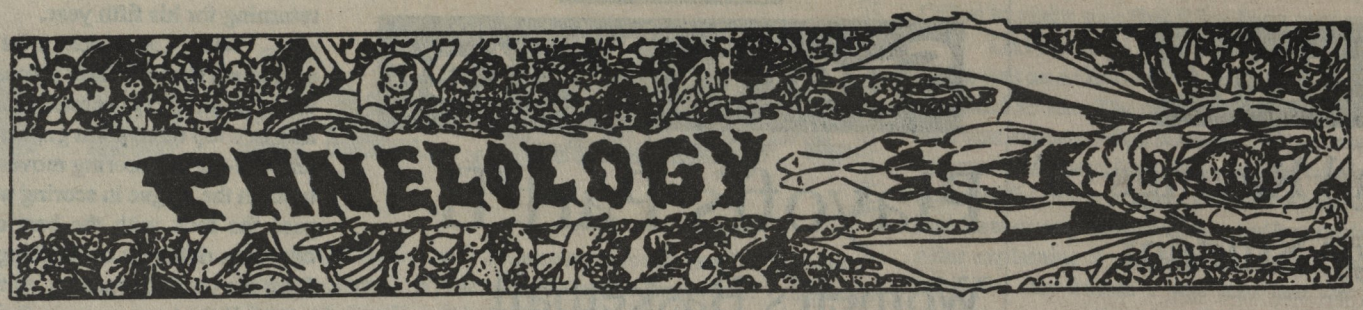


By Sean McQuaid

Before skipping to this issue's main event, some short & sweet reviews of some recent Image Comics offerings. . .

***Angela** (3-issue mini-series by Neil Gaiman and Greg Capullo)*

You've drooled over her in Spawn, now thrill to her in her own series! Talented and industrious though he may be, Todd McFarlane is still no great writer (though as I've noted before he is much improved since his not-so-amazing *Spider-Man* run). Not surprisingly, then, some of the best issues of *Spawn* are those guest-written by old pros like Neil Gaiman, who created the Angela character.

Angela, Spawn's curvaceous but cold-hearted nemesis, is a celestial being (''angel'') whose realm (''Heaven'') is at war with the forces of ''Hell'' (of which Spawn is an unwilling pawn). As such, Angela (an accomplished and bloodthirsty huntress specializing in exotic and deadly prey) declares open season on Spawn and skirmishes unsuccessfully with him.

This mini-series picks up from there when some of Angela's celestial brethren frame her for treason and she is forced to seek Spawn's aid in clearing her name.

I've enjoyed the first two issues thus far-- Gaiman weaves a broad backdrop of cosmic political intrigue while throwing in some action (a messy dragon-slaying and hordes of angry angels). There's lots of touches of humour and flashes of poignancy, with some memorable characters-- most notably Angela herself. Her bloodlust is disturbing (she's spent 90% of the series thus far lightly sprinkled with dragon guts), but Gaiman doesn't judge the character-- she's like a force of nature, and there's something strangely endearing about her rugged individualism, tenacious fighting spirit, cynical wit and peculiar sense of honour. Visually speaking, her elaborate-yet-skimpy costuming is cheesecake material, but its finely detailed flair would make it eye-catching even if she weren't virtually naked. All in all, Angela is one of the more palatable ''bad girls'' so prevalent in current comic books, and one of the few female comics protagonists a reader can take seriously these days. Throw in some stylish art by Greg Capullo, and you have a series worth reading.

***Groo** (ongoing series by Sergio Aragones with Mark Evanier)*

One of the consistently best comic books on the stands today by virtue of its wit, warmth and relatively innocent merriment. Light-hearted but sophisticated and sometimes thought-provoking, Groo is an oasis of humour in a medium dominated by violent hyperbole, gratuitous sex and all-around sensory and emotional overload. None of that sound and fury here: Groo the Wanderer (barbarian warrior) and his dog Rufferto just entertain us without pres we're either drooling adolescents or c nihilists. Long may they continue to do

***Gen 13 trade paperback** (Lee, Choi, Ca and friends)*

The *X-Press* has already cover immensely popular *Gen 13* mini-ser printed in this trade paperback, so I' touch on the content briefly: it's the s five teen-agers with the potential for su man powers, and the plot revolves ar secret governmental agency's attempts tain the kids and exploit their abilities. T Image trappings abound-- big high-tech ons; nubile, scantily clad super-babes; tous bloodshed; dauntingly convoluted ground story; and so on. There's also a less guest appearance by Pitt which things even further. On the plus si characters are likable and reasonably able, and unlike most Image books thi had an actual PLOT with an ending and thing, plus character development and sense of fun. The cover to the trade pap is pretty boring, but some interesting book pages are included in addition mini-series material. If that's not eno y'all, an ongoing *Gen 13* series is on i

