

Dal Student Union

is now accepting applications for the position of

Winter Carnival Chairperson(s) 1981

Applications must be submitted by Wednesday, October 22, 5:00 p.m.

Clockwork Orange and a bag full of lemons

by Stan Kawalski

Quick, check the clock. Is it still before 7:30 Thursday night? If so, you're in luck. You can still catch Clockwork Orange at the SUB. If you want to see a good movie this week, here's the only one in town. This is Stanley Kubrick's sociological guess at the future, and, like all of his films, it's a joy to experience. It has a little something for everybody. For post-grads and other

creatures of the library it has deep ebbs and tides, while for the lower strata of humanity it has all the blood and tits it needs to keep a jock in his seat. It has beautiful filming, excellent acting, and a plot that rolls. The filming is controlled by Kubrick, a true genius behind the camera.

He creates a future of such depth that it conveys a sense of reality. The acting is 1st class British, led by Malcolm McDowell in his last quality role before he sold out. But that comes later, and here we see him at his best as Alex, that loveable sadistic juvenile delinquent. We follow Alex thru his boyist adventures (a bit of the old ultra-violence), to his just rewards, prison, where they decide to save him from himself by programming him to be good and decent. Unfortunately, this leaves him completely defenseless to face the real world, and all his previous victims are free to take their shot at him. The funny thing about the movie is that you can't decide how you feel about Alex. At first he is a true villain, but pity is soon found for him as he faces his enemies defensively. When, by trama, he is made whole again, it is a hollow victory, for although he is again free to choose his direction, he does not actually choose a heroes direction. Is it more important to be free or good? Too heavy a question for me, but Kubrick handles it well; not telling you what to think about it, rather showing you both sides of the question.

After Thursday, it's all downhill. It's weeks like this that I hate to do previews. I'm all eager till I search my film schedules and see what kind of tripe I have to deal with, then I put it off, try and forget what I have to face, until, suddenly, it's Monday night, and I must say something. So, between downs, I force myself to face this week's batch of losers. One thing I could never understand in this town is how the repertoires can show such uninteresting and semi-classical films week after week, when there are so many good and truly classic films on the market. This week is just another chapter in a long, boring, book.

It's a sad week at the Wormwood. Starting off on the wrong foot, on Friday night at 7:00 and 9:30, is one of the

most overrated films around, having been created by the most overrated "talent" out of Hollywood; that blowhead being Charlie Chaplin. Sure, Charlie created one character many sub-morons enjoy, "the little tramp," but one character does not an actor make. Unfortunately, after years of tremendous success at this one role, Chaplin managed to delude himself that not only could he act well, but that he could do everything well, including directing (Ah, the old Hollywood "automatic ego" syndrome; good actor equals good dancer equals good singer equals good all around person equals good (fill in the blank as needed). And, unfortunately, having succeeded is a very materialistic and basic way, and having confined others of lower minds and taste that he was magic, Chaplin was able to finance several films that served only to show his shortcomings, not just as an actor, but particularly as a director. The Great Dictator is a prime example. Judging from this film, Chaplin's major hobby is studying mirrors, shiny car bumpers, old two-reelers, and other reflective devices. It seems he made the mistake of believing how great everyone said he was and figured that one way to make a film great is to concentrate the whole thing on his limited talents. The film is all Chaplin. As director, he is able to focus on what he wants, which turns out only to be himself. The plot seems to fade into the background in his presence. The great dictator is a satire of Hitler, with Chaplin playing Adolph playing the fool. To contrast this Chaplin also plays the Jew, a diabetically-sweet protagonist resembling the character of the tramp. Naturally the Jew wins and shows that the great dictator is not so great. But who cares. It's Chaplin Charlie wants to see. Now, if for some reason of misjudgement or bad taste you do favor Chaplin in the role of the tramp, maybe you should see this, but be warned, it's a long step down from the Chaplin pedestal.

Saturday is amateur night at the Wormwood, with An Atlantic Film Sampler. If, for some reason, you are willing to watch locally produced shorts, the films include Rubber Madness, Rude Questions, and Billy Doucette's Hornpipe. As for me, I think I'll pass. I have no idea of the quality of these films but since I have yet to see anything of quality come out of Canada, let alone the Maritimes, it seems too much of a long shot to waste my money or my time on. But if you do want to see them, be you a patriotic Maritimer, a friend of the artists, or a rot gut culture junky, they show at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m. on Saturday and 2 p.m. on Sunday.

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