

Newman sours in 'Great Notion'

by Ron Norman

Barnie's Bash, alias Winter Carnival '75, had been happening all last week here at Dalhousie and it finished up on Sunday night with the movie **Sometimes a Great Notion**. Adapted from a not-so-great novel of the same name by Ken Kesey, the picture starred Paul New-

man, and Michael Sarrizan, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick. (Kesey you may recall is that ingenious individual from the west coast - Oregon - who wrote an exceptional first novel called **One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest**; even more significantly he was a major catalyst in the exploding sixties revolution).

Regarding the film on Sunday night the plot revolves around the Oregon family of loggers who defy a union strike order and keep working. The union of course does not cherish these scab workers and tries to sabotage the family's production (only a very few times however, and if one is at all aware of

present day union practices, one realizes that the unions do not fold too easily). The family, led by their aging father played by Henry Fonda will not acquiesce and in doing so try to live up to their motto "Never give a goddam inch". On that basis one is whirled and twirled, via a number of ill-timed but nonetheless spectacular panorama shots toward a very hazy conclusion. Presumably the theme of the film is the individual vs society; the union being representative of the "the pack" and the Stamper family representative of the hard-working, hard-fighting, hard-screwing individual, upon which the American wild west was founded. In any case the film lacked a definite purpose - it should have spent less time on the beautiful color shots

of Oregon and more time exploring the intricate relationships among the Stamper family members.

Paul Newman, in a major role, displayed a minimal amount of vitality and so the character, in desperate need of that vitality, fell flat. Newman was most probably cast in the role of Hank Stamper because of his track record for handling that sort of role with some capability (recall Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Hud, The Hustler and that seemingly endless string of roles). In this film he is totally blasé. Newman exhibits none of his reknown charisma, no defiance, in fact he waltzes through the role, never seeming to care what he is doing (or for the matter know what he is doing). The fight scene during the touch football game on the beach typifies Newman's performance, he falls over his opponent most of the time; swinging and missing. In all fairness to Newman, the lines given him were incredibly bad.

Newman's lacklustre performance sets the tone for the whole movie. Blue-eyed cuty Michael Sarrizan was almost as non-charismatic as Newman. Sarrizan skips through the very sketchy role of younger brother - home from the university - working as a logger. In no way is his relationship with Newman explored save the repetitious and somewhat unnecessary bit about Newman sleeping with Sarrizan's mother (Newman and Sarrizan are step-brothers). Sarrizan, while standing around looking goofy with those big eyes of his, lets us in on a bit of his background. It seems he came home to Oregon because he had been sitting in his student apartment and got the bright idea to kill himself - not only that - but to kill himself while high (something all of us here at Dal can identify with!...but high?) So he turns on the gas, waits twenty minutes and lights up a joint - your everyday Friday right? Boom! He's out in the street on his ass, to the hospital, and then skipping off to Oregon. Exactly what is he looking for, and exactly what he gets is never quite clear ... but that's all right because we get a kick out of watching him stand around, hands in pockets, staring moon-eyed at Lee Remick. Henry Fonda, though miscast in the role of patriarch, at least lent spirit to the film. When he says that all he wants out of life is eating, drinking, screwing, and logging in order to continue with life - well we almost believe him.

The movie was definitely spotty and fell down in a great many places, but it did have one nice spot: Paul Newman slices up the local union official's desk with his buzz-saw and the leader yells at Newman, "You son of a bitch! That was my Daddy's desk".

entertainment supplement

Sub Night swings

by Donalee Moulton

Saturday night was SUB-Night at Dal and all three rooms were open to the students and guests.

In the usual fashion of the administration of the Student Union Building 8:30 saw a throng of over 200 people (easy) waiting for admittance. At 8:45 (finally) the doors of the building opened to admit the frozen bodies outside. Phone calls to the SUB produced, as usual, different answers. Some were told there were 100 tickets on sale, others were told 30 - Only Barnie knows for sure! To those of you who missed Barnie's Last Binge, my sympathies - you missed a great time.

