



# The BURBS

(Director Joe Dante)

The plot sounds like it couldn't possibly miss. Place a latter-day Adams Family in a yuppie mid-western suburbia and watch the Bourgeoisie bastards go naffin' mental! Seeing as Joe (Gremlins) Dante has got his thumb prints all over it what are we waiting for? C'mon Hon! Let's pack up the station wagon with our favorite weiners and let's cook it up to the plaza! Why then does Burbs end up like a dish of cold skunk-vom?

Well, let's look at the facts. It is first of all thoroughly predictable. The leading men are all deplorably retrogressive fascist infants that fear the worst when gents of an odd looking Slavic denomination start digging holes in their back garden at night and draining the local powers supply when operating some mysterious machine ensconced in the basement. Tom Hanks is the star of the picture but effectively seems to toss the whole project aside as if it is as natural as scratching his bum. This must either mean he is a great talent or a bit of a wanker, we'll wait and see. Rick Ducommun and Bruce Dern

play loud obnoxious toady and Mr. Viet-Vet Americana respectively and all told they are both credible performances, bringing to mind, either individually or in combination, the characteristics of most Americans we know. The short of it is that the boys raise themselves to such a level of pant-drenching hysteria that they decide to ransack the house in search of decomposing corpses.

This is all despite the presence of the two female stereotypes (Tom's wife a pretty but unspectacular housewife and Bruce's gal, a buxom fluffy beauty queen) who are (GASP!) real sensible

actually and tell their hubbies to behave themselves (an Oedipal theme runs throughout the entire work). The stupid fat guy of course doesn't even have a girlfriend but rather drinks beer with the local surf-Teen (Corey Haim), who abstains from drugs, sex and booze - orgies in order to watch the goings on in his neighborhood. What a weird kid! The other most bogus grunt is that Burbs is singularly unfunny. What is funny is that Joe Dante is probably pissing himself laughing at the fact that most of North America are having a good guffaw at their own expense. Burbs is in fact full of characters you pass at the intersection everyday - shallow, paranoid geeks that are quite capable of mind-numbing prejudice and violence. This would all be well and Jake, but Mr. Dante just isn't scathing enough for our liking, watering down a potential demons-brew to a tepid piece of disney-fodder. Also... Anybody that lampoons the stupid spaghetti western gimmick of sticking a camera right in somebody's face for cheap laughs needs a ride in the toaster; how many naffing times have I seen this!! Nyaaargh!

Not content to let us wince at a couple of wasted hours in the presence of several hundred puffy faces gorging themselves on an unlimited supply of popcorn whilst simultaneously explaining to their friends what happened on Wapner today, WAHEY!... It's a double ending!! As one, Porky and me go PUH-YUKE! and screaming, scamper for the exit consoling ourselves that somebody at YTV has had the sense to program HUD for tonight's recuperation.

NEDDY STEBBINS

# Bill & Ted's EXCELLENT adventure

Bill and Ted are basically a couple of air-head valley boys that love rawk n' roll. Of course, there are thousands of these in the SAN DIMAS area so what makes these dudes so special? It turns out that their horrible little garage band will eventually become the inspiration of future generations that, through some genetic disaster or radiation storm, everybody acts just like them except that they're wearing geometric Bacofoil creations.

Bill and Ted are Thick. The problem is that if they don't produce an exemplary history seminar, they'll be jack booted out of high school by the crusties. This sounds like a good idea to me if they want to be come rock stars, but the future dudes think otherwise. So, they erm... send Rufus (GEORGE CARLIN) back in a magical phone kiosk to save them. The plot of salvation is to bring any number of historical characters back to the present day to get their opinions on their own future, and hey presto! - A+ for the assignment. Sounds like a real turkey eh? But to my surprise I was hooting with the best of them at the jolly japes enjoyed by the boys

as they scoot along the portals of time.

Of course, the whole thing lacks any real credibility at all to point where thinking is strictly out of the question. For instance, the climax of the movie occurs only after characters like Genghis Khan, Joan of Arc and Beethoven are unleashed in a shopping mall.

But it was Grrrrr...eat fun kids! The bottom line is that the whole thing is as corny as hell, but the fact is that everything is so pleasantly and unassumingly executed with a completely honest sense of humor that one cannot but applaud this splendidly entertaining piece of complete nonsense. Most bodaceous, dude.

STEVE GRIFFITHS



ROBERT POPE EXHIBITS AT THE UNB ART CENTRE, AND WE THINK IT'S PRETTY DARNED SPECIAL.



The paintings in "A Seal Upon Thine Heart", opening at the UNB Art Centre March 5th, are intentionally romantic, dramatic and literary - qualities more common in Victorian painting than in contemporary art, but Robert Pope's coolly realistic acrylics succeed. The paintings tell of the rise and fall of a tragic relationship. Pope was much moved by Elizabeth Smart's "By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept", a short poetic and very personal novel. Smart led a self-destructive, bohemian life in Canada, England and New York; and when she died, her book received a world-wide revival. It got special attention in Canada; Smart was born in Ottawa, lived for a while in British Columbia, and was writer-in-residence at the University of Alberta in 1983.

Pope could relate to the romantic depiction of a turbulent relationship, and the paintings in this exhibition are the result. They are not illustrations of the book, but are parallel narration.

Pope relies on symbols, and also on his own environment. Many of the paintings include flower images - big, life-asserting sunflowers, or blood-red roses mingling with a sinister skull behind unsuspecting

lovers. The apple trees of the Annapolis valley can symbolize the Garden of Eden, the Temptation of Man and Women, or, in a field of apple trees stumps, more immediate loss and perhaps even hope of revival.

This exhibition was shown first at St. Mary's University in Halifax. It comes to UNB from Acadia University and later goes on to the University College of Cape Breton in Sydney. It has received much media attention.

Robert Pope will come from Halifax to attend the opening of "A Seal Upon Thine Heart" at the UNB Art Centre in Memorial Hall between 2 to 4 pm, Sunday, March 5th. Fredericton writer, Nancy Bauer, will open the exhibition, which will continue until April 1st.

The Canada Council has provided travel assistance to the Art Centre so Robert Pope can conduct a lecture-discussion at 7:30 Sunday evening, March 5th. The public is encouraged to attend both opening and lecture.

The UNB Art Centre in Memorial Hall is open from 10 am to 5 pm Monday to Friday and from 2 to 4 on Sundays.