

Waldemar Dziki's

Le jeune magicien

abnormality, and what comprises 'genius.' If Pierrot is different, is he abnormal, and should he be ostracized and made fun of? Terrible things happen to him because he is different. Yet in the end he becomes enviable. At the request of the Chief of Police and the national armed forces (there is an un-Canadian kind of nationalism in this film), Pierrot saves the day and becomes a national hero.

In its depiction of a child's reality, there are several visually distinct and separate realms within the film. Some are reassuring, some are threatening, some are neutral. They consist of the different places that make up a child's world: home, school, video arcade etc. They are sharply distinguished by color, lighting, tone and sense of space.

For example, Pierrot's home is appealingly filled with warm colors and soft lighting. There are open areas that seem to flow together into one unified space. It has an aura of trust and safety, potentially a powerful subliminal message to a child about the nature of home and family.

In contrast, the psychiatric hospital where Pierrot is taken for testing is filled with dark shadows and locked doors. It is a world completely under the control of adults, impenetrable except to the initiated. The visual tone of the hospital sequences is dark; they reflect a greenish color, and the doctors/scientists are photographed in half shadow.

There are a good number of visual gags that make children squeal and giggle and adults chuckle. These are generally handled well - they are photographed and edited to create excitement and are thereby entertaining. The chase scene where Pierrot ends up being pursued by all sorts of characters is probably the central example of the

film's kind of silly fun. There are points however, when action and audience involvement seriously lag.

The sub-plot, which provides Pierrot's salvation by turning him into a hero, involves the military and their experimentation with, and transportation of, a volatile and dangerous material - Substance M. We are introduced to this plot line through an obviously loud radio report heard over the banter and tomfoolery during dinner. It is followed by the intercutting of scenes with helicopters and men in military uniforms. I expect these were intended to add an element of danger and tension, but they are basically ineffective. At the turning point of the plot there is an unbearable, overly long sequence that provides far too much dialogue for any audience, let alone a youthful one. The film stops dead, and has trouble picking up its pace and involving us again.

I'm not sure why the motivation for Pierrot's change of status had to be political and military, or why it had to be on such an enormous scale (a national crisis) but it is inappropriate and heavyhanded in context of the other elements of the film.

The story ends in a concert hall, with Alexandre, Pierrot's newfound friend, proving the benefits of harnessing genius through concentration and practice. Alexandre is a musician, an orphan (a disturbingly, or perhaps tellingly prevalent theme in these films) who achieves glory when the previously doubting adults realize he is a musical genius.

In many ways, *Le Jeune magicien* is typical of children's entertainment and representative of the *Tales for All* series. It's difficult to say how children will respond to it; as an adult there were some elements I could appreciate and some that greatly disturbed me. The lat-

ter make me hesitate to recommend the film to friends who have children.

