

Review of double bill

The Hit and Badge 373

By DANIELLE THIBEAULT

To start with, you'll need a strong stomach if you want to be able to sit through four straight hours of this bloody shoot-em-till-they're-dead type of action. Especially when the second movie of this double-feature is *Badge 373*.

They're both about "getting even with the man at the top" though the plans of attack and styles of execution differ quite drastically.

In *Hit* the crew from *Lady Sings The Blues* is back (minus Diana Ross, of course) with Billy Dee Williams playing the role of Eddie, an American agent who's out on a personal crusade to eliminate the nine people at the top of the heroin smuggling operations providing for most of California at least. His 15-year old sister has just died from a bum trip and somebody's going to pay for it.

Using his charm on an old girlfriend, he gets his hands on a list of people indebted (tax-wise) to Uncle Sam and sets out to convince them that getting even with the man-at-the-top is the only way to pay back their debts. He succeeds in putting together a group of five individuals, each of whom have had some dealings with the world of narcotics either as dealers, addicts, investigators or in the loss of a loved one on a bad trip or at the hands of a dope pusher.

However, Uncle Sam doesn't agree with Eddie's way of thinking and sends two agents on his trail to gun him down.

It's a close game of hide-and-go-shoot, as Eddie gets his little team together and sets sail on a

run-down boat to Hamilton, B.C. where he plans to train them in the quiet of the deserted village.

His two faithful followers are soon just around the corner and arouse the suspicion of the other members of the team who are soon to discover the truth about who is really behind the plot to eliminate heroin smuggling to the U.S.A.

Refusing to be involved in an "illegal" coup, they withdraw their membership and decide to get back to the normal life. But Eddie's a determined man and he decides to use emotional blackmail on them by withholding the daily ration of heroin from one member of the team to get the others to change their mind.

Eddie wins this round, anyway, and it's off to Marseilles, France where the big bad giant dwells.

The execution of the plan takes up a relatively short though not bland portion of the whole movie time and the smoothness of the whole operation is a bit unbelievable. The characters, however, are truly lively and entertaining in their own particular way though Richard Pryor comes up on top as the all-time no-nonsense funny-man. A cool guy, a cool plan, a pretty cool movie about the bad guy's getting it in the end. Not bad at all.

Badge 373 is an altogether different movie. Based on the exploits of Eddie Egan, it is a hard-hitting, brutal movie in pure French Connection style, starring Robert Duval as Eddie.

