

Made for Each Other obvious and cute

By JOHN OUGHTON

Made For Each Other is a terrible movie. It is conventionally made, yet supposedly original in that it details the amorous adventures of two almost middle-aged losers who aren't as attractive as Elliot Gould and Candice Bergen. According to the press release, the movie is about "two urban misfits who find domestic happiness after a series of hilarious encounters" or something like that; a decent description, except that the movie is so cliched that some of the hilarious encounters put you to sleep.

The movie was written by Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna, who were praised for their script for Lovers and Other Strangers, which appeared last year. Made For Each Other borrows a lot from Lovers; it attempts to show the comic and pathetic aspects of love American style. Unlike Lovers, it centres on two major characters who are played by the scriptwriters; Renee Taylor appears as a loveable "failure at everything in life" with an unhappy Jewish family

background, and Joe Bologna, with an unhappy Italian family background, is a mixed-up pizza of aggression and self-doubt, fast approaching double chinhood.

They meet at a phony encounter-group. To the audience's great astonishment, we then learn the following things; that paranoids are afraid that people are watching them; that encounter-group leaders have German accents, and don't really care about the people they try to help; that Jewish mothers are pushy and smothering; and that Italians are clannish, excitable, and likely to be gangsters.

Had enough? The movie makes so many easy jokes that when the girl's father says to her as she sets out for the wide world, "Don't take up with any Chinamen", we know that the next scene will show her involved with an Oriental. Sure enough.

To give them their due, the husband and wife team do know something about acting; however, Miss Taylor (in reality Mrs. Bologna) fares a little better. The whole movie is, however, tempered

by a sort of tentativeness that usually falls into cuteness. That quality is largely the fault of director (and cameraman) Robert Bean.

I saw the film at the Science Centre along with a big preview audience, and the stars and director were there to field questions. Someone asked whether the occasionally grainy quality of the colour might be an attempt to arrive at a "documentary" quality. The director hedged by saying "we were sort of aiming at that effect, but didn't want to push it." In other words, the approach is basically straight Hollywood, with a touch of realism thrown in to spice things up.

When I suggested to the Bolognas that the movie might have been stronger without the ethnic cliches, their main response was to ask me what my racial background was. Without accusing them of racism, I'd say that gives a fair estimation of the depth of social or psychological insight you're likely to get from the movie.



BOLOGNA & TAYLOR IN "MADE FOR EACH OTHER"

Gilles Vigneault conquers audience with brutal charm

By ANDREA MICHAELS

Gilles Vigneault came to Toronto on Saturday night and conquered the audience with a brutal Gallic charm.

To an overwhelming Francophone audience, Vigneault captured their spirit and made it grow to the frustration and yet exultation of the Anglophobes sitting, and waiting for the next translated tidbit.

Vigneault rarely translated that night. But for the most part he didn't need to. The sense of the awe-inspiring chansonnier — or balladeer — was enough for anyone to simply watch and feel a strange, though at times, uncomfortable psychic experience slither through the brain.

Like many other French Canadian performers — and especially Quebecers — Vigneault is becoming more militant in his idealism and at the same time more derisive of his Anglophone counterparts. The two go hand in hand.

Yet as an Anglophone, you enjoy it despite guilt feelings running



Gilles Vigneault

through the mind that as an Anglophone, you have helped to frustrate Quebecers' ambitions. And as those feelings run deeply, you produce your own liberal camouflage: you feel you really do understand what he as a Quebecer wants in peace unlike anybody else, and furthermore, you really do have some French blood in you.

No words can accurately portray

the communication that went on that night because Vigneault isn't a political animal in the Quebec separatists sense. Last November he said, "What I am trying to say — I'm against violence, from everywhere. I'm afraid of pollution, anywhere it comes from, both moral and physical. I'm interested in getting people of this country to check what it is all about. The country is large, with too much space, not too much time and too few people. We are born voyageurs because we have to be.

"Chansonniers came into being when Quebec began to move. The more Quebec moves, the better the song fares and the more the song moves. It was the first way for Quebec to stand out and say 'I am there.' Our representatives in Parliament never said anything. Chansonniers were the first to speak out."

Quebec is moving and changing, as is Vigneault. Quebec has lost its patience with English Canada and Vigneault appears to be doing the same.

The Black Queen — a mess of a production

By LYNN SLOTKIN

The Black Queen Is Going To Eat You All Up, now at Theatre Passe Muraille, is a mess of a production. The script, by Frank Powley, seemed non-existent after the director Jim Gerrard and his company got at it. Indeed, one wondered what Gerrard had to do with the production, if anything.

There was no point or order in the presentation. Performers spent their time showing how unclever, untalented and undisciplined they were. For example, one actor poured a bottle of ketchup on another unsuspecting performer. A few choice swear words were said and a fight ensued. Some actors tried to divert the audience's attention by going on with the show, but I don't think they were successful, people would rather watch a real fight than phony acting.

A few cast members occasionally played musical instruments, badly. A man delivering a pizza to the theatre was led into the auditorium, where he immediately became the centre of attention (unwanted attention I presume). It's a sad commentary when a company of actors must pick on an unsuspecting by-stander to supply them with the laughs they are unable to produce.

There was one highlight to the evening. At 10:30, one actress looked at her fellow actors, who were wandering around the stage, and announced to the audience, "Well, you might as well leave now." Relief at last.

Gratien Gelinus reading at Burton delightful

The French-Canadian author Gratien Gelinus gave readings from some of his works last Wednesday evening, and it was delightful. He was ably assisted by Mavor Moore (who introduced him), Huguette Oligny, Gaston Blais and Helene Pichette.

The second half of the evening was taken up with a question and answer period, and it was here that we saw the real Gelinus — the French-Canadian concerned about the French-English Canadian problem. Gelinus is a spokesman for the French side (through his plays) and it's a heavy responsibility for one man.

When Mavor Moore asked him if he had hope of a solution, he heaved sigh and said that he hoped, but that it didn't necessarily mean he had hope.

THE
COCK AND BULL
PUB

OPEN FRIDAYS
12 NOON - 12 MIDNITE
Have a Drink with your Lunch!

L'ATELIER THEATRAL DE YORK
French Student Drama Group
presents

the experimental, audio-visual version of the dramatic poem

IMMENSEMENT CROISES

by H.A. BOURAOUI

Thurs. Feb. 3 at 8:30 pm

McLaughlin Junior Common Room

ADMISSION FREE

The Comeback Inn

formerly
Atkinson Pub

Now Open

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Nights

from 9 - 12 p.m.

Live Entertainment

★

Everyone Welcome

★

Free Admission

★

New Sound System Installed

★

Dancing - Cash Bar

SECOND FLOOR / ATKINSON TOWER

GRUMBLES

71 Jarvis 368-0796

THIS WEEK

MICHAEL
COONEY

NEXT WEEK

SKEETER DAVIS

pendulum III after 5
big bands from 9 pm

coal bin

no cover till 6:30

opp. Tor. Dom. Centre