Jamie Gaetz •

LE JEUNE MAGICIEN p. Rock Demers, Krzysztof Zanussi for Film Tor Unit d./sc. Waldemar Dziki assoc. p. Ann Burke, Jacek Szeligowski, Michal Szczerbic d.o.p. Wit dabal art d. Violette Daneau, Jerzy Sajko, Andrzej Przedworski, Andrzej Halinski m. composed and d. Krzesimir Debski ed. Andre Corriveau sd. concept. Claude Langlois sp.fx. Louis Craig, Marc Molin, Mirowslaw Marchwenski prod. man. Zdzislaw Kuczynski, Grzegorz Cichomski, Marek Trojanowski, Waldemar Krol costumes Magdalena Biedrzycka, Barbara Mielniczek, Izabella Izbinska hair and Make-up Magdalena Lecka, Beata Matuszczak, Iwona Skwarka sd. Zbigniew Prygodcki boom Josef Tomporek add. sd. Michel Charron, Alain clavier, Viateur Paiment 1st a.d. Witold Holtz, Tadeusz Proc, Krzysztof Maj 2nd a.d. Jacek Gornowicz, Anna Maria Witkowska cont. Hanna Chelminska cadreur Dariusz Kuc 1st asst. cam. Zdzislaw Najda 2nd asst. cam. Jan Gorski, Zbigniew Gustowski gaffer Stanislaw Matuszewski key grip Bronislaw Lawniczak tutor and dir. of Cdn. casting Danyele Patenaude asst dec. Wojciech Jaworski, Stanislaw Muras, Urszula Szubert, Magdalena Saloni, Jaroslaw Bogusiak, Marian Koczur dec. Ewa Braun, Michal Sulziewicz, Maria Osiecka-Kuminek, Anna Jekielek prod. asst. Louise Belanger acct. Marie-Claude Hebert prod. asst. (Poland) Grazyna Kozłowska, Teresa Paszkiewicz, Bogumil Olejnik, Magdalena Szwarcbart, Zbigniew Sejbt, Patrick Chassin, Christian Longpre prod. coord (Canada) Josee Maufette exterior props Guy Lalonde, Andre Guimond asst. ed. Wea Jaworska, Christine Deneault sd. edit Claude Langlois, Louise Cote assted by Myriam Poirier sd. shoot Michel Charron sp.sd.fx. Alain Clavier sdx Viateur Paiment assisted by Jerome Decarie, Diane Douville rec. by Jocelyn Caron mix Michel Descombes asst. by Andre Gagnon m. consult Anna Izykowska-Mironowicz m. Krzesimir Debski m. mix rafal Paczkowski lyric adaptation Howard Forman int. by Betty Eljarat m. publishing Les Editions La Fete Inc. consult. mus. publ. Michel Zgarka stills Krzysztof Wellman pub. Kevin Tierney, David Novek Associates, Les Productions La Fiete, Telefilm Canada, CFCF TV Inc and la Société Radio-Canada participated financially on the Canadian end Zespoły Filmowe and Film Polski participated in the Polish financing l.p. Rusty Jedwab, Natasza Maraszek, Edward Garson, Tomasz Klimasiewicz, Daria Trafankowska, Mariusz Benoit, Wladyslaw Kowalski, Jan Machulski, Maciej Szary, Maria Robaszkiewicz, Danuta Kowalska, Grazyna Szapolowska, Andrzej Szczepkowski, Andrzej Szczepkowski, Andrzej Blumenfeld, Wojciech Mann, Jan Hencz, Piotr Krukowski, Ewa Biala, Maria Wawrzak, Monika Wawrzak, Monika Maraszek colour 35mm running time.

Le *Jeune magicien* is the fourth film in Rock Demers' projected series of 12, *Tales for All*. It seems to have much in common with the preceding three (*The Dog Who Stopped the War*, *The Peanut Butter Solution*, and *Bach and Broccoli*) in its careful delineation of the child's world as separated from the adult world.

This film creates a reality that is made up of certain joys and anguishes, places, events, and people, and is based as much in dream and fantasy as in real life. Watching the film, we enter the world of a child, where a few adults seem to revolve just around the periphery. These adults hold the power, they can say yes or no, and make things happen. A child's dreams and fantasies are often about having a special power, a magic that transcends the adults' power.

The child's world, portrayed on film in this way, becomes credible. Children are being assured, through self-reflection, that they can have as much power and control as adults; they can realize their dreams and anything is possible. For good measure, there are a few lessons and morals thrown in, however subliminally.

Le Jeune magicien opens with a hockey game in a fairly large enclosed arena. Pierrot, 12 years old, is on the bench, dressed and ready to play, but he is never called into the game. He is immediately identified as the sort of kid who is always left on the bench. He's an outsider whose dreams and fantasies only become focused when he is discovered by the magician at a performance he attends with his family. Pierrot takes part in a trick that has the magician levitate a young girl and then make her disappear. He is hooked. He reads everything he can about magic, trying some tricks out himself. Almost accidentally, he finds he has the power to move objects too. But he has no control over this power, so of course, he gets into all sorts of trouble. In the first scenes then, we have a typical powerless, imaginative 12-year-old who discovers an ability that will give him power, even over the adult world.

On one level, *Le Jeune magicien* is a kind of moral tale, as most children's stories tend to be. Pierrot is different. He is ultimately branded abnormal, and therefore undesirable. Normal activities are barred to him. He is refused entry to a party where his classmates and friends are dancing and having fun. The parents, the adults also do not want him around. It is only Marguerite, Pierrot's sweetheart, who respects his talent and believes he is a 'genius.'

There is a strong subliminal message here about the nature of normality and



• Rusty Jedwab's magic keeps Daria Trafankowska begging for more

Bernard Gosselin's

L'Anticoste

Rising out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, surrounded by treacherous shoals and dangerous currents, Anticoste is an island of jagged rocks, wind-swept cliffs, deep green forests, pebble-bottomed salmon rivers and a hardy breed of people preoccupied with the simpler things in life. Named "Anticoste" ("Old Ship Wrecker") by the first French mariners, it is a land so immense that you could easily fit the island of Montreal within it 17 times. Yet, it is populated by only 347 permanent inhabitants, most of them in the island's only village, Port Meunier.

