but the splitting of the glaciers and the
blinding, white on white snow storms
raise this modest, low budget film to
epic proportions.

The film is chock full of biblical
references converted into Eskimo folk-
lore. There are the non-believers praying
to the golden walrus calf and the eating
of unclean whale blubber during the
pilgrimage to the promised land in muk-
luks. But this Exodus of the North
really exists on the level of personal
human drama with Alexandra Stewart
playing a moving Ruth, and John
Vernon as the fiercely credible
Johocifat. Intriguing as the idea is
though, I'm not sure that this film will
convince very many people that the
 Eskimos are really Jewish; but as the
sun sets on the five month long sabbath
and you see their ghostly silhouettes
against the oil lamps, you get the
spooky feeling that the great Canadian
North has many secrets still to be told.

— Ron Blumer

Black Christmas

Directed by Bob Clark. Produced by
Gerry Arbeid, script by Roy Moore from
"Stop Me... , photography by Reginald
Morris [of the Paper Chase], music by
Carl Zitter.

I was relieved when I noticed the small
U.S. flag sitting on the detective’s desk
at Police Headquarters. It made Black
Christmas look like an American movie.
Also, the kind of crowd that would go
to it always bolt abruptly once the film
ends; they'd never notice the combined
financial credit after the titles to
Famous Players and the Canadian Film
Development Corporation, or that in
fact this was a typical sell-out Canadian
film. And they wouldn't need a U.S.
flag to identify its national character
either.

Robert Fulford tells us that in Barry
Lord's Maoist criticism of Canadian art
Lord identifies works that colonized
people create to buy status and profit
for themselves by helping the imperial
capital exploit their fellow colonialists,
as “comprador” art.

That's Black Christmas. Politically,
it's a browner's syncopated effort
to sidle up to lower U.S. taste for cheap
thrills and fast cash.

As Jean Paul Belmondo said to Jean
Seberg at the end of Breathless: “C'est
vraiment dégueulasse.”

The strangest thing about seeing this
anti-female stock horror caper at the
Imperial in Toronto was the incredible
juxtapositioning of it with a reasonably
clever, highly female-oriented 1972
NFB short, L'Oeuf by Clorinda Warny,
full of surreal effects and montages
relating to eggs and life. Someone must
have noticed they both dealt with the
female.

The combination was about as sensi-
tive as that ad in which a chicken
encourages you to eat at Colonel San-
ders.

Black Christmas is well located and
photographed. It features a sorority
house where, one by one, accompanied
by what women prefer to think of as
harmless though sick-minded obscene
phone calls, all the little ladies get their
comeuppance for being lovely, young,
well-to-do and/or liberated. And the
most suspicious male is of course artis-
tic. A pianist.

The satisfactions of a film in which
upper middle-class females, sharp and
sexy, are terrorized and brutally or grue-
soinely destroyed can be easily seen to
appeal to all misogynists, insecure and
frustrated men, and a thwarted and
denied working class who resent college
kids, liberated women, intellectual and
particularly artistic males, and, quite
possibly, the expense of Christmas.

The performers came in for a shaking
from Toronto critics, but actually they
were quite acceptable in their roles.
Abandoning any social, sexual, moral
or political critical attitudes, toward the
movie, the females had the edge in
performance. Margot Kidder particu-
larly gave life and vivacity to her charac-
terization of the cynical sorority sister,
while Andrea Martin (super in Cannibal
Girls) was humorous, touching, warm,
silly and sympathetic to a fault. Even
Marian Waldman's gussling sewers-
mouthed house mother, wildly over-
done, and American Olivia Hussey as an
affected snob-sister, worked hard to try
to capture both the silliness and scarri-
ness of the plot.

