



## Women are back

by Greg McSweeney

Women are back. Gena Rowlands in *A Woman Under the Influence*, Diane Keaton in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, and now Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave in one of the most powerful films of the year. It is a movie that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences dreams about.

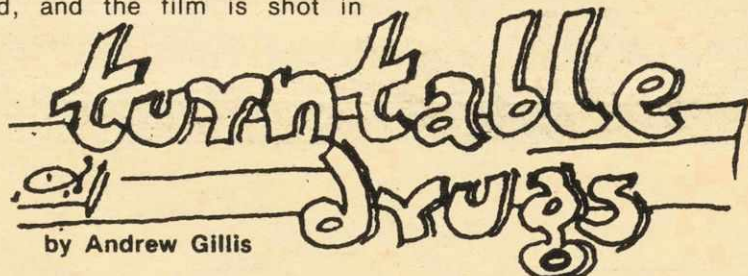
It is the story of Lillian Hellman's mission to help her friend, Julia, in the safe transport of Jews in a Germany on the brink of war. But it is also the story of a strong, lasting friendship between two vital women.

Director Fred Zinneman has chosen total realism in artistic concept—famous places and structures have been perfectly reproduced, and the film is shot in

locations all over Europe. This strict truthfulness could have lent itself to the dryness of documentary, but the tension of human emotion without sentimentality prevents that.

Because of this, and the riveting performances of Fonda, Redgrave, and Jason Robards Jr. (as Dashiell Hammet, novelist, and lifetime lover of Hellman), the film remains true to the autobiographical episode in Hellman's book, *Pentimento*.

The result is an entertaining, objectively passionate study of conflict, of history, and of two courageous women committed to improving the world in which they live.



### Off The Turntable

On Monday the turntable druggist heard some interesting things, and went to bed that night wondering how he was twenty-one years old and could not get to sleep. What he had heard was music, all over the place, in the Dal Arts Center, in the Jury Room, in the television, and somehow in his head as he walked down Coburg Road.

That morning, he had gotten out of bed not late and not early. He went to see Van Cliburn rehearsing in the Rebecca Cohn auditorium, and there again he was not late and not early. It was going to be one of those days, he said to himself (and realized that something he never said to himself).

The Van Cliburn rehearsal showed the American pianist was dressed by Brooks Brothers, and although he was a young man he looked like one of those whom the poet Kenneth Rexroth said was killing young men.

You killed him  
In your God-damn Brooks  
Brothers suit  
You son of a bitch  
(from "Thou Shalt Not  
Kill", 1957)

Van Cliburn did not play the piano. He played his suit.

When the turntable druggist left the Cohn he thought of Stephane Grapelli, the jazz violinist, and of the Dalhousie Jazz Orchestra, which had played some very sweet Stan Kenton or Hank Levy charts in the Arts Center sculpture court the previous Friday. Walking down Coburg Road, he hummed "Walking By Myself" by Jimmy Rodgers, and tried pathetically to imitate the

reckless shouting Muddy Waters would have used on the tune. The original recording of "Jimmie Mack" or "Rescue Me", by Martha Reeves and the Vandellas or Fontella Bass, was on the stereo in the Jury Room at 5:30; Stephane Grapelli came on Gzowski's "Ninety Minutes Live" and played the piano - the piano, which unlike the violin requires more dexterity in the right hand than the left—at twenty to 1 in the morning.

The violin is the opposite of the piano, and yet Grapelli played a sort of kaleidoscope jazz introduction to "Tea For Two", and the whole thing was five minutes long at least, full of moods and colours, full of suspense so that you couldn't figure out what was happening next . . . An improvisation, by the violinist Grapelli, on the piano, and so sensitive and perfect that it all seemed like Geršwin. The turntable druggist could not believe it. And he remembered he had heard Elizabethan madrigals by The Bubonic Plague Singers that night at a dinner, and after them a group of Indian dancers had performed a song and dance piece (probably thousands of years older than the madrigals) which celebrated the harvest in India . . .

What he remembered was all this music at once, that he had enjoyed it all, and he became very suspicious of himself, figuring that he was an uncritical sponge, who would nod at the sensitivity of spray-can graffiti at the CNIB. He couldn't get to sleep when he thought about that, and not getting to sleep was something he never did.

# The One and Only

by donalee moulton

"This is not 'Queen for a day' but wrestling at Madison Square Gardens."

*The One and Only* has a particular audience appeal. That appeal is Henry Winkler—not the Fonz. *The One and Only* is Winkler's second attempt at box office success and his second attempt to break from "The Fonz". It is also his second success.

*The One and Only* is the story of a man with two loves, his wife and himself. Winkler portrays a young, superficially overconfident, definitely egotistical actor. His personality is to be as inane as he is to be irresistible. Kim Darby, as his wife, stands in direct contrast with her middle class values making her particularly cautious and vulnerable.

After university and marriage the couple moves to New York with expectations of fame and fortune. What they approach however is famine and misfortune. To overcome this temporary setback Winkler takes on part time work as a wrestler and is rewarded—temporarily—with applauding success.

After starting out on a wrestling tour Winkler leaves midway to return to his wife and to attempt middle class life. Again he is only a temporary success. The lure of adulation and applause override his desire for his wife.

Stiltedly the movie ends with Darby and child returning to Winkler as an embodiment of "true

love" and thus partially a rejection of the middle class value system.

Winkler plays an unorthodox type character who has been depicted on the screen so often, he has become the epitome of orthodoxy and predictability. The audience is to realize his inherent charm and to a lesser extent the rigidity and dissatisfactions contained within the middle class lifestyle. What happens, however, is that Winkler represents the neo-middle class image / values, while Darby and family represent a dead age.

There is little plot and no originality in *The One and Only* although Winkler manages to make the film somewhat humorous. He escapes the Fonz image to become a more redundant stereotype, as he was in *Heroes*.

This is not to deny the entertainment value of the film; this is to say that it is a film which in retrospect does not remain entertaining.

Its appeal rests with Winkler and requires his constant presence to remain memorable. Like the inane personality Winkler plays there is very little depth to the film, and very much of the common and mundane.



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