Mark Hughes (Reform) from Winnipeg South, and Judy Wasylycia-Leis (NDP) from Winnipeg North were in favor of making education more of an issue in this election when contacted by The Projector.

"We welcome the opportunity to be part of this debate." said Hughes

"Federal funding for post secondary education has been drying up which has meant smaller transfer payments to the provinces," said Wasylycia-Leis.

"Then the provinces turn around and make cuts in funding for the schools leaving the students the brunt of the burden to bear."

"This is a first class idea and I am happy to see students supporting something they value," said Alcock.

"It is time that we as politicians back up what we have been saying and prioritize education. In no time in history has a good education been as important as it is now."

Attempts to contact Dorothy Dobbie (PC) from Winnipeg-South were unsuccessful.

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The Alternative Puppethead Hour.
Noon Tuesdays on CMOR.

Endowment fund established in memory of RRCC instructor

■ John A. Harding

By Shirley Kowalchuk

A memorial endowment fund has been established by RRCC's Alumni Association in the memory of John Harding.

Harding, a creative writing instructor in the Creative Communications program, died of cancer on August 10.

His passing has left a noticable gap in the staff of Manitoba's sole diploma communications program.

Harding was well known among G block students for his pre-lecture pause, his inspired and compelling lecture style as well as his high standards.

Some have described Harding's particular teaching method as a "challenge into an authentic reponse" both within the classroom and within the context of creative writing assignments.

"Don't write for me," Harding used to say. "Write for yourselves."

Even students who took classes with Harding for as little as two months before he quit teaching due to illness, found him to be a very special instructor.

"John was a person that you only had to meet once to be touched by him," said Craig Strike, a second year Creative Communcations student. "He was a force in creative writing."

The John A. Harding Memorial Endowment will assist needy students continue their studies in commmunications at the college.

Donations may be sent to:
Red River Community College
Alumni Association
C216-2055 Notre Dame Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3H 0J9

Where Are You Kitty Wells?
by John Harding

This evening I saw the West Coast
of Oregon on the news.
A weather map. It's raining there.
I'm safer in Winnipeg. It's snowing.

I thought about entering
America in the July morning,
sun and mountains -
the schooner rolling and
lifting in the surf,
sliding up the river into America.

Kitty Wells singing over the deck
the loudspeakers we caught fish by,
Tennessee Waltz - sometimes we were so tired we danced
Tennessee Waltz - the sea calm,
a thousand miles offshore dancing
Dominique and Maryanne and I

Our gesture - sailors, smugglers,
laughing our way into America,
Newport.
Innocent gesture of the dance.
Innocent enty into America up the river.
There's customs checking our dead fish -

"Up from Panama are you?" they ask.
"Yes."
Yes we say, but don't move too many fish.

To distract the customs
we put a Kitty Wells
on tape, piped out on deck.

The three of us, Dominique and Maryanne and John dance as the customs man watches.

He laughs. "Hell, you guys been at sea long enough.
Go ashore and dance."

So we entered America.
So we danced Kitty Wells and we were sailors.

It's the last trip.
It's Winnipeg now,
A weather map - safety, snow - and
I'd like to hear Kitty Wells, the gesture of the morning on deck -
"I was dancing with my darlin -"

Photo by Rene Herring

■ Pepsi made the SA an offer too sweet to resist.

SA dumps Coke for Pepsi

By Shannon Schindle

The switch is on.
The RRCC Student's Association has decided to dump Coke and sell Pepsi exclusively in their vending machines and at the Crazy Ox.

"Pepsi offered us a deal that Coke just couldn't match," said SA President Gord Fardoe.

According to Executive Director Todd Scalletta, Pepsi gave the SA two scoreboards for both the South and North Gyms, $10,000 over the next five years, two portable bars for socials, and lower prices for Pepsi in the Crazy Ox and at socials and pubs.

"We were happy with Coke but it just came down to dollars and cents," said Scalletta.

Promotional ideas with Taco Bell and Pizza Hut are also in the works.

Although most students are unperturbed by the decision, some Coke drinkers are unhappy.

"I just won't drink Pepsi," said Business Administration student Kerry Murkin. "I don't like it."

"I'd only buy Pepsi as a last resort," said Susan Dunlop.

Coke is still available in the Buffalo Room through Versa Food Services who have a separate contract with Coca-Cola.

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RECYCLE

compact discussion 8

feature disc

Billy Joel - River of Dreams (Sony)

Review by Kenton Larsen

At age 44, Billy Joel remains one of rock & roll's most appealing figures.

Laugh all you want at Joel's past efforts: the schmaltzy "Just the Way You Are" is an easy target, as are the dated keyboards on "My Life". Joel's weakness for "advice songs" on tracks like "Tell Her About It" and "You're Only Human" can also be a bit much.

Where Joel really succeeds is in his strong sense of melody and his uncanny ability to update his sound just when it seems like he's hit a dead end.

Joel's last CD, 1989's *Storm Front*, unveiled a tougher sound that marked a turn to guitar-oriented rock and a more gruff, powerful vocal. The disc sold well, but it sounded like complacency was setting in.

On *River of Dreams*, Joel once again evades the predictability that has befallen lesser artists. Though the album's sound isn't too far removed from *Storm Front*, Joel gives it new life with a solid theme that winds through the album like the "River" of its title.

Like Harry Chapin, Joel may be best known for taking the guise of other characters in his songs. This time, though, he searches for his place in a troubled world from the viewpoint of a middle-aged husband and parent. The songs, unsurprisingly, are some of his most personal to date.

On the opening cut, "No Man's Land", Joel rocks out in anger at human ignorance: "I've seen those big machines come rolling through the quiet pines/ Blue suits and bankers with their Volvos and their valentines/ Give us this day our daily discount merchandise/ Raise up a multiplex and we will make a sacrifice." If his last album explained "We Didn't Start the Fire", this one suggest that he hasn't a clue how to put it out, either.

But *River* isn't all anger. Joel joins the legions of aging rock & rollers singing to their kids on the ballad "Lullabye (Goodnight, My Angel)", and advises his to "dream how wonderful your life will be."

