By KEVIN TIEBNEY

In this year's World Film Festival program, there is a section on page 6 called, "Grandeur et Servitude in the Organization of a Festival." The section begins with a question, "What is it, organizing a festival?" About half way down the page of answers to that question is the following statement: "It's having on your back people who, having never invented anything themselves, believe they can assume rights over everything you have created." It's signed Serge Losique and Danielle Cauichaud.

Serge Losique is president and director-general of the Montreal World Film Festival and Danielle Cauichaud is the vice-president and associate-director. While Cauichaud is quiet and low-profile, Losique is very much in the limelight. As a personality, Losique embodies the very essence of cinema - an art-industry, people like to call it, finding such an appeal wide enough to encompass that which is beautiful and that which is downright gaudy. By extension, these are also to be found in Losique's festival.

Losique has made his reputation in Montreal by attempting to find audiences for foreign films, forgotten classics and serious cinema in general. At the same time he is aware of where some of the bread and butter lies. When asked why American critic Rex Reed had been named to the jury, Losique replied, "You and I might not like his taste, but his column is syndicated in over 500 American dailies and that's important." Unfortunately it isn't quite as easy to explain the presence of Gina Lollobrigida as jury president. Glamour? Perhaps, but of another era. Losique's enigmatic nature causes many to question him and his amazing success. But answers prove elusive - they are more likely to be found in the festival than in the man.

Each year the sentinels of de­cency and good taste, the government and the press, the very people implicated in the opening statement, come to Montreal to bury Losique, not to praise him and each year they fail. This year was the most popular festival ever, surpassing last year's record high attendance figure of 100,000 by 32,000. And in case anyone forgot to note the fact, Losique called a first-ever post-festival press conference to announce it.

This success was despite a relatively weak crop of fea­tures in the competition. "Yes, there is room for a world film festival in North America," said Gilles Jacob, head honcho of the Cannes festival, "but Mr. Losique will have difficulty finding 50 quality films for this year in Montreal." While Losique the art lover might have had trouble, Losique, the man with a nose turned to the in­dustry, managed to do just fine.

So we had three American films represented: Carbon Copy, an insulting bit of sick sit­com; Butterfly, a sort of Lolita gone wild, designed to display the talents of one Pia Zadora; the wife of the film's extremely wealthy executive producer, and a man who sought to re­define the word zucchini by not only making it clear that he was out to buy his wife a film career, but to buy the festival - jury, press and all - to boot; and The Chosen, the eventual winner of this year's Grand Prix des Ameriques, which even light of the choices proved to be a most conserva­tive winner.

From Germany, there was the impressive Desperado City, a first film by Vadim Glovsky and one that came to Montreal via the Directors' Fortnight in Cannes where it had been voted best first film. We Children From Bahnhof Zoo (Christiane F.), a gritty film that was preceded by commercial success stories and a sen­sationalist selling book, contin­ued its successful track record here and ended up being named winner of the Air Canada Prize as the most popular film screened this year.

Three smaller films of quali­ty were: L'Amante prochaine al­tavu bien, a first film by Jean-Loup Hupeart, in the tradi­tion of charming French films; Sally and Freedom, di­rected by Gunnel Lindblom, the only film in the competi­tion directed by a woman, (it proved to be a most conserva­tive winner.

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