

ENTERTAINMENT

Lies My Father Told Me

Amiable film ambles on at leisurely pace

By IRAMICAY

The movie, *Lies My Father Told Me*, is a minor milestone for Canadian film. Minor because I'm sure that it's not the best film Canada has produced, but a milestone nonetheless, as I think the type of picture it is will set a standard that Canadian films must relate to for some time to come.

Canada has not got the wherewithall in its national psyche to compete with Hollywood in making commercial theatrical releases. Our idea of crime in Canada would never produce a *French Connection*. Our idea of horror would never crystallize in a *Jaws*. Our idea of evil would not entertain the concept of even as relatively a wholesome picture as *The Sting*. Instead, for its basic national lack of imagination and initiative, witnessed in our government, our economy, and especially in our arts, Canada retains a certain humanity that the U.S. has long ago forsaken.

Lies My Father Told Me is a very human film and it may even be an international commercial success. Although Hollywood would never make a film like this today, there are many moviegoers in the U.S. who want to see as warm and pleasant a film as this. They generally look to Europe for them, for an *Amarcord* or *400 Blows*, but in *Lies My Father Told Me*, Canada has produced as entertaining a film as most any of its type coming out of Europe today.

The autobiographical script by

Ted Allan has its faults. It sacrifices from the start a basic honesty in order to achieve the charm and pleasures for its audience of seeing its characters divide up into heroes and villains, if only in a comical way.

Set in a primarily Jewish Montreal slum of the twenties or thirties, the story recalls Allan's youth, remembering most favourably the times he spent with his grandfather and the influence that the old man bestowed on him. Young David is played well by a seven-year old Torontonian, Jeffrey Lynas. Davis is one of those unjaded, completely honest and open kids that has survived in that condition past his infant years and is annoyingly wonderful.

David's grandfather is played by Yossi Yadin, an Israeli actor who commuted between Montreal and Israel during production. Yadin has one of those deep rich baritone voices that wears well on a character who dispenses wisdom and affection as other people dispense carbon dioxide.

Marilyn Lightstone as David's mother was seen in the St. Lawrence Centre's production of *The Dybbuk*. Len Birman as the father is the undisputed Al Pacino look-alike. Both do their parts justice; Lightstone the warm and innocent mother, Birman as a would-be hustler who is "full of ideas" for success. The creaseless trouser and the expandable cuff-link that allows one to pull it up one's sleeve without removing it,



Yossi Yadin and Jeffrey Lynas on a sunny afternoon in *Lies*

are only two of the endless creations that he pursues to make it big quickly.

The actual plot is limited to various incidents and crises that propel the story along at an amiable pace. This film has much in common with other lyrical films, 'Bed and Board' for example, in that dramatically they aren't going anywhere in particular, nor are they in a hurry to get there. Instead, each moment leaves us with much

the same feeling as its preceding scene, and finally a total picture emerges from this set of emotions. The neighborhood that the family lives in is a composite community with its own resident Marxist philosopher, young shickse whore, and a nagging next door neighbor. Mrs. Tanenbaum. The latter precipitates the central crisis for David's grandfather by forcing him to move his stable, but later gets hers, as well she should.

When I drove past the Towne Cinema a few days after opening, there was a 200-yard line of people waiting to see the film. Hopefully the film's heavy Jewish flavour will not discourage non-Jews from the audience. Most anyone who is willing to settle for humour and humanity in their cinema without much excitement will enjoy *Lies My Father Told Me*. For the sake of the Canadian film industry, hopefully many will.

Vinyl Jungle Tales

By EVAN LEBOVITCH

HEAD EAST: Flat as a Pancake (A&M SP-4537)

This has to be one of the most promising new groups of the year. They don't fit into any standard rock pattern of music. Cuts like *Never Been Any Reason* highlight a lead synthesizer in front of a rhythm guitar that could shame Lynyrd Skynyrd. The music is diverse enough to please most tastes, though it may get a little monotonous at times. Their frequent use of 5-way harmonies makes for interesting vocals. Not bad, for one of those small bands that start out playing area high school dances (In their case, the area was around Peoria, Ill.). After breaking the charts in St. Louis, their album was spread through the States and Canada: a good break for both them and the listeners.

JETHRO TULL: *Minstrel in the Gallery* (Chrysalis CHR 1082)

Another Jethro Tull album, eh? Well, this one's a little better than average for the group, good in its own right, but no match for something like *Aqualung*. But face it; by now either you like all of Jethro Tull's stuff or you hate it. If you're not familiar with J.T.'s combination of heavy metal and acoustic guitar, listen to *Thick as a Brick* in its entirety, because this album very definitely shows its roots there. The material is what you have come to expect from J.T., but there is a little more acoustic stuff than usual, and some extra arrangements were drawn up for a string section. If you like *Thick as a Brick*, you'll find this quite enjoyable.

AL JARREAU: *We Got By* (Reprise MS 2224)

I get a feeling of extremes after

listening to this album. The music is light jazz and R&B, and the process of harmonizing with himself by overdubbing, is exploited to its fullest advantage here. Jarreau's rhythm fits the music like a glove, and it's the easy type of album one can listen to for quite a while without tiring. What I dislike, though, is his insistence too often to sound like Al Green. As well, the album sounds almost too slick and restricted. It seems as if Jarreau would be much more at home in a nightclub than in a recording studio. Oh, well, CFRB should have a ball with this.

HAMMERSMITH (Mercury SRM-1-1040)

It seems like Mercury Records is aiming at a specific type of identity music style: their main groups are Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Rush, and now Hammersmith. This last one was once known as a Western Canadian group, Painter, and made an excellent album for London that never sold as well as it should have. The band is competent, and the vocals are okay. Where this band stands out is in the diversity of material this type of group writes: the lyrics can be ignored, but the music is better than that coming out of either Rush or BTO. In *Daybreak*, they mix their heavy metal guitars with some nice blues. A nice album, for a sleeper.

Best Director

Canadian filmmaker Michel Breault, winner of best director award at the Cannes Film Festival, will be on campus tonight at 7:30 p.m. in CLH L. He will be available for questions after the showing of his film, *Les Ordres*. A reception in the Faculty Lounge will follow.

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WILL TRY TO KILL HIM.



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