It is this island, this green band of forest over an outcropping of rock, that documentary filmmaker Bernard Gosselin chose as the subject of his latest film. Shot during a three-year period, *L'Anticoste* is a rambling look at the island from every conceivable angle available to a filmmaker — short of fictionalization.

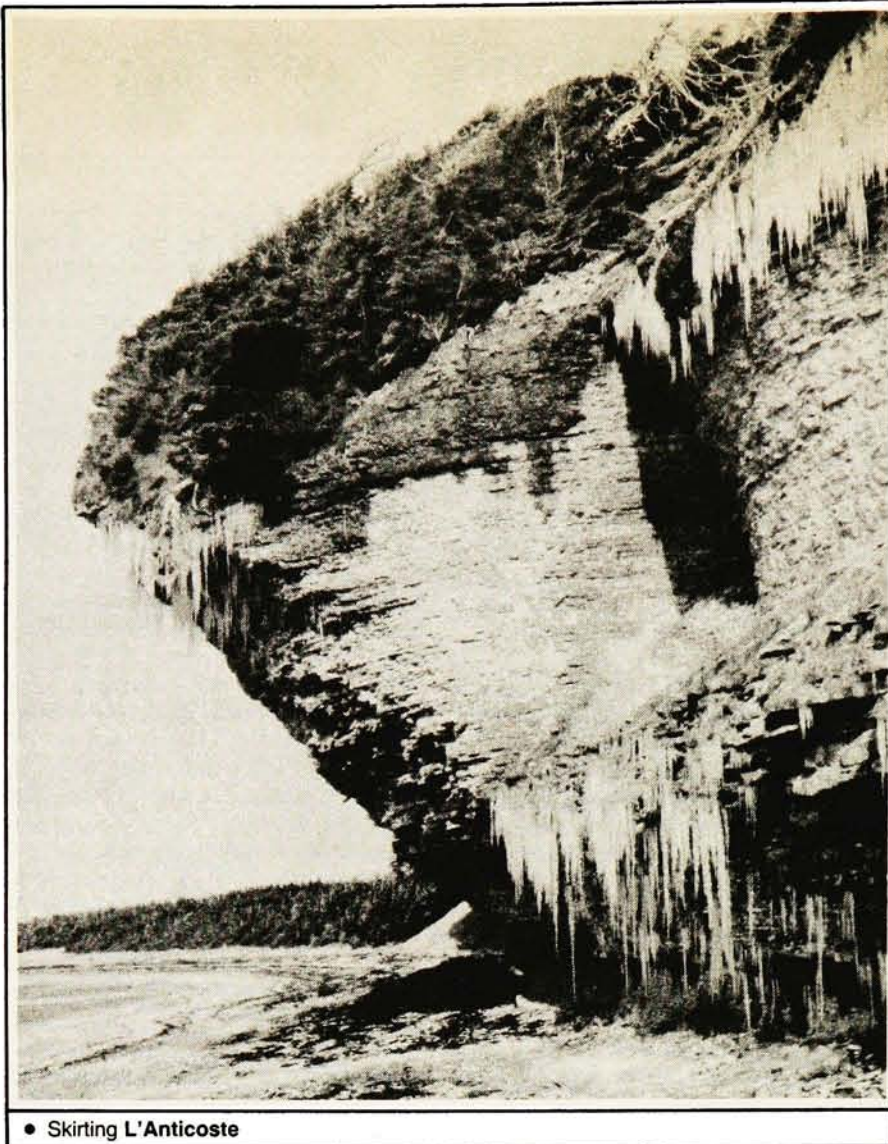
First named "Nasticotec" by the original Montagnais Indians, literally "place to hunt bear", the island has long been the bane of sailors who steer well clear of its treacherous shores. The numerous hulks of grounded ships that today surround the island are a testament to its reputation.

Bought outright by Henri Meunier, a French millionaire chocolate-manufacturer, around the turn of the century, the island was transformed into his private hunting domain, where he reigned as lord and master. Its residents became his employees, forbidden to own land or to hunt without his permission; unwanted residents were simply expropriated. Bears were considered a nuisance, so they were exterminated. Every spring, when he arrived from Europe for the summer season, the entire village would meet him at the dock, in their best Sunday clothes, and they would play *La Marseillaise*. They built him his Chateau, where he entertained his rich friends, and when he died, they mourned him.

The new owner, Consolidated-Bathurst, again made it a private domain. The residents, still forbidden to own the land on which they were born, were confined to cutting timber and manning the fish-canneries. When head office ordered the burning of Meunier's Chateau — to rid itself of the maintenance costs — the islanders obeyed, with the regret of those who are powerless.

