

I N R E L E A S E

All Night Long

When George Dupler, a frustrated middle-level executive in a drugstore company, takes a swing at his boss, he isn't fired. Instead, he's demoted to being a night manager of one of the company's 24-hour operations. While he is learning the odd byways of the night people, a domestic crisis arises. George tries to stop an affair his son is having with Cheryl Gibbons, a distant relative who is ignored by her insensitive fireman husband. Not surprisingly, he falls for Cheryl himself, and precipitates a further family rift. *All Night Long*, directed by Jean-Claude Tramont, is not an ambitious comedy by any manner of means. But it does offer Gene Hackman, that most unlikely of stars, one of his most likable roles as George. An even bigger surprise finds Barbra Streisand in the part of Cheryl, which was originally to be played by Lisa Eichhorn. For the first time in years, Streisand acts rather than stars, and once again shows her skill as a comic actress. Fine support is given by Diane Ladd as George's wife and Dennis Quaid as his son. There is also a fine burlesque of the helicopter fight in *Apocalypse Now*, done in miniature. With Kevin Dobson, William Daniels, Terry Kiser, Charles Siebert, Vernee Watson, Raleigh Bone, Annie Girardot.

Producers: Leonard Goldberg, Jerry Weintraub. Director: Jean-Claude Tramont. Script: W.D. Richter. Photography: Philip Lathrop. Editor: Marion Rothman. Production design: Peter Jamison. Music: Ira Newborn, Richard Hazard, Alan Lindgren, David Grusin, Charles Chaplin, Richard Wagner, Giuseppe Verdi. Running time: 100 minutes. Distributor: Universal. Ratings: Mature (warning)-B.C./Adult (warning)-Ontario.

American Pop

After two excursions into animated fantasy with *Wizards* and *Lord of the Rings*, Ralph Bakshi returns to the tough urban style where he first made his reputation, with *American Pop*. It is the story of American popular music in the twentieth century, told from the point of view of four generations of a family. It begins in the age of ragtime, and follows the destinies of Zalmie, a Russian-Jewish immigrant, and his son, grandson and great grandson, through vaudeville,

the big bands, bebop and early rock, sixties psychedelia and seventies punk. *American Pop* shows that Bakshi, despite the financial constraints his independence imposes on him, is technically one of the most innovative and daring of animators, and his evocation of urban life recalls Scorsese in more ways than one. Unfortunately, this film is handicapped by the vast scope of its subject — it resembles in this regard *The Godfather*. It seems to have been very heavily edited, and the result is that none of the characters have depth, a fault which all of Bakshi's skill and street smarts cannot disguise. With the voices of Ron Thompson, Marya Small, Jerry Holland, Lisa Jane Persky, Jeffrey Lipka, Roz Kelly, Frank De Kova, Eric Taslitz, Lynda Wiesmeier, Barney Pell.

Producer: Martin Ransohoff. Producer, director, animation supervisor: Ralph Bakshi. Script: Ronni Kern. Photography: R & B Efx. Editor: David Ramirez. Music: Lee Holdridge. Music supervision: John Beug. Running time: 97 minutes. Distributor: Columbia. Ratings: Adult-Ontario.

La Cage
Aux Folles

It was inevitable that there would be a sequel to *La Cage aux Folles* after it had established itself as the most successful non-American film ever to play these shores. *La Cage II* finds Renato Baldi (Ugo Tognazzi) and Albin Mougeotte, aka Zaza Napoli (Michel Serrault), bringing their celebrated drag revue to Nice. Renato and Albin are still fighting between themselves, and as a result, they unexpectedly find themselves involved in some international intrigue, with a gaggle of spies and French counter-intelligence men on their mincing trail. As in the original, the cool performance by Ugo Tognazzi and the hyperactive screeching of Michel Serrault carry the film. But director Edouard Molinaro was ill-advised to trade the wit and energy of Jean Poiret's original domestic farce for some formulaic slapstick. *La Cage aux Folles II* will pick up fast boxoffice on its predecessor's reputation, but it won't share its longevity. With Marcel Bozzuffi, Benny Luke, Michel Galabru, Paola Borboni, Giovanni Vettorazzo, Glauco Onorato, Roberto Bisacco. French with English subtitles.

