John Trent's
Middle Age Crazy

Away back in 1886, Thomas Hardy prophesied the dangers inherent in an increasingly commercial and urban society. In The Mayor of Casterbridge, an restless young lady from London explains the importance of image: "But settling upon new clothes is so trying... You are that person... or you are that totally different person... and one of the two, you don't know which, may turn out to be very objectionable." She decides "to be the cherry-coloured person at all hazards," and her choice leads to disaster for others and for herself. Middle Age Crazy explores the same problem in a world where people believe that material goods define the man and his style determines his life. When Bobby Lee Burnett changes his clothes, he becomes very objectionable indeed and sets out on a course that could be equally destructive. But as his adventures are conceived of as comic, he pulls back in time. Unlike Hardy's lady, Bobby Lee is not all image; in the end he recognizes that values sustain him. Middle Age Crazy could have been entitled Middle Class Crazy: A Morality Play.

Bobby Lee, endearingly played by Bruce Dern, is the victim of a configuration of events: he turns forty, his son graduates from high school, and his father dies. Blessed with a wife who loves him and proves it inventively (Ann-Margret, looking like a well-prepared graduate from high school, and his garden pool and his glowing hot tub — the ultimate symbol of his good life), he appears to have settled upon new clothes is so trying. He is not all image; in the end he recognizes that values sustain him. Middle Age Crazy could have been entitled Middle Class Crazy: A Morality Play.

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Christmas), carries more disturbing overtones. While in a sense he receives a gift of time, he is given it because he, as his father jokingly tells him, is now mature enough to assume responsibility for it. Bobby Lee is on the verge of being thrust into the role of family patriarch and into the next generation.

If his birthday and his wife's constant reassurances about how great he is for forty have made the hero restless, his son's graduation makes him reflective. The valedictorian enthuses on about the future, but Bobby Lee, a once-promising architect turned designer-contractor of Senor Abe's taco stands, counters her optimism with what he, in self-pity, considers the truth of his life. Live for the present, he would warn, for the future is only "fat butts, TV and beer."

Thus middle-aged and dissatisfied with both his past and his present, Bobby Lee is totally unprepared to accept his own future when his father dies. As his mother, his wife, his neurotic sister, and his troubled son all turn to him for help, he cries out, "I don't want to be the daddy!" Words get translated into actions. He sheds his Olds for a Porsche, his three-piece suit for cowboy gear, and his responsibilities for the irresponsibilities of a boy in a Halloween costume. He, who has always built and tinsel heart-shaped balloon tied to a pastel mink stole; father's Winnebago; sister's dramatically stylish, hard-edge hat (contradicted by her pigtail); the earnest shining face of the born-again Christian; the vulgarity of Senor Abe, whose foul language unfortunately pervades the film; the groping inarticulateness of the young Nancy's clinging, red, pseudo-gym clothes; and the split-level bedroom with raised hearth of the affluent middle class. Yet, while these often provoke laughter, the effect is more generous than satirical. The focus is on Bobby Lee, not on his society.

More fundamentally, the times are ready for the film's comedy and its moral. Deftly directed by John Trent, the scenes end on good lines and cut swiftly to good visual effects, and the movie paces itself to the hero's life reflecting his own sense of time. Moreover, in a year where the popular press has dropped R.D. Laing's notion of family-as-destructive, for articles on family-as-enhancing. Middle Age Crazy hits the right note. Today, facing up to middle-class responsibilities is once again respectable. (Did anyone else notice that abortion is never considered when Greg Burnett's girl becomes pregnant?)

Anna Carlsdottir

Claude Fournier's
Les Chiens Chauds
(Hot Dogs)

After playing leading man (the hood) to Linda Lovelace in Deep Throat and Georgina Spelvin in The Devil in Miss Jones, Harry Reems has decided to let it all hang inside as he makes his Canadian acting debut in Claude Fournier's Hot Dogs (formerly The Clean Up Squad).

This farcical whimsy is Fournier and Marie-Josée Raymond's two-dimensional kiddie story for adults about the misadventures of a police vice squad and its attempts to clean up prostitution. Fournier's warm colour cinematography makes the film appear to cost more than 1.8 million dollars.

In this ridiculous story there are no bad guys. In fact, everyone is likeable; cute, luscious hookers, and just-a-job cops alike. Mr. Clean (Reems), the new head of the vice squad, is out to maintain his reputation as an efficient purveyor of correct social morality. "I'm not known as Mr. Clean for nothing," he boasts as he shows his vice squad slides of a deserted Yonge Street, his last conquest. The vice squad hot shots then proceed to entrap prostitutes and pimps, in scene after mindless scene - often fumbling their lusts and arrests.

One masseuse-hooker, upon discovering her client's badge, turns the sun lamp on his vitals for revenge. Cute? Perhaps. Funny? Snicker.

Chiens Chauds's first-week gross of $130,000, in Montreal and Quebec City, has set a new record for Famous Players Canada. Fournier, ever-popular since he made Deux femmes en or a decade ago, may explain the good box office - as may the presence of a host of Quebec film stars. Perhaps willing audiences want inflated funniness in these inflation-filled times.

The story: a cop, Morris (Geoffrey Bowes), loses his wife Lilli (Denise Naples), when she learns that her husband is dressing as a woman to entrap prostitutes. She in turn is swept up in a raid when visiting a masseuse friend and is booked as a hooker. A furious Morris vows to get rid of Mr. Clean. He hires Stella Moon (Nicole Morin) - who is to prostitution, what Mickey Mantle is to baseball - to seduce Clean, then take compromising photos.

But this is the new Harry Reems. He's all innocence, a boy scout leader and bird watcher, who's seemingly uninterested in sex, and impossible to compromise. Stella finally lures him to dinner but fails to entice him. Mr. Clean reveals his depth, when he explains that he likes his job because that's what he's paid for. They accidentally trigger the automatic sprinkler system and are drenched. Stella's pert breasts are now wholly visible through her wet see-through dress. Reaching still further for character depth, Clean, back at his apartment, explains how he has modeled himself after his father, a martinet inspector.

Stella's alluring bosom fails to make Clean think of anything but a hot bath and his rubber duckie. Stella soaps him

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