Burl Glenroy's
The Cabbagetown Kid

This well-made documentary opens on a vulnerable moment: a good-looking young man is talking about the bones in his nose — what's been broken, what hasn't. He is Shawn O'Sullivan, light middle-weight champion of the World Amateur Boxing Association, a teenager from the Cabbagetown area of Toronto. The Cabbagetown Kid is about his training and his devotion to his sport, culminating in his three-round bout with Cuban boxer Armanda Martinez for the World Cup in late 1981.

For viewers like me, who have a basic reverie to boxing, this film is an explanation of the sport's character-building aspects. We learn that, for many teenage boys, boxing is a way to stay out of trouble and learn to feel good about themselves. Says O'Sullivan, indicating the warehouse surroundings in which he works out, young boxers "leave here happy and tired." We learn that boxing "is an art," "a thinking game" — "Marina, strength, agility and speed — boxing has them all," is what we're told. According to Michael O'Sullivan, Shawn's father, "A boxer has confidence; he's not a bully." Obviously, the filmmakers are aware that many people do not understand this sport. They stress its discipline and hard training.

The centerpiece for the film is the grueling World Cup Final match between O'Sullivan and Martinez fought in Montreal on November 18, 1981. The fight was filmed in a two-camera setup (covering shots and medium shots) and is included in its entirety in The Cabbagetown Kid. Consisting of three 3-minute rounds, the fight is nicely placed in the structure of the film. It comes after having grown to like Shawn O'Sullivan and admire his intense workouts with coach Ken Hamilton and trainer Peter Wylie. Also, we have gradually been prepared for the match through sparing sequences that lead up to it. This seems an important point because the Martinez-O'Sullivan fight for the 1981 World Cup is an extremely vicious match, in the sense that both fighters hold nothing back and give their all to win. During the breaks between rounds, we are with O'Sullivan in his corner, hearing the advice from his coach and seeing the toll this incredible bout is taking on the young fighter. The filmmakers have captured all the intensity of the fight and wisely show it in its entirety, thereby honoring the nuances of the sport, the prowess of both fighters, and under scoring the hard-won victory of O'Sullivan.

Ironically, this fight section contains the only moment of physical tenderness that we see in the film. Having just "beaten the crap" out of one another (to put it bluntly), Martinez and O'Sullivan embrace with what is clearly sincere affection. It is a stunning moment in the film, one that suggests they have endured something together which has taken them beyond competition. As a personal moment, it says more about boxing than all the preceding rhetoric combined.

The Cabbagetown Kid, though only 36 minutes long, has depth and subtly, quietly including minor themes of working-class pride, communal solidarity, a father-son relationship, growing up Irish, even growing up male. It is a well-crafted production.

Joyce Nelson


RUNAWAY
A gritty, black & white documentary about young runaways on the Yonge Street "Strip" in Toronto. Members of the Juvenile Task Force of Metro Toronto Police stroll the side streets in clothes street. The roving camera records encounters with kids, mostly using their own words. "The streets are rough", and survival is a constant nightmare — "I lived in a car for six months".

Influenced by TV, and a derivative style, but nevertheless quite promising.


ONE TO ONE
A documentary about participation apartments in Toronto, where housing and special care is provided for physically handicapped adults.

Several tenants speak to the joy of finally being almost self-sufficient. A girl says, surprisingly, that there's not much interaction or socializing with other tenants. The staff aids talk of support services and the blurring of lines as they go about their work in people's homes.

An example of people-content triumphing over a prosaic approach to filmmaking.


UNION MADE
A docu-drama focussing on sexual harassment in the workplace — in this case, a strip joint, where the norm uniform for waitresses is a skimpy red bathing suit.

What could have been a sharp, up-to-the-minute, little vignette, is bogged down by a confused script without a clear thought-line. And the acting by a number of professionals is truly awful, but since there's no directorial credit, perhaps they can be castigated.

Joyce Nelson

PATERNITY BLUES
A little bit of fiction featuring a horrendous young nagging girl driving into the country with her man. She goes on and on about having a baby, while the lousy lad indulges in fantasies of nubile hitch-hikers holding up cards imprinted with only one word, "Sex.

Escaping another baby barrage the next morning, the young man walks off alone. He encounters a little old man reclining on a lounge chair, who gives him advice. Then there's some contemplation of murder, and a dream trial in heaven.

The film hangs together quite a bit in its storyline, and attempts some effects in a small way. However, the plot and dialogue need a lot of polishing. Pat Thompson

Pat Thompson

MINI REVIEWS

Short films covered in the mini-review section for this issue are not from a distribution year students in the Film Department, York University, Toronto.

The annual offering from the York students is always a mixed bag. But this year was a distinct disappointment — an aura of safeness and respectability pervading. The ideas were there, but how ordinarily presented! Where's the crass dash and flair, the wildness and wackiness of student cultures, and ending with all three trim?

An example of people-content triumphing over a prosaic approach to filmmaking.


Pat Thompson

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