

Entertainment

videogames interviews exhibits
music books television concerts theatre movies

The Carribean Circle, continuing the success of UNB's cultural events



Top; Noel Robert pleasing the crowd with enthusiasm and style. Bottom left; the audience getting involved in the traditional limbo contest. Bottom right; Simone in traditional dress.

Kevin Molyneaux/The Brunswickan

Bang! Pop! Pow! Blam! Zap! Crackkk!

Exit Wounds

Stefan Robak

The Brunswickan

There are very few good actors in the realm of the action movie. There are a few but most are not very good (or I could be wrong and their intention was to act like people who talk stilted and give implausible lines). Steven Seagal is probably one of the worse. Sure, he's much more coherent than Jean Claude Van Damme but Seagal seems to think he is much cooler than he actually is. In his most recent blood soaked outing *Exit Wounds*, Seagal is a cop who

doesn't play by anybody's rules, but he gets results. What a revolutionary concept (If you don't count Shaft, Dirty Harry, MacCloud, etc.)!

After a truly self-indulgent moment, when Seagal kills lots of people and saves the vice-president, he is moved to a corrupt police district (I would have had him just thrown off of the force). For the most part of this film Seagal goes around beating people up or shooting them. It's not as exciting as it sounds. I'm sorry. Then Seagal figures out that there's corruption in the force, so he tries to bust some heads... uh, moreso.

Seagal decides to get help from Tom Arnold, obviously completely unaware that he's Tom Arnold. Tom pulls through and gets him info on a crook (DMX) that's working with the crooked cops to carry out one of those generic action movie drug deals. But it turns out that DMX is actually getting revenge on those cops for framing his brother for a

crime he didn't commit (this could have been surprising if they didn't acknowledge this in the commercial). DMX is actually sending video footage of the cops being corrupt on www.corruptcops.com, your one-stop for all corrupt cop action on the internet, (however you must have a Windows Media player or Real Player to view it).

In the end, *Exit Wounds* is a compilation of some of the most tired and over used cop movie clichés in the book. The above-the-law cop, justifiably angry commissioners that the audience is supposed to hate, the bad guy trying to get away on a helicopter, a high damage car chase, the goofy and unfunny comic relief (actually, this film has two cases of this), and even one kind of "witty" post-villain-death dialogue. I'm also bothered by the fact the heroes kill all the bad guys, even those who could have been easily subdued. I almost expected bad guys to say "I surrender" before Seagal blew holes in their chest.

So I guess, it's no different than any other action you'll see by Steven Seagal and probably better than Van Damme movie you'll see. I only wish that was a positive thing.



Opening today at Gallery 78

Roger Simon Memorial Exhibition

Bruns Staff

The Brunswickan

Gallery 78 is presenting a Memorial Exhibition for MiqMaq artist Roger Simon.

One of the gallery's stable of artists since 1972, Roger's art won acclaim across Canada with its distinctive conjoining of a respect for the traditions of his forbearers and a contemporary sensibility.

The paintings which comprise this show, (from the estate of the artist as well as private and public collections), span the artist's oeuvre from its inception until his untimely death last winter at the age of 46. His works reveal the influence of Gauguin as well as the Group of Seven.

This important exhibition will open Friday, April 6th, from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m.

Opening remarks will be made by the Hon. Brad Green, Justice Minister, Attorney General, and Minister responsible for Aboriginal Affairs.

The traditional Honour Song and Smudge ceremony will be performed by Evangeline Francis.

This will be the last opportunity

to view the works produced by one of Canada's finest First Nation artists.

Also on display will be new paintings, pastels and sculpture, by virtuoso ceramicist Tom Smith.

William Forrestall is also presenting a series of new egg tempera paintings of lilies for Easter.

These exhibitions continue until the 29th of April.



Mark McGinnis/The Brunswickan

El Diablo: power-pop with a touch of class and a whole lot of pizzazz. Luke MacGregor and Andrew Erskine (and the rest of the band) opened for The Kingpins at The Chestnut last week.

