



ENTERTAINMENT

The College Hill Social Club Hosts Two Bands With a Capacity Crowd



The CHSC hosted great bands last weekend to a full house. RAYLYELLAND THE STORM provided excellent melodies for the audience but the most impressive was the hottest band on the college circuit JR. GONE WILD and their rock a billy folk sound was well appreciated by all.

Vid Flicks

Normally I like it when a week rolls by at lightning speed, but somehow I feel like I've been struck by it. But since this isn't the Mugwump you'd probably rather hear about video than my problems.

If you're the type of person who likes film which experiment with non-traditional styles of production, you'll probably enjoy the film *Down By Law*. This black and white movie is broken into three sections of narrative. Two kind of gringy-type guys in Louisiana are framed and arrested for crimes they didn't commit (though they are not above criminal activity). They are brought together in a cell in Orleans Parish Prison, along with a third man, an Italian who killed a guy accidentally with an eight-ball in a pool hall. His struggles with English provide much of the humour in the rest of the film. The last section is concerned with their escape from prison and trip down river in a canoe - sort of a Mark Twain on pop vision. Various parts of the plot - such as why they were framed, who committed the crimes in the first place, and how exactly they escaped - are never shown, but left for the viewer to fill in. This adds, not detracts, from the narrative (unless you have no imagination). The film is very slowly paced, but rewarding in the long run. It is directed by Jim Jarmusch and stars Tom Wait, and John Lorre, who also provide music and songs for the film.

No less strange, but strange in a different sort of way is Slava Tsukerman's film *Liquid Sky*. A tiny alien spaceship lands unnoticed on the balcony of a fashion models N.Y. apartment. Already sexually confused, the model's anxiety mounts when the aliens disintegrate her male lovers after they have intercourse. Weird imagery (you can imagine) about, here. It sort of puts one in mind of the wild concepts 50's sci-fi filmmakers come up with. Maybe this is the kink of film they always wanted to make. Anne Carlisle plays the model, but in one sequence also plays a male character, and in a (probable) cinematic first actually has sex with herself. So anyway Caveat Emptor and all that rot. "Til then."

eric hill

UNB Film Society presents "The Ruling Class"

The UNB Film Society will be showing *The Ruling Class* this weekend (9-10 February), Peter Medak's 1972 film of the play by Peter Barnes. Because of its unusual length-over two and a half hours - the film will start at 7:00 PM.

Peter Medak arrived on the British film scene with the great new wave of unconventional, visually-oriented directors that included John Boorman, Nicholas Roeg, and Ken Russell. Medak rarely attempts to dominate his actors; once he has assembled his cast he tends to give his performers free rein while he concentrates on other aspects of production. This tenuous, indirect control can produce chaotic disaster, but Medak was able to assemble and unusually talented cast for *The Ruling Class*, and although the film is uneven its moments of overwhelming dramatic intensity and passages of anguished, passionate silliness make it a minor classic.

Following the accidental death of the thirteenth Earl of Gurney, his surviving family plots to have his lunatic heir installed only long enough to produce a son to replace him, leaving then in control of the estate. It seems a simple proposition to have Jack Gurney, a paranoid schizophrenic who is convinced that he is God, returned to the asylum. The plot goes awry, of course, and the farce careers toward horror as Jack attempts to master the new identity that will allow him to take his place as a Peer of the Realm - that of Jack the Ripper. Along the way Medak and Barnes have a lot of fun with various icons of Western Civilization: the transvestism of the old Earl's judicial robes is mirrored in his "recreational" outfit; the Descent from the Cross is truly a quotidian event; the decayed interior of the House of Lords reflects its political status. The performances are brilliant for the most part. Peter O'Toole is by turns fascinating and tedious - but he is, after all, mad. The Gurneys are all excellent, especially Alastair Sim, absent from the screen for the previous decade, and Coral Browne, in one of her rare film

This film encompasses so many styles, from deadpan period realism to psychedelic fantasy to music hall farce, that it frustrates any attempt to assign it a clear message. As a serious political statement it is certainly a failure. The targets are too familiar: the British class system, epitomized by the House of Lords; the moral cancer of

privilege; the arbitrary social construction of sanity. Worse, Medak and Barnes have nothing new to say about them, and what they do say is loud and inconsistent. But by following the course of outrageous excess, they reveal the hollowness of ALL pretenders to authority - not only of peers, pontiffs, and psychiatrists, but also of revolutionaries, subversives, and social satirists. The result is a grotesque and rambling compilation of divergent parodies which are united by nothing but the intention - and usually the effect - of being very funny.

DIRECTOR: Peter Medak
SCREENPLAY: Peter Barnes

CAST: Peter O'Toole (Jack Gurney), Alastair Sim (the Bishop), Arthur Lowe (Tucker), Harry Andrews (13th Earl of Gurney), William Marvyn (Sir Charles Gurney), Coral Browne (Lady Claire), James Villiers (Dinsdale), Carolyn Seymour (Grace), Michael Bryant (psychiatrist).

press release