The Minee-Feechie Experiment

Birth of a monster, or brave new film world?

BY MAURIE ALIOFF

Origins of the creature

It was born amidst the oozing, smoking ruins of “Hollywood North”, a strange land, where sportswear manufacturers and government bureaucrats, peridontists and psychiatrists were gripped by a primitive and irresistible impulse to hurl money into the production of excruciatingly empty movies.

Overnight, rivers of dollars dried up. Reeling with horror, the bureaucrats and lawyers, the dentists and psychoanalysts forced themselves to achieve mastery over their urges. And soon, “Hollywood North” crumbled into a murky, desolate landscape, where producers and directors wandered and groped in the rubble, wondering where their next picture would come from.

After many months of meditation and fasting, certain producers and directors had a vision. They saw, spinning toward them just like the cosmic slab in 2001, a 21-inch television set, which was somehow also an 80-foot-wide movie screen. The producers and directors were impressed. So they drew up charts and diagrams; they conferred, experimented, and crossed their fingers. Then one day, out of swirling vapors and fleeting squiggly things, emerged their creature, their brave new beast. It was the Minee-Feechie! — a cross-fertilization of the television mini-series and the theatrical feature film.

During the past seven years, many Minee-Feechies have walked the earth. Their proud creators see the beasts striding toward pinnacles of success amidst the roar of giant crowds — and indeed some have won the applause of both big Screen and TV audiences. However, skeptical observers of the crossbreed argue that it is an awkward klutz — doomed to stumble, lay an egg, and fall on its face.
Rewinding

What happens when you rewind the Minee-Fechies and watch them? What has
the minee (the TV version) got that the feature (the feature film) lacks? Does more
mean better?

Les Plouffe
The first of the Minee-Fechies was, by
Canadian standards, a mega-event
anticipated in headlines like "Plouffe Lives
Again," and in stories about the 285 period
costumes and 5,000 extras. After all, the
original Plouffe TV series of the '50s remains the only
cultural, coast-to-coast hit ever produced in
this country. (You'll never again see the '50s
Plouffe—Radio-Canada vaporized them because
somebody saw no point in keeping archives.)
Many critics praised the feature. But Jay Scott,
the Road Warrior of The Globe and Mail, saw it as an
"epic cure" and "respectable stuff," while
acknowledging that it could possibly be "a
preview of... a great Canadian TV series."

In Gilles Carle's Plouffe, both minee
and feature, there are gracefully shot and
cut passages, some brilliant acting, and one of
the few truly iconic erotic conjunctions in Canadian
film—the tortured and funny relationship
between the repressed Ovide Plouffe (Denis
Arcand) and the teasingly dressed Rita Toulouse
(Anne Léotard). The personal stories are
told well, as is the interlocking chronicle of
Quebec in transition during the late '50s and
early '60s. Both drily sentimental, Plouffe
offers a picture of a society emerging from
dreaming innocence into political and moral
complexity, from kitchens and cathedrals into
jukeboxes, baseball, and war.
The various movie versions (ranging from two
to four hours) make Ovide and his relationship
with Rita the dramatic nucleus of the story. The
feechie is cut shorter than the minee, leaves
sub-plots dangling, and lurches awkwardly near
the end from the resolution of the intimate
Ovide-Rita story to a broadly historical finale
without any breathing space in between.
The six-hour minee of Les Plouffe gives you
time to savor the production's cathedrals, back
verandas, cavernous monasteries, and lovingly
detailed working-class streets. The series also
has more of Gilles Carle's comic bite.

The minee dwells on its sub-plots: sister
Cécile's (Dentiste Fillmatt) unwanted relationship
with a constipated-looking bus driver (Paul
Berval), brother Paul's (Pierre Curzi) profound
devotion to the consumptive Jeanne
Duplessis (Louise Lapidere), and family friend
Denis Boucher's (Remi Laurent) problems with
his mother (Stephane Audran). Unfortunately,
these sub-plots bathe in 19th-century dime-novel
schmaltz served straight. Jeanne Duplessis
recovers miraculously from T.B. through the
pristine love of Napoleon Plouffe. Cécile's
unhappy love story ends permanently when her
lover dies in a bus crash caused by a bird he
ever once gave her.

