

REVIEWS

Jean-Pierre Lefebvre's **Le Jour S**

Le Jour S is a title which made me suspect that Jean-Pierre Lefebvre's latest film might be tense and apocalyptic, perhaps political, like *Z* or *The Day of the Jackal*. But film titles can be deceiving and, luckily, *Le Jour S* follows in Lefebvre's own tradition of low-key, highly personal film-making; this film is as far removed from a thriller or blockbuster as it is possible to be.

Instead, *Le Jour S* is a subtle and fluid work, full of cheerful romanticism. Lefebvre prefers to soothe rather than to shock, and he has the special talent of making us see the small changes that occur as relationships evolve.

In the opening scene of *Le Jour S*, Jean-Baptiste (played by Pierre Curzi), an amiable TV producer approaching 40, is lying in bed and, speaking to whoever is on the next pillow, he recounts several contradictory versions of his first sexual experience. As the camera angle widens, it turns out that Jean-Baptiste is actually holding forth to his tape recorder. Lefebvre is not just fishing for laughs, however; today, 'le jour S', will be a day for reflection and recollection. It will be a day, as Jean-Baptiste self-consciously writes in his journal, for accenting "sexualité... sensualité... sentiments..."

From there, the story takes a deceptively aimless turn: Jean-Baptiste has nothing in particular to do, nowhere really to go, no urgent needs or desires. He gets up, reads the morning mail, takes a bus out to a shopping mall to buy some underwear, and sails through a bachelor's Saturday with no pressing agenda. But Lefebvre and Curzi catch myriad little details, and Curzi is particularly good as the put-upon little guy just trying to get through the day. He takes out his pack of Player's Lights, pauses a moment and decides, what-

the-hell, he'll have another one. Sitting in a snack bar, he muses at some length while choosing between a small, medium or large Coke to go with his hot dog (he takes a large). In another director's hands, this kind of anecdote would need a gag line to work. But Lefebvre relies on a relaxed pace – and a sense that he really cares – to make the viewer care, too.

But 'le jour S' is not, of course, a "journée comme les autres"; Jean-Baptiste is haunted all day by echoes and ghosts, memories of what he might have been and women he might have known. There is no epiphany in *Le Jour S*, but the 'S' element of feelings and dreams intrudes everywhere. On opening a letter from his son, Jean-Baptiste is so taken by the lyricism of child's writing ("It is autumn now, and the leaves are falling"), that he begins reading it aloud on the bus, to the great bewilderment of everyone seated nearby. Today, Jean-Baptiste tells the underwear salesman at the shopping centre, "I feel like a caterpillar who has become a butterfly".

The heart of *Le Jour S*, however, is in Jean-Baptiste's relations with women. This is a day of premonitions and intuitions and, somehow, every contact with a woman seems especially acute. A very pregnant matron smiles glowingly at J-B's poetic outburst on the bus, a porno theatre ticket-taker takes immediate offense at his quite innocent queries, and – incredibly – when Jean-Baptiste has a small accident and bumps into another car, the driver turns out to be his long-estranged wife, Louise. And each of these women – dressed in different guises – is played by Marie Tifo.

This is a curious move by Lefebvre, although it must be tempting to play the very adaptable Tifo opposite bewildered, errant Jean-Baptiste. She plays every role that a woman has played in his life: the unattainable woman, the happy mother, the 'bad' girl, the friend, and the adversary. She plays the woman he has lost forever, and the woman he is completely devoted to. On 'le jour S', moreover, each of these relations is felt to be at a critical point: Jean-Baptiste realizes,

during an afternoon encounter in a rue St-Denis tourist room with his ex-wife, Louise, that he need no longer be uneasy about what might have been; the spark is gone from that relation: it is now over. This frees Jean-Baptiste from the subtle pressures of the past, and he can now wholeheartedly embrace his perky girlfriend, Carole, played, of course, by Marie Tifo.

Le Jour S recalls many French romantic comedies, stories in which a brief time somehow becomes the focus for a welling-up of feelings, a quiet coming-to-terms with the changes in one's sentimental life. Tavernier's *Une Semaine de vacances* comes to mind, but in that film, a sense of crisis underlies the protagonist's week of reflection and change. *Le Jour S*, on the other hand, gains its charm through being wholly unforced, never proposing to teach lessons or correct one's behaviour. The viewer, too, finds that a space is somehow cleared among the shower of contingent details in everyday life, and the essential relations which sustain and justify life are brought clearly into view. This is the poetry of Lefebvre's vision, a cinema of clarity, subtlety and fine touches. And *Le Jour S* is one of the most (quietly-) accomplished films in his repertoire.

David Winch ●

LE JOURS d. Jean-Pierre Lefebvre a.d. José Beaudet sc. Barbara Easto, J.-P. Lefebvre p. Yves Rivard d.o.p. Guy Dufaux asst. cam. Robert Guertin, Michel Girard sd. Claude Hazanavicius sd. asst. James Louis Thompson mix. Michel Charron elect. Jean-Maurice de Ernsted, Gilles Fortier grips Marc de Ernsted, Stéphane de Ernsted cont. Claudette Messier stills Gilles Corbeil make-up Diane Simard p. assts. Edouard Faribault, Sara Mills, Marcel Royer lab. Bellevue Pathé Québec 1972 grader Pierre Campeau titles Yves Rivard mus. Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, Barbara Easto ed. Barbara Easto optical Groupe Film Optical (Qué.) Inc. p.c. Cinak Ltee, with the financial assistance of l'Institut québécois du cinéma and Bellevue Pathe Québec 1972. color, 16 and 35mm running time: 88 min. dist. (world) Astral Bellevue, (514) 747-2441 l.p. Pierre Curzi, Jean-Baptiste Beauregard, Marie Tifo, Simon Estévez, Benoit Castel, Adrien Morot, Michel Daigle, Pierre Brisset Des Nos, Roger H. Guertin, Guillaume Chouinard, Réjean Gauvin, Brigitte Lecours, Gregory Keith, Michel Viala, Anne Lecours, Berenard Fortin, Vincent Gratton and with the friendly participation of Marcel Sabourin and Marthe Nadeau.

