



Mama (Helen Kyle) crosses the generation gap with the help of young neighbor friend Andre Lawrence in a scene from *Love In A Four-Letter World*.

Love In A Four-Letter World

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Love In A Four Letter World is advertised as a sensuous crossing of the generation gap. Be not fooled. It may be a little sensuous but the generation gap it doesn't cross. Any humble bridges it may try to build all get blown to bits by the terrible explosive facts that cannot be denied — those who made the film were unmistakably beyond the gap, across the river and into the trees.

The movie is about a couple in their pre-middle age who through their young daughter and next door freaky neighbors get involved in a messy kind of turbulence that tries to cope with the new life style on one hand and on the other, tries to hack it away.

The papa is a bugbear who intellectually may understand (he is a maker of documentary films where kids confront cops and yell "Peace Now!" over and over again), but emotionally just can't make it because he is worried about his relationship with his

daughter. If he understands he is afraid he will stop thinking of her as his child and start thinking of her as a sex object.

The mama is a tiger who has sexy dreams, sculpts, tells her daughter to play with the boys and digs the long-haired goodies next door.

It is obviously mama who will make it across that gap. She is still young and vital. Papa, however, is over the hill. He has grey hair. He wears grey suits. He hasn't a prayer.

And so it goes — mama and papa splitting apart — she to rejuvenation in the arms of a young and virile groovy and he to stagnation in a park where love has to be paid for. Ah, the unwillingness of the male gander to cook his own goose.

Love In A Four Letter World, in spite of all of this, is not a bad movie. In fact it is the kind of movie that tries too hard to be good and is constantly foiled. The sets are all polished and modern but the aging conceptualizers

Montreal-made film a little too Hollywoodish

LOVE IN A FOUR LETTER WORLD. Filmed in Montreal and produced by Arthur Voronka. Directed by John Sone. Starring Michael Kane, Andre Lawrence, Cayle Chernin, Helen Whyte, Candy Greene, Pierre Letourneau and Monique Mercure.

tried their hardest to figure out what the inside of a "hippie pad" would look like and came out with a kind of Better - Homes - and - Gardens version of how poor-but-arty people should live. They knew, on the other hand how a documentary film maker and artist wife should live and that home looked authentic. This spoiled the possibility of naturalness through setting.

The stars all look their part. The girls are nubile when they should be and mousey when they should be. The men are charming when they should be and dull when they should be. But they act for the most part without conviction or with too much

conviction and with a kind of desperation that tries to impress upon the audience the fact that they are really acting.

Ah, those huge pifals which lie like quagmires on the forest path. They make the film plunge into the B category of second features.

The film's chief failing is its tremendous tendency to over-dramatize and exaggerate, to club instead of tickle. Scenes that should be sensitive are instead almost embarrassing in their heavy-handedness. In many places the dialogue is over-written and forced. Young lips could never speak the lines the script intended for them.

The film lacked direction too. I think John Sone began by being interested in papa but too late his focus shifted to mama and the result was that the film floundered in places. Much poignancy was lost shifting situations from one point to the other and much emotion too. Probably the most poignant scene in the whole film, involving

papa's attempt at the seduction of a virginal spinster (Monique Mercure), was saved only by Miss Mercure's very fine acting.

There was lots of sex and lots of nudity in the film and it was well done. Very uplifting after scenes of depressing, pompous dialogue. But they couldn't make the film a really fine statement about the "generation gap." There were just too many blunders to provide easy, intelligent good times.

The fact that the movie was filmed on Crescent St. didn't necessarily give it a Canadian flavor. In fact, it could have come out of Hollywood and if the producers want to consider that a compliment they can. But they must realize that in trying to be Hollywood they have made the kind of movie that eventually killed that gargantuan entertainment machine — too much glibness, myth-making and glory-building and not enough realism and naturalness.