Let's get drunk and eat chicken fingers!



Internet

Ricky, Bubbles, and Julian... wizards of weed, bishops of booze, captains of crime, and all around trailer park heroes.

Title: Trailer Park Boys: The Movie
Release: Now playing
Year: 2006
Director: Mike Clattenburg
Actors: Robb Wells, John Paul Tremblay, Mike Smith

by David Arthurs
bruns.arts@gmail.com

I showed up on opening night of the Trailer Park Boys movie with my hands full of pepperoni sticks, Zesty-Mordant Doritos, and Dressed All Over potato chips. Needless to say, I'm a fan of the show, though it took me a little longer than some. It completely passed by my notice for the first three seasons. It wasn't until the lull between seasons three and four when I moved in with an avid fan that I, too, was converted. I realized, "hey, there's more to this show than just drinking, drugs, swearing, and stealing. There's an actual heart beating there." The characters are truly memorable, and beneath all the conniving and fighting, they really care about each other. And that's what's won so many people over. At the very least, enough to fill the theatre on opening night. When it was all said and done, they weren't disappointed.

I'm always sceptical when a TV show makes the jump from the small to the big screen. Somehow, it seems to make sense with the Trailer Park Boys (TPB). I'm sure this is all about them seeking a larger audience beyond their Showcase and BBC America fan bases. And let's not forget all the diehards who downloaded episodes before TPB was ever available in their regions. Outside these established markets across Canada and the U.S., there are millions of potential TPB addicts. All they need is a little persuasion that trailer park life is as endearing and hilarious as anything else on TV. A feature movie seems like the perfect way to do it. Especially since the crew is right now at their prime.

Thanks to this considerable talent in front of the camera and behind, TPB makes a smooth transition to the big screen.

It took me a couple of minutes to get used to their signature grainy video blown up to seventy feet, but I'm picky like that. It was a quick adjustment, anyway. The movie-quality cinematography didn't hurt either. Yes, there's actual artistic merit to TPB: TM. Their larger budget has allowed them sweeping shots of the park previously too expensive for the show. It's also given them new settings and a larger cast to play with. Don't worry, though. They haven't lost their core values to the $5,000,000 budget. Some of the money went towards hiring all kinds of nude models for a strip club scene. And yes, thanks to looser restrictions on movie nudity, you get to see lots of boobies.

Everything else is pretty much exactly as you'd expect it. The boys go to jail and get out with a plan to make it rich quick and retire. There's some bickering between Ricky and Julian, some heart-warming moments with Bubbles, and tampering from Mr. Lahey and Randy. The cops are all idiots. The boys get drunk and swear. Ricky and Lucy dance around each other like captive pandas in heat. There are even a few maritime references thrown in for good measure. It's like everything you'd expect from a full season of TPB compressed into 95 minutes.

Actually, if I have one complaint about the movie, it's that it feels a little too well-tread. I was hoping for some closure to the bizarre season six finale, which I figured was setting up for the plot of the movie. Instead, the movie is set in some parallel universe where none of the TV events ever happened. If you're new to the show, this is great news, I'm sure. If you're a long-time fan like me, it can be a little confusing at times.

Regardless of your previous exposure to TPB, the movie is just as funny as you could hope for. While it definitely won't convince any people who like their TV sans-swears, it just might win over a few more from the untapped liberal audience.

The naked Trewth

by Josh O'Kane

It was a crisp autumn evening. Me and some friends, after a week of midterms and before a long weekend back home, were eagerly anticipating going to see a good old rock show. The Trews were playing on that fine evening.

We showed up at the door of the SUB expecting to pay money to get in; however, we were told we could not pay for tickets then and there. At this point, a fine fellow showed up and literally handed me and my two friends some free tickets. Ah, the power of beer-sponsored concerts.

As it was also Alexander Keith's birthday, we did our best to partake in the events therein. And since the opening band was Thornley, we didn't feel too bad about skipping them and heading up to the social club for, well, a social drink.