Many of the CD's other tracks joyously harken back to early rock & roll. Despite its weighty subject matter, "The River of Dreams" sounds so darn bouncy that it might have been included on 1983's *An Innocent Man*, Joel's homage to doo-wop.

On "All About Soul", Joel anchors his music with a marching rhythmm then drives it home with a killer chorus and "na-na" backing vocals. With "The Great Wall of China", Joel proves himself more than capable of coming up with a song that is stronger than many of his "greatest hits."

Though there's much to admire on the album, die-hard fans may want to know what the hell happened to Joel's piano. Good question. Sure enough, the liner notes credit Joel with piano, but most of the time "the piano man's" piano is, ironically, swallowed by guitars.

By the end of the disc, Joel hasn't found any of the answers he's been seeking out; for now he's content to take comfort in his child's eyes and his wife's beauty. Most listeners will probably care more about the music than the answers anyway, and *River of Dreams* won't let them down. ●●●●

■ *Schmaltzmeister Joel bounces back with River of Dreams, perhaps his finest effort.*

Compact Reviews

I Mother Earth - Dig (EMI)

Review by Lisa Ferrand

The fifth track "Not Quite Sonic" uses the term "semi-moronic", and that's about the perfect description of this CD.

Produced by Mike Clink of Guns 'N' Roses and Megadeath fame, *Dig* sends the listener on a musical journey of nonsense. Never clearly establishing a beginning or end between tracks, the disc is one neverending song.

The album's lyrics are incoherent and lack depth; one wonders if words were simply picked out of a hat and placed in the order they came out.

The only item salvagable on the disc is the third track called "Rain Will Fall", which is reminiscent of Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose". Just buy the CD single. ● 1/2

Moxy Fruvous - Bargainville (Warner)

Review by Kenton Larsen

Moxy Fruvous is going to become famous for much the same reason the Barenaked Ladies are.

Canadian origin aside, both bands offer readings of songs packed with pop-culture references and in-jokes, while boasting strong musicianship that is folksy and rocking at once.

Anyone who was at this year's folk festival may remember Moxy Fruvous as the band who played a fusion of Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side" with ABBA's "Dancing Queen", and a rap version of Dr. Seuss's "Green Eggs and Ham".

The quartet's first single from *Bargainville* is the ridiculously catchy "Stuck in the 90's". The song chronicles the trials of a Generation-X everyman, but the band relies more on humor than heavy-handedness to relate its message:

"Homeless are stupid, welfare is stupid/ Private investment efficiency, cool fiscal plannin'/ Sounds like more Pat Buchanan."

On the delightfully goofy "King of Spain", the song's narrator bemoans his fall from kinghood to his current job vacuuming turf at SkyDome. Only minimal percussion is used as backing, placing the band's great harmonies (referred to as the "international orchestra" in the song) in the forefront.

Other standout cuts include a hilarious a capella version of the cheesy *Spiderman* TV theme, and "The Drinking Song", an anti-war song that quotes Leadbelly's "Goodnight Irene".

The rest of *Bargainville* is consistently catchy and thought-provoking. If there's such a thing as a thinking person's party album, this is it. ●●● 1/2

The Doughboys-Crush (A&M)

Review by Rene Hering

The Doughboys' *Crush* starts off sounding like a tribute to the Ramones.

The first two songs "Shine" and "Melt" take on the sound of Johnny Ramone's non-stop wall of distortion and Marky Ramone's pounding drum beat.

The Doughboys quickly shed this comic book teeny bopper sound with Paul Newman's (no, he doesn't have his own line of salad dressings) syncopated beat in "Fix" and John Kastner and Johnathon Cummins' dark brooding vocals throughout most of the disc.

In the credits the Doughboys give extra thanks to , among others, the Lemonheads.

It is no wonder since "Crush" is a CD characterized by a loudly electric and sophisicated moodiness reminiscient of the Lemonheads.

The bottom half of the disc gets darker and the brooding continues to boil closer to the surface as though the Doughboys were just warming it up.

In the song "Melt" the guitar solo has a contrived "place solo here" feel to it and "Neighborhood Villian" sounds too retro 70's hard rock for me.

Despite these weaknesses *Crush* is a surprisingly solid disc.

If you have it, Crush is worth the cash, especially if you're a Lemonheads fan. ●●●1/2

Smashing Pumpkins - Siamese Dream (EMI)

Review by Lisa Ferrand

Smashing Pumpkins' much anticipated follow-up album to their 1991 debut, *Gish*, disproves the second-album jinx.

With the help of Butch Vig, who co-produced *Gish* and Nirvana's *Nevermind*, the band reaches a new plateau in both sound and spirit.

Siamese Dream chronicles the band's experiments with guitars that range from acoustic on "Sweet Sweet" to the ominous feedback of "Hummer". A combination of the two turns up on the nearly nine-minute "Silverfuck", which manages to sustain interest in spite of its length. On "Disarm" the band again opts for acoustic guitar, but also adds piano, which is played by R.E.M.'s Mike Mills.

Sound aside, Billy Corgan creates songs filled with spiritual yearning, as is illustrated in "Geek U.S.A.": " In a dream I connected/ Siamese twins at the wrist". With his effeminate voice, Corgan also sings of lost love, vulnerability, and wonder; issues that everyone can relate to.

If Smashing Pumpkins continue to grow on subsequent albums as much as they have on this one, maybe the band will finally get some of the success they deserve. ●●●●

Jane Siberry - When I Was a Boy (Warner)

Review by Kenton Larsen

On *When I Was a Boy* Jane Siberry crafts some of the best music of her career - with a little help from her friends.

Among the high-profile talent that appears on Siberry's sixth album are veteran producer Brian Eno (U2, Talking Heads), k.d. lang, and Canadian jazz singer Holly Cole. The ensuing CD is nowhere near the stylistic mish-mash one might expect. Maybe that's because Siberry's music and poetry are so strong that no amount of outside talent can upstage them.

From the disc's opening "Gimme's" on "Temple", Siberry's lyrics impart previously- unrevealed assertiveness and sensuality. A Siberry who, on her earlier records, mourned lost love and loneliness is succeeded by one who actually dumps her lover on "Love is Everything" because she "can't wait 'til you make the whole kingdom come".

