

Harry Sutherland's Track Two

The making of documentary films seems to be something that we English-speaking Canadians have always done well. Perhaps it is the intrinsic order of the genre that has appealed to our well-regimented, non-revolutionary minds. In any case, the early years of the National Film Board laid the ground work and the wealth of talent that sprung up from it was remarkable. Of course, that venerable institution isn't what it used to be but the best of the CBC and the feature film industry can thank it for much of the talent it deployed. Feature length documentaries are uncommon these days and independent feature length documentaries more uncommon still. It is a pleasure to see that rare bird come home to roost in the film *Track Two* which premiered July 1 in Toronto at the "Doing It" conference offered by the city's gay community.

Track Two is a chronicle of the raid executed by Toronto's police on the city's homosexual bath houses in which over three hundred men were booked on the rather quaint charges of being 'found-ins of a bawdy house'. It being the second largest mass arrest in Canadian history, right-minded liberals will, of course, cluck in approval that a film has been made to document the event. The subject matter, it would appear, is ideal for the documentary format and so one can comfortably sit back and appreciate *Track Two* for what it's worth. Generally speaking, the work is a well-conceived and executed piece of film-

making. In it the famous are comfortably intermingled with the not-so-famous. We have the ever-raunchy Carol Pope on the sound track to give the film its much needed sense of rhythm. The camera-work by Leo Zourdoumis is first-class, as is the sound-work by Karin Michael and Gordon Keith's editing is downright superb. Yes, a very nice film indeed.

Nice, however, is not the word to appropriately describe what this film has, in reality, achieved. To begin, ask yourself: how often has the film industry, or anyone else for that matter, confronted this city's well-entrenched police department and demanded that that it be held accountable for its behavior. It is, indeed, a very telling point about the vibrancy of filmmaking that no sooner had the ink dried on our newly signed constitution than its first test should have been made on the issue of film censorship. All of which brings us back to *Track Two*. The fact that this film was even made is remarkable. The fact that anyone had the vision and the courage to make it is downright astounding. For that feat alone KLS Communications must be thanked. Editor Gordon Keith, writer/researcher Jack Lemmon, and above all director Harry Sutherland must take the credit. What they have achieved is more than a good film that deserves our respect simply because it got made. *Track Two* is a piece of raunchy filmmaking. It sweats, it curses, and most importantly, it lives.

The talking-head syndrome is, perhaps, the most deceptively simple way to make this sort of film. And *Track Two* does have some stellar talking heads. We get former mayor John Sewell, who was, himself, burned by the police, the usually grim Margaret Atwood in a surprisingly light-hearted frame of mind,

the ever-present June Callwood, and that old curmudgeon, Laurier LaPierre. Lesser filmmakers would have been satisfied with that lineup but not so Harry Sutherland. What makes *Track Two* so vital is its remarkable sense of immediacy. Every frame of this film fairly reeks of the "you are there" intimacy that hallmarked the emergence of *cinéma vérité*. No sooner had the raids taken place than Harry Sutherland's crew was on the streets. In *Track Two* one is treated to the awesome spectacle of complacent, well-meaning Torontonians yelling and screaming their fool heads off. The film's focal point is the angry mass rally held at Yonge and Wellesley in which many thousands of homosexuals and, certainly, heterosexuals stood up and demanded that the right to privacy and self-determination of all people be respected.

This is documentary filmmaking at its most powerful. Like it or not you are at the centre of this demonstration and you better take a stand. When was the last time a Canadian film evoked that kind of response from you? *Not a Love Story - A Film About Pornography* did - and *Track Two* does. No wishy-washy notions of giving due attention to everyone's point of view here. This is a film that has - gasp! - a most decided point of view. Says Harry Sutherland in the press release, "Gays have been making films about straights for a long time. It's time they made one about themselves." This is a minority film that attacks its subject matter so confrontationally that you really don't get a chance to complain - until it's all over. For that very reason some people will see *Track Two* and condemn it for being a recruitment film. In reality, however, it does something even more precarious than that. It goes to the very heart and soul of demo-

cracy and asks to put its money where its mouth is. A remarkable achievement for any film.

