

'Funny About Love' not at all humorous

By Jim Hanna
Staff Reporter

It's easy to review a bad movie. Just pull out a thesaurus, find a few synonyms for bad (like nefarious, peccant and rotten) and string them together with a few linking verbs.

movie REVIEW

Following the same process makes reviewing an excellent movie just as easy.

The trouble comes when reviewing a movie like "Funny About Love," which is neither exceptional nor egregious. It is simply mediocre (average, adequate, par).

"Funny About Love" stars Gene Wilder as Duffy Bergman, a successful political cartoonist in New York City. He meets and falls in love with a woman we only know by a first name, Meg, played by Christine Lahti.

After a quick, underdeveloped courtship, they move in together, get married and try to have a baby. This effort to conceive is the center of the movie.

Initially, Meg wants desperately to have a baby while Duffy is reluctant. After several failed attempts at conception, including artificial insemi-

nation, they decide to put off their baby-making efforts for a while.

Soon Meg, a chef by profession, lands a cushy job at a pretentious restaurant and throws herself into her work.

Duffy, however, is now ready to try for a baby again. Pregnancy would conflict with Meg's new job, so tension grows. They negotiate, they fight, they separate.

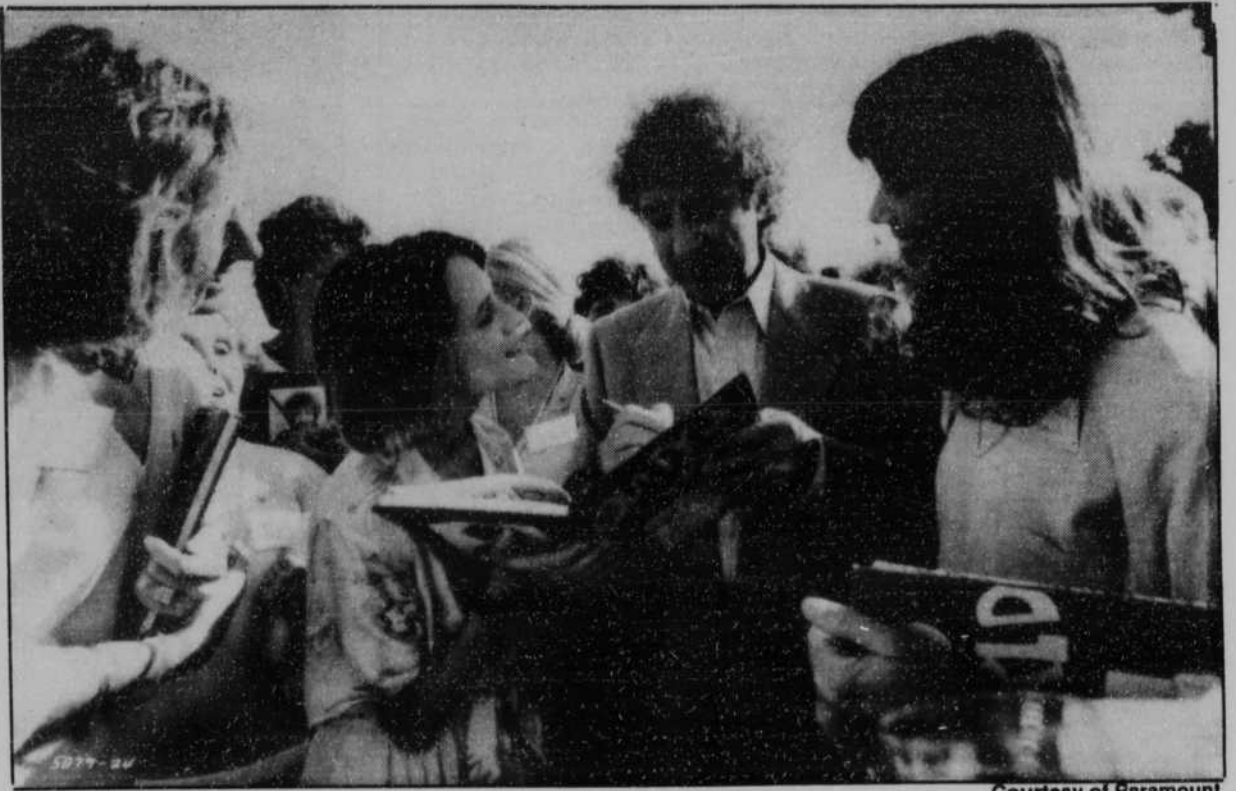
To stave off the pain, Duffy flies to California, where he gives a speech to a convention of Delta Gammas at some sunny West Coast university. There he meets Daphne, a peppy, fertile college student played by Mary Stuart Masterson.

From here, this remarkably innocuous movie winds inoffensively to its slightly predictable ending and the audience goes home, none the worse, or better, for the experience.

Director Leonard Nimoy has created a movie that is watchable, but in no way earth-shattering. The movie is nothing more than a slice of life that doesn't pretend to make any grand statements about the world.

The acting by Masterson and Lahti is good, with Masterson making an empty pointless role almost seem important. Her brief presence in the

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Courtesy of Paramount

Duffy Bergman (Gene Wilder), a New York cartoonist and playwright, autographs his book for Daphne Delillo (Mary Stuart Masterson) at a Delta Gamma sorority reunion in "Funny About Love."

Cyberpunk, British Interzone join Fifth Column

By Bryan Peterson
Staff Reporter

All right, here we are for the eighth semester of Fifth Column, a stroll through radical/subversive materials of all manner.

We usually look at a couple of obscure little political punk bands that no one else has ever heard of; bands that have really revolutionary things to say, such as "Smash The State" or "Stop War."

