

A one-man band to beat the band



Iskander Ben Amor/The Brunswick

The multi-talented Scott MacDonald enlightened patrons of the Underground Cafe last weekend.

The dirt on *Clean*

by Jeremy Dickson

Clean, an award-winning Canadian/French film production directed by Olivier Assayas will be showing next Monday as part of the rejuvenated Capital Film Series. The tough drama, depicting the harsh realities of drugs, rock music, and family life, will likely dispel any lingering belief one might have that "drugs are cool."

Maggie Cheung (*Hero*) stars as Emily Wang, a recently widowed, drug-addicted mother of one. As the film begins, Emily's has-been rock-star husband dies of an overdose in not-so-clean Hamilton, Ontario. Emily is left behind to

cope with her addictions, grief, and the need to gain custody of her young son Jay (James Deninis), who had been living with his grandparents while Emily toured the world living the rock-star lifestyle.

Emily is eventually arrested for possession, convicted and sentenced to six months in a Canadian prison. Upon her release, she gets back on smack, travels aimlessly to London, Paris, and finally back to Canada while making many bad decisions along the way.

Jay's grandparents, portrayed by Nick Nolte and Martha Henry, become very worried about Emily

and her lack of responsibility for her son. They eventually wind up at court in a tense custody battle that could bring even more despair for Emily.

Clean was an official selection at the 2004 Cannes Film Festival, where Maggie Cheung won the best actress prize and cinematographer Eric Gautier took home the technical prize. Gautier also shot the visually beautiful *Motorcycle Diaries*. As an interesting aside, Cheung is the ex-wife of director Assayas, and the two divorced while shooting the film.

You can check out *Clean* at Tilley 102 next Monday, November 28 at 8:00 p.m.

No headbanging at Aitken Center

by Jeremy Dickson

Lovers of hair metal and those about to rock: you'll have to wait until next time or get out and petition. The on again/off again Skid Row and Quiet Riot show has been officially cancelled due to poor ticket sales, according to Andrew Higgins, Aitken Centre Facility Manager.

"We needed to sell two thousand tickets just to break even and only eight hundred tickets were sold, which just won't cut it," said

Higgins. "It's disappointing, but what can you do?"

Unhappy ticket holders can get their tickets refunded only at the Aitken Centre Box Office. Mazzuca's will not be refunding tickets and have been directing people to the Aitken Centre for their money.

"The show was originally postponed because Quiet Riot were having difficulties getting into the country from the States," said Higgins.

"A local Battle of the Bands contest, which would have seen the

winner open for the two legendary eighties bands, also had to be cancelled," Higgins continued.

It is unclear if Quiet Riot ever got permission to enter the country, but either way, no tickets, no show. When asked if local headbangers might get to attend a high profile show in the future, Higgins was not optimistic.

"There are no plans to reschedule this show at this time," he said.

Cum on feel the noise? More like cum on feel the hurt. Sorry, folks.

... but headbanging at the Creek

by Jason Tucker

To coin the words of Necronomicon's Rob "The Witch" spoken at Tuesday's show – "I'd rather play a small show where everybody's into it than a large show where no one gives a shit." I couldn't agree more. On Tuesday of last week, Necronomicon, along with Behemoth and Fredericton's local hard rockers Obsidian Reign, took the stage at Bugaboo Creek to play to a crowd of about 75 people.

Now, 75 people is not exactly a huge show, even when compared to the number of people in the same venue a week earlier for Controller.controller. When every single person is completely and totally into the music, however, it can make a pretty small show seem a whole lot bigger. This is exactly what happened on Tuesday night.

Obsidian Reign opened the show on Tuesday night before an eager

crowd that started at about 45 people, and grew steadily throughout the evening. Not a long act by any stretch, Obsidian Reign put on an outstanding performance that set the evening off to a great start. Solid music was the name of the game, and the word "quiet" was not to be found among the headbanging crowd, who were into the music from the first power chord. Following this, the steadily growing sea of (mostly) black-clad individuals out to experience the darker side of the city's nightlife were treated to Montreal death metal artists Necronomicon.