The difficulties that the Toronto police have had with all minorities has always been a sore point that no one really has ever wanted to talk about. *Track Two* does. It is to this film's credit that such diverse members of the black community as school board trustee Fran Endicott and the wife of Albert Johnson, killed by Toronto's police, are on hand to hit home the issue of civil liberties. Thankfully, this film doesn't smack of the smug, self-congratulatory, "aren't you lucky you're not one of them," subversiveness expressed by the Kastners in *Sharing The Secret*. Actually, the CBC has seen *Track Two* and, of course, rejected it with the disclaimer, "The CBC has done gays to death." Truer words have never been spoken.

Is *Track Two* a good film? Perhaps. Is it a great film? Most definitely. Are there difficulties? Decidedly. One wonders why the police were not interviewed in this film. Their short appearance, via a television talk-show, is, curiously enough, one of this film's funniest and more telling moments. The makers of *Track Two* didn't need to worry about gunning down the police. As this segment proved, all they needed to do was give them a shovel and let them dig their own grave. More of this self-assurance would certainly have been in order in this film. Was a re-enactment of the bath house raids really necessary? It is an awkwardly directed moment in the film that comes across feeling manipulative and self-serving - a veritable sore thumb amidst all of this film's beautiful, ugly truth. The very essence of *cinéma vérité* is certainly the unguarded moment. No such moment appears in *Track Two*. There is a fair amount of talking and expostulating but curiously enough no one individual ever bares his heart and soul.

What is truly remarkable is the collective anger of this film. What *Track Two* does achieve is capturing the response of a whole community that wasn't, before the raids, much of a community at all. As that community took shape so too did this film. That, in itself, must be a documentary filmmaker's dream come true. Toronto-the-Good has gone bad and someone was there to click the shutter. *Track Two* has given this town its first black eye. The feature film industry has spent the better part of the last few years pretending that Toronto was really New York or Dallas. For anyone who cares, *Track Two* lets it be known that Toronto is Toronto and has portrayed it, warts and all, through the eyes of one of its most underground minorities. Yes indeed, this is courageous filmmaking. *Track Two* offers to film audiences a much needed lesson in life that is scarcely to be found anywhere else. Canadian filmmakers, please take note.

David Eames ●

● *Track Two* producers Jack Lemmon, Harry Sutherland and Gordon Keith



TRACK TWO p. Gordon Keith, Jack Lemmon. Harry Sutherland assoc. p. Karin Michael & Harry Sutherland d. of re-enactment Jack Lemmon ed. Gordon Keith cam. Leo Zourdoumis sd. Karin Michael mus. Carole Pope, Kevan Staples ac/research Jack Lemmon add. ph. Martin Duckworth, Ron Greaves, Nadine Humenick add. sd. Ian Blackburn, Gordon Keith assist. cam. Nadine Humenick, Albert Lee sd. trans. Larry Johnson, Sound Techniques Ltd. narr. Susan Huycke neg. cutter May Bishop sd. mix Film House dancer Lim add. tech. assist. Kelly Pykerman, Paul Boyde pub. Patricia Michael stills Norman Hatton, Ted Hebbes, The Body Politic Collective, The Toronto Sun, Globe and Mail, Toronto Star, Rick Amis p.c. K.L.S. running time 90 min. colour, 35mm.

Morley Markson/ Larry Pall's **Off Your Rocker**

It's easy to see why *Off Your Rocker* was never released theatrically. Not that it is awful, but it has no recognizable box office stars, it's about a bunch of old people, it's depressing, and it's way too Jewish.

Indeed, *Off Your Rocker* can be read as a peculiar epic of Jewish paranoia. Dr. Max Adler (Lou Jacobi) runs a wonderful, warm retirement home, filled with old Jewish people played by Milton Berle, Red Buttons, Helen Hughes, etc. However, Dr. Adler likes to play the horses, and is in massive debt to loan sharks, represented by the evil Michael Ironside. He goes to Lou Carmen, an unscrupulous businessman, who works a deal by which he steals the home and gives Max a stroke. Immediately, Carmen institutes a whole new regime of modern geriatric techniques under the ultra-WASPy Miss Beecher (Helen Shaver).

