

ARTS / CULTURE

ALL FLAKE,
NO FREAK

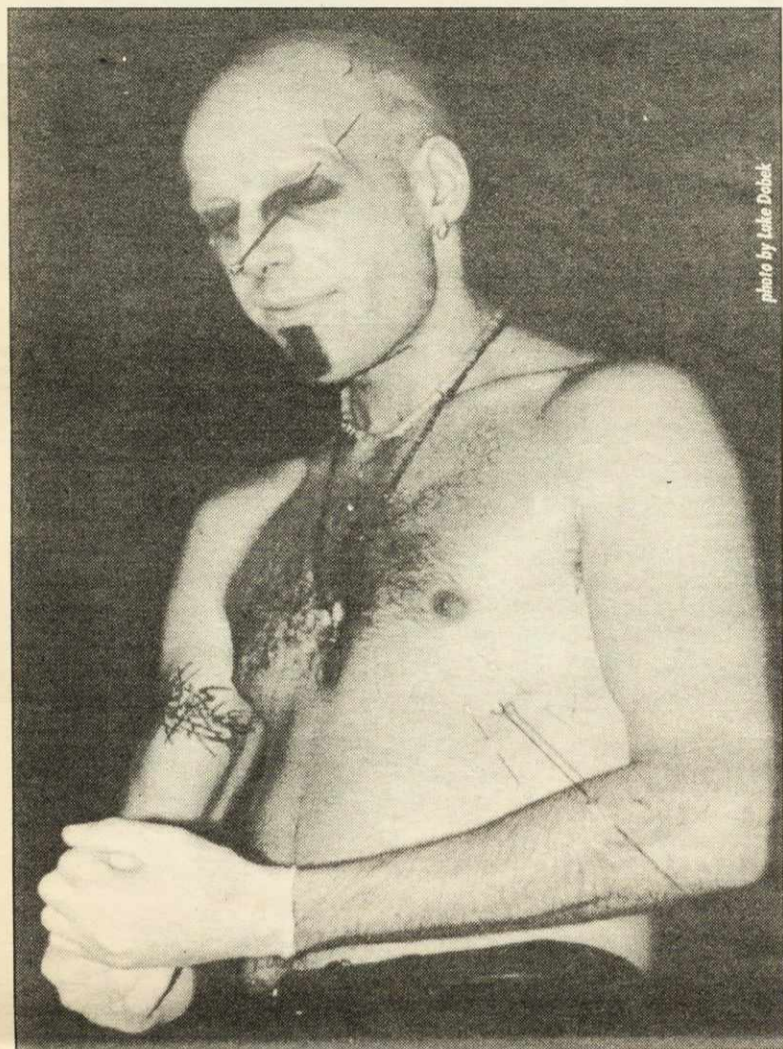


photo by Luke Debak

Carnival Diablo
disgraces the
good name of
freaks
everywhere

BY AVI LAMBERT AND KARAN SHETTY

We walked into the Grawood last Friday night amped for a night of madness and mayhem. We walked out shaking our heads.

Billed as a freak show, an exercise in the macabre, Carnival Diablo was nothing more than a diluted circus act. It was a magic show you've seen a thousand times at kids' birthday parties — plus techno, pain, and the sense that the act your parents got you sucked.

It was like something out of *Goodfellas*. It felt like the show about to go on had the eerie quality of raising Elvis' spirit or a cheesy event on HBO. The angularly-headed, goateed leader of the show sat beside the stage, drinking and speaking to fans, emanating a quality between interest and distaste.

The big banner atop the stage with the word 'psychokinesis' misspelled should have been some indication the show wasn't going to be cream, but we waited anxiously anyways, for over an hour.

The host of Carnival Diablo finally showed, looking hideous in his monster make-up, and took the stage with much applause from the drunken audience. The white make-up and the black X between his