Philippe de Broca's **Louisiana**

Louisiana, a Canada-France co-production funded partly by Telefilm Canada's Broadcast Fund and destined for eventual release as a television mini-series, opened Aug. 2 in both French and English in various Montreal theatres. Quite the cultural event, truly bilingual, and the premiere, at the Champlain theatre, was certainly one of the social events of the month: Denis Héroux (producer), Pierre Trudeau (ex-prime-minister) and Margot Kidder (leading actress) spiced up the audience with their presence. This gathering, at 15\$ a ticket, also had a specific charitable mission since the benefits went to the Canadian Association of Mental Health – a premiere for the Canadian film industry.

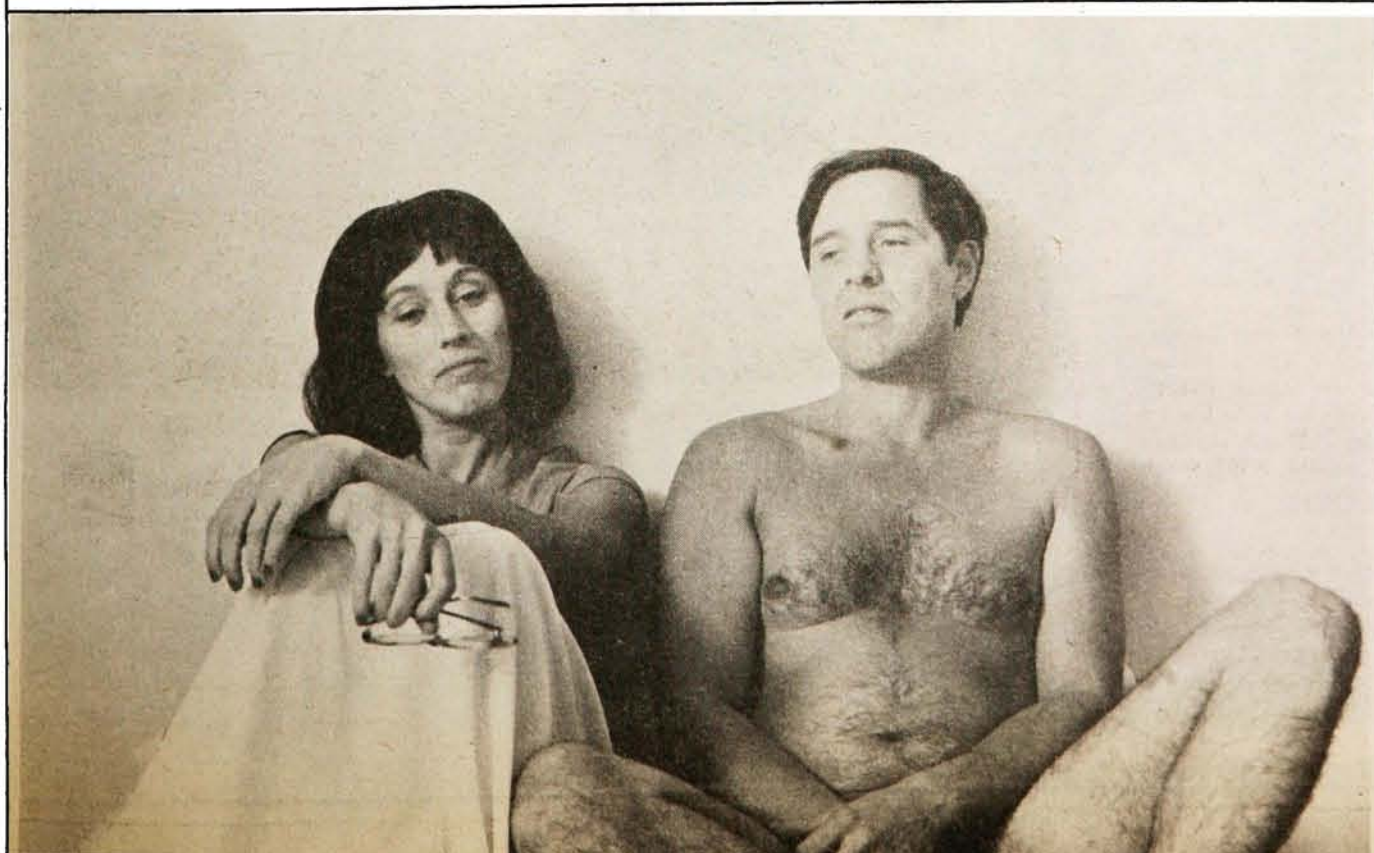
If the organizers of the benefit were extremely pleased with this venture of a new kind and expressed their gratitude to the generosity of the film industry, how we ignore that *Louisiana*, the film, simply reinforces the same old patterns of international co-production?

