

VARIETY

Film Reviews

1975-1977

created a felling that no God figure could condemn anyone who decides to leave it. He explains himself in a meeting with a psychiatrist who gives him the idea of using somebody else to do it in a tale of how ancient people did the deed. The boy finally uses a drug addict he has tried to help and who does it for the money.

Bresson still uses non-actors who mouth their lines in a determined lack of stress or emotion. But delving into only moral and spiritual dilemmas makes the actors appear sometimes pedantic, raising them above the seemingly realistic surroundings of their milieus.

There is a sudden electric documentary-type scene on a bus when people seem to be muttering to themselves about life's rising complexity counterpointed by the well-regulated coordination of the bus driver's work. An accident results in one passenger muttering that perhaps it is the devil behind it all. Bresson says he got the idea for the pic on a bus where he overheard these remarks.

The pic looms as fest material and a natural for schools. It seems somewhat cold and monotonous on the surface, but manages to control interest and even exude fascination.

Bresson, incidentally, is against fests despite being revered at them. He pulled this film out of the Director's Fortnight at the recent Cannes Film Fest, but it reps France at the present Berlin Fest. It seems his producer has the last say. It might help the pic and it needs all it can get. —Mosk.

**Rabid
(COLOR)**

Chicago, June 21.

A New World Pictures release of a Cinema Entertainment Enterprises Ltd. production. Produced by John Dunning. Written and directed by David Cronenberg. Executive producers, Andre Link and Ivan Reitman; editor, Jean Lafleur; camera (color), Rene Verzier; art director, Claude Marchand. Reviewed at Films Inc., Screening Room, Wilmette, Ill., June 8, '77. (MPAA Rating: G.) Running time: 91 MINS.

Rose Marilyn Chambers
Hart Reed Frank Moore
Murray Cypher Joe Silver
Dr. Dan Kelloid Howard Ryspan
Dr. Roxanne Kelloid Patricia Gage
Mindy Kent Susan Roman
Lloyd Walsh J. Roger Periard
Smooth Eddie Gary McKeehan

Rabid, as the dictionary explains, means both "affected with rabies" and "extremely violent." Using both definitions, "Rabid," the latest New World pickup, is so accurately titled that this one world tells all. Here is a highly exploitable, extremely violent, sometimes nauseating, picture about a young woman affected with rabies, running around Montreal infecting others.

Marilyn Chambers, the Whilone Procter & Gamble Ivory Snow girl

turned porno film actress in "Behind The Green Door" plays the infected one — sort of a cross between Typhoid Mary with rabies and a vampire. She is the picture's only "name." Her upper torso is often left uncovered for the camera.

How Chambers turns an otherwise ordinary metropolis into an urban jungle is neither terribly convincing nor particularly appealing. On the one side are human animals, foaming at the mouth, biting each other in shopping malls, operating rooms and subway cars. On the other side are animals of another sort shooting down those salivating the green foam.

The grotesquery increases as the picture moves on. Much of it is tongue in cheek, occasionally campy, as when Chambers saunters into the Eve Theatre (one of her X-rated films, it will be remembered, was "The Resurrection of Eve"), to catch a couple of frames of a hardcore film and pick up some dinner.

Not much to say about the technical credits or acting. Any of the action which required expensive or elaborate special effects was shot in tight close up. —Hege.

**Race For Your Life,
Charlie Brown
(ANIMATION-COLOR)**

More fun with the "Peanuts" gang.

Hollywood, June 24.

Paramount release, produced by Lee Mendelson, Bill Melendez. Directed by Melendez, codirector, Phil Roman. Screenplay, Charles M. Schulz, based on his "Peanuts" characters; editors, Chuck McCann, Roger Donley; camera (Metrocolor), Dickson/Vasu; music, Ed Bogas; animation, Don Lusk, Bob Matz, Hank Smith, Rod Scribner, Ken O'Brien, Al Pabian, Joe Roman, Jeff Hall, Sam James, Bob Bachman, George Singer, Bill Littlejohn, Bob Carlson, Patricia Joy, Terry Lennon, Larry Leichter; sound, Producers' Sound Service, Coast Recorders. Reviewed at Paramount screening room, June 24, '77. (MPAA Rating: G.) Running time, 75 MINS.