Arguably the best act of the evening – although it's all high unto impossible to choose the best out of the three outstanding acts – this trio was phenomenal. Their music was of the highest quality, and sounded great to boot. They had a lot of fun with the audience, the audience had a lot of fun with them, and overall, it was a real treat to see them play.

A toast to Wilston's finest

CAROL'S FATHER'S TRUCK

by Stephanie Yorke

Annette's university was in the city. When she started school, she noticed a change in the squirrels. City squirrels were fat. Very very. Some were so fat they couldn't climb. Earth-bound squirrels had a funny way of walking, like a crab with a pinched nerve.

The ground squirrels attacked cats. Urban evolution had made them competitors – cats were also four-legged, and also on the ground. Cats and squirrels in the city backyards, under porches and barbecues, looking for garbage to molest.

The cats had the advantage of walking well, plus they were better affiliates with humans; but, on the other hand, the squirrels had that winning personality. They were more resourceful than the cats, wasted less time cleaning themselves, and could eat vegetables.

Annette hoped that once the shock of similarity had worn off, the squirrels and the cats might interbreed. They would produce a bright-eyed, purring animal that could live on a diet of compost. So cost-effective. Annette wanted one.

In Wilston, Annette's summer town, the squirrels were brown, not grey. The little brown squirrels

They're like that here."

Lin's parents were careful when they named her. They didn't want to give her a name that her friends couldn't pronounce, or a name that would obscure her gender. On the other hand, they wanted Lin to fit in with her family. Lin had four Vietnamese grandparents, and there was no reason to stick them with a granddaughter they couldn't pronounce.

Annette: "Soon, the grey squirrels will move in from the city. But we don't have any yet."

Annette had met Lin at university. Lin had spent the first two months of summer mixing martinis at her parents' restaurant; in another week, she'd be going to work as a camp counsellor. The camp was near Wilston, so Lin had left home a week early to visit Annette.

Lin and Annette got Carol to drive them to the strawberry u-pick. Carol waved good-bye, turned up the truck's radio, and left.

Lin had never picked berries before, and she was excited. It would be as satisfying as husking shrimp for her mother's tempura, but her hands wouldn't smell like rotten ocean afterward.

Annette didn't like picking, but she wanted to entertain Lin.

The lady at the berry scale sold Lin and Annette a flat of empty quart-boxes for a dollar-twenty. The field boss directed them to a row of plants; Annette saw a better

of the strip, a color-region was marked as 'acceptable.' The women compared the strip to each berry they picked.

They were the prizefighters of the berry circuit. One of them saluted Lin and Annette.

"Hello girls."

"Hi."

"Getting good fruit?"

"Yes, they look very good."

The women looked up and smiled. Then, noticing Lin, they smiled like banshees at a job interview.

One spoke slowly and deliberately: "Have you tried strawberries before?"

When she heard this, Annette felt as if someone had thrown a slimy baby into her lap. She'd been trying to show Lin the best of Wilston: all of the scenery, none of the locals. But, here were the bastards, squalling like the croup.

Lin, however, wasn't upset. She was a camp counselor, after all. She liked to play with children.

"No." Lin forged an accent. "Do they taste anything like soy nuts?"

"No!"

"Than what like?"

"Apples."

"Apples? I not -"

"Ah, like oranges then. Mandarin oranges. But with less zest and more -"

Lin: "Do you eat them in cream from a cow?"

"Yes, dear, that is our way."

Lin's accent disintegrated. "Me



Alex Pope/The Brunswick

Annette had been trying to show Lin the best of Wilston: all of the scenery, none of the locals. But here were the bastards, squalling like the croup.

were size-marginalized, so they had to stay away from the cats. They lived in the trees.

Wilston people talked about city squirrels with disgust.

"My nephew is in Toronto."

"Egh?"

"They've got those grey squirrels."

"They'd better not come here."

People in Wilston had a color in mind for squirrels. Brown. Brown was the squirrel-color. Squirrels were to be homogeneously squirrel-colored, or they were defective. Not even defective – infective. The Wilston community did not want any of those resourceful, domineering grey squirrels to come and spread their grey genes through the brown, true-bred stock.