The moment for the release of this film was well chosen. Summer, vacation time, a period of the year when we are thirsty for stories, when we are just about ready to dive into the longest, thickest best-selling novel on the market, searching out new characters, landscapes, and passions. In the windows of many bookstores, Maurice Denuzière's three novels *Louisiana*, *Fausse Rivière* and *Bagatelle* stand ready to reveal, one by one, their worlds.

Louisiana the movie, based on the first two volumes of Denuzière's imaginary world, promised much for lovers of fictionalized history – not only characters, landscapes and passions, but the grandeur of big-screen spectacle. The saga of Virginia and her struggle to secure Bagatelle, her childhood home, in the explosive years of the mid-19th Century, offered to seduce us with its settings, costumes and lavish images, bathed in soft light by the cinematographic expertise of Michel Brault. *Hélas* – big, yes, and visually beautiful – but this is by no means a seductive film.

"New Orleans, 1836" is superimposed over the first images of the film. Thus time and space simply declare themselves, as, unfortunately will all of the other elements of the film – character, plot, emotion, etc., are simply presented on the screen without ever being really developed. Arriving from France, Virginia (Margot Kidder) tells her maid, Mignette, that she is determined to get Bagatelle back at all costs. So much for plot line! As soon as the two women are on shore romantic sub-plots are outlined: Virginia and Clarence Dandrige (Ian Charleson) exchange looks. How is Virginia going to get Bagatelle and the tall, blond Clarence Dandrige? Against a background of social history, of course: the same first scene stereotypically portrays the "hardship of slavery" in a few long shots which, just like a cardboard backdrop, sketch out local and temporal "colors." So much for history!

● "A caterpillar who's become a butterfly": Marie Tifo and Pierre Curzi in *Le Jour S*



REVIEWS

Five minutes, and already we know what will happen to these characters, for whom we care virtually nothing. Fade-in the music, flip a few pages, stop just in time to hear the end of a conversation between Virginia and her godfather: the sad history of Bagatelle since the death of Virginia's father is summarized in a couple of sentences. Oh well, it probably wasn't important! But at this point, nothing seems important in the lives of these shallow characters. So throw in a French revolution, let's have a War of Secession - all the "events" remain sterile, unidimensional, decors, against which Virginia's sentimental life unfolds.

When a story lacks dramatic momentum, one can always hope to take refuge in the acting, the music or in other formal elements of the film. Well, here the editing relies on titles to introduce new "chapters," giving the impression of skipping pages between scenes. Characters die without ever having had the time to develop: Adrian, Virginia's first husband; Pierre, the younger son; Adrien, the older son; Julie, the daughter - an entire family has died without a single moving moment or flow of sentiments. And even while they were still alive, the dialogue between the characters is never more than unconvincing clichés. Clarence: "I have been maimed, Virginia." (music) Her jaw drops as she stares at him, alternating her gaze from his eyes to below his belt.

Tacky, très québécoise and even redun-

dant, since the accident had already been evoked in an earlier flashback. As for the music, it only gives a caricatural tone to the whole venture. Yet somehow, fortunately, Margot Kidder and Ian Charleson manage to become more credible and sensitive by the last scene when, as an elderly couple, they save Bagatelle from the hands of a corrupt politician. This is undoubtedly the most touching moment of the film, and probably where the film should have started.

Directors Étienne Périer, Jacques Demy and finally Philippe de Broca succeeded one another in the production of the film, which certainly didn't make it easy for the actors or for the crew. The film's official co-production status faced strong opposition from both Canadian and French unions because no shooting was planned in Canada and certain technical positions were not clearly assigned to people of the official countries.¹ In the end, \$12 million were spent for a production that looks "international," neither French nor Canadian nor even American - a production that is so characterless that tries to be both a feature film and a 5-hour mini-series simultaneously, an exiled hybrid, never at home wherever it goes. Oh well, it remains to be seen how all this looks on television... that is, if anybody still cares.

Camille Gueymard ●

1/ See René Jeanneret's letter to Pete Legault in *Cinema Canada*, No 100, p. 17.



● Magnolia melodrama: Margot Kidder and Ian Charleson in *Louisiana*

LOUISIANA d. Philippe de Broca p. John Kemeny, Denis Héroux co-p. Gabriel Boustani, Nader Atassi sc. Charles Israel, Dominique Fabre, Etienne Périer, based on Maurice Benuziere's trilogy d.o.p. Michel Brault p. des. Jack McAdam cost. des. John Hay ed. Henry Lanoe p. man. Stéphane Reichel 1st a.d. Pierre Magny 2nd a.d. Jacques Methe unit man. Peter Bray p. acct. Kay Larham asst. cost. Louise Jobin ward. coord. Blanche Boileau ward. mist. Renee April ward. Luc LeFlaguais, Francesca Chamberland, Nancy Heck set dresser Linda Allen asst. set dresser Serge Bureau props. Gilles Aird asst. props. Marc Coriveau sp. efx. Thomas Fisher, Cliff Winger cont. Joanne Harwood make-up Suzanne Benoit, Josiane Deschamps, Joan Isaacson p. coord. Becky Horne

p. sec. Jodi Mauroner sp. make-up Stephan Dupuis hair Aldo Signoretti, Leslie Ann Anderson, Karl Wesson, Gaétan Noisieux cam. op. Al Smith focus puller Sylvain Brault loader/clapper René Daigle gaffer Jock Brandis best boy Frieder Hochheim elect. Ira Cohen key grip Johnny Daoust cam. grip Emmanuel Lépine grip Pierre Charpentier sd. rec. Richard Lightstone boom Jim Thompson stills Takashi Seida unit. pub. Katherine Moore sd. Richard Lightstone mus. Claude Bolling lp. Margot Kidder, Ian Charleson, Victor Lanoux, Andrea Ferreol, Lloyd Bochner, Len Carlou, Hilly Hicks, Raymond Pellegrin, Corinne Marchand, Ken Pogué, Larry Lewis p.c. Cine-Louisiana (ICC), Filmmax, Gaumont, Antenne 2, Films A2 dist. Les Films René Malo Inc. (514) 878-9181.

