

# Choice Cuts

Film: Way Down Town

I can remember last year when Joel put his hands into the air, scrunched up his face, and ranted sarcastically about all the great movies to have come out of Canada while bending backwards and widening his stance, knees bent. I can also remember the large doses of opposition to be administered to the Fawltly Tower that was his mind at that moment, opposition voiced from a number of different-minded and nerdy Cadre jerk-wads. I can remember sitting in the corner and quietly laughing hyena-style, and being otherwise silent. Anyway Joel, this is for you, wherever you may be; a review of a Canadian film.

As a young man sits in his office all day with people he doesn't like, he imagines a somewhat floating-

utopia where superheroes hold the earth up in small chunks of city. He's an intelligent young man who seems to be going cold of heart in the heart of a cold city without ever actually examining his own code of ethics. All this changes when he becomes the victim of moral luck through a joke thought to be of no consequence. What will he do to fix the problem he's created for those people? Is it really his place to step in, and if it is, will he have the courage to do it?

This is a well-done and interesting film about modern social ethics; What should an individual do when faced with such an ethical question? How does this individual believe they should act, how will the individual act, and what empathetic results may all of this have... and what about you?

-Brad DIEGHAN

## Jeff Morris Plays The Wave

On Saturday I went to The Wave to watch another instalment of Bill and Ed's Excellent Adventures (Billy and Eddy are bar-keepers) and when they started to bore me I turned my attention to the real reason I was at The Wave: To see Jeff Morris.

I stuck around for the evening to see the show, which I feel went over very well. They played for quite a while, and in the end must have played Cellophane Girl a bizillion times. For the most part they played their own songs, but they covered Radiohead, Weezer, and U2. They were able to cover Weezer very well; in fact I'd call Jeff Morris very Weezeresque. This Weezer similarity carries over to their CD, which has keyboard and electro-gadgets strung throughout. The music

is very good listening; something that I could listen to while working or typing, or maybe driving on a long stretch of road. And if there's a teen aged girl near by you can't go wrong with the song Cellophane Girl. The music wont bore you to death, but it wont get your juices flowing into a ruffiant mess either.

Then I asked them, off the top of their heads, to name the place where they had just played. They thought the alcove could be named The Slab, The Splash, or The Puddle. I like the sound of The Slab, but I'm going to stick to "The Underwater Grotto of Lights and Sound." It's just so catchy.

-Thomas LLOYD

## A Review on Reviewing and a Non-Ridiculous Silly Review of the Ridiculous.

By Brad DIEGHAN

I question the ability for a person to review something - anything - for another, when the goal of the review is to "let the other know" whether something is "good", "bad", or something altogether different.

Whatever the subject may be (a film, a cd, the new John Deere can opener, a book, etc...), there is no "good", no "bad". In a review of this kind there is only opinion, it's completely objective. I might like the movie Eraserhead, I might say it's an amazing film, but you might watch it and say it sucks, you might say it's crazy and makes no apparent sense. It's just two different opinions. The movie may actually make no apparent sense, this may be true, but does that really mean it sucks? Well, maybe for you, but for someone else it may be the equivalent to your ecstatic love of chocolate milk, the Blarney stone, or Malibu Barbie. In any case, all I'm saying is that a review shouldn't decide for the reader, it should only give enough information so that the reader may decide whether

or not to check it out, and then whether or not it is "good", "bad", or something completely different, like Monty Python's And Now for Something Completely Different. (Completely different. really.)

**"That no-good rotten-twig off a not-so-healthy-looking-shrubbery-tree nincompoop!"**

Monty Python. We've all heard of it. If you haven't - What is it? Well... Monty Python's a unique blend of intelligent English history, politics, social commentary, and silly. A series of low-budget short skits and a few mind popping movies, very efficient acting, and English accents from the aristocracy to the peasant. With Monty Python you get such a ridiculous amount of silly that it may seem quite ridiculous for any of you who may not be used to this sort of ridiculously

ridiculous ridiculous, so I'll warn you; it is ridiculously ridiculous in a serious way. Now, in case you haven't noticed, this article is getting quite ridiculous, in fact, so ridiculous that it may be nearing the ridiculously silly to be found in the actual subject matter. No matter, for when it comes to the seriously silly subject of ridiculous, I am quite competent, due to the fact that I may be incompetent.

A tall stern man with a mustache and an army suit bursts into the room, he shakes his pointing stick like a mother's nagging finger. "Stop that, that's silly! Now, everything was ok until you went and said something foolish like how ridiculous you may be. I think it is quite obvious that you are really too silly to be seriously taken as ridiculous, and I think that is an insult to the seriousness of the Python's silly! I won't have it! I don't want to see anymore ridiculousness out of you! If I have to come back, you will see how foolish you really were in trying to be silly". A sixteen tonne

weight falls from the sky crushing the military man. "Sorry about that," says the director, popping his head onto the screen, "we've just fired our writer, won't happen again." He leaves the screen muttering the words silly, and nincompoop. "That no-good rotten-twig off a not-so-healthy-looking-shrubbery-tree nincompoop!"

Goodbye, and good-riddance is the reply.

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