Harrison Ford puts in strong show, but movie mediocre

FRANCIS
Directed by Roman Polanski. Written by Roman Polanski and Gerard Brach. Starring Harrison Ford and Emmanuelle Seigner.

BY MICHELLE PERRY

The opening sequence is a taxi ride from the airport. Harrison Ford is snuggled in the back seat with a woman in her forties. Ford has never in living memory costarred with anyone anywhere nor near his age, and to see him thus skulking about is a solid shock.

Naturally, the woman, Betty Buckley, disappears ten minutes into the film. The movie is Francie. Ford is Dr. Richard Walker, a surgeon attending a medical conference in Paris. Buckley is his wife, Sondra. Dr. Walker may be a magus with a scalpel, but he trembles through everyday life like a peapod out of water. His pants are too long, his glasses keep slipping down his nose, and he takes his showers with the stall door halfway open, flooding the bathroom.

Sondra suddenly disappears from their hotel room and Dr. Walker finds himself adrift in an unfamiliar land, unable to speak the language. His attempts to locate his wife near the hotel are very amusing, Seigner is another beautiful Polanski people, and gives an energetic and well-but unfeigned performance. Ford gives a wonderfully convincing performance that is light-years removed from his early swashbuckling characters. This time, his character does not come equipped with the physical and emotional tools necessary to handle the stresses of the situation; it is only with much support from Michelle that Walker survives until the end of the movie. Surprisingly, very little sexual tension is developed between their two characters until a steamy dance scene that rivals the one Ford had with Kelly McGillis in Top

Policans is a resident of Paris and his familiarity with the city is apparent. Rather than focusing on familiar tourist attractions to give a sense of location, he reveals a worldly view that few tourists have a chance to discover.

Aside from a few nitty camera tricks, Ford is left to carry the film. His fans will want to rush out to see it, but others should wait for the videotape.

Candy Mountain and Robert Frank — an odyssey of enlightenment

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knowledge, and although Julia seems far from innocent at the film's outset, Frank manages to evoke a transition in Julius' perception of the possibilities and impossibilities of life.

This transition is quite notable in Frankfurt's camerawork which, although strongly influenced by the constraints of settings of New York City and rural Nova Scotia, also changes in point of view. While the early part of the film are shot from an inside-looking-out viewpoint (panning shots from inside apartments and taxicabs), this develops later into more wide-open, all encompassing shots. Still, whenever Julius interacts with other people, it is usually within the more claustrophobic confines of a tightly shot room. There are clearly too overlapping themes that are being played out at the same time.

Frank's second theme is of people as a hoot. This would have con

effects people enough. viewmaking I would like it to be more artistic than the monetary intentions of the filmmakers. In the surface — but I'm cynical. But you know, he [Elmore Silber] got what he wanted for it [the guitars]. And he didn't want to go back and have to deal with those knock in New York. I think business people will always take advantage of art-connection are in America. He probably would have been a more interesting character if you had known more about him in the beginning — where he comes from, how he lives. Then it would be an easier question to answer.

Towards the end when Elmore tells his guitars, he tells them to do a definite oriental woman, but that specifically meant as a comeback on the current American-Japanese (role situation or is it a symbolic gesture, that he wants to sell out to somebody who's not so money motivated?

As first we wanted to have this Japanese woman played by one of those Japanese actors that is a man but plays a woman. This would have confused people enough. Once I had a very good idea of a Japanese woman that sold my work. The idea came from this. But also, the power of the Japanese/oriental people — they buy a lot of real estate in New York, a lot of real

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