## Hello Dali flirts with light-headed humour

By ROBIN BECKWITH

The Second City Company is close to the end of the run of their latest revue, Hello Dali, at the Firehall Restaurant at 110 Lombard.

Anyone interested in seeing the group's upcoming revue, Anyone For Kelp?, opening Oct. 15 can get an indication of their style and scope

in Dali from this modest review.

They are a well-paced group, indicating that their rapport must be strong. And within the confines of the roles which the members chose to assume, the situations and the humour which resulted from them were innovative.

However, the limits imposed by

the actors upon their choice of roles meaningfulness of the skits.

headedness. Slight effect.

The men - Peter Aykroyd, Don Renton, Charles Northcote and Marcus O'Hara — chose to behave in the stereotypical roles of jock, priest, homosexual, frightened man or son.

The women - Robyn Jaffe, Catherine O'Hara and Libby Stevens chose to behave as nun, slut, mother/wife or daughter.

The first half of the show had an odd assortment of skits from the funeral of a man who died with his head encased in a can of Van Camp Beans, to a TV serial, Guiding Star, based on the Jesus Story.

The second half had skits with the theme, more or less, of frustrated

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consequently put restraints on the

Light entertainment. Light-

stance, in a man having a vasectomy performed, being laughed at in the offstage operating room by the female doctor and her secretary for the smallness of his penis ("I was in swimming all morning"), while two jocks, waiting for their operation, listen. ("Give the broads a break"

Nor in a song sung by Catherine

was the jocks' refrain)

and slut were most obviously used.

I couldn't see the humour for in-

sexuality. This is when the roles of jock, mother/wife, frightened man stage of a relationship. Such "funny" lines as "It was your fault, not mine", and "You're to blame, not me" were sung with sweet vindic-

> All in all, a show which admirably suited the assortment of your average Canadian heads-ofhousehold-and-spouse of which the audience mainly consisted.

A good show to mix with a drink. Phone 363-1674 for reservations.

## Reynolds unwraps Longest Yard movie

By ALAN SHALON

A few years ago, Burt Reynolds was known only to a few TV buffs as Dan August. Then he posed as the centrefold for Cosmopolitan and became a sex-symbol overnight.

After an impressive performance in Deliverance, he starred in a series of rather bland and insignificant films, none of which gave him much chance to show some talent as an ac-

It seemed as though Reynolds was just waiting for the right picture to come along to launch him into the same box office league as Robert Redford, Paul Newman, and Clint Eastwood. Well, such a picture has arrived: The Longest Yard.

The film is as perfect for him as he is in it. Only Burt Reynolds could carry off this put-on, a combination of an old Pat O'Brien prison picture and a Pat O'Brien football picture.

Reynolds plays Paul Crewe, a hasbeen pro-quarterback, who sold his team out in the Superbowl. Now he's living off a rich woman who keeps him clothed and fed; but that's just where the story starts.

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When he finally gets bored, he kicks her out of bed and remarks with all his flippant charm: "I think the love's gone out of our relationship." Then he steals her car and dumps it into a bay.

When the police ask him why, he says with a straight-face, "I couldn't find a car wash." And after fighting with the two arresting officers, he ends up at Citrus State Prison.

Now the plot opens up; Crewe finds that the Warden (Eddie Albert) manages a semi-pro football team made up from his blood-thirsty guards; and they take their football very seriously.

The Warden wants Crewe to help him get his team in shape before the

pionship. Crewe only wants to serve his term and get out, but he soon finds himself quarterback of a team of cons. They are to give the Warden's team a "tune-up" game.

Anxious only to protect himself on the field, he enlists the biggest and meanest murderes he can get to play. But when the rest of the prisoners realize they have one great opportunity to "feel like men again", they are an suddenly anxious to play football for Crewe.

The film is filled with an overabundance of movie clichés, but this actually adds to the off-beat humor. When Crewe asks one inmate if he played football before, he answers: 'Sure, Oklahoma State." Oklahoma State University? No, Oklahoma State Prison.

Behind the back of the power-mad warden, the prisoners prepare for as brutal a football game as they can get away with. Only concerned about staying alive throughout the game, Crewe realizes the cons believe they can win it. The result is a horrendous football game that makes the one in the film M\*A\*S\*H look wholesome.

It's not an easy film to take if you take it seriously; but even if you do, you'll find it amusing. Aside from the brutal humour, it evolves into a very moving and emotional story.

The Longest Yard is by no means an outstanding contribution to film art, but it is excellent entertainment.







