A structural darkness oppresses the heroine of two films currently at the end of the year. First, Pierre Curzi's "La Pouvoir Intime," a look at a woman who realizes she is not that kind of person. Then, "La Pouvoir Intime" is a look at the influence of childhood on adult life. The two films explore the same themes in different ways, with "Pouvoir Intime" being more overtly political.

In "La Pouvoir Intime," the heroine finds herself in a state of disarray clearly articulated by the non-diegetic sounds and the over-emphatic, making sure we like to have the courage of my idealized father. It leaves her in a state of shock: she is forced to move...

"Pouvoir Intime" explores the same themes as "La Pouvoir Intime" in a more direct and explicit way. The film's use of non-diegetic sounds and over-emphatic acting makes it clear that the heroine is not that kind of person. The film ends with the heroine realizing that she has been manipulated by others and that she must take control of her life. The film is a powerful exploration of the influence of childhood on adult life.

"La Pouvoir Intime" is a more political film, exploring the role of women in society and the influence of childhood on adult life. The film is a powerful exploration of the influence of society on individual identity.

Both films are highly recommended, especially for those interested in exploring the role of women in society and the influence of childhood on adult life. The films are well worth seeing.
Ron Mann's *Listen To The City*

On Mann's *Listen To The City*, the first (and to date, only) dramatic feature by the celebrated Toronto director *Imagaine the Sound, Poetry in Motion, Marcia Resnick's Bad Boys*), was completed in 1984 but, by 1986, still hadn't more than a scant handful of public screenings in Canada. Following a carnaborous nasty reception at its premiere at the '84 Festival of Festivals in Toronto, the film was re-edited by Mann but its distributor, Spectralfilm, remains reluctant to push for screenings. Whether that's because the film still bears the taint of high-profile humiliation (and no beast is tougher than Torontofuscus), or because its form and political eccentrism might make it a hard sell for a commercial distributor seeking first-run engagements in commercial theatres, (its best context, a high-school classroom, would be a classroom or a political meeting) the virtual non-release of *Listen to The City* is unfortunate. For it is one of the more original features produced in English Canada in this decade. (Only in Canada. Pity.)

A self-described "political fable" that combines elements of Godard, Marvel comics, Orwell, rock video and King Vidor's *Our Daily Bread, Listen to the City* takes the form (but thankfully not the tone) of an academic argument: it addresses a particular problem and posits a possible strategy for solution.

The problem is unemployment. As an introductory icon informs us, Canada's ever-escalating unemployment rate is encompassing increasing numbers of Canadian youth — a situation that can't bode well for the fostering of a healthy sense of optimism and commitment concerning the nation's future. *Listen to the City* is a quasi-utopian, urban romantic solution, which it will allegorically illustrate, is job rotation, the concept of rotating work periods so great numbers of workers can share the same jobs. To create, as the titles boldly prophecy, a "new social solidarity in which ever scarcer jobs are shared by more and more people."

But what follows is not the didactically strained agitprop these titles ominously foretell. Quite the contrary. In fact, for all its initial political threats, *Listen to the City* has actually far less political savvy than it has aesthetic gunction. Its cultural concerns are firmly of the pop variety, and its somewhat scattered social improvement strategies are finally less convincing or captivating that the sheer formal exuberance of the film. This affinity to art before politics is in fact immediately established in *Listen to the City's* first conceptual scene, which shows an apparently bedevilled hospital inmate (played by poet-singer-reformed junkie Jim Carroll) taking to the street armed with sunglasses, an intravenous stand and a steady stream of prophetic platitudes ("Power is not wealth and power does not serve wealth..." "Our work is our passion and our passion is our work..."

A romantic function in the movie can actually stand for the whole movie, which is really more a plea for art than a call to arms.

*Listen to the City* tells the story of an eponymous metropolis (undistinguished Toronto, though not named as such) on the verge of economic collapse as its principal industrial mainstay, Lambra (Larry Coen), is threatening to withdraw because of what slick company spokespeople claim is an irrevocable decline in profits. We don't trust these silver-haired smoothing a wit and, as it turns out, well that we shouldn't. It seems that Lambda's icy cool and cynical wunderkind president, Shadow (Sky Gilbert), is orchestrating the whole scam from an immoderately sparse office somewhere high in the sky above Bay Street. Shadow's plan is to offer to sell to Lambra workers the seemingly-crippled company at a bargain basement price. Not only will such a scheme bask upon Shadow a politically progressive nice-guy veneer, it will facilitate its bailing out just in time to avoid (nyah-hah-hah) the stock market disaster that he knows is imminent. It is the agitation of the workers by Shadow's Devo-esque thugs, and the attempts of a reporter (P. Soles), a union officer, and a liberal city council member (who orders Shadow to Lambra's mustache-twiddling subterfuge, that makes up most of *Listen to the City's* dramatic intrigue.

But it is actually the fracturing and disassembly of the parallel stories (which collide at the climax) that distinguishes the film, and not their integrated linear momentum. Structured something like a video monitor set on rapid remote control channel-changing, the film conveys more in terms of jarring juxtaposition than it does dramatic development. While the puzzling parallel intrigues do not fuse in an entirely neat and satisfactory manner in the end, their simultaneity is neither random nor meaningless. In attempting to establish in cinematic terms the same sense of socialist cooperation and mechanical interdependency allegorically alluded to by the voiceover that calls the city a "symphony of voices", Mann's fractured fable acts as an apt working example of politics as process, involving constant changes of perspective and simultaneous individual en- deavour. Like the city, political action is not independent entity, it consists of many disparate activities, voices and