

about Indians has never successfully addressed, and perhaps it was the wish of the Ermineskin Indians of Alberta (who financed the picture out of oil earnings) to depict an Indian Rocky rather than someone defeated by the conflicts inherent in dealing with white society as an alien. It may not even be proper to criticize a reasonably well-made, inspirational film for not being something it was never meant to be. Yet it is a film where the issues are at best slightly fogged, and a clear exposition of these contradictions would seem to be something needed, not by Indians, who understand them all too well, but by whites, who don't understand them at all.

John Harkness ●

RUNNING BRAVE* d. D.S. Everett p. Ira Englander **assoc. p.** Maurice Wolfe **sc.** Henry Bean and Shirl Hendryx **d.o.p.** François Protat **music** Mike Post **p. des.** Carol Spier **sup. ed.** Peter Zinner, A.C.E. **p. man.** Don Buchsbaum **p. exec.** Martha Moran **1st a. d.** Martin Walters **p. co-ord.** Angela Heald **ed.** Tony Lower, Earle Herdan **casting** Mike Fenton and Jane Feinberg, A.S.C.D., Marci Liroff **bus. affairs** J. Wilton Littlechild, Douglas McLeod, Dennis Gavin **cam. op.** Cyrus Block **1st asst. cam.** Theo Eleseder **2nd asst. cam.** Christopher J. Harris **unit man.** Nick Gray **2nd a.d.** Mac Bradden **3rd a.d.** Bill Mizel, Deborah Lefaive, Karen Gruson **sc. sup.** Christine Wilson **p. audit.** Shirley J. Gill **p. acct.** Linda Jeffery-Ludlow **art d. acct.** Wendy P. Kraft **asst. acct.** Lyn Lucibello **art d.** Barbara Dunphy **asst. art d.** Alfred Ward. **des.** Wendy Hudolin **asst. ward. des.** Christopher Ryan **ward sup.** Trish Keating **ward. assts.** Linda Langdon, Tish Monaghan, Nancy Englander **seamstress** Joan Olsen **set dec.** Rose-Marie McSherry, Jim Erickson, Jacques Bradette **asst. set dec.** Tedd Kuchera, Don Mackenzie, Daniel Bradette **prop. master** Hilton Rosemarin **asst. props.** Ian Thomas **prop. buyer** Shirley Inget **head make-up** Phyllis Newman **make-up** Marlen Schneider **head hair.** James Brown **hair** Donna Bis **sd. mix.** Rob Young **boom** Graham Crowell **gaffer** John Berrie **best boy** Randy Tomiuk **elect.** Don Metz, Martin Wilde **gen. op.** Rodger Dean **key grip** Dave Humphreys **best boy** Brian Kuchera **grips** Richard M. Allen, Christopher Tate, Clarence Brown **const. man.** Brian Cockroft **head carp.** Dee Embree **asst. head carp.** Bruce Robinson, Martin Shostak **carp.** Michael Ellsworth, Peter Gerrie, Christopher Good, Cindy Gordon **head scenic painter** Nick Kosonic, Patricia Mackenzie (asst.) **scenic painters** James McAteer, Brent Lane, Barbara Becker, Sylvie Bouchard, Laurie Dobbie, Michael Heinrich, Linda Peltari **graphic artist** John Blackie **draftsman** Dan Davis **sketch art.** Nancy Pearce **creative cons.** Dorothea Moore **track seg. const.** "Bill" Easton **res.** Michael Date, Mark Trahan **cast. Cda.** Deirdre Bowen **loc. cast.** Bette Chadwick **pub.** Mahoney/Wasserman & Associates **unit rep.** Richard Leary **loc. pub.** Jami Drake **stills** Joseph Lederer **transp. co-ord.** Don Retzer **driver capt.** Nick Kuchera **drivers** Dennis Fitzgerald, Blake Patterson, Barry Kraft, Alan Wightmore, John Adshead, Avery King, Eddie Washington, George Prabucki, Ann McGaw **picture vehicles** John McEwan **wrangers** Norm Edge, Duane Edge **loc. man.** David McAree, Glenn Ludlow, Brian Ross **office p. asst.** Norm Fassbender **p. sec.** Donna Waring **art dept. trainee** Liz Amsden **cast. p. assts.** Roseline Richardson, Sandra Cowan **p. trainees** Milton McDougall, Charlene Pearce, Tracy Galbraith **craft service** Bill Gawryluk **mus. sup.** Don Perry **mus. ed.** Allan K. Rosen for La Da Productions **1st asst. ed.** Bev Neal **2nd asst. ed.** Robin Leigh **post-p. creative sd.** Neiman-Tillar Associates **sd. re-rec.** Ryder Sound Services Inc. **re-rec. mixers** Gary C. Bourgeois, C.A.S., Neil Brody, C.A.S., Robert L. Harman, C.A.S., T.A. Moore, Jr., C.A.S. **titles/opt. efx.** Modern Film Effects p.c. Englander Productions in association with the Ermineskin Band **running time** 105 min. **dist.** Paramount Pictures L.p. Robby Benson, Pat Hingle, Claudia Cron, Jeff McCracken, August Schellenberg, Denis Lacroix, Graham Greene, Kendall Smith, George Clutesi, Margo Kane, Derek Campbell, Maurice Wolfe, Albert Angus, Barbara Blackhorse, Carmen Wolfe, William Berry, Kaye Corbett, John Littlechild, Tantoo Martin, Gail Omeasoo, Billy Runsabove, Seymour Eaglespeaker, Maurice Wolfe, Merrill Dendoff, the Ermineskin band, Michael J. Reynolds, Chris Judge, Paul Hubbard, Jack Ackroyd, Tommy Banks, Clare Drake, Rob Roy, Graham MacPherson, Francis Damberger, Ray Kelly, Thomas Peacock, Barbara Reese, Douglas Marquardt, Bonar Bain, Donna Devore, Wendell Smith, Daryl Menard, Greg Coyes, Kim Maser, Walter David, Bryan Hall, Greg Rogers, Christopher Gaze, William Fisher, Fred Keating, Brendan Hughes, Will Reese, Harvey Haugen.