Denis Boucher, a French emigrant and outsider,
is an efficient guide who brings the traditionalist
Quebec world of les Plouffes into focus. But
most of the stories dealing with Denis's private
life with his mother (Stephane Audran) are like
sidelined tableaux from a museum of the French
bourgeoisie. Audran, one of the most elegant
and intelligent actresses in France, keeps
wringing her hands and Denis storms out of
rooms like a wind-up Jean-Pierre Léaud.

in the outer limits of the Canadian film
industry's collective unconscious, that's how
the Minee-Fechie was born. But in the more
mundane world of production houses, banks,
and government institutions, certain decisions,
strategies, and policies brought the new being to
life.

Robert Roy, who just left his post as
Radio-Canada's TV programming director,
recalls a meeting that took place on November
26, 1979, between CBC-Radio-Canada
executives and "most of" the independent film
producers. One of those executives, Pierre
DesRoches, had been working hard to promote
the idea of joint productions between the CBC,
Radio-Canada, and the filmmakers.

Producer Denis Heroux agrees that
DesRoches, now executive director of Telefilm
Canada, was "instrumental" in encouraging the
CBC to get involved with the Indies. Says
Heroux, "It was the first time that Radio-Canada
was investing so much money with private
industry. It was the purpose of the expensive
spending, a purpose discussed at that meeting
in 1979, was the creation, says Roy, of
experimental "major productions" that would
appeal to both French and English audiences,
while competing with "the American product."
The first three "major productions" were all
Minee-Fechies, each to be produced as both a
TV mini-series and a feature film: La Famille
Plouffe, Marie Chapiuska, and The Tin Flute
(Bonheur d'Ocasion). The Italians and the
Americans had successfully cross-bred the two
forms; now Canadians were going to try.

From a broadcaster's point-of-view, the
experiment was a success. Co-producing with
film producers allowed Radio-Canada to finance
elaborate mini-series that attracted viewers for
several days or weeks, and cost, as Denis
Heroux points out, up to $5 million an hour for
projects that were never seen. The network benefited from the hype
generated by the feature film releases.

When the producers of the recently completed
Les Tisserands du Pavillon (The Mills of Prayer)
decided to expand a mini-series project into a Minee-Fechie, they asked Radio-Canada, says Robert
Roy, "to postpone the exercise of its rights one year."
The network agreed, because if Tisserands is a hit, the movie will boost Radio-Canada's
"prime objective," the series.

The new relationship between Canadian film
producers and the TV networks got really hot in 1983 when the government created Telefilm
Canada and its Broadcast Program Development
Fund. A new policy told moviemakers that to
get funding from the government's film agency,
they were only obliged to pre-sell their projects
to television. Media consultant Honey Drescher
recalls that at the '84 Banff Festival, "half the
producers were running around waving letters from
broadcasters." Overnight, the Fund had become
a key source of financing for Canadian
movies, but filmmakers had to come up with
ideas that would interest the TV people.

Harry Gulkin, a former producer (Les Miens
Father Told Me, Jackie Two-Two, etc.) and now
project director at Quebec's SOGIC (Société
générale des industries culturelles), points out
that once the broadcast fund was in place,
producers who saw the feature film as "the road
to recognition and success" needed to find "a
formula to loosen up the money" in the fund.

Since broadcasters prefer productions that
draw viewers over a period of time to one-shot
movies, that formula was the Minee-Fechie. It
gave movie producers their feature film, the
Television executives their series, and helped
everybody navigate through the turbulent
waters of financing.

Will the creature survive?
There are 15 known Canadian Minee-Fechies,
the majority co-produced with France.
Radio-Canada has been heavily involved in
spawning them, and CBC and CTV far less so.
The National Film Board participated in two.

