

Review by Syd Walker
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★★★★★ Absolute magic!! I cannot peg this film in any better way than this: it is without a doubt among the rarest of comedic gems; a titan among its peers in the burgeoning genre of the 'mock-umentary'. The fact that I was among the audience at the picture's second showing makes me feel rather like a member of some secret club: when this film (let alone this team of talent) blows up like I expect it (and they) will, I can say I was among the first to bear witness!

Its spot-on, sidesplitting humor aside, what hits you most about the picture is its surprising sincerity. I mean, it's uncommon enough these days to see a comedy with fresh jokes, so you really appreciate that alone when you do. But to find one that remains rooted in honesty is rarer still. In *THE WAY OF THE TOSSER*, the biggest laughs come from your utter belief in the characters' utter beliefs in their own truths. You never doubt for an instant the reality of the motley trio of Gary, Holly, and Trevor, or of the few major characters that play off them, and it is precisely because the actors have done such a sly, masterful job of disarming you to the fact they are even actors at all, that this film really works the magic it does. There is something so pure and innocent (albeit absolutely ridiculous!) about each of the three protagonists, that you hardly even notice how artfully they draw you into their 'die hard' little world of RPS. Before you know it, you are far beyond the instant hilarity of the 'cup-o-fart' jokes, the training day antics, and the Barbie-doll polaroids, and unwittingly find yourself as wrapped up in their drama as they are.

As it has been with any of the really great comedies I have seen, I left the cinema the other night with a little more than I bargained for, and a lot more than I expected. With a winning script, superb character development, and rock-solid performances, this truly is a paper-cut above the rest! All puns aside: I cannot wait until this picture gets big-screen release. *THE WAY OF THE TOSSER* is the kind of rare feature that reminds us why we still bother going to film festivals, often ambushed by big-name, big-budget releases that are guaranteed a big-screen audience either way. To me this film is a loud reminder of why film festivals were created in the first place, and a shining example of just how good an indie film can be when heart and soul are the biggest ingredients. I'll be watching out for what's next from the exciting new 'gang' that seems to have been created here. If my hunch is correct (and if we're lucky!) I'm sure this is just the beginning ;)