

Colour me Red

by Mark Farmer

It starts with an eclectic, high-speed trip through the guts of a city, camera hurtling through wires and conduits... heady and breathtaking stuff. Too bad the rest of the film isn't as exciting. Subtle and rewarding, yes, but not attention-grabbing.

Three Colours: Red
Krzysztof Kieslowski
Wormwood's

Red is the last instalment of Krzysztof Kieslowski's *Trois Couleurs* trilogy, and appears in French with English subtitles. Kieslowski claims to be exploring a part of the French national motto (liberty, equality and fraternity) in each film, but sorry fellow film fans, I just can't see it.

Maybe it's because these films are so artsy, so diffuse. Whatever the reason, this trilogy can be just plain difficult to penetrate.

However, *Red* is well shot, it's attractive, and as usual Kieslowski is a master at building tension without actually hitting you over the head with it.

Things start happening when young Swiss model Valentine runs over a dog belonging to a retired judge who spends his days eavesdropping on his neighbours' phone conversations. Valentine is fascinated by the old man, and begins visiting him, trying to understand him and whatever dark secrets are so obviously eating at him. Soon after Valentine and the judge meet, we're introduced to Auguste, a young

judge-in-training and his girlfriend Karin.

You have to understand that there's no real connection between these characters. Kieslowski says he is deliberately taking several people who do not know each other and intertwining the threads of their lives, making them connect with each other. That's the key to understanding any of Kieslowski's *Trois Couleurs*: they're all about the connections humans make every day.

It's subtle, artsy, and maybe even audacious, but it's not for everyone (surprised?). Be prepared for big chunks of dialogue, intense angst and no solid plot line.

To enjoy *Red* you'll need patience and an appreciation of symbolism. If you do, it promises to be an engag-



ing, subtle, well-styled film. It's an exploration, not so much of any part of the French national motto, but of love and fate, human weakness and human nature. The relationship between Valentine and the judge fires a study in human relations, and so does the somewhat enigmatic figure of Auguste.

On the other hand, if you want a solid plot to guide you through a movie or you don't want to stretch your brain, you won't make it past the first half hour.

B+

Three Colours: Red is playing at Wormwood's Dog & Monkey Cinema on Gottingen St., Jan 27-Feb 2.

And then there was CKDU...

The first time I tuned into 97.5 FM, all I heard was static. I was eagerly awaiting the appearance of CKDU — the mysterious radio station from the big university.

That was in 1985 and I was 14 years old. The only thing I knew about CKDU was that they put on the

occasional gig, bringing in bands like the Asexuals, the Nils, and Deja Voodoo (in addition to the innumerable local shows). This was pre-Club Flamingo, so gigs were held wherever possible — high schools, cafeterias, and a neat space above the Canadian Bible Society... ah, the good ole days!

Local radio sucked. It was either Helix or Honeymoon Suite. Billy Idol was Q104's idea of punk. For some reason I didn't listen to Brave New Waves back then. Brent got on my nerves.

Then came CKDU.
BLAM!

Out of the static with a vengeance. That first day of programming blew my mind. Black Flag on the radio!!!! Minor Threat? PIL? Dead Kennedys? I was recording a couple good mix tapes a week.

Through the years two things have remained constant: 1) the station's incredibly diverse programming and 2) their commitment to the local music scene. Not only has CKDU supported the local music/culture scene. It has been the biggest and most important active participant in it.

Indie-rock-on CKDU! (and don't forget to dial and donate!)