In 1988, several newcomers have joined the
brood. These include Buzo Fadid (Motel Camo)
just-completed animated fantasy, La
Paupere (Woman of Shanghai). The film
version of Les Paupere will premiere soon.

The series version of La Paupere won premieres in
1989. Les Roses de Maijin (Desert Chase), a
series called U. 12, two more recent arrivals, are slated to appear on
conventional TV next year.

Although 1988 is clearly a big year for the
creature, the Minee-Fechie's future is shaky.
Critical and audience reactions have not always
been flattering, and the financial returns, in the
despite of people in the industry, have been
disappointing in view of the relatively high
prices. According to a knowledgeable source,
Telefilm Canada is one investor that probably
"won't get involved" in any more projects of
the type because "the returns are not there, and
they're just too expensive."

The majority of the Minee-Fechies originate
from Quebec, and like 95 per cent of all
Quebecois productions, they face less well in
English Canada and in foreign markets than
they do at home. For example, in 1981-82, the
series version of La Paupere netted an
average of 1.8 million Quebecers for each of its
six episodes on Radio-Canada, while the CBC's
broadcast of the English Plouffes drew 725,000
viewers nationwide. Three years later, The Tin
Facade was considered a surprising success with
about 1.5 million Canadians watched the five-hour show. Naturally, each Minee-Feechie has had its own special fate. According to the source, The Band of Others bombed completely, while For Those I Loved "had a significant release and success" both in Quebec and in Europe. Le Malheur did well in Quebec cinemas, "so-so" on TV, and badly in Europe. Although Louisiana failed at the box-office both in Canada and in France, it has done well, according to its producer, Denis Heroux, on American pay-TV ($400,000) and Australian television (it paid roughly $400,000).

Heroux produced four of the hybrids (three in 1984), and participated in a fifth project, the TV success Sourd de Gaul, which was supposed to be a Minee-Feechie, but never came to life as a feature film. He suggests that the question of financial returns is “a very complex and long process to examine.” You have to consider the foreign co-producers’ large injections of cash, tax-break advantages, the sales of ancillary rights, and so on. “Bottom-line,” says Heroux, a production can be “in profit because it has been profitable somewhere else” than the markets that critics like to focus on. Denis Heroux’s bottom-line attitude is philosophical. “For one success,” he laughs, “you can fail five times.” Marie-José Raymond, producer of two Minee-Feechies, coolly contemplates reports of the hybrids’ poor financial returns and asks, “What Canadian-made films, whether they are linked or not to a mini-series, have had tremendous box-office success elsewhere than the markets?”

For Those I Loved
Based on Martin Gray’s autobiography, this is the most visually complex of the Minee-Feechies. The story of Gray’s epic battle for survival, For Those I Loved takes you from Poland during the Nazi occupation to New York and France in the ’50s and ’60s. The 2-1/2-hour movie version bites chunks out of the eight-hour series and focuses on the teenage Gray’s terrifying experiences in Warsaw’s Jewish ghetto and the Treblinka concentration camp. The other episodes in Gray’s life flash by in a few shots or brief scenes, with the help of voice-over narration.

If you look at the film as the story of Gray’s adolescence under the Nazi occupation, and forget the pieces that squeeze in the rest of the film, the picture has an impact. Robert Enrico (director of the classic short Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge) engineered detailed, brutally convincing reconstructions of the Warsaw ghetto and Treblinka. Jacques Ponsot, playing the teenage Martin Gray, gives an extraordinary performance as a cocky, street-smart kid who becomes marked by horror.

Much of the additional material in the TV version completes and deepens the story, although you might wonder why an entire episode of the series shows us in detail how Martin made a fortune in America. We find out a lot about peddling silk scarves, managing a luxury resort, and running an antique porcelain business, but nothing about the woman (Brigitte Fossey) who saves the middle-aged Martin Gray (Michael York) from despair, and then dies tragically. Despite the eight-hour running time, Gray’s wife Dina is portrayed as little more than a cute smile.

