



● Ulrike Ottinger's *Freak Orlando*: mutant offspring of German filmmaking

An expressive sort of howl

by David Clarke

To prepare myself for the 11th Montreal International Festival of New Cinema, I went and saw *Tron* and *E.T.*, on the theory that I might as well know what the mainstream was up to these days. Getting to know my video game seemed more cathartic than learning to love an alien, but then I've never actually seen an alien.

But there was really no preparing for the Festival. I hesitate to criticize it, even mildly, for I think the Festival is a truly magnificent event, a beacon of film culture, and dollar for dollar the best value for government support of the arts that I have ever seen. But 76 films in 10 days? Plus an intriguing display of video art? And press conferences and panel discussions to boot?

I think this year's Festival got a little out of hand, at least in terms of a lonely guy who wants to digest what he's seen in the company of others who have seen the same things. If you want to be scien-



● Les Blank and extras from the Campa and Machiguenga tribes

tific about it, satisfying the greatest variety of appetites for new cinema by showing the greatest number of new films is probably correct. And little groups of directors, press and superfans did coalesce here and there... but the conversation does tend to lag when it takes several minutes to find something someone else has also ingested.

As I say, though, that is very mild criticism. I saw some truly remarkable films at this year's Festival, and I don't know where else I would see them. This was without question a world-class film festival, well run and well received by the thousands of people who attended.

Les Productions Avantage taped a number of interviews with directors present at the Festival; and it may well be that when their video is released, we'll have a document of widespread and lasting interest.

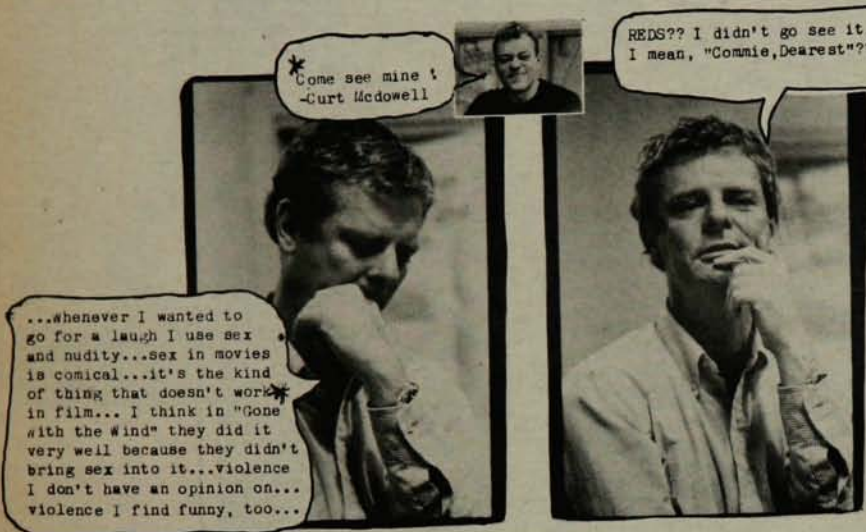
When you tilt an empty coffee cup towards a truly fierce wind, you add a new and distinct howl to the overall furor. It's not very loud, comparatively,

(cont. on page 28)

David Clarke is a Montreal freelance who writes the occasional screenplay.

MORRISSEY MEETS THE ANARCHISTS
 (or, if you prefer...)
ANARCHISM IN AMERICA MEETS THEIR MAKER!
 (THEIR, being: FLESH, TRASH, HEAT, L'AMOUR,
 WOMEN IN REVOLT, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN,
 BLOOD FOR DRACULA, THE HOUND OF THE BASKIN
 ERVILLE & Mrs. WANG...)

A RUNAWAY JOURNALIST UNCOVERED



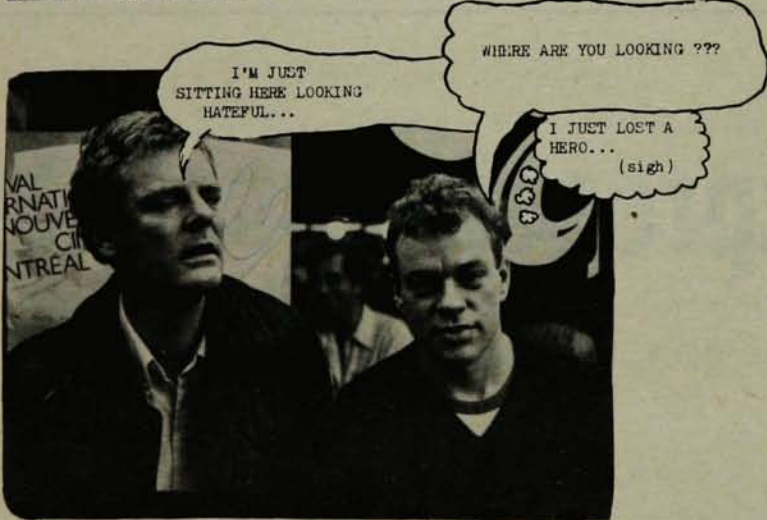
PAUL MORRISSEY/"FORTY DEUCE"/U.S.A.