Annette's friend Lin hadn't seen traditional squirrels before. "Oh, Annette – you've got chipmunks!"

"No Lin. That's a squirrel.

row at the other side of the field, but the boss wouldn't negotiate.

The women picked for ten minutes.

Lin: "Annette, don't pick the green ones!"

Annette: "It's not so green."

Lin: "It's like a stone. C'mon.

Do you want shortcake?"

"Yes."

"How about not green-jaw-breaker shortcake?"

Lin and Annette stopped talking when two older women moved into the row next to theirs. One had a 12-gallon ice-cream tub, emptied and washed. The other had a strip of colored paper, which was pale pink at one end, and violet-red at the other. In the middle

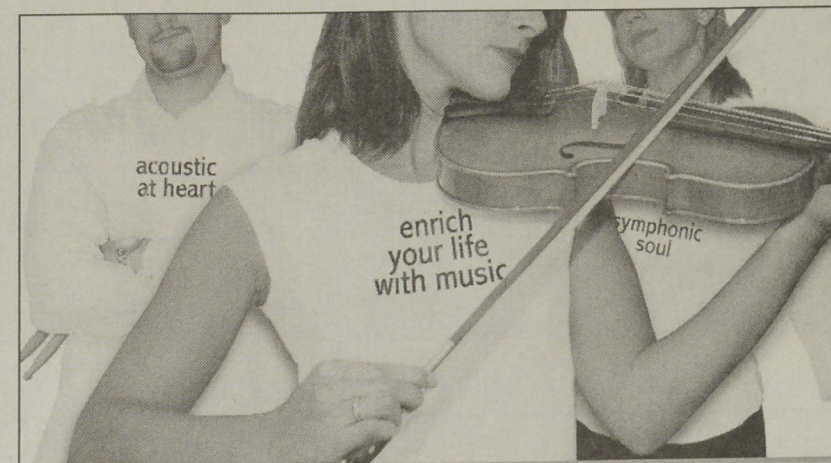
too. I find that it brings the more subtle taste out of the berries, and keeps the little seeds from getting caught in my teeth."

The cultural ambassador stopped picking for a moment, and then went at it with vehemence. She turned from 'acceptable' red to overripe.

An hour later, Carol came to retrieve Lin and Annette. They decided that they didn't want shortcake after all that; Annette bought a microwave fondue kit instead.

That evening, after their first round of berries, the three women split a bottle of white wine. They toasted, and toasted, and toasted.

"To Wilston. To Wilston. To Wilston. Here, here."



UNB and STU proudly present...

Music on the Hill

2005-2006

Aditya Verma (sarod) & Vineet Vyas (tabla)

In this dramatic performance of Indian classical music, expect every emotion, every subtle feeling in humanity and nature to be expressed in the rich melodies and rhythms created by Aditya and Vineet.

Thursday, Nov. 24 at 8:00 pm, STU Chapel

For information call 457-2233

Tickets available at the door, Mazzuca's, Westminster Books, and The Paper Trail.
Ticket Prices: \$20 adult, \$18 senior and \$6 student

UNIVERSITY OF
NEW BRUNSWICK

UNB

St. Thomas University
LEADERS IN LIBERAL ARTS

Public Administration

TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL

Take your degree to a whole new level of success.

With a certificate in Public Administration, you'll have the specialized management skills you need for advanced positions in the government/public sector.

Call 416-675-6622, ext. 3206 or email ted.gleim@humber.ca for further information. Apply for all Business School programs at the OCAS web site – www.ontariocolleges.ca

Seating is Limited!

APPLY NOW!

HUMBER
The Business School
www.business.humber.ca

PIZZA TWICE PIZZA SPECIAL

Buy One-16 Inch Pizza
Up to three toppings
12" Garlic Finger & Sauce
For Only \$16.99 + Tax

OR
One 12" Pizza, up to 3 toppings,
9" Garlic Cheese Fingers,
dipping sauce, 2 cans of Coke
for only \$13.99 + Tax & Deposit

All you can eat only \$5.99 Mon-Tues from 5-8
Debit at the Door

1111 Regent St.
Village Centre Mall

457-9292

Try Our Oven Baked Subs & Donairs