Yet, despite all the 'invasions' of their land, the residents still feel a sense of belonging. This harmony between the island and its people is a strong undercurrent of the film. As Gosselin admits, his first intention was to show their liberation from the external manipulation of their island. But the islanders proved more preoccupied with the beauty of a sunset, the freshness of the breeze and the majesty of a passing eagle.

Instead of a straight, clear narrative,



• Skirting L'Anticoste

Gosselin uses a collage-like approach throughout his film, often shifting his perspective from place (i.e. physical, geological, geographical images and descriptions, etc.) to people (day-to-day living, observations about themselves, their hopes about the future, their children...), and time (the island's quaint history revealed in bits, intercut by bits of the other two categories).

At the hands of someone else, all this might be an unsightly hodge-podge of questionable value, but Gosselin knows his craft. Seamless editing and insightful arrangements make this film flow with an illusion of orderly progression.

Photographically, the island is rendered glorious, with its winding coast line, cliffs, cascading streams, deer and fox, salmon skimming winding rivers, village kids noisily pushing a homemade box-cart over a freshly-paved, steaming, black road... The camera shifts from wide-angle, island panoramas, to the intimacy of a river bed, to stunning aerial shots from roving helicopters.

Gosselin has a particular knack for capturing the essence of a person on celluloid. As in his *Le Canot à Renaud à Thomas*, he allows his subjects to speak freely and easily, as naturally as if they were in their own living rooms talking to a friend. Yet, in both these films, the subjects are, for the most part, the very antithesis of 'communicators'. Self-described as plain, ordinary people, they speak the local idiom with thick accents, some are poorly educated, and they are unfamiliar with microphones.

In *L'Anticoste*, one man speaks of fishing for the elusive salmon. He does so with tenderness, passion, respect for the fish. He describes his endless hours in roiling ice-cold rivers trying to tease the fish onto his hook, while it waits, watching and wary. To such a man fishing is not a pastime but a calling.

Gosselin's method allows the subjects to be their own directors, control-

ling how they are perceived by others. At one dinner party where only women are invited (the husband of the hostess is sent to the basement with a six-inch TV), the ladies have a 'girl-talk' session over fine food and wine. At one point, when one of them says something particularly funny but slightly off-colour, another laughs with the rest and tells the cameraman "Oh, don't cut that one out. It's just too good!"

Both the island and its people are rendered in their most favorable light. There are no garbage heaps on this island (what, no sewers?), no cemeteries (what, no dying?); there seem to be no crimes or psychological problems (what, no human weaknesses?). This perception is sorely incomplete and subjective, but understandable given the director's 'safe' approach. But just as bears can no longer be found on the island, it's hard to believe that paradise can be — though we can still be content with the film.

One individual in the film, a young stranger who has taken a month to circle the island in a one-man canoe, is symbolic of this approach. Paddling around the island in a personal journey of discovery, he hugs the coast as close as he can and sees incredible vistas of coastline and wildlife. Around each new corner is a scene as beautiful and as unique as the last. He is content with the island's edge, with what is at his grasp. Yet, he knows nothing of the deep and varied forest that is just beyond his line of sight. That, too, would have been an incredible journey.

André Guy Arseneault •

L'ANTICOSTE d. Bernard Gosselin d.o.p. Bernard Gosselin, Martin Leclerc sd. Esther Auger, Claude Beaugrand, Serge Beauchemin m. Kevin Brakeny ed. Bernard Gosselin, Michelle Guerin colour 16mm running time 120 min. 10 secs.

Michel Régnier's

La Casa

Documentaries on Third World cities and shelter have become the specialty of Canadian filmmaker Michel Régnier. His latest film, *La Casa*, is a 90-minute production sponsored by the National Film Board of Canada which focuses on a 22-member family living in one of Ecuador's mushrooming slum settlements. Overcrowded in their two-room, dirt-floor shack, five members choose to move out and build their own house on the slum's periphery. As we learn in the film, it is a common situation throughout Asia, Africa and Latin America. Today, over 400 million people are homeless in the Third World — most of them crowded into sprawling slums and squatter settlements.

Exposing such issues has been Régnier's *forté*. During the early '70s, he directed a series of films called *Urba 2000*, and in 1976 launched numerous others for Habitat and the United Nations. Many of these films were concerned with the closely related problems of shelter and population growth in the Third World. *La Casa* repeats these themes, but unlike some of his previous work, it exposes the symptoms of the housing problem while neglecting the causes. *La Casa* thus becomes just another film about poverty.