Producer: Romano Dandi. Executive producer: Marcello Danon. Director: Edouard Molinaro. Script: Francis Veber, from a story by Danon, Molinaro and Jean Poiret. Photography: Armando Nannuzzi. Editor: Robert Isnardon. Production design: Luigi Scaccianoce. Music: Ennio Morricone. Running time: 100 minutes. Distributor: United Artists. Ratings: Adult-Ontario/Mature (warning)-B.C./14 years-Quebec.

Charlie Chan
And The
Dragon Lady

A bizarre killer is at work in San Francisco, and the police are baffled. There is only one man who can solve the crimes — the legendary, now retired, Honolulu detective, Charlie Chan. Since his number one grandson Lee, who lives with his maternal grandmother, is trying to set up his own detective business, Chan has several reasons for taking the case, especially when he discovers that the likely culprit is an old adversary — the beautiful but sinister Dragon Queen. Due to the charges of racism which members of the Chinese community in San Francisco and elsewhere have laid against it, the film *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* may attract some attention. But an audience looking for a good comic mystery won't find it here. Though Peter Ustinov shuffles aimably enough through the role of Chan, Angie Dickinson's Dragon Queen is not worthy of comment. Richard Hatch (of *Battlestar Galactica* repute) tries to out Chevy Chase in the pratfall department, as Lee Chan. Michelle Pfeiffer, his girlfriend, does a passable Goldie Hawn, but no one in the cast can bear up against the truly boneheaded script and the plodding direction. As an eminent filgoer has put it: «you see the feathers flying out of the projector, you know it's a turkey.» With Lee Grant, Roddy McDowall, Brian Keith, Rachel Roberts (R.I.P.), Paul Ryan, Johnny Sekka.

Producer: Jerry Sherlock. Executive producers: Michael Leone, Allan Belkin. Director: Clive Donner. Script: Stan Burns, David Axlerod. Photography: Paul Lohmann. Editor: Walter Hannemann. Production design: Joel Schiller. Music: Patrick Williams. Running time: 97 minutes. Distributor: Astral. Ratings: Adult-Sask (warning), Ontario, Maritimes/Mature (warning)-B.C.

Fade To Black

Eric Binford is small and nondescript in appearance. He lives in a dilapidated house in Venice, California and works as a delivery boy for a film exchange. But he really exists only in the movies he constantly sees, where he can become James Cagney's Cody Jarrett of White Heat, screaming defiance at the world. Or he can make love to Marilyn Monroe. Tormented by his fellow workers and his crippled aunt, his grip on reality loosens, and the fantasy of the movie house becomes his reality. Eric pushes his aunt down the stairs, in the manner of Richard Widmark in *Kiss of Death*, and then sets out to dispose of his tormentors, variously disguised as Dracula, Hopalong Cassidy, The Mummy and Cody Jarrett. Finally, he arranges a tryst with the Monroe-like girl of his dreams, (in the guise of Laurence Olivier in *The Prince and the Showgirl*) appropriately enough, on the roof of the Chinese Theater. For film buffs and others who, like Eric, live at twenty four frames a second, Vernon Zimmerman's *Fade to Black* is a great treat. In addition to the bravura performance of Dennis Christopher (*Breaking Away*) in the role of Eric, there are fine turns from Linda Kerridge as his dream girl — her Monroe has a touch of Deborah Harry — and Eve Brent Ashe as his wicked aunt does a fine Shelley Winters. Not all of Zimmerman's many references to other films, classic and modern, work — too many others have done the *Psycho* shower scene. And the subplot involving a coke-snorting psychologist (Timothy Thomerson) and a policewoman (Gwynne Gilford) is not well integrated with the main story. But *Fade To Black*, with its sixties manner recalling *Targets* and *Theatre of Blood*, is a welcome change from the relentless stalking and slashing of recent horror offerings. With Morgan Paull, James Luisi, John Steadman, Marcie Barkin, Mickey Rourke, Norman Burton.