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### Rating the Minee-Feechies

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<tr>
<th>Title</th>
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<td>Sword of Gideon</td>
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**For Those I Loved**

In his adaptation of Louis Hémon’s Maria Chapdelaine, Gilles Carle sees turn-of-the-century rural Quebec as both a hard, bristling wilderness and a fairy-tale setting for romantic love. Whether Lac-St-Jean is envisioned in images of silvery nocturnal waterfalls or empty fields and lonely farms, it is always intensely dramatic — more dramatic, in fact, than the story’s actual heroes.

The length of the mini-series enhances Maria Chapdelaine’s portrayal of the forests and the changing seasons; the rituals of the settlers and the muddy village they have thrown together in the middle of nowhere. The TV version also allows for a slower, more teasing build-up toward the first big moments between Maria (Carole Laure) and her dream lover, François Paradis (Nick Mancuso). The longer build-up, and the more detailed characterizations of Maria and François, charge up the mystical love story, but not enough to give it the spark it needs. In both the minee and feeche versions, Maria and François are too chic and controlled — more like an ‘80s couple on a camping trip than the wildhearted incarnations of Lac-St-Jean.

The biggie, Bethune: The Making of a Hero, currently in production, could make or break the Minee-Feechie species. Above, director Phillip Borsos on set with Helen Shaver and Donald Sutherland in China.
performances from much of the cast, especially original story is a comic fable that needs its alive

The TV version of LeMatou

...parade into says director Jean Beaudin,

...distraction of Gabrielle Lazure's frozen

...Monique the minee, the story's con-men

...Joshua Shapiro's wife Pauline,

...Le Décin is an interesting exception which confirms the rule.

The fate of the Minee-Feechie in the Canadian film industry is riding on two ambitious projects, and one of them is currently gestating at Raymond's company, Rose Films. Claude Fournier's Les Tirsoirans du pouvoir, an epic about Québécois and French families that migrated to New England at the turn of the century, is a rare specimen: the first Minee-Feechie-Feechie. Two movies (an original and a sequel, the first to premiere next month) will be followed by a six-hour series in 1989. According to Raymond, distributor René Malo advanced the idea of putting out two features after the international success of Jean de Florette and Monon des Sources.

The Minee-Feechie's future also depends on the project that is going to be the biggest and costliest of all of them: Phillip Borsos: Bethune: The Making of a Hero. The production, as is well known, met up with certain difficulties during the winter, but producer Pieter Kroonenburg is confident that "the absolute, definitive start date" for filming sequences in Montreal and Spain is September. "We allowed Donald Sutherland to do another film in the meantime," says Kroonenburg, "so we could sort out our problems." He hopes Bethune will be ready for Cannes, that the feechie version will be released soon after, and the mini-series a year later.

If Bethune and Les Tirsoirans du pouvoir are the biggest hits at both the box-office and on TV, all sorts of people—from producers to entertainment lawyers—will think affectionately about Minee-Feechies and how nice it would be to own one. But if these specimens wobble, topple, and flop, the species Minee-Feechie will be deader than the dinosaur, another casualty of the Canadian film industry.

Zooming in on the beast

Although Harry Gulkin believes that a carefully planned Minee-Feechie project is "worthwhile doing," and "some very good ones will happen," he is one of many observers who question the very existence of the creature.

In Gulkin's opinion, the hybrid productions "don't make sense as a general form. I was always surprised at the fact that this was taking place. I didn't see how it could possibly work out." Gulkin believes that the Minee-Feechie is neither "market-driven" nor the product of "a creative impulse: it arose from the complexity of financing feature films in this country.

When the "motor" that drives a production is the financing, producers, writers, and directors may forget the creative minefields that lurk ahead. One of them, Gulkin points out, is the fundamental structural difference between a movie and a mini-series. A series, with its sub-plots and its numerous secondary characters, has a structure within each episode in Canada? "Un Zoona nait "did not have a series attached to it, and it unfortunately did not do well in France. Le Décin is an interesting exception which confirms the rule.