Régnier, however, departs from the technical and distant, journalistic style common to such films. In *La Casa*, there's a genuine feeling of concern for the wide range of issues affecting the people. The family lives on the outskirts of Guayaquil, Ecuador's second largest city. They have occupied their land illegally and built a home on it. Like most people in the area, their rundown shack has no running water, electricity or sanitation services. They have often been threatened with eviction or the demolition of their home. In one sequence, the community confronts privately-hired bulldozers preparing to overrun a whole row of houses. Although Régnier touches on each of these issues, he fails to show how they are related.

The film is made up of a series of testimonials from family members, each delving into different situations. In one interview, the mother talks about her children and their immediate problems — food, health and education. Her testimony reminds us that families of 10 children or more are common in Latin America today. In another interview, an older man in the family, a mechanic, tells us of his fear for his job and of the poor income he earns.

Maria, one of the daughters, explains how she tends to her senile father, cares for the younger kids but nonetheless dreams about a different future. "I'm young", she says, "and have to help out the family while I'm here." These statements do confirm the family bonds but, since they fail to focus on any common issue or person, they seem discon-

nected. As are scenes depicting a local soccer game, a woman's textile co-operative and a theatre presentation by the neighbourhood children – their only link is life in the barrio.

Regnier's all-powerful roles as the film's director, writer, cameraman and chief editor no doubt made judicious editing more difficult. Unfortunately, the film's abundance of good visual and narrative material does not live up to its potential. The film is too long. Even the main narrative element – the building of the new home – fails to create a cohesive tension. Although we see several scenes in which the house is being built, its completion and occupation by the family are not shown. We are left to assume that the family moves in and continues its day-to-day struggle.

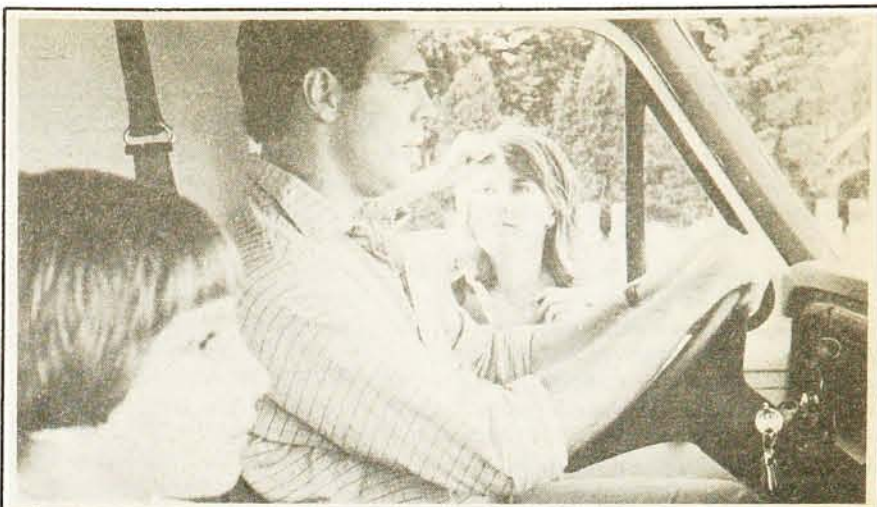
As a film made in co-operation with the United Nations International Year of Shelter for the Homeless (IYSH - 1987), *La Casa* clearly meets one of the year's objectives: it shows the problem as it is. On the other hand, it falls short of two other IYSH objectives: to unravel the problem and explore its causes as well

as illustrate innovative shelter and service alternatives. In Ecuador, like most Latin American countries, there are numerous squatter upgrading projects, groups petitioning for legal land titles and committees organizing for improved services and housing rights.

In failing to explore these, *La Casa* becomes a sensitive but all too typical film about Third World urbanization. And for Michel Régnier, who has a long history of directing housing and urbanization films, this effort appears all too familiar.

Robbie Hart •

LA CASA d./d.o.p./ed. commentary Michel Régnier asst. d. Catalina Delgado asst. ed. Carlos Davila sd. Raymond Marcoux asst. cam Roger Martin sd. ed. Gilles Quintal bs narration Madeleine Arsenault voices Diane Arcand, Eric Gaudry, Jocelyne Goyette, Elizabeth Le Stur, Hélène Lorseille, Monique Miller, Dvne Mouso Patricia Nolin, Nicolas Saint-Cyr sd. mix. Hans Peter Strobl voices Andrée Major song Luis Castillo music Raul Pintos sung by Martha Astarza, Gloria Chiriguay admin Jacqueline Rivest Gaetan Martel, Andrée Lachapelle, Johanne Cappuccilli line p. Dario Pulgar exec. p. Jacques Vallée Produced and distributed by the National Film Board of Canada colour 16mm running time 87 min 57 secs



• Mahée Paiement, Raymond Legault, Markita Boies – *Le Lys Cassé*

André Melançon's

Le Lys cassé

Incest is never a pretty subject but it is frankly and sensitively treated in André Melançon's *Le Lys cassé*. Melançon's detractors, those who may accuse him of delving in the cutesy and childish, will be silenced by this film – its gripping reality and its blackness make it a very serious narrative on a very difficult subject.