We re-entered just in time, as Thornley was almost done: they finished up their set with a double-whammy cover of both Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song" and Black Sabbath's "Paranoid." It made me wish I had stayed to see the rest of their set. I was content all the same.

Before the members of The Trews hit the stage, they had a hype guy come out and pump up the crowd while the roadies changed gear on stage. Turns out he's the dude from all the Molson commercials on TV. Looks like he doesn't have to quit his tough day job because it's the same as his night job - pretending like people actually drink Molson products.

Finally, after the hype guy disappeared, The Trews hit the stage. Though usually decked out in plain old t-shirts and jeans, the three musicians at the front of the stage were pretty tightly dressed, wearing suits, complete with blazers. Drummer Sean Dalton, of course, was wearing a sleeveless shirt somewhere in the background between the amps and speakers (which, by the way, were labelled "Hollis" and "Morris" on the left and right-hand sides. Strangely, The Trews opted not to play their song "Hollis and Morris" during the set.)

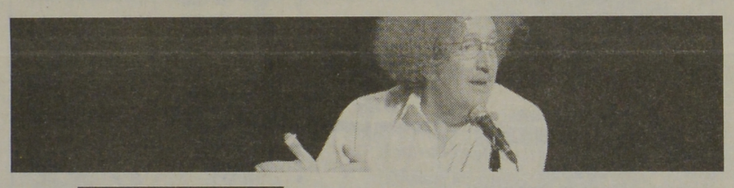
One thing you can always expect from The Trews is that they put on a damn good live show. They may be a tad radio-friendly for the usual university crowd, but they still know how to rock the old-fashioned way… the Bob Seger way.

As is their custom, they played through a string of songs that kind of sound the same but are still fairly punchy. Between playing some sweet solos, guitarist John-Angus MacDonald looked like he was making out with bassist Jack Syperek as they sang harmonies into the same microphone.

Syperek, just like every other time I've seen him, seemed like he was on more drugs than someone with his thin figure could possibly handle. Though, even when he looks all drugged up, he can still play a mean bass. It's just his blank stare that gets me every time. Every time. He looks like he's seeing everything and nothing at all, which sometimes takes away from the energy of the rest of the band.

The set list was filled with a good selection of songs from their two albums (minus "Hollis and Morris"). Overall, I left pleased - I managed to take in a good concert for free while I waited for crowds to gather upstairs for Keith's birthday. I'd recommend The Trews next time they're in town for the entertainment value alone… as long as you can avoid looking in Syperek's eyes.

Unrelentingly hilarious, red-haired comedian



by Kimberley LeClair

If your workload is escalating and you find yourself stressed, it might be time to get out of the library and laugh it up. According to the book, "Mind/Body Health: The Effects of Attitudes, Emotions and Relationships," laughter relieves stress. And books never lie.

Fortunately, you'll soon have the opportunity to laugh your insides out. Lorne Elliot and his friends will be here in Fredericton on Saturday, October 14. Elliot and company will be at the Playhouse taping a pilot, "Chasing the Big Silly," for CBC radio.

Irwin Barker, Derek Edwards, Bill Stevenson, and Tania Breenand will be on stage along with Elliot. I've heard that there'll be banter with the audience about the creation of a national holiday in February since February is the only month missing a national holiday here in Canada. Bureaucratically speaking, what will it take to get this timely break? Read on and maybe you'll find out. No promises, though.

Elliot is a Canadian comedian, musician, and writer who began his career in East Coast Canada. He has given performances across our country, the U.S., and Australia. This hilarious, witty, red-haired comedian has opened for performers such as Rodney Dangerfield and Jay Leno. Also an award-winning playwright whose plays are regularly produced across Canada, Elliot has been featured in numerous Theatre Arts festivals. Host of the comedy show, "Madly off in All Directions," Lorne Elliot has entertained Canadians from 1996 to 2006 on CBC radio.

