That being said, this movie is three pluses: for Canadian nationalists there are characters that say, "Eh?" There are unmistakable Nova Scotian locations, and there is a Canadian flag flying in one shot. That flag means nothing to the story, but it is nice to find a producer who realizes that American audiences for this sort of thing don’t need to see an American flag on the screen. They don’t care where the action is set, so long as it has plenty.

For genre fans, there is the ending. The killer is neither captured nor killed. Instead, he runs away babbbling for his narrative, the final mad killer of the 29-year-old cave-in. Like the Canadian setting this too is meaningless, but genre fans often take great delight in variations on truisms. The third plus is for folklore fans. The killer is possessed by a god and made into an instrument of divine vengeance or at least an instrument of mad vengeance. Such a character can, view My Bloody Valentine as an unconscious retelling of the myth.

Unfortunately, none of these things make up a good My Bloody Valentine beyond the level of trite hackwork.

**Andrew Dowler**

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**Christopher Chapman’s **

**Kelly**

Exclusive of horror films that follow their own formula, the novels of English Canada observe certain clichés. Exploit the landscape: fly over, around, up and down the mountains, linger on the prairies; shoot the sunset; look for possibilities in snow, water and trees. If the action flags, make use of upsets, blizzards or stormy storms. If you must, specify the location, call it Alaska, Long Island, Montana, Texas or Bear Island; otherwise, keep mum. Include among the characters a wise old Indian or a philosopher-sage rooted in an earlier, simpler time. Growing up should be the theme, generally plotted around the landscape, as photographed by Paul Van Der Linden, is a marvelous; the rapids are dangerous, George Clutesi, as Clute, overcomes the baniity of his role as wise-man-who-knows-where to give the most interesting performance. But the script suffers everyone.

**Kelly** pretends to be the story of a young girl, frustrated by dyslexia, who has become a problem for her mother. Equally frustrated, her mother ships her to Alaska, to a bush pilot father with whom she has never met, since her parents divorced when she was born. In nature, she will learn to accept animals. her father, her mother and, most important of herself.

The first weakness in this screenplay concerns the characters. Aside from the fact that their dialogue is excruciatingly predictable, the story itself doesn’t give them any scope. Susan, Kelly’s mother, well-played by Elaine Neele, has to be inincrably urban. Her father, Dave (Robert Logan), also the author of all this simple-mind routine, is a man who seems to have given up (Doug Lemmon); he snarls, revealing horrid black teeth. The young heroine (Devdan Vokins), because she changes, should be interesting, but the script snatches the opportunity away from her. Engaging as a defiant problem-child, game for every gesture including bank robbery, once she reaches the mountains, her resourcefulness is not allowed to function. The primary device for establishing character in **Kelly** is the animal. Father and Clute are introduced rescuing a wolf caught in the mad trapper’s trap.
therefore, they are good. Beechum traps a pet raccoon. Mother wears a fur coat that speaks volumes about her values. Kelly, although always a friend (named Angela!), in her first episode interacts with each other within the confines of an inept plot. Not only do the episodes fail to contribute to any unfolding of Kelly's character, but they also seem gratuitous. The scenes at the monastery, for instance, appear to have been written simply to feature the bear. Moreover, the plot lines are so separate from each other that the movie ends three times. The major resolution, Kelly's facing of herself — that should reveal the explicit identity of her delusions — occurs first, and far too early. The second, a nuisance that ought to have been edited out, involves a renewed attraction between Kelly and a former lover, and her remarried mother, who is soon removed from the story. Eventually, almost as an afterthought, the villain is set up to get what he, if not Russia, deserves. But because Kelly cannot take part in the revenge, the joke falls flat. This ending, however, renders the movie is not just bad but objectionable.

Kelly is not really the heroine's story, and hemmed in as she is by cliches and the greater riches when the artist subordinates himself to the splendid him. As in the whodunit involving the body on the floor in *Wavelength*, and the classroom incidents in (informally called "Back and Forth"). Snow raises the spectre of narrative cinema only to drop it, in favour of analyzing the perception of experience. So in the latter stages of his narrative sequence in *Presents*, the romantic drama becomes a disaster movie. The furniture wobbles, crumbles, and is destroyed. Finally, Snow's camera breaks through the setting and we escape into the splendor of the real world. Our first image is the oppressive skyscraper, but we're free.

The third section is a 70-minute album of intriguing, rhyming, beautiful, unsettling, and extremely personal moments of life in all its fullness and chaos. Here Snow shows the world instead of a fiction. Here he allows the objects their thought, the villain is set up to get what he, if not Russia, deserves. But because Kelly cannot take part in the revenge, the joke falls flat. This ending, however, renders the movie is not just bad but objectionable.

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Presents is based on the paradox of authorial personality. The first two parts demonstrate the futility and fakeness of an art in which the creator obtrudes his voice and craft. The third is a celebration of the world, which the director

† A unique exploration of the medium: Michael Snow's *Presents*.

Michael Snow's new film is his most generous, exhilarating and buoyant offering yet. As usual, it's a meditation upon the processes of perception. As usual, it's a rich, spirited film that should tease viewers into new thoughts however often it is viewed.

The film is structured in three precise parts. The first two dramatize the distortions which result when an artist imposes himself upon the materials of his craft. The third demonstrates the greater riches when the artist subordinates himself to the splendid him.

In the 10-minute first section, Snow presents the classical odalise: a nude reclining in an artificial room. Snow opens with a thin vertical sliver of light, which he slowly stretches out into the full image. When his stretch reaches the Cinemascope proportion the woman has been rubberized, dehumanized, rendered grotesque. Here Snow exposes the filmmaker's intervention by prop, framing and manipulation of the elements of his shot. Halfway through the image is squashed into a horizontal slit, then stretched out again. Contrary movements are required to make the whole. As in the film's overall structure, thesis and antithesis give way to the clastic synthesis. The second part is a hilarious 20-minute narrative in which the nude rises and joins a visitor to search for a trivial object. For the most part, Snow's camera is stationary, but the entire set moves back and forth. Both actors are hilarious in the stiff movements and in their heroic effort to handle their moving set. A phongraph plays classical music, its needle leaping crazily with the movement. We hear Snow call out numbers to direct his actors. We see his crew reflected against the set. The man freezes in mid-air whenever the set moves him out of camera range. This is a slapstick exposure of traditional narrative cinema, in which a trivial drama is performed against an artificial setting and its entire world is maneuvered by the director. The comedy lies in Snow making explicit the manipulation that is usually hidden.

There are shots of unaccountable detail and appreciation, like the lengthy views of a steamroller, later a snowplow, as Snow's lingering camera seems captivated by physical details. There are sequences that rhyme textures - a blanket, then a field of snow. There are moments of drama — from a hunter proudly displaying his moose head.

Snow pans blandly across fields of red and white flowers, as if staring away, revulsion. No rose-lens optimism, Snow cuts in an Arctic caribou hunt and a grisly surgery.

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