

## Document Citation

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# LOVE STREAMS

(NR)

(CANNON)

Color/1.85

141 Mins.

Cast: Gena Rowlands, John Cassavetes, Diahnne Abbott, Seymour Cassel, Margaret Abbott, Jakob Shaw, Risa Martha Blewitt.

Credits: Directed by John Cassavetes. Produced by Menahem Golan & Yoram Golbus. Screenplay: Ted Allan & Cassavetes, based on Allan's play. Executive producer: Al Ruban. Editor: George C. Villasenor. Music: Bo Harwood.

**A seemingly endless, repetitive maelstrom of neuroses and personal discoveries from director John Cassavetes. Bleak B.O. outlook.**

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Sarah Lawson (Gena Rowlands) is a middle-aged, neurotic divorcee whose only daughter opts for living with her father. This is not difficult to understand, as Sarah's eccentricities include flying around the country, her daughter in tow, visiting "sick people," and collapsing to the floor when the going gets tough. By contrast, Sarah's brother, Robert Harman (John Cassavetes), is a rakish writer who prowls through bars and nightclubs interviewing women for his books. More specifically, he meets an endless stream of whores, tired chanteuses and drag queens. Robert drinks a lot, screws a lot and cracks up the occasional car. After what seems to be about three hours of character exposition (Sarah has *another* fit, Robert seduces *another* bimbo), the two finally get together. Sarah moves into Robert's bachelor digs in California, and the two discover that they are kindred spirits despite their different lifestyles, sharing a common madness. Sarah remains the daffier one, as evidenced by her ludicrous dreams and her purchase of two miniature horses, a goat, a dog, some chickens, a duck and a parakeet, all of which are given free run of the house. This menagerie parades around during the film's last half hour to reinforce the atmosphere of prevailing lunacy and eccentricity.

*Love Streams* is two-and-a-half hours of self-indulgence. Nowhere are we permitted a glimpse of family history that might help pull all of its events into perspective. In fact, there is little perspective at all, with a claustrophobic camera hugging the walls and delivering nothing but voracious close-ups. Where did this brother and sister act come from? Who were their parents? Why are they so displaced, so unhappy? In a film this long, we have a right to at least some rudimentary information. This one is for die-hard Cassavetes fans only.

—R.A.L.