

The Last Continent Review - The Australia Times

Immediately after the first act, I came to the conclusion that for an adaptation of *The Last Continent*, a film will never do its humour justice. The unique silliness and craziness that plague Discworld, at least when the “Wizzard” is concerned, is best presented when the audience is actively applying their willing suspension of disbelief, despite, or perhaps due to, the lack of special effects. With modern advancement in realistic-looking computer graphics, I felt they might make Rincewind’s adventures Down Under *too* real. One example would be The Librarian – an actor in ~~a monkey~~ an orang-utan costume is perfect to portray the mood and atmosphere. A realistic orang-utan, generated by computer, on the other hand, will only imitate the real animal, and not give us an ex-human who enjoys being an orang-utan.

“Dean, the Librarian is mentioned in a worthy review, but the author seems to have left out us, the esteemed wizards of the Unseen University. Something must be done. Faculty Meeting!”

On its humour, I am slightly disappointed with the lack of dropbears falling on top of pointy hats, but the other amazing elements more than made up for it. I honestly did not expect the play to feature Monty Python’s *Always Look on The Bright Side of Life*, and was delighted with laughter when the wizards briefly danced to it. In a scene featuring the paradox that is the God of Evolution even! To further the fun on a meta level, he/she/it, one of the oldest character, is played by the youngest actress. The TARDIS’ materialisation noise is another pleasant surprise. Personally, I felt that having an iconic sci-fi sound in a fantasy comedy is its own special humour. And of course, there’s Discworld’s fastest pair of legs, Rincewind the Wizzard himself. His voice has a certain quality to it that makes you feel very sorry for him, while at the same time looking forward to, his misadventures that you just

know will make you roar with laughter. You know there's something both luck *and* unlucky with your life when Death comes to you merely to let you see a familiar 'friend'.

Speaking of Death, I was really looking forward to the scene where he enquires about the dangerous wildlife of Ecks, Ecks, Ecks, Ecks. It is impossible to literally drown the actor with books, but I felt the actor's voice, when reading the book title, managed to effectively convey the scene's comedy. On that note, does "Some of the Sheep" imply that there are sheep on the Last Continent that *can* kill you? Death's horse could use a new friend, I suppose.

In conclusion, come hear the propaganda that is 'The Wet' at Four Ecks. We will serve you beer soup, and all we ask is that you be a good sport and plan a story worthy prison escape. You will laugh like you never laugh before! Oh, and you readers have a message from Death:

"BE SEEING YOU SOON."

Footnote: This review is written in the brown gooey stuff that you spread on bread.

By Charles Chiam