Jacques Méthé's *La dernière y restera*

The film opens on the solitary figure of a young girl, playing with a rubber ball in a small yard. The ball bounces into a small yard. She stands at the gate, patiently waiting as an older man emerges with the ball in hand. She takes the ball back without answering any of his questions, and skips down the alley. Throughout this scene, the camera lingers on the child's face and movements, stirring up ambigus and, at the same time, suggesting a deliberation not associated with children. On the surface nothing is especially sinister. But the atmosphere and the pacing are too benign. There is more here than meets the eye.

Director Jacques Méthé plays with tension continually. Joseph and Germaine Lavoie, a retired couple, seem to have outlived their lives relatively happily. Joseph complains about his toast and Germaine chides him as one would a child. Both have ironed out any problems they might have had long ago—until the little girl appears in Joseph's life.

The child seems to weave a fine web around the older man. Suddenly, Joseph tells Germaine that the child is his. He is absent more and more often. But it is only when Germaine is told by a neighbour that Joseph refuses to leave the sand box he is playing in, that she realizes what has happened. Joseph has become terrifyingly senile. Caught in a struggle to fight for her husband against a force she cannot seem to fight, Germaine tries desperately to maintain some order. But the little girl is relentless, and continues, teasing Joseph. Finally, she is sick, exhausted, and in his kitchen attended by Germaine. Yet the game is still not over, and when the child throws the ball through the window, Joseph dies.

Germaine is left alone—and then the doorbell rings and the same girl appears in Joseph's account. Irene Phelps cost. des. Julie (eanion i^e. tnua. Michael Manin asoic p. Andre deLevoisier, ex. Andre deLevoisier. The little girl is a child Both have ironed out any problems they might have had long ago. And if that comes to pass again we'll have to say, more power to him.

**O Weeing a sand-castle web (Paul Hébert and Véronique Démassay)**

But on seeing the film the first thought was that perhaps he hasn't really gone off on such an adventure after all. What has he given us? A movie that is well made, but which reads like a catalogue of every tried and true cliche in the comedy handbook. I gather that was his intention, because we've seen everything in it before—many times. A winning ticket slipping out of the winner's hands and blowing away with the wind; the mad chase past the traffic cop, through the nudist camp with hands hastily in place, sneaking from tree to skinny tree with the appropriate background music in an attempt to retrieve the errant fortune which has landed on a muscleman's sleeping girlfriend; and finally, so close to satisfaction on the railway track, only to have a shoelace get snagged as he reaches for it with you-know-what chugging around the bend...

The ending? You've seen that too. Nevertheless, Holeris knows how to put these scenes together. Wayne Vet's relentlessly high energy level, that of a little kid who is about to wet his pants, gets on your nerves. But with the help of Holeris' framing he gets the job done; his gestures and movements play apt homage to Dagwood comic strips and are quite funny.

The story of a lottery ticket has universal appeal. Especially in Ontario. Could that be why the Ontario Arts Council gave some of its preciously purposeful money in aid of the film? It's difficult to explain some things. Perhaps they were investing in Holeris' future. If he can continue to produce movies as competent but as original as this one, maybe he'll soon be doing anything for a million in the film business. And if that comes to pass again we'll have to say, more power to him.

**John Brooke**

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Anything for a million

Anything for a Million is a 14-minute comedy directed by Nick Holeris of Toronto. This interesting piece of work deals with a winning lottery ticket and the fate of the lucky, unlucky kluts, played with manic enthusiasm by Wayne Vet, who possesses it. But although it is an interesting piece of work, it is not really a very interesting movie.

For this reviewer the most fascinating thing about Anything for a Million is that it got made. For many filmmakers, fledging and veteran alike, the thing that determines what they may or may not attempt to do is the market. And for the market in 14-minute comedies is not exactly huge these days. There are many who think anyone who tries to raise money for a film which has no market is a freak. And it definitely feels strange to sign cheques from your own account with the appropriate background music in an attempt to retrieve the errant fortune which has landed on a muscleman's sleeping girlfriend; and finally, so close to satisfaction on the railway track, only to have a shoelace get snagged as he reaches for it with you-know-what chugging around the bend...

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