Elliot's play production, "Culture Shock," recently enjoyed its 25th anniversary tour. This summer at the Victoria Playhouse on Prince Edward Island, Paul Broadbent, Rory Lambert and Elliot played to a packed theatre for three straight weeks. Nothing could keep the fans away… not even a transformer-destroying lightning bolt. The dedicated people of Victoria-by-the-Sea showed up to lend flashlights to the crew and the show went on.

The red-haired comedian has been described by the press as a, "talented nut-case," and "unrelentingly hilarious." Lance Callahan of the Newfoundland Herald wrote that, "his show runs the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous, but all of it consistently sucks laughter right out of your face."

Elliot does have a serious side and philanthropic tendencies. Included in the fall/winter tour is a fundraising event for literacy in Quebec as well as an event to raise funds for the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra in St. John's.

Recently, when speaking with Elliot, I asked him if he had any other projects on the back burner. Aside from his constant writing, he mentioned efforts to create a show in Charlottetown: an annual mid-winter review involving home-grown island comedians. As possible fuel, he mentioned four to five plays that he wishes to produce using Canadian talent.

"There is a lot of great talent around and they deserve to be working every night or as many nights as they want." The playwright hopes that these plays will provide an opportunity for both up and coming and well-known Canadian talent.

I'm going to get my dose of delicious laughter medicine on October 14, since it's known to relieve stress and improve performance. Here on the hill, with midterms on the rise and papers due, we can use all the relief we can get. Though there's no telling if we'll ever get that holiday in February, in the meantime you can depend on the Laugh Doctor, Lorne Elliot, to fill your prescription.

Show time is 8 p.m. You can purchase tickets by calling the Playhouse at 458-8344.

The great weight debate

by Kathleen Kennedy

It's splashed across the magazine section of your local bookstore every day: body image, weight loss, and celebrity weight dramas. This summer, the weight obsession reached new heights, with controversy surrounding actresses and singers who lost weight for roles, for tours, or just because they have a "naturally high" metabolism. One could not avoid images of the new, even more slender physiques of starlets like Keira Knightley, Kate Bosworth, Ashlee Simpson, and Nicole Richie. For these young women, losing weight fostered criticism from the media, which questioned the impression that these stars are giving to young girls.

For other (albeit more mature) celebrities, losing weight was key in the mass promotion of their most recent enterprises. Who could forget Mariah Carey's endorsement of aqua-aerobics in virtually every American magazine? Janet Jackson is still dishing her "story" to the likes of Oprah - and promoting the second single on her new album…

So who is at fault for this new "thin obsession?"

There is little doubt that thin is becoming "in" again (not that it was ever really out). But there was a period of time there when curvier, often South American models reigned the catwalks. Today, however, it seems the waif is back; younger, slimmer and more doll-like than ever. Canada's own Heather Marks, Lisa Cant and Jessica Stam are noteworthy models in this trend.

Perhaps it was put best in this past summer's hit movie "The Devil Wears Prada," when a fashion editor for the faux magazine "Runway" said that "size zero is the new two, size two is the new four, and size six is the new 14." It's hard to believe that size six was actually the norm for models in the 90s. The days of Christy Turlington and Cindy Crawford are certainly over.

Much of the blame for the recent celebrity "weight debate" is put on the fashion industry, for perpetrating an ideal of beauty that is a size two or zero. Some say that the media is merely following what the fashion industry dictates, while others say that the fashion industry is separate from "real life" and that designers hire lean models so their creations can "hang properly."

This past month, however, the fashion industry has displayed some awareness of the weight issue. Organizers of Madrid's Fashion Week announced that they would not let models work the runways if they had a Body Mass Index (BMI) of less than 18. For a 5'8" model, that means she will have to weigh at least 118 lbs.

This guideline could be a reaction to the recent death of a 22 year-old Uruguayan model who suffered a heart attack backstage at a runway show. The model is said to have been living on vegetables and Diet Coke in an attempt to fit into a size zero. In an interview with CBC Radio's "The Current," the organizer of Madrid's Fashion Week said the new BMI restrictions were responsive to models beginning to look like "walking skeletons." She went on to say that the organizers were trying to send out the message to young girls

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