Producers: George G. Braunstein, Ron Hamady. Executive producers: Irwin Yablans, Syvio Tabet. Director, script: Vernon Zimmerman. Photography: Alex Phillips Jr. Editors: Howard Kunin, James Mitchell. Music: Craig Safan. Running time: 100 minutes. Distributor: Astral. Ratings: Restricted-B.C. (warning), Alta, Sask (warning), Ontario/Adult Parental Guidance-Manitoba.

Inside Moves

To the casual observer, Max's Bar in Oakland may seem to be just a refuge for losers and derelicts. It is home to people like Roary Tepper (John Savage), who tried to kill himself by jumping out of a tenth storey window, but survived with a swayed back, braces on his legs and a jaundiced outlook on life. But inside Max's, Roary recovers purpose in his life, when he meets Jerry Maxwell the bartender (David Morse). Were it not for his bad knee, Jerry could become a basketball star, and thanks to Roary, he gets his chance. Meanwhile, Roary finds romance with Louise (Diane Scarwid), one of the waitresses. Richard Donner turns away from the lavishness of *The Omen* and *Superman* to direct this modest sentimental tale of losers who become winners — though some, like Jerry's girlfriend Ann (Amy Wright, waifish again), don't make it. Appropriately timed for the Year of the Disabled, it is not a complete success, since John Savage rather overdoes Roary's mannerisms, but co-stars David Morse and Diana Scarwid (who received an Oscar nomination for her first major role) are right on. And, as a poker-playing trio of kibitzers, Bert Remsen, Bill Henderson and Harold Russell (last seen thirty four years ago in *The Best Years of Our Lives*) exemplify the idea that a broken body doesn't mean a broken spirit. *Inside Moves* is not calculated to be a great smash, but it's a nice fable. With Tony Burton, Steve Kahan, Jack O'Leary, Pepe Serna, Harold Sylvester, Arnold Williams, Greg Elam, Terry Leonard, Margaret Fairchild, Malek Abdul-Mansour.

Producers: Mark M. Tanz, R.W. Goodwin. Director: Richard Donner. Script: Barry Levinson, Valerie Curtin, from the novel by Todd Walton. Photography: Laszlo Kovacs. Editor: Frank Morria. Production design: Charles Rosen. Music: John Barry. Running time: 115 minutes. Distributor: Universal-AFL. Ratings: Adult-Sask (warning), Ont (warning), Maritimes/Mature-B.C. Manitoba (warning)/Adult, not suitable for children-Alta/14 years-Quebec.

Melvin And Howard

Melvin Dummar was just an ordinary working guy from Gabbs, Nevada. One night, he had picked up an injured old man in the desert, and had taken him into Las Vegas. The grizzled old codger told him that he was Howard Hughes. «I believe anyone has the right to call himself anything he wants,» Melvin replied, and thought no more of it. When they parted, he went back to his routine of unsatisfying jobs and continual debt. His wife Lynda left him, and then came back to him. They won big on a game show, and Melvin squandered it all. Lynda left him again, Melvin remarried, and took over a gas station in Utah. Then Howard Hughes died, and the only will ever purported to be from the eccentric financier left to one Melvin Dummar the sum of \$156,000,000. As with his earlier film *Citizen's Band/Handle with Care*, Jonathan Demme has directed *Melvin and Howard* (subtitled *A True Story?*) as a bittersweet, uncondescending and restrained evocation of blue collar America, in the manner of Preston Sturges. Paul LeMat once again shows his skill, as Melvin, the dreamer who knows in his heart that he will never win, but keeps on trying. As his equally dreamy first wife, Mary Steenburgen McDowell is, as she was in *Time After Time*, likably dizzy. Pamela Reed (*The Long Riders, Eyewitness*) is nicely pragmatic as his second wife, and Elizabeth Cheshire is his sympathetic oldest daughter. Jason Robards' portrayal of Howard Hughes is a small role, but his gem-like performance (and his rendition of *Bye Bye Blackbird*) lingers in the mind, in this fine little film. With Michael J. Pollard, Jack Kehoe, Gloria Grahame, Dabney Coleman John Glover, Charles Napier, Rick Lenz, Gary Goetzman, Melissa Williams, Eric Pleyer, Joe Spinell, Melvin Dummar.

