



photo: Walter Chin

No ordinary bun in the oven, in this scene from **Anatomy of a Horror**

scheduled for the same time. However, he is quickly soothed when he sees Jeanne Elias and Marvin Goldhar, both of whom appear in the film, smiling at him, understanding his frustration. They, like most of the cast and crew, are attentive and reliable. Finishing their lunch, Elias, Goldhar and the others prepare for the afternoon's work and I suddenly find

myself alone. Soon Victor Gamble, assistant to the producer, comes to my rescue and sees me off the set with a bundle of production stills and cast and crew lists. Preoccupied with his warmth and cheerfulness, I don't notice if the poor, headless monk is still bobbing and weaving in front of the bucket of blood.

Connie Filletti

Atlantic City, U.S.A.

p.c. International Cinema Corporation (Canada)/Selta Films (France) **exec. p.** John Kemeny, Gabriel Boustany **p.** Denis Héroux **assoc. p.** Justine Héroux, Larry Nessis **p. co-ord.** Vincent Malle **p. man.** Justine Héroux (Can.), Ken Golden (USA) **unit man.** Micheline Garant (Can.), Carl Zuker (USA) **loc. man.** Robert Wertheimer **assist. unit man.** Peter R. Morrison (USA) **p. office co-ord.** Barbara Shrier **p. sec.** Anne-Marie Gélinas **d.** Louis Malle **a.d.** John Board **2nd a.d.** Robert McCart (Can.), Jim Chory (USA) **3rd a.d.** Louis Goyer **sc.** John Guare (based on Laird Koenig's novel) **art. d.** Anne Pritchard **sd. mix** Jean-Claude Laureaux **mus. & lyrics** Paul Anka **boom** Gilles Ortion **gaf.** John Berrie **best boys** Walter Klymkiv, Jean Courteau, Alex Amyot **key grip** Jacob Rolling **cam. grip** Jean-Baptiste Dutreix **grips** Jean-Paul Houle (Can.), John Oravetz (USA) **p. design.** Anne Pritchard, Dominique Ricard (assist.) **art dept. co-ord.** Marie-Claude Tetrault (Can.), Csaba Kertesz (USA) **prop. master** Gretchen Rau **set props** Jacques Fournier, Jean Vincent (assist.) **set dress.** Wendell Dennis, Myles Clarke (assist.) **prop buyers** Daniel Larose, Violette Daneau **art dept. apprentice** Taylor Pattison **construction man.** Marcel Desrochers (Can.), Raymond M. Samitz (USA) **ed.** Suzanne Baron, Federico Salzman (assist.) **ed. apprentice** James Bruce **unit. pub.** Jill De

Wolfe James **cost. design** François Barbeau **ward. master** Marie-Helene Gascon (Can.), Jeffrey Ullman (USA) **dressers** Diane Paquet (Can.), Carla Froeberg (USA) **ward. apprentice** Denis Proulx **make-up & hair** Rita Ogden **wig specialist** Donna Gliddon **cast.** Stuart Aikins, Clare Walker **extra cast.** Joy Todd/Venetia

Rickerby **p. account.** Pierre Guevremont **assist. p. account.** Luc Bouthillier, Carole Legace **spec. effects** Steve Kirshoff **video sequences** Patrick Burns **teamster captain** Leonard Luizzi **i.p.** Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, Kate Reid, Robert Joy, Hollis McLaren, Michel Piccoli, Moses Znaimer, Angus MacInnes, Robert Goulet, Al Waxman, Norma Dell'Agnes, John McCurry, Sean Sullivan, Louis Del Grande, Eleanor Beecroft, Cec Linder, Sean McCaan, Harvey Atkin, Leslie Carlson. **col.** 35 mm **year** 1979 **dist.** Ciné 360 (Can.), ICM (world sales).

Soon, when the smoke starts to clear, the film industry will have to field a lot of questions. And when it's looking for some way to justify all this noise, energy and expenditure, the answer may very well be found at Sonolab's Studio "G" in Montreal, where the cast and crew of **Atlantic City, U.S.A.** are racing to bring the picture in under the December 31 tax deadline. These people are into their eleventh week of shooting, and you'd think the novelty would have worn off by now. But the air is on fire. A reverential silence reigns, broken only by the murmuring of lowered voices, and the occasional "thwack" of a hammer somewhere in the back of the studio. Camera assistant Andy Chmura, using a break in filming as an opportunity for a cup of coffee and a cigarette, exhales and shakes his head.

"One thing about this shoot," he remarks, "it's calm. Everyone has their private little tensions, but the overall ambiance is relaxed. It's absolutely marvellous." Noticing a resumption of activity around the camera, he grinds out the cigarette under his shoe and heads back to one of the mock-up apartments that constitute the stunningly elaborate set. Halfway there, he turns back to offer an addendum: "This," he pronounces, "is real cinema." And there is no one in this vast, cavern-like studio who nurtures the least inclination to disagree.

