

**NR\_key\_name:** ABEAB07041222E9F8525658D005B4CB8  
**SendTo:** Kevin;Laura  
**CopyTo:**  
**DisplayBlindCopyTo:**  
**BlindCopyTo:**  
**From:** CN=Joseph Freeman/O=ARRB  
**DisplayFromDomain:**  
**DisplayDate:** 01/15/1998  
**DisplayDate\_Time:** 12:03:24 PM  
**ComposedDate:** 01/15/1998  
**ComposedDate\_Time:** 11:37:14 AM  
**Subject:** Cats, Dogs and Movies

I'm sorry my earlier review of "The Boxer" was so short: I had sat down to type and our smaller, Burmese cat, Jack, had jumped on the table for a cuddle (he stays mostly back in the master bedroom since Finn's been with us -- also where the computer is -- and is anxious for parental attention when I stop back) and had settled/draped himself on my shoulder, so I was laboriously typing with one finger of one hand while I cradled Jack as someone would burp a gaseous baby. Brevity seemed a virtue under those circumstances. But the film was very good if one is at all interested in the topic, and I would highly recommend it. Day-Lewis and Emily Watson are very good. There are some holes in the plot (things mentioned but left undeveloped, mostly...), but it's basically a love story in the grim and tragic-laden setting of Troubles-scarred Belfast. As such, it has universal appeal, though an interest in and knowledge of Northern Ireland certainly enhances the experience. It seems to me there are a couple references and situations that might not be fully explicable to someone unfamiliar with some basic Belfast geography and without a rudimentary understanding of the history of the area, but I may be making too much of it. Occasionally one misses a word or two as the northern Irish accents are a little harder to pick up than, say, the Dublin Irish accents Americans are more used to hearing. But a very good film all in all. Finn is good. Oscar swears she is bigger every morning, and I suspect he's right. She remains a joyful handful most of the time. Carolyn is very fond of her, which is a relief for me, and even Oscar -- though he is loath to admit it -- is taken with her. Now that she's a little bigger, she and Buck play pretty hard, and I'm occasionally worried that Buck will inadvertently (I think inadvertently) hurt Finn. I don't worry so much when Todd is around, because Buck listens to him so well, but their "play" is more anxiety-ridden for me when Todd's not around as Buck, though fond of me and generally respectful, doesn't listen to me as well. Not that it's Buck's fault: Finn is constantly throwing herself at him and is really the instigator and Buck is generally very patient and long-suffering with her, but eventually he gets annoyed and starts playing a little too rough for my taste. Ah well, who said parenting would be easy!?? Hope all is well there, work-wise and otherwise. If I don't bother you again (though I probably will) before the end of the day tomorrow, have a great weekend! Oscar's birthday is tomorrow, and we (and Tonda) are taking him out to dinner on Saturday to celebrate. Sixty-nine years and may he enjoy many more. P.S. Bet you wish Jack would jump on my shoulder every time!

**Body:**  
**recstat:** Record  
**DeliveryPriority:** N  
**DeliveryReport:** B  
**ReturnReceipt:**  
**Categories:**