

"To die loved is to have lived"

Fosca dies for love: her ultimate fantasy

PIERRE CAREAU

Passione d'Amore is a satirical love story presented in loose diary form by Giorgio, a heroic and handsome young captain of cavalry. His voice-over narration casually comments on the Italian political state in the year 1862, while he carefully describes his inner sentimental battles with Clara, the most adorable woman by all standards and Fosca, the most repulsive creature by all means. This uncommon, bizarre triangle challenges our limited conception of beauty and love, inspiring a sudden urge for questioning and reforming our rigid education of individual and social values.

Awarded Best Director at Cannes in 1976 for *Brutti Sporchi e Cattivi*, Ettore Scola, a successful screenwriter for over 30 years, adapted this Tarchetti novel, *Fosca* and directed this Franco-Italian production which is finally reaching our screens a mere three years after completion.

Co-production is common practice in European cinema and it has proven financially viable if sometimes artistically fettering. There is a certain absurdity in listening to a bunch of Frenchmen dubbed in Italian while you're busily reading the English sub-titles. And slightly disturbing is (Giorgio) Bernard Giraudeau's uncomfortable performance which is not totally excused by the intrinsic requirements of the role. Beyond the polemic of technical restrictions, however, there lies a beautiful film - unrealistic and profound.

"A love story always starts with a look," as Giorgio himself states in the opening scene, and the film follows its own rules of precise cinematography selectively capturing all the visual beauty of the people and the locations against which Fosca's ugliness is incessantly contrasted. The expressionist soundtrack is disturbing and, therefore highly effective during Fosca's fit of hysteria.

Passione d'Amore presents a cynical view of this romantic society where it is more moral to be a professional killer, or a soldier, than to love an ugly woman. Fosca resentfully embodies their collective ugliness. She is a living collection of evil and sickness. This combination manages to create an uneasy harmony. This equilibrium is her only beauty, if she has one.

Her cousin, the Colonel Scribble, a man of taste, dignity and power, is

slowly revealed as a coward. Afraid to die "without memories", he provokes Giorgio in an absurd duel. It is impossible to determine if his death is actually caused by the bullet or the emotion of the moment but, nevertheless, he dies honourably.

The ignorant, yet handy doctor diagnoses Fosca's love for Giorgio as the only thing that will keep her alive. He knows, however, that paradoxically, she could not emotionally nor physically survive a

love affair. Everyone fantasizes about dying for love - Fosca does!

It remains unclear whether Giorgio's love for her was genuine or if it was just a merciful act of sublime abrogation to deliver the poor girl from her torments. Scola's ending is not convincing: he shows Giorgio sitting in a scummy pub, having a beer with an incredulous dwarf to whom he is narrating his life story which is the film we have just seen.

LET US PREPARE YOU

FOR THE FEB. 19
LSAT
OR THE MARCH 19
GMAT

- Each course consists of 20 hours of instruction for only \$140.
- Courses are tax deductible
- Complete review of each section of each test
- Extensive home study materials
- Your course may be repeated at no additional charge

Classes for the Feb. 19 LSAT, Feb. 11-13, and for the March 19 GMAT, March 11-13

To register call or write:
GMAT/LSAT
Preparation Courses
P.O. Box 597, Station A
Toronto, Ont. M5W 1G7
(416) 665-3377

Course for the December 11
GRE in Toronto December 4, 5

NEXT
WEEK

Kate Nelligan
Jesus Christ
Together

Bond's perfect impersonation

For those who think Stein

W. HURST

Pat Bond walked onstage at U of T Convocation Hall announcing "I am Gertrude Stein" and proceeded to narrate the events of 'her' life. This performance pretext was both the flaw and reward of her show, *Gerty, Gerty, Gerty Stein is Back, Back, Back*.

With her girly and angularly handsome face, Bond looks like Stein. Her monologue proceeds as a one-sided conversation, with pauses for laughter. Gradually, the cavernous hall became more intimate.

Bond does not try to emulate Stein's voice. Her delivery is articulate and well-modulated, but unlike Stein's curiously bright voice that worked in waves and splashes.

Telling the life story chronologically, Bond uses both the reknown and obscure bits from Stein's life. The relationships with her brother, Picasso and Hemingway were all mentioned. One particularly funny anecdote told of Hemingway's theatrically butch response to the very idea of homosexuality. To expose his homophobia to Stein, an avowed lesbian, suggests that Hemingway was at least obtuse.

The centre of the show was Stein's relationship with Alice Toklas, which Bond called "the greatest love story of the twentieth century". The two women were lovers, friends and work-mates for more than two decades, until Stein's death from cancer.

The show's reward was that Stein emerged as a more multi-faceted woman than most academic biographies have allowed. Sure of her worth as an artist, Stein was also certain that her work would be unfathomable to the general public.

Stein wanted fame badly, but only for her art. The show also tried to clarify Stein's approach to writing.

On a trip to New York, Stein lamented that people knew her but not her work. This is the flaw of Bond's show, because the script includes very little Stein writing. However, in a post-performance discussion, the audience didn't seem well-acquainted with Stein's work. They knew the personality. Perhaps Pat Bond's warmth and intelligence will lead them past the woman to the work.

Music magic under mediocrity

continued from page 7

alternate with snippets of rock and dark syncopated chords. Their balance is precarious yet intriguing. Her piano playing on this one reached sweaty heights that standards could never hope to engender. Indeed, when announcing the tunes, Brackeen seemed to have a hard time remembering standards she'd just played, and she could sometimes be seen chatting with Swainson while she was soloing.

With her seemingly inexhaustible wealth of ideas, Brackeen is a talent deserving of wider recognition, if ever there was one. If she gets it, at least she might be able to afford a band so she can play her own material. In the meantime, when you step into Bourbon Street between tonight and Saturday (and you must), and you hear JoAnne Brackeen playing standards, try very hard to picture Keith Jarrett playing "My Romance".

INCEST

A FILM AND DISCUSSION

THE FILM:

Marshall Golden
Alexander Van Ihinger
Kathy Smith
RHINESTONE PRODUCTIONS
present

THE BEST KEPT
SECRET

A film about incest

THE DISCUSSION:

Charlotte Vale Allen

Author of *Daddy's Girl*

Patricia De Courey-Ireland

Organizer of Incest Workshops

Barbara Chisholm

Affiliated with the Children's Aid Society

Dr. Evelyn Challis

York Counselling and Development Centre

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH
12 Noon to 2 p.m.
Stedman Lecture Hall B

Presented by the Director of the CYSF
Women's Affairs Commission

CYSF