Siberry's new-found sensuality is conveyed all the way from the CD's cover photo to many of the songs, which are rife with sexual imagery. On "An Angel Stepped Down", Siberry urges "Come on baby come on give me" and the aggressive vocal on the aforementioned "Temple" implores a lover to "Come on come on/ Let me into your temple".

As always, Siberry's music is a thing of beauty, especially on the moving "Love is Everything", the album's first single. The way her broken-heart vocal floats above the sparse instrumentation is nothing less than pure magic.

Overall, there isn't one misstep on When I Was a Boy. The song-writing, musicianship, and production make it a CD that is well worth owning, and one that seems to get better with each listen. ●●●●

Tim Finn - Before And After (Capitol)

Review by Jason Beck

Need to rejuvenate a stagnant solo career?

Spend a year with Crowded House.

Following a stint recording and touring with his brother Neil's band, Tim Finn opted to cash in on the exposure and go solo once again.

The result is a cohesive, spirited effort that contains some of the artist's best work since 1983's *Escapade*.

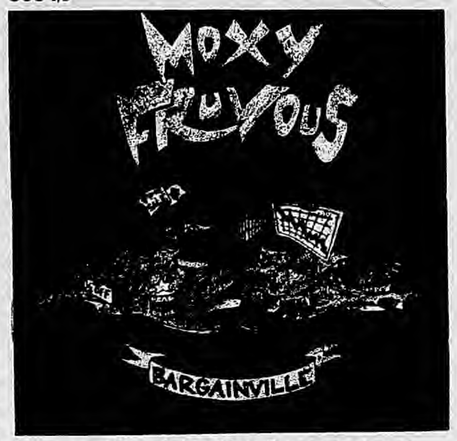
Unlike his last release, a self-titled collection of tracks that wallowed in depression and self-pity, *Before And After* is as optimistic as it is energetic.

From upbeat pop tracks such as "Funny Way" and "In Love With It All" (with Neil Finn), to laid back folk ballads like "Persuasion" and "Many's The Time" (with the Hothouse Flowers), the disc showcases Finn's vocal and lyrical capabilities better than anything since he left Split Enz.

Though the disc does not contain a song with the hit potential of Finn's classic "Six Months In A Leaky Boat", there are enough solid cuts on *Before And After* to put him back in the spotlight.

Fans of Crowded House and Split Enz alike will love this one. ●●● 1/2

compact discussion 9



■ *You can still **read** about Moxy Fruvous on campus.*

Various Artists - Sweet Relief (A Benefit For Victoria Williams) (Sony)

Review by Kenton Larsen

Sweet Relief is proof that the best of intentions don't necessarily guarantee a great record.

The first and foremost goal of the album is to raise money for musician Victoria Williams, who was recently diagnosed with multiple sclerosis and has no medical insurance.

The CD's songs are written by Williams and covered by some of today's hottest "alternative" bands. How disappointing, then, that the disc's inspired performances are the exception rather than the rule.

Things start out promising enough with Soul Asylum's acid-tongued performance on "Summer of Drugs". The song also features some of Williams' best lyrics:

"Sister got bit by a copperhead snake in the woods behind the house/ Nobody was home so I grabbed her foot and I sucked that poison out./ Sister got better in a month or two when the swelling went down/ But I'd started out my teenage years with that poison in my mouth."

Add outstanding performances by Michael Penn on "Weeds", Pearl Jam on "Crazy Mary", and the Waterboys on "Why Look at the Moon", and that's about it for greatness. The rest of the album's 10 songs, though disappointing, are passable.

Although *Sweet Relief* will likely sell millions as it is, it might be worth asking why there isn't a song included by Williams herself, who has not yet shown any signs of the disease.

If more people bought Williams' own recordings, her relief might be even sweeter. ●● 1/2

Matthew Sweet - Altered Beast (BMG)

Review by Jason Beck

The follow-up to Matthew Sweet's critically-acclaimed *Girlfriend* LP essentially picks up where the last one left off.

Produced by Sweet and Richard Dashut, the 14-track collection offers more of the artist's characteristic blues rock compositions, though the overall feel of the disc is a little less abrasive (the album still garners a warning label, however, as the "f" word is mentioned a few times).

As the appeal of Sweet's music lies both in his heartfelt lyrics and his energetic guitar playing, *Altered Beast* succeeds as a natural extension of *Girlfriend*. On such cynical cuts as "Devil With The Green Eyes", "Knowing People" and "Dinosaur Act", Sweet manages to tread some new ground without sacrificing any of the music's commercial appeal. "The Ugly Truth", which is presented in two different versions, stands out as the definitive Matthew Sweet single:

"The ugly truth leaves nothing to decide/ The ugly truth makes every one of us a liar".

Though *Altered Beast* offers few surprises, the LP will not disappoint fans of Sweet's earlier work. ●●●

King Missile - Happy Hour (Warner)

Review by Jason Beck

It's unfortunate that the first King Missile disc to be released on this side of the border is unquestionably the least interesting.

Unlike such earlier alternative releases as *Mystical Shit* and *Fluting On The Hump*, the latest King Missile album only shows traces of the wit and bizarre humor that characterized their earlier work. While most of the band's appeal is usually derived from the strange, spoken-words poems of frontman John S. Hall, *Happy Hour* finds the group leaning heavily towards musical compositions instead. As a result, the album comes across as King Missile trying to pass themselves off as the Pixies.

