## What goes on

- K.J.B.

Ya know, it's getting harder and harder to respect the theatres in Halifax, especially when you look at its) at Mount St. Vincent's B & C what they offer for us patrons to Auditorium, Thursday the 28th at watch. Of late, they've displayed a remarkable lack of talent at bringing class films in town, unless the movie in question is a blockbuster of surefire box-office draw breed. It doesn't take a film expert to see that this January's been the worst in a long time for good new films. Not that they aren't around; it's simply that they aren't being delivered to us.

But enough editorial ramblings (no matter how relevant) and on to this week's movies. Scotia Square Cinema is still seeing Reds and ture viper, I Clavdivus, and Who's Life is it Anyway? asks the self-same question at the Penhorn 1 say that. So grab yer toga and head in Dartmouth. Next to it, at the on down Thursday afternoon or Penhorn 2, Just a Gigolo comes trekkin' in from Berlin. It's got David 4:30. Passes for the whole series are Bowie and is reputedly wretched - also available, but not for no cheap that's all I know. But hold on things get better! (he says sarcastically). The Cove is ditching one thing decadence now while it's still hot. called Final Exam for a pair of things called Kung Fu Mama and the-NFB are, tha's right, THE Karate Killers. That's a double fea- CLASH! As actors, no less, in the ture folks, so queue up now. Venom film Rude Boy, made by, & starring, pops up at the Paramount 1 and the Ray Gange. So from Friday to Sun-P. 2 is continuing to make money day you can find out if the film really with the help of Arthur.

however, Stanley Kubrick's mighty Dr. Strangelove (or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb) raises its points and people's consciousness (along with their spir-7:30. If you haven't caught it yet, well, gawd, what're you waiting for?

Continuin' its long history of Nicholson-worship, the Dal Film Theatre is offering Jack the actor with Art the Garfunkel in Carnal Knowledge. The film's only other claim to fame is having started the career of a certain Ann-Margaret. The time is Sunday at eight.

Wormwood's begins an epic series this week, with the first two episodes of I Claudius, or, if you're a true culremember to roll them v's when you night, as well as Friday afternoon at price, no siree. That series, by the way, lasts until March 12, so get that

Also at the intimate theatre-byis good, and if Joe Strummer's teeth On the excellent side of things really are that rotten (maybe it's just

the record sleeves). By de way, it goes without sayin' - singing and guitaring by the Clash, o.k.?

The NFB's free-ing (movies to) the masses on Wednesday the Third with Out of the Mouths of Babes, a buncha movies on children, beginning at or near the hour named eight. Similarly non-gate-receipt-entities exist at the Dal Art Gallery on Tuesday at 12:30 and 8:00 - a pair of mediumlengthers on Barnett Newman (Dunno 'bout him) and William de Kooning ('salright with me).

television

Journal.

On we plunge, into smaller and

smaller screens. Well, no matter. No-

one can accuse this column of pos-

sessing no social relevance - this week

we're discoursing on our fair nation's

news coverage, or more properly, the Knowlton Knashional and the

Only Knowlton Nash could whip

a bunch of young P.C.'s up into such

a fervour that chants of "Knowl-ton,

Knowl-ton" would fill the air at a

P.C. national convention. Sex sym-

bol? Well, maybe ol' thick lenses falls

a tad short on that count, but that's

not all there is to life. Somehow,

though, I find a huge leap of the

imagination required to believe that

the Telex chattering behind Knowl-

ton is typing out anything other than

rude jokes about Lloyd Robertson.

out over its first few weeks. A proper

intro into the show would be: and

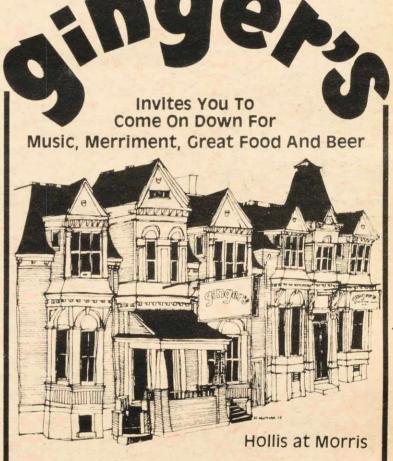
now, THE JOURNAL. with Bar-

But what really interests me is the way that the Journal's been working sentences by Mary Lou Finlay. Frum's unstoppable smile completely overshadows Finlay as she manages to hog all of the important or topical stories

Finlay gets the "human interest" bits, Super Bowl features, injured ducks, and reports of such calibre to make her long for the journalistic integrity of her CTV show, Live it Up.

