

What Goes On



This week on Monster Chiller Horror Theatre, it's "Dr. Tongue's 3-D House of Students". Bruno would be proud. Now how about Odorama?

film

Well, now that all good Dalhousians are all tucked out from hitting them there books all "study break", some of you might be interested in honest thespian entertainment for a change. This you may or may not find in this burgh next week, but, shucks, it never hurts to look, now does it?

The big news of the week is the opening of **Making Love** at the Paramount One. It's sure as shootin' the first Hollywood attempt to portray a male homosexual relationship as a romantic thing - not a pretext for psychopathia. That's also a reunification of those **Rookies** Kate Jackson and Michael Ontkean, for those old cop show recognizers out there. Next door at the Para-double-mount is **Arthur** - John Gielgud, Liza Minelli, Dudley Moore, and lots and lots of likker.

3-D is still **Coming At Ya!** at the Cove, so if you don't feel silly wering blue-and-red cardboard shades, you may be in for a treat. And speaking of red and blue, **Reds** is still playing at the Scotia Square cinemas. I'll think up some use for blue somewhere here...

Oh yeah, this looks like a good place for it - I'm *blue* (get it?) that **On Golden Pond** is continuing its stay at the Hyland this week. No matter how good Henry Fonda is, that doesn't make up for the mucho predictable script that relies on Betty Crocker stir'n'frost

emotions for impact. **Evil Under the Sun** is opening at the Oxford - no, I don't know anything about it - and **Alien** is returning to the Casino to burst out of better stomachs in your neighbourhood.

Dartmouth? Why of course they have movie theatres there - they even show good movies, y'know. The Penhorn triplet theatre family is showing **Shoot the Moon**, **Ragtime** and **Over the Edge**, none of which I have had the chance to see (O accursed vehicle that is - car!!), but all of which I would like to.

And then of course we have Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema to keep us occupied with nice thoughts. Besides the usual **I Claudius** on Thursday night and Wednesday to Friday afternoons, there's a double feature of films by Bill Douglas, called **My Childhood** and **My Ain Folk** - autogio-graphical, most likely, from press info and the titles.

That and **P4W: Prison for Women** on Saturday and Sunday (the Douglas films are Friday night.) **P4W** is most noteworthy because of its coming from the same feminist branch of the NFB that brought you **Not a Love Story**. The directors of this documentary just may show up at the performances, too, so - there's an added attraction for you right there.

And lastly, we get to that stuff what you might notice I have a special affection for -- the free movies. The Grawood beatifies Warren Beatty on Wednesday by showing **Heaven Can Wait** at eight o'clock boozing time. The

troubled Dalhousie Art Gallery (read the front page, people!) is giving away another three free to you on Wednesday, including one on Degas and the inscrutable, inevitable, **Frank Film**. **Frank Film** is a bizarrely wondrous piece of pop art serious fun reflecting all kindsa stuff about growing up - an' it makes your eyes do loop-de-loops, too. Not bad for a little nine-minute flick that some human spent almost his whole life working on...

K.J.B.

live

First of all I think I should make it clear to all that "What Goes On" has nothing whatsoever to do with Eddie Driscoll's "What's Going On", although both Ken and Eddie bear a remarkable resemblance to Tarzan.

At Neptune this week the play **Ever loving** will be appearing. Written by Canadian Margret Hollingsworth, it is billed as 'a touching comedy'. The play appears nightly from Tuesday to Saturday at 8 p.m. and on Sunday at 2 p.m.

If you're interested in fresh new Nova Scotia talent, the Kipawo Showboat at the Historic Properties will present three plays. On Friday the 5th at 8 p.m. **Last of the Red Hot Lovers** will be appearing. Despite the fact that it was written by Neil "Doc" Simon, the acting promises to be refresh-

ing. On Saturday at 2 p.m. is **Snow White and the Seven Dwarves**, including the younger actors accompanied by some old pros. Then on Saturday night at 8 p.m., **Fiddler on the Roof** will be performed. So, come on, support young Nova Scotia talent and show you care.

At Dalhousie in the McInnes Room of the SUB John Steinbeck's **Of Mice and Men** will be performed by Dal theatre students on March 9, 11, 15-18 at 8:30 p.m., matinees on the 11th and 18th at 2 p.m. So show up and support your Dal theatre, who knows, you might even see a local rock'n'roll star.

Taking a departure from theatre for awhile, the Rebecca Cohn will display contemporary dance by local professional Choreographers directed by Michael Ardenne. So enjoy local theatre, we may have lost Neville but who knows, maybe if we are lucky we can get another famous celebrity like, for instance, Eddie Driscoll.

- K.C.L.

television

I hate to be elitist again, but there are some things in life which are only available to a privileged few. One of those things being cable T.V. (hardly life's grandest accoutrement 'n all that), it naturally follows that cable's

providing some treat that others with no access to a treated set will miss out on. If you love films - of the French sort in particular - I'd suggest you find a means of not missing out on the programming on Tuesdays, channel 10, at about nine o'clock.

The answer to the question "why?" is simple, 'cause the station's running the series **Histoire Du Cinema Francais** at those times every week, starting this past Tuesday the 2nd. Each episode runs for an hour, beginning from the odd times of either 8:56 or 8:58 or so. The programmes themselves are more along the line of media lectures than strict Hollywood documentary back-patting exercises. Even though each program takes a clear point to discuss - i.e. the start of talkies, the films after the occupation by the Nazis, etc. - they are anything but droll and dry Sir Kenny Clark material.

Each episode is quite liberally sprinkled with clips from the films, with the focus of the impact of the films being on specific directors: many of which have been unjustly ignored in North America when critic-types speak of geniuses and master works. It all organizes itself into a helluva entertaining film lesson, albeit not the kind of film lesson that Hollywood teaches with aged revered tuxedo-fillers being dragged out for the public's nostalgic glee. It's there, it's subtitled, and it's worth it.

- K.J.B.