BURDENED WITH DREAMS

...whenever I wanted to go for a laugh I use sex and nudity...sex in movies is comical...it's the kind of thing that doesn't work in film... I think in "Gone with the Wind" they did it very well because they didn't bring sex into it...violence I don't have an opinion on... violence I find funny, too...

MEETING (NOT CONVERGING) AT THE PARALLEL



PAUL MORRISSEY/"FORTY DEUCE"/U.S.A.

CURT McDOWELL/"NUDES-A SKETCHBOOK"

...If I abandon this film, I would be a man without dreams...I live my life or I end my life with this project...
 -Herzog in Burden of Dreams

...We have to articulate ourselves, otherwise we would be cows in a field...
 -Herzog in Burden of Dreams

...Dreams are universal...the only distinction between you and me is that I can articulate them...
 -Herzog in Burden of Dreams

...I shouldn't make movies anymore. I should go to a lunatic asylum right away...
 -Herzog in Burden of Dreams

...I'm running out of fantasy. I don't know what else can happen now...
 -Herzog in Burden of Dreams

...My hero. He is his passion torture. He his belief passion for unrepeatable the whole toward across This is the paid for the earth...if that is be sometimes.
 -Albert Camus

LEE BLANK/"THE

RE-TAKES



MICHAEL SNOW/"90 IS THIS"/CANADA



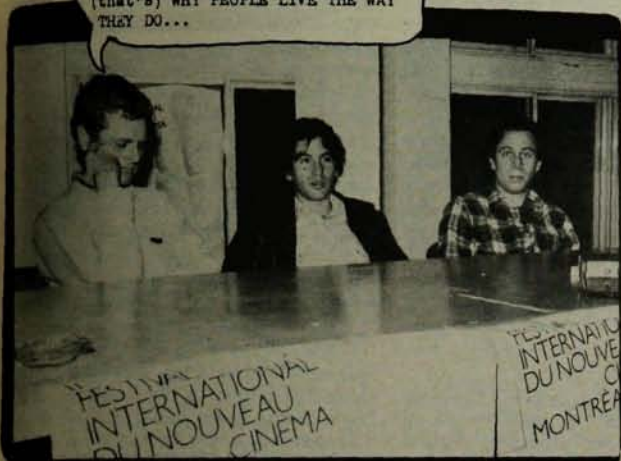
DICK RIJNSMA & MILDRED VAN LEEUWEN/"FINKEEL"/HOLLAND



ALEXANDER BOGWELL/"LENS"/U.S.A.

MONTREAL FILM FESTIVAL... (and PEEKS!!!)

...THE CAUSE OF POVERTY?? ...
VICTIMS OF RUNAWAY JOURNALISM...
(that's) WHY PEOPLE LIVE THE WAY
THEY DO...



(Left field)
WE DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD
TO DO.
-Policeman
Anarchism in America

ANARCHISM? I didn't think
it was something people
take seriously...
-Paul Morrissey, filmmaker

(Right wing)
EXTREMISM IS THE WIDWIFE OF
ANARCHY !!
-Politician
Anarchism in America



JOEL SUCHER & STEVEN FISCHLER/"ANARCHISM IN AMERICA"/U.S.A.

CHEAP SHOTS:

by Linda Dawn Hammond

Linda Dawn Hammond is a freelance photographer living in Montreal.

WHIM'S WIM

...(Fitzcarraldo is an)
outdated version of our
reality...

-Fribal Council
Burden of Dreams

...they will take off
your face and use your
grease for airplanes...

-unsubstantiated Indio rumour
Burden of Dreams

... I want them to go so
I can take off my clothes
and show myself to my lovers...

-Peruvian Tribeswomen
Burden of Dreams

...one of the biggest
set-backs occurred when
the soccer ball busted...

-General consensus
Burden of Dreams

...Stories need stories. Life
doesn't need stories... They were
looking for a story...
without a story you're DEAD
...I knew how to tell stories
...10 films...10 stories...
Same story.
Life sneaks out...
everything gets pressured
into images... All stories
are about Death (it's the)
Biggest Story in the World,
Second-best only to love stories..

It's time now for The Survivors
to separate...

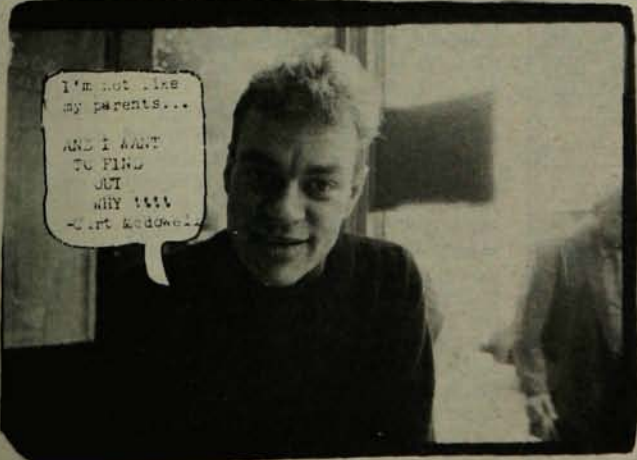
BANG ! BANG !
(Whirrrrrrrrrrr)
BANG ! BANG !
(and that's, THE STATE OF THINGS)



WIM WENDERS/"THE STATE OF THINGS", "REVERSE ANGLE"/GERMANY

I'm not like
my parents...

