

Carradine is impressive but film is not

By MIKE CAMIOT

Cannonball - David Carradine! Hey! Do you like fast cars? How about country music? Pretty girls? Heroes and villains and misguided losers? How about lousy movies then; do ya like simple films that start with nothing going for them and get more and more silly as they go on? If that's the case, then Cannonball might be just the entertainment you're looking for. Just so you won't think I'm lying, let me give you some for instances. The characters are nearly as simple as the plot is stupid. There are three good guys: David Carradine (that's Cannonball Buckner), his girlfriend/officer, and his best friend/mechanic. There are also a whole host of bad guys in the form of mean drivers in black cars, the organized criminal element with a vested interest in having things turn out a certain way and Cannonball's brother who'd do anything to see him win a race so as to make lots of money for himself and stay alive in the end. If that isn't enough there are a number of other badly stereo-

typed characters thrown in for "comic" relief. These include a black guy who can't keep his Cadillac on the road, three unscrupulous, but sexy girls in a souped-up van, two 'little' kids in a Corvette who still carry the imprint of the silver spoons they were born with in their mouths; a timid family man with a dumb-blond mistress, and a very silly country singer. These non-characters don't count for anything except the laughs they are supposed to give so as to keep the movie from being too serious. The film doesn't get serious, unfortunately it doesn't get very funny either.

Most of these people are entered in a New York to Los Angeles and back car race; illegal, of course, but with a prize of \$100,000 for the winner (also of course). There is no specified route and there are no rules (of course) except that one must drive all the way. There is alot of outside money riding on the outcome so, of course, there is bound to be lots of action all across the good 'ol U.S.A. Predictably this is exactly what

happens as our hero Cannonball fights his way through to a moral victory teaching us that even with no rules one should be a 'good person' and, presumably one will come out the better for it. That's all there is to it folks.

Technically the film is bad too.

The racing scenes are badly shot, most of the crashes are the other side of ridiculous and the scenery isn't even good. What sex there is in this movies is clearly tailored to get a G.P. rating, and the country music is bad (not that country is bad music, just that the music in

this film is bad country). In short the film says nothing, and it does so badly. The only redeeming factor in Cannonball is David Carradine's performance and one can hardly expect him to save the film all by himself. My suggestion: stay home and watch Roots

Rosenberg paintings sought

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery is looking for people who own paintings by artist Henry M. Rosenberg. The gallery is planning an exhibition of Rosenberg's work for May and would like to borrow privately owned works by this famous artist. Noted art historian and former principal of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (1945-1971), Dr. Donald Cameron MacKay will organize the show and prepare an illustrated catalogue.

Henry M. Rosenberg was principal of the Victoria School of

Art and Design (now the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design) from 1898 to 1910. The American-born artist studied in Chicago, accompanied Frank Duveneck to Europe and in Italy studied with James McNeill Whistler. He was closely associated with John Singer Sargent, Arthur B. Davies and other eminent artists of the time.

While principal of the Victoria School, Rosenberg lived in Dartmouth but maintained a studio in Halifax, crossing the

harbour twice a day until 1934 and many of his paintings came out of those daily trips.

Rosenberg also painted throughout Nova Scotia, particularly along the Eastern Shore, frequently with Ernest Lawson, the Nova Scotia-born member of the American group, "The Eight". His works often were displayed in major exhibitions in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Halifax.

Anyone who knows the location of Henry Rosenberg's works should contact the Art Gallery at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax.

ONE

The light metal maples caught and flared out - as every year rain hissed our seasonal stroll - shrank back into cinders

Oaks stood transfigured to filigree bronze A few yellows hung thin and already strange

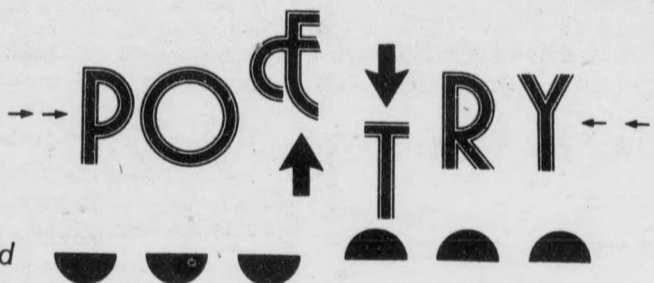
Still, a fine show: City Council, responding to public demand held back for a week SuperSucker, to let us inspect the Fall Treasury till the expiry of all crispness and kickability.

October 20, 1976

Simon Leigh

Red Bloomers don't feel bad and don't regret Last week's game was only a test It gave us time to reflect, what we lack? Accurate shooting? I might guess Anyway, we all know you had done your best. We appreciated your effort, we appreciated your zest And that's why we all clapped Cheer up ladies and face the fact You'll have our support forever To put your rivals to rest

WHO



TO TABITHA

Tabby come out in the white clear night
The wind thru the grass runs as smooth as silk
Dance on the roof in the bright moonlight
Tabby the moon is a bowl of milk

The street is a serpent of sivered glass
Drunk as we are on the heady beam
Chasing the wind thru the dewbright grass
Sharper than spirits, sweeter than cream

Tabby the church and the steeple spire
We'll chant our litanies thru the town
Glow with an aura of cold white fire
We won't come home 'till the moon goes down

Tabby the wind plays a free, savage tune.
Come out and dance in the light of the moon!

-Maya

SOMETIMES I THINK I AM

Sometimes I think I am
A rusty misfit -
and squeaky wheels
Oil me please!

Shawney

BIRTH, DEATH ETC

The sun is a pun
the moon is another one
which is which is the question
the best of the probabilities
is that ambiguity is

Why does the oracle answer in riddles
to sit on the fence, cry cynics
no, to tell you the truth
the best possible answer is
- any old riddle will do

But the solving of riddles won't do at all
for fiddlers burning at Nero's pleasure
as oracles would be the first to
confess is one questioned
their answering service's call

Simon Leigh