

A Capital Idea

by Georgie Ross

The "Capital Film Society," organised and operated by Prof. Barry Cameron, features a compilation of alternative films based in the original art-house tradition of film-making. These non-mainstream films include Canadian, European and foreign films made by independent artists who attempt to defy the traditional conventions used by most Hollywood filmmakers.

In an interview with Prof. Cameron, he explained the origin of Capital Film in addition to the content of the films themselves. "Our mandate is to show alternative and Canadian (alternative) film—we want to show films that otherwise would not have the opportunity to come here."

The film society was originally operated by filmmaker John Peterson in 1987, who later collaborated with Prof. Cameron who restructured the notion of the "Capital Film Society."

As Prof. Cameron explained, "I wanted to retain the good will of the previous film society, but I wanted to indicate that it was also something very new." The films were eventually taken over entirely by Prof. Cameron, where they were previously screened at Ecole Sainte-Anne before the university purchased the film equipment and 35mm projectors now used in Tilley Hall Theatre.

Prior to teaching at UNB, Prof. Cameron began working in media studies at the university of Toronto where he became involved in film and television production in addition to teaching courses in cultural and media studies. He has expressed that a growing number of film studies programs have begun in a literature department and if they grow to become successful, they will then become film departments.

"It's not really something new—what is new is finding a way to get these courses offered at the university and the English dept. has been generous enough to allow a space for film within

it," says Cameron. Fortunately, a new fine arts minor program with a concentration in film studies has recently become an integral part of the BA program.

Although the idea of Hollywood films within the realm of popular culture will continue to prevail, the gap between the two extremes of film production is shifting in terms of marketing as the film chains are becoming more aware of the growing alternative market. In fact, the Empire chains have already begun to respond to this need by screening such films as "La Belle Époque" and Quentin Terrantino's new release, "Pulp Fiction."

For students who are further interested in film studies and cinematography, the Woodstock College is hoping to begin a two-year film program in the fall of 1995. And towards the end of the semester, the NB filmmakers co-op will be holding a series of workshops where students can get involved and learn the practical conditions of filmmaking.

Stone on Star Trek: Generations

by Jonathan Stone
Brunswickwan staff

I had the opportunity this week to obtain a ticket to a screening of the latest Star Trek Film, *Generations*.

I was with three of my colleagues, munching oil-soaked popcorn and sucking back six litres of Mountain Dew about 30 minutes before film time. You see, we got there early to claim the best seats in the tiny confines with the 70's decor we all know and love as the Plaza Cinemas.

One of the best lines of the night came not from the movie, but from *The Bruns'* own Mark Morgan, who, upon referring to Scotty's 250-pound-plus physique exclaimed loudly in a Scottish accent, "Captain, I'm a ship!" This comment was well-appreciated by our neighboring Trek buffs, as we shared the intimacy of a tender, 10-minute long chuckle.

After a few more cracks from Morgan about a buddy's mother, and 10-minutes more of chortling, *Generations* began.

In my view, the first hour of the movie was entertaining, combining the trademark Star Trek humour, technology and sce-

narios. Data was the clear audience favourite after his usual serious personality took a change after the installation of a sacred 'emotion chip' into his positronic circuitry.

But little did he know that its effect would cause him to act similar to someone on an acid trip, as he howled uncontrollably with laughter when in reality nothing was humorous at all. The scene in which Data toys around with his tricorder was worth a few laughs, and "I guess I have a magnetic personality," was one of the funniest lines in the film.

A major disappointment as far as I'm concerned, is the ending of the movie and how the writers managed to kill off Captain Kirk with no great effort. No, James T. didn't suffer a stroke as a result of high cholesterol; no he didn't die of some galactic sexually transmitted disease; no he didn't get his 50-something ass kicked by Glaxar, the mutant she-dog of the m-class planet Poutinia. No, Kirk dies rather anti-climactically.

In all, I'd have to say *Star Trek: Generations* was worth the \$5 entry fee. It was entertaining, and contained many dazzling special effects, but the ebb and flow of the film crashed upon a rough shoreline.

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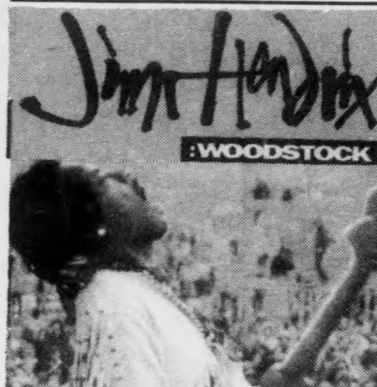
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Music Reviews



Jimi Hendrix
Woodstock
(MCA)

Since Jimi Hendrix's untimely demise in 1970, a spate of posthumous albums have been released; Radio One, Jimi Hendrix Blues and The Ultimate Experience (a 20 tune greatest hits collection) spring immediately to mind. Most recently MCA has offered up *Jimi Hendrix: Woodstock*, which incorporates much of Hendrix's Woodstock festival closing set, from 1969. The early Monday morning performance, played to a crown of 60,000 mud-caked festival diehards, is oft-reviled as not having been one of Hendrix's best outings, but nonetheless is enshrined in the consciousness of a nation, thanks in large part to the inclusion of a scintillating electric rendition of *The Star Spangled Banner*.