Ultimately, the patients stage a revolt against the new order by drugging the attendants and blackmailing the evil Lou Carmen into selling the home back to Max Adler, who has made the fastest recovery in medical history.

What the producers and directors were obviously shooting for was a sort of Geritol Capra movie, about loveable old folks fighting off the tentacles of big business for the right to live the way they want in the final years of their lives. What comes out, however, as the moral of the story is 'don't gamble, or you will go into debt' and have to do business with the goyim, who will cheat you, and, once they have you in their clutches,

"OFF YOUR ROCKER" d. Morley Markson and Larry Pall p. Norman Glick and Earl A. Glick p.c. Hal Roach Studios International Ltd. sc. Samuel Warren Joseph and Morley Markson from a story by Samuel Warren Joseph assoc. p. Deanne Judson art d. Gavin Mitchell d.o.p. Henry Fiks film ed. Melvin Shapiro orig. music by Srul Irving Glick orch. Ben McPeck assts. ed. Tim Eaton, David Leach superv. sd. ed. Alban Streeter sd. ed. Terry Burke music ed. Kirk Hawkes 1st, 2nd and 3rd a.d. Ken Goch, Sherry Cohen, David Hynes p. asst. Lazar Avramov p. acct. Barry Leyland p. sec. Judith Rubin asst. to p. Jules Brozovsky d.'s sec. Kevin Sullivan 1st, 2nd and 3rd asst. cam. Rick Wincenty, John Hobson, Mark Lipson focus puller Dennis Rindsen cam. loader Ron Hewitt sd. rec. Doug Ganton sd. mix Nolan Roberts boom Tom Hilderley best boy Richard A. Allen asst. elect. Bill Brown 3rd elec. Robert Moor elec. trainee Wayne Bate key grip Jim Craig grip Michael O'Connor, Dan Narduzzi gaffer Roger Bate loc. super. Howard Schmuck loc. maint. Haim Akum loc. cons. David Coatsworth pub. Julie Trumpour still Lawrie Raskin cont. Barbary Ratz, Margaret McClintock asst. art d. Carmi Gallo set dres. Carol Lavoie asst. set dres. Richard D. Allen, Jackie Field props master Andrew Deskin props Peter Fletcher ward. coord. Kathy Vieira ward. mistress Angie Vastagh ward. assts. Eileen Kennedy, Judith Gostick, Gaye Gardiner make-up Sandi Duncan make-up asst. Laurie Finstead make-up app. Linda Dolgaj hair Jocelyn MacDonald asst. hair Roger Dalgliesh, Bruce Appleby const. man. Mike Lotosky const. coord. Rolf Harvey sp. eff. Michael Kavanagh nurse Donna Holton transp. capt. Nick Scheffer drivers Michael Holton, Pam Henry, Calvin Greenwood, Martin Weinryb, Harro Bauer extra coord. Barbara Greene craftperson Marsha Rovon catering Chapman's Fine Foods lab. Film House titles and opticals Film Optical's of Canada Ltd. cast. Canadian Casting Associates extra cast. Filmextra Services Lp. Milton Berle, Red Buttons, Lou Jacobi, Dorothy Malone, Helen Shaver, Sharon Acker, Helen Hughes, also Helen Burns, Sean McCann, Paul Kilgman, Charles Irvine, Robert O'Ree, Dorcen Glick, Michael Ironside, Ted Beattie, Kurt Freund, Tom Butler, Sam Moses, and Peter Sturgess, Rosemary Dunsmore, Marion Gilseman, Mary Swinton, Wally Bondareno, Alfred Humphries, Pierre Tetreault, Grant Roll, Barry Belchamber, Paul Todd, Michelle Dowell, Daryl Wells, Ken Lemaire.

will give you a stroke, make you eat crap, and stop you from schmoozing around the dining room table with your friends. The filmmakers don't even let the myth about Jews being good at business stand.

