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at Saint Mary's University

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Director of Admissions
Saint Mary's University
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Since all applicants are required to take the Graduate Management Admission Test (GMAT) they should telephone the University as soon as possible.

Allusions, delusions, illusions—The Stunt Man has them all

by Michael McCarthy

"You might as well figure the guy coming at you means to kill you". A young man named Cameron picked this philosophy up in 'Nam, and on his subsequent misuse on his return. But movie director Ely Cross wants to beat it out of his system. Cross is making a film about fighting windmills, about man's paranoia giving him a distorted view of the world at which he takes aimless and misdirected swings. He needs a stuntman. Cameron needs a refuge from the police, who have mistakenly labelled him a killer. The two work out a deal—Cameron become stunt man "Bert", and the police are fooled by the art of make-up and some tricks with film.

Steve Railsback plays the embittered man running from injustice with vigorous conviction. He recklessly throws himself into the world of fake bullets, long falls, rolling vehicles and splintering buildings. He is a man alone, surrounded by unreality. What he thinks is real either collapses under his feet, disappears, or pulls off its mask—even the lover he thinks he has found in a beautiful actress turns out to be false. Confusion is everywhere. He doesn't know: if he'll survive his next stunt, if the director is trying to get a realistic shot by filming his death, if the police are there in disguise or not, or how he can ever get back into a world he can be sure of. He grits his teeth, he feigns toughness, he rages, he runs. . . but every illusion seemingly escaped

dissolves into another.

Things are made more lively by director Cross played brilliantly by Peter O'Toole, in one of the finest of his many exciting performances. Cross lives for his movies. Nothing else exists for him; crew members, authorities, budgets, all are ignominiously (and, if need be, visciously) thrust aside for the sake of the illusions he wants to create in his movies. The set takes on a surreal atmosphere as he glides in and out on his mechanized lift, surveying and intruding into the action from all angles. He wrenches the proper emotion from his lead actress by sudden sabotages of her personal life just before she does her scene. He nearly strangles a technician who makes a mistake. He gets "spontaneous reactions" from his stunt crew by throwing unexpected hazards into their stunts without informing them. Yet, he is able to break through the unreal and reach the quintessence by his dynamism, and his seemingly harsh methods enable his co-workers to dispel their illusions and touch the reality of humanity, as he hopes those who see his film will do.

The footage of stunt work during the mock battles of the film within the film are sufficient to carry the movie even without the fine acting and the statement being made. The action is exciting, with death-defying leaps and falls, dances performed on the wing of a biplane while it is aloft, near-impossible escapes from submerging vehicles, all spiced with an element of the unexpected because one never

knows what complications Cross has thrown in for fun. There is excellent insight into what goes on behind the scenes during a filming to create the illusion of reality which thrills the audience. The relationship between the writer, the director, and the screenplay is marvelously depicted, with fascinating examples of what inspirational or mundane processes are involved in the evolution of a movie. Richard Rush's direction is clean, well-paced and effective in drawing out realistic performances from Barbara Hershey as an actress who undergoes all the pressures inevitable in the movie business, and the two men with whom she is having relationships. The triangle of these three provides most of the tension and energy which drives both the film and the film within it forward. The way in which the three feed off this energy and themselves is marvelous to watch, and reveals much, not only about actors and movies, but the way in which all people react to and off of each other, and how they are driven by their emotions and desires.

On an intellectual level it is penetrating and sophisticated, on the level of portraying the workings of movie production it is realistic and informative, on the level of plot action and excitement it is a top-notch thriller—The Stunt Man succeeds from all viewpoints. The performances are fiery and sincere, especially the brilliant efforts of stars Steve Railsback and Peter O'Toole. This movie should not be missed.

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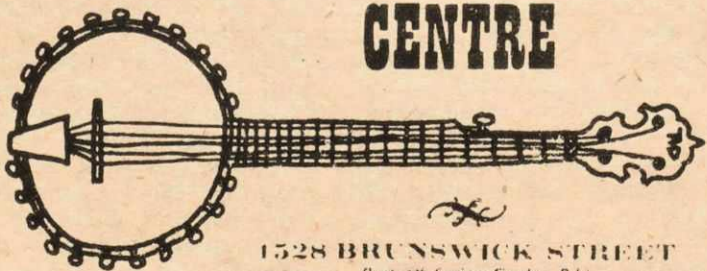
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Play It Till It Hurts really hurts

by Chris Hart and Young

"She's coming from the left
Coming from the right
Coming like a bam bam
bam"

S & M lives! Stanley Frank has to be a sadist to put this out and we have to be masochists to listen. His tunes are but thin renditions of old stereotypes.

So typical is the music in each cut, one can almost tell where he got the ideas. The Elvii, Cotello and Presley are featured on this LP.

The first side is so confused, with the songs seemingly going off into all directions. It goes halfway to pop rock, halfway to new wave,

and halfway to bop. His "basic urges that (he) can't control" seem to be running him around musically. If he could decide whether he wanted to be Elvis Presley or Trooper, the music might be more digestable.

This album is best described as mediocre, but there are some tunes which interrupt the pain. "Love Like a Hammer" is a not bad new wavish cut with good usage of vocals. It should have been the opener to set the pace of the album. "Dying to Live" (pretty cliché title) is also a new wave tune, but on the second side.

The second side seems much more cohesive than the first, but still lacks imagination. Bop is more pronounced

with one good bopper, "I am the Law" which gits you movin'. "Good Lovin'", a cover, is bopped and drooped by and to the level of Stanley Frank.

The last song says it all for this LP. It's called "Waiting for the Big Time". Is "the big time" the time when he'll be in the studio longer than ten hours to produce twelve tunes?

"Waiting for the big time
Waiting for the big time
get ready. . ."

Well don't hold your breath, Stan. From the sound of this one, it's going to be a long wait. Our last word on "Play it Till it Hurts" . . . ouch!