Have I seen it all?

A continuing travel journal from Australia

Nick Logan

The Brunswickan

Wow. My last little travel log of the semester. Well, at least for Brunswickan readers, as all of my friends and family will still be treated to my wordy ramblings and updates from the land down under and beyond. So, where to begin. I've finally turned my back on hostel life in lieu of something a little more comfortable, clean, quiet, etc, etc, etc. Not that I don't like staying in backpacker accommodations, but you can only share a toilet with 40 other people for so long. My temporary lodgings are in a suburb called Newtown, just a short train ride from City Centre. I'm not sure if I mentioned it previously, but the first time I saw Newtown, the impression was that this was the place that Carla from Cheers would live if the show had taken place in Sydney instead of Boston. But now, I've seen the other side. It's quite a charming area with lots of character and cafes out the ying yang. It is also along an airplane descent route to the airport. Each day, at three to five minute intervals — if that far apart — I'm treated to the delightful sounds of 747s overhead. They are actually flying below five hundred feet: you can read the names of all the airlines and if you were on a tall enough apartment building you could literally throw rocks at the cockpit, if that's what it took to amuse you.

Others, like myself, prefer to go to the beach and relish in the fact that I'm not freezing bodily appendages off in Fredericton, like most of you. Oh, I'm sorry did I actually just write that? Oops, my bad. I hit Manly Beach this week. Manly is the quieter, less alluring companion to Bondi; a better analogy would be that Bondi is the Mary and Manly is the Rhoda. However, it was so much more serene and it is utterly picturesque. It was actually a chillier day to be working on my tan (as if). Part of this had to do with the fact that this particular beach faces open ocean and is not set back in a cove like many of the other beaches I've visited thus far — the whole two of them. Another interesting effect this has is that the rip tide literally sucks up the sand from beneath you as another forms. It's really cool to watch this giant wall of water and sand rises before you. That is, until you realize that its about to break and smack down on you, lodging sand into places you never thought possible. You wipe it out of your eyes, shake it from your hair, pick it out of your teeth, all in time to do it over again 30 seconds later. This cycle goes on for about an hour or until you get tired of body surfing.

So let me tell you what's happening, funky things have been going on around Sydney as of late. Oh, wait! Whatever has been going on I've missed, because I've either been working or sleeping. Exciting eh? Actually, we're just finishing up a "cultural lull" period. Everything exciting starts up again next week. Thus, instead of telling you what I have done, I'm going to tell you about what I plan to do over then next little while. Over the next week or so, the Royal Easter Festival takes place out at Homebush Bay, with some attractions at Olympic Stadium, which I've been trying to get to for days now. This is a huge event which is supposed to bring, yet again, millions of people to the Sydney area. From what I've been told, there are all sorts of little venues and markets which are sure to not disappoint. Speaking of markets, I finally got to make it to the Rocks Market on Saturday. It's another one of those "must-see" flea markets that are rampant around here, but this one is a little more upscale

and artisan than good ol' Paddy's; you won't find crotchless panties or kangaroo skins here. I quite enjoy going to these markets, but I honestly do not need much more shit to lug around. I'm slowly morphing from backpacker to bag lady.

I plan on staying swallowed up in Sydney for a bit longer — till about June to be more specific. "Why so long?" you ask. First of all, I need to save a "tad" more money before I can even consider doing everything. It is a frugal life I lead. But there are a few BIG things I am planning to do. In early June is the Sydney International Film Festival, which I must be a part of — for at least half of it. The affair conflicts a bit with my travel plans, but fret not I'll be hitting the bigger and more prestigious Melbourne International Film Festival later in July, come hell or high water. Speaking of film, I've got to start paying more attention to what's going on around Sydney. On a semi-regular basis there are huge premieres. For instance, this past Monday, *Crocodile Dundee* in Los Angeles debuted and I missed my chance to see the Paul Hogan. Paul Hogan!!! I just hope I don't get deprived of the opportunity to meet Yahooo Serious, or I'll just have to pack it in.