But I am a senior now. Again. I am maturing and branching out, so we'll be broadening our horizons. This time it will be a magazine. I will, however, be able to slip in the p-word as the latter half of cyberpunk, a cheap move, but one most gratifying.

Cyberpunk will be my buzzword for the semester, maybe for the whole year. It sounds pretty neat all by itself. As a newly emerged subcurrent in the field, it has renewed my interest in science fiction.

Thus we come to Interzone. After finding its name praised in text after text, I had imagined it to be a cyberpunk bible in monthly installments. I found it to be different than what I had expected, but still exciting.

Interzone is a British science fic-

tion magazine with an eight-year history of publishing works by writers established and new; a history dotted with science fiction awards from all over.

As the editor points out in issue 37 (July), this may soon change since the magazine's press run now tops 10,000, placing it in the ranks of "professional" magazines, according to award committees.

Regardless of the press run, Interzone is one sharp mag, full of short stories, reviews, mind-bending art and author interviews.

I started looking for Interzone when the name kept appearing in reference to cyberpunk works with their jackhammer prose, renegade characters and bleak visions of futures filled with crumbling landscapes and sizzling conspiracies (or were those sizzling landscapes and crumbling conspiracies?).

Like any new undergroundish movement, cyberpunk hits hard and fast. No one seems to know how to define it or, all too often, where to find it.

Such was my case. There was this magazine called Interzone. It carried everything that was cyberpunk. I wanted it.

No one had ever heard of it. I tried every book, magazine and record shop in Lincoln. I wrote letters. I marched with signs. I asked Governor Orr. She gave me a funny look and asked why I wasn't working on one of my classes.

Then I found this place in Bellevue called Ground Zero Hobby. They had heard of it. They even had two copies on someone's desk.

The next week, they came in the mail.

I had been expecting pure and sheer cyberpunk, literary blasts with the power to rock my world. What I found was a pro mag in the ranks of Analog or F&SF but with more punch and flair.

There is some CP content, notably columns by cyberpunk messiah and longtime William Gibson collaborator, Bruce Sterling, and the short story "Yellow Snow" by Charles Stross.

The strength of Interzone is that it does not confine itself to CP works, burning itself out in a faddish field, already rife with clichéd characters and structures.

The entire field of science fiction is well represented in each issue, although British names and publishers prevail. There are film reviews by indie British musician Nick Lowe,

TV reviews, book reviews, review reviews -- the whole range.

And there is fiction, lots of it. Did you hear that multi-novelist Greg Bear is the lead-off writer in a new line of "Legend Novellas?" Here in Interzone are parts one and two of the very same, spread across issues 37 and 38.

Did you know that British science fiction stalwart Brian Aldiss turned 65 last month? Here is a special Aldiss issue of Interzone with his own art, autobiography, biography, fiction and pamphlet insert from the Space Opera mogul.

Remember those endless 85-minute lectures in Philosophy 314 on the Identity Problem? Here it is in much finer format, a science fiction presentation by Australian Greg Egan in Interzone 37.

Long stories, short stories, updates on old Harlan Ellison stories (read his "Shatterday" after buzzing through Brian Stableford's "Minimoments" in IZ 38): all these and more are to be found in Interzone.

It is that "more" which interests me. We now return to that glorious buzzword, "cyberpunk." Try this on for size, a sample from Stross' "Yellow Snow":

"You've no idea how bad things have got up there," she added softly. "You were a good student, on that exchange programme. Try not to get shot before we're ready, right?"

"Sure, professor," I said, waving for the waiter.

"That's, like, one of my life's ambitions."

She unwound a bit. "What's the other?"

I grinned widely. "To f-- Ronald Reagan."

All right, maybe it is not so impressive here. The point is to get hold of Interzone and read the complete stories, complete with British spelling.

the
fifth
column
album review



Courtesy of Warner Bros.

'Twin Peaks' soundtrack offers eerie, surrealistic instrumentals

By Jeffrey Frey
Staff Reporter

Soundtrack From "Twin Peaks"
Angelo Badalamenti
Warner Bros. Records

Imagine being thrust headlong into a Salvador Dali landscape, then trying to comprehend all that is taking place around you. If you can, then you understand a little bit of what filmmaker David Lynch's brainchild "Twin Peaks" is about.

Imagine the music that might accompany this scene -- haunting and surreal melodies as detached as the landscape.

This is the type of music that Angelo Badalamenti has devised for Lynch's prime-time weirdness.

"Twin Peaks" is about the dark and evil qualities of people and of this world. It is simple, yet it has surreal attributes that keep it teetering on the

edge of bizarre. The music that frames the lives of the people in "Twin Peaks" is original and powerful, and constantly preys upon the listener's internal and external sensations.

However, it is important to note that the music is not inherently evil



and harrowing. "Twin Peaks" is as much about the dark side of people as it is about the beatific qualities among us. And the music falls somewhere in between these two conditions.

This soundtrack is comprised of delicate and soothing melodies which at times create a somber and relaxing mood, while at others a more de-

tached and resonant sound that not only sways and soothes, but encourages an acentric dream-like state.

Songs like, "Audrey's Dance" and "Dance Of The Dream Man" are eerie and melodious instrumentals with incessant snap-beats and aching, whining horns. In these two, as well as many of the compositions, layers of soft and menacing synthesizers blend into and over one another and often climb from soft, delicate drones into crashing short-lived bursts.

More subdued instrumentals such as the "Twin Peaks Theme" and "Freshly Squeezed" have the same synthesizer qualities backed by pounding base-lines and steady, rattling snares and symbols. The music often dips down to barely discernible drones, only to clamber back up into powerful and swaying melodies.

"The Bookhouse Boys" is a clam-

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