This is not to suggest that all of the foursome's musical cuts are without merit - "Anywhere" and "(Why Are We) Trapped?" are passable guitar-rock outings - the problem is that most of them fail to rise above filler status. With regards to Hall's usually brilliant spoken tracks, only "Martin Scorsese" and the hilarious "Detachable Penis" rekindle the spark of King Missile's best work. ●●

Next issue

- World on Edge
- Iggy Pop
- Garth Brooks
- Meat Loaf
- John Mellencamp

RRCC Wellness Programs

LIST OF EVENTS 1993

Tues. Sept.21/1993
Beginners T'ai Chi. 4:15-5:15, Selkirk Lounge. ongoing to Dec. 7/93

Wed. Sept.22/1993
T'ai Chi. Continuing class, 4:15-5:15, Selkirk Lounge. ongoing to Dec.8

Thurs. Sept.23/1993
Healthy Eating. Voyageur Cafeteria. 11am-1pm

Tues. Sept.28/1993
September is Arthritis month. Arthritis Workshop: Presenter: Arthritis Society. Noon-1pm, D105

AIDS AWARENESS WEEK OCT. 4-8, 1993

Aids presentations; Tues. Oct.5 ongoing to Dec. 7, 1993, 1-2pm, 2:15-3:15pm, B114

Thurs. Oct. 7: Guest speaker Kurt Mcgifford: president of the BODY COALITION. Topic: A Person With Aids. Noon-1pm, E308

Projector-O-Matic Rating System

●●●●● Classic
●●●● Excellent
●●● Average to Good
●● Fair to Poor
● Abysmal

Velvet covers that make you sleep

The Projector has uncovered yet another goofy musical trend that has been launched on an already-jaded public. The four artists listed below, all new-wavers who had hits in the 80's, have chosen this year to release cover versions of Velvet Underground songs from the classic *Velvet Underground and Nico* album. If nothing else, it's nice to know that an ability to make great music is not a prerequisite to liking great music. The culprits and the music they butcher:

Duran Duran - "Femme Fatale"

Bryan Ferry - "All Tomorrow's Parties"

Bryan Ferry winces

Billy Idol - "Heroin"

O.M.D. - "Sunday Morning"

Prediction: Men at Work regroup in late 1993 with a scorching version of the homoerotic "I'm Waiting For the Man."

-K.L.

film projector 10

King's "Things" and "McCoy" cause joy

■ *Kim Basinger towels off a young man in The Real McCoy, a film that is 9 1/2 times better than most of her previous work.*

The Real McCoy

Review by Lainee Faryn Rayburn

The *Real McCoy* doesn't make any grand socio-political statements.

Despite co-producer Martin Bregman touting it as one of the only movies offering a powerful starring role for a woman, it isn't. If you want a strong female lead go watch *The Color Purple*.

The Real McCoy is a lot of fun, though, in a check-your-brain-at-the-door kind of way.

Kim Basinger stars as Karen McCoy, a bank robber who just spent six years in prison. Upon release she finds that she can't get a job (employers are just so picky about hiring felons these days!), and her ex-husband has told their young son that she has died.

Projector-O-Matic Rating System

✪✪✪✪✪ Classic
✪✪✪✪ Excellent
✪✪✪ Average to Good
✪✪Fair to Poor
✪Abysmal

J.T. Barker (Val Kilmer), a small-time crook who idolizes McCoy, befriends her and tries to help out by introducing her to someone who can set her up for another break-in. That someone is Jack Schmidt: criminal big wig, McCoy's arch-enemy, and the man who is in some vague, obscure, never-fully-explained way responsible for her arrest and incarceration.

When McCoy refuses to provide her considerable talents, Schmidt (Terence Stamp) has her son kidnapped and held hostage until she robs the very bank that she did time for in the first place.

The Real McCoy is not your run-of-the-mill formulated Hollywood schlock: you won't know the lines before the actors say them; nor will you see the next plot twist sneaking up.

The film is also very funny in places. There are some very amusing, thoughtful quips throughout the movie, leaving one to assume that the brain-power here went into comedy and gadgetry.

There should be some of the old Marvel Comics' "No-Prizes" available for those who wonder about why such an intelligent criminal-mind would boldly and loudly use a log to shatter a glass window, then whisper once she got inside.

There's also a disappointing moment when the old bad-guy's-coming-good-guy's-car-won't-start horse is hauled out and beaten again. Sniff, sniff, does it smell like cheese in here?

Anyone willing to overlook a few flaws will enjoy The *Real McCoy*. It is, if nothing else, an entertaining flick. And isn't that what movies are supposed to do, entertain? ✪✪✪

Needful Things

Review by Mike Thibault

One would think that after the seemingly endless number of Stephen King movies that Hollywood has churned out over the last 17 years, we could know what to expect. But, that isn't the case.

King's screen outings have offered us a wide range of quality; from brilliant (*Carrie, Stand By Me*), to mediocre (*It, Christine*), to just plain drivel (*Maximum Overdrive, Sleepwalkers*). It took not longer than 20 enjoyable minutes to see which ends of the spectrum *Needful Things* was heading for.

The story begins in the little community of Castle Rock, Maine when a stranger named Leland Gaunt (Max von Sydow) arrives unexpectedly and sets up a shop appropriately called Needful Things.

The charming, old shopkeeper somehow manages to stock something desirable for everyone in town and, in lieu of cash payment, he asks them to each perform a specific 'deed'.

The 'deeds', which range from throwing apples through windows to killing someone's dog, start creating mistrust and illwill between the town's inhabitants, eventually leading them to commit extreme acts of violence.

As it turns out, Gaunt is nothing less than the devil himself and has come to wreak havoc on the unsuspecting townspeople. However, the local sherrif, Alan Pangborn (Ed Harris), isn't fooled by Gaunt. After several murders, the desruction of half the town, and total outright anarchy, Pangborn delivers a Hollywood-style soliloquy to the half-crazed townfolk in an attempt to bring them to their senses and vanquish the devil out of town.

It is a good, simple premise, which is carried out deftly.

The actors are certainly up to their parts, especially von Sydow, who has made a career out of playing villians. This time he gets to play the big-daddy of bad guys and he does so with expertise, managing to exude all the charm and evil of a tax collector.

■ *Von Sydow isn't Needful of acting lessons.*

One thing that becomes obvious when comparing Stephen King flicks is the impact of the director. Rob Reiner's films (Misery, *Stand By Me*) have an artful, mellow quality, while David Cronenberg's (*The Dead Zone*) or Brian De Palma's (*Carrie*) ventures are far more vivid. In the case of *Needful Things* Fraser C. Heston does a capable job of interpreting the book. There is nothing new or original here, but there are no obvious gaps either.

