



BY PATRICK BLACKIE

Certain things have certain markers that immediately identify their origin, from soft drinks to porno, McDonalds to gun stores. A beautiful example of this in filmmakers is Tim Burton, and one of those recognizable films is *Sleepy Hollow*.

Based on Washington Irving's 18th Century novel, the story is about a New York City detective, Ichobod Crane (Johnny Depp) who goes to Upstate New York to investigate decapitations that are occurring in a small farming village named Sleepy Hollow.

When he arrives, he is skeptical of the townspeople's claim that the heads were taken by the spirit of a murderous horseman (Christopher Walken) who had been decapitated himself and buried in the woods outside of Sleepy Hollow. He insists that the spirit is nothing but superstition, vowing to find the actual culprit of the murders.

He soon discovers that the Headless Horseman is real, seeing the killer in action, and is tempo-

rarily stunned into a cowardly retreat. However, Ichobod takes a dramatic turn and decides that he will still stay and find the horseman.

Crane, along with his new-found friend, played by Christina Ricci, goes to the burial site of the horseman, and after exhume the remains, learns that the skull of the horseman had been taken.

The story then turns into a complex mystery, with virtually all the townspeople suspected of stealing the skull. Whoever has the skull controls the horseman, and so it becomes a rush in order to find the killer.

To compliment the directorial genius and the plot quality of this movie was an excellent performance from the reliable and talented Johnny Depp. He played a character that was almost a complete contradiction, but handled the odd lines and quirky traits well, making an entertaining character with well timed lines and offbeat humor that masked any oddities.

Tim Burton has the unique

ability to sum up the mood of a film in one shot, but maintains the ability to make every scene just as stunningly detailed. He expands his optical resume with this movie which is (almost) worth paying \$9 just for the background.

One thing about *Sleepy Hollow* that is certain to deter some is the over-abundance of graphic head-chopping. The Horseman is a busy man in this movie, and no detail is omitted from his victims' decapitation. While this is funny the first few times, I think that maybe the movie went a little too chop-crazy.

Great acting and Tim Burton's patent slapped on make *Sleepy Hollow* a high calibre movie. It may not compete with all of his past works, and may not be of the same kind of offbeat script or new ideas that have been successful in recent movies, but it maintains its integrity. Not for everyone, but if you like the past work of this legendary filmmaker or if you like seeing heads get chopped off, it is a must see.

Frank Zappa and The Open Waters Music Festival

BY DANIEL RABIN

The Open Waters Music Festival. The posters are all around town, everyone must recognize that "new age", harmonious, yet attention grabbing computer logo. The subtitle, "Festival of New and Improvised Music," must grab a few tree oil wearing eyes.

Yet why is it that in such a diverse place as Halifax, where improvisational and experimental are ideas that create and form the soul and heartbeat of the community, is nobody interested in attending?

I have hypothesized: The music is too weird.

Now before the uproar begins let me elaborate. It is not weird in the "I wear glasses and braces" sense, nor is it weird in the "I have a cousin who looks at me funny" sense. There are only two words that can describe this music — Frank Zappa.

For those of you who never heard these words uttered, pity. For those of you who recognize the name but still know nothing, shame. However, for the benefit of all, Frank Zappa was one of the great iconoclastic musicians of the 20th century. He was born in 1940 in Baltimore where his Sicilian-born Greek-Arab meteorologist father was employed to manufacture poisonous gas during WWII. The Zappa family moved to Lancaster, California, a Mojave Desert town Frank called "a cultural wasteland".

Frank's first album was *Memories of El Monte* and from there he joined a bar band which eventually formed the Mothers of Invention, his seminal band of renegades, punks, freaks, yokels and meter maids. Together they created some of the newest, and weirdest music that had ever been heard. With over 60 albums to his name, Zappa adventurously served up "jazz from hell" experiments on his computerized Synclavier keyboards.

With a lifelong flair for creating unclassifiable, post-

modern, cross referencing music, Zappa created genres now known as Classical Reggae and Melodic R&B with dissonant avant-garde. We owe a lot to Frank Zappa and his milk producing Mothers of Invention, and I believe that this is the reason why the Open Waters decided to feature Frank on the second night of the festival.

Now that we have shared some information we can move onwards. The Second night of the festival was an evening of grandeur and style. Men and women with skinny cheeks, black clothing and marvelously small, thick rimmed spectacles adorned the majestic Pier 21, in such a classy fashion that even Oscar Wilde himself would feel a touch 'under dressed'.

The musical ensemble was a melting pot of some of the east coasts most talented classical players. Members of the Symphony of Nova Scotia and the Upstream Music Ensemble collaborated to make some really weird music

The following sections of the first set included, Sandy Moore's "Shadows," Steven Naylor's 'Snow in Summer' and

Paul 'The Monster Bassoonist' Cram's 'Irons in the Fire.' The music that all these 'Mothers of Invention' created was some of the most unharmonious music possible. Surprisingly, this is not a bad thing. The music was so different and interesting that it, in Zappa-esque fashion, broke down all pre-existing musical genres.

Bassoonist legend and master blower Barry Guy then stepped onto the scene. Barry was featured in the conductor's own 'Monkey!', a piece that — like it's title would suggest — was very ape like.

Following the conductor's 25 minute epic came Chris Palmers' 'For Those in Peril on The Sea' which was divided into five sections: Derelict, Mutiny, Storm, Waterspout and finally, Requiem. This piece was a musical fantasy about one of the most mysterious of Maritime sea disasters—the case of the Mary Celeste.

Zappa himself could sum up the Open Waters Music Festival the best: "Ya can't always write a chord ugly enough to say what you want to say, so sometimes you have to rely on a giraffe filled with whipped cream."

L'Arche The University of the Heart

L'Arche Cape Breton is a community for men and women who are mentally challenged and those who choose to share life with them. We are a community committed to equality, solidarity and simplicity, and since we began in 1983, hundreds of people have come to share this way of life with us.

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L'Arche Cape Breton

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