

# cinema canada

## THE CANADIAN



Wedding In White, Canadian Film of the Year for 1972.

If the Great Canadian Novel has yet to be written, then the Great Canadian Film has yet to be made. But our filmmakers gave it a good try this year, and they've come up with a number of heavyweight contenders for the title.

The plush carpeted corridors of Ontario Place were filled with exuberant cinephiles for the 24th Annual Presentations of the Canadian Film Awards. The Cinesphere wore its gala cloak of glittering lights, and even the chilly wind blowing in from Lake Ontario couldn't dampen the enthusiasm of the cheerful and expectant crowd. The best artists and craftsmen working in the medium of film in Canada were assembled in the world's most unique movie theatre to hear the results of the judging.

The ceremonies were far from superlative, but then maybe we should stop mimicking the Oscars. M.C. Jacques Fautaux kept things moving at a breakneck speed to clock the proceedings under the hour allotted for it on television. (Ontario's educational channel covered it, but where was the CBC?) It was truly a bi-lingual and bi-cultural affair, one of the few ever held in Toronto. The Quebec contingent was there in full force, for the first time in the history of the Awards.

The international jury (consisting of some very intelligent people) managed to split the awards between the most outstanding English and French language films in such a way, as to not bruise too many egos. Although Bill Fruet's *Wedding in White* won Best Feature and two other awards, Gilles Carle's *La Vraie Nature de Bernadette* (The True Nature of Bernadette) was the big winner with a total of five Etrogs, reminding us of *Mon Oncle Antoine*'s getting eight last year.

Jutra and *Mon Oncle Antoine* played an important role in this year's affair, somewhat indirectly. *Antoine*'s success at the box-office after winning all those Etrogs, caused Québec producers this year to enter most of their best recently-made films, and also to flock to Toronto in person. Jutra himself brought everything back home when he chided the Québec contingent with, "Where the hell were you last year?"; but also expressed his pleasure at being at this "international festival". That's how most of the québécois related to coming to Toronto: for them, it was like going to a foreign country; but next year the Awards are moving to Montreal, and they seem quite happy about that.

Micheline Lanctôt became Canada's Best Actress for 1972 for her portrayal of the leading role in *Bernadette*. Gordon Pinsent won the only award for *The Rowdyman* when he was chosen best actor. He made up for it by giving the only truly memorable acceptance speech of the evening. He reminded us that these are exciting times we're living through in terms of an emerging feature industry in Canada, and that one day we'll look back on them and say - these were the good old days

BY GEORGE CSABA KOLLER

### CLASS CATEGORIES

<i>Wedding In White</i> . . . . .	Best Feature Film
by William Fruet	Dermet Productions
<i>Selling Out</i> . . . . .	Best Documentary Film
by Tadeusz Jaworski	Unit Productions
<i>Child Behaviour Equals You</i> . . . . .	Best Educational Film
by Peter Cock	Crawley Films
<i>Dans La Vie</i> . . . . .	Best Animated Film
by Pierre Veilleux	l'Office national du film
<i>Françoise Durocher, Waitress</i> . . . . .	Best TV Drama Film
by André Brassard	l'ONF
<i>Je Chante a Cheval . . . Avec Willie Lamothe</i> . . . . .	Best TV Information/Public Affairs Film
by Pierre Bernier, Jacques Leduc, & Lucien Menard	l'ONF
<i>This Is a Photograph</i> . . . . .	Best Theatrical Short
by Albert Kish	National Film Board
<i>Dan Gibson's Nature Family</i> . . . . .	Best Nature and Wildlife Film
by Dan Gibson	KEG Productions
<i>Images de la Gaspésie</i> . . . . .	Best Travel and Recreation Film
by Jean-Claude Labrecque	l'ONF
<i>Les Jeux du Québec 1971</i> . . . . .	Best Sports Film
by Jean Robitaille and Pierre Desmarchais	l'ONF
<i>In Flight</i> . . . . .	Best Public Relations Film
by Peter Gerretsen	Foster Advertising
<i>A Powerful Ally</i> . . . . .	Best Sales Promotion Film
by Nicholas Bornemisza	Hydro Québec