* Not a certified Canadian film.

David Steinberg's Going Berserk

Going Berserk feels like a deliberate throwback to the studio comedies of the Forties, to the later Marx brothers, Abbott and Costello, or the Crosby-Hope *Road* pictures. Two buddies, John Candy as John Bourignon "of the Mellonville Bourignons", the comic, and Joe Flaherty as Chick Leff (a great Forties name), the straightman, find themselves surrounded by a horde of skilled comic actors and propelled forward by a loose thriller plot that's really nothing but a rack to hang gags on - culties want to brainwash John into killing his future father-in-law.

But, if the product is pure '40s, the method is pure '80s. "Candy... used his improvisational knowledge constantly, with virtually every scene altered from the original script," says Universal's press kit, before going on to suggest that virtually every other member of the cast did the same thing.

Now, while it's true that the Marx brothers, Abbot and Costello and Crosby-Hope all improvised to one degree or another, they had one big advantage Candy and company lack; by the time they stepped before the cameras, their comic personae were already in place and fully developed. For the writers, this meant that they had something to write to. Gags could be tailored specifically to, say, Harpo and legitimately thrown out because "the character wouldn't do that." The actors also had, in addition to the writers on the film, the work of all the other writers who, through the years, had contributed to the fund of gags and, thus, to the eventual definition of the comic personae. Finally, through years of performing in character, the actors had a fund of thoroughly proven material and an ingrained knowledge of how to get laughs with simple, character-defining gestures and reactions; think of Groucho's eyebrows. In short, they had a firm base to improvise from.

Candy and Flaherty don't. This is not to denigrate their skills, nor those of costar Eugene Levy and co-writer-director David Steinberg, all of whom have excellent track records. But, to the best of my knowledge, Candy and Flaherty

have never played John and Chick before and it shows. The details of stance, mannerism and intonation that could have lifted *Going Berserk's* flatter moments simply aren't there, with the result that the characters very often disappear or, worse, turn into somebody else. It breaks the flow and turns the movie into a collection of loosely-related bits, some of which work and some of which don't.

