

## Document Citation

Title	<b>Film reviews : Interiors</b>
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Source	<i>Variety</i>
Date	1978 Aug 02
Type	review
Language	English
Pagination	14
No. of Pages	1
Subjects	
Film Subjects	Interiors, Allen, Woody, 1978

## Interiors (COLOR)

**Woody Allen's first serious drama looks like an American version of Ingmar Bergman. Limited commercial outlook.**

Hollywood, July 27.

A United Artists release of a Jack Rollins-Charles H. Joffe production, produced by Charles H. Joffe; executive producer, Robert Greenhut. Written and directed by Woody Allen. Camera (Technicolor), Gordon Willis; editor, Ralph Rosenblum; production design, Mel Bourne costume design, Joel Schumacher; assistant director, Martin Berman. No other credits available. Reviewed at the MGM studios, Culver City, July 27, '78. (MPAA rating: PG). Running time: 93 MINS.

Flyn	Kristin Griffith
Joey	Marybeth Hurt
Frederick	Richard Jordan
Renata	Diane Keaton
Arthur	E.G. Marshall
Eve	Geraldine Page
Pearl	Maureen Stapleton
Mike	Sam Waterston

Nothing could prepare Woody Allen fans for "Interiors." This is the serious film he has long promised to make. Since Allen has often expressed his admiration for Ingmar Bergman, "Interiors" is no mere homage to the Swedish master, but a direct adaptation of his techniques and even his themes and concerns. Commercial outlook appears questionable.

Regardless of how United Artists handles the advertising and promotion of this picture, audiences will "read" Woody Allen and "think" comedy, or at a minimum, light drama. But this is stonefaced straight drama about death, art and the human condition. It is full of pain, angst and psychic suffering. There isn't a single joke in the script; not one scene is played for laughs. Except for two or three minutes when source music is heard in the background, the film use no music. The opening credits, in plain typeface, come on screen over silence.

Watching this picture a question keeps recurring: What would Woody Allen think of all this? Then you remember he wrote and directed it.

The film is populated by characters reacting to situations Allen has satirized so brilliantly in other pictures. Diane Keaton is a suffering poet married to Richard Jordan, a novelist overshadowed by Keaton's accomplishments and talents. Keaton has two sisters — Kristin Griffith, a television actress, and Marybeth Hurt, the most gifted of the three, but the least directed.

What would be called the film's action — like Bergman's pictures, the movement is interior, in the mind — revolves around the relationship among the sisters and their parents, E.G. Marshall and Geraldine Page.

Marshall, apparently, is a very wealthy man. His wife, (Geraldine Page), an artist of some sort, is a meticulous and disturbed woman. Suddenly, over breakfast one morning, Marshall announces that he is leaving her in a trial separation. Page falls apart and emotionally destructs after Marshall announces that he plans to marry another woman, Maureen Stapleton. The daughters, each involved in a personal crisis of their own, must then react to their mother's torment.

Because of the nature of the characters and their intelligence, the reactions are complex and cerebral and the film deals with Big Issues. Again, Bergman's themes — death, the possibilities of communication between people, the role of the artist.

"Interiors" also looks like a Bergman film. Characters are photographed against blank walls, Keaton's discussions with her analyst appear almost to be a confession into the camera. And the final third of "Interiors" was shot

near the ocean in Long Island and looks like the Swedish island on which Bergman has photographed so many of his films.

Keaton's role is the most difficult, but her performance the least believable of the eight principals in the picture. Maureen Stapleton as the woman Marshall marries after divorcing Geraldine Page, is the only character who reacts more from the heart than the head. She is wonderful. That is not to underplay the other performances, all of which are complex and well managed.

"Annie Hall" proved how far Allen had progressed as a director since "Take The Money And Run." And this very deliberate and controlled film reinforces that proof.

Commercially, "Interiors" appears to be a very iffy prospect. There will be some curiosity about the project among urban sophisticates, especially with Keaton, so a certain likely market is out there. But the film is such a sombre, downbeat work — think again of Bergman — that the possibilities in the general market appear to be nonexistent. —Hege.