This medium-length feature deals with the inner torture of an adult woman at grips with the ambivalent memories of an incestuous childhood. It sketches the various characters and events by means of repeated flashbacks (done in black and white for accent as well as psychological symbolism) and shows a jagged and haunted present, full of guilt, anger, despair and emotional volatility. As the young woman – powerfully played by Markita Boies in her first film role – descends into a hallucinogenic reliving of her past, she becomes like a ghost in her own memories, walking side by side with her younger self (played by Jessica Barker at six and Mahée Paiement at 11) as she is drawn into scenes of lost innocence, broken trust and womanhood destroyed.

Indeed, the title refers to this cryptically with its recurring virginal symbol of the white lily. One scene, where the adult daughter accuses and curses her

father in his grave, striking his tombstone in desperate anger with a cluster of pure white lily blossoms until they break and lie littered and tear-stained upon his grave, is a powerful one. Such visual symbols keep reverberating throughout the story like emotional strokes against the psyche's bell.

The subtle and difficult script, written by Jacqueline Barrette, who also plays the role of the mother, skirts dangerously close to pathos yet manages to render the complexity of the situation with an objective eye. The incestuous father is performed by Raymond Legault not as an out-and-out monster nor as sad victim of his unspeakable lusts, but as a strange mixture of both. The daughter is left with conflicting emotions between love for a good father, now dead one year, and loathing for his bad side which lives on within her inner self.

Some scenes will shock. One, involving simulated sexual intercourse with a six-year-old, is as far removed from the amicable foibles of *La Guerre des tuques* as it is possible to imagine. Yet the scene is, in the context of the story, a necessary one, which hopefully will provoke thoughtful discussion beyond the controversy.

André Guy Arsenault •

LE LYS CASSÉ d. André Melançon sc. Jacqueline Barrette a.d. Jacques Benoit p. Michel Brault assoc. p. Anouk Brault d.o.p. Guy Dufaux sd. Serge Beauchemin ed. Hélène Girard m. Alain Lamontagne rel. mus. Pierick Houdy sd. ed. Marcel Pothier sdx Lise Wedlock cost. Huguette Gagné casting and dir. of children Danyèle Patenaude art d. Violette Deneuve prod. man. Lyse Lafontaine l.p. Markita Boies, Jacqueline Barrette, Raymond Legault, Rémy Girard, Jonathan-Frédéric Desjardins, Mahée Paiement, Jessica Barker p. by Nanouk Films Ltée with participation from Société générale du cinéma du Québec distib. Cinéma Libre. color 16mm running time 48 min



• *La Casa* – a shack is also a home

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Terence Maccartney

Filgate's

Morley Callaghan

First Person Singular:

Morley Callaghan - *First Person Singular* is a documentary made by a master - Terence Macartney-Filgate - in first-class form. Of course, he's more than ably aided by his subject, Morley Callaghan, a runaway talker if ever there was one, whose reminiscences of his early life run by in breathless profusion.

Callaghan walks each day in the Toronto where he was born - Irish and Catholic - at the turn of the century. He remarks that he never felt different, and only later realized that he was born in an outpost of the British Empire.

In addition to Callaghan's own voice, R.H. Thompson chronicles the early days, while the period is visualized through some lovely archival footage of Toronto - its streets thronged with people served by streetcars and graced by noble buildings. The '20s, with jazz and speakeasies and bright young things whooping it up, flashes by. Amid all this nostalgia, Callaghan tells of his student summer job at the *Toronto Star*, and of how he met Ernest Hemingway who was a foreign correspondent for a while. It was at the *Toronto Star* that Heming-

way read one of Callaghan's short stories, while the young writer sat opposite him with the galleys of an early Hemingway novel.

This encounter led Hemingway to get some of Callaghan's short stories published in American magazines in Paris, and to Morley and his bride arriving at that fabulous city in the '20s, where they met with Hemingway and other illustrious literary leading lights - F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, James Joyce.

Callaghan returned to Paris for this film, and roams and remembers in a sprightly, cheerful manner sitting in café-bars conjuring up the past, a fund of stories spilling from his lips as though the action all took place yesterday.

