

What goes on

film

- K.J.B.

Ya know, it's getting harder and harder to respect the theatres in Halifax, especially when you look at what they offer for us patrons to 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 sure-fire 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 **Who's Life is it Anyway?** asks the self-same question at the Penhorn 1 in Dartmouth. Next to it, at the Penhorn 2, **Just a Gigolo** comes trekkin' in from Berlin. It's got David Bowie and is reputedly wretched - that's all I know. But hold on - things get better! (he says sarcastically). The Cove is ditching one thing called **Final Exam** for a pair of things called **Kung Fu Mama** and **Karate Killers**. That's a double feature folks, so queue up now. **Venom** pops up at the Paramount 1 and the P. 2 is continuing to make money with the help of **Arthur**.

On the excellent side of things

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 spirits) at Mount St. Vincent's B & C Auditorium, Thursday the 28th at 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 culture viper, **I Claudivus**, and remember to roll them v's when you say that. So grab yer toga and head on down Thursday afternoon or night, as well as Friday afternoon at 4:30. Passes for the whole series are also available, but not for no cheap price, no siree. That series, by the way, lasts until March 12, so get that decadence now while it's still hot.

Also at the intimate theatre-by-the-NFB are, tha'ts right, **THE CLASH!** As actors, no less, in the film **Rude Boy**, made by, & starring, Ray Gange. So from Friday to Sunday you can find out if the film really is good, and if Joe Strummer's teeth really are that rotten (maybe it's just

the record sleeves). Byde way, it goes without sayin' - singing and guitar-ing 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 medium-lengthers on **Barnett Newman** (Dunno 'bout him) and **William de Kooning** (salright with me).

television

On we plunge, into smaller and smaller screens. Well, no matter. No-one can accuse this column of possessing no social relevance - this week we're discoursing on our fair nation's news coverage, or more properly, the Knowlton Knashional and the Journal.

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 symbol? 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 Knowlton is typing out anything other than rude jokes about Lloyd Robertson.

But what really interests me is the way that the Journal's been working out over its first few weeks. A proper intro into the show would be: and now, THE JOURNAL, with Bar-

bara Frum, featuring occasional 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 between the two is clearest when it

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. Hell, in time it could be as disconcerting as Tom Synder's eyebrows...

Macbeth - innovative

by Nancy E. Black & Peter Rans

Macbeth, staged by Dream Productions, opened Tuesday evening at the Sir James Dunn Theatre. The play, directed by Ian 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 three 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 choice of lighting.

Ken Strong's portrayal 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, her best scenes unquestionably being the last ones. The actors in the minor roles usually responded well to the demands placed on them by a play which focuses almost entirely on the character developments of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

Despite the clumsiness of the closing fight scenes the play was well worth attending. Such groups as Dream Productions offer us an alternative to the more popular productions often given by Neptune Theatre. The major feature of this production was its refusal to be derivative of traditional interpretations of Macbeth.

gingers

Invites You To
Come On Down For
Music, Merriment, Great Food And Beer

Hollis at Morris

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

D.J.'s
TANNERY SHOP
and
CAFE

5472 SPRING GARDEN ROAD, HALIFAX