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LEVIATHAN

(Director: George P. Cosmatos)

If thinly veiled plagiarism were a major crime, George P. Cosmatos would very likely have his face pasted all over the post offices of America. For Mr. Cosmatos, together with some of the less known Di Laurentis brothers have produced one of the most explicit rip-offs you will ever see this decade. It is called Leviathan.

I realise by now that regular readers of these pages will have become rather insensitive to the brutal hyperbole and rambling metaphors, but I simply cannot for the life of me understand why somebody has not yet brought charges. That teh, is how unbelievably similar this film is to Ridley Scott's *Alien* (1979) in parts and to John Carpenter's *The Thing* (1981) in others. I am still reeling from the shock of the overall cheek! What Hi-Tech Sci-Fi/Horror genre cliches are left out from the plot of these two movies are unshamedly lifted and plunked straight in. It is almost as if Georgey-boy has got his hands on one of those new computer programs that automatically produces a formulaic success based on previous data. Thats how predictable it is.

Where *Alien* and *The Thing* dealt with humans being trapped with a flesh-slurping horror in outer space and an Antarctic research station respectively, *Leviathan* deals with the trauma of being ensconced in a deep sea mining complex with wait for it.... A GENETIC ASSIMILATORY MASS OF PORRIDGE! Gasp. The deal is this. Those nasty Russkies have been dicking around with human guinea pigs, trying to bend their chromosomes to the point where they can stroll around on the ocean depth as if picking daisies. BUT THE EXPERIEMENT GOES HORRIBLY WRONG!! What else can they do but torpedo the floating

laboratory and forget anything ever happened. By some incredible coincidence, the mining complex has been constructed right next door to the wreck, ensuring that it is only a matter of time before our little miners stumble on the melée, and bring the germs/virus/transformed cells back to their own abode. Even at this early stage the crew have already engaged in a cinematic last supper extremely reminiscent of that in *'Alien'*, and the manner in which the ship wreck is discovered is uncannily identical to the scene where John Hurt stumbles on the parasite podules in the same film.

Quite surprisingly the talents of Peter Weller (*Shakedown*, *Robocop*) and Richard Crenna almost save the film. But it is obvious what Cosmatos wants. He even gives us a third rate Sissy Weaver reminiscence by allowing us generous opportunity to ogle Amanda Pays (Max Hendroom) in skimpy wet underwear during several points in the proceedings. Amanda actually has some delightful lines, her dialogue being entirely restricted to things like 'the door won't open!' 'I'm stuck!!' and 'I can't get in my suit!' during the last two thirds of the movie. Unfortunately Amanda can't act for toffee.

When all is said and done however, it is a slick production. The special effects are excellent and the Saturday morning B-movie cliff-hangers are used in quick succession to good effect. But no amount of praise of this kind is able to sweep away the nagging déjà vu of the dripping claustrophobia experienced when the last three survivors scramble through the collapsing corridors (*Alien*), the polite but instant computer announcing 'eight minutes to implosion' (*Alien*); the huge shambling mosaic of protoplasm bearing the features of its previous victims (*The Thing*). Even the ending slides by without a thread of originality, with the hero lunging an explosive device into the gaping maw of the monstrosity yelling 'EAT THIS, TOAD FACE!!' (*Jaws*, *The Thing*).

Yes, yes its good hokey mindless fun to be sure but on this sort of budget I would give far, far greater applause to a film that at least attempts to take this predictable approach from a different angle.

Steve Griffiths

A FISH CALLED WANDA

(MGMIUA, 20th Century Fox)

I would like to state that Wanda, the leading lady played by Jaime Lee Curtis, does not in any way resemble a fish. In fact, she is a conniving robber who can act quite well, gets turned on by foreign languages, and in general can be a total twit.

Her "brother" Otto is a gun-mad freak played by Kevin Kline. He helped in a jewel heist. They called the police to place the blame on George, another robber, so that he and Wanda can split the loot. Joy. He likes to pick on Ken (Michael Palin), who has a stutter. Ken keeps fish, the prettiest of which

is named after Wanda. This is irrelevant. The tank in which the fish are kept, however, is VERY relevant. There's a trunk in the tank and it's got a safety deposit key in it. Also joyful.

Ken's job is to kill the prosecution witness, an old lady with three dogs. If she dies, I guess that George has less chance of being found guilty. Well, suffice it to say that dogs never do well in comedies. Not at all.

Wanda wants to get information on where the jewels are from George's lawyer, Archie (John Cleese). So she seduces him. She's managed to obtain the key, which is in her locket, and this locket does just a little bit better than the dogs.

Archie is "happily" married to a dull wife, Wendy, and he has a spoiled daughter, Portia, the epitome of

spoiled English girls. When Wanda comes into his life, he's thrilled, and he falls in love with her, reluctantly.

Not quite as simple as it sounds, "Fish Called Wanda" is one of the better British comedies that I've seen in a while. Ken is undoubtedly the highlight of the movie, but Otto and his jealousy of Archie runs a close second.

The "R" rating is, in my opinion far too harsh. Up here, the movie gets "Adult", but who knows what the Canadian censorship boards did to it. I'll never understand the MPAA.

All in all, "Fish Called Wanda" is certainly as good as "Monty Python Live At The Hollywood Bowl," my favorite British film, and in some parts much better.

