

film/

A Tout Prendre

By PATRICK STRARAM

Filming this land in the making . . .

A thirty-three year old man who makes films, films himself.

He films: his search for himself; his romantic relationship with Johanne, a beautiful black girl; his homosexual leanings; the adventure and the excitement there is for him in making films.

A *tout prendre* is autobiographical—much more so than, say, Jim McBride's masterly David Holzman's diary, for here the filmmaker acts himself in his film, Johanne is indeed the real Johanne Harelle (whose fascinating eccentricity is so attractive) with whom he did indeed live, his buddy Victor is indeed his buddy Victor, even if he is also an actor whose stage-presence though unaccustomed is overwhelming (in a Jules Berry-tradition unhappily on its way to extinction).

Nothing special . . .

But it is.

A *tout prendre* was completed in 1963.

A *tout prendre*, completely financed by its maker (and a very last-minute co-producer), is the first feature-length film in a new French-language Canadian cinema that today is as important as the new cinemas of Brazil, Italy, or Japan; I have only to name Gilles Groulx, Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, Pierre Perrault (to prove my point).

A *tout prendre*, the "story" of a man who listens to his heartbeat in all the mirrors he loves, concludes with a giant slogan scrawled on the wall: L. F. Q., Liberation Front of Quebec.

COLLECTION
CINÉMATHEQUE
QUÉBÉCOISE



Buffy Saint-Marie at Berkeley Community Theatre Friday at 8:30 p.m.
John Sebastian plays Sunday.

Dilbert's Choice

THE DYBBUK, by S. Anski, a University Theatre Workshop Production, will be presented at 8:15 p.m. Friday, April 10 and at 2:30 & 8:15 p.m. Saturday, April 11 in Durham Studio Theatre, B-45 Dwinelle Hall.

The production will be directed by Kenneth Spritz. Costume Designer is Betty Magowan and lighting design is by Robert L. Buckles.

Tickets for the production are still

in wild, orgies of the mind." Simultaneous Cosmic Vortex, featuring Bruce Ackerman, Terry Moymout. "Stereopticon" will put "a laugh in your belly as it opens up a big hole in your head." Also showing a complete 1933 radio serial put to film: "Chandu on the Magic Island," plus "Saraya the Belly-Dancer."

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Tryouts today for four University Theatre Workshop productions from 4:00 to 7:00 in Room 112 Zellerbach. 'Strip-Tease,' 'Maid to Marry' and 'Freedom for Clomens' are the films.

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An art show and sale of the sculptures and paintings of Don Baker will be held at Anchor tonight through

living arts/

Out To Lunch

Flies in the Fondue Revisited.

Several columns ago, I recommended the Quest as being a great place to take your parents for dinner when they come to visit. Their gourmet food in a casual atmosphere seemed to be conducive to the leaping of generation gaps.

So, when my mom came to visit over spring vacation, I took her to The Quest. I told her of the fabulous veal marengo, succulent pieces of meat in a rich sauce, arranged in hefty portions on an attractive plate of greens and rice. Which it was, several columns ago.

However, several weeks ago, it was a different story. The droplet of strained veal, resting in a mound of rice, looked like something the care package people provide for the inland Chinese. If I had been served that in a dormitory, I would have thrown the plate in the food service's face. The soup, salad, fruit and wine was still tasty, but both my mother and myself left the restaurant hungry and mad.

According to one informed source, the change in style is vaguely linked to the Quest's having opened an extra two days a week. Perhaps seven nights a week is too much. The cook is obviously tired. If and when The Quest straightens themselves out, I will be anxious to eat some of their once delicious food again. I might even bring my mother.

Kip's pizza is good, greasy, gummy, finger licking good. But, despite my tintillated taste buds, I didn't enjoy eating there. For one thing, the pizza was delivered in an extraordinarily bent pizza tin. I don't dig eating a crippled pizza, especially when all the mushrooms and cheese end up sliding downhill off the tasty crust.

