

Photo by Steve Patriquen

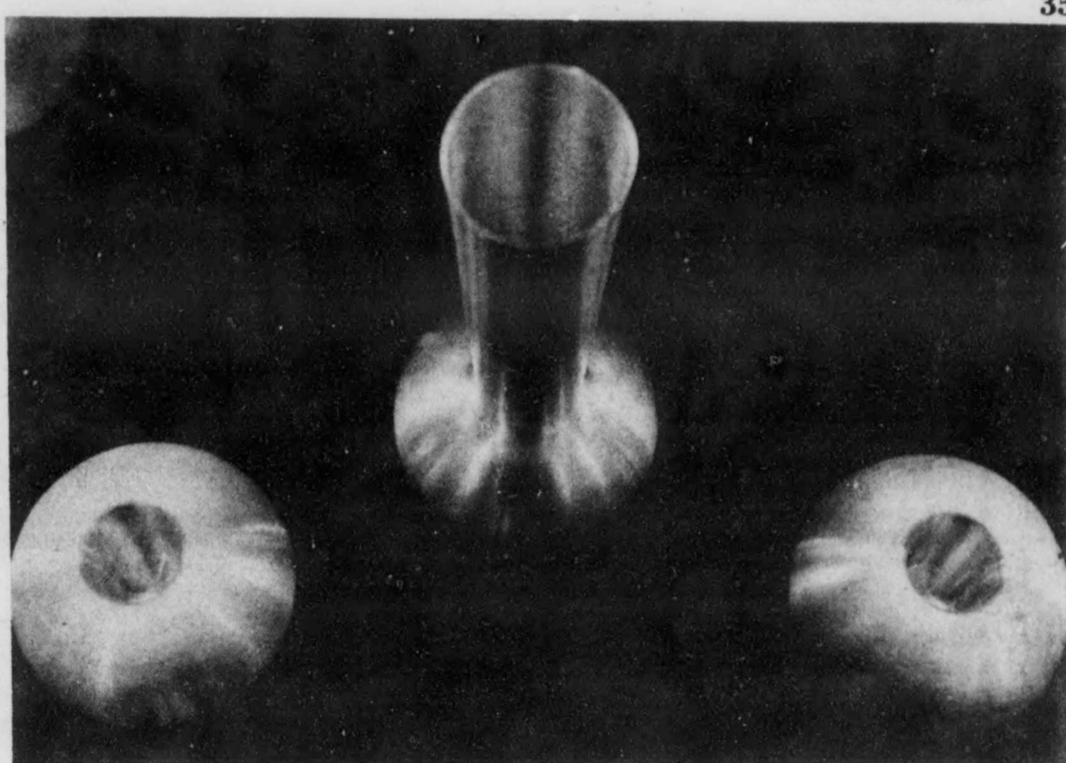


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Above and beside are examples of the pewter work on display in Mem Hall. Exhibited are works by Ivan H. Crowell and Gordon W. Watson of the Pewtersmith Studio, Albert St

movie reviews

# Bunker and Borgnine flop, Redford inspires!

By LYNETTE WILSON

This being the last and the biggest issue of the Bruns for the 75-76 session I have been asked to move my buns and produce two authentically critical movie reviews. Hence, since I do the review as a favour to a friend, I conceded and moved.

Tuesday night I flew down to the Gaiety having been told and reassured that the movie playing that night - "Law & Disorder" - was a darn good one, and funny too. Carroll O'Connor of Archie fame and Ernest Borgnine shared the billing for the flick. Both were names I readily recognized, one for his character portrayal of a bigot, the other for his name. There are very few Borgnine performances, like one, that I recall and that was in the "The Posidon Adventure". His name strikes my memory more than his acting 'cause it's been around for awhile. So anyway O'Connor and Borgnine sounded like a good duo to watch.

I was fooled, let me tell you, I was. The movie was more dully sad than funny. The movie was frustrating, sort of like a Cher sketch without Cher. The story line was drab. Nothing could interest me less than some of the common everyday hassles the common everyday New Yorker goes through in order to maintain a semblance of existence in that (one of the worst cities of the grand ole U.S. of A.) city.

The mess started with some fun, the set up of disturbed peoples. O'Connor takes a break from his portable color T.V. to visit the kitchen for food. A sneaky crook swings in through a window to parcel up said T.V. and swing out with it. Ha. Ha. Borgnine parks his big beautiful four door Chrysler or Buick or what not, across the street from his shop to run in for two minutes to get something. A truck load of young strippers de-screw and de-bolt said vehicle leaving doorless, windowless and motorless chaise for the returning Borgnine. Another fellow enters an elevator with two bags of groceries. Two cool looking black

cats join him only to push him out naked on another floor: Ha. Ha.

So the first five minutes are a bit funny, but... New York isn't really funny. And the story continued slowly with a few outraged citizens (the most dangerous types) forming a legal Auxilliary Police Force. Well, it was only to be expected. You get these untrained, billy-club carrying do-dos together and the expected occurs. I cringed when they formed that group cause I knew what would happen. Frustrating, it really is.