AND I WANT
TO FIND
OUT
WHY !!!
-Curt McDowell



CURT McDOWELL/"NUDES-A SKETCHBOOK", "TABOO", "LOADS", "THUNDER/RACK"/U.S.A.



CLAUDE CHAMBERLAN/DIRECTION II FESTIVAL DU NOUVEAU CINEMA, MONTREAL

Burden of dreams

Montreal has been described as the underground film capital of North America. Certainly the enthusiasm aroused by the 11th International Festival of New Cinema, held Oct. 29 - Nov. 7 attests to a demonstrable receptivity to non-mainstream film. But a festival remains a festival, the exhibitory high point of a long, hard road.

At the beginning of that road stands the lone filmmaker, burdened with dreams but without money or support; often with barely enough equipment. For a view from that end of the road, Emil Sher describes the creation of a new Montreal film co-op.

When immigrants first arrived in Montreal at the turn of the century with suitcases and dreams in hand, it was on the Main - St. Lawrence Boulevard - that many of them set up shop and replanted their roots. From grocers selling pickles out of wooden barrels to dry goods merchants hawking their wares, they flanked the sidewalks in a colorful blend of languages and lifestyles. So it seems appropriate that a group of young filmmakers who have joined forces to form a cooperative where diversity can thrive should choose to establish themselves on the Main. Nestled on top of a bakery, Main Film is a new co-op that serves as a resource center for those who want to pursue alternative filmmaking.

Main Film embodies the pluralism that characterizes the street on which it is housed. Comprised primarily of anglophones, the co-op has resisted any type of ideological or political slant. Like the multi-ethnic face of St. Lawrence that incorporates diversity into one of its greatest assets, Main Film members are encouraged to pursue and share their individual filmmaking styles while fortifying the collective as a whole.

"I don't think there's any real ideological slant that holds the thing together," says Jason Levy, who also sits on the production committee. "It's more practical considerations. The idea is more that people will be free to do what they want within the framework of us working together." Echoing this attitude, chairperson Mary Armstrong stresses that the only mold the co-op won't fit into is a commercial one. "Whether people want to make films that are politically important or art films, I don't think there's a real restriction, except that we don't want to compete with private industry. We want to make the equipment available for us to make the kind of films we want to make," she says.

In preparation for the first co-op films to be made, the question of creative control is a contentious issue that Main Film is grappling with in its formative stage. "We're really new," says Armstrong. "The production policy is new, the production committee is even newer and so, at this point, we've set some guidelines and we'll have to see what happens. We know one another. What we're asking from members who make a submission is for as much information as they can give us in terms of sources of funding. We're going to find out, given the scope of the project somebody has and the sources of funding they have, what degree of creative control they're going to have. We're going to have to play it by ear as we go along."

While it may be some time before the co-op's first film is screened, film buffs have not been left in the dark as to the varied filmmaking styles that one could expect to find at Main Film. Eleven short films directed by co-op members were shown to a full house at a one-night screening this fall at Montreal's Cinéma Parallèle. Among the films were Armstrong's *Everybody's Business*, a documentary on a Saskatchewan greenhouse cooperative run by people who are physically and mentally handicapped; *Cherries*, Robert Rayher's six-minute silent close-up of someone pitting cherries; Peter Sandmark's *Moebius Strip* and Dale Walsh's *À la ligne*, two animated films that are respectively conventional and experimental; and *Va t'incer l'oeil*, Geoff Bowie's film on male strippers that received a "special mention" at the 1981 Canadian Film Festival. Armstrong contends that the films reflect the diversity that's involved in the co-op. Vice-chairperson Marie Potvin attributes part of the success of the screening to a kind of aesthetics that correspond to the young generation. "The people in the co-operative represent a new generation whose formal ideas are different from those of the people who started making films ten years ago," she says. "Compared to what is made in Montreal generally, maybe our tendency is a little more experimental than most of the things that have been done."

The success of the fall screening and other ones that Main Film has held is indicative of the results it can achieve by virtue of its collective input. Armstrong laments the plight of the independent filmmaker who makes a film geared towards a certain audience, yet at the same time wants to expose the film to as large an audience as possible. Main

but it's an expressive sort of howl, and it's your howl.

Film your experiment in aural aesthetics, show it to me; and if not for the fact that I thought of it first, I'd give it a good review. For what I'm looking for in experimental film is something that's new, and something that works.