As the movie starts, Eddie is on leave from the police force pending

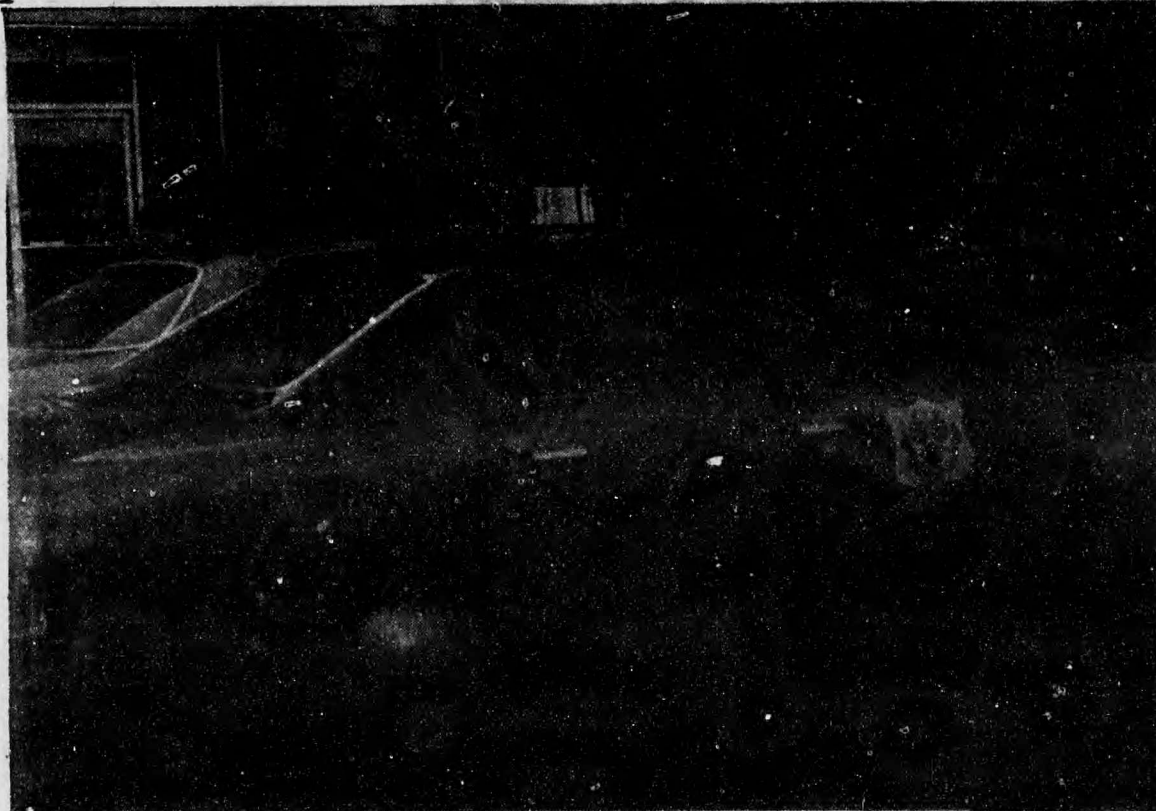
a departmental investigation into the death of a dope peddler during his pursuit and arrest by the ex-owner of badge 373. The throat-slashing death of his partner G.G. sends him on a personal crusade in search of the man-behind-the-coup.

Differing from the first movie, the main portion of *Badge 373* is concerned with the actual hunting down of the murder of G.G. The scenes, the people, the whole plot is hard, dirty, brutal. Violence is second nature to the MAN behind it all and killing comes easier to some than whistling.

First there was Rita Garcia, a young prostitute with a \$100-a-day-habit, who believed in a free Puerto Rico and talked too much. Then there was Maureen, Eddie's girlfriend, who wanted no part of the rotten mess. Then there was Rita's brother, a dreamer with a \$3 million dollar scheme for the liberation of Puerto Rico.

Beaten, shot at, his girlfriend dead, Eddie finally tracks down Sweet William, the one man responsible for so much bloodshed and pain. At the end, it's a one-to-one show-down between two people with a lifetime of shooting and getting shot at. Whether Eddie kills Sweet William or not, I'll never tell. It's worth the whole movie not to spoil it now.

All in all, it's a violent movie in every sense of the word. It's a real life movie about a cruel world where the fine line between good and bad is not so clear and the heroes don't always come out on top.



U de Moncton Choir to perform

Two University of Moncton choirs will present the fifth concert of the Creative Arts Special Events Series this week at the Fredericton Playhouse.

Schubert's Mass in G Major and four Slovak folk songs by Bartok will be performed by the Department of Music Choir. The University Choir, composed entirely of male voices, will perform nine selections including works by Georges Van Parys, Antonio Lotti, Roland de Lassus, Jan Sibelius and two Acadian pieces.

Both choirs are under the direction of Neil Michaud, respon-

sible for the music department at the University of Moncton since 1964. Piano accompaniment will be provided by Anne Lowe and Brian MacGregor.

The University of Moncton choir, formerly Saint Joseph's University Choir, has been the recipient of four Lincoln Trophies which are awarded annually to the best amateur choir in Canada. The University Choir has also engaged in several trans-Canada and European tours and performed on radio and television.