The movie had a lot of crime in it, I suppose, to make a point, which I must have missed in laughing. They were all obvious exaggerations, the taking and boiling down of various styles and types of crime into generally accepted usual crimes. The usual crime brings on the usual reaction too. Like in the case of a pretty young girl being sexually assaulted in the elevator of the apartment building she lived in. Now, the usual derogatory comments about cops never being there when you need them were made of course. But then as I see it, even in New York the fuzz ain't being paid to patrol elevators. And then it just happened that the young lady, victim in this incident was daughter to one of the original members of the auxilliary fuzz, the prejudiced taxi driving O'Connor. A three minute shuffle proceeded while the director tried to decide whether the scanty crew should arm themselves and make havoc at this point or not. As some of the panicing fools ran in search of the interloper dear darling dad interrogated his daughter. He made accusations common in situations like that, to the effect that the girl had wanted to be attacked etc. Frustrating, ha, ha.

All good movies do finish or end. Law and Disorder ended which could be it's only similarity to a good movie. It ended with death, as usual. The auxilliaries get carried away with their power (zilch) and one of them, Borgnine, dies. There are two deaths though, poetically or romantically, O'Connor loses his life long friend. The image is that

his heart dies with his friend. And so the sad film ended.

"The Great Waldo Pepper" (bless you brother, bless you) came to town again this week. I didn't see it before because there was something else trashier, so I thought, in town at the time. Who would have believed it would come back, as if to haunt me? I had maintained previously to this date, a passionate dislike for the R.R. of super cinema. He was just too swanky, suave, cool and handsome for me to torture myself by watching. The thought occurred to me that he might take the place of Paul Newman or Steve McQueen in my heart throb catalogue. For sure I didn't want that, God forgive, perish the thought. I even swore, figuratively, that I would avoid with adroit agility any piece of film picturing said gent. But, I lost my will power. In a last effort to please

you, the reader and most likely, R.R. supporter, I went to see the award winning Great Waldo Pepper starring Robert Redford.

Thank the heavens for temptation. "The Great Waldo Pepper" allowed me to list Redford among the elite. He is really quite a nice guy. He's good looking (gorgeous!) well-built (sculptured!) and a fine actor (Superb!). I was greatly impressed to say the least. Good actors are many, from various degrees on wide scales.

But superb actors sit on one side of the scale only. They are legends. Redford joined the league of legends long before I saw his performance in this film. I understand why completely now.

Besides the beauty "The Great Waldo Pepper" offered exciting drama, frivolous humour and as much scintillating shock as five minutes of "Jaws". That is, the

shock part of the sentence did. The humour was funny. The laughter was hysteria but it was hearty and enjoyable. With a simple story of a boyhood dream being experienced, actually realized, the plot continued steadily interweaving the pain and sorrow of life with the fantasies and follies of dreams. Figure that out and you win a dime.

Waldo Pepper was the second best pilot in the world, according to Waldo Pepper. The movie about his life whether fictitious to any extent or all, is a movie I rate as 10 on my impromptu scale. I'm running out of time and paper so I won't go into the story. You may hate me for this but it can't be helped. Believe me, if you haven't already seen it, try to. It's worth the effort honestly.

Good luck on your finals. Have a nice summer, when it comes.

## Neptune has idyllic setup

At the annual meeting of the Neptune Theatre Foundation, held on Wednesday, March 3rd, John Wood, Artistic Director, stated that for him, the most satisfying achievement of the Neptune Theatre has been the formation of a "Company," which he described as "a group of people who are working together to develop an

excellence and uniqueness on the stage that they sense can happen under the right circumstances over a period of time." This "idyllic situation" he said, is very rare in the theatre, but is responsible for the loyalty, hard work, and high ideals that make the Neptune Theatre Company a most reputable and desirable place to work.

Mr. Wood said that his main frustration is choosing plays for a balanced season that is suitable to both the actor and the audience. To those who would be critical of the past two seasons he stated that "I

do not believe that one theatre company can do everything. If challenge to the artists, and a love for the theatre. Mr. Wood ended his address with the affirmation that "We are all proud to be a part of the Neptune Theatre Company and to be in Halifax. We all hope, rather desperately at times, that Halifax is proud of us too."

Ronald Pugsley, retiring President of the Neptune Theatre Foundation, delivered a closing report in which he stressed the need for increased support from all funding institutions to reduce the deficit of \$87,000 and provide funds for a full season of productions in 1977. Revitalization of certain

parts of the physical plant is also necessary. While the Neptune's Board, on a per capita basis, raises more money than any theatre in Canada, the theatre receives the smallest amount of net support from its municipality. In 1974, the

theatre raised \$37,000, its highest amount since the first year of operation. In 1975, it raised \$66,000, while target for 1976 is \$65,000.

they try to, they will do nothing well." He said that his artistic decisions rely on instinct, a responsibility to provide a creative

Mr. Pugsley is succeeded as President of the Neptune Theatre Foundation by Mr. Grant Morash. Mr. Morash noted that the Neptune Theatre Company had produced a full six-play season in 1976. He stated that he is looking forward with optimism to developing plans for producing a full and energetic winter and summer season in '77. Elected to the Board of Directors

for the coming year were Mr. Ronald Pugsley, Past President; Mr. Edward Rubin, 1st Vice President; Mr. Carl Hudson, 2nd Vice President; Mr. Peter Hyde, Treasurer; Mr. Brian Crocker, Secretary.