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Demetrios Estdelacropolis' Mother's Meat And Freud's Flesh

Repetition, clichés and visual sexual imagery *ad nauseam* have become the mainstay of contemporary synthetic culture. Add a catchy rock score to weave the shibboleths into harmony and *voilà*: there are all our icons, from television commercials to rock video.

To make an original film statement about this, start with an outrageous title, *Mother's Meat and Freud's Flesh*, then create Demira a homosexual, porn-star hero, in a losing battle with his one-and-a-half dimensional domineering mother, Esther, who is straight out of the *Inferno* Dante might have written had he lived in New York City. Add to this struggle a wacky psychiatrist, whose main scientific interest is to undertake a psychological sex-change operation on the mother in order to turn the hero into a heterosexual, while fighting his own passionate homosexual attraction for the young man and you have a vague outline of the Dada story of *Mama* by Montreal director/writer Demetrios Estdelacropolis.

The resolution of the plot is obviously irrelevant, even if the son (Estdelacropolis) is reconciled to life with mother Esther (Esther Vargas) on her own terms. (Are there ever any other?) The fun and art are in the ingestion of countless lines of pap and burlesque, most having to do with our cultural fetish with things psychiatric and sexual. For once we don't have to be serious about communications as a hilarious mother-son, four-day telephone non-conversation proves early in the film. For language fails at every level as poor Demira learns, not only from his own uncomprehending mother Esther but also during a three day blank-out before a television with no vertical hold. Later when Esther complains that she cannot see

the picture, Demira casually throws the set into the fire in what must be the last word to Marshall McLuhan and his minions. Moments like this make for a great cartoon where excess has no bounds.

There have been some, like the writer for *Variety*, who find these broad strokes offensive and crude. The Freudian angle about mother-son relationships and homosexuality is such a parody of contemporary wisdoms that only the most hypersensitive (or Estdelacropolis' real mother) would feel threatened. The 22-year-old filmmaker, if he admits to having read some R.D. Laing, insists, however, that the film is supposed to be a cartoon rendition of Freud. But he adds parenthetically that he has never read Freud, whose name came into the title as a natural balance to his attraction to *Mother's Meat*.

In fact *Mother's Meat* has some autobiographical elements to it, but they have more to do with the Demetrios-Esther relationship, and not that of mother-son. Much of the script came from 48 hours of 'Esther monologues' which he taped while visiting her in New York City. She butchers the English language horribly and sincerely, confusing transsexual with homosexual, using numerous past-tense phrases like "hanged up" or Americanisms like "I just love a man in a uniform," "I tan like a roast chicken," "He loves my sexy clothes," "I chew Trident gum," "How romantic!", and "In the States we don't mix alcohol and pills." Language in each scene leaves the viewer reeling from its banality and mal-appropriateness. A few quirky camera angles confirm the surrealist perspective.

Esther's rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner," sung to an 89-year-old catatonic ex-country and western singer named Speed, above the din of a 10-land highway, is the most original treatment of that icon since Jimmy Hendrix's 1968 Woodstock appearance. One suspects that Esther is only playing herself to a meandering story line and that the whole piece is documentary in drag.

Yet somehow it all leads to a finale - Demira, bilked by his erstwhile porn

film director who insists "We are all artists, Sweetheart," accepts a role in a blood and intestine film. The 'straight' role becomes hopelessly bent as he is disemboweled, castrated and (move over George Romero) eaten by his siblings, as mother Esther sits at the head of the table giving lessons in table manners. It is a supremely gratuitous comment on film gore in general, the kind of thing which adolescents and hollow-eyed film freaks adore, since its shock value and gruesomeness are matched only by its total meaninglessness. But then a contemporary mainstream film like *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* does much the same thing in its heart extraction scene. Where Spielberg spent millions for his stunts, Estdelacropolis spent \$120 for his.

The appealing music by the German rock group Trio at times gives the film the feel of a rock video in mime. There's a better than average chance that *Mother's Meat* may become an underground favourite, but it is too far out for commercial viability. By Fall the film will have been screened at the Berlin, Montreal, Toronto and Turin film festivals. One suspects that if Estdelacropolis can smooth out the rough edges in his next film, a comedic, Dadaist view will remain his cinematographic hallmark.