Callaghan's lengthy and prolific career is commented on by (among others) Margaret Atwood, Mordecai Richler, publisher Louise Dennys, and his longtime lunch companion Robert Weaver. His two sons, Michael and Barry, provide more personal glimpses.

He is now 84, and still writing. He walks aggressively, incessantly, throughout the film - and talks the same way. The opinions, anecdotes, and ideas flow back and forth like the tides. The vitality leaps from the screen and rushes nonstop over the viewer. Indeed, if there's a complaint, it's that 48 minutes is not long enough, and the film is jam-packed with incident and movement. It should have been 90 minutes at least.

This is an effervescent look at one of Canada's enduring literary figures, directed by an enduring filmmaker, Terence Maccartney-Filgate, a pioneer of

the Candid Eye technique at the National Film Board in the '50s. Filgate displays all his formidable background and expertise in this fine example of a documentary that captures the flavour, merit and yes, ego of a leading Canadian writer, and a lot of details and tales of his early life. The weaving of the present-day with the past, the setting of the period, all skilfully blend to capture and enthrall the imagination, so that the viewer is left wanting to know more about Morley Callaghan, to read or re-read his books, and perhaps to sit at his feet and hear more stories and reminiscences.

Pat Thompson ●

p./d. Terence Macartney-Filgate. sc. Marilyn Powell. cam. Andrew Binnington, Terence Macartney-Filgate. ed. Christopher Reilly, Robert St. Hilaire. sd. Edmund Chong, Pierre Camacho, Jim Ottolini. narr. R.H. Thompson. Readings by Michael Kamer, Lorna Jackson. col. 48 mins.

Giuliano Montaldo's

Control

Control is a well-intended television movie which raises the morality quotient of prime-time television. For this reason alone, this international co-production deserves a large audience. It should be seen.

Unfortunately, the script is not as developed as one would expect from Irish-born Brian Moore, a preeminent Canadian author now living in California. The screenplay starts slowly and ends abruptly; characterization is weak. One is left with the unresolved odyssey of 15 individuals who, after spending 20 days locked in a bomb shelter, emerge asking themselves 'why can't we live with each other without fear and loathing?'

Commendably, this question is clearly framed on prime-time television. A distinguished professor (Burt Lancaster) is employed by a politically motivated peace organization to lend his fine name to the publicity of a new state-of-the-art bomb shelter. The same international mix of 15 unwitting individuals are each offered \$10,000 upon completion of a 20-day stretch inside the luxury shelter and a \$5,000 bonus if there are no early defectors.

We are not aware, however, that the prof is scheming to turn this publicity stunt into a gut-wrenching experiment in human behaviour by simulating a nuclear attack outside the shelter. He does this by means of phony television and radio transmissions and a hysterical cast of thousands clamoring to break into the bomb shelter and hog all the bunkbeds.

Our friendly castaways on this nuclear age Gilligan's Island are in turn cast into a series of desperately predictable mini-misadventures in a weak attempt to profile and build character. The heating system overloads, (it gets really

hot); the young son of peace activist Kate Nelligan disappears - "where's Gilligan!" - (worries a lot of people including his mom) and is eventually found alive (but really cold) in a secret bomb shelter morgue.

There are many such diversionary, time-killing subplots in which several relationships begin to take shape. But only in one instance do two characters engage in a straightforward dialogue about the greater implications of living in a bomb shelter in 1987.

Control screams for dialogue; there is nothing else happening down there in the static grey concrete! An opportunity for subtle acting and bright writing, missed. Here, we might have seen characterization at its best with the various actors adapting the different personae of the nuclear arms debate - the dove, the hawk, those who believe that building a super bomb shelter is fatalistic and those who say it is a wise precaution.

Instead, we get Ben Gazzara, who does not cease being Ben Gazzara (as we've come to know him) literally summing up the story for a reporter after emerging from the big bunker. "You can't escape nuclear war even in a bomb shelter," says Gazzara.

The film ends on a freeze-frame close-up of Lancaster's best imploring stare. Lancaster is another actor whose star status exceeds his acting skill. Overworn Hollywood faces are somewhat of a distraction that tend to shine through and obscure the characters they portray.

Mercifully, Lancaster appears only at the beginning and end of the program but it is cleverly suggested, halfway through the story, that the prof is behind the scenes and in control. His human subjects, under close observation, are by this time convinced that nuclear war is imminent.