Character voices: Duncan Watson, Greg Felton, Stuart Brotman, Gail Davis, Liam Martin, Kirk Jue, Jordan Warren, Jimmy Ahrens, Melanie Kohn, Tom Muller, Bill Melendez, Fred Van Amburg.

"Peanuts" fans, and there are a lot of them, will enjoy "Race For Your Life, Charlie Brown," the third theatrical animated feature based on the lovable Charles M. Schulz cartoon characters. Lee Mendelson and Bill Melendez, producers of the series as well as the Charlie Brown tv spex, have the tone and style down pat. The G-rated Paramount release is good summer fare for the kiddie audience.

Schulz, who scripted in typically droll fashion, has a nice ability to have fun with young characters without making fun of them. The "Peanuts" gang often seem like precocious little adults, but they

have children's foibles, and the mix is amusing and expert. Melendez and Phil Roman were codirectors.

As far as animation techniques goes, this film tends to be minimal, with flat backgrounds and simple character movements. None of that should bother kids, however, since the colorfully individualistic personalities of the characters are brought out with aplomb. Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Snoopy, Schroeder, Peppermint Patty, Sally, Marcie, and Woodstock are enjoyable to have around.

The gang goes through a series of adventures at summer camp this time, climaxing in a cliffhanger river race. The action is not as enjoyable as the moments when the characters are talking (that Schulz dialog is priceless), but it's an effective entertainment package nonetheless.

Ed Bogas' catchy bluegrass score is one of the film's best elements.

—Mack.

**The Spy Who Loved Me
(BRITISH-COLOR)**

Latest 007 is a hot one.

London, July 4.

United Artists release of an Albert R. Broccoli production. Stars Roger Moore. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Screenplay, Christopher Wood, Richard Maibaum, based on the Ian Fleming character, camera (color), Claude Renoir; music, Marvin Hamlisch; theme, "Nobody Does It Better," music, Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics, Carole Bayer Sager, sung by Carly Simon; production design, Ken Adam; editor, John Glen; art director, Peter Lamont; sound, Gordon Everett; second unit directors, Ernest Day, John Glen; special visual effects, Derek Meddings; special optical effects, Alan Maley; special effects (studio), John Evans. Reviewed in London, July 4, '77. (MPAA Rating PG). Running time: 125 MINS.

James Bond Roger Moore
Major Anya Amasova Barbara Bach
Stromberg Curt Jurgens
Jaws Richard Kiel
Naomi Caroline Munro
General Gogol Walter Gotell
Minister of Defense Geoffrey Keen
"M" Bernard Lee
Captain Benson George Baker
Sergei Michael Billington
Felica Olga Biserina
"Q" Desmond Llewellyn
Sheikh Hosein Edward De Souza
Max Kalba Vernon Dobtcheff
Hotel Receptionist Valerie Leon
Miss Money Penny Lois Maxwell
Liparus Captain Sydney Tafler
Fekkes Nadim Sawalha
Log cabin girl Sue Vanner
Rubelvitich Eva Rueber-Staier
Admiral Hargreaves Robert Brown
Strombergs assistant Marilyn Galsworthy
Sandor Milton Reid
Bechmann Cyril Shaps

To dispose of the obvious fast, "The Spy Who Loved Me" should prove another bonded commercial smash for United Artists and series producer Albert R. Broccoli. Nothing hints otherwise.

The latest 007 scenario cooked up by Christopher Wood and Richard Maibaum is unoriginal and mild on suspense as these capers go. But the gimmick-laden action is bountiful and eye-ravishing, and will compensate most audiences.

As always, story and plastic character are in the service of comic strip parody, an excuse to "star" the prop department, set designer, stunt arrangers, the optical illusion chaps, and such commercial suppliers as the maker of the sporty Lotus car, a lethal job that also converts to an underwater craft.

This 10th edition, in which Curt Jurgens plots a nuclear quietus for civilization as known, is another encore for director Lewis Gilbert, and his producer has no cause for complaint. He's got it all up there on screen. Also dependable and predictable is above-title star Roger Moore as the cool superspy, whose lothario interludes this time are with Russian KGB counterpart Barbara Bach. She's a glamor puss who fits the part okay.

When British and Russian nuclear subs start to mysteriously vanish, the two agents are assigned