Candy suffers from this far more than Flaherty, but only because he's on screen much more. Though structurally set up as the buddy and straightman, Flaherty disappears early on and only reappears sporadically and in a supporting role, which is a pity, because Flaherty's hustling hipster, had he developed, would have been a great foil to Candy's affable do-gooder.

Nor is there any doubt that Candy and Flaherty could have developed first-rate comic characters. They've proven that on *SCTV* with, respectively, Johnny LaRue and Guy Caballero. *SCTV* fans who recall Johnny LaRue's drunk, dying-in-the-gutter-on-Christmas-Eve scene from a couple of seasons ago have a wonderful example of Candy's ability to improvise from a base, for I have been reliably informed that LaRue's almost-five-minute bathetic tirade was not scripted, but improvised by Candy on the spot.

But to do it, he relied on a character both developed over time and written - and he hasn't got it there. Co-writers Steinberg and Dana Olsen (two seasons on *Laverne & Shirley*, two as-yet unreleased features) repeatedly set up scenes that show Candy as pacifistic and cowardly, then turn around and make him the instigator of deliberate violence. The contrast between Candy delivering a '60s peace-and-love speech to warring bikers and punks, then going out and intentionally trashing their bikes with his car is funny enough in itself. But everybody seems to have forgotten that the two extremes have to co-exist in one character and that even bigger laughs could have been built by letting us see the spirit in which Candy wreaks his havoc and how he reacts to it afterwards. But it's all done without a single reaction shot.

Of course, reaction shots are more the director's province than the writer's, but Steinberg is not a very good director. Though he usually knows where to put the camera for a simple, unobstructed view of the action, his pacing is terrible.

The sequence that begins with Candy

leaving his drums to protect a male stripper from ardent female fans and ends with Candy diving headlong into the now-enraged mob moves like a dirge. Event, pause, event, pause, event, pause. With none of the events seeming to grow from the ones before, one can almost see the actors off-screen, waiting to respond to the director's belated cues.

That sequence at least has a climax. Others don't and, while bad or non-climaxes are an expected and understandable part of live improv comedy, they are unforgivable in a scripted film. The dinner sequence - Candy being introduced to his rich, loony, disapproving future in-laws - could have been a classic and it begins well, with each character brightly introduced, Candy struggling to stay awake and Chick bringing a monumentally tacky hooker as his date. Then it just stops. The promised chaos never materializes and I was left feeling angry and cheated.

All of this is not to say that *Going Berserk* is not funny. At times it's very funny. The *SCTV*-like parodies, "Kung Fu U." and "Father Knows Best", with Flaherty as a whip-wielding Jim Anderson and Candy as the Beaver, are hilarious. So are Pat Hingle as the senator who greets his family with the sort of well-chosen, personalized words he'd use at a fund-raiser full of strangers, Dixie Carter as the cultie who lapses into blank verse in praise of her chief's spirituality only to bump into him stuffing his face and Murphy Dunne as the drug-crazed public defender. In fact, one of the best things about *Going Berserk* is that just about everybody, right down to the extras, gets a crack at being funny.

Candy is fine, too, scene by scene. He's got good timing, a fine line in pudding-faced sincerity and a good physical sense, best displayed when he's being jerked about while handcuffed to a man making love on the other side of a door.

It's just that, lacking a persona, he isn't nearly as funny as he could have been and, lacking better or more writers (comedy writing is the only writing I know where more can equal better), neither is the movie.

It occurs to me that, with just a few changes, this could stand as a review of *Strange Brew*, but I think John and Chick may have more potential than Bob and Doug. So, I'd like to make a suggestion, on the off-chance that producer Claude Héroux reads this: send

● John Candy and Eugene Levy, in appropriate get-up, reminisce about their school days in *Going Berserk*



MINI REVIEWS

MINI-REVIEWS of short films in this issue are from *Mobius International*, 175 King St. East, Toronto M5A 1J4, and were all released during 1983.