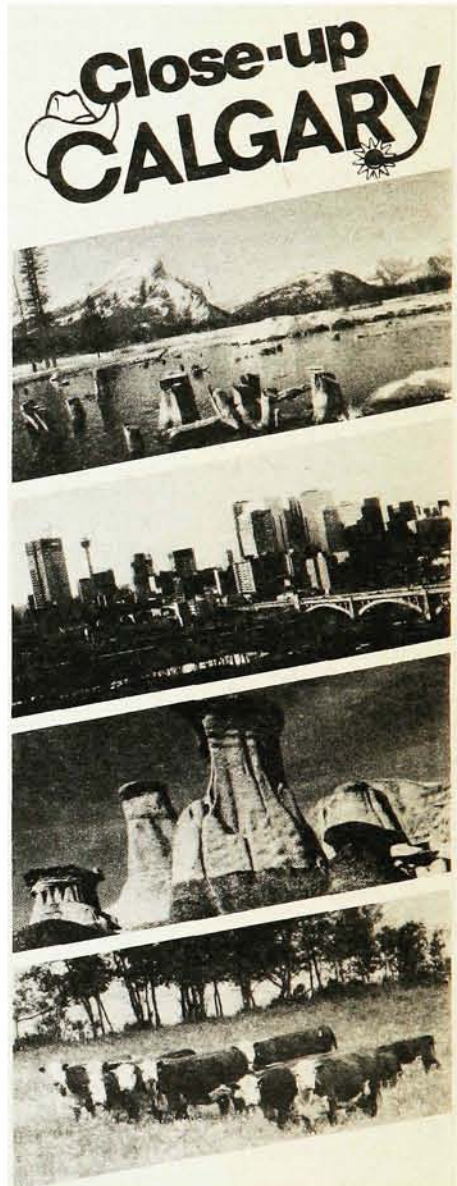
If some aspects of the film are reminis-

MOTHER'S MEAT & FREUD'S FLESH d./sc. Demetrios Estdelacropolis cam. Jason Levy, Jeane Lebeux, Andre Guimond cam. op. Jason Levy, Benedicte Deschamps asst. cam. Andrew Nevard, Philip Goulet 2nd unit cam. Andrew Nevard loc. sd. rec. Daniel Masse gaffers Roberto Morville, Brett Greggain speed's double Brett Greggain a.d.'s Simon Davies, Bashar Chbib sp. efx. Gregordon Hilderbrand, Gregordon Pastuszko re-rec. Deland Jureidini ed. Louise Burns, Jean Lebeux mix Roger Tyrrell neg. cut. Yolande Garant credits Normand Rompre assoc. p. Simon Davies p. Louise Burns, produced with the assistance of The National Film Board of Canada mus. TRIO, available on Mercury/Phonogram LP's., TRIO "The Album"/"TRIO & Error", distributed by Photogram GmbH and Polygram Dist. Inc. p.c. East Of The Acropolis Films, 1984. (514) 481-7143, 483-4761 colour, 16mm running time 90 min. l.p. Esther Vargas, Christian Dufault, Claire Nadon, Demetrios Estdelacropolis, Pierre Bastien, George Agetees, Marjorie Morton, W.A. McGregor, Rot Wang, Hary Karagopian, E.J. Sullivan, Rick "American Devices" Trembles, Michelle Tardif, Lawrence Joseph.

cent of an early '70s Canadian feature (*Sweet Movie*, directed by Dusan Makaveyev and played with a background ensemble of inmates from an asylum) Estdelacropolis, asked if he thought his film was Canadian, preferred to view *Mother's Meat* as an art film and comedy, with the emphasis more on aesthetic than texture.

Perhaps he is right to want to distance himself from the Canadian mainstream. After all, his direction is one demonstrable way for Canadian film art to break into world film consciousness.

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● Dada story of *Mama*: director Estdelacropolis, left; E.J. Sullivan and Esther Vargas in *Mother's Meat*

Douglas William's **Overdrawn at the Memory Bank**

Overdrawn at the Memory Bank, the recently aired on CBC two-hour TV movie produced by RSL Entertainment Corp., makes one wonder how attitudes in this country toward narrative film ultimately will change as the Canadian film industry shifts its energies almost entirely into television production. Not because *Memory Bank* is a brilliant program – it isn't. In fact, if *Memory Bank* were a feature it would be a failure. But it's not a film, it's a TV program. And as television goes, one is never quite sure if this high-tech compendium of old plots and special effects isn't its own peculiar success.

Memory Bank demonstrates all too clearly that television programming, even films made for TV, exists according to inherently different principles than feature film. One medium's flaws can often be the other's strengths. Film people will be appalled at *Memory Bank's* cultural disconnectedness. Though it borrows liberally from the Hollywood classic *Casablanca* and George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty Four*, the program reveals only a superficial affinity with the original themes and concerns of these works. However, when viewed passively with low expectations – as television usually is – *Memory Bank's* familiarity, amiable tone and daunting array of special effects lend a certain amusing appeal.