Canadian males shouldn't go un-
noticed either. I found it sad, life does

Margot Kidder in "Black Christmas"

go by so fast, to see Doug McGrath, a
male who can literally reek sex, rele-
gated to a sexless stereotyped boob-cop
role. But he made it a pleasure anyhow,
and with James Edmond, as a father
who acts somewhat more bewildered
than quite necessary (was he ever told
the plot?) and Art Hindle and Les
Carlson, the Canadian contingent did
what they could, which was basically,
lie low.

Keir Dullea played the paperback
pianist with anguished sensitivity rather
suitably, but finally the only performer
came out on top was the heavy-breath-
ging garbled telephone voice(s), which
gives you some idea of whose alter ego
invented the script.

— Natalie Edwards

Child Under a Leaf

That glossy world pictured in consumer
magazines and in sunny Sunday Sup-
plements, with the fur throws, white
depile rugs, forever green plants, and
wide glass walls leading into flagged
gardens; that wonder-world of buxom
healthy women in impeccable white
housings. But this Exodus of the North
is not the Canadian Film
Development Corporation, or that in
fact this was a typical sell-out Canadian
film. And they wouldn't need a U.S.
flag to identify its national character
either.

Robert Fulford tells us that in Barry
Lord's Maoist criticism of Canadian art
Lord identifies works that colonized
people create to buy status and profit
for themselves by helping the imperial
capital exploit their fellow colonialists,
as "comprador" art.

That's Black Christmas. Politically,
it's a browner's syncopated effort
to sidle up to lower U.S. taste for cheap
thrills and fast cash.

As Jean Paul Belmondo said to Jean
Seberg at the end of Breathless: "C'est
vraiment dégueulasse."

The strangest thing about seeing this
anti-female stock horror caper at the
Imperial in Toronto was the incredible
juxtapositioning of it with a reasonably
clever, highly female-oriented 1972
NFB short, L'Oeuf by Clorinda Warny,
full of surreal effects and montages
relating to eggs and life. Someone must
have noticed they both dealt with the
female.

The combination was about as sensi-
tive as that ad in which a chicken
encourages you to eat at Colonel San-
ders.

Black Christmas is well located and
photographed. It features a sorority
house where, one by one, accompanied
by what women prefer to think of as
harmless though sick-minded obscene
phone calls, all the little ladies get their
comeuppance for being lovely, young,
well-to-do and/or liberated. And the
most suspicious male is of course artis-
tic. A pianist.

The satisfactions of a film in which
upper middle-class females, sharp and
sexy, are terrorized and brutally or grue-
soinely destroyed can be easily seen to
appeal to all misogynists, insecure and
frustrated men, and a thwarted and
denied working class who resent college
kids, liberated women, intellectual and
particularly artistic males, and, quite
possibly, the expense of Christmas.

The performers came in for a shaking
from Toronto critics, but actually they
were quite acceptable in their roles.
Abandoning any social, sexual, moral
or political critical attitudes, toward the
movie, the females had the edge in
performance. Margot Kidder particu-
larly gave life and vivacity to her charac-
terization of the cynical sorority sister,
while Andrea Martin (super in Cannibal
Girls) was humorous, touching, warm,
silly and sympathetic to a fault. Even
Marian Waldman's gussling sewers-
mouthed house mother, wildly over-
done, and American Olivia Hussey as an
affected snob-sister, worked hard to try
to capture both the silliness and scarri-
ness of the plot.

Canadian males shouldn't go un-
noticed either. I found it sad, life does

Margot Kidder in "Black Christmas"

go by so fast, to see Doug McGrath, a
male who can literally reek sex, rele-
gated to a sexless stereotyped boob-cop
role. But he made it a pleasure anyhow,
and with James Edmond, as a father
who acts somewhat more bewildered
than quite necessary (was he ever told
the plot?) and Art Hindle and Les
Carlson, the Canadian contingent did
what they could, which was basically,
lie low.

Keir Dullea played the paperback
pianist with anguished sensitivity rather
suitably, but finally the only performer
came out on top was the heavy-breath-
ging garbled telephone voice(s), which
gives you some idea of whose alter ego
invented the script.

— Natalie Edwards