What's really depressing about *Off Your Rocker* is that, despite its optimistic ending, what we see of the institutional treatment in the middle portion of the film is probably the most true to life. The old folks being drugged, separated from their friends, being forced to eat food that looks like it was designed for adentate astronauts, paints a picture that belies the emotional uplift at the end of the film.

The cast is unflaggingly professional, with Milton Berle surprisingly effective and Red Buttons surprisingly unpleasant. Unfortunately, most of them are

Barry Greenwald's **Taxi!**

Years from now, when "driving hack" is remembered only as a quaint and long-forgotten profession, a social phenomenon of the 20th century, someone will dig out a dusty copy of Barry Greenwald's *Taxi* and rediscover a small treasure. What they will find is a documentary crammed with information, insight, and artistic expression; a film lovingly devoted to the complexities and idiosyncrasies of driving a cab in the heart of a big city.

What makes *Taxi* so exhilarating is the way in which it embraces its subject, the gentle exploration of the unique relationship between driver and passenger. In scene after scene this partnership is emphasized as the very heart of the profession, and the drivers emerge as lay psychiatrists, social workers, doctors, delivery boys, chauffeurs, and substitute parents. But content is by far not *Taxi*'s only merit. Beautifully photographed by Mark Irwin, the film carries the quality and atmosphere of a full-length feature, and its editing is concise and disciplined. The final product leads one to suspect that many hours of enjoyable footage lies rejected on the cutting room floor in the interests of time. Weaving gently into the whole is a crisp and melodious narration by Cedric Smith, one of Canada's most underrated and under-used actors.

Greenwald, who both directed and wrote the film, drove a cab in Toronto for three years and his experience and contacts have paid off handsomely. It is doubtful whether someone not so closely aligned with the business could have outlined the soul of it all so clearly and precisely. From the weary dispatchers dealing with irritated customers and drivers alike, to the harried drivers and demanding public, Greenwald has embroidered a colourful canvas indeed. In addition, *Taxi* is providing an important public service, for in its lively depiction of the profession it clarifies many of the public's most oft-asked questions. This is one film that could well change the attitude of the people it reaches. Viewers will be slower to snap at the dispatchers for too long a wait, and will think twice before accusing a driver of deliberately choosing a less direct route.

Cab drivers are seen by motorists as a necessary evil, the demons who clog traffic, and by most passengers an expensive necessity. The reality of what it

sabotaged by the script or the camera angles. Dorothy Malone, in particular, is shot from the least flattering angles imaginable and is further saddled with a wig which looks as if it were recycled into *Quest for Fire*. It is very difficult to believe that she was ever the beautiful young dancer she claims to be, seeing herself in fantasy flashes (a dancer who looks nothing like the Dorothy Malone we remember from *Written on the Wind* and *The Tarnished Angels*).

Lou Jacobi is settling even further into deranged ham - put a Lou Jacobi picture in a multiplex cinema and he'd probably start chewing the scenery in other theatres. Helen Shavers is unfortunately miscast as the strait-laced spinster administrator. Shaver's chief quality as an actress is her remarkable sexual presence, and turning her into a

toned-down version of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest's* Nurse Ratched would seem a waste of her talents. Of course, wasting Helen Shaver's talents has been the national sport of the Canadian film industry for years now.

While *Off Your Rocker* is not at all a bad picture, it typifies one of the problems that exists within the Canadian industry. It's not that we don't have the technical expertise, for it is quite well made, but our producers seem to have no commercial instincts. The question is not whether millions of people would want to see *Off Your Rocker*, but whether anyone would shell out five dollars to catch Milton Berle and Red Buttons at the local Rialto.

John Harkness ●



● Taxi dispatcher Syd Glass at work

takes to "make it" on the streets is methodically outlined here, stripping away the illusions of easy money for an easy job. As in any profession, the serious mingle with part-timers out for a buck, the caring compete with the brusque, and the tricks must be learned to survive. But what makes cab driving so especially interesting as a film subject is the characters that form the base of the profession, the tough old-timers who have been through it all, and seen it all. From the brokerage houses to the dispatchers' cramped and dirty offices, to the individual personalities of the independently-owned cars, nothing is boring about the film or its real-life subjects. If anything, one's credulity is sometimes strained at the amazing tales that emerge on camera. Take, for example, the driver who took a pregnant woman and her husband to the hospital.

