Allan Eastman's **Crazy Moon**

The French do it. The Americans flaut it. The Russians have been caught at it and the British certainly aren't above it. So why is it such an unbearable tawdry spectacle when Canadians make a lousy film?

Maybe it's because film-lovers in those other countries can point to the likes of Renoir, Ford, Eisenstein and Hitchcock and contrast their works of genius with the tripe of lesser lights; but Canadians are afforded no such luxury. Hitchcock and contrast their works of which is often. His character is so hurt by the leaden directing of Allan Eastman. Vaughan is continually obliged to 'react' with a demure smile every second of a forgettable effort from another country.

Forgettable effort' would be a charitable - no, make that a generous - description of Crazy Moon. The film is so awkward and amateurish that it could have been offered up during the good old days of Monster, Horror, Chiller Theatre. Oooh, that's scary kids. Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the movies.

Kiefer Sutherland plays ... well, what does he play anyway? He's supposed to be a bright, sensitive, but marginal character substance. They came up a closetful of neuroses short.

If Sutherland's and Vaughan's characters are lacking development, then the other players must have gone to the Consolidated-Bathurst school of acting. A flat and inanimate cardboard: a dime-store imitation of Karl Malden as the father and a Sigmund Freud cum Inspector Clouseaubrek aberration as the psychiatrist. Performances not for the squeamish.

The soundtrack is so awful that you can't even joke about it. In a film about an uncompromising boy who meets a deaf girl, the music clearly takes on greater meaning. Or should. Woody Allen can make New York more vibrant than ever with the dated sounds of Gertrude and Dorsey, but the makers of Crazy Moon dug up some dreary tinkling that might have been Muzak except that it was written before the invention of the elevator.

The cinematography is also staggeringly bad. This crew wouldn't know an original camera angle if they were invited to go dancing on Lionel Richie's ceiling.

Finally, the only thing that does get a sympathetic laugh in this movie is the use of a mannequin in a motorcycle sidecar. Very fitting that a dummy can steal a scene from the 'live' actors in the film.

The fact remains that, contrary to the situation of French-Canadians, or Australians, there is no daunting barrier (save the attainability of a green card) to keep European-Canadians from going to Hollywood. Therefore, an otherwise healthy talented pool gets drained, and the only bodies left to mount a purely domestic show are the second-raters. Hence, we get the likes of Crazy Moon.

In the year of Le Déclin de l'empire américain, it's a truly pathetic offering from the country's other principal linguistic and cultural group.

**Stan Shatenstein**


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