Twenty five years later, *Jimi Hendrix: Woodstock* stands as an auditory refutation of all who disparage the quality of Hendrix's Woodstock gig. The album features several acknowledged classics including: *Fire*, *Purple Haze*, *Voodoo Child (Slight Return)* and *Red House*, and also several loose jams. The overall sound quality of the album is remarkably sharp and Hendrix's between tune banter is worth the price of admission alone. Especially his comments about his backing group of musicians: "We got tired of the Experience... we was blowing our minds too much, so we decided to change the whole thing around all call it Gypsy, Sun and Rainbows. For short, it's nothing but a Band of Gypsies."

With Mitch Mitchell on drums and Billy Cox replacing Noel Redding on Bass, Hendrix and his Band of Gypsies launched into the first cut of the album, a solid version of "Fire", rendered all the more exciting by the accompanying cheers of the faithful Woodstock throngs. In fact, what makes this album work so well, is the feeling the listener gets of being privy to a veritable

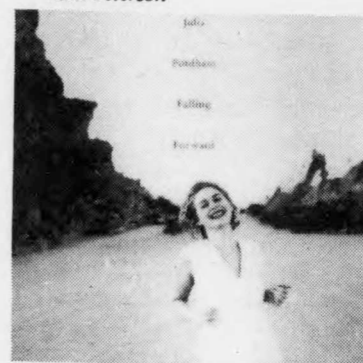
piece of Rock history.

Furthermore, this album's accompanying 20 page booklet is a godsend. Complete with color performance photos and a comprehensive essay overview of the entire festival, the booklet also contains priceless insights from performers like Neil Young and Richie Havens. The former recalls:

"meeting Jimi in a pick-up truck at the airport, about ten miles from the site, when we came in. We came in on these chartered planes, and we were riding around in this stolen pick-up truck with Hendrix and these people - I remember that more than the show. I think stealing a pick-up truck with Jimi Hendrix was one of the high points of my life. Absolutely the best electric guitar planer that ever lived."

In summary if you're into Hendrix, this is a cool album to pick up. The tunes sound good and the booklet is a great bonus.

Luke Peterson



Julia Fordham
Falling Forward
(EMI)

Apparently, I was the second person to get this CD because the first reviewer hated it and didn't want to review it. I pretty much agree with that person, but I will review it. I hate this disc. Listening to it is like eating uncooked rice—I have to force myself to do it, it's hard to swallow, and I get sick real soon.

Now, there are two complimentary things I can say about this album. First, like the bio material points out several times, this album sounds nice and clear—no question about it, but good production just isn't enough. Second, on songs such as the title track and "Blue Sky", Fordham does come close to sounding like Joni Mitchell. Unfortunately, these songs are all so ordinary that the sonic resemblance doesn't count for much.

The rest of the time... this record

sounds like almost any other mediocre record aimed at mainstream radio. Fordham has a full voice that might, if allowed the room, sound pleasantly rougher than those of her contemporaries (Amy Grant, Mariah Carey, Celine Dion... *ad nauseum*). On *Falling Forward*, however, as often as not it sounds a little out of place—not "pretty" enough on these quiet, plastic-gospel tunes (imagine, merely for comparison's sake, Neil Young singing Rik Astley tunes... now banish that image from your mind forever).

This is Fordham's fourth record. I haven't heard of her before, and I think I can pretty much guarantee this won't make her a star. At least, I hope I'm right about this—I don't need to be saturated with this divel.

Andrew Sneddon



Box Lunch
The Rock Box, The Pebble Pusher, A Pit Bull
(Cargo Records)

This is my first Winnipeg review! And not a bad one at that. At first, I thought I was in for a real treat—the opening track, "Catsup", is an instrumental, and I was hoping they all would be. No luck, however—some guy(s) opens his mouth on most of the tracks, and neither the lyrics nor the vocals are worth writing home about.

The music, however, is entertaining. This is Voivod and Primus territory—funky metal. You know, the instruments aren't saturated past recognition, which gives you that metallic, hollow sound that can be both pleasing and annoying; the rhythms change quickly; the band walks the line between pretentious wanking and punky innovation. Added bonus here—this is a low finance affair (note the spelling mistakes in the lyrics—couldn't even afford a dictionary), and the music still tastes of the basement. There are these rough moments, involving all instruments, that add a little pep that wasn't written into the mix.

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