Robina Rose's *Nightshift* was the most noteworthy experiment that I saw. It was the film equivalent to Brian Eno's ambient music... by slowing the pace to that of a hotel attendant's night shift, she demonstrated that there is an attenuated impact to what stimuli the hotel guests' activities provide.

It may not sound like it, but it was a treat to the eyes, and the narratives embedded in the guests' activities were fascinating. Only one criticism. The attendant whose point of view we shared was an icon of complete passivity, the guests were very real people... there was a contradiction there that was more annoying than illuminating. Then again, it was a memorable image of the definitively alienated worker.

Secondary Current by Peter Rose was an arch experiment in using words on the screen and a soundtrack to demonstrate that there is a humanistic message to be derived from the fact that a universal language exists. It was also a pretty friendly, good-hearted film.

Michael Snow uses just letters and words on the screen in *So Is This*, so perhaps it is a purer experiment than *Secondary Current*. But I found Snow's film a lot less interesting; to be blunt, other than reviewing the state of affairs in semiotics, I don't know what the point of it was. Perhaps there was on the screen some nuance of a new notion about self-reflexive discourse, or the possibilities of the minimalist screen image. But I didn't see it.

Plowman's Lunch by Lawrence Weiner was a botched experiment in applying Godard's techniques to illuminating the semiotic investigations of a bunch of shallow Dutch punkers. It never had a chance of working, but amid the wreckage of the film there were some funny moments, and some tender ones.

Distance, by Jean van de Velde, was the strongest film in the realistic mode that I encountered at the Festival. Clever use of the subjective camera gets us into the skin of the protagonist, a filmmaker who compulsively uses the camera to distance himself from the world, but who is struggling to close that distance. The photography was excellent, the storyline tight as a drum. Perhaps the friend the protagonist spends so much time filming is more of an archetype than a real character, but then any more depth to him and we would have been distracted from the protagonist. In a milder form, it's the same kind of problem as in *Nightshift*.

Paul Morrissey's *Forty Deuce* was also outstanding, but I suspect the credit probably goes more to the off-Broadway play upon which the movie is based, and the cast who are remarkably convincing. With one classic film already to his credit (*Heat*), Morrissey's direction here is flawless. It's just that this tale of male prostitution in Manhattan doesn't call for the director to do much more than stand back and let the story and the cast do their stuff. Of course, displaying that kind of discretion is in itself no mean feat on the part of Morrissey.

Michael Oblowitz' *King Blank* wavers in and out of realism; sometimes wandering off-track into rock video flashiness, sometimes zeroing in relentlessly

to present à la Hitchcock the claustrophobia and terror of a borderline psychotic girl trapped in a relationship with a man who has been refused induction into the U.S. Army because he is completely mad.

Rosemary Hochschild gave an intriguing performance, and Oblowitz has some interesting scenes where the characters don't talk, or talk very little, even while the sound track has them pouring out a stream of words. It was fun seeing someone getting serious use out of horror-movie techniques, and Oblowitz showed a lot of technical skill. Still, he seems to have been aiming at skulls cracked with shock, really epic horror, and his story line was a little too confused for that. He can't expect us to put ourselves totally in the story when he isn't sure exactly what he thinks of his characters; that is, whether they're totally frightening, slightly ridiculous, or just good folks with big problems.

When I was little, my mother told me the story of the little Spartan boy who was so ashamed of being caught with a stolen fox under his cloak that he let it gnaw him to death rather than admit it was there. The story made several impressions on me; among them was the notion that if Spartan mothers went around telling their kids that the little boy was to be emulated, then there are definite limits to how well you can ever understand truly different cultures.

This by way of introducing a Vietnamese film called *Rencontre des Nuages et du Dragon*, by Lâm-Lê. A fable, realistically told, it tells the story of a magician who lives through the French and American occupations. It's in black and white, 33 minutes long, it leaves you marveling that out of such tragic events such a compelling tale can be woven. I don't know what I can add to that, since the central metaphor of the butterfly has a resonance I can only note without defining. In the same way, the acting style is pretty broad, in the manner of some Chinese films I've seen. It seemed like good acting to me.

Sayat Nova, Couleur de Grenade is another film I feel very cautious about, especially since its stately procession of stunning images finally drove me from the theater. It's a majestic film which tells the story of a famous Armenian bard who took refuge in a monastery, but I just wasn't up to the effort of watching it. Serguei Paradjnov, the Soviet director of the film, has tremendous visual power, and it's a film I want to see again. Paradjnov has suffered at the hands of the Soviet authorities; I signed the petition on his behalf, and I urge others to do so. I may have reservations about understanding other cultures, but Soviet paranoia and brutality is something I can grasp.