### NON-FEATURE CRAFT AWARDS

<i>André Brassard</i> . . . . .	Best Direction
Françoise Durocher, Waitress	l'ONF
<i>James N. Williams</i> . . . . .	Best Editing
Prologue to Power	CBC
<i>Georges Dufaux</i> . . . . .	Best Cinematography
A Cris Perdu	l'ONF
<i>Michel Tremblay</i> . . . . .	Best Screenplay
Françoise Durocher, Waitress	l'ONF
<i>Chester Ronning</i> . . . . .	Best Non-Dramatic Script
A Journey Forward: Chester Ronning in China	Bushnell Communications
<i>Les Halman</i> . . . . .	Best Sound Editing
Wet Earth and Warm People	l'ONF
<i>Michel Descombes</i> . . . . .	Best Sound Re-Recording
This Is a Photograph	NFB
<i>Larry Crosley</i> . . . . .	Best Music Score
Journey To Power	Crawley Films
<i>Sean Sullivan</i> . . . . .	Best Performance/Actor
Springhill	CBC
<i>Patricia Collins</i> . . . . .	Best Performance/Actress
The Golden Handshake	CBC
<i>Harold Maxfield</i> . . . . .	Best Art Direction
Springhill	CBC

Colin Low . . . . .  
Le Prix Grierson décerné à un ciné  
Grierson.



# salutes

# FILM



Micheline Lanctot, best Canadian actress for 1972 (*Bernadette*).

# AWARDS



Gordon Pinsent, chosen best Canadian Actor for 1972 (*Rowdyman*).

A brilliant first feature by Francis Mankiewicz, *Le Temps d'Une Chasse*, managed to get three awards — the Special Jury Prize to its director, Best Cinematography for Michel Brault, and Best Sound Recording for Claude Hazanavicius. An equally impressive first effort by director Mireille Dansereau *La Vie Revée* won the Wendy Michener Award for high artistic achievement, and also received the Best Editing prize for Danielle Gagné. *La Vie Revée* becomes even more exciting, when one finds out that it was a cooperative effort with some of the people sacrificing most of their salaries to get it completed. And it's a young film made by young people!

Françoise Jaubert, Montréal Executive Director of the Awards, who along with Claude Godbout, Montréal Co-Chairman, should get most of the credit for the extensive Québec participation this year, presented the special Grierson Award to Colin Low of the National Film Board in recognition of his outstanding contribution to Canadian cinema in the spirit of the late John Grierson.

Doris Petrie won a well-deserved award for her supporting role in *Wedding in White*, as did Daniel Pilon for his in *Bernadette*. Gilles Carle got Best Direction and Best Screenplay for *Bernadette*, which also won the award for Best Musical Score for Pierre F. Brault. *Wedding in White* won an award for its Art Director, Karen Bromley, as well as the Best Film and Best Supporting Actress Etrogs. A special International Jury Award went to *Un Petit Canard Pas Comme Les Autres*, a beautiful National Film Board short.

The members of the International Jury presented some of the awards at Cinesphere. The judges, who managed to split the awards so wisely between English and French Canada, were Satyajit Ray, Indian master of the cinema (*The Apu Trilogy*); Dusan Makavejev, Yugoslavian post-Godard auteur (*W. R. Mysteries of the Organism*); Jay Leyda, Russian-born noted film historian (*Kino: History of Soviet Cinema*); Maurice Blackburn, Montréal composer of numerous film scores; Jean-Pierre Tadros, film critic for *Le Devoir* and editor of *Cinéma Québec*; Les Wedman, film critic for the *Vancouver Sun*; and the Chairman of the Jury, Gerald Pratley, Canada's best known critic and Director of the Ontario Film Institute.

