

Redbone show relaxing

by Sheena Masson

The performance given by Leon Redbone Friday night at the Arts Center cannot be easily reviewed. While his renowned eccentricity was amply demonstrated and entertaining, he is not a performer who is an entertainer. Rather he is a character in a constant state of performing himself.

On the other hand, Ted Jordan, Redbone's warm up act (if that is possible), is an entertainer. In between some of his own material and more familiar numbers, he chatted up the audience. He proved he is capable of singing with spirit, on tunes such as "Muddy Water", and "Midnight Special".

In contrast to Jordan, Redbone talked very little. Resembling Groucho Marx, he appeared in a suit and pit helmet. After sitting down, he lit a cigar, sipped some rum and stared toward a corner of the auditorium. His medley of esoteric 20's and 30's popular ragtime songs began suddenly. Often he would pause to scratch his neck or sit in silence. I began to feel that I wasn't really there, that Redbone was playing by himself for himself like the frog on the cover of his first album, "On the Track". This Warner Bros. frog appeared in a Bugs Bunny cartoon and would only perform in his fabulous frog croon when alone.

The shorter off-beat pauses which punctuated his crooner voice and guitar were precise and effective, typifying the ragtime style. Although his singing would often reduce to improvised mumbblings, the show was tight and carefully planned. His music was so relaxed

that some people fell asleep, though this does not mean they weren't enjoying the show. Many of the tunes were longer and unaccompanied by voice — I only recognized two, "Harvest Moon" and "Dooh Wah Diddy".

To liven things up, Redbone switched on a ragtime tune on a tape recorder and invited the audience to dance. Instead he did finger shadows for 10 minutes. In the latter part of the show there was definitely more rapport with the audience, although he did shine a flashlight into the hall a couple of times as if to check that we were there.

As well as being known for his musicianship and eccentricity, Redbone is also known for not being known. No one knows his age, place of birth, or even his real name. He looks about 30 and sounds like he comes from New York.

All this is really irrelevant however to the character he is. Every single person in the world has a birthdate and birthplace, but few are as individual as he is. His eccentric behaviour seems to be part of a calculated and thought-out personal philosophy and finally makes it impossible to call his stage show phony.

In one sense he is acting out himself for his own amusement and will continue to do so, I feel, with much enjoyment even after his popularity has waned. In another sense he is a performer laughing at the audience laughing at him and I wouldn't doubt that he is also laughing at himself.



Beau Gest only funny

by Gregory J. Larsen

Popeyed Marty Feldman has been brave enough to take on Hollywood by himself. He has done this in an interesting piece of cinematography entitled **The Last Remake of Beau Geste**.

By interesting I refer to some clever effects he has produced on the screen and not the actual dramatic content of the film. This is not to say that Feldman actually had anything dramatic in mind but if he did I say it's time to throw in the towel.

Feldman is responsible for screenplay, direction and of course, his strange but comical acting. He has also surrounded himself with an impressive assortment of familiar faces such as, Michael York, Peter Ustinov, Henry Gibson and James Earl Jones. Reasonably speaking, these persons would have been better off avoiding this film since it is a shame to see such talent wasted away merely to compliment Feldman's weird jests and his baubling eyes.

Ah! but wait, all is not lost. Ann Margaret radiates past the rest of the trivia and proves once again that "She is the most beautiful one of all." After all, it is up front that counts.

Ann appears as a Becky Sharp type character (**Vanity Fair**) who will stop at nothing and do anything to gain the Gester diamond. It is around this pursuit that the tale of

Feldman's **Beau Geste** circulates. Beau is played by Michael York and his inseparable and unidentical twin brother is played by none other than Feldman himself.

There is really nothing of a tale from beginning to end and the only redeemable aspect of the film is Feldman's silly humor that manages to make all giggle at one time or another. For example, there are things like a three humped Camel, a court room that turns into an auction while determining a man's sentence, and weak one liners such as "medals are like hemorrhoids, every arsenal gets them."

The Last Remake of Beau Geste has been satirically derived from the classical **Beau Geste** produced in 1926. Funny?? in parts, but it is very apparent that Mel Brooks' influence on Feldman is splashed all over this flick. As in **Blazing Saddles** there is a continual distortion of perspective and location, and a constant harping on anachronism.

There are some interesting pieces of visual and special effects but only a few. For instance, Feldman is cleverly incorporated in a short scene extracted from an old Gary Cooper movie which is effective but not nearly worth three dollars and twenty-five cents.

If I were Mr. Feldman, I'd stick to acting where I belonged and avoid the film creation where I'd be totally out of place.

Dalart Trio opener

Judging from this season's first concert by the Dalart Trio, indications are that they intend to make this a most memorable year. Over what must have been a very profitable summer the group seems to have come more fully to terms working as an integrated whole.

Three remarkable and accomplished musicians individually, the trio itself as homegrown talent has long proved to be one of the more noteworthy musical diversions in the area.

The concert was begun with an always welcome workhorse — the Third Trio in C Minor from Beethoven's first published work. The most often heard of the set, this trio in particular is prophetic of the Beethoven to come, with its rapid-fire give and take of tension and dramatic mood changes. A crisp, energetic attack, especially from the strings, marked the familiar themes of the first movement, lending new words to an old song, as it were.

The second movement, a theme and variations, and the third, a minuet, were less well defined than the first movement. Here the strings lacked some of their initial energetic vitality, but by the final movement things were brought to bear once again and ended on a decisive note.

The showpiece of the performance turned out to be Ravel's Trio in A minor. This impressionist piece, composed in 1914, is one of the most impressive trios in the 20th century repertoire. Embracing wide contrasts of mood ranging from an exotic lyricism to a rigorous austerity, it is a piece fraught with technical difficulty through most of its length. In their performance, the trio managed to combine some of their best concerted efforts in overcoming the obstacles presented by the piece with considerable aplomb.

Schubert trios, notorious for their length, can easily become boring. Not so Sunday afternoon. With some very fine playing, the almost child-like simplicity of the trio in E-flat major, Op. 100, shone through in a most charming and delightful manner. Here, perhaps, was the group's most consistent playing, with the piano managing to achieve a spiritual detachment, yet making its support firmly felt, sharing dominant roles with the violin and cello throughout. In this instance Schubert even managed to provide the score with some effective syncopation (something that he is notorious for doing without) of which Gershwin himself would be proud.

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