I caught a couple of documentaries at the Festival: Les Blank's *Burden of Dreams* and Frederick Wiseman's *Model*, which were so perfect they leave me with nothing to say. It doesn't mean that I was wildly enthusiastic about either one; I wasn't; but they were both right out of the textbook on how to make compelling documentary film. *Burden of Dreams* follows Werner Herzog through the trials and tribulations of making *Fitzcarraldo* in the Peruvian jungle, and it certainly underscores the vanity-to-the-point-of-madness involved in the project. There's a lovely shot that comes just after one of Herzog's most embarrassing ravings, when we see an insect struggling to carry a leaf that's just obviously too big for it to handle. *Model's* great strength is its exquisite

• The founding meeting of the Main Film co-op in November, 1980



black and white photography; it's also got a lot of taste and intelligence, and it tells you all you could never want to know about the modelling life in New York.

Music history buffs will recall that punk rock was a blending of primitivist notions derived perhaps from Artaud with more than a touch of John Cage's minimalism, all of which was very effective as a rebellion towards society in general and in particular the corrupt music business and the bloated sound of '70s pop. In Derek Burbidge's *Urgh! A Music War*, we get to see the same punkers who weren't bothering to learn how to play their instruments back in 1978 still not playing their instruments, and it's not a pleasant sight. There are some crafty and talented new wave bands on display, too, i.e. The Police. They come off as less bogus than the punkers, but so what? I don't know why the film was screened at the Festival.

Cocksucker Blues, by Robert Frank, is a *cinéma vérité* look at an old Rolling Stones tour. I'm glad it was shown, just because the Rolling Stones had their nerve in commissioning him to tell the truth, and then holding up distribution of the film because that's what he did. But the film is pretty dated, both in terms of technique and in content.

Other musical notes... I caught Allen Ginsberg singing in Ron Mann's excellent *Poetry in Motion*, a very thorough documentary presentation of many leading performance poets, including the deliriously talented Anne Waldman. Ginsberg was singing with a punk band, and his sweaty-handed grip on the coat-tails of the punkers was tighter than the band.

Rap music, which involves deejays taking over the mike, and subway graffiti, which involves spray-painting your ego all over subway cars... they are two of the trendier topics going down New York-way. Charles Ahearn arrived on the scene before Ginsberg, and he made *The Wild Style*. Loved the rap acts we get to see. The graffiti painting was basically just done cute, like a *Fame* episode on TV. The movie, as cinema stunk. Bad acting, dumb story, mediocre to poor direction and production values.

On a site as gloomy as any Bergman movie, a crew sits waiting. What, they wonder, will become of Wim's Movie?

After about an hour of this, I was sent swooning out for a cigarette and a breath of fresh air, if you see what I



● Robina Rose's *Nightshift*: a treat to the eyes

mean. When I came back, things had perked up and the director was heading off to Hollywood to search for the missing producer. I would like to report that he found him.

Self-referential to the point of self-indulgence, Wim Wenders' *The State of Things* was the disappointment of the Festival.

It wasn't all that bad a picture. It was just a little sloppy, a little soft around the edges, and very contrived. (There is also one ludicrous moment when Wenders zooms in on a marquee announcing a showing of John Ford's *The Searchers*. That takes the prize for heavy-handedness.)

To my mind, Wenders' *An American Friend* was a superb picture. It was a hard-nosed look at some very real characters, and it carries a lot of weight. This time around, Wenders hurries to begin his ponderous musings about the Muse and the Buck, and only when the producer arrives on the scene does he show enough humanity on the screen to make one care a whit about the fate of his gloomy hero and his doomed picture.

And then, when we have finally begun to care a little, there's a ridiculous shoot-out at the end, in which the director-hero persists, under heavy fire, in filming with a hand-held camera the death of his producer. It's an image Antonioni might have used 15 years ago. It doesn't fit into the more-or-less realistic style of the film. It's also very wet. If Wenders wants to announce he's willing to die for his art, let him follow the old adage about messages in movies, and send a telegram.

All that being said, I did find myself caring about the fate of the producer at least, and Wenders is such an outsized talent he can't help out score a few points here and there. It's just that the film reeks of egoism. I might suggest Wenders go and see Les Blank's *Burden of Dreams*.

Watching *Freak Orlando* by Ulrike Ottinger is kind of like being trapped in an elevator with a hysterical opera singer, and half the audience at the screening I attended had left by the time the punk flagellants had rounded up the dwarfs, put them in baby carriages and taken them off to the soccer stadium to be exterminated.

Ottinger is a visionary filmmaker of literally overwhelming power. Her film looks like a cross between Fellini and Pasolini with a little dab of Hans-Christian Andersen for good measure, and I rank it far above any of the other films I saw at the Festival. But it sure is a mess, and wild horses wouldn't drag me to suffer through another two hours of the emotional roller coaster she puts you through.

The film retells the history of the world in five episodes, and I'll quote the Festival guide book to give you a taste of what kind of a wild imagination Ullinger is blessed/cursed with.

"*First episode* where it is told how Orlando Zyklopa, with her seven dwarf shoemakers, special attraction of the instant shoe repair service at the Freak City department store, strikes the anvil; how she is driven away by Herbert Zeus, director of the store; then, as queen of the seven dwarf athletes, how she climbs up on the Trojan Horse; and finally how she refuses to be the successor to a holy stlyite, which leads to her death."

