

# New club takes it to 'The Limit'

by Regina Behnk

There is a new club tucked in the basement of the Park Hotel. Once merely the caterer's room, it has been transformed into a dining lounge.

There is nothing elaborate about this nook; the decor is limited to a few posters and a blackboard which details the daily menu. Though food and alcohol are reasonably priced, the music featured in the club is the real attraction. This music dares to diverge into the unknown and will intrigue many listeners.

One of the masterminds behind this project is Ray Walker. Walker oddly enough is an agriculture student at the U of A who has opted to abandon his studies for one year. He has a passion for uncovering new sounds of music. It was with his assistance that CJSR began an unique program in which demo tapes from unrecognized groups were aired. 'I'm overwhelmed with the talent out there,' he says.

He recognizes the difficulties amateur

bands face in marketing their music and finding a venue to perform. It is his strong desire to promote the little man that has pushed him to open 'The Limit'.

As Walker's prime concern is the musicians, he wisely leaves the meal planning to the hotel's restaurant. He occupies himself with booking the bands.

Presently the lounge is open Thursday thru Sunday evenings. Walker admits that he is having difficulties finding enough local groups that are prepared to play. In the future he would like to attract other touring bands that have been traditionally by passing Edmonton.

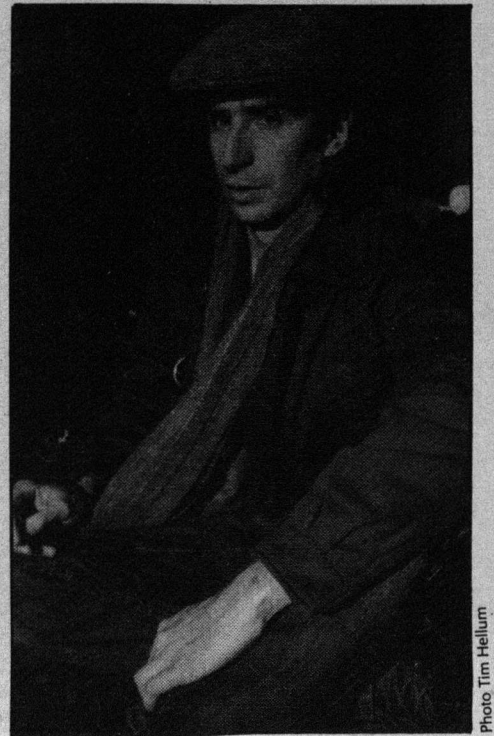
His enterprise still lacks organization, but that's because this project was envisioned only three weeks ago. This past weekend was the grand opening, and the response was favourable. Scrawled on cigarette packages (pinned on his office wall) are phone numbers of contacts that showed sincere interest in his venture. In a few weeks he predicts his little place will be booked solid with superb musicians.

Even on a limited budget he is as generous (as possible) to the bands. He offers them \$100 a night plus half the cover charge of \$2.00.

There are many silent partners in this business, all who seem to have a commitment to alternative music. These entrepreneurs are learning the ordinances of operating a business. They are learning the small intricacies of dealing with larger corporations such as the ALCB.

It is not unusual for Walker to put in twelve hour days, working on upgrading the club or tending to other business duties. Financially the endeavour is only breaking even. With no other income Walker scrounges for his meals at the restaurant. He isn't too concerned with making large profits. Nor is he worried about competition, 'Our competition is with apathy,' he says.

He has faith that Edmonton will accept his club favourably. 'We want to be trend setters not trend followers,' he adds. With his passion and dedication it won't be surprising to find there are no boundaries to 'The Limit'.



Ray Walker

## Brazil is an often brilliant political and social satire

Brazil  
Universal  
Westmount

review by James MacDonald

It is a world where a person's existence can be deleted by a swipe at a computer terminal. A world where the highest government office is the "Ministry of Information Retrieval". A world where posters on every street corner and in every office proclaim "Loose Talk Is Noose Talk" and "Don't Support a Friend, Report Him".

No, it's not 1984. It's *Brazil*, and it comes not from a tuberculin George Orwell, but from a bizarre, slightly deranged Terry Gilliam. Gilliam, of Monty Python fame, has concocted an incredibly intense mixture of Orwellian totalitarianism and science fiction futurism, with a gigantic dose of Pythonesque silliness mixed in.

Don't be misled, Python fans. This is not *And Now For Something Completely Different*.

ent. It is an often brilliant political and social satire. The laughs are there, but mostly in the first half of the film. The second half evolves into a futuristic nightmare Orwell had not the twisted imagination to create. In his off-beat approach, Gilliam's satire is much more direct and hard-hitting than Orwell's.

*Brazil* takes place "sometime in the 20th century". It is about a bright young man named Sam Lowry (superbly played by Jonathan Pryce) who leads a perfunctory existence in an oppressive society he cares nothing about. Sam works for the lowly Department of Records, refusing offers of promotion to a higher office, and lunching with his wealthy mother twice a week. His only source of pleasure is daydreaming about a beautiful blond angel whom he encounters while flying through the clouds, Icarus-style.

One day Sam catches a real life glimpse of the girl of his dreams. He accepts a promotion to find out more about her and comes head-to-head with the harsh realities of life.

Again, it sounds like Orwell, but it isn't. 1984 is dark and gloomy; *Brazil*, on the other hand, is shocking in its facade of brightness. It moves at a frantic pace, constantly changing direction, the effect being that one never expects what might happen next. Each event is more incredible than the last, with the film becoming increasingly disturbing, eventually reaching a searing climax.

*Brazil* is an assault on the senses, both visual and mental. As in his Python work, Gilliam holds back nothing. Expect nothing from *Brazil*, but expect everything: there is much to take in. At times the film resembles a Python cartoon, vivid in its starkness. It is often unpleasant and contains much that might offend.

*Brazil's* major fault is its length. Two and a quarter hours of this mind-numbing scattering of thoughts stretches the limitations of the mind. Unlike a bad or predictable film, *Brazil* never becomes dull, but risks turning into a jumbled set of visual images, wasted in

is it meant to be, but such sustained confusion severely strains the entertainment value of the film, as well as the message it promotes.

More than anything, *Brazil* is Gilliam's flight of fancy. He directed and co-wrote the film along with Tom Stoppard and Charles McKeown. The film's stand-out quality is its undeniable originality. There are also some excellent character portrayals, including Robert DeNiro as an engineer Robin Hood swooping in and out by night to fix broken heating systems. Electrical systems resemble human innards and "breathe", food is served in small colourless lumps along with a picture of what it represents, and horrible secret police members sing off-key Christmas carols in their dungeon headquarters.

*Brazil* is indescribable. It is beyond classification or definition. Go, but be forewarned. In its inventiveness, it is a relentless attack on the emotion. Without doubt you have never seen a film like it before and probably will never see one like it again.



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