

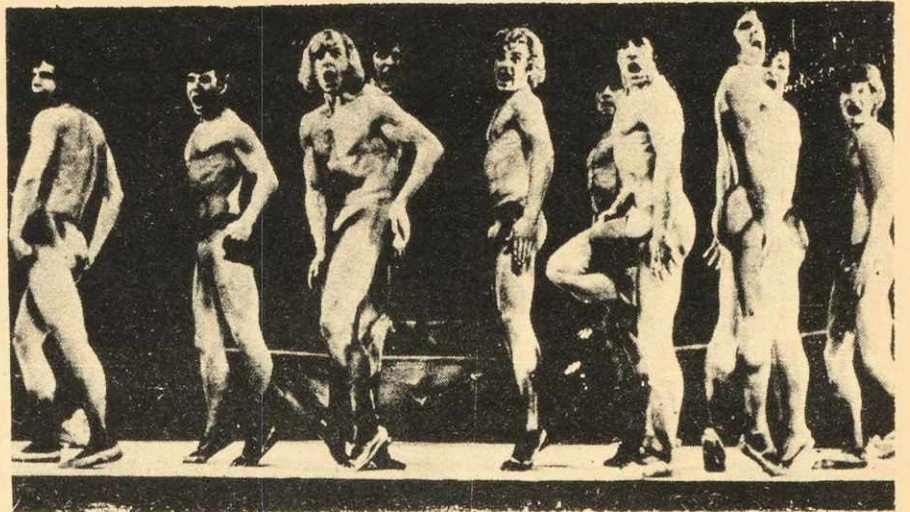
# Hustle and Muscle

by Dorothy Becker

I guess one shouldn't expect too much from a movie entitled *Hustle*, but the combination of Burt Reynolds and Catherine Deneuve, who are the stars of this recent gem from Hollywood, and one of the most disjointed scripts I've seen in ages, very quickly squelched any hopes, however faint, I had of an entertaining evening at the movies. The advertisement says that the

movie is a fast-moving story about a super-cop and a beautiful prostitute. Burt Reynolds plays the cop (naturally!) and his stud-like physique is exceeded only by his dim wits and terrible confusion. Perhaps the script-writers were trying to create a character who found himself emotionally caught between the touch-guy role he was expected to play as the cop, and his real feelings of compassion for the victims of violence who he sees every day in his job. His partner (black, naturally) suffers from similar problems although he seems less confused. Both of them vacillate wildly between attempts at understanding and concern for those they deal with (which comes out mainly as condescension) and their own violent outbursts.

If we are dismayed by Burt Reynolds as a super-cop, we will be devastated by his performance as a lover. Catherine Deneuve, the French actress who plays his "working" girlfriend, is more classy than beautiful, at least in this film, since she is unable to portray any real depth of character. Her



Which one is Burt?

prostitution seems to consist mainly of half-whispered titillations over the telephone to some faceless and pathetic man at the other end of the line, and all along, we know that all she really wants to do is to marry Burt. The love scenes between her and Burt have all the subtlety of a bullmoose attempting to mate with a fawn—inarticulate clumsiness bumps up against empty prettiness, and boredom reigns supreme!

Of course, a movie as aimless and as thematically patchy as this one is, needs a bang-up ending to wake

the audience up, and, in this at least, we are not disappointed. Melodrama finally takes over and Burt gets senselessly killed just after he has finally been able to stammer out to Catherine that he loves her and wants to take her away from all this. This comes as a blessed end to a movie which seems to have been put together from the rejects and left-overs of several long-forgotten third-rate films.

*Hustle* is sloppily made, basically dishonest and not worth seeing.

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## The Wisdom Of Old Jelly Roll

by Mike Greenfield

The piano was light, jazzy, lively. Cornet blew sharp and clear. Clarinet was the mellow sweet licorice stick. Drums were smooth and beaty. Trombone and tuba were blustery and full of gusto. The music was Mr. Jelly Roll Morton's and it was played by the reincarnated Red Hot Peppers.

Bob Greene is, perhaps, Jelly Roll's greatest fan and he has competently re-created the original brilliance of Jelly Roll's 1928 recordings. However to listen to the original recordings, made by today's standards in a very primitive fashion, is less than satisfying; the vibrancy of Jelly's New Orleans Jazz live does justice to one of the fathers of modern day music.

To add to the authenticity of the music, the ageless Tommy Benford brings his superbly steady drum-work to Bob Greene's band in the same way he did to Jelly Roll's almost fifty years ago.

From the opening piano solo, "Alabama Bound", Jelly Roll's originality and genius established a blissful rapport with the audience. Bob Greene's band is composed of musicians obviously dedicated to the master's memory and fully worthy to perform it. They have reproduced Jelly's style of music not constantly loud and roaring but with "plenty of melody, plenty of rhythm, plenty of swing."

The concert loosely followed Jelly

Roll's music chronologically. The first half focused on his early New Orleans days. The wonderful "Sidewalk Blues" and "Wishing Boy Blues" were highlights in a repertoire full of highlights. The second half dealt with Chicago and New York, where Jelly spread his music and began to record. Exceptionally well done were the inventive "Tiger Rag" and "Honky Tonk Town". Tommy Benford demonstrated the way in which a drummer had to play for a studio recording: on a suitcase (drums were too sharp and loud and made the recording needle jump off the wax).

The evident drawback to Bob

Greene's band was the lack of a singer. Jelly wrote lyrics to many of his songs and it was unfortunate that a rich jazz voice was not there to compliment some of the music.

In 1941 Jelly Roll Morton died, penniless. He had never thought to take out copyrights on any of his material. In the early 1900's his music was being played all over the continent and the only thing Jelly Roll received was satisfaction.

However, Bob Greene and his band give credit where credit is due. And for a moment the magical sound of New Orleans filled the concrete Cohn. At the moment one could think of no sweeter music.

## Cockburn's songs of life

by Lisanne Murphy

The folk-song is neither new nor old. It traces its origin to fundamental human needs, needs which prompt expressions among people even in their most primitive state. Bruce Cockburn showed his love for this form of expression to an appreciative audience at the Rebecca Cohn the last weekend in January. From the beginning to the end his music captured all that is intrinsically human in man's relationship with man, with nature, and with God.

Cockburn walked quietly out to an audience which was still not completely thawed - from the January cold. He carried his guitar and a more unfamiliar stringed instrument he called a dulcimer to a chair at centre stage, sat down and without a word began to play. He seemed to know that this was the best way to warm a cold audience, and soon both he and his listeners had relaxed into the easy relationship which characterized the entire concert.

In the first fifty minute set, Cockburn played both instrumental and vocal pieces. One song written after his last concert in Halifax

called "January in the Halifax Airport Lounge" got an especially enthusiastic reception, and so did a calypso song with a satirical viewpoint (about countries that send their people places) and a chorus which Cockburn and the audience sang together. The song some appreciated most however, was the one he played on the dulcimer, held on his knees and struck with small wooden hammer. This instrument, in a piece called "Shining Mountain" seemed to capture in pure sound alone all the rich beauty of the Canadian Rockies.

After intermission Cockburn appeared with a new instrument, a traditional Gaelic drum called a boerin, which he played near the end of the concert. In this second set Cockburn continued to reveal his extraordinary gifts as a musician and poet, as well as demonstrating the scope of his talent. Playing songs many of his listeners were familiar with as well as songs he had just recently composed he continued to impress an already appreciative audience. The song in which he used the boerin drum,

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