

Tritt and Valleau at the Cohn

by Moira Matthews

For Sunday afternoon's Dollar Concert at the Cohn, Dalhousie cellist William Valleau chose a challenging programme both for himself and for his audience.

The cello sonatas by Debussy, Beethoven and Canadian André Prévost were all exciting and difficult works, not only technically but formally, since each composer seemed to be grasping for a new form with which to express his innermost feelings. The final piece on the programme, an Adagio and Rondo by Weber, demanded virtuosic scalework and lyric continuity.

Both Valleau and his accompanist, William Tritt, met the challenge well. Perhaps since they both are members of the acclaimed Dalart Trio, the ensemble was excellent; they even seemed to think together. They are intellectual musicians who obviously lay great importance in balance, clarity of sound and restrained expression.

The Debussy Sonata which began the programme lacked

something. Though both musicians proved themselves to have great musical and technical control, a certain lack of direction bothered me. This was especially apparent in the second movement where the pauses which should have been anticipatory were only empty air.

However, the Beethoven sonata which followed caused me no such problems. This is a strange, late work suffused with the intense feeling of all of Beethoven's final compositions. It was played with great respect and subtlety. If I was not totally engrossed, it was only because I felt a reluctance on the part of the musicians to commit themselves expressively. But it was a fine performance.

The Prévost Sonata was well placed in the programme, since the audience was prepared for some discord after all the classical lyricism. In fact, the final movement of the Beethoven seemed to be clearing the way for this violent and evocative piece of music. Here Valleau showed a different side of his per-

sonality. He played with strength and a huge, full sound. Though the work seemed fairly shapeless at first hearing, the audience paid rapt attention; the tension in the hall was palpable. Both musicians played with power

and beauty.

The final piece by Weber was played with aplomb. It was a bit inconsequential as music but definitely needed after the three heavy works already performed. The audience responded warmly.

In fact, it was a nice audience.

No-one oohed appreciatively when the encore was announced, as people are inclined to do, and someone yelled "Bravo," which seemed like a good summation for Sunday's concert.



It's a piece of shit

by Michael McCarthy
Movie Review: **Schizoid**,
Paramount 2.

Schizoid is a murder mystery mingling mixed up minds, mayhem, maiming and mayhap many moments of middling moronic Morpheus-motivated misconstrued manifestations of mishandled malevolence giving me marked misgivings. **It's a piece of shit! I defecate in the milk of its fathers!** It features a perverted psychiatrist who wants to know his daughter in the biblical sense, and who leads a therapy group, entering into physical intimacy with its female members. One of the female patients is a **no-good sex-starved slut who deserves to get her guts ripped out! The whole bunch of them ought to be wrapped in celluloid and set fire to, until the stench from their purulent, reeking burnt flesh and innards covers up the smell of this feces-flecked film** writes an advice column to which threatening letters are sent by her doctor's **the freaking scum daughter, who is jealous, as is the writer's husband, who is a lousy, pinko castrated son of a shithead who drives a weird car. I can't stand that car! Get it away from me! Aaaaahhh!** and who likes to play with scissors in his spare time, **Noooo, Noooooooo. Get him, get him, before the movie gets you, and whom you wouldn't be able to identify as the killer (due to the perverted suspiciousness of the other characters) unless you happened to note the license number of the car in the opening murder scene. Stupid. Stupid Stupid Stupid! Keep away!** One of the silly things about the movie is

that the killer is not schizophrenic, but merely **psycho psycho help the paranoids are after me.** Some other silly things are the acting; the terrible photography and colour; the stupidity of some victims who, when chased by a car, flee down the middle of the road instead of off to the side, in a field or a building or someplace where the car can't follow; the idiotic music: the botched murder scenes in which the action couldn't possibly cause the victims to die as quickly as they seem to **The movie killed them! It's got me too. . . look out, look out, don't let it get you! It's dead, dead!** There are some seedy sex scenes **Blecchh! Get off, get off, you crap-cocked creep!** which might attract some people. The only other thing to recommend the movie for is the twisted plot **No, No, don't see it, it will make you puke, nonononoooo** which might perplex you, if you miss the license number, and can stomach actors who react to telephones before they ring and can only reveal a character by taking off their clothes or **beating someone's head in with a hammer oh god, the typewriter's got my hand.** The two shorts before the movie are cartoons from 1960 which are almost as bad as the movie **Aaaaaagggggghhhhhh get**

Aaaaaagggggghhhhhh get off the screen! Get off! Get off! This is not one of the great entertainment bargains of the year. **I loved it, I loved it, brooo-hooo-hooo-ha-ha-ha- I love it. cut me again. Cut everyone! No, no, I'm alright, please bliaarrrrhhgggggh!**

A ninety-minute french kiss

by Michael McCarthy
Movie Review: **Stolen Kisses**,
Rebecca Cohn Aud.,
Sun. Nov. 23.

Ah, Truffaut! Affectionately referred to by his adoring admirers as "The truffles of France". Touching, poignant scenes of young love, of the innocent laughter of human futility, gleefully persisting against almost insurmountable odds, of man wallowing in his ineptitude, maliciousness, and ridiculous ego, yet managing a wan smile as the crazies blow him away, his last sight being that most wonderful of phallic symbols, La Tour Eiffel, as a wistful April breeze tousles a jeune fille's hair on a sunny afternoon in gay Paris. Ah, bliss! What more can we say about **Stolen Kisses** that hasn't already been said?

Well, for starters, it was presented Sunday in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium as part of the Fall Film Series (just like the World Series, only more reel-istic). A semi-antibiographical 1968 film directed by Francois Truffaut, it radiates with the warmth, humanness, and diffident beauty of Jean Pierre Leaud's portrayal of scrupulously rebellious Antoine Doinel, as he follows a transitory path

through life which keeps him in sight of his dreams, but is loathe to ever let him truly touch them.

Antoine escapes the army (though a dishonorable discharge) just as he reaches manhood. After a brief stop-over at a brothel, he gets his first job in a hotel. He is evicted from this position through the actions of a private investigator, who recompenses him by easing him into his detective agency. Dionel is assigned to work in a store to find out why everyone hates the owner (to see this man come into a detective agency and ask the director to help him find out why no one loves him is worth the price of the film in itself), and winds up in an affair with the owner's wife, who is being tailed by another employee of the detective agency. (You think he payed 20,000 francs for that?', Antoine is asked.) His next job is as a T.V. repairman. For this, as for all other vocations, Antoine Dionel is singularly unsuited, but it does help him get to bed with the girl he has been pursuing since adolescence. The movie ends with an affirmation of love and all its madnnesses.

The dialogue is witty, engaging and revealing, as is the rest of the screenplay, which was co-engineered by Truffaut. The supporting cast is superb in filling out the various sub-plots of the movie, but above all else stands Leaud and the sensitivity of his characterization of Doinel: his thunderstruck awkwardness when smitten with ardour for an older woman; the fury of his self-inhibited frustrations with his girl and their inability to satisfy each other's petulance; his earnest attempts to please; his cheerful incompetence. All are portrayed with passion and sincerity, making the film one which will certainly touch some part of everyone who has ever felt an emotion, and its accompanying frustrations, or has ever looked back on something they have bungled and had to laugh despite the pain. Truffaut is one of the most human, and therefore most important, directors of our time, with the ability to move us to a mixture of laughter and tears as he shows us bits of ourselves in images flowing across the screen as if delineated by a master painter. **Stolen Kisses** is one of the most enriching consummations of his art.