What can't be conveyed is the lavish visual power Ottinger brings to bear on our poor senses. Go see the film, if you get the chance. You may leave after twenty minutes, but it'll be worth it.

As for whether this cornucopia of images all ties together... well, I doubt that it does, not in any linear sense. But there is a kind of harmony to the way she picks up thematic concerns, then moves on to others. I am sure there are Ph.D. theses aborning on the matter even as I write, and well there should be. For this a master talent, the mutant offspring of twenty years of German filmmaking.

A couple of weeks have gone by. Little Isabel, 8, is watching *Pippi in the South Seas* on video cassette. Things are back to normal.

What to make, finally, of this *Freak Orlando* of a film festival? First of all, those same wild horses couldn't keep me from undergoing next year's onslaught. By my books, it was a big success.

But I wonder if perhaps it isn't time the Festival went the jury/awards route. That might violate the spirit of open access to talent that informs it at present; and given the great variety of films shown it would probably have to be called the Apples/Oranges award. The Festival has become such a major event, winning an award at it would probably be a big boost to the winners' careers. Wouldn't that be worth the compromises? Perhaps *Le Devoir* and *The Gazette*, both of which dailies should be commended for showing more sense than *La Presse* and giving a major municipal event the attention it deserved, could perhaps sponsor the awards; thus taking the onus off the Festival.

As for the state of New Cinema... well, if it's animate computers and humane aliens you want, the mainstream's got 'em. If you want to know what us poor human types are thinking in these bleak days, come to next year's Montreal International Festival of New Cinema and have a look.

Film offers independent filmmakers a vehicle to screen films which in themselves might be too defined or short to be of interest to theatres, along with other films for a balanced blend with a much broader appeal. "That's one of the points of having a cooperative," says Armstrong. "I can't necessarily go to a theater and say I've got a ten-minute film that I'm sure would interest lots of people. What are they going to do with a ten-minute film? There are theaters who have offered to put a short film in front of a feature, but what we can do as a group is put a package together that's fast and works and offer it to a theater and guarantee them a good turnout." Working collectively also gives the co-op greater ability to find alternatives to commercial distribution.

Providing alternatives to the commercial film industry is clearly the direction that Main Film is set upon. "We don't want to serve as a resource center for people who want to make cheap commercials," says Levy. "How to enforce that is a tricky thing. There's a committee right now which is a production committee and we're working on a policy that would serve as a guideline. If you're making the film to make money, it's not a Main Film project."

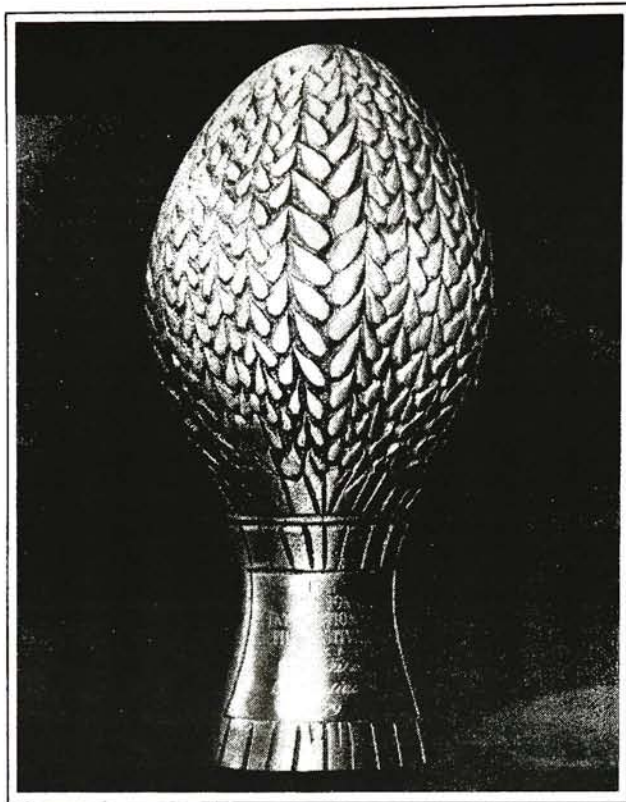
The first meeting of Main Film was in November, 1980. Originally comprised of six members, half of whom were film graduates of Concordia University, brought together, says Armstrong, an original member who attended a national conference of co-ops in Saskatchewan that year, by the knowledge that you can't make a film alone. Upon graduating, many of the students who wanted to continue making films faced the grim reality that they no longer had access to the resources that had been available at university. Reaffirming that two cameras are better than one, Main Film was born. It was incorporated last April and has since become a member of the Alliance of Independent Filmmakers. Speaking of the Alliance, Armstrong notes that "together we lobby the government for changes in policy. We also have worked out a system with them where we can exchange films." Main Film has sent a package to the Saskatchewan Film Pool and plans on holding a March screening of films from AFCCOOP of Halifax.