Listed among several recordings

for Columbia Records is "Tournée Trans-Canada" which won them the Gran Prix du Disque Canadien in 1960. More recently, the choir recorded a record entitled "University of Moncton Male Choir" as a joint effort of Columbia Records and the CBC.

The concert will be given Friday, March 1, at 8:15 p.m. The tickets are available free of charge to UNB and STU students and to Creative Arts subscribers at the Art Centre, Memorial Hall; the SUB; the Residence Office; and the STU faculty office.

Wrack n Roll

by Alex Vary

Bob Dylan; Planet Waves; Asylum

Bob Dylan's back! Of course he never really went away, he just took a rest. However after disillusioning many, and puzzling not a few others with a string of decidedly second-rate albums, Dylan has answered all those who thought that the mystique had vanished from the artist and the audience alike. Planet Waves rocks in all the right places, soothes at all the right times and satisfies that urge for a work full of grit and power.

All of that's not to say that the album is flawless; it certainly isn't. There isn't a "Blowing In The Wind" or a "Desolation Row" in this set. Yet there isn't a bad song to be found either; this is one solid record. Bob's rhyming words again with the playful dexterity of "Tombstone Blues", and the Band, as always, plays Dylan's music like a prairie wind; they're simple, strong and moving.

I really can't pick out any favorite songs from this set; it's the kind of opus that demands consideration and "living with" before those personal decisions can be made. However "Tough Mama" is one of the funkiest songs Bob's ever recorded, and Robertson and company move it along with all the confident hawkiness of consummate rock 'n rollers. The love songs, especially "Something There Is About You" and "Forever Young" say as much about affection as Nashville Skyline and Self-Portrait combined.

It's just a damn fine record. Since it was recorded in three days the rough edges can be forgiven, and I'm waiting with bated breath the arrival of the live album and the second Asylum studio set. My congratulations to all concerned and my thanks to Radioland for providing me with a copy. To repeat, it's not the masterpiece it might have been, but look out for the next one. Besides isn't it nice that "a couple of songs from his old scrapbook can send us on home again?"

Danny McBride, Morningside, Epic KE3276
David Essex, Rock On, Columbia KC32560

Aha, a couple of pure pop music records! One by a Canadian unknown called Danny McBride, and one by a well-known English actor-singer called David Essex. It bet you think I'm going to praise the Pom and knock the Canuck, right? Wrong! McBride's made a good commercial record, and shows a lot of potential. He did record in England though, and the help of musicians like B.J. Cole [pedal steel for Elton John and Humble Pie, among others] and session keyboardists Mike Morgan and Jean Roussel didn't damage the proceedings. Songs like "Lady" and "Standing Alone" show that Danny's picked up a lot from the recorded works of the Beatles and Fleetwood Mac. Even though McBride has a rather weak voice he uses his high range to good effect, creating Graham Nash-like harmonies on most of the cuts. The music is very professional and well-recorded, and I have just one recommendation: for real success, Dan, find a good lyricist. Of course, if you don't have my habit of picking apart the words and music to everything you hear, then this record will sound like a fine example of modern pop.

The Essex record is rather more problematic, though. While I find Morningside pleasant, I can't say that I like Rock On. It's a very gimmicky album, using reggae beat; phased, echoed and Leslie vocals; and lines stolen from any number of other artists to put forth an ageing Teddy-boy's view of how English teens regard the American 50's. Then again, I can see Essex on stage, and understand how he could be a very charismatic performer. At its best the music is like the Doors lost in Jamaica on belladonna and gange; strange and sweaty. At its worst, though, it's just boring, especially the pseudo-fifties numbers. The production is a little more subtle than it appears. At first the set seems stark, as the voice and rhythm section are mixed well above the other instruments, but there is a degree of depth to the sound akin to that of reggae. Perhaps it's the resemblance to T. Rex that irritates me, but there's more to this than meets the ear. I'm tempted to pass this off as sophisticated bopper bounce, but anyway, if you like the single you'll like the album.