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Wife makes lust dull!

The Good Wife Atlantic Releasing Corporation Westmount New World Pictures

review by Bill Mah

The Good Wife is essentially about love versus lust; in this Australian made film, love takes a beating. Yet for a supposed portrait of sexual passion, The Good Wife is ironically bland and dispassionate. More than anything else, this movie illustrates the vast difference between a good story and good story-telling.

A basic outline of its steamy plot makes The Good Wife sound somewhat interesting. It tells the story of Marge, a rural Australian wife in the 1930's played by Rachel Ward of Against All Odds fame. She is bored with her dull routine and even more with her husband's joyless style of sex. In spite of his saintly affection, Marge yearns for sensual gratification. There is a brief and inglorious encounter with her incompetent yet cocky brother-in-law, after which she meets Neville Gifford, the new bartender played by Sam Neill (Amerika).

Marge becomes obsessed with this dapper womanizer despite his lack of interest and the damage it does to her life. She abandons her husband, portrayed by real-life spouse Bryan Brown (*Tai-Pan*) and pursues Gifford everywhere he goes. This fervid material along with the attractive stars and gorgeous photography is undermined by *The Good Wife*'s failed narration that makes this movie more sleepy than sensuous.

In the film, Marge complains that "it seems as if nothing exciting will ever happen to me". Unfortunately for the audience, she is all too correct. The Good Wife moves at a sluggish pace, underpowered by writer Peter Kenna's spiritless and shallow screenplay. The dialogue is stiff and awkward while the little action that does occur is insufficiently motivated. Marge transforms too abruptly from a demure, dutiful wife into a bold sexual aggressor. It also seems implausible that her husband, an Australian lumberjack, would act as passively as he does. Moreover, it is never explained why Gifford seduces virtually all the women in town but rejects the attractive Marge.

In the end, *The Good Wife* is a beautiful but disappointing anomaly. It is a story of great passion told without emotion. Because there is no fire, *The Good Wife* never comes to a boil.

Band screams self blue

The Screaming Blue Messiahs Gun Shy WEA

review by Dragos Ruiu

Yes, The Screaming Blue Messiahs do scream some, but they aren't very blue. They are rather upbeat, angry rockers.

They have one of those formulas that will either flop real bad or make these guys very rich. Take some good ole down home twang guitar, a la the Georgia Satellites, lay down some heavy bass, and a dance-floor sweatand-hump-drum rhythm, put it all together and have a sound you can call all your own.

It's kind of catchy, and considering Much Music has put their video for "Wild Blue Yonder" on heavy rotation, it looks as if these guys are going to succeed. The real centerpiece of all this music is the guitar, and it will hook you.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. The lead singer is bald, and very dramatic looking. He was made for videos — he has the same eerie look that Barry Andrews of Shriekback possesses. So this group has a lot or things going for them, interesting visuals, catchy tunes, and a big recording label.

They will be a hot ticket when, or if they tour. The driving music would sound superb live. I can just imagine the overheating crowd.

The album itself is really good. When they let the drum pace slacken like on "Smash the Market Place", the imperfections peek out; but when they keep the reckless pace up, you are too busy tapping your feet to notice.

These guys sound so down-south sometimes, that it's hard to believe they are from England. The guitar drawls, and the singer screams. What he screams about is sometimes confusing — I've tried and tried to figure out what he is jabbering about on "Twin Cadillac Valentine", but alas, it should be left to crytologists better than 1.

Still, there are a lot of things that people could dislike about this record. The guitar could be considered too twangy, the beat too heavy, too much screaming, too much reverb. Me, I haven't really noticed yet, because it's just too much fun to listen to.



Just one big, happy, sexy family

