## The Dalhousie Gazette/April 1, 1982

## What Goes On

## film

Two more weeks to go (for the Gazette), so I'll attempt to keep this column breathlessly short and not eat up valuable time.

Probably the big news is the final (maybe) exit of **Arthur** and the entrance of Blake Edwards' **Victor/Victoria**. The film is a comedy of Julie Andrews' dressing-up-like-a-guy and making it as a singer while James Garner plays the human that falls in love with her. Edwards is usually very funny, as this is reputed to be.

In case you don't know, V/V is at the Paramount One. At the Paramount Two is **Quest for Fire**, the Neanderthal-almost saga of some hairy people out for a hot time on the ol' tundra tonight. **Raiders of the Lost Ark** booms out that Dolby sound to match the larger-than-believable adventure on the screen. The screen it's being projected on can be located in the Scotia Square Cinemas.

3-D **Prison Girls** is reviewed and reviled in this week's *Gazette* by Michael McCarthy, but even without reading a word of M.M.'s golden prose, the film doesn't appear too appetizing. You can avoid it at the Cove, if you so desire.

A new film opens at the Casino - Silent Rage, a kungfooish flick starring the new golden boy of thwacks and double-reverse leaps - Chuck Norris. Porky's continues to draw lines at the Oxford, and some 'a those lines are full of reviewers - both Kevin Charles Little and Michael McCarthy review it this issue. On Golden **Pond** is held over for another week at the Hyland, and no, I will not review it again. Once was definitely enough.

Dartmouth's cultural matrix, the Penhorn Mall, has three films filling up its tri-cinema outfit. They be Some Kind of Hero, Death Trap (directed by Sidney Lumet and starring Michael Caine, Dyan Cannon, and Christopher Reeve), and Chariots of Fire. Now, I haven't seen Chariots, but if Famous Players Theatres are smart little capitalists, they'd realize that since the film won the "Best Picture" Academy Award, people will want to see it in Halifax. In other words, BRING THE FILM OVER HERE

The films at Wormwood's and the Cohn are sufficiently covered in the centre spread on Spring films, so simply pick yer date and find the film. In other business, the Dal Art Gallery has out-done itself this week with a selection of four films, three of them must-sees. In the course of one hour on Wednesday, April 6 at 12:30 and 8:00, interested people can see a surrealistic short film by a very young Roman Polanski, the first film that Orson Welles ever made (at 19), and Luis Buneul's famous 16-minute extravaganza, Un Chien Andalou. This, plus another film for free. Long live the Art Gallery!

- K.J.B.

## television

As someone who enjoys a good film - be it foreign or domestic - one thing I can easily say is that dubbing films is an unnecessary evil. Subtitles can usually be done well enough to maintain the film's dialogue while keeping the original voices of the actors. So much inflection can be translated into *real meaning* that I always cringe to see (and hear) a film with the words not fitting the country, mouths or personalities of the movie.

What is this doing in a television column? Simply, an awful lotta foreign films play on television - including the French channel. On some occasions,



Chuck Norris as he prepares to give his provincial Education Minister a boot in the EPF.

CBC-French is content to place French subtitles at the bottom of the screen and allow the actors to speak in Swedish, Belgian or whatever.

However, they never extend the same courtesy to Englishlanguage films. Too close to culturally subverting the airwaves, perhaps?

The ultimate example of the inanities produced by switching languages was produced this weekend, when channel two played Antonioni's **The Pas**- senger, or, in French, Profession: Reporteur. It featured Jack Nicholson, dubbed into being a French person, leaning across the seat of a jeep and asking an African, "Tu parles Anglais?" Now, logic dictates that one human isn't going to ask another human if they can speak English *in another language.* 

Death to pushy translators.

- K.J.B.

