

What goes on

film

Once more unto the breach... or some quote like that, signifying the beginning of another run-down of the week's filmic treats and tricks. Amongst the latter is **On Golden Pond**, playing at the Hyland this week. Despite a valiant effort by Henry Fonda to save it, nobody escapes from a script that brings new meaning to the word formulaic.

Absence of Malice is present at the Oxford with Paul Newman gettin' real upset at reporter Sally Field fer screwing up his life by not adhering to journalistic statement of principles (jeez, I hate them journalists!). To

complete the presentations of the Odeon chain of popcorn eateries, the Casino has blessed Halifax with a film called **International Prostitute**. I haven't seen it but presume it probably will inform you about the manipulation and degradation of women within organized prostitution, with the utmost honesty and dignity towards its subject (why do I sound skeptical...).

One of these days I'm gonna find time to make an appointment with **Reds**, but until then it remains at the Scotia Square cinema, sad and neglected (but not by others). The Cove is bringing in an adventure flick by the name of **High Risk** with James Brolin running around and doing all

kinds of adventure flick stuff with a squad of adventure flick people. The first Paramount sucks **Venom** while the second Paramount continues to revive Arthur. If you're one of those people that are concerned with what happens in Dartmouth, the Penhorn itsy-bitsy, teeney-weeny Cinemas are showing **Night Crossing**, **Whose Life is it Anyway** and **Taps**. That's at P-horns 1, 2, and 3 respectively.

Aha! I thought there might be something interesting happening at Dal, and so there is. The Grawood is warming the cockles of my very soul by bringing in **Annie Hall** as its Tuesday free movie (8 p.m., folks). It truly is Woody Allen's best; a great movie without even considering the attacking lobsters and la-di-da's that made it famous. 9-5 punches in on Wednesday at Dal's fine drinking establishment, and for all of you just spoilin' for decadence and rock 'n

roll, the **Rocky Horror Picture Show** does the Time Warp again, Friday at midnight (that's Friday the 12th, now), probably at the McInnes Room. Anyhoo, stay tooned on that for the inevitable slew of promotional posters...

Wormwood's continues **I Claudius** - Wednesday, Thursday and Friday aft's at 4:30 as well as Thursday night at 7 and 9:30. That's \$2.50 and you're too late to pay \$15.00 for the whole series. Too bad... but there is one very bright light this week in movie-land, and that's the arrival on these shores of Andrzej Wajda's **Man Of Iron**, a film made during the rise of Solidarity in Poland. It won the Palm d'Or at Cannes and is supposed to be the best in a great career for Wajda, aside from all its political relevance and Lech Walesa's cameo appearance (ah, but can he act?). If you're feeling that you might want to get in, an early arrival at Wormwood's Friday, Saturday or Sunday night (Sunday afternoon too) is highly recommended.

The Cohn, while waiting patiently for its turn to show **Man Of Iron** on April 4th (Drat! Scooped again by Wormwood's!), offers **I Sent a Letter To My Love** to soothe the tensions of the masses. Featuring Simone Signoret's and Jean Rochefort's sad, old faces, what clips I've seen from it (on the Gene & Roger show) seem to be heavy on the ol' heartstrings, sentimental-wise. Other than that, all I can say is the perennially-damning "Reviews have been mixed."

Free from the NFB come three films on offshore oil under the moniker **The Need to Help** on Wednesday the 10th at 8 p.m. Put the time back one day and the Dal Art Gallery competes for your attention (but not your money) with its programme of two films on five painters I've never heard of, but you might've - they go by the names of Stella, Poons, Avery, Tworokov and Hofman. Catch that wild bunch "of the so-called 'cool' artists," at 12:30 & 8 p.m. for as much as the NFB charges.

Before I go, I wanna clear up one thing so's to prevent any misinformation spreading around Dal, especially about this page a' the paper. The title of this whole she-bang (in case you don't remember, look up t' the top of

the page) comes from a song by the **Velvet Underground**, writ by Lou Reed for the Velvet's third elpee - a great moment in rock 'n roll history. Well, now that you can all sleep easier, I'll leave on that note. Until the next...

K.J.B.

television

On a (far) more sombre note, for those with the inclination to stay up late on Sunday night, the CBC French channel (Radio-Canada) is telecasting a film that is simultaneously one of the most revered films in movie history and one of the most depised. The film in question is part one of D.W. Griffith's lengthy silent film, **Birth of a Nation**. Made in 1915, the film is universally regarded as one of early film's great break-throughs in the art of direction and sustaining an original story.

That the film is blatantly racist is accepted - the black southerners are shown maurading post-civil war homesteads, looting the homes and raping innocent southern belles wherever they could be found. Because of this, when **Birth of a Nation** was slotted to play Wormwood's Cinema Society in Halifax a few years ago, the Black United Front of Nova Scotia protested against this screening. Wormwood's decided against showing the film because of this protest, and scheduled **Battleship Potemkin** in its place.

I'm going to watch it - but purely for its importance to the history of film and not for its statements, just as I'd go to see the German propoganda film **Triumph of the Will**, yet, despise it, for its content. Film technique can be used for any purpose, and **Birth of a Nation** uses it for the wrong ones. But its value as an educative tool for filmmakers is well-known. If a viewer is aware of the content and can separate message from technique, the film deserves to be seen.

BUT NOT FOR FURTHERING RACISM IN OUR SOCIETY.

K.J.B.

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