GLASSWORKS

A quick look at three artists working in glass, who are more or less given "equal time" throughout this film.

Daniel Crichton engraves on glass, and then conducts a sort of guided tour of his work. He talks about not being so much involved in technique as in trying to bring out the "personal content." His leaning towards the flask form is evident in a number of his pieces shown to advantage outside in relation to nature.

Karl Schantz talks of the cultural and personal background of a glass artist, and his striving for a "harmonious introduction of elements." A lovely gallery display of his work, bathed in golden light, amply illustrates the search for the experimental and its many differing variations.

Peter Keogh produces "sculpture with light." His spare, geometric shapes exude a tactile feeling, while a return to moulding allows him a varied approach to glass. "Water seems to me a visually natural theme for glass," and his exquisitely moulded wave, tipped with spray, surges nobly and naturally.

Crichton also talks about discovering vitrilite, and is seen constructing a cylindrical 'architectural' piece of many layers bonded together. The clear, bright colours and shapes reminiscent of Art Deco emerge forcibly from the screen.

Such beautiful glass and committed artists treated in such a mundane manner! Definitely a film that informs – and useful for that reason – but how much more zingy it could have been with a touch of flair.

p./d. Peter Maynard **cam.** Rene Ohashi **mus.** John Mills-Cockell **colour** 16mm **running time** 24 mins.

LADY IN MOTION

An introduction to "Miss Agness Hammond and Friends" at the Ghost River Ranch, near Calgary.

Agness Hammond talks about her life, but not that of a 'rough it' pioneer by a long shot. One of five sisters, with no brothers, she talks easily of traveling a lot by ship and train – visiting Europe, going to Monte Carlo, being presented at the Court of King George V and Queen Mary. Of wanting to be an artist and having some training in Paris. Of being a championship skier, and of calling Banff her home.

Since 1936 she's lived on one of the oldest ranches in the district, and on which she breeds dogs. And how many on the ranch at the time of filming? "I don't count but probably a

few over a hundred."

There's also a Museum on the ranch containing assorted relics of her own family – her mother's side-saddle, a portrait of her grandfather, Major Burnett – side by side with ancient angora chaps for winter riding, old farm machinery and implements, and other western artifacts.

Agness also welcomes visitors and especially loves the children who have never had a chance to see horses, dogs and other livestock in natural surroundings.

Agness Hammond has obviously lived a long and full life and she's sprightly and interesting to watch. However, the film meanders around, is poorly organized, and interminably stretched out with cute shots of flora and fauna. What a pity to dissipate the obvious value of the central subject.

p./d. Helene White **cam.** Andrew Jaremko **colour** 16mm **running time** 28 1/2 mins

BOOKWRIGHT

A gentle look at a genuine craftsman, Gerard Brender a Brandis, at work at Branstead Press – which is also his home.

Brandis is a gifted wood engraver who feels that he is carrying on a tradition, and his hands creating tiny, exquisite gems confirm this. His all-round dedication leads him to

produce paper by recycling and adding fibres from the ordinary plants growing on the land – bullrushes, irises, golden rod. He sets handmade type; he runs an old letterpress over his textured papers incorporating his own wood engravings. "I usually collaborate with someone for the texts of my books, either a writer or an editor who selects pieces." And that's about the extent of the involvement of outsiders.

To watch Brandis lovingly create the binding for a book, the flow of the hands (using thread he has spun), and the sureness of touch, is to see a master at work. Editions are not large. The smallest was three books and the biggest three hundred, but usually he likes about one hundred.

Brandis admits to being more comfortable working in a tradition than in exploring new grounds, and considers that wood engravings are the central part of the books he produces. These "little vignettes from life" as Brandis describes them, a wheel, a bucket, farm animals and scenes, sprung to life in intricate detail in a truly delightful film of one man's commitment to the preservation of an almost forgotten craft.

d./cam. Scott Barrie **ed.** Paul Fox **mus.** Doug Watson **colour** 16mm **running time** 25 mins.