Though there was an original arbitrary limit of 55 members, it was soon realized that this would be too large a number if the co-op hoped to operate effectively. Membership has since been frozen at approximately 35. A periodic membership review has been written into the constitution, with active participation in one of the committees as the criterion for membership eligibility. Among the committee are those for production, screenings and funds and an editorial board for the newsletter, which has evolved from mimeographed sheets to off-set. "It's good for the morale of the co-op," says Levy of the newsletter. "It's a visible sign that we're there and functioning." Workshops are offered to members and the public on topics ranging from scriptwriting to working with actors. Although the co-op is looking to the Canada Council for a grant as a primary source of funding, other means have been used, including screenings and renting its space as a hospitality suite for the organizers of the Festival du nouveau cinéma, held in November.

Emil Sher ●



● Fred Wiseman's *Models* is a textbook documentary



Yorkton: The rites of judging

by Patricia Thompson

The Yorkton Festival has a genuineness about it, a down-home, folksy, but knowing air. Like pioneers of old, the adjudicators trekked across Canada to participate in the rites of judging. For Zale Dalen, Les Wedman and Arvi Liimatainen coming from the west, and the writer from Toronto, it wasn't too arduous. But John Porteous arose in the darkness of a Moncton morning (much to the consternation of his dog who *knew* it wasn't time for a walk), and by early afternoon had only made it as far as Winnipeg. He had no difficulty in meeting the writer at the tiny Perimeter Airlines desk at Winnipeg airport - they were the only ones hanging around there. Some three hours later, the two-some tottered aboard a seven-seat prop plane piloted by Glenna Henderson (who's been flying commercially since 1976) and took off into a fabulous sunset.

It's not just a short film and video festival that the adjudicators go to in Yorkton - it's a barrage of hospitality, starting with flowers and fruit in the hotel rooms. Then, it's on to the Agriplex for a Civic Luncheon - only an hour because Mayor John and his aldermen have to get back to their jobs; it's a vast multicultural dinner of many courses, followed by speeches interspersed with

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GOLDEN SHEAF AWARDS

WHO WAS WHO at the 1982 YORKTON SHORT FILM & VIDEO FESTIVAL

Pre-Selection Committee

BILL CHERRY - head of Cherry Film Productions Ltd. (Regina)
LARRY WAHL - AV Services, Regina Public Library
BRUCE EDWARDS - Writer/producer/director; reviewer CKCK-TV (Regina)
SANDRA BERNSTEIN - Program Director, Cablecom Corp. (Saskatoon) (now in Toronto)

Adjudicators

Film:
ZALE R. DALEN - Filmmaker (Skip Tracer, The Hounds of Notre Dame) (Vancouver)
ARVI LIIMATAINEN - Partner, and director/producer, Kicking Horse Productions (Edmonton)
PATRICIA THOMPSON - Editor, Canadian Film Digest Yearbook

Video:

JOHN PORTEOUS - Writer & novelist; CBC-Radio commentator; Globe and Mail correspondent (Moncton)
LES WEDMAN - Freelance critic/publicist; reviews/interviews for CHQM-Radio and TV.

entertainment that's still going strong well past midnight on a weekday; it's the Chamber of Commerce luncheon where a chance remark to the manager of the local Dairy Co-op resulted in the writer receiving three dozen assorted cartons of delicious Saskatchewan yoghurt.

The time spent viewing films with fellow adjudicators, Zale Dalen and Arvi Liimatainen, was enlivened by merry quip and jest, and Zale's intermission displays of pushups, martial arts outbursts, and harmonica playing, all gave the proceedings a certain aura of audacity!

An added feature this year was a two-day Script Development Seminar, coordinated by writer/broadcaster Gerry Sperling. The three areas of interest were covered by Maggie Siggins, writer/TV journalist, who conducted the Short Documentary group; Zale Dalen dealing with Short Drama; and John Porteous, Long Documentary. These sessions were supported by an eager crowd of about 40 people, who voted them a great success - bandying around such words as 'informative', 'likely', 'two days not enough.' The adjudicators were encouraged to strongly recommend video film scriptwriting awards starting in 1983.

The guest celebrity is an important pivot of the Festival, and Sandie Rinaldo (CTV's Canada AM and weekend National News) came in from Toronto for a

FESTIVALS

couple of hectic days. With much fortitude she went through interviews, a speaking engagement, coffee party, and even a walk-about at a local shopping mall, plus the Awards festivities.

For the first time the presentation of the Awards was covered live on cable TV, beamed as far as Regina, and in the presence of Premier Grant Devine and his photogenic wife Chantal. The broadcast was M.C'd by Joel Scott, a personable young musician from Regina who plays a mean jazz flute - would that he had done only that! Strangely seduced by the camera and bright lights, he

launched into awful jokes and fulsome inanities. Amid the usual fluffs, with taped clips from winning films and video, and the usual interminable acceptance speeches, the 18th Festival came to a close with dancing and general carrying-on.