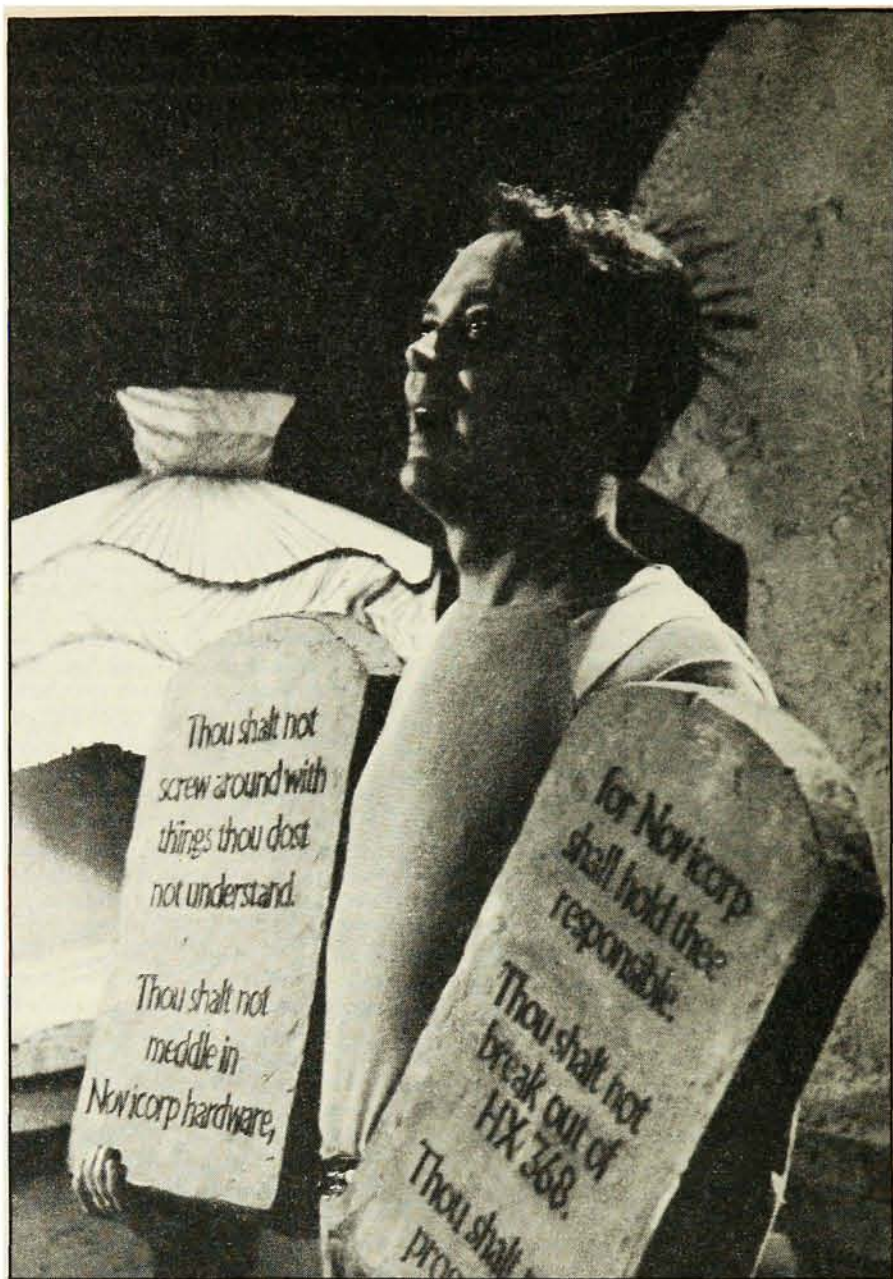
Cinematically, the show makes an intriguing, promising start. Leads Raul Julia and Linda Griffiths stand on opposite sides of a road at night as bodies are hauled away outside what looks like a hospital. The duo make first eye contact: Julia is strong but bewildered, Griffiths is wide-eyed. Griffiths narrates the opening – her voice has that marvellous quality of breathing more life into material than it often deserves – and the

mood assumes the eerie unreality of dream, establishing an ambience of tension, romance and incipient doom.

A skillful opening, say, for an ironic drama about an individual at odds with an oppressive society and the woman who loved him briefly. Yet the program inexplicably shifts gears and becomes instead a loopy comedy set centuries in the future. This is *Memory Bank's* main flaw: it tries to be both serious drama and lightweight, almost silly, comedy, and neither director Doug Williams nor screenwriter Corrine Jucker come close to finding the proper balance.

For example, after the hero, Aram Fingal (Julia) is caught watching *Casablanca* at his computer terminal (all cinema has been banned by Novicorp, the huge communications monolith where he works), one expects the worst, given the totalitarian overtones established early on. Instead, Fingal is dispatched to Nirvana Village – some future variation of Club Med – for a mandatory 48-hour "dopple", a process of exchanging human identities with animals. One asks: what is Fingal's real transgression? Some form of thoughtcrime or just goofing off on the job? Is doppling recreation or torture, or, more insidiously, torture in the guise of recreation? Do the bosses intend to kill off Fingal during his dopple, or do they actually believe a 48-hour stint as Daisy the Baboon is just the thing for his mental health?

The show fails to create a consistently believable sense of time and place, which is the cornerstone of the magic of cinema. If doppling is a tenuous concept, it does have comic potential. Indeed, the scenes of Fingal as a baboon – featuring wildlife stock footage and Julia's sardonic voiceover – are the show's funniest. But when a bevy of schoolkids touring the recovery room on a field trip is used to introduce the complication (a mischievous boy switches Fingal's identity card with a female sex-change patient, peeking up her dress in the process) both the body and the show's dubious promise are lost. The *Casablanca* sequences (Fingal gets to play out his fantasies inspired by the film in Novicorp's main computer – don't ask how he got there) and a mad chase follow, but it's hard to take



● Hi-tech decalogue: Raul Julia in *Overdrawn at the Memory Bank*

seriously. The low point has to be the truly awful scene where Appolonia (Griffiths), the technician assigned to watch over Fingal's romp through the computer, descends from the clouds as Aphrodite to hand down two Biblical stone tablets to Fingal, the first com-

mandment being "Thou shalt not screw around with things thou dost not understand."

