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IN CONCER

entertainment

French

films

slight

favors

Greg Lukow/Key Grip

Two (slight) French favors: The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe is a small scale French production, a trivial, but often funny, game of confusion among Paris mobsters. It's a comedy with a made for TV feel, and a cast whose names would mean little.

So suffice it to say that the tail blond man with one black shoe is really a bumbling concert violinist who is used by the sneaky rich executive with the black mustache to set a fool's trap for the short, bald man in the gray suit, and ends up being seduced by the cute, blonde girl in the leopard skin cost.

The sneaky rich executive soon has the short, bald man believing our innocent hero to be the cleverest undercover agent he's ever come up against ("His eyes betray him," the bald man says). Spies and hit men from both sides battle around the tall blond but he goes merrily on his way, never suspecting a thing when they start shooting each other all around him.

This is the type of quasi-sophisticated, runaround comedy the British are so good at (with their pompous absurd logic), and indeed, director Yves Robert seems to be imitating that English style with a bit of Jerry Lewis thrown in. It works, if you don't mind watching a French Jerry Lewis movie.

Happy New Year, written, produced and directed by Claude LeLouch, is an odd combination of subtle, low keyed comedy and some heavy handed, intellectual romance. Le Louch also sandwiches his color film between two reels of black and white footage and uses some strange flashback techniques that look like his film editor got the pieces mixed up.

This mixture works better than it sounds, but the film is hard to grasp in tone, and looking back, I even began wondering why LeLouch's A Man and a Woman was so popular back in the '60s.

Happy New Year begins with Le Louch paying tribute to himself by showing scenes from that earlier film and then sinks into the same kind of puzzling love story between jewel thief (Lino Ventura) and antique shop owner (Francoise Fabian). Many of his sequences end up in static two shots of the couple, redeemed only by some of the most fascinating movie dialog! I've ever heard. Le Louch makes us feel that neither of the two has any business loving the other but, like the couple in A Man and a Woman, they do.

The jewelry heist, then, holds the most interest, even if it is delegated a secondary role in the film. Ventura's thief is a master of disguise and his acting when he impersonates a rich, doddering, old man, is marvelous.

But all Ventura's intricate planning goes for nothing when he is caught during the robbery. Seven years of prison life roll by a matter of seconds and when he is released he almost doesn't go back to his lover, but in the end, of course, he has second thoughts.

LeLouch always has been a politically minded film maker, so what you evidently are seeing in Happy New Year, is a lot of left wing, French schmaltz.

