

Sinatra's First Deadly Sin is boredom

by Michael McCarthy

The *First Deadly Sin* is a movie that delivers a strong message hard-and-heavy, right to the gut. That message is: Stay Home. Another example of how an insipid book with ephemeral success isn't any better on the screen than on paper, *The First Deadly Sin* is deadly boring, and let's hope this is the Last Deadly Boredom that will be inflicted on us from this quarter.

One of the feeblest scripts in memory features an aging police sergeant named De-

laney (Frank Sinatra) trying to get the goods on a psychopath who brutally murders people in New York at random (any entertainment would be better than going to see movies like this). If the ending was compacted with a few of the earlier shots, the result might make an inoffensive half-hour T.V. cop show. Unfortunately, there is more than an hour of nothing stuck in, basically comprising shots of Frank walking down dark streets with his hands in his pockets, saying nothing;

Frank walking up the stairs with his hands in his pockets, saying nothing; Frank gazing at his hospitalized wife, hands in pockets, saying nothing; Frank staring pensively at almost anything you could name, hands in pockets, saying nothing. This is a quiet film; or would be, if not for the sappy music that blares crescendos when something that's supposed to be suspenseful is happening, or cries loud, orchestrated violin tears when something sorrowful is purported to be happening.

The largest part of the film concern itself with Sinatra trying to find out what weapon the murderer has been using. It is the proverbial ice-pick, which anyone else could have guessed, but Frank has to go to a medieval weaponry museum and get help from an ancient curator before he discovers this fact, after a tortuously monotonous opening hour-and-a-quarter. He then tracks down the killer, and shoots him (with no outstanding motivation), then retires from the police force. Le Fin.

The plot is uninteresting and hackneyed, the pace is deadly slow, the editing is jerky, there are some ridiculous attempts at symbolism (i.e. glaring neon church crosses, violent scenes simultaneous with surgical operations), and the script fails to

provide reasons for the actions and words of the lead players.

Brian Hutton may not be all that bad at directing his characters; several minor roles are amusing and well-portrayed, especially that of the coronary surgeon played by slumming James Whitmore. While Sinatra has a certain magnetic presence, it isn't because of his acting ability. It's comical to see him try to convey sensitivity while reading a children's story to his dying wife, or asking "How are you, kiddo?", every time he visits her as she lies semi-conscious in her hospital

to fall asleep while talking and is generally uninspiring. Brenda Vaccarro, possessor of the world's most sensual voice, is totally wasted in an inane and extraneous role. The psychopath gives a reasonable copy of Anthony Perkins' schizophrenic convolutions in *Psycho*, with a little hyperbole in the crying and gnashing of teeth.

Frank Sinatra was executive producer, which I suspect is the reason that the movie consists mainly of him. When he sees how old and incompetent he looks, and how dull



room (probably as a result of contemplating having her name associated with this movie). Faye Dunaway gets co-star billing for her under-ten-minute's worth of screen time, during which she tends

he is, hopefully he'll restrain from trying any more vehicles for his negligible screen acumen. If he still persists, the least he can do next time is find a decent script, with some interest and credibility.

Dal Commerce Society presents Businessmen's Luncheon '80

November 10/1980
Price \$4.00/student
McInness Room

11:30 Reception
12:10 First Address
12:30 Luncheon

Guest Speakers:

Struan Robertson

President Maritime Tel & Tel

Harold Renouf

Director Petroleum Marketing Board

An opportunity for Third and Fourth year students to meet potential employers and gain insight into the Business World.

Tickets on sale Mon. Nov. 3 - Wed. Nov. 5
in SUB lobby

How the river rolls and rocks

by Christopher Mitchell

If *The River* was just another piece of pop music product, one could say that it was meticulously crafted, hard-rocking and inevitably one would have to say "classic Springsteen". As it is, *The River* is not just another piece of pop music product; it is the new Bruce Springsteen record and it will be examined closely, as such perhaps too closely.

We have come to expect from Springsteen a kinetic and emotional approach to rock

and roll, a relentless portrayal of life in terms of rock and roll mythology, in terms of girls and cars. There is nothing on *The River* to disappoint those who expect this. To do nothing more, however, than satisfy our expectations, Springsteen would be resting on his laurels. He does not rest; on *The River*, he provokes thought about life and music.

Springsteen's portrayal of life is a bleak one, where disillusionment runs rampant. His characters drive around in their cars, dreaming and hoping against hope. Because of this *The River* is depressing and even terrifying. The title cut is the centerpiece of the record. In "The River", a young fellow gets his girl pregnant and they marry; despite the overwhelming forces working against them, they still attempt to carry on. It is at this point that Springsteen asks "Is a dream a lie if it don't come true"?

This question is the cornerstone of Springsteen's writing. The fact that he portrays hopes and dreams as analogous to rock and roll brings up the question, just because rock and roll is nothing other than escape, a dream, or a hopeless hope, does that make it invalid? Is rock and roll's essence that it exists to create hope despite the fact that it

may be a false hope?

All of this really becomes secondary when one listens to the record. The fact is, that Springsteen continues to provoke discussion and, at the same time, makes you want to dance. Indeed having his performance bolstered by the energetic E Streeters will make you sweat and sweat hard, sweat with an excitement that borders on fear. This fear reaches an incredible height in the last song on the record, "Wreck On The Highway". It is here that death is portrayed so terrifying and so final that no blood drenched film could compete. Springsteen sees in that car accident someone who went racing in the streets once too often. It scares him.

The River is an excellent record, one that should not be dismissed at any level. Springsteen has shown that rock and roll depends on wanting and hoping, and on not knowing any better. His writing and performing have reached a point where they are definitive and clear. In these respects his music is more closely related to the heartwrenching soul of Otis Redding than to the soul searching poetry of Bob Dylan, to whom he was initially compared. The long wait for *The River* was worth it.

\$2	<h1>Attention Buyers!</h1>	\$2
<p>Just look at yourself those jeans and those cords It's indecent exposure <i>Now's the time for a change</i></p>		<p>Dal</p>
<p>Jean Depot offers 2 Dollars off any of our numerous styles of pants only at the JEAN DEPOT</p>		
\$2	<p>Barrington Street (next to Kelly's)</p> <p>Not applicable to Sale Items</p>	\$2