

FILMS OF ZDRAVIC AT FILMFORUM

By LINDA GROSS

Lyrical experimental film making at its most lovely and simple is demonstrated in the works of Andrej Zdravic showing today at the Pasadena Filmforum, the Bank Playhouse, 85 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena.

The films of this young Yugoslavian-born film artist are exquisite and impeccably photographed. Although they are non-narrative in a traditional sense, they visually unfurl the story of nature and of humankind. The films are unsurpassed in their visual beauty. Zdravic, who earns his living filming microsurgical transplant procedures for training films for surgeons, employs his probing eyes to capture the wonder of the universe.

"Vsi Sveti" ("All Saints") was photographed in the

film maker's native village of Zale, Yugoslavia, in the cemetery of Ljubljana on Nov. 1, All Saint's Day, when the living pay tribute to the dead by striking a candle and observing a moment of silence.

"Vsi Sveti" is incandescently beautiful. The lights sparkling at the graveyard ceremony appear to be millions of burnished stars evoking the magic and mysticism of ceremonies throughout the ages. The film's serenity provides its own comfort for the souls of the living as well as for their dead.

Zdravic's latest work, "Where the Coast Meets the Sea, Chapter One—The Ocean," is an aqueous paean. The work, which was edited in the film maker's camera, takes place during a cruise from Pelican Beach, Ore., to

Point Arena, Calif. Sound was recorded separately in Yugoslavia, the Mediterranean and on the Pacific Coast.

"Where the Coast Meets the Sea" gives the viewer the sensations of both the peace and tumultuousness of the ocean. This simple seascape captures "in-between" times: between tides; between past and present; between memory and reality; between life and death. The colors are vibrant: peacock blues, ice-gray satins and coral twilights.

The film also gives solace to those of us who were once soothed by Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach." We may no longer have order in the world or even each other, but when all else fails we still have the magic of the sea.

"Venezia" is a short film that reveals the limpid watery city and canals of Venice. Zdravic has an eye for the city's slimy green decay as a metaphor of metaphysical decadence.

Also to show will be Zdravic's work in progress, in which he takes the instructional films he has made for Dr. Harry Buncke, a microsurgeon, and transforms them into accessible cinematic material for general audiences.

This is a fine program; Zdravic will be in attendance. Information: 358-6255.

RERI GRIST

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ty of Julius Rudel's conducting. This, we fear, is a performance in the wishful-thinking tradition of Lily Pons' Violette and Galli-curci's Mimi.

A "Manon" without a bona-fide Manon can never count for much. This one never really had a chance.

MILES DAVIS

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lution after another, and observed with dismay his physical and artistic retrenchment. He recently told a reporter that the way to stay young is to forget, to have a bad memory. But what is wrong with remembering one's accomplishments and building on them?

After the concert I went home and played the original "My Man's Gone Now," from the "Porgy And Bess" album. Davis then had the purity and beauty of sound, the control and mastery for which he now gropes. The contrast was shattering.

Our Prince has come back; but the crown is perhaps irreparably tarnished. It's a depressing thought, and Friday was a depressing evening.

Attendance was 8,141.

Stuart Burrows floated an exquisite pianissimo legato in "Le Reve" Friday night, but strangled on "Ah, fuyez, douce image" and seemed like an amiable, rather stuffy, Briton as the ardent, archetypally French hero, Des Grieux. Alexander Malta was rough, bluff and innocent of expressive irony as his basso father. Dale Duesing and Jake Gardner proved merely competent as Lescaut and De Bretigny, respectively. Even Nico Castel, usually a model Guillot, succumbed to theatrical excess; he also suffered the unkindest cut of all: his Cours-la-Reine arietta.

Tito Capobianco's name has disappeared from the program credits but his production, now entrusted to Rhoda Levine, remains functionally *deja vu*. So, for that matter, do David Mitchell's attractive sets, which happen to be shameless, uncredited copies of designs created by Marsha Louis Eck for the New York City Opera.

"SO FINE' IS JUST THAT. It's a rowdy, uproarious, screwball comedy...It could just be the sleeper of the year."

—Kevin Thomas, L.A. Times

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