Even better than the direction is the Film's music. Like A Clockwork Orange, popular classical music is coupled with acts of violence creating a strangely disturbing effect and giving an almost cultured quality to the bloodshed.

On the scale of Stephen King movies; this one sits near the top. It isn't the best, but it's better than the recent bilge that's come out with his name on it. And don't worry if you miss it in theatres, it's the perfect saturday night video rental. ✪✪✪

Burt Reynolds' life imitates his "art": an essay.

Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson started out as ***Best Friends***, but Loni quickly fell for the ***Semi-Tough*** actor, and he of course was a ***Man Who Loved Women***. ***Paternity*** was not in the cards for Reynolds – ***Sharkey's Machine*** allegedly wasn't working properly, despite his reputation as a ***Stroker Ace***.

Last month Reynolds suddenly accused Anderson of running ***The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*** out of their home, which apparently has ***The Longest Yard*** you've ever seen. Reynolds also claims that he saw a line-up of men outside the home waiting for a ***Cop and a Half***.

Anderson countered faster than ***The Cannonball Run*** with accusations that Reynolds put ***The Hustle*** on a younger woman. Though all we'd like is a little ***Deliverance*** from this whole stupid affair, ***The End*** is, sadly, nowhere in sight.

-K.L.

film projector 11

"Print Impressions" Contest!!

Jim Williamson, RRCC student and self-proclaimed man of 1,000 voices, recently turned the impression industry on its ear with his revolutionary "print impressions." "I wasn't sure if my impressions would transfer well to print," says Williamson, momentarily digressing from his usually razor-sharp wit, "but I was overjoyed to find that they were *even funnier*." His uncanny print impressions have already mesmerized the likes of former President Jimmy Carter, RRCC Academic President Tony Knowles, and Queen Elizabeth II, who once laughed so hard at one she nearly swallowed her phone.

The Projector, therefore, is proud to present a few print impressions in the form of a contest. The first three people to correctly identify the following impressions 9:00 a.m. , Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1993 at the RRCC Student Association (DM20) will win the Projector mug, as seen on TV. This contest is not open to Jim Williamson or members of his immediate family:

1. "I am not a crook."
2. "Here's looking at you, kid."
3. "You dirty rat."
4. "It's not a tumor."

Next Week: the difference between an impression and an impersonation.

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RED RIVER COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO JOIN KELLY AND SKIDDER AS THEY SEARCH FOR THE RED RIVER GLADIATORS.

trixie & sasha

12

Play baseball with donuts

Dear Trixie and Sasha,
What is the meaning of life? -*Searching.*

Well, Searching, I hate to break it to you, but life has no meaning. Honey, we were simply put here to have a few laughs, make a few friends, and play baseball with hockey sticks and donuts. Trust me, dearie, when life's got you down, there's nothing like the feeling of hitting a homerun with one of those exploding, lemon-filled babies! -Trixie

Dear Trixie and Sasha,
What can I do to stop Cineplex Odeon from showing commercials before movies? -*Two Thumbs Down.*

Well, Sweeties, why don't you try what Trixie and I do? When the curtain rises and the commercials start, holler at the top of your lungs. The celluloid will stop rolling faster than a hot knife carves through butter! Good luck! -Sasha

Dear Trixie and Sasha,
I've got a musical problem I need help with. I'm a freak about alphabetizing my compact discs, and the problem can be summed up in three words: John Cougar Mellencamp. His early CD's are under the name "Cougar" only. Then he suddenly changed his name to "Cougar Mellencamp". Do those CD's go under "C" for Cougar or "M" for Mellencamp? To make matters worse, he's now just "Mellencamp", thereby making it impossible to put all of his discs in one spot on the shelf. Now if I put them all together, I feel uncomfortable because the alphabetizing is incorrect. And if separate them, I worry that people who look at my collection will think I don't have all of his discs, and then I'll have to go through the whole process of explaining everything. What do I do? -*Big Daddy.*

Well, Daddy-O, even if I don't know what his name is, I do know that he's one hot number! Ooooh, Johnnie, make it hurt so good! As far as your alphabetizing goes, why don't you just file CD's by first names like I do? The only problem that might arise is when you reach for "Tom" you don't know if you're going to be holding "Petty" or "Jones". Personally, I wouldn't mind holding either one of them! -Trixie

Dear Trixie and Sasha,
Do you get actual letters, do you recycle them like one Ms. Landers, or do you just make them up? -*Just Wondering.*

Listen, Wondering, you've got another thing coming if you think that I'm going to a) bash Ann Landers, b) admit to making up questions, or 3) defame my sister by accusing her of the same things. You've got a lot of nerve, sweetie, a lot of nerve. RRCC, get ready for the civil suit of the decade: Trixie and Sasha vs. Just Wondering. Send all letters of support to Tony Knowles' office, please. -Sasha

Questions? Concerns? Lots of free time? Just drop off your questions to Trixie and Sasha in the Student Association Projector box (DM20). You'll be happy you did, and we'll be happy you did, because we're getting really sick of making them up.