Had the filmmakers heeded this advice, they might have reconsidered their approach. It's painful to witness *Memory Bank's* banal rehash of *Casa-*

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blanca, especially since this splendid film has already died a thousand deaths at the hands of advertisers and TV hucksters. Likewise with Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four* motif. Fingal clearly is Winston Smith, as Appolonia is Julia, and the Novicorp chairman (Donald C. Moore) a too literal Big Brother, yet the show reveals only a minimal appreciation of the deeper significance of Orwell's satire, particularly concerning the use of language to control human thought. *Memory Bank* is full of high-tech jargon, but truncating computer technician to comtech hardly reaches the same plain as Orwell's Newspeak.

What the filmmakers do understand, however, is the visual appeal of new video technology. The show's heavy use of computer-generated graphics, special effects, slow motion, mattes, split screens, pixillation and other devices is the only thing - apart from Julia and Griffiths' competent performances - that sustains viewer interest. The direct impact of the visual technique owes more to the video game than the silver screen and its format suggests that some day TV drama might feature a radically restructured narrative approach based on a synthesis of video's strengths and limitations.

One strength (some might call it a limitation) of television is that few people watch it with a critical eye. The telling detail becomes less important than the broad stroke. Thus, *Casablanca* and *Nineteen Eighty Four* are pillaged for their familiarity within the mass consciousness. Yet it almost seems as if it's not really the originals but the superficial imitations that followed - the TV commercials, magazine ads, posters,

T-shirts, comedy sketches - that are *Memory Bank's* true sources. Rather than authentically create its drama within itself, *Memory Bank* relies on the familiarity of borrowed pop images to form an easily understood shorthand. If a close look reveals the characters do not believably exist either in the future or in a particularly oppressive society, the high-tech veneer, space age fashion, wall-banks of sinister computers (sinister because they are so big) and omnipresent technical jargon serves to sketch out the viewer's pre-formed television conception of the Big, Bad Future.

It's worth pointing out that the late Superchannel, which billed itself as the pay-TV service for movie buffs, passed on *Memory Bank*. The CBC, looking to prod its moribund variety department into new directions, took a chance and licensed it. As our society shifts from an industrial to an informational base, some form a parallel shift will probably occur in motion pictures, of which *Memory Bank* affords just a vague intimation. Cinema accommodates a historical perspective. Television is now. Future films/programming may be less cultural artifacts which "say something" about the individuals and the society which created them than spectacular, ephemeral entertainments whose technical virtuosity masks their reinforcement of the status quo. *Memory Bank* succeeds only in the now.

So forget its contradictions - its visual appeal, familiarity and inevitability are as soothing as a walk in warm rain. Even if it is acid rain.

Bruce Malloch ●

OVERDRAWN AT THE MEMORY

BANK p. Robert Lantos, Stephen J. Roth d. Douglas Williams sc. Corrine Jacker, based on the story by John Varley d.o.p. Barry Bergthorson p. des. Carol Spier cost. des. Delphine White mus. John Tucker ed. Rit Wallis sp. efx. ed. Jim Goessinger p. man. Gerry Arbeid post-p. sup. Jennifer Black cast. d. Liz Ramos 1st a.d. Mac Bradden loc. man. Duane Howard asst. p. man. Jeff King p. coord. Alison Oyer assts to p. Andras Hamori, Jo-Anne Bates 2nd a.d. Louise Casselman 3rd a.d. Neil Huhta cont. Nancy Eagles dialog. coach Jim Bearden asst. cast. d. Merri Toth extras Faces and Places p. sec. Jennifer Scott acct. Norma Rose focus puller Edie Craddock tech. p. John Grimditch v.t. op. Norbert Von Derheiot loc. sd. Thomas Hilderly boom Michael O'Connor sup. sp. ed. Ralph Brunjes sd. efx. ed. Christopher Hutton dialog. ed. Catherine Hutton sp. syn. efx. Peter Jermyn re-rec. mixer George Movotny asst. art d. Dan Davis art dept. trainee Louise Doyle set dec. Elinor Rose Galbraith asst. set dec. Christine MacLean, Martin Weinryb, Bruce McKenna props Peter Lauterman asst. props Joe Hampson gaffer Richard Allen best boy Martin Harrison 3rd elec. Tom Fennessey gen. op. Randy Jones key grip Norman Smith best boy Brian Daniels 1st asst. ward. Sherry McMorran ward. mist. Mary Jane McCarty make-up Shonagh Jabout hair. Ivan Lynch unit pub. Linda Shapiro public relations stills Alex Dukay const. man. Bill Harman craft serv. Steve Payne p. assts. Ethan Rill, Bill Bannerman, David Maltese, Gabe Fallus post. p. & comp. graphic Mobile Image of Canada sp. video efx. Geoffrey Haines-Stiles and Jim Goessinger efx. coord. Erna Akuginow Dubner graphics Jennifer Black Dubner op. Heather Goldin tape op. Grant Ranalli ADO efx. Omnibus Video Inc. The producers wish to thank: Alcan Canada Foils, Bard Canada Inc. Mississauga, Ont., Fine Arts Editions, John Godfrey, A.E. LePage Limited, Jeanne Mulcahy add. comp. grafix. Cranston/Csuri Productions, Inc. Columbus, Ohio, Digital Effects New York, N.Y., Evans & Sutherland Salt Lake City, Utah, Cartos System, Columbia University, Computer Graphics Facility, Prof. Cyrus Levinthal, General Electric C.A.E. International Milford, Ohio, Geosource Research & Development Houston, Texas, Athletic Footwear Provided by RMP Athletic Locker Ltd. and Brooks Athletic Shoes, Futuristic Clothing Provided by Nicola Pelly and Harry Parnass for Parachute, Nabet AFC - Local 700, Canadian Financial Arrange-



