

Segal's Love Story draws tears, money

By RUDY SIMMS

What can you say about a movie that makes you weep the first tears of your life? Except that it's moving, and sincere, and most of all sad? I don't know.

My girl had lent me a paperback the other day. She said it was real sad, like, and I should read it before we get married (if my parents are reading this, it's only a joke. heh. heh.) It was called *Love Story* by Eric Segal. I found it easy to read and recommend it to anyone who likes sports.

Last Tuesday night I had nothing to do so I called up my girl, Lynda, at work (she's a steno at a dentist's office). I said I have a treat for you, hon', so meet me at Fran's at St. Clair and Yonge. Before she could ask any questions, I hung up. I wanted it to be a surprise, y'know? Over the hamburger plate, I explained we were going to see *Love Story*. Lynda, who I admit is not the smartest steno in the world, said she'd already seen it and it was thin with a red and green cover. When I told her we were going to see the movie, she began to cry and shouted, "Oh, Rudy!" Needless to say, our hostess at Fran's asked us to leave. And they

hadn't even served the jello! The line-up at the Hollywood was fairly long. An oriental chap was selling Kleenex outside and many

of the girls were crying into their crocheted hats, Lynda was sobbing on my suede coat, but I didn't mind because we're engaged.

I liked the short. It was about a dog who killed mountain lions. It looked nice and I recommend it to anyone who likes sports. And then

Love Story started. As soon as they showed Ali MacGraw (she's on the cover of *Time*, y'know) and Ryan O'Neal (he was on Peyton Place) together the whole place went to pieces. I mean you couldn't hear the score the tears were so loud. Grown men (me too) found it hard to hold them back. You see Ryan is rich and hates his father and loves Ali who is poor. They get married anyway although this means zilch moola for Ryan (he was like disinherited)! But Ali gets sick and dies and tells everyone to be strong ("We will, Ali, we will!"). And that's it. And not a dry eye in the place. No sirree. Even the ushers cried. The popcorn girl cried. The ticket lady was crying and she hadn't even seen the movie! (She said she read the book.)

Lynda wanted to see it again (and I sorta liked to see the short about the dog again) but they said only one viewing per ticket (it was the oriental chap again).

Oh, yes. On the subway ridehome I turned to Lynda and said, "Lynda promise me you'll never get sick on me." She nodded and said to me, "But you'll be strong, eh?"

And that's what love is all about. I recommend it to anyone who likes sports.



Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw as enraptured lovers.

Little Big Man lives

Dustin Hoffman may be the closest thing to a human chameleon that exists. At least, that is the impression he gives every time he appears on the screen. He is as equally comfortable in his role as a slum dwelling Italian (Ratso Rizzo in *Midnight Cowboy*) as he is in his latest effort *Little Big Man* in which he portrays a hundred and twenty-one year old man narrating the first 35 years of his life.

During the course of this two and a half hour film directed by Arthur Penn who directed *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Alice's Restaurant*, Hoffman is seen as a young boy, an Indian brave, a cavalry scout and several others, including two scenes as the hundred and twenty one year old. And Hoffman is more than just visually changeable. He is a master of vocal deception as well. How many people, after all, could impersonate someone as old as Jack Crab.

Arthur Penn has once again drawn the best out of his performers. Faye Dunaway as the horny wife of a fanatical minister, who eventually appears in the story (through the ample use of coincidence) as a woman of pleasure; Martin Balsam who plays a 'tonic' salesman but because of his debatable ethics shows up on the screen at various intervals with fewer and fewer appendages (hand, leg, etc.); and the old Indian chief who is Jack Crab's mentor and protector during the course of the film, steals the show in the biggest supporting role.

Crow Chief Dan George, portrays the wise old soothsayer (he has dreams which tell the future) who gives some relevance to American social comment circa 1970. The chief translates Cheyenne to mean 'human being' and says the difference between human beings and white men is that 'human beings' believe everything to be alive and have found the 'centre of the earth' or the meaning of life, whereas 'white men' think that everything (except white men) is dead i.e. having no soul or spirit. There is even a homosexual Indian in the tribe (Homophile Society take heart) something which adds realism.