As the story unravels, bizarre creatures parade into the lives of the young heroes Florent and Elise Boissonneault (Serge Dupire and Monique Spaziani) and perform their crackpot antics. Many of them are monomaniacal males like Florent's hyperactive father (Yvan Canuel) and vacant lots, and to follow the street brat

For example, the action that portrays Joshua reaching puberty in the teeming Jewish ghetto of Montreal is missing the TV version's ironic cross-cutting to Pauline's childhood in the glistening world of the WASP establishment. Later in the movie, a character's spectacular suicide is cut in so fast, it seems like an afterthought, while in the series, a longer version of the same scene has emotional impact.

The television Joshua doesn't always benefit from its additional material. Minor characters, for example Seymour, the pathological skin-chaser (Chuck Shamata), are the basis of gags that run on too long. Sub-plots like the one about a Westmount cop (Henry Beckman), who blackmails Joshua into helping him edit his tedious memoirs, is laborious sit-comedy.
Although Producers here will never be able to do a $50 million who Framed Martin Moore?; they can get a tisserand du Pouvoir on the big screen by simultaneously making it for the small one.

The Blood of Others

This adaptation of Simone de Beauvoir's novel is a perfect specimen of what critic J. Hoberman calls a "dubbed, denatured international co-pro," complete with score by Maurice Jarre.

In The Blood of Others, set during the Nazi occupation of France, Jodie Foster is an ambitious Parisian counterfeiter who falls in love with a resistance fighter (Michael Ontkean). Foster has done good work elsewhere, but in Blood, she can't help coming across more like an ambitious Avon Lady.

Foster is joined by a strange brew of American, Canadian, and even French actors, who play Parisians, Germans, and Russian Jews. Saying their lines in the dead air of a co-pro, they make statements like "I'm terribly happy and terribly afraid. Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?" You can see the balloons over their heads.

Directed by Claude Chabrol, this is a production that could help destroy the author theory. Except for a few scenes that display the director's brand of irony, or his ability to handle suspense, The Blood of Others could have been made by an unimportant filmmaker. One of the pluses of the TV version is that you get a little more real Chabrol; for example, a joyless bourgeois dinner party that focuses on a roast lamb, a relentlessly ticking clock, and a burping grandmother. In the minis, we also see more archival footage, more lyrical images of Parisian parks and the French countryside, more imitation Brasso shots of girls reflected in tricky mirrors, and more unsymmetrical minor characters.

Says Gilles Carle about this kind of co-pro: "I think Claude Chabrol is not as happy about it as he is about other films that he did more freely."

The Tin Flute (Boucheur d'Ocasion) Set in the Montreal district of St. Henri during the 40's, Boucheur d'Ocasion tells the story of an impoverished working-class family: Azarius and Rose-Anna Lacasse (Michel Forget, Marilyn Lightstone), and their seemingly innumerable children.

When producer Marie-Jose Raymond and director Claude Fournier began scripting their Minee-Feechies adaptation of Gabrielle Roy's novel, they decided that the film version would focus on daughter Florentine Lacasse's (Marilou Dysart) "horn passion" for her lover, Jean Lavigne (Pierre Chagnon). "The heroine of the film is Florentine," adds the producer, "but the hero of the series is St. Henri."

Both minee and feechie offer an evocative portrayal of a poor Montreal neighborhood during World War II — with sorrow, not just dreamy nostalgia in the blue-grey, virtually monochromatic mise-en-scene. In the TV version, we get more of the streets, the sad little parks, the places where neighborhood types shoot the breeze. Scenes in a local greasy spoon catch both the portraits of St. Henri and of the father, Azarius Lacasse. In the film, Azarius tilts toward becoming a sad-sack caricature of a helpless loser, while in the series version, we grasp that he has convictions, and he can express his thoughts.

