

"Starting Over" should start over

by Don Markham

STARTING OVER, a plodding light hearted comedy starring Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, and Candice Bergen, is a confusing mediocrity of a film. It starts slow, and never increases its pace, probably because it never knew where it was going. It was not funny enough to be rated a comedy, and the romantic interludes were uninspiring despite the attractiveness of the stars.

The story, based on a novel by Dan Wakefield, concerns Phil Potter (Burt Reynolds), a man who is rejected by his wife, Candice Bergen, so that she can begin her new life as a singing star. The only problem here is that every time she sings it is off-tune (perhaps purposely) to demonstrate the repulsiveness of her decision.

Phil is dejected. He goes to his brother who arranges a blind date with Marilyn Holmberg (Jill Clayburgh). Well, what do you think happens? Right, he falls in love with her.

So she moves into his Boston apartment, and lo and behold, the 'bad witch', his ex-wife, shows up at the apartment. Phil comes home to see two incredibly attractive women on the couch, his girlfriend, and ex-wife. Everyone in the audience is hoping for menage-a-trois so that the best features of the movie can be revealed, but, alas, it is not to be. Phil must choose. He drives his ex-wife back to her hotel room, where she tries to seduce him by singing in her repulsive voice. He resists temptation, probably because of her singing, and goes back to his girlfriend. Wait! No, he

changes his mind and decides he still loves her, and goes back to her. (The audience wants to know why.) Everybody, except Phil, knows it will never work out. O.K., so we're back where we started. (Boy loses girl, boy gets new girl, boy returns to old girl.)

Marilyn is left out in the cold, but she's in luck, because Phil's brother, the matchmaker, fixes her up. All is well in the world.

This equilibrium does not last long. Phil and his ex-wife start to argue, and he leaves. He runs to his girlfriend Marilyn, who spurns him at first, and then accepts his proposal of marriage. What her relationship was with the interim boyfriend is disregarded. Why he leaves his ex-wife the second time is foggy. The viewer thinks that

they are starting over, but I guess they just resumed old haggling. It jumps over this too quickly. If he didn't love her considerably he never would have spurned his new girlfriend, whom he also loves. The movie should have expounded on this relationship.

The music of love is provided by Marvin Hamlisch, (The Sting), the noted composer, and would truly be nice if it wasn't sung as a parody of cacophony. This is proven by the soundtrack at the end, sung by Carol Sager.

The movie's basic flaw is its lack of direction. The comedy is too sparse, and when the jokes do not fall noticeably flat, they sometimes seem out of place. In one scene, Burt suffers a nervous breakdown, (Burt Reynolds???) and the onlookers are asked if anyone

has a valium. As every onlooker reached in their pockets and pocketbooks, I couldn't help but wonder if Woody Allen was directing. Yes, it was funny, but it was SO out of context. If the whole movie could have been that way I would have understood. But with the moving love scenes, which moved nobody, the outrageous comedy did not add up.

Burt Reynolds may wish to break away from his macho-man motion pictures, but he should be more careful before he assigns himself to another role like this one. Jill Clayburgh deserves praise despite the clumsy or mis-directed scenes. She has a bigger and more credible part than her co-actress Candice Bergen, who gets stuck being the beautiful, but philandering, woman.

Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

For recipe booklet write: Tia Maria (S), P.O. Box 308, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3J7

Beginning masterpiece

by Margaret Little

Feminist, Patty Sloan, has created a masterpiece of contemporary issues in her play, **Beginnings** which appeared at Theatre 1707 last week. The play is a provocative modern view of the creation of man and woman which includes all the complexities of today's rights for women, male chauvinism, and the fight for peace.

Tom Regan, as Willy, a neurotic writer, attempts to write the story of the creation of the world. Complications arise when his story becomes reality. Creation is smoothly in progress—Willy divides night and day, light and dark. Problems occur as soon as Al, the first man, is created. Patty Sloan ridicules man and his desire to regulate the world in her portrayal of the naive Al. Jari-Matti Helppi as Al is one of those idealists that believes anything written down is the truth. Willy creates night and day in a haphazard fashion and Al furiously scribbles the data in his memo pad.

Willy does not realize what complications will arise with the introduction of woman into this man-made world. He describes woman as one who would be soft and fragile and would cook and sing for Al. Al and Willy's conception of woman is rudely awakened by the self-asserting Meg, played by Judith Slater. Meg strongly defends woman's rights when Al expects her to mend his sock. Willy is invariably caught in between the strong-minded feminist and the stubborn chauvinist.

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