They didn't make it on time and after the husband passed out, the cabbie delivered the baby. As if that weren't enough, just two years later the same cabbie drove the same couple to the same hospital. Once again, she began to give birth, the husband passed out, and the driver delivered the child. Unbelievable? Maybe. But then, that's just part of "driving hack" in good ole' Toronto.

Mira Friedlander ●

TAXI! d. sc. Barry Greenwald ed. Murray Battle d.o.p. Mark Irwin. C.S.C. loc. sd. Tom Mather add. photography Rene Ohashi add. sd. Bryan Day. Andy McBrearty camera assist. Rolf Cutts grips Carlo Campana. Maris Jansons music Don Thompson performed by Pat La Barbera. Don Thompson narr. Cedric Smith re-rec. Hans Peter Strobl, Adrian Croll admin. Louise Clark tech. adv. Frank Ciavaglia assoc. p. Judy LeGros p. exec. p. Arthur Hammond p.c. The National Film Board running time 60 min.

Graeme Ferguson's Hail Columbia!

In his recent book, *2081*, eminent physicist/thinker Gerard K. O'Neill offers a surprisingly positive view of the future, predicting, for instance, that in 30 years time we'll be shuttling into space with the same frequency we take holiday cruises today. To some, this may sound like sheer science fiction but O'Neill's reasoning is both eloquent and inspiring. It's hard to resist his enthusiasm for super technology, especially the Space Shuttle, which he believes will shape our tomorrows the way the wheel shaped the past. Viewed in this light the world's first spaceship takes on global importance. It represents far more than just another example of Yankee ingenuity.

It is fitting then that there is a film to commemorate the maiden flight of the Columbia. A welcome surprise is that two Canadians, Graeme Ferguson and

HAIL COLUMBIA! d. Graeme Ferguson p. Roman Kroitor, Graeme Ferguson assoc. p. Phyllis Wilson narr. James Whitmore narr. writer Roman Kroitor ed. Toni Trow composers Micky Erbe, Maribeth Solomon music consult. Zalman Yanovsky d.o.p. Graeme Ferguson, David Douglas, Richard Leiterman c.s.c. Haskell Wexler a.s.c. Ronald M. Lautore, Phillip Thomas cam. assist. Martin A. Lautore, Gordon Harris, Lawrence E. Orlick, Douglas C. Hart, Bonnie Bass Parker, Steve Stafford, James Neihouse, Gary Jay, Conrad Hall pilots Ken Baker, Steve Feaster loc. sd. Tom Hilderley, John Megill, Aerlyn Weissman, Lance Hoffman research Stephen Low 2nd unit loc. man. David Keighley prod. assist. Karl Esch tech. support Jim Hooton, Ron Hurst, Colin Gardiner assist. ed. Roberta Kipp sd. ed. David Evans, Wayne Griffin assist. sd. ed. Kelly Hall re-rec. The Film House Group, Paul Coombe, Mike Hoogenboom, Elius Caruso advisors and consultants William C. Shaw, William Breukelman, Robert Kerr, W. Michael Sullivan, Bruce Hoover: Technicolor Graphic Services lab & optical co-ord. Fred Langenbach post prod. consult. David Keighley opticals MGM Optical Effects/Camera-Wm. M. Hughes Jr. titles Burke Mattsson, MGM Titles/Based on original design by Theo Dimson labs Metrocolor, The Film House Group, PSI Film Laboratory Inc. pr. Allan Bowen, Janice Kaye, Joan Rogers, Gayle Bonish p.c. Imax Systems Corp. running time 36 min. colour, 70mm-IMAX dist. Imax Systems Corp.

Roman Kroitor, were given the task, and they wisely chose to take a few quantum leaps beyond the ordinary by shooting their film, *Hail Columbia!* in IMAX. Only IMAX, with dimensions ten times greater than conventional 35mm film, could do justice to the Columbia's awesomeness, and convey in its proper significance this historical event.