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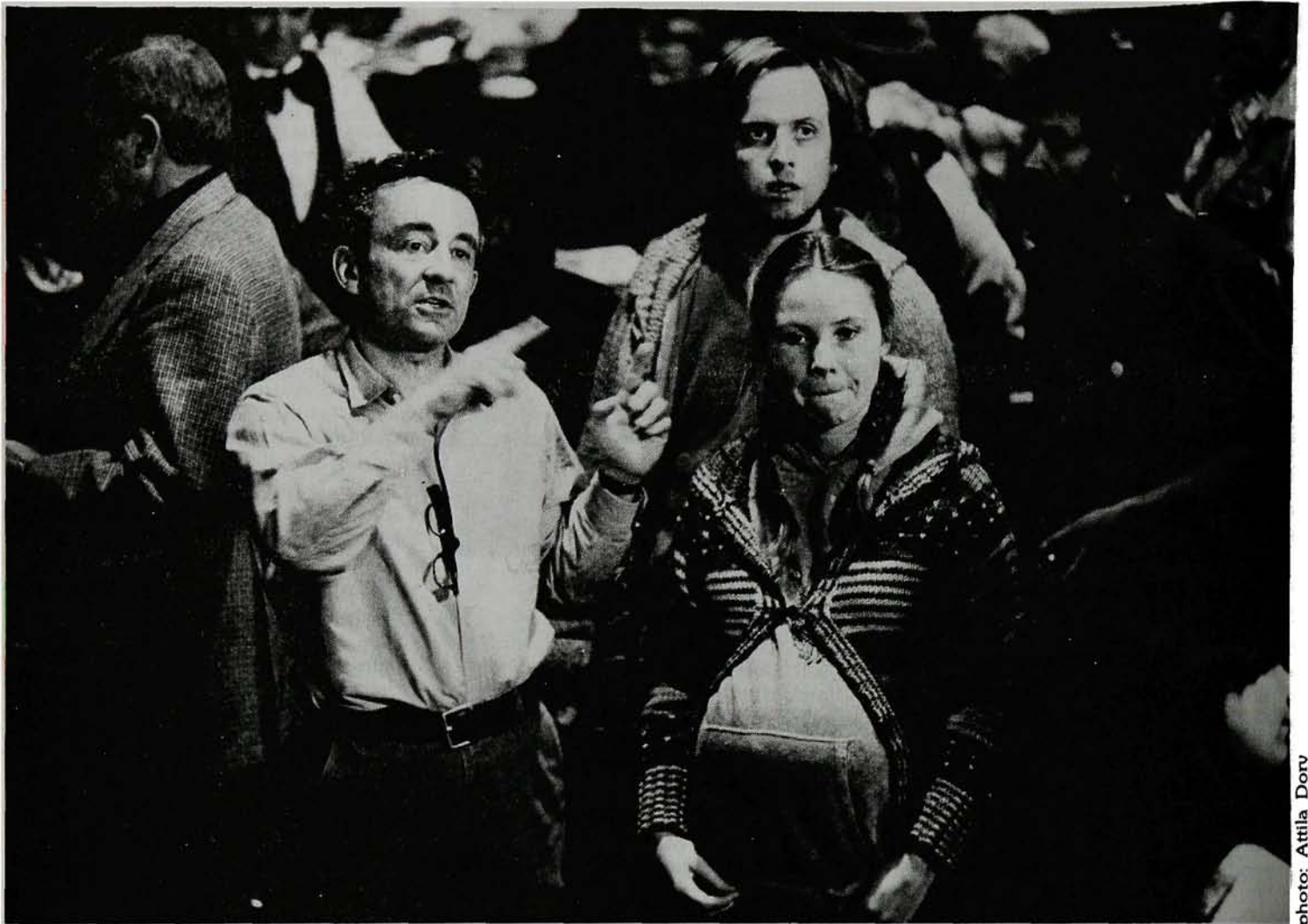


photo: Attila Dory

Director Louis Malle 'conducting' Canadian actors Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy and company in **Atlantic City, U.S.A.**

nicians the opportunity to work with a real cinematic superstar, and the excitement shows. It's sometimes hard to discern the slight, dark figure of director Louis Malle amid all those lights, cables and props, but his presence permeates that studio from the floorboards to the lighting grids. As a grip moves out of a doorway, Malle is suddenly visible, standing between a kitchen counter and the camera, cigarette gripped between his fingers. He paces the floor, smoking compulsively, then stops in front of actress Susan Sarandon to discuss a movement. Confident that they have understood one another, he turns to assistant director John Board to request a rehearsal. Sarandon takes her position behind the counter, but director of photography Richard Ciupka, peering through the camera's viewfinder, is frowning. He slides from his seat and walks to Malle's side, conferring with him in lowered tones; dissatisfied with the position of the actress in the frame, he is looking for a compromise. Within a moment, they have it, and Ciupka resumes his seat.

"Alors, ça va, Richard?"

"Oui."

