



KEVIN CHARLTON

## Rezfest rocks Lister

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Arts & Entertainment Editor

Listerites braved rainy weather, watery beer, and some seriously muddy shoes on Saturday night to ring in the school year right with Rezfest.

Performers attending ranged from the untested to the local heroes. Hunter Valentine, a riot-grrl group, had the unfortunate luck of playing first during the rain, and as a result, the audience was miniscule. However, the sun came out for Mother Mother, bringing with it a larger audience to bask in the Vancouver band's drunken hoe-down rock. The Dudes were the perfect off-balance, with the band assuring the crowd they'd drank plenty before taking the stage.

Cadence Weapon almost stole the show: Rezfest's first ever rapper worked the then-sizeable crowd nicely, moving, flailing, and shouting with gusto.

The audience continued to grow until Ten Second Epic took to the stage, at which time the campus 5-0 began making constant trips into the audience to halt radical moshers from crushing their fellow residents.



## Shoot 'Em Up does just that, nothing more

### filmreview

#### Shoot 'Em Up

Now Playing  
Written and Directed by Michael Davis  
Starring Clive Owen, Monica Bellucci, and Paul Giamatti

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Imagine a live-action version of a Bugs Bunny / Elmer Fudd cartoon and mix in some steroids and crack, and you'll have a pretty good idea of what *Shoot 'Em Up* is like—if the title didn't already tip you off, that is. There's actually a scene wherein dialogue is borrowed from those exact cartoons as some kind of bizarre homage to their slapstick sensibilities. But while *Shoot 'Em Up* features some incredible stunts and action choreography, it's doubtful that it will attain the classic timelessness of those legendary animated creations—although it may earn an award or two at the NRA People's Choice Awards.

Amidst the trigger-happy chaos, Clive Owen stars as a homeless man known only as John Smith, who happens to possess expert marksmanship skills and a love of carrots—whether he's eating them or stabbing them into somebody's face. When he helps a pregnant woman being pursued by a mob of gun-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 lactating hooker 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.

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Of course, a lot of bad guys die in increasingly creative ways, some cheesy one-liners are delivered—they can't all be good, or even decent, given that nearly the entire script is a tribute to one-liners—and a silly conspiracy plot is uncovered, along with some weak and laughable attempts at discussing America's obsession with guns and gun control.

It's worth pointing out that while Bellucci struggles to make the best of what she's given, Clive Owen and Paul Giamatti don't really fare much better. As the movie goes on, 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 gunplay and stunt wizardry. A lot of the campiness is probably intentional, but that would be a lot easier to ascertain if the movie could make up its mind about how serious or comical it's supposed to be.

Fortunately, the creativity behind the stunts and action sequences, bordering on insanity, is the film's salvation. While the formula of action scene, plot-revealing transition, action scene is highly predictable, this may be the first movie in which there's been a gun battle combined with skydiving, a baby being delivered by a guy who's simultaneously having a shootout, and a man taking out a slew of bad guys in a hail of bullets while continuing to have sex. And this doesn't even include the obligatory car chase that pays tribute to Isaac Newton and the laws of inertia in yet another eye-popping stunt.

As a whole, *Shoot 'Em Up* is as riddled with holes as the pile of bodies that accumulates during the film's 87 minutes, which might be a new record for brevity in an era of three-hour-plus blockbuster 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.