It was Pratley who presided over the jury during the grueling Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to midnight schedule of

## PRIX ATTRIBUES AUX COLLABORATEURS (LONG METRAGES)

Gilles Carle	Realisation
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette	Carle-Lamy
Danielle Gagné	Montage
La Vie Revée	Coopérative de Productions Audio-Visuelles
Michel Brault	Camera
Le Temps d'Une Chasse	Office National du Film
Honor Griffith, John Kelly	Montage Sonore
Journey	Quest Films
Claude Hazanavicius	Enregistrement Du Son
Le Temps d'Une Chasse	l'ONF
Film House	Mixage
Face-Off	Agincourt Productions
Pierre Brault	Musique Originale
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette	Carle-Lamy
Gordon Pinsent	Interpretation Masculine
The Rowdyman	Canart Films
Micheline Lanctôt	Interpretation Feminine
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette	Carle-Lamy
Donald Pilon	Role Secondaire Masculin
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette	Carle-Lamy
Doris Petrie	Role Secondaire Feminin
Wedding In White	Dermet Productions
Karen Bromley	Decors
Wedding In White	Dermet Productions
Mireille Dansereau	Le Prix Wendy Michener
La Vie Revée	Coopérative de Productions Audio-Visuelles
Prix spécial du jury à souligner le qualité artistique d'une oeuvre.	
Francis Mankiewicz	Prix Spécial du Jury
Le Temps d'Une Chasse	l'ONF
Office du film du Québec	Le Prix Spécial du Jury International
Un Petit Canard Pas Comme Les Autres	

Le Prix Grierson

dont l'oeuvre reflète l'esprit de John



screenings, and made sure that everything was running smoothly. Fifteen hours of film is a big enough load to swallow in one gulp, but to do it for five days in a row can become physically and mentally draining to the point of exhaustion. Gerald Pratley made sure that each jury member had enough of a break during Out-of-Competition screenings, that those who did not speak French (Ray, Makavejev, and Wedman) had somebody to whisper simultaneous translations during Québec films (a more modern headphone system was beyond the Awards' budget), and that everyone got to their various screenings and interviews on time.

The schedule was grueling also for those few Torontonians who wanted to see as many of the films as possible. By the time **Wedding in White** was shown Friday night, the cumulative effects of exhaustion and too much visual input were beginning to make themselves manifest. But the house was packed, and the screening had all the excitement and expectation of an opening night. Bill Fruet did not let us down. **Wedding** just about took our breaths away. Some of us went to a bar afterwards, and we all had an afterglow, a good feeling, and a certain pride about being involved with Canadian films at this stage of their development.

By then, it was evident that **Wedding** and **Bernadette** were the major works at this year's Awards, but we couldn't figure out how to choose between the two, how even to compare them? Both films are in the same class as **Mon Oncle Antoine** which has become in the short space of a year, the standard yardstick for Canadian cinema. **Goin' Down the Road** must not be forgotten, but Shebib's first feature was made for something like eighty-two thousand, and it's rough. An impressive first effort and (already!) a classic, but somehow **Antoine**, **Wedding**, and **Bernadette** seem to be one more rung up the ladder. And who knows where the ladder might lead?

Some of us really loved **La Vie Revêe** and were knocked out by **Le Temps d'Une Chasse**. Dansereau's film is something very, very special. She managed to capture honestly and seemingly without effort, the developing friendship between two human beings, who happen to be women. It is a non-verbal film — at least one is able to absorb it on a non-linear, non-verbal level, thus the lack of subtitles didn't greatly hinder my appreciation and understanding of the film. Mankiewicz focuses on men as buddies, not really friends, and he does it well. **The Weekend of the Hunt**, its rough English title, is the story of just that, and no more. But it is replete with subtle touches and insights into the main characters, who are portrayed by seasoned actors. The little boy's role is reminiscent of the boy in Bergman's **Silence**. Francis and Mireille both gave us films to study, and be proud of.

Carle's **Bernadette** (See Cinema Canada #2) deserves another mention here, since it so obviously captured the hearts of most who saw it. The story of a Québécoise, who wants

things her way, the film works on many different levels, some of which are allegorical. Sharing love is shown as desirable, but foolish in the long run. Micheline Lanctôt makes it work, since she's the perfect embodiment of the character Carle dreamed up. Her name is biblical, or at least Catholic, and so is that of her neighbor, Thomas. She makes people happy, and her prostitute/saint ambivalence makes her an ideal stand-in for the québécois people. But she winds up with a gun, so if the analogy stands. . . .