The minee's extra flesh does not always work to its advantage. Jean Lavigne's motives are more explicitly presented, but the extra material waters down his perverse allure. Rose-Anna Lacasse is an over-determined character in the film version. In the minee, overloaded with extreme close-ups of her anguished face and long-shots of her bent figure scuttling along the horizon, the character droops in her own tears.
Le Crime d`Ovide Plouffe
Before shooting began on Le Crime (a.k.a. Plouffe, II), Gilles Carle and the producers found a smart solution to the essential problem of the Minee-Feechie. They would not attempt to squeeze a 300-minute story into 120 for the theatrical release. Instead, the last two hours of the series would be self-contained enough to stand as the film version, and these final episodes would have a different director, Denis Arcand.

The two-hour feechie and the last two hours of the minee are almost identical, with the exception of a Riverside orgy scene that was rendered less kinky and less made for sensitive prime-time TV viewers. However, looking at the film is an entirely different experience from watching the full series. While Crime, the feechie, is a step more about the violent termination of Ovide Plouffe's marriage to Rita Toulouse, the series is a true sequel that continues the Plouffe story and develops the characters as they, along with Quebec society, shed the last vestments of their innocence. For the producer, Justine Heroux, "The Plouffe Family is about childhood," and Le Crime is about its end.

Le Crime, hypocrisy is rampant, reputation and careerism are top priorities, and people are hustling everything from cowiffs to political influence. It's Balzac meets Peyton Place in Quebec City, a cartoon tapestry with moments of macabre comedy, including a funeral scene during which a fat corpse is strapped like a beached whale on the steps of a church.

The feechie suffers from its emphasis on a so-so murder plot that drags you into mundane melodramas, pseudo-existential ironies, and the sheer creepiness of the old-fashioned villain, Pieter Bheret (Jean Carmet). There's something sickly in the conception and realization of a handicapped cripple, who blows himself up with his own crutches. To be fair to Pieter, it should be noted that in the minee, the same character is rounder, more human, less like a ghost from some long forgotten turn-of-the-century stage show.

The TV version of Louisiana allows the viewer to wallow in five hours of white trash that includes such nuggets as Virginia (Margot Kidder), who seems more like the captain of a basketball team than a southern belle, belowing at Clarence (Ian Charleson). "What if ya want me to do? You want me to be like you? I need a man!" Accompanied by a Muzak rendition of Dixie, every possible cliché image of the Deep South washes onto the screen. Director Philippe de Broc and cameraman Michel Brault come up with classic corn like the romantic tableaux of Virginia, dressed in billowing gowns, on the mossy grounds of her beloved plantation. Louisiana, the feechie, embodies all the horrors that give people the shakes when they contemplate melodramatising a mini-series into a theatrical release. This feechie doesn't merely brumate sub-plots and trim footage, it's so chopped up it's all clichés - like a preview of coming attractions. Virginia's lovers accumulate like bales of cotton, people drop dead like flies, the Civil War ends almost as soon as it begins, and Virginia tells someone that she has three children although she's seen only two. Riverboats churn down the Mississippi faster than hovencruits.

Robert Lantos - Joshua Then and Now
confirmed that assessment. “D’Ostre’s primary concern is finding projects that will offer investors maximum revenue for a minimum risk. He believes that the Minee-Feechie, as long as it is able to pull in revenue guarantees or some other forms of sales that meet your criteria as an investor,” can be an attractive package with its own special charms. Denis Héroux sums it up. Six hours of TV gives you much better revenue than two, but “when you only go for feature film, you don’t have theatrical; you don’t have videocassette; you don’t have pay-per-view. The life of that product is completely different.”

