



# Lights, Camera, Action!

## Been Down So Long It Looks Up To Me

By DAN MERKUR

Five years ago a book came out about a man named Gnospos Pappadopoulos, and now they made a movie out of it which is really a first rate show if they get the screen cropped in time. *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me*, is about life. Real life. Not mystical Hesse enlightenment turned on freaked out 1971 warmed over beat generation toy, but the story of a man and his name might as well have been Gnospos Pappadopoulos, who was the man till he went out to take a look at the world and then he found himself only a man and very small.

He didn't like people giving him a smile when they meant to screw him. He didn't like women who couldn't get behind his trip. He was a superb con-man put-on artist but all he wanted to do was live in peace.

Of course that meant he was non-productive as well as on the road to attaining fulfillment, so he had to bum out. So he trusted in a girl, the girl he swore to himself he'd never go near because one more ream job was more than his poor head could bear. But he liked her and she seemed to need some solid real strength, so he loved her and then got screwed.

He didn't want to deal in drugs anymore. He tried the sacred mushroom number but instead of Gandalf he ended up with a Sauron for a guide, so he got fucked on that score too.

His best buddy decided to take the dope job he passed by because it was a free ticket to Cuba and Fidel was with eight men in the hills promising revolution. So the friend shamed him into coming too. So he went to Cuba and just started to nullify his mind, destroy the tissue. And then his damn fool friend got himself killed and he had to start working all over again just to bury him.

He was tired of university, but he played the game. He was tired of lying, but he played the games. He was tired of games, but he was alive and just because he was real didn't mean he could find more people.

Richard Farina, the guy who wrote this story, got killed



Mia Farrow plays a blind girl in *See No Evil*.

coming home from the party to celebrate the hard-cover issue of the book. *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me* is a film about the real world, not the world of the Mafia organization, but the world of the lone man just trying to be immune from pain. He was hip without doing anything special and people always wanted to cut in on his act, so he had to keep on moving, but he was real, he was alive, he was a man who could know joy and ecstasy and the deadness of stupor and come back and go on and keep trying. It's a beautiful film.

there were boom mikes in the top of the frame in some of the shots. It should have been masked. If you see it and you have to laugh because the framing is sloppy, take a look at yourself. It's a beautiful movie.

See No Evil is a Mia Farrow scarer. She plays a blind girl whose place is attacked by a boot fetishist. It all turns out quite alright and tidy in the end and it's decently well done all the way through.

The scares are scary and the love scenes are almost romantic. If you can get beyond Mia Farrow's resemblance to your 14-year-old cousin — personally she just doesn't turn me on — and you like a thrilling little shocker, See No Evil is a good one.

The photography is really kind of nice and the sets are fine. The whole thing is really a nice little simple package of chills. Nothing to get ecstatic over, but an awful lot better than some others I've seen lately. Nice. At the Carleton. It'll play two weeks. Four if something lucky happens.

There's a really good film bookstore called Cine Books on Yonge about three blocks south of Bloor. They have about 800 titles. There isn't a better selection anywhere. It's a nice, clean, straightforward outfit, and the people there really know their stuff.

## Exciting and involving dance on Isabella St.

By JULIE BAYLISS

If you don't believe that an evening of other people dancing can be an exciting and involving experience, go to the Toronto Workshop Theatre on Isabella and see the Toronto Dance Theatre. These are not painted dolls in frilly skirts, but glorious human beings with bodies trained to express everything capable of expression by movement, and incapable of a gesture that isn't a delight to watch. They are in peak form for this season, especially the marvellous Barry Smith and Patricia Beatty.

Beatty is also the strongest and most exciting choreographer the company has; her creation *Study for a Song in the Distance* sums up everything the company does well. It is pure dance; in movements of incredible beauty the three dancers form and re-form patterns on the stage. The tensions between them firm and relax with intense excitement; each new pattern evolves from the last, the dancers respond to each other, the excellent

music and the lighting. Glorious. Yet in the same program their new presentation *Visions for a Theatre of the Mind* performed in almost total

silence except the squeaking of the soles of their feet, sums up what mars their perfection: pretentious artiness. Whenever some exciting

movement seemed to be getting started it quickly dwindled into stiff posturing.

The characteristics of the TDT are

superb technique, emotional intensity and excitement, and willingness to try anything, explore new areas in dance. They have the equipment to do anything that can be done with moving bodies and one regrets that they so restrict their range. The restraint, control, discipline, which are the foundations of their technique, could be the basis of lyrical freedom and joyous movement.

One longs to shout at the stage "relax, you marvellous people." Patricia Beatty's dancing in *Recitation* seems to be the tip of an iceberg of ravishing lyricism, pent up, unexpressed. Without this dimension their performance is magnificent and exciting. When they broaden their choreographic range in the direction of warmth and tenderness rather than stiffness and anguish, what an experience it will be. The season at the TDT goes on until Oct. 30. If you haven't seen them before try to catch *Hot and Cold Heroes* or *Operetta*, a pretty joke and their most immediately approachable works.

## Zappa & the Mothers - new art forms

By STEVE GELLER

The creation of new art forms from pieces of old ones is more than a breaking down process. It also involves a process of redistributing gained insight from dissected material in a new way through the known channels of media. Frank Zappa is a musical genius who has taken different sectors of his extensive musical background and abilities, and has created a type of music-theatre which is delivered via a superb collection of musicians and showmen called the Mothers of Invention.

The Zappa concert last week at Massey Hall lived up to and beyond its expectations. The Mothers consisted of drummer Ainsley Dunbar (who performed an excellent drum solo), Mark Volm and Howard Kalen (who, with their former Turtle antics, have reached their peak performing with Zappa), and Ian Underwood as well as a bass player and a few guys operating synthesizers. Combining to fulfill the creation of Zappa's imagination, the Mothers of Invention were simply scintillating.

They played a few of their older shorter pieces such as *Tears Began to Fall* but seemed to become completely uninhibited when they performed their longer, stereotypical, satirical operettas. They opened with a number *God, His Favourite Sofa and His Favourite Girlfriend*, *Squat the Magic Pig*. They closed with the saga of *Billy, the Mountain and His Wife Ethel* the three who decide to go on a vacation with the money they've recently received from all the years that they've posed for post cards. Zappa himself directed the whole thing when he wasn't playing.

Zappa looked pleased throughout the concert. He had a right to be. Everything was going as well as it possibly could both spiritually and technically.

Procul Harem are scheduled to reappear in Toronto on Nov. 2 possibly along with King Crimson. With Martin Onrot assuring a sound system as good as it was for the Mothers, I would arrange to get tickets early.

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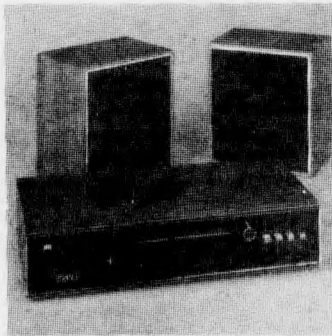
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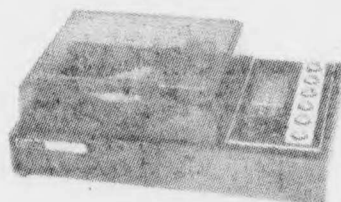
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