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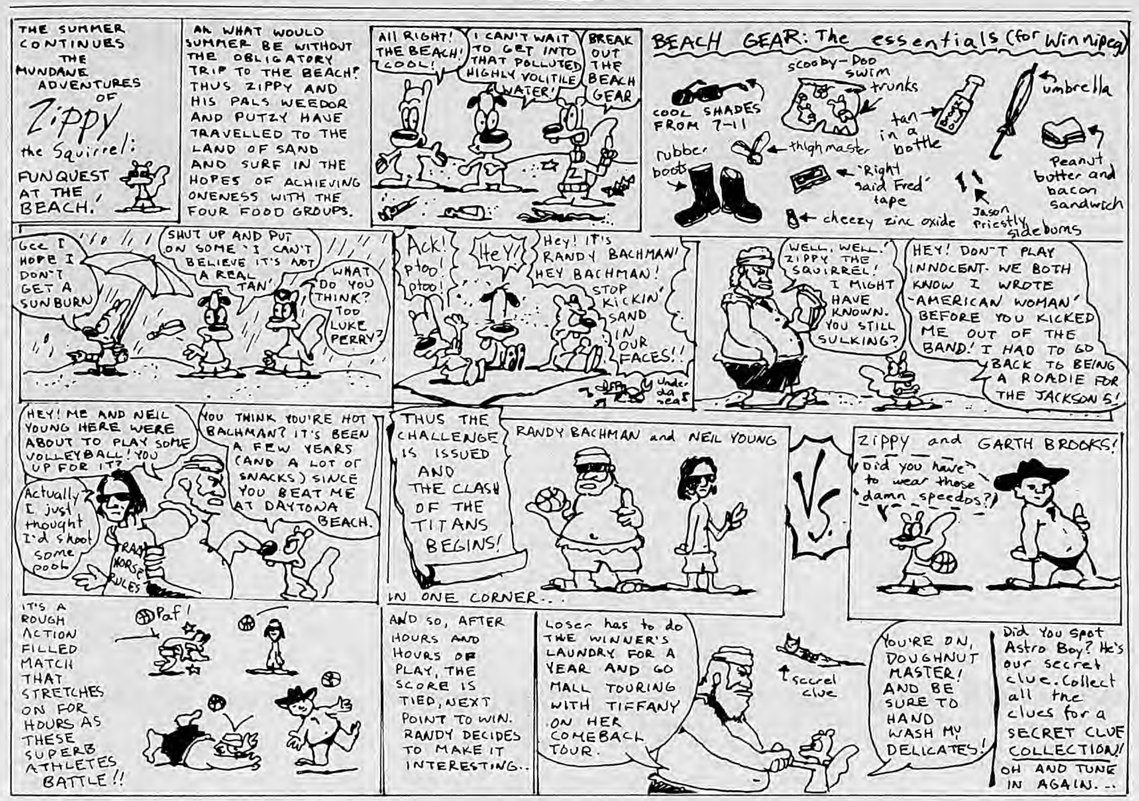

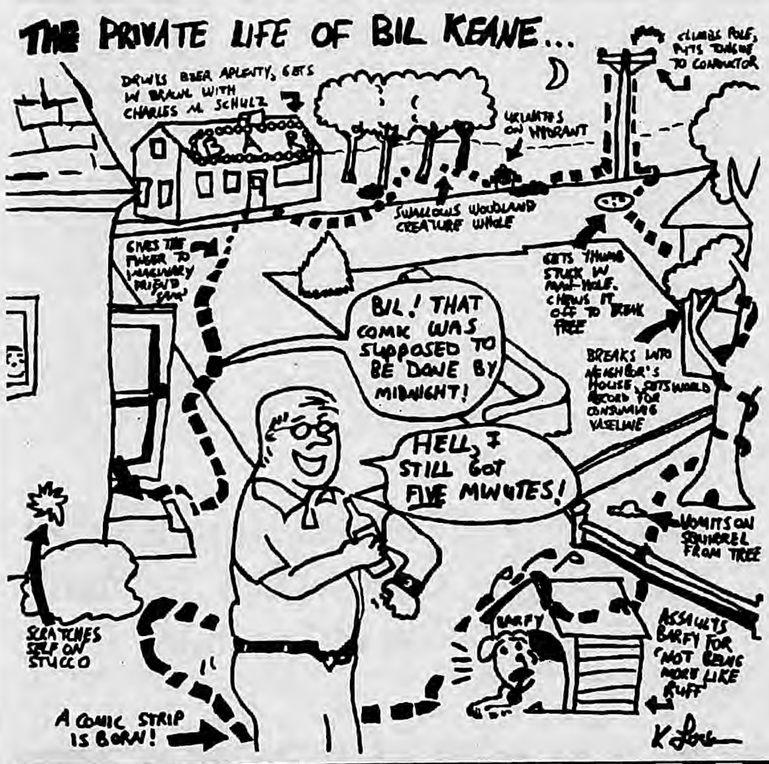

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opinion 14

Dave kicks serious late-night butt

By Kenton Larsen

David Letterman is back, and if the first week of the Late Show is any indication, he's about to kick some serious late-night butt.

Before Letterman's show took to the air, there had been rumors that it would feature a (forgive me) kinder, gentler Dave. Added to these were daily reports that Letterman wouldn't be able to perform such mainstays as the Top 10 list and Stupid Pet Tricks on CBS, since NBC claimed them as their "intellectual property".

The first few seconds of the Late Show quickly dispelled all rumors. The elder statesman who has come to be known as Larry "Bud" Melman (more intellectual property), his head in the "CBS eye", and in his own inimitable delivery, informed viewers that "this is CBS", and a new chapter in late-night viewing had officially begun.

That night viewers were treated to a "surprise" appearance by Paul Newman, who asked Letterman the now-legendary question: "Where the hell are the singing cats?", Bill Murray appeared as the first scheduled guest and shocked the audience by spray-painting "Dave" on Letterman's shiny, new desk, and Tom Brokaw reclaimed two of Letterman's cuecards on behalf of NBC.

Over the next week, Letterman would eat cheese with a four-year-old geography expert, accidentally shoot a plate-spinner, and show slow-motion tapes of guests inadvertently spitting.

Fans could rest assured that this was the same Letterman who went from writing jokes for Jimmy Walker to inspiring a generation of wise-ass "college students and inmates", as he is so fond of saying. The only differences: a bigger studio, a slicker production, and an earlier time.

It was in 1980 that Letterman first began his network TV career, unbelievably, as host of an NBC morning show. The program offered an odd blend of trademark Letterman comedy, interviews, and serious news.

One particular show featured Andy Kaufman alternately coughing uncontrollably and begging the studio audience for money. Another had Letterman hanging from the ceiling of the studio to interview a mountain climber. Perhaps most strange was a segment called Coffee Cup Theater, in which Letterman showed a one-minute clip from a B-movie each program so that, in theory, it would take about 90 shows to see the whole movie.

Not surprisingly, it wasn't the type of show most morning viewers were looking for, and it was cancelled after only four months. Two years later, Letterman began Late Night on NBC, where he quickly found his audience.

