

movie review

'Gravy Train'

by DANIELLE THIBEAULT

It's funny, it's entertaining and well worth the time and displacement.

"Gravy Train" stars Stacey Keach in the role of Calvin Dionne, a bored factory worker who decides he "didn't complete his high-school education to spend the remainder of his life canning beans". He sets out to recruit his younger brother, Russell (Frederick Forrest), from the coal mines of West Virginia, and both set out for Washington, D.C. to open up the "Blue Grato", an exclusive sea-food restaurant.

Once in Washington, they decide to join in on the robbery of a Federal Mint truck, a plan cooked up by a slick-looking grease-ball named Tony and his Puerto Rican sidekick, Carlos. The Dionne brothers figure their share of \$650,000 should provide them with enough green to start them out in the restaurant business.

However, they get set up during the heist as Tony & Carlos take off with the hard-earned loot and they then set out on a crusade to retrieve their share of the money.

Impersonating cops, detectives and crazy goons they manage to hussle their way into new clothes, a spiffy, new car and Maggie's apartment. Maggie (Margo Kidder) is Tony's girlfriend and

Calvin figures she can direct them to the man with the cash. Meanwhile Tony is having problem leaking the loot money on the black market because all the bills are sequentially numbered and therefore easily traced.

The trio doesn't manage to catch up with Tony at his apartment because of a tip-off from Maggie, so they set out on a renewed chase of the loot, ignoring Maggie's pleas to "go somewhere and forget about the money".

The chase ends up in a run-down building where Tony has stashed the heist money while searching for a profitable market. It's a shoot-out till the end as both sides stumble and fall through the rumbles of a house in the process of being demolished.

The movie is funny mainly because of Stacey Keach and Frederick Forrest. Their character portrayals are full of life and laughs. Russel Dionne comes across as a complete loony at times, saying to his victims that he's a "crazy person", while all the while being the one with the cool, level-headed attitude about things. On the outside, he's only along for the fun-ride, relying on his "big brother, Calvin" for guidance and comfort. Calvin finds out only too late that appearances may have been deceiving and that the line delineating the leader from the

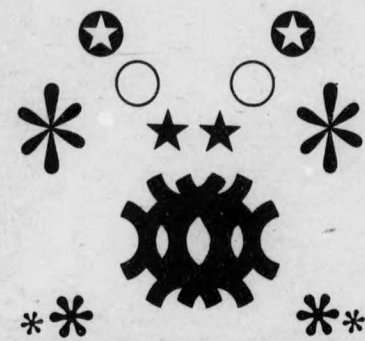
follower may have been a lot thinner than he thought.

The movie is akin to "Super Cops" for its series of fast-paced, light-humoured sketches and happy-go-lucky punch-lines but Margo Kidder's performance is a bit shallow. It lacks any kind of signs of activity or intelligent conversation. She did a lot better in the thriller, "The Sisters".

Though not the caliber of most super-production comedies, this movie carries a lot of good material and turns out to be a pretty funny movie, anyway. It's interesting, captivating and entertaining. What more could you ask of a movie.

It also stars Stacey Keach of "The New Centurions" fame.

If you missed it, too bad. Make sure you catch it next time around, though.



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A MAN WHO SPEAKS OUT FOR ALL PEOPLE

'Workshop Productions' to present two dramas

Try an evening of entertaining drama one night in the near future. Workshop productions, responsible for the successful presentation of *Deadburn's Ditch* and *The Living Room*, in March of '74, this year will produce two plays by the illustrious and somewhat infamous Tom Stoppard.

In reality Workshop Productions is actually the cover name for UNB's English 3150 course; a class concerned with the advanced techniques of dramatic productions.

This year's productions will be held on November 27 and 28, at 8:00 p.m., in Memorial Hall. Admission is free.

If last year's plays are any indication of the success of the venture, this evening of drama is not to be missed.

The first play *After Magritte* is a unique and interesting experience in comedy. The audience is thrown into a surrealistic world of absurd characters and dialogue as the ridiculous Inspector Foot attempts to unfold the mystery of the crippled minstrel caper! Each character uses the Inspector's hypothesis as a device for sounding off in his own direction of thought until the scene becomes a web of reason intertwined with pure absurdity. The bizarre mystery centers around numerous immoral events: naked men hanging from lampshades, painted ladies staggering around drunk; illegal operations performed without anaesthetic; and desperate figures committing bizarre and violent crimes. Throughout all this it is the one-legged football player carrying a tortoise that remains the only

central image. The dialogue is clever, the characters amusing and the plot amazing. As one critic explained it, *After Magritte* is "theatre of surprise." It is pure comedy and a must if you like to laugh.

The second play however centers itself on a different theme (if such a thing can be said to exist) completely.

The Real Inspector Hound. What a ridiculous title! Is an Inspector ever anything but real? Is this Inspector anything but real? Not so absurd a question as you might think. Who is the "real" Inspector Hound? Considering the fact that within the space of an hour you will be confronted by any number of Inspectors and an even greater number of murders, that really is a valid question to ask.

In the beginning *Hound* brings forward the characters of two drama critics who are covering the opening of an old fashioned mystery melodrama that takes place in the drawing room of a Gothic mansion in Essex, England. When a telephone rings one of the critics in a moment that he will die to regret answers. Now he is a part of the play itself, and not always a pleasant part, although it does have its good moments but the question is: Are they worth the cost?

What is the cost? Who is the crippled half brother of Lord Albert Muldoon? Will Lady Cynthia ever regain her beloved Albert, who ten years ago went for a walk on the moors and never returned? Who is McCoy? (and how did he get into this play?) And finally: Who is Inspector Hound, real or otherwise?

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call "Nightmares".

The second side is the real prize. It begins with *Stoop Down No. 39*, which slows down, halfway through from a driving beat, to a slower funkier R&B beat. It's a great number. Then there's *Funky Judge*, a number that shows Geil's sense of humor and laughs, with their usual check at everything straight. The side finishes with *Gettin Out*, a fantastic dance

number, that'll help you dance your way into the floor if you haven't done it already.

The records for this column are courtesy of *Little Records Limited* in the SUB. An excellent store, which can get anything you want. Try them, their prices are great. See you all later. We'll be doing the new *Stones* album and the new *Who* album and anything else of interest that occurs between now and then.

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