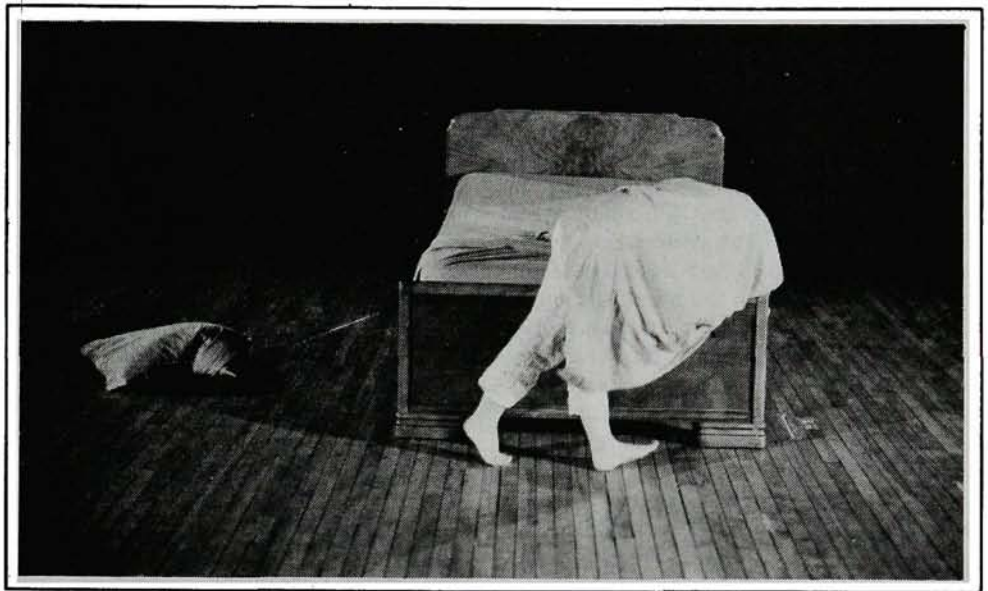


chief lieutenant, might as well have mailed in her performance. Perhaps she did.

Except for Michael Kingbell's cat Maria, and former Canadian cabinet minister Pierre Seigny, who plays Quinn's anonymous Air Force bigwig boss (neither have any lines), the only actor in **Agency** to emerge with any dignity is Robert Mitchum. His heavy-lidded casual style has enabled him to survive his fair share of turkeys — like the 1978 version of **The Big Sleep**. Here, that style works in his favour amidst the sound and the fury signifying nothing. Mitchum is enough of a professional to hide the contempt he probably felt for the project. Still, nothing he can do explains why such a sharp operator as Quinn would hire as his hitmen the two coke-snorting morons (Quinn's own description) played with Grade A ham by Gary Reineke, looking jaundiced, and Michael Kirby, looking ill.

What condemns **Agency** to its low-calibre fate as a film (its Canadian identity is not even an issue), is that the producers and director overlooked, in their cynicism, one crucial matter. In order for a story of conspiracy and paranoia to work, there must be some kind of ethical structure inherent in the organization under scrutiny. And the nominal hero has to be sympathetically portrayed — good examples being **The Hospital, Three Days of The Condor, All The President's Men, Network, Coma** and ... **And Justice For All** to varying degrees. Although it is possible to make a thriller without such ethics, or a sympathetic hero — as in Francis Coppola's **The Conversation** — there is no indication that the makers of **Agency** believe enough in what they are saying to succeed. Nor do they possess the necessary wit and energy to convincingly fake it.

Paul Costabile



Tackling the demons of insomnia in **One of Those Nights**

## One of Those Nights

Witty, fast-paced and unpretentious, **One of Those Nights** is a breath of fresh air from the genre of films about dance.

Much of the credit for this little gem should go to Gina Lori Reily, who choreographed and performed the dance, entitled "Sleeper," that is the subject of this film. Performed to quick-tempo '30's and '40's jazz, this most unusual dance uses a bed as a dance floor. Reily dances under the covers, on top of the bed, beside the bed and, of course, ends up by falling asleep, as the sun peeks up over the horizon, on the floor beside the bed.

The filmmakers, John Brooke and John Fremes, should be commended for the style with which they have presented this solo dance performance: a solo human performance requires a very delicate treatment on film, or else the strength of

the film medium will overpower it. The filmmakers utilized an imaginative array of camera angles, covering the action from directly overhead to camera-on-the-floor and everything in between — but, primarily, with well-designed static frames. The style of shooting, coupled with the clean, crisp editing has allowed the movement and humour of the performance to translate onto the screen.

**One of Those Nights** is proof of what can be done when a small budget is combined with a thoughtful approach and a little imagination. Hopefully, this film will open a few doors for these young filmmakers, so we can see more of their ideas on the screen.

Edward Farrar

p./d./ed. John Brooke, John Fremes choreog. & perf. Gina Lori Riley ph. Robert Holmes set design Diane Balsky p.a. Sydney Levitt p.c. JFB Films, with Sunrise Films Ltd. (1980) running time 7 min. col. 16 mm.

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