

# ENTERTAINMENT

## Our Lady of Partying and other platitudes

by *steve hong*

staff writer

It is the same routine every weekend. Every weekend a vast number of loyal worshippers of the great god Fun songregate in the holy temples that are more commonly known as nightclubs.

This worship is nothing new, of course, our forefathers also worshipped the same god in their time, although in different ways (in the 1950's, soda shops were the holy temples, 1960's were the time of the goddess Free Love, and so on).

Nowadays, the night clubs are the holy places of weekly worship.

Every Friday night, the holy time, the great god Fun's followers gather in these holy places to conduct the holy ceremony.

Of course, in order to properly worship the god Fun, proper ceremonial garb must be worn (jogging suits, for instance, are not considered proper, while anything from that holy book GQ is considered to be in excellent taste), or other worshippers will leave you alone so that you may ponder the error of your ways.

Our great god Fun, however, cannot be reached until the worshippers have paid proper respects to its fellow god and minion, the great Alcohol.

Unfortunately for the worshippers, the great god Fun happens to be a jealous god, and worshippers paying too much respect to Alcohol will be punished by another god, yes, the dreaded Puke.

Often, fellow gods Dizziness and Headache will accompany Puke to make the punishment more unbearable for these foolish worshippers.

These worshippers must then pray on their knees to the god Great White Ceremic Bowl to regain their sense (and stomach).

Incidentally, legend has it that the god Great White Ceremic Bowl appears in many shapes and sizes,

sometimes even different color, though I must confess that the god has seen fit to appear to me only in his mundane white color rather than the more spectacular black marble, or another guise as equally devastating.

But I'm getting off the track. Back to the god Alcohol. Having paid their proper respects to the god Alcohol, the worshippers then go in search of the great god Fun, chanting sacred phrases like "Hi, do you want to dance?" or "May I buy you a drink?" (there are many sacred phrases; these are just two of the old ones. A devout worshippers may even come up with an

original phrase).

If a worshipper is lucky enough to find another worshipper, preferably of the opposite sex, who is willing to engage in the holy ceremony to invoke the god Fun (these ceremonies include dance, conversation, and paying more respects to the god Alcohol), he has reached a critical point of the ceremony.

He must now attempt to carry out his last great act of worship, an act which is much more fun with a partner (this is why you had to chant those sacred phrases), although some unfortunate members are forced to do it alone (practice makes perfect!). Yes,

it is that act which ensures the survival of our species, the conception of a future worshipper (many worshippers forego the conception, as it is a well-known fact that early parenthood can cause one to worship that other god, Despair).

Having carried out the last act of worship (which, due to that evil god Disease, has the power to strike fear even in the hearts of most casual followers, has diminished greatly), the worshipper is satisfied that he has met the great god Fun. He is now ready for another night of holy worship, Saturday night. To again go searching for Fun.

## Smiths; sucessful misfits

The inexorable rise of the Smiths from Manchester misfits to ultra-successful Manchester misfits left many fans wondering what could possibly come next and what, if anything, could match or eclipse that band's finest moments.

Over the course of six albums and a brace of classic singles, The Smiths had established and consolidated a reputation as the one vital voice of Eighties music. For a band signed to an in-

dependent label, their unprecedented success made them both a yardstick for what could still be achieved within an often complacent pop music scene, and a triumph of thought over lethargy and self-satisfaction.

Although The Smiths were very much a four-piece group it was inevitable that the spotlight would fall on the songwriting talent of Morrissey/Marr and that Morrissey's intelligent protestations and wit would

steal the ear of the media. He has yet to give it back; as The Smith's music became more qualified so did Morrissey's persona—"Meat Is Murder," "The Queen Is Dead" and "Bigmouth Strikes Again" are only random examples of an intelligence and wit rarely found in rock.

If media attention, tabloid furor and accolades peaked with "The Queen Is Dead," "Strangeways Here We

See Morrissey, pg 7

**Tramps** Calendar

**MONDAY**-American Night  
Happy Hour w/ U.S.A. Food!!!

**TUESDAY**-LADIES NIGHT  
You name it for a buck ladies!!!


**WEDNESDAY**-Southern Night  
Happy Hour w/ Southern Cooking!!!

**THURSDAY**-New Music Night  
Tropical Drink Specials!!!

**FRIDAY**-Fiesta Friday  
Happy Hour w/ Julio the Gardener!!!

**SUNDAY**- Dance Contest Night  
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