"O.K. Susan, remember to step forward when you hit him." Fluently bilingual, Malle switches to English as Canadian actor Robert Joy prepares to step into frame on cue. **Outrageous!** star Hollis McLaren stands watching the activity from a corner, convincingly pregnant for her role as Sarandon's 'flower child' younger sister. The rehearsal is underway, and the two performers exchange sharp words, Sarandon angry at the unexpected reappearance in her life of her estranged husband (Joy), and her sister, whom he has made pregnant. She finally concludes the discussion with a swift left hook to his stomach. Both camera and sound department are confident, and Malle gives the order to shoot.

The shot is slated, and the elements fall into place like clockwork. While the actors perform, the three men on camera integrate their movements, a complicated ballet of zooms, dollies and focus-pulling that demands split-second co-ordination. As Sarandon lands her punch, the Panaflex rushes forward to reframe the shot.

When Malle calls "Cut," Ciupka's hand drops from the tilt wheel.

"*Impeccable!*" he declares.

Which may very well turn out to be a prognosis for the film itself. A study of people who live on the edge of a crumbling society, **Atlantic City, U.S.A.** is set against the unique combination of decay and vitality that characterize the title town. Using the subplot of a sleazy drug deal, the film focuses on the lives of five people who have run away, or are in the process of doing so. The three younger characters are joined by the figures of Kate Reid as a gangster's widow, and Burt Lancaster as her late husband's ex-bodyguard — who hides from the world with Reid inside a decaying apartment building. In setting and tone, the movie is one-hundred percent American, but Malle believes the subject is being perused through "an alien eye".

"I find myself in an interesting position at this point," he reflects during the lunch break. "Before I came to America for **Pretty Baby**, I had been coming every year since '56. It was only in '76 that I came and decided to stay for a while. I

lived in Los Angeles for a bit, and then I moved to New York. I've been half there and half in France for the last two years. Now, I'm in this sort of edgy position, where I'm almost part of it; there's a lot of things I understand and share, but I'm still an outsider." **Atlantic City, U.S.A.** represents the first contemporary picture he has shot in the last ten years, a particular challenge for Malle, who states that he needs to find "a distance from a subject that's happening right now," and believes he may have worked toward it this time by means of stylization. "Here, it's stylized in the sense that it's making fun of something that's basically serious. It has the plot of a thriller, and it's describing social and economic changes in Atlantic City, but it's done as a comedy, the same way **Murmur Of The Heart** was a comedy about something that's considered immensely serious."

He has been drawn to American subject matter before, and returns to it now because he finds the States "much more interesting than Europe at this point. Europe is just reproducing what's going on in America five or ten years later. Culturally, it's very dead. The impetus for change, the patterns for culture in the Western World; they're all coming from the U.S." Malle readily admits that **Atlan-**

tic City, U.S.A. is "only accidentally a Canadian film. I'm using a number of Canadian actors, whom I'm very pleased with, and a Canadian crew, which is excellent. Our exteriors were shot in Atlantic City, and we're shooting interiors in this studio, but I feel good about this picture — my integrity's not in question. If this type of project enables you to end up with films about Canada, made by Canadians, then the experience will have been justified. The mistake is to make too many commercial compromises — to turn out imitation American pictures. The French did that too, and it didn't work, mostly because the Americans do them better. We did films with American stars, American subject matter, and called it 'Le Cinéma Mid-Atlantic.' Ultimately, it was 'nulle part' — nowhere." He adds emphatically: "But there's nothing worse than stagnation. The technicians and creative people are working here, and that's very important. Hopefully, within the framework of this commercial industry, a really indigenous film business will develop. As a 'guest director' in this country, that's what I'd like to see; then the whole exercise will have been worthwhile."

Barbara Samuels



Susan Sarandon giving Burt Lancaster a hand in **Atlantic City, U.S.A.**

Babe!

d. Rafal Zielinski **asst. d.** Yvon Arsenault, René Chenier **sc.** Edith Rey **ph.** Peter Czerski **ed.** Avde Chiriaeff **sd.** Richard Nichol **a.d.** Real Ouellette **m.** Gino Soccio **cost.** Denis Sperdouklis **choreo.** Lynn Taylor-Corbett **lp.** Buddy Hackett, Yasmine Bleeth **exec. p.** Morden Lazarus **p.** Arthur Voronka, Rafal Zielinski **p. manager.** Gilbert Dinel **p.c.** Rafal Productions Inc.

The most unexpected thing about **Babe!** is how smoothly the shoot seems to be running. While filming an orphanage scene in a condemned university building, the crew members bitch at each other, shots are altered, half the actors are kids and the producers still haven't rounded up all the funds. Yet, the only real setback that has put the film three shots behind schedule has been the exterior shooting, delayed by the weather.

Polish-born Rafal Zielinski, at 25 years of age, is directing his first professional feature. Rafal (he prefers) runs his set in an open and easygoing manner. The shot is a simple dolly and pan of a cafeteria kitchen, where 12-year-old Yasmine Bleeth, scrubs a stone with steel wool, doing penance for an unsuccessful orphanage

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