

Just Quote Me

David Spade speaks some 'sense' to promote his upcoming stand-up show at Mac Court (well, sort of)

By Jack Clifford
Oregon Daily Emerald

Wednesday afternoon, around 1 p.m., at the Emerald office and David Spade's "people" haven't called back to approve an interview request with the stand-up comic/screen star. Spade, of course, is scheduled to entertain the University masses Saturday night at McArthur Court, and a bit of his biting commentary beforehand might generate even more of a buzz around campus.

No dice, however. Apparently Mr. Wildly Popular — Spade stars on the NBC sitcom "Just Shoot Me," he shows up on the big screen at least three times a year and was the cover boy for Rolling Stone's Fall TV issue in September — can't find the time to do a quick phone Q&A.

I've even done my research for this one. Found out that Spade started his stand-up routine while living in Scottsdale, Ariz., (He still lives there.) and was a student at Arizona State University. (Yes, he'll probably take a few jabs at the Ducks, since Arizona State plays at Autzen the same night.)

He joined "Saturday Night Live" in 1990, and Spade's "Hollywood Minute" bits launched him into stardom via the late-night TV watchers muddled consciousness. Plus, anyone plugged into recent pop culture knows that Spade and the now-deceased Chris Farley made a decent impact on moviedom with "Black Sheep" and "Tommy Boy."

Yet, despite this info, it sure would be nice to have a personal chat to fill in the blanks.

Well, I've been in worse situations before, even closer to deadline. So, knowing that the chance of speaking with Spade was slim, I did the next best thing: I rented one of his movies — "Senseless," because Spade plays a college student, which seemed appropriate for this feature — and lifted verbatim lines from the film to answer my "interview questions."

OK then, let's get this whole ugly situation behind us, David. Hopefully, we'll respect each other in the morning.

Pulse: Nice to finally catch up with you.

David Spade: Sorry to keep you waiting, but Mr. Tyson and I were just interfacing about some things.

P: Would that be Mr. Tyson, as in the boxer Mike?

DS: Who cares? Just go.

P: Hmm, you seem a bit irked. I'll try to keep the interview short.

DS: Yippee.

P: Well, tell me about the time since your Saturday Night Live days. The 1990s have seen some successful cast members — Chris Rock and Dennis Miller, for instance — move onto even bigger stardom. Are you better than those guys?

DS: Oh yeah. I'm kinda the pace car in the Employment 500.

P: Some of the current members have dropped some real bombs, movie-wise. Any chance of say, Molly Shannon, Norm

MacDonald or Will Ferrell ending up on tabloid covers, like you have.

DS: I don't think they're gonna end up in the supermarket check-out line. I think it's gonna be the unemployment line.

P: Modesty isn't your strongest trait, is it?

DS: Look, I know why you're here buddy. You see what you want and you go after it and I like that. But we're not here for you to put on your resumé.

P: Let's change the subject. Rumor has it that you are actually shorter than our own Emerald editor Laura Cadiz, who's 5-foot-3. In fact, Rolling Stone wrote that your nickname when you first moved to Scottsdale, Ariz., was Shrimp Cocktail. Any truth to that one?

DS: And who are you to say that?

P: I'm the Pulse editor.

DS: Ouch. Dare I say, though, you're out of your league.

P: So, what about the shortness question? Are you going to answer it or what?

DS: Hey Weezie Jefferson, bring it down a notch.

P: Fine. So, you co-wrote the screenplay for the movie "Lost & Found" this past year, then parlayed that into another picture deal with Warner Brothers. In addition, "Just Shoot Me" was picked up again, and your sarcastic character Dennis Finch pretty much carries that otherwise lame show. What else have you been doing to keep busy?

DS: I summered in Cancun.

P: Must be nice. You celebrities are always cavorting in these exotic places, while we journalists are stuck in places like Eugene.

DS: We're just a bunch of phonies, but you're keeping it real.

P: Thanks. We do try harder than most professions.

DS: Hey, the little engine that could.

P: Ahh, for a moment, I thought you were being serious, but you're just a constant smart-ass it seems.

DS: Uh huh.

P: So this Saturday night at Mac Court, you'll perform for probably about an hour or so after your 9 p.m. start. Student tickets for the event are \$10 and are \$10 more for the general public. As a student myself, what reason can you give for spending my hard-earned money on your show?

DS: That's why the poor get poorer.

P: Wow, that's deep. Any other pearls of wisdom?

DS: Remember, a chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

P: Geez, you're like a Dalai Lama or something. Seriously though, why should anyone attend this event?

DS: To get hell night started off with a bang, I'd like you little plebes to join me in a putrid bowl of liquid shit. I'm buying.

P: I guess we'll see you there.

DS: Yippee.

P: Yes, yippee.



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