

Whitehouse flick is unadulterated trash

Casablanca

by R. Sonja

Michael Curtiz has turned out yet another piece of period schlock in this tedious, simplistic love story set in the Mediterranean country of Casablanca during the Second World War. The use of black and white film is nothing short of pretentious. Overdone lighting effects add to the tedium. Humphrey Bogart, as the all-but-incoherent bar owner Rick, is a model of wooden acting and unconvincing emotions. His breakdown at the appearance of his ex-lover is about as moving as watching dust collect. Ingrid Bergman is but a beautiful prop, steered around the stage by the various male actors. She is forced to utter drivel like "I'm too tired to think. You must think for both of us." How enlightened! And this is supposed to be a strong female character!

The plot is a rehash of every tired war drama: the dedicated Nazi fighter trying to run from the vicious SS men, and the non-committal American expatriate forced to choose between Good and Evil. A little shoot out in a bar near the beginning of the film is the only real action. The remainder of the movie consists of

characters having deep, meaningful cliché-riddled discussions about the turmoils of their lives. With every actor having a different accent, it is an exercise in linguistic juggling, if nothing else.

At its worst, the film is blatantly manipulative. The German officers are pointed in solid bad-guy colors, with absolutely no redeeming features. I wouldn't have been surprised if they had kicked a few babies somewhere in the movie. The French nationalists are pure, driven by a desperate need for freedom, willing to risk themselves and their loved ones for The Cause. The only characters with any animation to them are Claude Rains' Louis, the thoroughly corrupt police chief, and Peter Lorre's snivelling Ugarte. Both performances are brilliant, with characterizations that transcend those of the so-called leads. Sadly, it seems that Bogart's power at the studio has once again muscled out the talents of lesser known but better actors.

The only black character, Sam, played by Dooley Wilson, is relegated to a menial role as the piano player, and does little but try to keep his boss out of trouble.

This film has little romance, poorly scripted action scenes, and acting that appears to be straight out of the U of A freshman Drama department. Give it a miss.

So I said
Pierre, baby, I
luv ya. Have
your people call
my people...
we'll do
lunch...



New wax is hot

I want a good math mark
Joey Cairo

review by Marc Simao

Forget Weird Al, we've got Weird Joe! That's right. Joey Cairo is the new kind of song parodies. Joe released his first LP last March. However, it was only available in Italy. The great news is that *I want a good math mark* will soon be available in Canada. We'll give you the address once

the album is available. Now you must be thinking that you've heard it all before. The great new artist scam. Well I know you're stuck with those boring Weird Al records, but this is really good stuff. The first song is a parody of John Cougar Mellancamp's "Small Town", which is entitled "Big Nose". check out the pain of lyrics like, "I was born with a big nose/all my friends bug me about my big nose." Also included on this stunning LP are parodies of Madonna's, "Like a Virgin" and Springsteen's "Dancing in the Dark". the album was a best seller in Italy, and it even topped the charts this summer. I recommend this album to anyone with any sense of musical brilliance, because Joey Cairo is the happening thing. Reports have it that Joe has got a new LP coming out early next year. I can't wait.

Marceau's silence is golden

Marcel Marceau
Live in London
Audiodisques

review by Glenn Not-Germans

French mime Marcel Marceau has finally released his long-awaited live album. It was worth the wait.

Marceau is the best at what he does, and as a live performer excels in a way no other mime can approach. Sure, his three studio albums (*Marcel Marceau*, *Marceau Deux*, and *Love Songs*) are very well done and fun to listen to. But a performer like Marceau works best in front of an

audience; this double-live set is the best recorded work by the great Marcel yet.

Live in London was recorded in London, at the Hammersmith Odeon last summer. Marceau performs his best-known works from his three albums, as well as several previously-unreleased items.

Side three is the strongest. Marceau performs a medley of love songs from his third album, *Love Songs* mixed with some old favorites. Marceau gets overwhelmingly emotional when he mimes classics as "Sparrow" and "Four Walls".

Overall, this album is a must for lovers of mime. The only negative point is on side four, when he tries to do some pop mimes. Unfortunately, Devo and Men Without Hats are not easily translated into mime.

Patrick Gossage... more than just a talking head

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