

Film is a bloody mess

If there is a market, someone will exploit it.

That simple piece of logic is enough to explain why movie screens these days are filled, in brutal dying color, with terror films.

More often than not the biggest horror is the poor quality of the movies, rather than their subject matter.

"My Bloody Valentine" is no exception.

Its weak plot, its disjointed story and its predictable panic are

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covered by a coating of enough blood to satisfy the needs of a large hospital in a national disaster.

There are also enough human hearts excised to keep transplant pioneer Dr. Christian Barnard in business for months.

It is a sick film, but the sickest thing about it is that it is an example of Canadian tax dollars at work.

Made by the Secret Film Co. Inc.
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which has every reason to be secretive, it was produced in cooperation with the government-financed Canadian Film Development Corp.

It's enough to start a justified tax revolt in Canada.

Now for the details. For 20 years St. Valentine's Day has not been celebrated in a small mining community. The reason is that on Valentine's Day in the past, two supervisors left their posts to attend the village dance.

Methane gas built up in the tunnels, and when the victims were found, there was one survivor. He is Harry Warden who existed for six weeks by cannibalism.

Warden, over the edge, spends a year in a mental hospital. After his release, dressed as a miner, he brutally kills the supervisors and stuffs their hearts into Valentine candy boxes.

As the village now sets about its first St. Valentine's Day celebration in two decades with a dance, a box is delivered to the police chief. It contains a human heart.

With it is a warning of more deaths if the day is celebrated.

Some young people plan a party in the mine, and the rest of the plot develops along predictable and juvenile lines.

'My Bloody Valentine'

Great Lakes Mall, Cedar Center, East, Berea, West, Yorktown, Scrumpy Dump.

Produced by John Dunning, Andre Link and Stephen Miller. Directed by George Mihalka. Written by John Beaird.

T.J.	Paul Kelman
Sarah	Lori Hallier
Axel	Neil Affleck
Hollis	Keith Knight

There is also a subplot involving a love triangle in which T.J. (Paul Kelman) and Sarah (Lori Hallier) effect a reconciliation on a lonely walk along the shore.

It is rather strange, therefore, that the scenes immediately afterward show T.J. swigging beer at the bar, while Sarah is stumbling home alone in the dark, trembling at every noise in the night.

Disjointed? At times a series of short subjects would have more continuity.

Despite all the problems, Hallier does a fair job in this, her screen debut. Perhaps she may even go so far as to rue the day she was involved in this bloody awful movie.

Rated mature for infantile plot, grisly scenes and language.

— By Michael Ward