When Late Night made its debut, it altered the very definition of the term "talk show". Johnny Carson, reigning talk-show king at the time, rarely emerged from behind his desk and offered guests little reason to emerge from their celebrity facades.

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projector phone hijinks 15

Phone calls quiz "experts" on Jacksons

By Kenton Larsen

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opinion 14

Dave kicks serious late-night butt

By Kenton Larsen

David Letterman is back, and if the first week of the Late Show is any indication, he's about to kick some serious late-night butt.

Before Letterman's show took to the air, there had been rumors that it would feature a (forgive me) kinder, gentler Dave. Added to these were daily reports that Letterman wouldn't be able to perform such mainstays as the Top 10 list and Stupid Pet Tricks on CBS, since NBC claimed them as their "intellectual property".

The first few seconds of the Late Show quickly dispelled all rumors. The elder statesman who has come to be known as Larry "Bud" Melman (more intellectual property), his head in the "CBS eye", and in his own inimitable delivery, informed viewers that "this is CBS", and a new chapter in late-night viewing had officially begun.

That night viewers were treated to a "surprise" appearance by Paul Newman, who asked Letterman the now-legendary question: "Where the hell are the singing cats?", Bill Murray appeared as the first scheduled guest and shocked the audience by spray-painting "Dave" on Letterman's shiny, new desk, and Tom Brokaw reclaimed two of Letterman's cuecards on behalf of NBC.

Over the next week, Letterman would eat cheese with a four-year-old geography expert, accidentally shoot a plate-spinner, and show slow-motion tapes of guests inadvertently spitting.

Fans could rest assured that this was the same Letterman who went from writing jokes for Jimmy Walker to inspiring a generation of wise-ass "college students and inmates", as he is so fond of saying. The only differences: a bigger studio, a slicker production, and an earlier time.

It was in 1980 that Letterman first began his network TV career, unbelievably, as host of an NBC morning show. The program offered an odd blend of trademark Letterman comedy, interviews, and serious news.

One particular show featured Andy Kaufman alternately coughing uncontrollably and begging the studio audience for money. Another had Letterman hanging from the ceiling of the studio to interview a mountain climber. Perhaps most strange was a segment called Coffee Cup Theater, in which Letterman showed a one-minute clip from a B-movie each program so that, in theory, it would take about 90 shows to see the whole movie.

Not surprisingly, it wasn't the type of show most morning viewers were looking for, and it was cancelled after only four months. Two years later, Letterman began Late Night on NBC, where he quickly found his audience.

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events upcoming 16

Oktoberfest-ivities mean fun, fun, fun

By Randy Rummery
SA Promotions Coordinator

How do you think the world's finest oom-pah-pah, polka- til-you-drop show would cost you? Ten, maybe 12 dollars?

And what if your transportation, admission, a beer, and a bratwurst were all included in your ticket price? Maybe a dollar value just can't be placed on a deal like that.

Or maybe it can.

Pick up your tickets for RRCC Night at Oktoberfest '93 for just three, that's right, three dollars, in DM20. Join in on Winnipeg's largest liederhosen-and-tubafest for the ridiculously low price of three dollars. (This is not a misprint, honest).

And while we're on the topic of incredible deals, watch for cheap tickets to the September 29 Jets game, brought to you courtesy of United Way. I'd tell you the price. but it's so low I would lose my credibility with all of you. Pick them up in DM20.

Coming up are Scared Weird Little Guys on October 12. No, we won't be forcing any short first year students onto a stage. Instead, you'll enjoy two very talented and funny comedians from Australia in the Tower Lounge at noon.

Three bucks for Oktoberfest! Can you believe it?

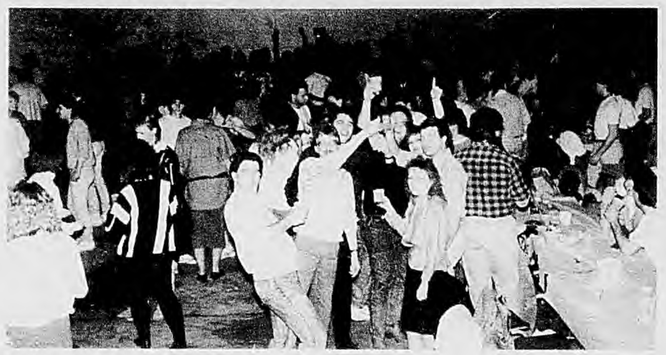
Don't forget, nominations close September 21 for Student Council. Pick up your nomination forms in DM20, and hurry, because by the time you read this you'll have one more day to get signatures. Luckily, it's a big place, so shake somehands, kiss some babies, and take a shot at getting involved.

Kick-off Week is over, and once again the students of Red River made it a huge success. There was much partying, laughing, and pancake-eating had by all, and it shows that college students enjoy a good time as much as anyone else. Now get back to work, you bunch of slackers!

Oktoberfest for three dollars? You can't rent a movie for three dolars!

Next issue, look for the names of all the Kick-Off Week prize winners, from both the Hunt Before October and the Welcome Pub, with prizes generously donated by Labatt's and The Cray Ox. And remember, this is the place to find out about all things fun and relaxing on campus.

See you at Oktoberfest, which, if you missed it, is three dollars. I'll be the polka meister on the floor, screaming "ticky tacky ticky tacky, oi oi oi" Join me, if you dare.



■ *Fun-lovers crown Randy Rummery King of Oktoberfest.*

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- Daycare Centre (by South Gym)

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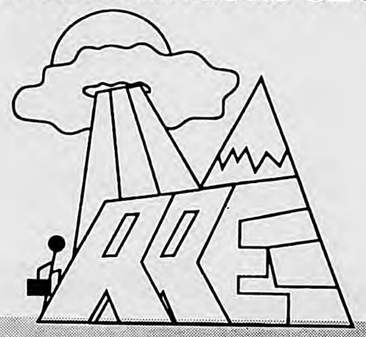

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Nominations: Sept. 7 to Sept. 21 Election: October 7

Nominations forms are available in the SA office (DM20).

sports 18

CFL owners: who are these schmucks?

Any idiot with bucks can own a CFL team...