In addition to the potential for higher financial returns, the movie half of a Minee-Feechie pies the production an allure and a prestige that feature films still have for many people. Kroonenburg points out that neither Donald Sutherland nor Phillip Bosco would have been interested in a made-for-TV feature. “Television is on and off,” says Ted Allan, "whereas a movie keeps living. It goes into the world.”
the hybrids are doing unadulterated TV like Lanø et Comble (Claude Héroux of the Minee-Feechie, For Those I Loved), and Night Heat (Robert Lantos, Joshua Then and Now). At the same time, new experiments are evolving, for example, a package of 10 made-for TV feature films that a group of small Montreal production companies is co-producing with the NFB.

Canadian filmmakers, says Harry Gulkin, have been steadily learning how to "cut the cloth" for TV.

For many people, these moves toward television are ominous; the tube means doom. Filmmakers who want to explore a wide, provocative range of emotions and situations, don't see themselves fitting into broadcasters' "slots." Quebec cineaste Serge Giguere was told by a TV buyer that his painstakingly made new film, Oscar Tuffail, has "a look, a style, but we're into sitcoms. You wouldn't happen to have a mini-series on love?"

Tube critics argue that television doesn't just repress content, it also limits form with its conventionally lit and framed shots, often close-ups of people talking. And even if you're watching real moviemaking, how can you begin to compare a 21-inch TV set flickering in a corner to an 80 foot-wide cinema screen lighting up a darkened theatre? In a recent New York magazine article, film critic David Denby insists "almost everything shown on television becomes television" - at best "muted," at worst tacky and inconsequential.

On the other hand, Gilles Carle says, "I hate that sentence, 'it's only for television.' The television screen grows bigger and bigger the more you put into it." Some of the most ambitious and audacious telefilm productions of the '80s have appeared on England's Channel 4, an obvious alternative to ABC's Movie of the Week, or an NBC mini-series. One of its recent telecasts, A Very British Coup, boils over with its disturbing ideas, rapidly changing visual impressions, and intricate sound.

Canadian film production for Canadian TV would expand both media if it were at least partly modelled on seductive and innovative European work like the German series Heimat, or Channel 4, which has opened the borders between TV movies and theatrical films, energized the British film industry, and promoted risky talents like Stephen Frears and Hanif Kureishi (My Beautiful Laundrette, Sammy and Rosie Get Laid), and Dennis Potter (The Singing Detective, Pennies From Heaven).

Meanwhile, our risky talents have trouble making films for the big screen, and they certainly can't get on the little one, with the exception of little pockets here and there. Imagine Atom Egoyan's Family Viewing on prime-time CBC. Imagine the promo: "He loves his grandmother...his father loves porn videos...a beautiful young telephone hooker enters their lives...Family Viewing - Best on the Box."

### Vital Statistics of the Minee-Feechie

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<td>Le Matou (1985)</td>
<td>Justine Héroux</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>6.25</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>4.687</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joshua Then &amp; Now (1985)</td>
<td>Robert Lantos, Stephen Roth</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>11.0</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>11.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'ile (1988)</td>
<td>Gilles Ste-Marie</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>9.0</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bino Fabule (just completed)</td>
<td></td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>2.46</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>1.4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Le Palanquin des larmes (just completed)</td>
<td>Pieter Kroonenburg Nicholas Clermont</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>5.021</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1.004</td>
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<tr>
<td>Les Tisserands du pouvoir (just completed)</td>
<td>Marie-Joë Raymond</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>6.6</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>4.818</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Mills of Power (just completed)</td>
<td></td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>16.0</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>12.8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bethune: The Making of a Hero (in production)</td>
<td>Pieter Kroonenburg Nicholas Clermont</td>
<td>YES</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals:</td>
<td></td>
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<td>$112,455,892</td>
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<td>$71,681,029</td>
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Total Canadian participation in coproductions only: $46,236,029
Average Canadian participation in coproductions only: $4,203,275
Average Canadian participation (coproductions & 100% domestic): $4,778,735
Average budget: $7,497,059
Congratulations Ron

* OFFICIAL SELECTION *

1989 Berlin Film Festival

"COMIC BOOK CONFIDENTIAL"
A Film by Ron Mann

Don and friends at Film Arts