Rezfest rocks Lister

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Listeries' annual rainy weather, rainy beer, and some seriously muddy shows on Saturday night to tag to the school year right with Rezfest.

Performers ranging from the Buster's to the local heroes, Hunter Valentine, a rockin' group, had the unfortunate lack of playing first during the rain, and as a result, the audience was miserable. However, the sun came out for Mother Mother, bringing with it a larger audience to back the Vancouver band's drinkers hoe-down rock. The Dudes were the perfect off-balance, with the band assuring the crowd they'd drunk plenty before taking the stage.

Cadece Weapon almost stole the show: Rezfest's first ever rapper worked the then-danceable crowd nicely, moving, rapping, and shootin' with guns.

The audience continued to grow until Ten Second Epic took to the stage, at which time the campus fell in love to the audience to half radical music from crushing their fellow residents.

Shoot 'Em Up does just that, nothing more

film review
Shoot 'Em Up
Now Playing Written and Directed by Michael Davis Starring Clive Owen, Monica Bellucci, and Paul Giamatti

Imagine a swissarm version of a Bugs Bunny / Road Runner cartoon and mix in some surrealist and close-up, and you'll have a pretty good idea of what Shoot 'Em Up is. Shot off the title didn't already tip you off, that is. There's actually a scene where the dialogue is increased from those exact cartoons to the same level of cartoonishness to their zany sensibilities. But while Shoot 'Em Up features some incredible stunts and action choreography, it's doubtful that it will retain the classic timelessness that has left so many generations in awe.

As the trigger-happy-clumsy, Clive Owen stars as the homeless man known only as John Smith, who happens to possess expert marksmanship skills and a love of cars—whether he's fixing them or stealing them into somebody's garage. When he helps a pregnant woman being pursued by a mob of guns-toting thugs led by a hitman (Paul Giamatti), he soon finds himself in charge of a newborn infant while simultaneously shooting anything with a heartbeat. Monica Bellucci is introduced as a bureaucracy hunter that Smith seeks out to help him, but her part seems to be written as if Bellucci was being punished for appearing in the Matrix sequels.

It becomes increasingly clear that with this level of talent, a better script and better dialogue could have really elevated Shoot 'Em Up beyond a mere spectacle of amazing gunfire and stunt wizardry. A lot of the car chases is probably conventional, but that would be a bit harder to ascertain if the movie could make up its mind about how serious or corny it's supposed to be.

Fortunately, the creativeness behind the stunts and action sequences, bordering on insanity, is the film's salvation. While the formula of action scenes—nine-revving tradition—action scene is highly predictable, this may be the film in which there's been a gun battle combined with a baby being delivered by a guy who's simultaneously having a boner, and a man making a shot of half-bald guys in a battle of bullets while continuing to have sex. And this doesn't even count the obligatory car chase that pups tribute to Heat, Newton and the laws of inertia in yet another non-popping stunt.

As a whole, Shoot 'Em Up is a ridi-
dulous with holes as the pile of bodies that accumulates during the film's 87 minutes, which might be a new record for bedding in an era of three-hour-plus blockbusters marathons. But since this is really a porno for guns in the same way that Transformers was a porno for robots, GM vehicles, and the US Air Force, most people probably won't mind or care because most people don't watch pornos for plot, depth, or character development.