The only Québec film which dealt with armed English/French confrontation was **Quelques Arpents de Neige** (A Few Acres of Snow) a comparatively high-budget spectacular about the events of 1837. It has been called a québécois **Doctor Zhivago** and the comparison is more than apt. It has all the trappings of **Zhivago**, but without the genius of a Pasternak to hold it all together. A syrupy love story permeates the film, which has great battle scenes, fantastic super-wide-screen-color scenery/cinematography, and very hard-to-believe chases and manufactured escapes. It is due to open in Québec by Christmas, and should be seen by 'les maudits anglais', if only to witness the scenes of brutality their ancestors perpetrated on the French.

**La Conquête** and **Les Colombes**, focus on well-to-do, middle-class people and the problems in their lives, but without showing a single blemish, pimple or stray hair — even during lovemaking. **Colombes** is doing well in Montréal, but that's probably because all the people who hang out in super-bourgeois Place Ville Marie or Place Bonaventure really get off on seeing their lives reflected. It is also, incidentally, a suspense film (at least toward the end) so *that* might explain the popularity. Jean Duceppe plays the uncle, and he's quite good. But the young couple is sickeningly sweet, clean, pretty/handsome, bright dentures and all. Cinematography (Claude Larue) is professional. Directed by Jean-Claude Lord.

**La Conquête** has Jean-Claude Labrecque's camerawork going for it, and the superb tourist sights of Québec City. Other than that, it's about a young professional couple as one beds down the other or vice versa. Too long, wordy, and slow. Perhaps with subtitles, it would have been bearable. But this way, one would really have to appreciate it as a theatrical dialogue piece, but not as a film. Directed by Jacques Gagné.

Pascal Gélinas' **Montréal Blues** captures the pulse of the young québécois in that city accurately, as far as that is possible. Not being able to follow their raps because of the language gap, I had to be satisfied by the visual action and the non-verbal communication between characters. If there is enough on that level to keep my interest, and there is, then I believe it is a valid film. **Montréal Blues** kept my attention, mainly because the participants' honesty comes across on film. The members of Le Grand Cirque Ordinaire, particularly

Gerald Pratley



Claude Jutra



André Brassard





Raymond Cloutier, are likeable and real people. Their changing relationships form the basic plot of the film.

**Peut-Être Maurice Richard**, a whole string of interviews in French and English about the famous Rocket, and **Quebec: Duplessis et Après** Denys Arcand's definitive political statement on film about where Québec is at right now in relation to Maurice 'The Chief' Duplessis, should not have been in the same category as the other feature-length films. A ninety-minute, black and white documentary which consists mainly of speeches or interviews should never be compared to a same length dramatic film in color. Obviously films like these were designed to serve a different purpose, and they should be judged differently. Arcand refused to enter his dramatic feature **La Maudite Galette**, yet Duplessis was entered. This might have been a political act, then again it might have involved commercial considerations (though I can't figure out what those could have been). Obviously, **Duplessis et Après** failed to win an award, because no category existed for it. Already, a Québec journalist has used this as a rally point — "We'll bring it back to Montréal and give it the well-deserved accolades." What better way to illustrate English callousness than to point out that Arcand's documentary failed to get a single award. But had he entered **Galette**, then the contest would have been a lot more valuable and indicative.

The last remaining French-language feature film (I missed Jean-Claude Labrecque's **Les Smattes** because it somehow got scheduled for the same time slot as the presentation of the non-feature-film Craft Awards.) was **IXE-13** by Jacques Godbout. An interview with Godbout is scheduled to appear in the next issue of this magazine, and perhaps it will help to explain this film to non-Quebeckers. Overtly imitative of **Umbrellas of Cherbourg** in its musical style, the story centres around the comic-book hero spy figure — Agent IXE-13 (not I-X-E thirteen, but eex-e-treize!) made popular in Québec in the fifties by a whole series of pulp paper-backs. He fights the Queen of the Red Chinese and romances a Montréal cab driver (who happens to be a woman!) with equal aplomb and gracelessness. Played by André Dubois, our hero changes his tie to match the vivid color-scheme of each new painted backdrop. (Godbout must have used every prop left over from the fifties in the NFB's basement.) This musical is strongly anti-clerical and anti-anglais in sentiments. However, the nuances of the dialogue and the tongue-in-cheek jokes are impossible to catch for those not fluent in québécois culture and language.