The difference in treatment Hell, in time it could be as disconbetween the two is clearest when it certing as Tom Synder's eyebrows ...

bara Frum, featuring occasional comes time for the live link-ups and interviews that give the show its flavour. Of course everyone knows that Frum is skilled as an interviewer, but Finlay doesn't really get much of a chance to do much of anything. The two-anchorperson format suggests a kind of sharing of the duties that just isn't there on the Journal. Maybe I'm a bit upset because Barbara always looks like she's on the verge of a great, bi-ig grin, even while discussing murder, death, rape and famine.



## Macbeth

by Nancy E. Black & Peter Rans Macbeth, staged by Dream Productions, opened Tuesday evening at the Sir James Dunn Theatre. The play, directed by lan Pygott, was an innovative amateur endeavor. Dream Productions is a recently formed group which has already produced A Midsummer Night's Dream this past summer. With this production of Macbeth we see a considerable amount of experimentation, which has a great deal of potential.

Perhaps the most novel characteristic of this show was the use of the witches as a choral voice. The usual number of witches was extended to be thrice times thrice; consequently, a deeper emphasis was given to the existence and power of evil forces which remain unchecked, despite the apparent triumph of order at the play's end. Their constant presence on stage enabled them to voice their exultation with the course of events. This was perhaps the most illuminating aspect of the production.

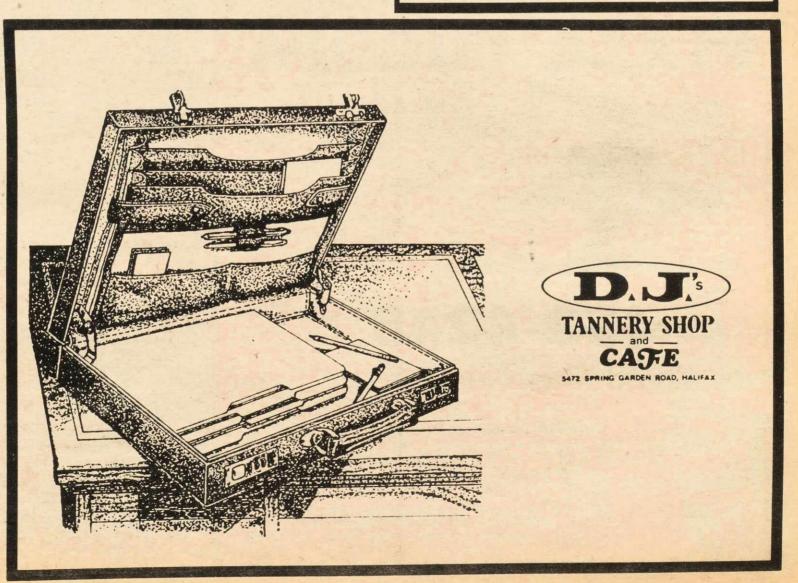
The stage design remained simple, with a multi-level series of platforms which lent flexibility and mobility to the actors, particularly when the rank or status of an individual was being reflected in the blocking. In keeping with the overall interpretation of the play, the set was partially ringed by cobweb designs, suspended from the ceiling, which served as alcoves for the witches. This stage design was further enhanced by a judicious choce of lighting.

Ken Strong's protrayal of Macbeth was a little disappointing; his most consistent flow was his failure to project his most important speeches. Otherwise, his interpretation of the character, and his movement on the stage was convincing.

In comparison, Lady Macbeth's stature grew throughout the play, closing fight scenes the play was her best scenes unquestionably well worth attending. Such being the last ones. The actors in groups as Dream Productions the minor roles usually offer us an alternative to the more responded well to the demands popular productions often given placed on them by a play which focuses almost entirely on the feature of this production was its character developments of Mac- refusal to be derivative of tradibeth and Lady Macbeth.

Despite the clumsiness of the by Neptune Theatre. The major tional interpretations of Macbeth.

Monday Nite: Party Tues. Nite: Open Mike (Bring your own guitar) Saturday Aft.: Party 2 p.m.-7 p.m.



## page fifteen