Pat Thompson ●

Candy and Flaherty on the road as John and Chick with a collection of scenes and a loose plot to improvise from. They'll build the characters and they'll get the laughs locked down. Then make

GOING BERSERK* **d.** David Steinberg **p.** Claude Heroux **sc.** Dana Olsen and David Steinberg **d.o.p.** Bobby Byrne **p. des.** Peter Lansdown Smith **ed.** Donn Cambren, A.C.E. **music** Tom Scott **exec. p.** Pierre David **assoc. p.** Denise Di Novi **p. man.** Art Levinson **1st a.d.** Dan Kolsrud **2nd a.d.** Patrick Cosgrove **set dec.** Marc Meyer **cam. op.** Ted Sugiura **asst. cam.** Eric Engler **2nd asst. cam.** Paul Prince **sc. sup.** Bonnie Prendergast **asst. ed.** Steve Polivka **apprentice ed.** Michael Thau **casting** Mary V. Buck & Associates **asst. to D. Steinberg** Mary Proteau **sd. mix.** Joe Kenworthy **sd. re-rec.** Robert L. Hoyt, John J. Stephens, Stanley H. Polinsky **music rec.** Hank Cicalo **sup. sd. efx. ed.** Gordon Davidson **sd. efx. ed.** John Shouse **asst. sd. efx. ed.** Tony Torres **ADR ed.** Gil Hudson **music ed.** Cliff Kohlweck **property master** Mike Dunn **asst. props.** Ed Villa **costume des.** Harry Curtis **women's costume** Dolores Zuniga **men's costume** Hugo Pena **hair** Barbara Ronci **make-up** Terry Miles, Tom Tuttle **asst. art d.** Jim Shanahan **DGA trainee** Gerry Keener **unit pub.** Rob Hedden **sp. efx.** Fred Z. Gebler **transp. capt.** Robert Wilson **transp. co-capt.** Don Routhieaux **key grip** Rick Borchardt **gaffer** Chuck Holmes **boom** Paul Wolfe, Jr. **p. sec.** Liz Galloway **craft serv.** Christopher Striepeke **sec. to Mr. Steinberg** Ellen Sommers **sec. to Mr. David** Nancy Skiba **prod. liaison** Judy Steinberg **title des.** Nina Saxon, Dan Quarnstrom **opt. efx.** Universal Title, Pacific Title **running time** 85 min. **dist.** Universal Pictures **lp.** John Candy, Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy, Alley Mills, Pat Hingle, Ann Bronston, Eve Brent Ashe, Elizabeth Kerr, Richard Libertini, Dixie Carter, Paul Dooley, Ronald E. House, Kurtwood Smith, Ernie Hudson, Gloria Gifford, Frantz Turner, Murphy Dunne, Dan Barrows, Julius Harris, Bill Saluga, Kathy Bendett, Brenda Currin, Hope Hayes, Natasha Ryan, Mark Bringelson, Tino Insana, Mike Moroff, John Paragon, Mimi Seton, Lynn Hallowell, Larry Poindexter, Marianne Muellerleile, Ken Letner, Mark Yerkes, Rosalind Chao, Jeff Imada, George Cheung, James Lew, Eric Lee, Danny Wong, Karen Leigh Hopkins, Sioux Marcelli, Margie Deneke, Jennifer Perito, Ade Small, Patricia Ann Douglas, Ercelle Johnson, Kathleen White, Elaine Bolton, Sarah M. Miles, Judy Pierce, Leeyan Granger, Denise McKenna, Laine Manning, Helene Phillips, Sara Jane Gould, Pete Willcox, Aaron King, Sharon Peters, Archie Lang, Don Sherman, Robert Bakanic, Jeff Viola, Elinor Donahue.

*Not a certified Canadian film.

the movie. It worked for the Marx brothers in *A Night At The Opera*, it can work now and with results just as good.

Andrew Dowler ●

David Harel's

Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive

This documentary is quite an accomplishment, carefully piecing together the story of the Swede who personally managed to save the lives of at least 100,000 Jews during the Holocaust, but who himself disappeared into the unfathomable labyrinths of the Soviet carceral system. For those who are not familiar with the name Raoul Wallenberg, this film is a must. And those who already know much about this remarkable man will also gain new information and insights into his character and fate.