Cassandra Carlisle

MARITIME INDEPENDENT MUSIC FESTIVAL

DTK Records will present the Maritime Independent Music Festival, MIMF'89. Over thirty bands will be performing over four days in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

The festival begins Thursday evening, March 30th, with jazz at the Playhouse co-sponsored by JazzFredericton and Theatre New Brunswick's Interact series. Featuring THE GREAT BIG BAND, the FREDERICTON HIGH SCHOOL STAGE BAND and the ECOLE ST. ANNE ENSEMBLE,

MIMF'89 then moves to the Capital Exhibition Center on the Fredericton fairgrounds. Friday night's show, March 31st, starts at 6:30 pm and will be headlined by former Haligonians the JELLYFISHBABIES - plus - all the way from Victoria, B.C., NO MEAN'S NO.

Also playing Friday night will be Fredericton's VOGONS, DAVIDS, ABSOLUTE CHOKE, DRESDEN 45 and HECTOR'S BODY.

This Saturday afternoon show, April 1st, will start at 2:00 p m

and will feature performances from the COSMIC QUARTET, THREE PEOPLE and the EXPLODING NET. This will be an afternoon of adventurous instrumental performances in an experimental vein - Zamfir fans beware.

Saturday evening's show will begin at 6:30 pm and will be headlined by former Haligonians the STRATEJACKETS and Montreal's the NILS.

Rounding out the evening will be performances from: Halifax's ALL GOOD CHILDREN, KEARNEY LAKE ROAD, and 100 FLOWERS, Moncton's NO EXPLANATION and St. John's SHRUNKEN HEADS.

MIMF'89 will wind down on Sunday, April 2nd, with a Hardcore/Metal Matinee. Starting at 2:00 pm, the show will feature Maritime Hardcore/Thrash/Speed Metal bands. Fredericton's NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, K.G.WOLFE, RHEMA and NEXT OF KIN, will play with Halifax's SKULL GARNISH and ADRENALYN, Moncton's

ZODIACS and St. John's SCAPEGOATS. Headlining the show will be St. John's (now living in Montreal) LIZARD.

Festival passes will be \$22, tax included and will be available in Fredericton, Moncton, St. John and Halifax. Tickets for individual shows will be available at the door. The festival offers a venue for the many talented artists here in the Maritimes, who, because they choose to play their own material, seldom get to play in a professional setting.

D.T.K. Productions and Fundy Cable will be filming and producing a two hour special on the Festival, and Capitol Films will be shooting footage for their upcoming feature film "Cheap Talk".

For more information contact Dawn Wason or Peter Rowan at (506) 454-7617. Next week, the Meat will contain a special two page feature on Maritime rock culture by looking closely at this extremely important event.



OUR REGULAR GRAPHIC LITERATURE REVIEW

British comics have, until recently, been rather different from the oeuvre typical of that in North America. Without going in to some tedious rhetoric about my childhood again, I think that it is pretty safe to say that the province of the superhero and single issues devoted to entire stories were relatively rare. Without question, far more popular were the sort of comics with names like 'Whizzer and Chips' 'Cor' and 'the Beezer'. These jolly little rags would invariably contain stories that would take up to two pages at most and concern children that were immensely strong, immensely fast, incredibly rich or incredibly naughty but.... cool. All the characters were

drawn as traditional cartoons as opposed to the realism associated with the genre over here.

It is from the minds of people that have been reared on a staple diet of this ephemeral comic fodder, that comes the resolutely wicked Viz, and, if you have any appreciation for raw unadulterated humour, this irreverently wicked journal will repay you with hours of chuckles and belly-laughs.

Written in the same sort of style as the previously mentioned comics, Viz is unquestionably directed more at the adult audience than the kids that still read Billy Whizz, the Bash Street kids and Odd-Ball. In Viz we have characters such as Buster Gonad and his unfeasibly large Testicles, a boy whose problem is immediately obvious and

Johny Fartpants, a young gentleman that goes through several hundred pairs of trousers every week. Yes readers, it is toilet humour - but I challenge anybody to read any of these stories without suppressing a guffaw or two. Interspersed with the cartoons are stinging parodies of the British gutter-press which may loose a bit of translation in the hop across the pond but, if anything, is still enlightenment into the sort of crap that at least twenty-five million Brits read everyday (imagine a really raunchy National Enquirer).

Viz comic is available at several good stockists of graphic literature in Fredericton including A Collector's Dream.

STEVE GRIFFITHS

AHA! THE OLD 'PULLING AWAY THE CHAIR' TRICK, EH? BUT A TWO SECOND LONG THUNDERPUMP WILL SAVE THE DAY - BOTH PREVENTING MY FALL AND RAISING ME BACK TO A STANDING POSITION!

BUSTER GONAD & HIS UNFEASIBLY LARGE TESTICLES

DURING AN ELECTRICAL STORM BUSTER GONAD WAS STRUCK IN THE TESTICLES BY A METEORITE WHICH EMITTED STRANGE COSMIC RAYS.... HIS TESTICLES GREW TO TITANIC PROPORTIONS AND AS HE SOON FOUND OUT, WITH GONADS AS BIG AS SOME-THING QUITE LARGE, ADVENTURE WAS NEVER VERY FAR AWAY, ETC.