English-language feature films fared considerably worse than their French counterparts. Aside from **Wedding** (see Cinema Canada issue #3) **The Rowdyman** (C.C. issue #2) and **Journey** (C.C. issue #4) no-one seemed to take them seriously, unfortunately for good reason. **Cry of the Wild**, although a competent NFB documentary by Bill Mason, is the story of

wolves raised in captivity and the attempt to return them to their wild habitat. What chance does a nature film like this have against **Wedding in White**? Again, let's re-examine what categories we arbitrarily put films into. Why not make up a new one for feature-length documentaries?

**Ever After All** is reviewed by Bob Fothergill elsewhere in these pages. In my opinion, it was one of the worst films shown at the Awards, although Roger Moride's cinematography was pleasing to look at. **Face-Off** was mercifully shown at a private screening for the judges. It managed to get an award for Film House in the Sound Re-recording category. I managed to miss **Proxyhawks**, but someone I trust assured me that I didn't miss much. (It didn't get a single award). **The Merry Wives of Tobias Rouke** had a lot of venom directed against it by Toronto columnist Sid Adilman, but it never had a chance. It was shown right after **La Vie Revée** and **Bernadette**, and no one felt like seeing a comedy after those films. On top of that, an answer print was shown, that was marked NG by the laboratory. Having seen a screening of the rough cut of that film previously, I was astounded by the poor quality of the print shown at St. Lawrence Centre.

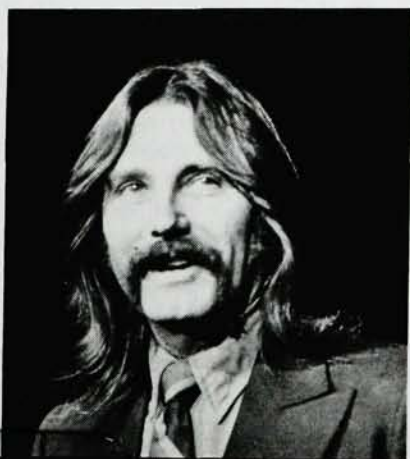
There are other faults with **Tobias**. A hastily written, shot, and edited \$100,000 feature directed by John Board, it is a film on which a lot of hopes were (and still are) riding. It was made on a deferred salary/percentage basis, and those who would like to see this sort of thing succeed, are still keeping their fingers crossed. Paul Bradley stars with Judy Gault and Henry Beckman, and there are a lot of brilliant moments in the film. George Mendeluk and David Slabotsky's script is outlandishly funny at times in a non-linear, absurdist way. But comedy is such a difficult thing to bring off successfully on film, and I feel that not enough time and care went into the cutting. All the elements are there, except they should be re-shuffled. Cutting for laughs involves special, comedy-timing, an art which took Hollywood several decades to perfect. One shouldn't expect this to gel miraculously on a first feature. So I hope they go back and take the whole thing apart and keep putting it back together again until all the parts fit as tightly and hilariously as possible, to live up to the full potential of **Tobias Rouke**.