Both Ferguson (*North of Superior*) and Kroitor (*Tiger Child*) are veterans of the six-storey screen, which makes it all more disappointing that *Hail Columbia!* – even with its intoxicating visual dimensions – fails on almost every count as a film. Outside of 60 exhilarating seconds of footage showing the Columbia's breathtaking liftoff, the film rarely manages to rise above mediocrity.

For some inexplicable reason Ferguson and Kroitor are infatuated with split-screen techniques, which only serves to muddle the effect of IMAX, and give the entire film an out-dated, Expo '67 feel. Even more disturbing is the way the two chose to ignore the grandness of the event, instead concentrating on a comparatively irrelevant sideshow: will Columbia's tiles fall off during takeoff or re-entry? Yes, this was a consideration during the mission but the whole business has a somewhat trumped-up, boring ring to it.

Ferguson and Kroitor also miss the target when it comes to showing the activities surrounding launch. Instead of an international celebration we get something that resembles a Texas backyard barbecue, with endless shots of wide-eyed Americans parading near the launch site, waving the stars and stripes, gulping their Budweiser beer.

Why two Canadians gave *Hail Columbia!* an entirely American slant probably has a lot to do with who financed the film. Nevertheless, it is inexcusable because Ferguson and Kroitor not only have made a poor film, but have missed a glorious opportunity to create a lasting celluloid document of a truly important event for future generations. Instead they've made a Yankee Doodle promo, the likes of which we've seen far too many.

S. Paul Zola ●



● Jimmy clutches his make-believe guitar as Luke works the street

Larry Moore's Jimmy and Luke

Jimmy and Luke opens with a long, tight pan across the huge mural painted by the kids of Bain Ave. Public School. Imaginative, expansive and colourful; that's half the quiet but powerful 27 minute drama directed by Larry Moore and produced by Film Arts in Toronto.

The other half of the theme is friendship and communication. The story is a triangle, not of lovers, but of three awkward strangers. It centres around Jimmy, a boy of about nine or ten, who is presented as totally isolated in his own fantasy world. He has an invisible friend named "Johnny," with whom he talks and plays, but the real people in his life are blocked out. The kids his own age tease and harass him because he's so strange, and Aunt Agnes, his guardian, tries, but just can't make contact.

The one person who seems to be able to spark Jimmy is a street-singer named Luke. Jimmy is drawn to his music; he imitates Luke, first with a broken tennis racket, and follows him around. Luke's a sad loner. He's perplexed by Jimmy's attention, but he allows the kid to tag along and eventually they become partners... (Jimmy's cute presence with his pretend guitar is good for business)... and almost friends.

Aunt Agnes leads a drab life, struggling to support her dead sister's son, and love him too. She tries to be patient with Jimmy's invisible friends (as far as Aunt Agnes knows, Luke is just as imaginary as "Johnny") and she even helps Jimmy construct a guitar out of cardboard and string. But Jimmy's silences leave her feeling hopeless most of the time.

Watching Luke trying to cope with the responsibility of a friendship he doesn't really want, and Aunt Agnes clumsily trying to build a relationship with her nephew creates reverberations that last long after the film is over. Luke is given a low-keyed gruff dignity by Toronto musician Luke Gibson. For the adults who see the film, the isolation of the character is scary. And there is nothing romantic or wistful about Ann Anglin's Agnes: she's terribly single, doesn't seem to understand the world at all, and yet she knows that somehow she has to help this lonely kid participate in it.

Paul Braunstein's sad face is the perfect reflection for the characters of these two isolated grown-ups.

(Don't worry, the story has an ending that is balanced in favour of the happy.)

The script is very sparse, but it feels to be just right: lonely people don't talk

that much. It was written by Amy Jo Cooper who has worked with *Playing With Time* on its *Kids of DeGrass St.* series. It colours the melancholy feeling of the film, and provides basic information. But the plot and real emotional dynamics of the film are built mainly through the editing of Stephan Fanfara, who co-produced with director Moore. He puts Jimmy in motion, and keeps him bouncing between Luke, Aunt Agnes, and his own fantasy world. The result is a portrait of a child who, you can feel, senses he doesn't really belong anywhere.

