

ARTS

False promise under Highlander II's kilt

BY BRUCE GILCHRIST

HERE HAVE BEEN few occasions in my life in which I have felt so cheated. To put it bluntly, I would rather sit through the first two hours of my organic chemistry final exam, the first one I took, rather than have to watch this piece of excrement called a movie again.

FILM
Highlander II
a sappy sequel

This movie was so bad it made me wish I'd seen "The People Under the Stairs" instead.

I remember when Highlander came out. It got bad reviews. So I didn't see it until video. That was a mistake. Highlander became a cult classic, and a landmark in the art of making films. It was an exceptional film in every respect. I can see the critics saying something like this: "Well this movie really sucks, and I didn't like the first either." You can trust me on this one — this film eats shit.

To put it mildly, Highlander II desecrates and cheapens the mere existence and religious experience that was Highlander. To start off with, HII immediately contradicts the storyline of HI. But that's all

right, it will be explained later, right? But it isn't. In fact, nothing in this movie is explained. Crucial characters just pop out of nowhere, for no reason.

Bucks. The only reason this movie was made, bucks. Cash in on the public's favourite disease — sequelitis! I'm begging you, please do not give any money to the money-hungry assholes who made this movie. It only supports their cause. I am a victim for having paid to see this. You can be saved — don't go!

The main problem is that this movie has almost nothing to do with Highlander whatsoever. Sean

Connery is only in it for 15 minutes, and does the lamest exit I've ever seen. This movie blatantly rips off other films, and mashes storylines from several recent flicks.

Total Recall is the most obvious source. Highlander II rips off its beginning, and ending from Total Recall, without even bothering to include the subterfuge. The ending is a rote version body movement for body movement of Total Recall. They should sue.

The sets are straight out of Batman, and Micheal Ironside does the worst impression of Jack Nicholson I've ever seen. (I know I could do it better). There are even

little stupid mini-jokers on batwings for crying out loud. Has Hollywood heard of originality? NO! NO! NO!

The movie also steals from Terminator (I and II), and from Blade Runner, and any recent sci-fi you can think of. But this movie is so inept, it can't even steal from itself right! It flat out contradicts itself and makes no sense whatsoever.

I think you get the picture. Cheapened, disgusted, revolted, mentally molested, and asinine are just a few words I can think of. Too bad I didn't buy anything to eat. I would have left a present.

The hot chicken solution

BY LARRY WESTOPHER

GEYSERS OF WATER were shooting out of the storm sewers on Monday when we realized the cabin fever was starting to take hold. It's not even winter yet, but already the entire city seems ready to burst into a screaming, drooling, rain-induced dementia.

FOOD
Chickenburger
Bedford Highway

Work overloads are commonplace; everyone's losing their tan; valium is starting to look like a feasible hobby; even the *Globe and Mail* wants to legalize hashish. There could be no better time to plan a road trip.

Hunger being a central issue, and the clock a limiting factor, we decided to swim through time to a restaurant in another era. *The Chickenburger*, Bedford, circa 1956.

So we took the magical time-travelling microbus, piled all the

little ones in (making sure they'd all had a pee pee first) and headed off down the Bedford highway, 'cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run.

The white caps on the basin were licking the glass-bottomed house boat as Jimmy Buffet sang *Changes in Latitudes*, and for a while,

the
answer
to all
of
our
problems

everything felt warm and sunny.

It's not that we were really hungry; something just had to be done, that's all. Somewhere deep in our hearts, we knew hot chicken was the answer to all our problems.

It wasn't just the gravy-soaked chicken though, it was the juke

box, the linoleum, the multitude of helpful staff who laughed at our silly antics, and most of all, the chocolate shakes.

As Patsy Cline crooned *I've got your picture*, the little ones were wolfing down their fries with a fervor that made us fear for their fingers. Across the way, a couple stared sadly into each others eyes with a melancholy equal to Romeo and Juliet, Sampson and Delilah, Abbot and Costello.

All too soon our meal came to an end, but we knew that the little ones would soon be curled up all snug in their beds, so we stocked-up on a whole bunch of treats to snarf during *Murphy Brown* tonight.

We didn't meet the Fonzy, or twist on the counter-tops in poodle skirts, but we did have a pretty good time.

On the way home we judged the little ones as they performed water skiing tricks behind the microbus. The redhead (what is his name anyway?) won a gold medal with his upside down sewer slalom.



Ode to Jim's boots

Vomit stained leather
kicking echoes in the hallways;
wearing out the drum heads in my ears.

This is cowboy kickin,
grass snake stompin,
two-steppin
country
son.

"If you wanna say somethin to me,
say it to my boots."

Formal wear;
funky functional fashion statement,
hole-y icon to the urban street.

Seminal soul,
or is that sole?
I always mix the two up...

Lambie



The Nancy Rowell Jackman Chair in Women's Studies Presents:

"Reclassifying Biology: Race, Gender and Adam's Task"

Anne Fausto-Sterling

How do cultural understandings of gender influence science?
Is science really so objective?
How does science shape cultural concepts of race and gender?

Fausto-Sterling has lead discussion of these questions since 1980. She is internationally renowned for her work on gender and science, as well as her laboratory research in developmental genetics. Join us November 19th to hear and discuss, in person, Fausto-Sterling's most current thinking about women, men, race and science.

Dr. Anne Fausto-Sterling is Professor of Medical Science at Brown University, Rhode Island. Her book *Myths of Gender: Biological Theories About Women and Men* is published in both German and Japanese. Based at Brown University, Fausto-Sterling has held numerous Distinguished Visiting Professorships, and participated in the 8th International Research Group in Developmental Genetics, Hubrecht Laboratory, The Netherlands.

7:30 p.m. Tuesday November 19, Mount Saint Vincent University
Seton Academic Centre, Aud. B & C