The film is artistically well done except the battle scene depicting Custer's last stand. This seemed rather contrived. Penn's "slow motion death" fixation comes to the fore again in *Little Big Man*, when Jack Crab's Indian wife and two babies are killed by Custer's Calvary.

But Dustin Hoffman is worth seeing in this monologue role. Historical fiction adds a new dimension to Hoffman, the actor. He is the guts and the backbone of *Little Big Man*.

1970's best albums

By STEVEN DAVEY

Well, kids, everyone else has done it, so I figured I might as well try. Yes, it's time for a very biased music listener's opinions on the best of the year. Throwing originality and my infallible good taste aside, I will now give you your chance to confirm your belief that I am crazy. Right.

Best group of 1970: the Who (Decca) After six years, the Who astounded everyone and became popular and better. "Tommy" was great and "Live at Leeds" greater. Their concerts here last year (and in "Woodstock") proved that they

are perhaps the best performing band ever.

Best album of 1970: "Leon Russell", Leon Russell (Shelter) Famed as Joe Cocker's Svengali, Russell's first solo album combined powerful songs backed with equally powerful sessionmen, including Beatles, Stones, and the ever-present Delaney and Bonnie gang. (Eric Clapton couldn't make it, as he had a cold).

Best Male Singer: Rod Stewart. Rod "the Mod" gave us three lovely albums — one with the Small Faces, the other two on his own. Come to think of it, add these to the "almost album" list.

New Morning for Dylan

By IVAN ZENDEL

Bob Dylan has done it again. *New Morning*, the surprise album of 1970, coming out just four months after *Self Portrait*, will probably do much to set the new style for pop music of the seventies, simple because of its excellence and its good taste.

When Dylan released *Bringing It All Back Home*, an album that came out in the middle of 1965, he, "in one fell swoop" helped create what would be called folk-rock and

effectively revolutionized rock and roll. And Dylan with his band, now The Band, brought rock to new heights. Musically, it was rock at its finest.

And now, *New Morning* comes at a time that rock is probably dying. Splintered and collapsing under its own complicated and esoteric techniques, much like the last great era of jazz, rock is rapidly losing touch with the younger part of its audience.

It is in this setting that one must

understand *New Morning* Bob Dylan seems to be saying that there is just no use in trying to impose heavy, acid, in fact all the newer evolutionary forms of rock on the new generation. They don't understand it. Rock, he seems to understand is something that you grow up with, not something you grow up to.

So *New Morning* is a very simple album. Dylan plays piano on about half the cuts, the remainder of the keyboard work being handled by the almost omnipresent Al Kooper. The roots of the album are mainly blues and country, some folk, a couple pseudo-gospel songs and a little rag-time piano. But the album as a whole, not a collection of songs.

Going to build me a cabin in Utah,
Marry me a wife, catch rainbow trout,
Have a bunch of kids who'll call me paw
That must be what it's all about.
That must be what it's all about.
(from Sign On The Window)

The back of the album jacket is a photograph of a much younger Dylan standing boyishly proud beside Victoria Spivey, a Blues singer, and the almost baby-faced boy is holding a guitar given to him by one of his boyhood idols, Joe Williams another blues singer. But on the inside is music made by a man who has been through a lot of changes and now, with his wife Sarah and their five children, just wants to relax, and sing the music that he wants to sing for whoever wants to listen.

If dogs run free,
Why not me? . . .
The best is yet to come
That's what they explain to me
Just do your thing
You'll be king.
If dogs run free
(from If Dogs Run Free)

Gone are the pretensions of Miss Lonely, who was just like a rolling stone, the horror of the sad eyed lady of the lowlands and the pitiful viciousness of the wicked messenger. As he says in *Day Of The Locust*, a song supposedly about his experience picking up his honorary Princeton Ph.D., "sure am glad to get out of there alive".



Bob Dylan rocks and gently rolls on.