The only other English-language feature-length film shown at the Film Awards had a funny French title: **Voulez-Vous Couchez Avec God?** A Québec journalist called it a 'school-boy farce', but then he never lived on the Lower East Side of New York and has never met Tuli Kupferberg, formerly of the Fugs, presently just of the universe. The film was made by Michael Hirsh and Jack Christie, and it was shown at the Awards as a fluke. It was shot in 1968 for the most part, but was only finished this year. Some of the insane on-camera craziness took place in New York, some in a Toronto bathtub, and the excellent and rollicking plasticine-animation sequences

Mme. Olivette Thibault



William Fruet



Patricia Collins



Gilles Carle



Photo: David of Toronto





Photo: N

Donald Pilon



Photo: Tom Urquhart

Colin Low



Photo: NFB

Michel Brault



Le Temps d'une Chasse

were all done recently. The narrator is a little guy in black-face wearing a fez, and he's fond of extolling the virtues of Hashish Seventh Heaven. Tuli plays God, and he likes to sit in a bathtub. He has plenty of interesting visitors, including some topless groupies, so liberated women might not get off on the film too much. But how can anyone not like Tuli? He even turns to the camera at one point and says, "Well, now that we've had this sexist shit, we should move on to some racist scenes." And the film does, but always in a hip, tongue-in-cheek manner. (Don't ask which cheek). Dylan's *Highway 61* is utilized and literally played out by a phony-bearded Abraham, his equally phony wife, and their little black son. "God said to Abraham - Kill me a son; Abe said - God you must be putting me on. . . ."

Yes, *Voulez-Vous Couchez Avec God* is a put-on, and I can't even imagine how a print of it got past the Awards pre-selection committee, unless someone had a weird sense of humor. Obviously not regular-category fare, the film's strength lies in Kupferberg's hilarious improvised monologues, and its weakness in a vein of nihilistic cruelty which mars an otherwise funny film. But then it was made in 1968 and was originally entitled ASSASSINATION GENERATION (remember King and Kennedy that year?), so there are valid reasons for that streak of pessimism.

Michael Hirsh had another film at the Awards—a serious, on-the-level documentary he made for CBC Telescope called *The Great Canadian Comic Books*. It is based on the book he wrote of the same name with Patrick Loubert. Presently, they are getting more mileage out of the topic with a traveling art show that was recently exhibited at the National Gallery in Ottawa. It is a nostalgic look at Johnny Canuck and the other Canadian comic heroes that sprang up during the war-years, when there was a ban on importing American comic books. The ban was lifted soon after the war, and the great Canadian comic book industry died in its infancy. Hirsh and Loubert are doing contemporary art history a service by recording this ephemeral piece of Canadiana.

*Françoise Durocher*, *Waitress* is about a more lasting part of Montréal culture: those thousands of nameless/faceless servants - waitresses. It's about time a film like this was made, and André Brassard from the NFB should get credit. The film won three Etrogs: Best TV Drama, Best Director (non-feature) and Best Screenplay (non-feature). It should definitely be sub-titled or dubbed into English because this phenomena is not restricted to Montréal or Québec. All across Canada, women named Françoise Durocher or Mary Jones are watching their lives go down the drain with their smeared make-up at night, and with the zillions of orders for hot dog, Coke, hamburger, french fries, regular coffee-no sugar, BLT on toast-hold the onions, hold the ketchup, throw in the relish,

etc. that they have to memorize like robots. The choral recitation of equally meaningless orders like these accents the film and runs through it to show the dehumanization of these women by their monotonous occupation.

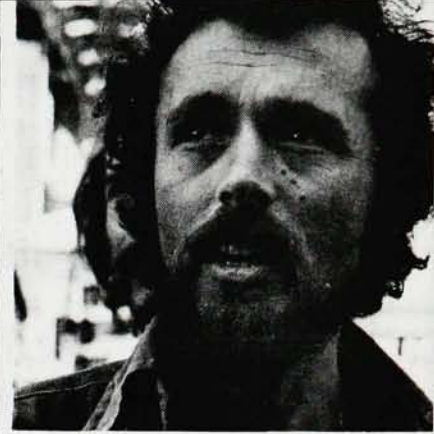
Other memorable and award-winning shorts included Albert Kish's *This Is a Photograph* which every immigrant to this country will automatically identify with, but which also affords native-born Canadians a fresh look at their way of life. The immigrants' story is told through family-style still photos: Our first Television set, reads one page in the family album, which is filled with shots of the prized possession. The narrator goes on to explain in his heavy accent how in Canada you don't need a car to pose for a picture to send home, you just go on the street and stand in front of any car - the relatives won't know the difference!