# StarGate: The belated movie review(or, the early video review)

As an amateur Egyptology enthusiast and confirmed sci-fi fan, I was the ideal target audience for *StarGate* (at last, I fit neatly into a demographic). Kurt Russel and James Spader star as a self-destructive soldier and an oddball Egyptologist who lead a military exploration team through the StarGate-- an ancient Egyptian artifact which is actually a doorway to an alien world.

On reaching the aforementioned alien world, they discover the equivalent of an ancient Egyptian society living as slaves to the beings we now regard as the figures of ancient Egyptian myth-- Horus, Anubis and all them other animal-headed fellas, led by Ra, the supposed sun god (played by *Crying Game* gender-bender Jaye Davidson). Turns out Ra is actually this parasitic alien who possessed a human host body in ancient Egypt and proceeded to set himself and his accomplices up as gods using alien technology until the Earth-based faction of his empire rebelled and sealed the Stargate. Russel and Spader find themselves the reluctant instigators of a new rebellion against Ra, and the fun begins.

Is it worth renting? Well, the answer is a resounding ''I guess so.'' The idea of ancient Egyptian society-- the mysterious bedrock of civilization-- having been founded by aliens is quite intriguing, and there's all sorts of neat touches (like the raison d'etre of the pyramids and these ultra-cool morphing masks that Ra's henchfolk wear), but it somehow falls just short of grabbing you and making you go ''wow''. The visuals are very impressive and the basic concepts fascinating, but the film just doesn't try hard enough to draw you in. Perhaps the biggest weakness is the story's lacklustre villain, Ra. He's creepy as all-get-out (kudos to Davidson), decidedly lethal and (we're told) immensely powerful, but he never lives up to his potential. His number-one lackey has a nail-biting, knock-down-drag-out brawl with Russel, but Ra himself seems stuck in an impotent imperial sulk whenever the camera decides to check in on him whilst the other characters are busy toppling his empire. Come the final showdown, you're wondering how this pseudo-Egyptian slacker ever conquered the world in the first place.

Regardless, *StarGate* is worth a look; good special effects and solid performances from the leads make it a thoroughly watchable (if not particularly memorable) movie.

-- *Sean McQuaid*

Special thanks to CITY CIMENA for being such gosh-darn nice folks, and allowing us to have a movie pass.

# Campus Comedy with the Arrogant Wor

By C.A. Schneider

The Thursday night before the break, my colleagues and I headed for the Barn at 8:30 pm. Since the doors were to have opened at 8 pm, we naturally assumed that there would be no problems getting the non-drinkers with us upstairs to the Dry section where they'd be comfortable. We were wrong. As it ended up, we arrived just to be informed that the Music Society were not finished with their pizza and beer event. We were told that we could wait in the lounge if we so desired, if not we could mill around the not-so-spacious entry to the Barn. Of course, as the numbers increased, this became increasingly uncomfortable.

When we were finally allowed upstairs (1 hour after the signs had said the doors opened) we anxiously tried to get decent seats. The music students who had attended the pizza and beer thing had all the really good, really comfortable seats. So we sat halfway between the wet and the dry, on the stairs. Admittedly, we have decided that these are the best seats in the house as far as vision goes, however the more crowded they get, the less comfortable they are.

We stopped our whining as soon as the Arrogant Worms took the stage. These three guys, all of whom have at least one uni degree, are a riot. Their music, of whic a huge fan, ranges from adept social co tary to mindless fun. The Worms playe favourites: "Carrot Juice is Murder", Pain", "Rippy the Gator" (complete w actions), and "William Shakespeare's Cat," as well as several new pieces.

The Arrogant Worms played t and introduced all the campus ''comics'' we all admired for their courage (how people do you know who would try to b in front of a large group of drunks exce fellow drunk?). Some of the comic extremely funny and one of them, Scantlebury, never wanted to leave th (he was having too much fun and so audience). The comedy varied from cliches to original humour. Thankfully was little mention of OJ Simpson.

Overall, the evening was a succe we all had a lot of fun, but not as much the lucky student who won the $800 Tu Ice draw. We couldn't stay to find o actually won the comedy competition b of early classes and papers due the ne But we wish to congratulate all those in in the contest for a job well done.