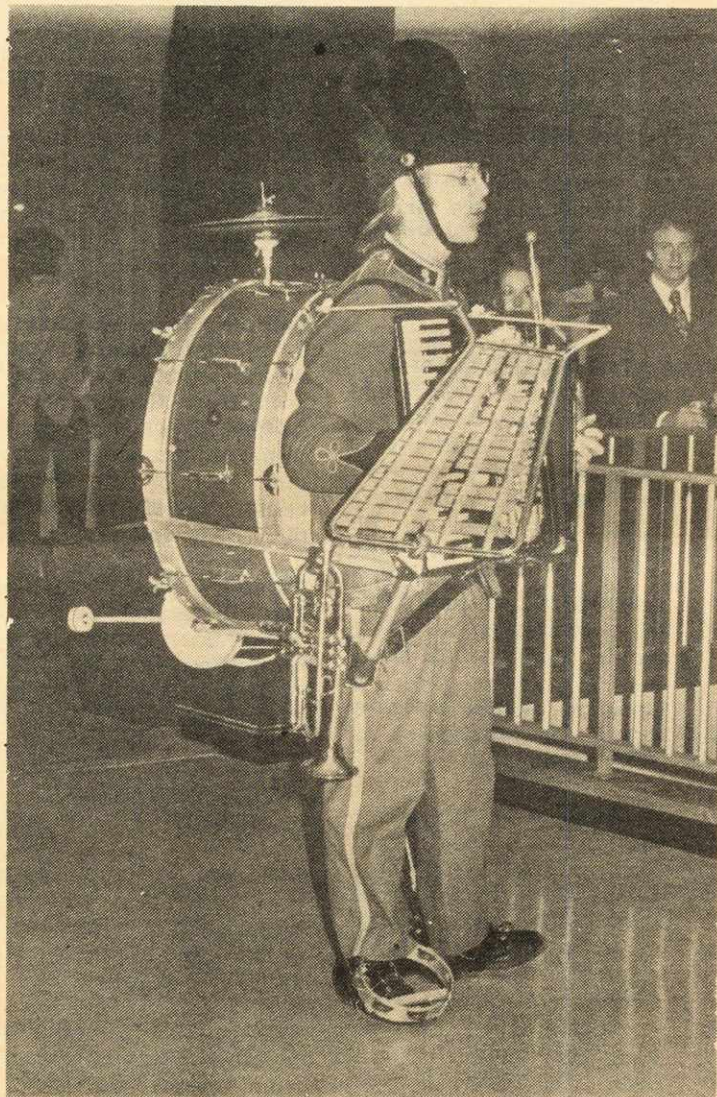
Filled to capacity the SUB rocked with various musical sounds. Up in the McInnis Room - Liverpool let loose with the rock sounds of the 60's. A take-off on the Beatles, this English voiced group had the crowd on its feet in no time. By the time they dedicated a song to Ed Sullivan - "Let's Twist and Shout" - they had the crowd doing just that. Jivers and rockers galore found freedom on the floor as they moved to such tunes as "A Hard Day's Night" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand".

Downstairs in the cafeteria Molly Oliver - comprised of members from Pepper Tree and Everyday People - had a similar effect on the fluctuating mass. Opening with a hard core

yet meiodic tune the cafeteria had its first dancers. With their second number "Let It Ride" the dance floor became spotted. By their fourth tune there wasn't room to move. Tunes such as "Seems to Me" and "Ricky Don't Lose That Number" kept dancers, spectators and Molly Oliver going all night.

The Green Room, with fire going; and couples comfortably seated, had its usual informal group and good time. MacLean and MacLean (a man and a woman) performed soft folk ballads, easy melodies and just plain down to earth good music.

1:30 saw the hallway jammed with the majority of the crowd still remaining. Most standing up (although waveringly) made way as a host of firemen paraded through. Yes, a friend of Barnie's tripped, and - guess what! Oh well - a good time, a good night and a good winter carnival. So until next year - Bye Barnie and thanks!



Sargeant Pepperoni

Woodsmen fight weather

by D. Moulton

Every year, with awesome eyes, spellbound spectators watch as daring men dive triple somersault, as skiers jump unsuspended into the air. These are a breed of men and women who compound guts with skill. And yes folks, if you were one of the few out on Studley Field Friday morning you would have seen a

similar breed of men and women.

In 15° weather members of the Dal Scuba Club stood in a heated swimming pool, poised and ready, but not for long. Huge logs stood awaiting and the competition began. Cliff Milligan won this trophy and became the log rolling champion of 1975.

While they were busy rolling (actually for the most part falling), arm wrestling contests were in process. Various tugs-of-war were taking place, and men were singing as they quickly (tried) to saw through a huge log. All were not successful, of course, but all had fun.

Rick Hogan won the arm wrestling trophy. In 34 seconds (the nearest time to that 50 seconds). Wayne Gillis and Gary Melvin sawed through a monster of

a log, becoming the 1975 crosscut saw champions.

The tug-of-war saw girls against girls, fraternity against fraternity, girls against Dal scuba (to which they put up a valiant but unsuccessful tug) and the semi-finals saw TEP fraternity against the Tech Civil Engineers in the tug(s) of war.

Amidst the prevalent disorganization and mass confusion stood a group (varying from 30-70) of people (sipping watery but hot chocolate) frozen, but contented nonetheless.

The greased pig chase and greased pole climb were not held due to the weather and a lack of pigs, poles and grease.

After waiting anxiously for the weiner roast, the events over, the crowd dispersed with bellies full, carefree from the Woods-



Miller's Jug - Beer Bash

men's Workout.