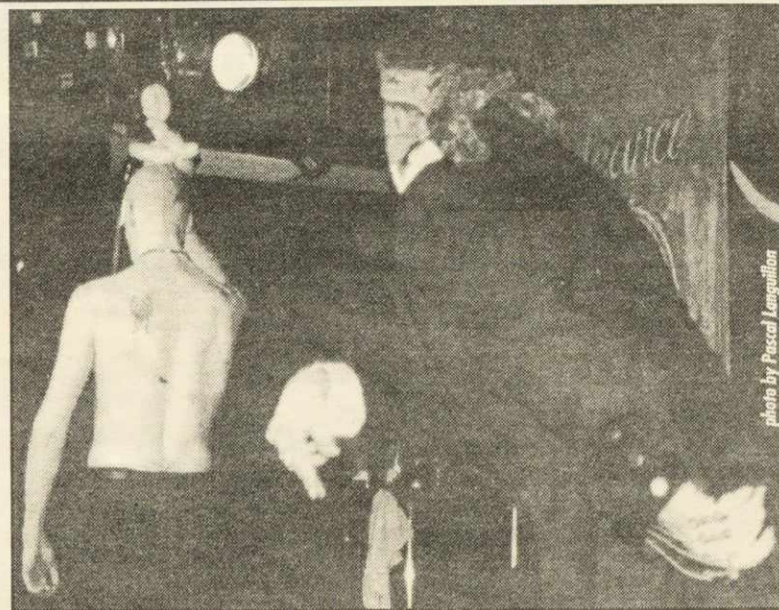


photo by Pascal Langouillon

DIABLO: men whose mothers you don't want to meet.

brows was a nice effect. The Rob Zombie-cum-Charlie Manson look wore off after a while though, as people got more drunk and disgruntled, and Mr. Diablo effects failed to work.

After a few lame tricks through which the host revealed his 'amazing psychic powers', the audience started chanting, "Bring on the freaks". We were slowly realizing this show wasn't half as good as the word-of-mouth it got from its earlier SMU showing.

There is a somewhat rare sexual turn on called *copafacia*. The

After the intermission, the event started to turn into a freak show of sorts. Larrick Lowermeier and the 'impervious' Newt appeared and staged their feats of awe.

Mr. Diablo threw darts at Larrick's back and impaled him with other sharp objects. One needle went right through both cheeks while another pierced the skin of his neck. Not to be outdone, the 'impervious' Newt ate crickets, worms and glass.

In her most daring stunt, Newt lay half-naked on a bed of nails while Larrick and the host took turns stepping on her. We think the part about her being half-naked

We think the part about her being half-naked was what got the show the most word-of-mouth hype.

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Without the drunken audience's hijinks, the show would have been a bomb. Sarcastic chants of "Oh my God, you're a freak!" and "Shut up! Can't you see I'm watching a freak show?" were funnier than Diablo supposed wit.

The most appropriate audience jibe was "Where the fuck are the freaks?" Indeed, Carnival Diablo was all flake and no freak.

Maybe our skin isn't thick enough, but Diablo sense of humour, his arrogance, and interpersonal skills didn't make him likeable. It didn't even make him dislikeably interesting. If the term "freak show" can be applied so loosely, give Mr. Dressup a whip and have him beat Mr. Rogers.

We'd pay to see that.

turn on, in essence, is getting shit on. Not literally, just lyrically. Diablo dumped on, yelled obscenities and insulted fans and his own cast.

Aside from his horrible delivery and bad punch lines, Mr. Diablo also forgot his lines.

Before the end of the first act, Diablo picked the same contestant twice, knocked a female guest on the head, and said something to the effect of "I'm just kidding, you idiot." We weren't impressed. We're sure the girl didn't feel too good as a guest on stage, either.

Mr. Diablo relied on the lowest forms of humour. His pompousness, condescension, and somewhat misogynistic nature towards his own band of freaks was uncomfortable.

The Grawood finally puts out
Suitcase party winner gets more than just a piece of ass

BY KATHERINE HEBB
AND JEN CLEARY

"I went to the Grawood tonight to get some ass, but all I got was this lousy trip to Toronto," Steve Bowers said sarcastically as he was handed his winning prize.

While nervously running his hands through his finely coiffed mane, Steve, a New Glasgow native, shook, overwhelmed by the chance to see "Mike Bullard Live and visit Planet Hollywood!"

Excitement ran high at the Grawood on Thursday night as tickets to win a weekend trip for two to an unknown destination were handed out at the bar entrance. The

yearly 'suitcase party' is a promotional event sponsored by Travel Cuts. Working in collaboration with the DSU, Travel Cuts finances the flight and the Student Union pays for the hotel accommodations.

The idea is to go directly to the airport from the bar that night, hence 'the suitcase' party, but the flight wasn't due to leave until 9am the next morning. This reality put a definite strain on the suitcase theme. Very few Grawood-goers were spotted with bags.

In previous years, the trip giveaway enticed people from all walks of life to join the sloppy regulars at the Grawood for a night

of intense exhilaration. Yet, without the spontaneity of being immediately swept off to the airport, the Grawood 'suitcase party' held less excitement and variety.

Nevertheless, with Steve's alcoholic nature and recent release from the Betty Ford Center, he showed no discontent. Claiming he "comes here every Thursday to drink his ass off", Steve is a deserving winner of the Grawood prize.

And with \$200 spending money, a plane ticket and the Delta hotel awaiting him, Steve went immediately to the bar and ordered another round.

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