

ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL

The Ontario Arts Council offers grants to professional artists who are residents of Ontario, working in the following disciplines:

SCREENWRITING

to assist with the development of feature-length dramatic screenplays.

Deadline: February 1

FILM

towards the production costs of documentary, dramatic, animated or experimental films.

Deadlines: April 1, November 1

VIDEO

to assist with the production of original video art.

Deadlines: February 1, August 15

Please note: all applications must be supported by examples of recent work.

For further information and application forms, contact:

Film, Photography and Video Office
ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
151 Bloor Street West, Suite 500
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1T6 (416) 961-1660

CONFERENCE AND COMPETITION MANAGER

The Banff Television Festival will be hiring a full-time conference and competition manager to assume primary responsibility for the planning and implementation of the festival's entire seminar and workshop program. The successful candidate will work under the direction of senior festival management and in close consultation with the Program Committee of the festival's Board of Directors. Additional duties will include assisting in the organization and management of the Banff international program competition.

This position will be of particular interest to applicants with the following skills: superior knowledge of significant international television trends and players; excellent written and oral communication skills; an imaginative, production-oriented approach to seminar and workshop presentation; hands-on experience in the television industry; and an appreciation

of quality international programming. Fluency in English and French will be a definite asset, but not an absolute requirement for the position.

Compensation and a Banff relocation allowance are subject to negotiation with potential candidates. Appointment to the position will be effective not later than August 31, 1989. Candidates who are short-listed will be encouraged to attend the 1989 festival, June 4-10. Address all correspondence to:

BANFF TELEVISION FESTIVAL



Box 1020, BANFF, ALBERTA
CANADA T0L 0C0
TEL. (403) 762-3060
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Eastern Wave

CHRIS MAJKA



The Dalhousie Arts Centre has been under siege lately. The precarious financial situation of the university has led to the layoffs of five people and an announcement that the Arts Centre (the only such facility in Canada to be funded entirely by a university) would no longer present performances but would simply become a rental house. (And this after an extraordinary and precedent-setting grant of \$330,000 from the new Minister of Culture, Roland Thornhill). To save money the university tried to close down the Centre's art gallery a couple of years ago, but the hue and cry caused the university to quickly change its mind.

And a good thing too, for in addition to innovative programming in the sphere of visual arts, the gallery presents a fine program of film - frequently material which is hard to find elsewhere. January saw a series of Surrealist films from the 1920s and '30s curated by Ron MacDonald. February and March were devoted to an overview of the last decade of independent films from the Atlantic region. They included *City Survival*, *Enterprising Women* and *Funny Things People Do To Themselves* all by Lulu Keating, *Margaret Perry*, *Filmmaker* by Les Kriszan, and *La Boite à Soleil* by Jean Pierre Lefebvre and *The Nova Scotia Song* by Glen Walton.

NEW SHORTS

I missed Alex Busby and David Coole's *Jack-Ass Johnny* when it showed at this past year's Atlantic Festival Atlantique and won the prize for best short film. The loss was mine. This 25-minute 'experimental road film' is a mini-masterpiece. It is a panorama of Canada, richly textured with sound and with a complex and compelling montage. With its shifting focus, curious time-lapse and juxtaposition of colour and black & white imagery, it somehow captures it all - that multifaceted, ungraspable white elephant of a country that is Canada. It is both entertaining and thought-provoking. This film couldn't have been better.

Hey Elvis is Ed Riche's tongue-in-cheek mock Elvis documentary. Patently fraudulent, highly irreverent, sometime irrelevant and always colourful, it blends styles and approaches to produce a kind of cinematic camelopard - a mythical beast composed of the fragments of others. More entertaining than the *National Enquirer* it pays, in its own peculiar way, homage to "The King" - and makes absolutely no claims that he is still living!

Chuck Clarke took some seven years to put together the 13 minutes of *Eight Frames Per Second*, a kind of experimental home movie. 'Hmm... about two minutes a year by my reckoning. Clarke choreographs a metaphoric/filmic dance with his eccentric landlady and discovers that it takes two to tango. There's lots of chaff mixed in with the grain, but then Clarke is not trying to bake bread here. There's enough narrative to keep us interested and some strictly off-the-wall visual effects and transitions that give the production snap, crackle and pop. Fourteen minutes might have been too long but as it is... *Eight Frames Per Second* was worth the wait.

LINDA JOY

It's been four and a half years now since Linda Joy Busby died from cancer but watching *Linda Joy*, the splendid film which she and Bill MacGillivray fashioned concerning her struggle for life, I had to try and swallow the knots of grief which welled up in my throat and choked me. Linda Joy, the film and the woman, left us with an equivocal legacy. On the one hand the triumph of her spirit and the beauty, honour, love and dignity which she brought to her life - and death. On the other hand the nagging doubt: Was she right in her choice? Would she still be alive if she'd followed a more 'aggressive' course of treatment? The questions are, of course, unanswerable. But *Linda Joy* triumphs, for in that uncertainty and ambiguity lie the heart and soul of human existence. There are always unresolved contradictions in our lives.

Andrei Tarkovsky, the genius of Russian cinema with whom I was privileged to spend a day, wrote (before dying of cancer himself): "The allotted function of art is not, as it often assumed, to put across ideas, to propagate thoughts, to serve as an example. The aim of art is to prepare a person for death, to plough and harrow his soul, rendering it capable of turning to good." Certainly by this yardstick Linda Joy was a great artist. *Requiescat in pace.*