Anyways, the reason I'm being so specific about leaving Sydney come June is two fold. A) — I'm only allowed to stay at one place of employment for a maximum of three months. I really don't need immigration after my ass, especially since I'm sure that after three (+) months of working at a night club, emphysema and heart palpitation should be setting in. Ooh, ooh! Another segue! This weekend I am supposed to be going to a club called Greenways (?) in North Sydney; an all-day, indoor/outdoor club. It's supposed to kick ass, but anywhere that doesn't play remixes of crappy Destiny's Child and Leanne Rimes songs will be a step up.

Back on track now. Reason B) for leaving this lovely little town is that I want to boot it over to the west coast to see the Ningaloo Reef. "But won't it be winter then?" you say. Apparently that's the best time to go as its the best time to go swimming with dolphins and accomplish one of my major goals. Off the coast of a small town, called Exmouth, is the Ningaloo Reef, where every year from April thru June is prime time to go snorkeling with whale sharks; something I've been itching to do for a while now. No, I'm not an imbecile — this is a common practice and it is said to be out of this world. These, the biggest fish in the sea, are perhaps the most placid. So despite my family and friends angst about my partaking in the sport, I'll be diving right in.

So that's my boring little plan as of now. I'm trying to keep my trip somewhat whimsical, so to speak, but the more stories I hear, the more I want to do. This is okay, but when you've only got so much time you have got to plan somewhat. This isn't some big revelation, its just reality. However, it feels like radical thought when you're writing an article at 6am and the music from the strip club next door is no longer there to keep you awake; even the hookers have gone home (or to an ATM vestibule) to sleep. I hope everyone has enjoyed my little essays and I look forward to resuming them again come fall, with lots to tell. For my family and friends who'll get updates throughout the summer/winter months, enjoy this last uniformed article and look forward to months of even worse grammar, no punctuation at all actually, horrid structure and — god forbid — a capital letter. Have a great break everybody.

Microcosms

Claudio Magris

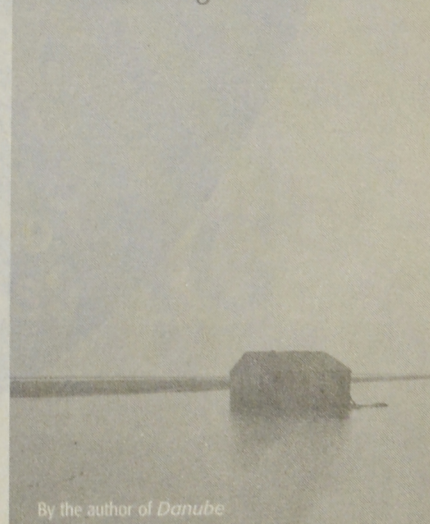
Harvill Press

Microcosms, a book of nine short stories, was interesting to say the least. Translated from Italian, each story basically describes a different place, each surrounding or nearby Trieste.

Magris does a fantastic job in setting up scenes and letting the imagination run wild. His descriptions are absolutely amazing.

However, the stories themselves aren't exactly stories. There are no main characters, just a few people in the background. The story "Lagoons," for example, is all about the highly detailed description of every Lagoon Magris has ever seen. Sound interesting? Not really. But it's not as bad as it sounds. Every now and then he lets himself get carried away in a small tale on the people living in these areas. Once you start liking a character the story's over and he moves on to someone else, making *Microcosms* frustrating at

Claudio Magris *Microcosms*



By the author of *Danube*

times.

Magris somehow manages to throw a little humour, romance, and adventure into his stories on occasion, making these exotic places all the more interesting. I thought he was a beautiful writer and I'll be sure to keep an eye out for him in the future.

• April Wells