

# ENTERTAINMENT

Woody Allen shuns sex

## Love and Death bogs down in philosophy

By AGNES KRUCHIO

Turning from his perennial source of self-torture and self-satire — sex, sex and more sex — Woody Allen in his new movie *Love and Death* takes on the unenviable task of parodying existential angst. His first problem is, of course, that while sex is a basically funny, and a common experience, agonizing about ultimate questions is much less so; the manner in which this is done is also highly individualistic, and less open to satire.

Questions like "Is there a God?", "What is death like?", "What's after death?" and "What's it all about anyway?" get a thorough, if unduly cerebral treatment. The humour mainly consists of Allen and co-star Diane Keaton (*Plat It Again Sam*, *Sleeper*, *The Godfather*) stopping whatever fray they happen to be in the midst of, and breaking into academic arguments about the pros and cons of these and similar pressing questions. Admittedly this is an interesting and funny gimmick, but hardly one that could sustain an entire film.

Our hero Boris plays the eter-

nal Allen in the character of a weak, academic peacenik in Russia during the Napoleonic wars. He is deeply in love with his cousin, with whom he can have frequent philosophical discussions and who is in love with his brawny brother, who in turn loves and marries someone else.

On the rebound, she marries the oldest possible man available, who promptly dies, and the film starts off with a situation worthy of a Russian novel. Allen's character is different from his previous ones inasmuch as he actually gets the girl, if by a stroke of good luck (good for him, bad for her).

But sex is not the centre of this comedy, and the plot follows the changing fortunes of Allen and his cohorts in a faint parody of some weird mini *War and Peace*, complete with bloody battle (at times with sheep for soldiers) and duel scenes.

Essentially the people who will get the most enjoyment out of this film are those familiar with philosophical literature, and take pride in the fact, as there are in the dialogue chunks of what suspiciously sounds like philosophical doubletalk, but one can never be too sure.

True, there are a few very successful visual gags; for instance, in a scene where Diane Keaton, now Mrs. Rashenke, tries to seduce a Napoleon look-alike, while Allen battles with a gun in an effort to shoot him.

A general shortcoming of the film is that while the cast list boasts some fine names, many of the characters are not developed, and the actors are not allowed to play some of the gags to the hilt.



Woody Allen dances with Death in a scene from *Love and Death*.

Thus, Zvee Scooler, who plays Boris' father does not quite manage the timing of a gag about "owning a piece of land" — which turns out to be just that, a "piece". Even Diane Keaton, lacks the controlled intensity which gave her

lines so much gusto in *Play It Again Sam*.

All in all the movie suffers from a lack of accurate timing, a fact which could be blamed on a rushed shooting schedule if the film had not taken twelve weeks to

shoot (eight in France, four in Hungary). Nevertheless die-hard Woody Allen enthusiasts, who just never seem to get enough, will still find the famous touch in this movie. It is running at the Uptown, at Yonge and Bloor.

### Sidney Pollack at Curtis

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? and *The Way We Were*—Sidney Pollack will be at Curtis LH-L, Wednesday, October 1, screening his new film *Days of the Condor*, which stars Robert Redford and Faye Dunaway.

The screening is free, and everyone will have a chance to quiz a famous film director.

### McLean and McLean; their humour irks LLBO

By STEVE HAIN

"Rumour has June Carter divorcing Johnny Cash to marry Hank Snow. Reports say the newlywed couple will honeymoon in Pasadena, which will mark the first time in the city's history that there has been six inches of snow in June."

Questionable? Perhaps. Offensive? Again, perhaps. But only if you should resemble someone who, shaken to the very political roots, returned a Liberal or Conservative candidate in last week's runoff.

Unfortunately for Blair and Gary McLean, more popularly known as McLean and McLean, their persecution at the hands of Jimmy Mackie and the Ontario Liquor Licencing Board (LLBO) will not dissolve as quickly as a bowl of unattended ice cream.

The witch hunt being conducted by the Board began when an inspector, after viewing the Glace Bay brothers, informed management at the Fry Foggles night club in London that the club would be closed if the act continued in its existing form. Needless to say the boys were canned and spent the next five months courting unemployment. To the tune of \$40,000 in lost bookings and \$60,000 in potential ones.

The Board's actions have had far reaching repercussions. No bar in Ontario will hire them, unless another club has them without any action being taken by the Board. In other words, club managers are saying, "Yes we

support your cause", but none of them wishes to be the first to give the act a chance.

Also, McLean and McLean were denied work permits for a gig in Salt Lake, Utah and, perhaps more significantly, a student pub at Queen's just chickened out, claiming that it "didn't want the hassle".

The question of the day remains to be answered: does the act of McLean and McLean warrant all the abuse that has been heaped upon it?

Quite frankly, no. The most risqué humour of the evening appeared as the lead to my article. If George Carlin were to use it, it would form just one of the highlights of his show.

The duo was part of Founder's College orientation package and drew about 200 people. Comments such as "they make you laugh at the rut you're in" were not uncommon, with most women watching not knowing quite what to make of it.

But as Blair pointed out, "we appeal more on a macho level, because it's a well known fact that guys are more prone to elbow nudge than are girls. And our comedy is more a capsule out of people's lives than what's going on out in the streets." Which does not mean that they refrain from social satire, just that they prefer to entertain rather than moralize.

If they hadn't become entertainers they feel that gainful employment would have been found as "a dentist, mortician or mover. Pick one."

**DON'T MISS OUT**

**SUBSCRIBE NOW!**

**Faculty of Fine Arts**

proudly presents

**1975/76**

**Performing Arts Series**



**THE DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF THE BURMESE NATIONAL THEATRE**  
Wednesday, October 8

**Cecil Taylor Unit**  
Thursday, October 30

**CELEBRATION MIME THEATRE**  
Monday, November 10

**ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO**  
Wednesday, January 21

**ELECTRA,**  
directed by Joseph Chaikin  
Thursday, February 5

**LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY**  
Tuesday, February 24

**YOUNG CANADIAN ARTISTS CONCERT**  
Tuesday, March 2

**ENTRE SIX DANCE COMPANY**  
Monday, March 8

*See all 8 shows for the Price of 6 (25% saving)*

**STUDENTS: 8 SHOWS \$18.00 - STAFF: 8 SHOWS \$24.00**

Available Burton Auditorium Box Office 11 a.m. 2 p.m. Monday-Friday — 667-2370