Mike Graham

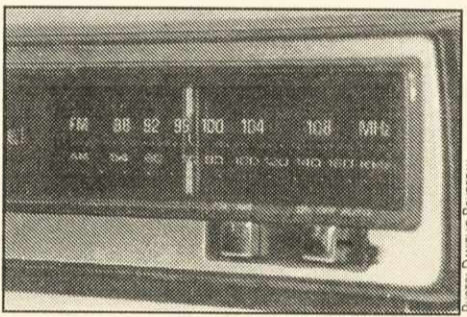
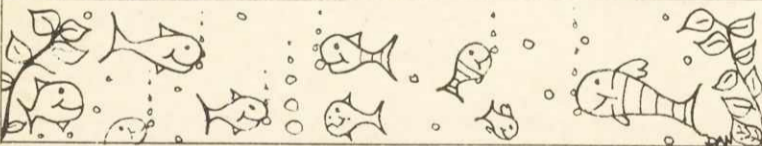


PHOTO: DANIELLE BOURGNEAU



SNS rehearsal great

by Milton Bukharin

I hadn't intended to go to the Symphony Nova Scotia (SNS) rehearsals last week — I had fiscal policy readings to do. But as I took my laundry out of the laundromat at 9:30 that morning, I saw a double bass being wheeled down the street. Not every community is lucky enough to have double basses roaming the street, like visitors from an-

other, more gifted planet. So I dropped off my laundry and followed the instrument two blocks to the Rebecca Cohn. A good choice.

Stefan Sanderling, billed as "young and dynamic" [he is both] conducted. Sanderling is a candidate for the position of Music Director with the symphony. Under his baton, the orchestra sounded beautiful, with only a few loose entrances and occasional poor articulation from

the strings. Sanderling has a relaxed conducting style and an excellent sense of phrasing. He made full use of the concertmaster in rehearsal, which made sense, as the concertmaster is essentially the conductor's deputy, and will know the orchestra better than a visiting conductor.

Sanderling also impressed us all by conducting the Egmont Overture entirely without music.

Beethoven's Fifth, to an untrained ear, was one of those musical experiences which come far too rarely, when the whole audience is smiling throughout. The cellos in the second movement were especially exciting, both in the opening legato phrase and the deep abrupt notes which come later. Sanderling's advice to the strings to cut off their notes in one section just after the second beat did sound a bit awkward, however.

The true highlight was pianist Robert Silverman in the First Piano Concerto (also Beethoven), and I'm not just saying that because he is from my home town, Vancouver.

Silverman is the sort of pianist with whom the audience can relax completely. He sways lightly while playing, but he does so as an extension of the physical effort needed to play the piano, and not at all ostentatiously. His articulation is always beautiful, his technique dependable, and above all he has a fine artistic sense.

He doesn't just play, he enjoys playing, and it is a delight to listen to him: witness Sanderling's beneficent smile as he listened to the piano solo and cadenza of the second movement.

Silverman is among the best pianists in Canada, and it was an honour to hear him. He is also professional in manner. He was careful to acknowledge the audience, while Sanderling made every effort to ignore our existence. True, it was a rehearsal and not a concert, and thus we were in effect witnessing a private affair. Still, applause is a non-verbal "thank-you," and it is only polite to bow in return.

SNS rehearsals are scheduled four or five times in the season, and tickets cost \$6 (at the door). They are more than worth the lost studying time. They also take place right here on campus, so there is no reason why we shouldn't pack the house. Support the kind of community where you can pass a double bass in the street!

It was good for me

by James E Beddington

The Charlatan Theatre Collective brought David Drake's award winning one man show to Halifax.

The Night That Larry Kramer Kissed Me

David Drake
Jan. 19 - Jan 21

In a word: Brilliant!

The script of *The Night That Larry Kramer Kissed Me* is witty and light without marginalizing a thing. No one is the butt of the jokes. Drake eloquently spins the tale of a gay

man's journey, from childhood to the year 2000.

The play tells a story of homophobia, the AIDS epidemic, and finally a hopeful forecast of that yet to come.

Thom Fitzgerald has a powerful emotive ability. His performance entwined me and carried me through the script on the edge of my seat. It is very difficult for one actor to fill a stage the size of the Dunn theatre. Thom Fitzgerald used the space well.

I hope that the Charlattans continue to produce work of this level and that they have success in doing so.

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