Producers: Art Linson, Don Phillips. Director: Jonathan Demme. Script: Bo Goldman. Photography: Tak Fujimoto. Editor: Craig McKay. Production design: Toby Carr Rafelson. Music: Bruce Langhorne. Running time: 95 minutes. Distributor: Universal. Ratings: Restricted-Sask./Adult-Ontario (warning), Maritimes./Adult, not suitable for children-Alberta./Mature-B.C. (warning), Manitoba./14 years-Quebec.

Rockers

In the manner of Trevor Rhone's *The Harder They Come*, Theodoros Bafaloukos' film *Rockers* is a rough and ready picture of the thriving Jamaican music scene and the sharp social contrasts of modern Kingston. Leroy Wallace, known as Horsemouth, has a reputation

as one of the best reggae drummers in the island, but he lives in poverty in a tenement yard. Because of his Rastafarian beliefs, he can not play the games of the Jamaican musical establishment, and so he decides to circumvent them, setting himself up as a distributor of records throughout the rural areas. Then, while he and his band perform at a local club, his motorcycle is stolen by a gang headed by the club owner. Horsemouth, though proclaiming that he is a peaceful man, gets himself beaten up, but has his own sweet revenge. Without resorting to the polemical tone that characterized *Children of Babylon*, *Rockers* makes telling points about injustice in the West Indies, by contrasting the squalor of the slums where the musicians live and the luxury of the tourist bars where they play, just as the music's jaunty rhythms are counterpointed with their

apocalyptic lyrics. Most of the performers play themselves, and Chris Blackwell's soundtrack features top stars like Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer and Winston Rodney (Burning Spear), who also appears in the film. With Richard Hall, Monica Craig, Marjorie Norman, Peter Honiball, Morris Williams, Ashley (Higher) Harris, Jacob Miller, L. Lindo, Robbie Shakespeare, The Mighty Diamonds. Jamaican dialect with English subtitles.

Producer: Patrick Hulse. Director, script: Theodoros Bafaloukos. Photography: Peter Sova. Editor: Susan Steinberg. Production design: Lilly Kilvert. Music supervision: Chris Blackwell. Running time: 99 minutes. Distributor: Pan Canadian. Ratings: Adult-Ontario./All-Quebec.

Sunday Lovers

Sunday Lovers is an attempt to revive the sketch film, in four

comedies about four men in four countries and their week-end romantic adventures. Bryan Forbes directs *An Englishman's Home* (his first outing since *International Velvet*) in which a chauffeur, played by Roger Moore, uses his aristocratic employer's absence to pass himself off as a lord, and so to pick up unwitting foreign stewardesses. It is, despite Moore's polish, tired West End farce. Gene Wilder directs and stars in the American segment, *Skippy*, in which he plays a failed suicide who spends a night with a leftover flower child. This is Wilder in his faux-naif mood, uncontrollably maudlin. *The French Method* is the most accomplished of the pieces, thanks to the always sturdy Lino Ventura, who plays an upright Parisian businessman who finds himself an unwilling procurer for a visiting American client. The makers of *La Cage aux Folles* at

least know how to do it with style. Not so with Dino Risi's Italian contribution, *Armando's Notebook*. Ugo Tognazzi, as a Roman who visits some old girlfriends, with disastrous results, tries his best but it's not enough. As an exercise in comparative filmmaking techniques, *Sunday Lovers* has some use. As a classy sex comedy, it is to be forgotten. With Denholm Elliott, Lynn Redgrave, Priscilla Barnes, Kathleen Quinlan, Dianne Critten-den, Robert Webber, Catherine Salviat, Rossana Podesta, Sylvia Koscina, Beba Loncar. A.M.G.M. presentation. Producer: Leo L. Fuchs. Directors: Bryan Forbes, Gene Wilder, Eduoard Molinaro, Dino Risi. Script: Leslie Bricusse, Gene Wilder, Francis Veber, Age & Scarpelli, Dino Risi. Photography: Claude Lecomte, Gerald Hirschfeld, Claude Agostini, Tonino Delli Colli. Editors: Philip Shaw, Christopher Greenbury, Robert Isardon, Alberto Gallitti. Music: Manuel De Sica. Running time: 125 minutes. Distributor: United Artists. Ratings: Restricted-B.C. (warning), Alta, Ontario.

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