By Neil Hiebert

Wanted: Owners for CFL football team. No football knowledge required. Lack of business acumen considered an asset. No money down O.A.C.

The Canadian Football League is third and long with time running out on the clock. If you listen to the cries of the owners, they'll blame the league's problems on such factors as declining attendance and loss of gate revenues.

The commissioner, Larry "I have a dream" Smith, will tell anyone willing to listen that further expansion into the United States is the only tonic for what ails the CFL.

In actuality, the willingness of the owners to repeat past mistakes and to ignore the basic accounting principle that revenues should exceed expenditures is primarily to blame.

In otherwards, the owners are the main culprits.

In B.C., owner Bill Comrie is throwing around money like a blind man at a roulette table in hopes of filling the seats. While the product he is selling has improved, the fans have been slow to return and **no fans means no revenues**. The question now is: will he have deep enough pockets to keep paying Tyrone "FLAGRANT FOUL MY ASS!" Jones and the rest of his high priced friends? And, if so, for how long?

Things are just as bad down east, where the Toronto Argonauts are having little success on the field or off. Wayne Gretzky, Bruce McNall and John Candy, who apparently chooses his investments as carefully as his movie roles, are losing a ton of money. They rid themselves of the 42 million dollar mistake Rocket Ismail in hopes of getting into the black, and now the Rocket is making millions in the NFL dodging tacklers and beer cups while the Argos continue to flounder.

Meanwhile, in Ottawa, the RoughRiders are doing their best to live up to their already stellar reputation. The Gliebermans, Bernie and son Lonie, took the most messed up team in the league and somehow made things worse. After a brief fling with a well respected football man, Dan Rambo, at the helm, they decided to go it on their own. Dad ultimately gave Lonie the RoughRiders to play with, much like you or I would give a dog an old shoe. Lonie quickly proved he was devoid of any football knowledge when he brought Dexter "Love me, love my urine" Manley, a three time loser in the NFL drug testing policy, into the fold. The net result is a terrible football team that is drowning in a sea of red ink.

The canadian football game, in my opinion, produces the most exciting football on the planet. Anyone who has ever inhaled beers in the east side stands on a hot summer night will vouch for the entertainment value of a Bomber game.

Unfortunately, the day will probably come when that is no longer possible.

The owners will see to that.

■ *Rocky and Bullwinkle would have made great CFL owners: at least they played football at Whatsamatta U.*

What's so exciting about baseball?

Criticizing the so-called "great American pastime"

By Brock Holowachuk

Go ahead, call me a bigot. This might be an unfair judgement, but if baseball is the passion of Americans, don't worry about NAFTA - we're dealing with 300 million idiots.

If you've ever witnessed a major league ball game in person - as I did a few weeks ago - you know what I'm talking about.

It's really slow. Slower than it seems on TV. Slower than Shawn Cronin on skates. Slower than an Arts student from the University of Manitoba.

The problem is, there's nothing spontaneous about baseball.

Every possible play has been planned out, practiced and seen by everyone. There's no surprise involved - ninety per cent of the time, you can pretty much guess exactly what's going to happen.

Compare that to hockey. The player reacts to the situation, which forces another player to make a decision, which influences everything that happens on the ice. It's continuous action.

Baseball is simply a game involving two players - the pitcher and the batter - moving in slow motion until one of the two does something. And then only one or two players on the field is forced to react.

During a recent weekend trip to Minneapolis, I thought I'd give it a try in person.

I got a seat along the first base line for Minnesota and the Texas Rangers, next to a guy who had travelled all the way from the Lone Star State to take in the game. He asked me where I was from.

"Canada, huh?" he grunted. "I guess you play hockey."

"Only when I'm not on the trapline," I said. "The arena is right next to my igloo."

Not a good start. So I settle in to watch, get really bored, and start eating a big bag of peanuts to kill time. Heavily salted peanuts, I soon found out, signifying a clever move by the Metrodome people to boost beer sales.

It worked. By the third inning, I had started into the bubbly. By the fifth, I was feeling brave enough to start up a conversation with my red-necked American friend.

"You like that crap?" I ask.

"No," he said, rolling a ball of chewing tobacco in his mouth, "but they won't let me smoke in here."

"No, I mean baseball."

"Ain't crap," he answered. "It's beautiful."

"But it's so boring? What's to like about it?"

I had spent eleven dollars on the seat and still wanted to get something out of it.

"You can't watch the whole game. You gotta' watch the little things. You see the batter's hands?"

"Yeah," I lied. I couldn't see much of anything at that point. "What about them?"

"He's got two strikes on him, so he moves his hands up the bat a couple inches. Now he's trying to foul the balls off."

The batter struck out on the next pitch.

"Well, it didn't work that time," he said. "But that's what you gotta' start watching for."

All this doesn't explain why Americans are in love with baseball. They are loud, overbearing and obnoxious people. I just can't picture them appreciating anything subtle.

So there's the proof - Americans are stupid.

And they have the largest nuclear arsenal on the planet.

Now there's a happy thought.

The views expressed here do not reflect the views of The Projector or any particular Projector editors who may have once been U of M Arts students - J.B.

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This association was implemented by the Students' Association 18 months ago and to date has well over 10,000 Alumni recorded in our database. We offer a variety of programs and services many of which are described in the Journal.

We want to hear from you! As Alumni and employees of the College your suggestions and comments will provide us with valuable info and insight to help us shape the future goals and objectives of the Alumni Association.

To receive your copy of the Alumni Journal and update your file, please contact: **Linda Truss-Baron, Director, RRCC Alumni Association, C-216 Ext. 2527.**
*Become a member of the RRCC Alumni Association before May 1, 1993 and receive an original Alumni lapel pin.

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RECYCLE

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The Students' Association is looking for highly motivated individuals (students) to sell advertising space for CMOR radio, the Projector newspaper, the Student Telephone Directory and the Survival Guide. Earnings will be on a commission basis. Territories will be assigned. Hours are flexible.
Deliver resume to the Students' Association, Room DM20, ATTN: Todd Scaletta, Business Manager.
Deadline: Friday, September 24, 1993 at 4 pm.

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