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Ich Bin Ein Antistar...

(I'm an Anti-Star...)

(WEST GERMAN-COLOR-16m)

Variety

— 4-27-77
Duisberg, April 1.

A Rosa von Praunheim production, in collaboration with Westdeutscher Rundfunk (WDR), Cologne. Written, directed and edited by Rosa von Praunheim. Camera (color), Ed Lieber. Reviewed at Duisburg Film Fest, March 31, '77. Running time: 60 MINS.

Cast: Evelyn Kuenneke, Angele Durand, Nicolai Rhein, Christina, and Dietmar Kracht.

Rosa von Praunheim is alone responsible for the revival of a well known dancing thesp of the German Cinema of the '40s and after: Evelyn Kuenneke. She appears throughout the pic, but first auds get a glimpse of how she danced in a musical made during the war years. Kuenneke had a couple of bunkers named after her in those days; now her star has faded after a long singing career, and she's making a comeback after hooking up with Rosa and his pack of male friends in Berlin and New York.

She's good, and that's what makes "I'm an Anti-Star" worthwhile. Praunheim relies on old records and photos, interviews with friends and admirers, and a current run through of the Berlin gay scene where Kuenneke beat her drinking habit. She says everything about her past in no uncertain terms, helped all the more by Praunheim staying (to his credit) in the background as a good listener. —Holl.

American debut in the old Mary Astor mystery-woman role, and she's right on the edge of being charming, though her deadpan makes it apparent that nobody let her in on the mystery, either.

David Giler didn't initiate the idea of a comedy sequel to "The Maltese Falcon;" the producer Ray Stark bought the sequel rights over a decade ago, and Giler is just one of many people who worked on the project—not even the last, apparently, since he refused to direct the "Jaws"-joke ending. If this picture seems dumb, it's because so little of the humor (or the attempted humor) is organic to the subject: people went to work to try to give the producer what he wanted, and the raft of names in the credits suggest that he had fluctuating desires. (It seems an act of kindness that these overflowing credits don't mention Dashiell Hammett.) "The Black Bird" has the same look that some other Ray Stark productions have had: the look of interference. There are movies that go off the track but at least you know you're on a train. With "The Black Bird," someone in a gym suit comes in and blows the whistle and calls out, "All right, everyone out of the pool! This is now a Ping-Pong pavilion."

• —PAULINE KAEI.

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THE COMPOUNDING OF INTEREST IN OREGON

[*Adv. in the Clackamas County (Ore.)
News*]

IN THE MORNING when birds flock together to look for worms, or to anxiously wait for the sky to fall...

AT NOON when calloused, lunchtime heels pad the walks of city streets as so many footmen preoccupied...

IN THE EVENING when harpies fold their wings and shopkeepers lock their doors and assorted fables descend upon our land like a mysterious blanket...

AND during other nooks of time (so chameleon as to be invisible), the hardware of a Savings and Loan goes on—subterranean machinery compounding interest, figuring payments, printing supplies, always looking ahead.

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She and the potato industry enjoyed her year as Maine potato queen (after she had been Miss Fort Fairfield), and the five-ten brunette is still working part-time at it—as "Brenda Baker." Her next efforts for "the cause" will be in New York City and Philadelphia... She spent last weekend at home with her parents, and says they're "TOO short!"—*Fort Fairfield (Maine) Review*.

In a parent, you can't have everything.