THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

UNCLE STEVIE TAKES A PEEP AT BILL MURRAY'S LATEST

'SCROOGED'

He's the sort of guy that can crack you up ordering a coffee. I haven't quite yet fathomed the reason for this but it's true. Bill Murray can kill me.

Although pandering to a very minimalistic approach to acting, Mr. Murray can open up his mind like a treasure trove to his audience just by a few well-timed flinches and blinks. God knows how it works, but it does.

What a script writer's dream he is! Just throw him in the middle of a mundane plot with a poor supporting cast, dodgy special effects and whallop! Bill saves the day. What would have been a totally useless vehicle produced by people with far too much time on their hands, suddenly becomes a riproaring farce loaded with cynicism and subliminal wickedness that blossoms into a pleasurable experience all round. And it's all because of his delivery and that very special face. Phew!

'Scrooged' is just such a movie. It doesn't take the most gifted of us to strain for premonitions of the content. Basically, this is that if you have any tendencies to be a rich unpleasant little shit around Xmas, chances are you'll be visited by a quartet of spooks that'll put you on the right track, save a quadriplegic and make lots of friends. To be quite honest kids that is indeed all there is: - a very thin updated plagiarism of one of our Charlie's better known works.

Bill Murray is Frank 'Lumpy' Cross and this years protagonist of ill-will and supercilliousness at Christmastide..... i.e. Scrooge. 'Lumpy' Cross, the president of a TV conglomerate, is presented as being a horrid piece of work, giving the finger to the old lady, burdened with presents, from whom he has stolen a taxi. A problem on the set of 'A Christmas Carol' with the antlers which needs to be attached to heads of mice is quickly resolved by Cross with the suggestion of staples. When presented with the lurid headline that claims an elderly woman was the recipient of a heart attack during his particularly inappropriate and grand guignol commercial for a Christmas T.V. special, Frank says "Think of the ratings! You can't BUY publicity like this!" After that, though, it's pretty standard stuff all the way through -Cross is returned to his life as a child by manic taxi-driver ghost-of-Christmas-past David Johansen, to a better perspective of his current life provided by a demure but hilariously violent ghost of Christmas Present fairy. Finally, Lumpy gets a whiff of Christmas Future by a nine foot skeletal demon, complete with tortured souls screaming in the rib-cage and a fuzzy T.V. monitor for the death's head.

Basically then a complete rehash with barely imaginative twists to provide for the zeitgeist. The only real reason for 'Scrooged' appears to have been the necessity to get Bill Murray out of his little box for another hour and a half to drop a plethora of one liners and snide comments which are, doubtlessly, superbly delivered.

It is true that Murray seems to invariably play himself in all of the movies in his yet brief career. But then this is his selling point. Initially I must admit to being a little apprehensive at the premise of this film, since in the past the Murray persona has been one of anti-authoritarian wit and well..... a darned cool guy that takes everything on the cheek with a barely incredulous glance to the right. How would he appear as one of literatures all-time recidivist bastards? No worries. Even at his nastiest Frank Cross fails to convince us that he is all that bad. It is after all only Bill not the character. Besides which the plot is filled out with characters that we would much rather sneer at such as the vile West Coast Golden Boy brought in as an assistant director, the censor-lady and the snooty diners at the luncheon where Cross receives the 'Humanitarian of the Year' award (which he promptly leaves in a taxi).

It's a hoot and a hat to be sure but you know in the aftermath one can say about the film is 'well.... yes I have seen that movie....'. You know what I mean? It just doesn't have the substance to make any lasting impression whatsoever.

Bill - we love you and all but sheesh! After what must be nearly five years pick your projects a little more carefully.

STEVE GRIFFITHS



NOTICE

CITY OF FREDERICTON

Take notice that City of Fredericton By-law No. 46 and No. 70 contain the following sections:-

WINTER PARKING REGULATIONS

In the months of December, January, February and March, between the hours of midnight and seven o'clock in the forenoon of any day, no person shall park a vehicle unattended on any highway. (The provisions of this section are enacted for the purpose of snow removal).

IMPOUNDING OF VEHICLES

A Peace Officer may remove and impound any vehicle which is found illegally parked or causing obstruction to traffic on any highway, and no person shall take possession of a vehicle so removed or impounded until all costs and charges for removal, care and storage of such vehicles have been paid.

WINTER TRACTION TIRES

From December 1st to March 31 the following year, no person shall, while snow or ice is on the streets, drive a vehicle which is not equipped with winter traction tires on such street as to interfere with the passage of other motor vehicles or persons.

(Sgd.) Donna Lavigne
City Clerk

WICKID!

THE GRAND FINALE OF THE UNB JAMMIN' AID PROJECT WENT OUT WITH A BABOOM LAST FRIDAY - OUR KIDS WERE THERE.

And in the beginning, there was guitar, bass, and drums. The lord plugged them in and behold, the heavens were filled with the thunder of percussion and the howling snap of strings. It was a joyful noise that rocked the world by its heels. The lord heard this and knew it was good. He called it reggae.



Photo by Jayde Mockler

"Wow, Rustic Man!" - Rupert thrills the fans with his world-famous looncall.

If you don't agree, then you were obviously weren't at the Jammin Aid Concert featuring **Messenjah and Sons of Gilbert**. It was truly a night of wickid reggae, the likes of which Fredericton has never seen. **Sons of Gilbert** played an excellent set, including their renditions of **Cherry o baby, rat in the kitchen, no woman no cry**, and their own song **wake me**. The band had no trouble harnessing the energy that the excited crowd was emitting. By the end of the set, the dance floor was packed, and the crowd was ready for **Messenjah**. After a twenty minute interlude, the Cafeteria came back to life, with **Messenjah** on stage. The response was instantaneous, the audience loved them. With the whole band jumping in sync, the crowd soon became frenzied through their newfound passion for Reggae. With **Rupert** leading in vocals, and **Eric** on guitar, the band started with their hit song **Cool Operator**. The band just got back from their North American tour, which took them from **Toronto** to **Vancouver** and down through the states, including **California** where they played at **"Reggae on the River"** with **Steel Pulse** and **Burning Spear**, two of the foremost names on the International Reggae scene!



Photo by Jayde Mockler

"Nyaargh!" Eric succumbs to the vicious appetite of a rabid microphone.

Little reggae sunsplash was a smashing success, due to sponsors and guests contributing to the cause. Money raised by the concert went to Jammin Aid, to benefit the disaster victims in Jamaica and Bangladesh.

All in all, the concert was the best time I've had all year; and to those of you who missed it, I hope you liked the Friday night movie - eh Karen!

Anyway, that's it from me, I'm outta here, and on my way to **the land of eternal sunshine**, yes Jamaica (I'm catching **Messenjah's**New Year's Eve concert)



— JAMAICA JOE