



● In the bowels of the mine Helene Udy meets her Valentine.

George Mihalka's
My Bloody Valentine

My Bloody Valentine is yet another in the seemingly endless stream of murdering-masked-maniac movies and it's a typical example of the genre. Which is to say, terrible. The writing, acting and photography range from flat to embarrassingly amateurish. One example will suffice: some young miners and their girlfriends are holding a secret party in the mine company's cafeteria (the official party having been shut down because the masked maniac has delivered some hacked-out hearts to the police chief, with a warning that he will continue to kill unless the townspeople remember a 20-year-old cave-in and honour it by never holding another Valentine's Day dance). In the middle of the party, in the middle of the dancing and making out, one of the girls says, in her cutest itsy-bitsy voice, "Oh, let's go down in the mine!" And the men agree. Ridiculous: they work long, hard, dirty, dangerous hours in that mine and they're willing to party in it? No way! In any real, or even plausible world, a mine is a hated and feared place. Nobody parties in mines. Ever!

As bad as this movie is, there are three pluses: for Canadian nationalists there are characters that say, "Eh?", there are unmistakable Nova Scotian locations, and there is a Canadian flag flying in one shot. That flag means nothing to the story, but it is nice to find a producer who realizes that American audiences for this sort of thing don't need to see an American flag on the screen. They don't care where the action is set, so long as there's plenty of it.

For genre fans, there is the ending. The killer is neither captured nor killed. Instead, he runs away babbling for his mentor (the original mad killer of the 20-year-old cave-in). Like the Canadian setting, this too is meaningless, but genre fans often take great delight in variations on a theme. Often there is precious little else for them to delight in.

The third plus is for folklore fans. The killer's motives are not sex or revenge, the two genre standbys. Instead, they seem to be based on the admonitory and punitive. Those familiar with the little-

known legend of the Foolkiller—the man possessed by a god and made into an instrument of divine vengeance—or the madman who imagines himself as such, can view *My Bloody Valentine* as an unconscious retelling of the myth. Unfortunately, none of these things manage to push *My Bloody Valentine* beyond the level of trite hackwork.

Andrew Dowler ●

MY BLOODY VALENTINE d. George Mihalka p. John Dunning, Andre Link, Stephen Miller sc. John Beard story concept Stephen Miller assoc. p. Lawrence Nesis p. superv. Bob Presner d.o.p. Rodney Gibbons superv. ed. Jean Lafleur mus. Paul Zaza - Songs by Lee Bach art. d. Penny Hadfield exec. asst. to p. Irene Litinsky p. compt. Leo M. Gregory p. man. Danny Rossner unit/loc. man. John Desormeaux a.d. Ray Sager (1st), Julian Marks (1st), Anne Murphy (2nd), Richard Stanford (3rd) cast. Baly Casting cast. consult. Daniel Hausmann, Arden Ryshpan cont. Joanne Harwood sd. Bo Harwood boom Jean-Claude Matte cam. op. Louis De Ernsted asst. cam. Dapriel Jobin (1st), Paul Hurteau (1st), Richard Montpetit (2nd), Jean-Pierre Plouffe (2nd) keygrip Marc De Ernsted grip Jean-Maurice De Ernsted, Antonio Vidosa, Jacques Girard, Chuck Lapp gaf. Walter Klymkiv best boy Jean Courteau electr. Mike Ruggles, Denis Menard, Alex Amyot gen. op. Alex Dawes asst. art d. Raymond Larose, Tina Boden props buyer John Walsh set dress. Maurice Lebland set props David Phillips, Ryal Cosgrove (asst.) construc. superv. Harold Thrasher head carp. Marsha Hardy, Tom Daly carp. Bruce Jackson, Mario Mecuri scenic painters Larry Demedash, Kari Hagness art d. asst. Keith Currie, Patrick Dunne, Anne Currie cost. des. Susan Hall ward. mistresses Lise Pharand, Carol Wood, Renee April ward. asst. Benjamin Robin make-up Louise Rundell, Carolyn Van Gorp (asst.) hair Huguette Roy stunt co-ord. Dwayne McLean stunts Brent Meyer, Sandy Webb, Jayne Rutter, Peter Cowper stills Pirooska Mihalka ed. Rit Wallis, Gerald Vansier, Chantal Bowen (asst.) animal trainers Mark Conway, Danny Johnston p. acct. Lucie Drolet, Trudi Link, Donna Young (asst.) p. co-ord. Marcelle Gibson (N.S.), Yaniko Palis (Montreal) p. sec. Nicole Webster, Kathy Wolf craft serv. Hank Labelle, Arlie MacLennan driver capt. Robert Imeson p.a. Victoria Frodsham, Steve Wilkins, Bill Drake, Mike Stubbert, Gary Vermier 2nd unit d. Ray Sager 2nd unit a.d. John Desormeaux, Victoria Frodsham 2nd unit cam. Peter Benison, Frank Lenk sp. make-up efx. The Burman Studio, Tom Burman, Ken Diaz, Tom Hoerber sp. mechan. devices Cosmekinetics (Northridge, California) post-p. superv. Rit Wallis dialog. ed. Gerald Vansier sd. efx. Jeff Bushelman, Pat Somerset, Burbank Editorial Service Inc. sd. re-rec. Joe Grimaldi lp. Paul Kelman, Lori Hallier, Neil Affleck, Keith Knight, Alf Humphreys, Cynthia Dale, Helene Udy, Rob Stein, Tom Kovacs, Terry Waterland, Carl Marotte, Jim Murchison, Gina Dick, Peter Cowper, Don Francks, Patricia Hamilton, Larry Reynolds, Jack Van Evera, Jeff Banks, Pat Hemingway, Graham Whitehead, Fred Watters, Jeff Fulton, Pat Walsh, Marguerite McNeil, Sandy Leim, John MacDonald p.c. The Secret Film Company Inc. 1980 dist. Paramount Pictures col. 35 mm running time 91 min.