The first two-thirds of the film concentrate on Wallenberg's growing involvement with the Jews of Hungary. The filmmakers have painstakingly created a very personalized portrait of a man who, born into a wealthy Swedish banking family, chose to place his lot with the persecuted of another country. Having already committed himself to the Jewish cause, Wallenberg agreed to assist the War Refugee Board established by U.S. President Roosevelt. In 1944 Wallenberg, a Swedish citizen, went into Hungary to help save the remaining 200,000 Jews still in Budapest. By creating "safe-houses" under Swedish protection and by issuing thousands of documents called "the schutz-pass" to Jews under arrest, he managed to "slow

Eichmann down with paperwork." These legal-looking Swedish visas were Wallenberg's grand bluff, one which showed his thorough understanding of the Nazi mind and which became the means for, quite literally, snatching people from the jaws of death.

Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive includes a wealth of archival footage that graphically shows us the rise of Nazism during the late 1930s, especially the "Arrowcross Nazis" of Hungary. This material, which includes the pogroms carried out in the ghettos as well as the forced seven-day "death marches" ending at the death camps, is quite astounding footage carefully interwoven with the theme of Wallenberg's diplomatic efforts within the upper echelons of the Nazi hierarchy. The contrasts are jarring, emphasizing the emotional strengths of a man who tried to mediate between such starkly differing worlds.

A key strength of the film is its numerous interviews with survivors who personally owe their lives directly to Wallenberg's intervention. Whatever incredible efforts the filmmakers must have made to locate these people, the result is a series of moving, personal anecdotes which together compose a vivid portrait of Wallenberg in action.

The film also reveals the on-going personal battle between Wallenberg and Adolf Eichmann. In a visual sense, the film seems to be structured around two recurring photographs of these men, each so different in the look of their eyes. We also learn of a strange dinner party at which the two men meet: with Wallenberg offering Eichmann Swedish protection if the latter would stop the deportations of Jews. Furthering this parallel, the film traces the fate of Eichmann, who escaped to Argentina for sixteen years of relative luxury before being executed as a war criminal. At the same time, Wallenberg

disappeared into the post-war labyrinths of the Soviet bureaucracy. Through its subtle but effective structure, the film leaves the viewer with a heightened sense of irony, injustice and outrage.

The last third of the documentary focuses on the frustrating suppression of information about Wallenberg's fate. Seemingly arrested by the Soviets as a spy for the United States, Raoul Wallenberg is still rumoured to be alive. The filmmakers follow every lead, tracing the equally strange, ineffectual workings of Swedish diplomacy, and interviewing ex-prisoners from the Soviet Gulag who claim, as recently as 1978, to have known of "an old Swede" still there. Again, the information is personalized through interviews with Wallenberg's sister, Nina Lagergren, whose search for her brother goes on after nearly forty years. Her unshakeable faith in his survival has taken her through the frustrations of dealing with inactive Swedish authorities, unresponsive Soviet bureaucrats, and an often disinterested public.

Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive is an extremely well-researched piece of work, highly informative and emotionally galvanizing. It has been shown by PBS in the United States, but to date has not been aired by Canadian television. The film probably works best on the TV medium because of its many interviews and its strikingly intimate appeal. This is a fine documentary, one obviously made straight from the heart. See it any way you can.

Joyce Nelson ●

RAOUL WALLENBERG: BURIED ALIVE **d.** David Harel **exec. p.** David J. Yorke **p.** Wayne Arron and David Harel **sc.** Peter Lauterman, David Harel **cam.** David J. Yorke **ed.** Roushelli Goldstein **mus.** Tony Kosinec and Jack Lenz **loc. sd.** John P. Megill **sd. ed.** Chris Pinder **sd. mix.** Joe Grimaldi **res.** Claire Weissman, **colour.** 16 mm, 78 minutes. 1983 **dist.** Astral Films Ltd., 720 King St. West, Apt. 600, Toronto, (416) 364-3894.