Luke Gibson's music fills in the background, so that the story is strong and complete, yet simply stated and accessible to viewers of all ages. *Jimmy and Luke* has a lot in it.

John Brooke ●

JIMMY AND LUKE d. Larry Moore ed. Stephan Fanfara d.o.p. Fred Gathe ex. p. Don Haig assoc. p. Paul Caulfield p. Stephan Fanfara, Larry Moore sc. Amy Jo Cooper l.p. Luke Gibson, Anne Anglin, Paul Braunstein p.c. Film Arts/Mekanique Prod. running time 28 min., 16mm, colour dist. Canadian Filmmakers Dist. Centre.

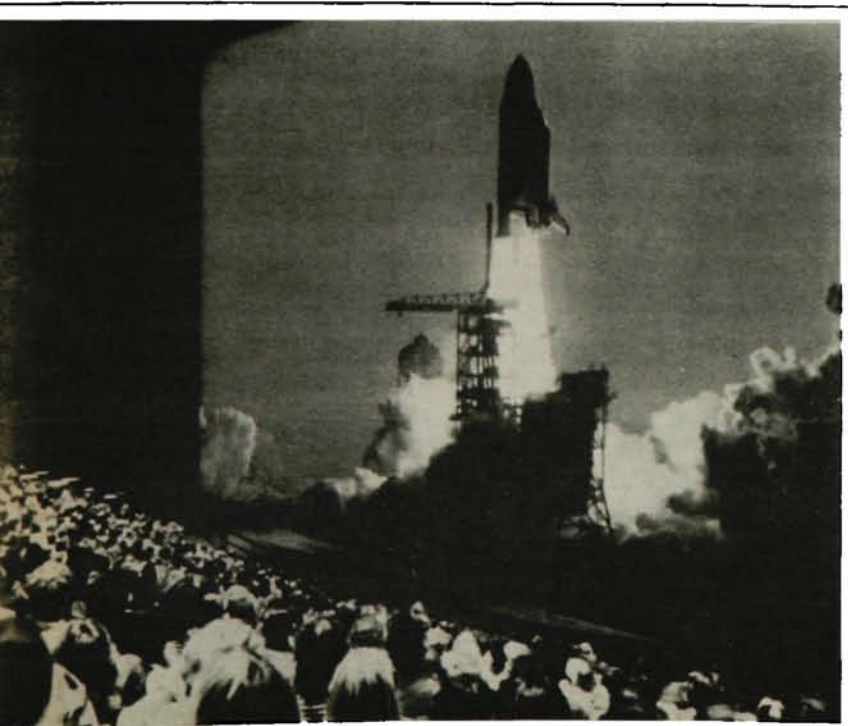
Letters (cont. from p. 32)

or departments of government? If so, this may be because the Festival board think it is not as easy to obtain showings for such films as for films funded by a corporation. This is patently not the case for *The Breakthrough*. A comparable film – also a powerful documentary dealing with social issues – is *Prison For Women*. This film's source of funding has clearly not hampered its distribution and *The Breakthrough's* source of funding has clearly not helped it. The vagaries of distributing and funding independent films are far more complicated than the Festival of Festival's qualifying rules.

Where one might reasonably hope that the board of the Festival of Festivals would support independent Canadian filmmakers they are making life even more difficult.

The producers of *The Breakthrough* do not regard filmmaking as a private art. It is important to them that their films are seen. They do not want to miss the opportunity the Festival of Festivals can provide for Canadian filmmakers so they have decided to obtain and publicize a showing of *The Breakthrough* to coincide with the Festival. After all, *The Breakthrough* is still a prime example of independent Canadian filmmaking, despite the Festival of Festival's neglect.

Siobhan Flanagan
Script Consultant
on behalf of Peter Williamson
and Ira Levy



● Columbia takes off on Imax screen

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