ENTERTAINMENT

Cat-scratching realism depresses



Eugene O'Neill, playwright, circa 1931

Long Day's Journey Into Night Citadel Maclab Theatre Until March 3

review by Alasdair Deans

Eugene O'Neill's terse drama is based on his own family. The play is so realistic that O'Neill refused to see it in production. James Whitmore acts as O'Neill's father; Audra Lindley as his mother. Colm Feore and Allan Royal play O'Neill's brothers. The family surname is changed to Tyrone, but nonetheless it is about O'Neill's family.

O'Neill, the playwright, lets himself die when still a child and this sombre note is almost the motif of the play.

The lighting and set are outstanding. The audience becomes its own proscenium arch, as an almost telescopic view into the stage is achieved. When the actors move out into the garden, though, the effect is diminished.

Superficially a story of family conflict, the action remains indoors for most of the play.

This claustrophic effect could be utilized more to heigten the dramatic tension.

The father is a failure in business and in his profession, acting; the mother is a failure too, and seeks refuge in drugs. One son is dying, but could become a poet of small reknown; the other is a piss-artist, with sexual hang-ups.

The events of one day echo every day; an animosity born in the dawn is loosed in the night. Levels of conflict appear and reappear until the house fairly burst open with rage. It's a sort of Amityville Horror for an intellectual.

There are serious flaws in the production. Edmund is consumptive and must be hospitalized immediately, but by and large, the actor looks a picture of health. A foghorn becomes almost melodramatic; symbolism is one thing, but a presumptuous foghorn? The play has been edited but could still be cut considerably. With an awful dialogue to begin with, the actors are left at odds with

their characters

Undoubtedly this is not Shakespeare. This point is clear when Shakespearean lines (about 5) are spoken; they sound grandiloquent.

This play is realistic; like a cat scratching your eye ball, it becomes painful and annoying. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," spouts a Tyrone son, but he replaces "dreams" with manure.

The divine order of thing is suspended here, and all that is left hopeless pessimism. The irritating point of it all though, is that these characters are so self-righteous. The world has conspired against them, and nothing can be done to save them.

O'Neill dedicated the play to his wife, with the inscription that she has been his "journey into light." This is the foil to the play, and should be the thought to take away from it. It would be safer to see it as a matinee, at least you will be able to walk out into the light.

Nobody, but nobody, sells Uncle Sam Short

The Falcon and the Snowman Orion Pictures Odeon Theatre

review by Dean Bennett

The Falcon and the Snowman is the true story of two friends—Daulton Lee and Christopher Boyce. The former was a drug dealer; the latter ratted on the CIA.

Boyce (played by Timothy Hutton) is a kid whose initial dream was to enter the priesthood. It is only a year in Jesuit school that finally changes his mind and comes home. His father gets him a job with RTX — a company that monitors intelligence gathering satellites for the CIA.

Boyce rises rapidly in the company and achieves high level security clearances. He becomes disillusioned, though, when he accidentally learns of covert CIA operations in Australia. He can't believe his country would do this kind of thing, and decides to

make a statement. He enlists the aid of his old school friend, Daulton Lee (Sean Penn) who acts as a go-between when Boyce sells secrets to the KGB.

Although the story is told from the point of view of Boyce and Lee, it is very hard to feel sorry for them when they eventually are caught and imprisoned. Boyce is smart enough to rise from RTX mailboy to satellite info gatherer in a very short time yet he's so naive he can't believe the CIA would actually participate in underhanded activities.

Near the end of the film his love for America seems to waver. A guilty conscience overtakes him and he decides to stop sending the information. But first he wants to make one final sell—for a cool hundred thousand dollars. So much for the patriot.

The Falcon and the Snowman is not your basic narrative. There is no climax to the story—just the slow unravelling of the boys' best laid plans. This is not a big problem.

though, as the events of the story itself are enough to keep you occupied for the two hours.

Hutton is quite impressive in the character of Chris Boyer. One can tell he has done a lot of reserachinto the role. Sean Penn, though, outshadows all. He keeps Daulton Lee under constant control and never lets him slip into The Jeff Spico li doper stereotype he made famous in Fast Times at Ridgement High.

The Falcon and the Snowman is cinema as a history lesson. It gives insight into the business of espionage without the numerous car chase scenes and the villains with obvious physical deformities. And that in itself is a nice change.



Timothy Hutton (left) as Christopher Boyce, and Sean Penn as Daulton Lee



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