At 5:30 a.m. the following (Sunday) morning the adjudicators staggered into a van and were driven to Regina - their charter 'plane was grounded on account of ice pellets and fog. Somehow the glamour and excitement of the film world was missing.....

YORKTON WINNERS - Mini-reviews

P4W: PRISON FOR WOMEN - 58 mins. (Janis Cole/Holly Dale, Toronto)
This highly-honoured and widely reviewed film hits hard with a shattering (and sometimes unnerving) close-up of women in prison.
(Best Film of the Festival; Best in Category: The Human Condition; Best Cinematography: Nesya Shapiro)

BREAKING THROUGH - THE STORY OF NORMAN AND TOM - 58 mins. (Marie-Eve Thibault for the National Institute on Mental Retardation, Toronto)
A heart-wrenching and sometimes difficult film about two teenagers who have lived in a 999-bed institution for the mentally retarded in Vancouver since they were young children. Family and friends plan a supervised house into which the boys move. They gradually respond, and become aware of, their new and stimulating surroundings.
(Best in Category: The Human Dynamic)

STEADY AS SHE GOES - 25 mins. (Robert Fresco - National Film Board of Canada)
A delightful glimpse of George Fulfit, a retired mariner who puts ships inside bottles. An almost unbearable tension builds up as he inserts his biggest ship creation, the *Kruzenshtern*, with its complement of 170 tiny sailors on deck and aloft, into the bottle - whew! First-rate cinematography.
(Best in Category: The Spontaneous Human)

END GAME IN PARIS - 17 mins. (Veronika Soul - National Film Board of Canada)
An experimental fragment - maybe notes for a feature film? This fascinating drama presents a multi-faceted, textured and layered segment from Ian Adams' novel. In one instance, a writer in a café is seen writing on a page while his voice on the track repeats the words, other people's conversations intrude and the TV over the bar shows the horrors of war plus audio.
(Craft Awards: Best Direction and Editing - Veronika Soul, and Best Sound Editing - Jackie Newell)

A TIME TO BE BRAVE - 28 mins. (Paul Stephens, The Film Works, Toronto)
A winter story of a young Indian girl and her father living on their land, and of a way of life threatened by 'progress.'
(Craft Award: Best Performance - Ron Cook as Baba, the father)

DISTANT ISLANDS - 6 mins. (Bettina Maylone - National Film Board of Canada)
A young girl's sailing vacation with her parents is recalled in animated stitchery and appliqué. It's a magic moment when a house disappears into the background!
(Best Children's Production (plus \$500))

TED BARYLUK'S GROCERY - 10 mins. (John Paskievich and Mike Mirus - National Film Board of Canada)
Day-to-day life in a neighbourhood corner store in Winnipeg, brought to vital life in more than 200 still photographs, overlaid with a sound track recorded on the spot. A warm, human document - already valuable, because Ted Baryluk has died, and the store has gone.
(Nettie Kryski Canadian Heritage Award)

Special Jury Awards

QALLUNANNI (THE WHITE MAN'S LAND) - 28 mins. (One-Six Productions, Toronto)
Inuit students come south to attend school and, caught between two cultures, express their feelings and ideas. Pleasant music and well handled with the participation of the students in all technical areas.

LIFE ANOTHER WAY - 52 mins. (Alex Hamilton-Brown, Toronto)
A glimpse of the remarkable Beryl Potter - a triple amputee at 46 - formidable crusader for the rights of the disabled.

Certificates of Merit

GOOD MONDAY MORNING - 30 mins. (Laura Sky, Toronto)
How office work affects women - technology, stress, child care, discrimination, low pay etc.

THE BATTLE OF BEECH HALL - 27 mins. (Christopher Wilson, Toronto)
A spirited struggle by the elderly to keep their homes.

IF YOU LOVE THIS PLANET - 26 mins. (Terri Nash - National Film Board of Canada)
A chilling and authoritative lecture by Dr. Helen Caldicott on the implications of nuclear radiation.



photo: The Yorkton Enterprise

● The Hon. Grant Devine, premier of Saskatchewan, presents Gold Sheaf award to Janis Cole and Holly Dale whose **P4W: Prison for Women** was rated best film of the festival.



The Canadian Independent Short Film Showcase

a program of the Canada Council administered by the Academy of Canadian Cinema

Entries are now being accepted for a national juried competition of short films.

Winning shorts will be distributed with feature films to commercial theatres across Canada.

Winning filmmakers will receive an honorarium of \$3,000.

To be eligible, films which may be live action or animated must meet the following criteria:

- be produced and directed by an independent Canadian filmmaker
- be 10 minutes or less
- be either 16mm or 35mm
- have been made within the last 3 years
- have dialogue in either English or French
- have copyright clearance and no previous run in a 35mm commercial theatre or previous showing on network TV or Pay-TV in North America.

Where applicable, the Canada Council will assume the expense of sub-titling, multiple prints and a blow-up to 35mm.

DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS JANUARY 15, 1983.

For application forms or further information please contact:

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