● Commanding the powers of Adam

ments by The Skyld Group, A Presentation of Wnet/Thirteen in association with SFTV an RSL Films Production, 1983, p.c. Moviecorp VII Inc. l.p. Arhie Achtman, Paula Barrett, Patrick Brymer, Jackie Burroughs, Wanda Cannon, Helen Carscallen, Maury Chaykin, Gary Farmer, Marvin Goldhar, Joyce Gordon, Linda Griffiths, Rex Hagan, Chapelle Jaffe, Raoul Julia, Hadley Kay, James Kionie, Don Lamont, Al Maini, Donald C. Moore, Sheila Moore, Louis Negin, Steve Payne, Denise Pigeon, Lou Pitoscia, Vivian Reis, Larry Schwartz, Sugith Varughese, Bunty Webb, Audra Williams.

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TORONTO



REVIEWS

Christopher Chapman's Untitled 3-D film

Christopher Chapman's latest film, made for special presentation within a permanent exhibition, is an untitled, 15-minute nature study filmed in 3-D, the first time this individual and inventive filmmaker has used this technique.

In subject matter and treatment, it is a perfect little film—never pretending to be more than what it sets out to be: an opportunity for Chapman to use 3-D, to find his way with this much misused and difficult process, and to provide Science North, the new science centre in Sudbury, Ontario, with a special kind of film for regular showing over a period of several years.

A word here about the "auditorium" in which it is being shown. Although designed by Raymond Moriama (who was also the architect of the Ontario Science Centre in Toronto) Science North's is quite unlike the OFT's auditorium in the Science Centre. The Sudbury theatre is an enormous cavern, with natural rock forming the walls, ceiling and floors. The only modern intrusion in this million-year-old cave is the screen, which comes down from the blackness above, the sound system (which can-

not be seen) and just enough lighting to permit the audience to find its way to the rows of bench seating.

In this raw and natural, but by no means uncomfortable setting, the film Chapman has made is entirely in keeping with the 'hall', the subject matter in harmony with the setting and many of the exhibits on display at Science North.

What Christopher and Francis Chapman, together with Brian Holmes, have done is to let nature pass before our eyes in three dimensions. Shot in the Sudbury area and around Lake Superior and south Georgian Bay, there is little we haven't seen before in a hundred nature films, some of them even made by Christopher Chapman; but he makes trees, streams, and countryside, animals and birds, all seem fresh and new again, accompanied by a judicious use of sound effects and music, the whole giving us a fresh insight into what nature means. There is no commentary, nothing pretentious about the use of camera and editing, but an astonishingly fluid and image-sharp use of 3-D lenses. It is the perfection we have come to expect from Chapman in a work simple to look at but difficult to achieve.

In today's world, in which so much of nature is being destroyed along with the animals inhabiting it, the sight of birds seemingly flying in the auditorium and the unconcerned beaver and turtle swimming past the end of our noses is utterly delightful.

Nothing is thrown at us, familiar 3-D tricks are avoided, and the whole cannot help but give children, who love it all, and adult audiences a new appreciation of what we take so much for granted.

Filmed in 70mm and projected on two synchronised reels, it is a technical marvel of photography and a credit to Science North, which might well have commissioned a vulgar piece of entertainment in the belief that this would be the easy way to draw audiences. Better care should be taken however, in re-using the polaroid glasses, and in instructing audiences to keep its fingers off the lenses. A program note with credits should also be provided. This still un-titled film cost \$600,000 and took a year to make. It compares more than favourably with Disney's \$7 million, special effects 3-D short subject now showing at Epcott Centre.

Gerald Pratley ●

d./ed./d.o.p. Christopher Chapman; **p.** Francis Chapman; **p. coord.** Penny Grey; **tech. coord.** Brian Holmes; **stereo cam. asst.** Ken Post; **3-D eff.** Francis Chapman and Brian Holmes; **sd. ed.** David Troster; **loc. assist.** Barbara Glen-Chapman; **grip** David Hynes; **nature cons.** William Garrick; **Fairlight sd. component** Greg Holmes; **gen'l. asst.** Victor Noble; **re-rec.** Mike Hoogenboom and Tony Van Den Akker; **cam.** Panavision (Los Angeles); **lab.** MGM (Los Angeles); **sd. studios:** The Film House Group (Toronto) & Magder Studios (Toronto); **special thanks to:** Henry Jahn, Ernie McNabb, the NFB and the Ontario Science Centre. **Running Time:** 15 mins.

**Newsmakers,
please note**

You've read their names and maybe your own many times in the pages of **Cinema Canada**, but you've often wondered what the others look like... Well, so have we. That's why, **Cinema Canada** puts emphasis on the faces that make up Canada's program production/distribution industry. But don't wait for the news to happen first. Help us get a step ahead by sending along your photo to **Cinema Canada** now. That way, when you're in the news, we'll be ready to go with the story and your picture... while it is still news.

CONGRATULATIONS

Harry Gulkin, Mort Ransen, Georges Dufaux and all the crew on the completion of photography for BAYO; on budget and on schedule.

Bayo Film Productions



A fishing captain returns to his Newfoundland cove after 60 years at sea. Leading players—Steven, Ed McNamara and Patricia Phillips.

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