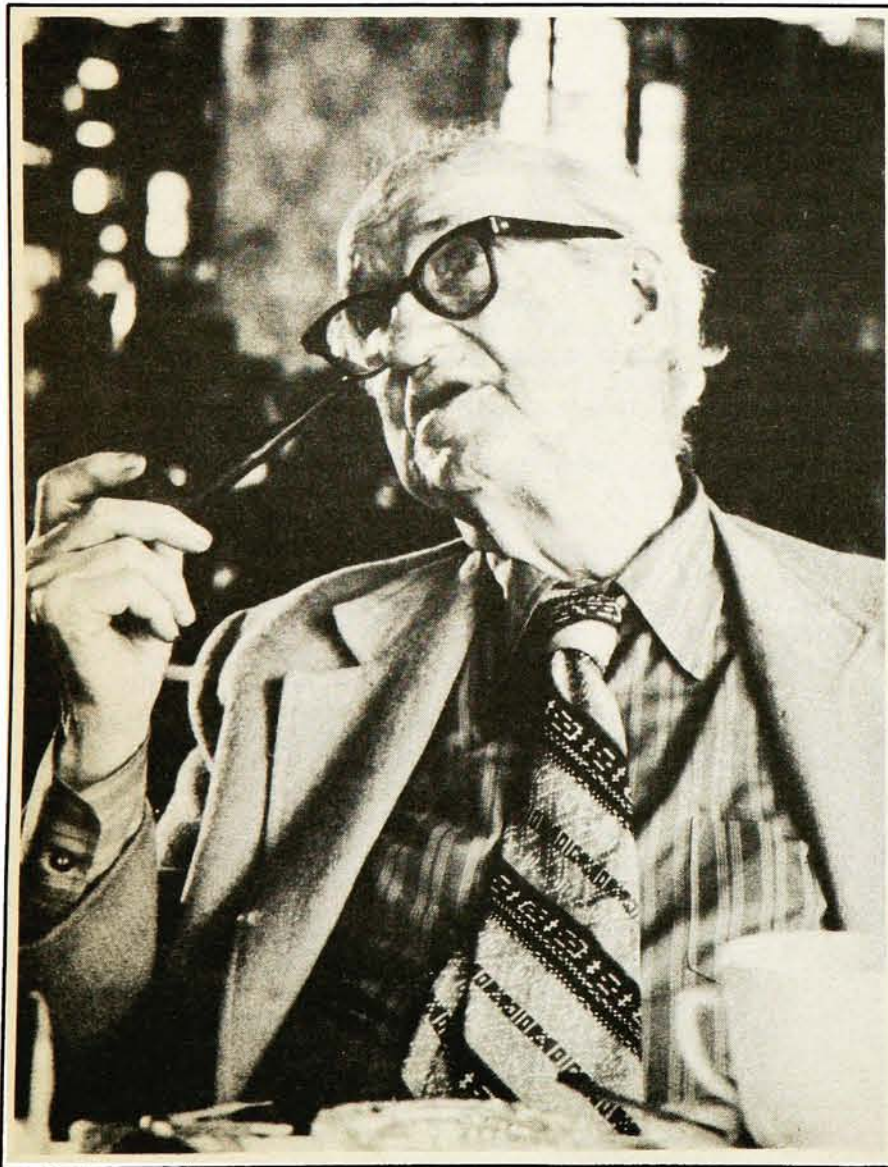
Fear reigns, there is the inevitable moment of truth in which the 14 (there has been one defector) evenly divide themselves into the saints (read: Gazzara, Nelligan and among others Kate Reid, whose acting skills are left unchallenged) and rogues. The saints vote with moral conscience to allow the clamoring unwashed into the antiseptic bomb shelter while the rogues vote with the survivalist instinct of the warring human being - to kill or be killed.

The rogues get the guns and thus their own way. They go out shooting (blanks) only to find the purging rays of the bright sunshine, the world in its perpetual state of pre-annihilation preparedness and Lancaster's sullen (blank) face asking the television audience... "Would you attempt to save your neighbour if doing so jeopardized your own chances of survival?"

Commendably, the question is asked. Regrettably, no effort is made to help the viewer comes to terms with an answer.

Jean Chantale ●

CONTROL exec. p. Denis Héroux p. Franco Cristaldi co-p. Alexandre Mnouchkine d. Giuliano Montaldo sc. Brian Moore, Jeremy Hole d.o.p. Armand Nannuzzi. l.p. Burt Lancaster, Kate Nelligan, Ben Gazzara, Kate Reid, Erland Josephson, Ingrid Thulin, Andrea Ferriol. A Canada/France/Italy co-production produced by Alliance Entertainment Corp. (Canada), Les Films Ariane (France), Cristaldi Film (Italy), in association with CTV. running time 120 min. Broadcast April 6, '87.



● Morley Callaghan speaks in *First Person Singular*