

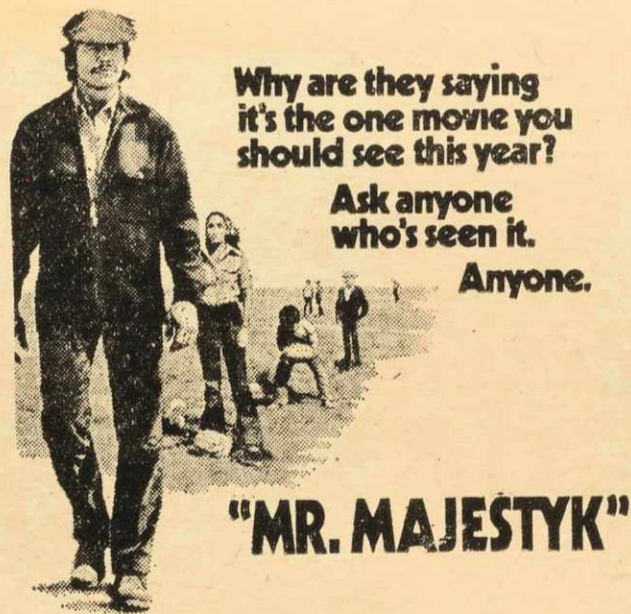
television guide and entertainment supplement

IS IT A BIRD IS IT A PLANE NO IT'S MELONMAN

by Tom Clahane

Mr. Majestic is now at the Oxford, and from the looks of the paper it's only one of an entire new slate of motion picture entertainment in the city. It claims to be the one movie you should see this year if you're going to take in any one at all, and I tend to disagree rather strongly with this claim. I must recommend it as one of the finest action flicks I've seen in a long time, but as anything but an action escapist fantasy it must be harshly judged, and, I believe, found lacking in any of the other essential qualities that make a movie into a masterpiece or even a reasonable attempt at social comment.

I had the good fortune to see "Sullivan's Travels" in a Dal theater course the following night and the comparison definitely weighed heavy in what I am about to say regarding the movie industry in general, and this movie in particular. "Sullivan's Travels" is so old that it is not even seen anymore in the late show reruns on channel three in the summertime. Pity. It had most everything that "Mr. Majestic" was weak in, as I was informed by another more critical patron of the silver screen, and after careful deliberation I am inclined to agree. I bring this comparison to print because I believe, as I'm sure many of the more demanding members of the film going



**Why are they saying
it's the one movie you
should see this year?**

**Ask anyone
who's seen it.**

Anyone.

"MR. MAJESTYK"

public are inclined to, that for two-fifty, or more in some cases we are being royally ripped off four times out of five when we drop our hard earned dough at the ticket counter of our local playhouse.

"Sullivan's Travels" seems an appropriate comparison because it's plot (they usually had a purposeful plot back then) deals with a director trying to experience the hard times he wished to convey in film himself. In doing so he realizes that a portrait of tragedy is not going to do as much good for mankind as a comedy, and that it is better to make people laugh than to add yet another burden of heavy thought. The overall movie, however, manages to

convey in a lighthearted manner, food for thought and entertainment at once. It had very little actual violence, few scenes of total destruction, and what was presented in these lines was offset by a good heavy dose of romantic love.

However, we must not forget that we live in liberated times, and such things are usually frowned upon as cliché or at best unnecessary as content in a good box office flick. We are much more concerned with the big draws money wise, and from recent popular flicks it appears that these are sex, excessive violence, and most important of all, wrecking automobiles.

Today's moviemakers dis-

play a passion for wrecking cars unequalled even by the tendency to include the obligatory sex scene (whether necessary to the plot or not). Car chases and wrecks seem to be the big thing in Hollywood these days, and "Majestic" has its fair share of them, as well as the upcoming attractions, which promise the opportunity of seeing every model of car from 1957 on, totally destroyed before our eyes.

Anyhoo, on with "Mr. Majestic" (the one movie you should see this year). It's basically about a melon farmer of few words and many righteous but violent deeds, played adequately by Charles Bronson. Rather, I should say that the part is played perfectly, but it's not a part which demands much of the actor. When a two-bit apprentice hood demands that "Majestic" (Bronson) fire his own crew, and hire others in their place, things begin to pop. The hood,

"Cowboy" by name, gets nasty at Bronson's refusal to comply, and produces a shotgun. Bronson removes the gun as easily as Superman would have, and gives the offending party a shotgun butt in the groin and a kick in the head when the hood's on the ground (for good measure). The hood follows his legal recourse and has Bronson charged, where upon he is thrown into jail by the bumbling and unsympathetic police. In jail he is placed in the company of a number of

individuals, one of whom is a famous underworld hit man. In a daring escape from the bus that is taking them all to court, Bronson kidnaps the crook, and flees. He makes a deal with the police. "You got a charge against me, I got a man you want. Trade." Unfortunately, the killer escapes, and being the emotional and irrational underworld killer he is, becomes obsessed with the idea of killing Bronson for revenge, under the very noses of the police, who want him for murder. As you can see, the whole thing makes perfect sense. Anyway, Bronson's melons get shot up, and the thing ends with a car and truck chase with wrecks galore and a bloodbath shut-out in the mountains. The police arrive just as Bronson mops up the operation. Nothing is said about the future of the melon farm.

Of course I've left a lot out, but then it's not that relevant to the movie. They're only incidentals and have nothing to do with the all too cool superman turned melon farmer and his stand against the corrupt underworld and the inefficient forces of the law. As I've said, as an action flick it's great, but as for actual content value there is probably more valid social comment in the last episode of the fearless Partridge Family on the boob tube. If you can catch the demolition derby on Wide World of Sports, and the 6 o'clock news, you'll have all the action, and save yourself \$2.50 plus bus fare.