*Citizen Harold* is an NFB/Challenge for Change cartoon. The gist of it is that you can't fight City Hall. But the message is serious. *Selling Out* is a CBC film about the acute and urgent problem of Canada being parcelled off to American land-buyers and speculators. Prince Edward Island will be more than fifty percent sold-off this way if this trend remains unchecked. The film should be shown on TV every day until we get so tired of seeing it that we actually go out and do something about the problem. *Dan Gibson's Nature Family* is a loving record of three young geese who adopted Gibson's real family and thus grew up in civilization. Dan's two boys helped to raise them, and when the geese grew to be full-size - they even had to teach them how to fly. Then the old question: how to go about returning them to the wild? It was worth seeing for its unassuming warmth and Gibson's obvious affinity to nature.

*Muntu* by Josée Lecours, an experimental study of African masks - with a male dancer rhythmically acting out feelings and universal truths expressed by the masks - and *Evolu* by John Leach, are two examples of the inadequacy of the present category system. *Muntu* was classified as a theatrical short and was compared with such totally different films as *Journey to Power* and *This Is a Photograph* (which later won the award). *Evolu* an animated study of changes - a human face undergoing rapid and meaningful metamorphosis in shapes, images, colors, etc. - on the other hand ran against *Citizen Harold* and *Dans La Vie*, a surreal study in alienation and dehumanization, which later won the Etrog in the over-all animation class.

The point is that both *Muntu* and *Evolu* are experimental films, which might have had a greater chance of winning a trophy had that category been open to them. That a number of films, notably *Sons of Captain Poetry*, *Mirror, Mirror*, and *Skin Deep* were shown out of competition because the experimental category did not exist - is inexcusable. If the





From *Je Chante a Cheval . . . Avec Willie Lamothe.*

*The chorus from Françoise Durocher, Waitress*

*Francis Mankiewicz; Le Temps d'une C*

Canadian Film Awards strives to be truly representational, it should not only take into account geographical boundaries and cater to the cultures divided by them, but also the lines differentiating a film sponsored by Imperial Oil and a film that comes from the heart and soul of an experimental artist.

In closing, Eric Till's *A Fan's Notes* should have been entered, letters of protest should go to Warner Brothers. *La Maudite Galette* (thought by some Québec critics to be the best film made there this year) should have been entered as well, letters of protest should go to Denys Arcand at CINAK in Montreal. Patricia Collins should have gotten an award for her performance in *A Fan's Notes*, but got none anyway for *The Golden Handshake* — a CBC drama. *Les Hommes Qui Viennent du Ciel* should not have been totally overlooked, nor should have been *A Country Doctor*.

Organizationally, there are many things to iron out: the marathon screenings must be scheduled with some thought given to the human body's endurance limit (at one point Friday, five feature-length films were shown almost consecutively . . . a bit too much!) If they must be spaced out longer than a week, then so be it. (I suspect next year the screenings will take at least two weeks, given the rate at which Canada is producing feature films right now!) Some attention must also be paid to the other needs of the body, such as the need for nourishment. St. Lawrence Centre does not have so much as a coffee machine, and the nearest restaurant on a chilly night is many blocks away. And when there are only ten to twenty minutes for a meal-break between showings, you can't go too far. Why not have sandwiches and coffee sold on a regular basis? (The coffee machine was set up for the last two days, but why so late? And still no food.)

A more important and serious problem is the one that faces all the films after the Awards. Aside from the few big winners, the other Canadian films have a hell of a time trying to get distribution. What good is showing these films once, and patting ourselves on the back as to how many fine films we've produced this year and then forgetting about the majority of them. A lot of films mentioned above are destined never to be seen by the general public. Some of them stand a better chance of being seen elsewhere, but not in their own country. Not to mention how many of the Québec films never make it to Ontario, or Manitoba, or British Columbia. I realize that this problem cannot be solved by the Awards organizers and that they are doing their part in at least letting people know that these films exist, but it is still very frustrating to sit through a solid week of films and then not hear about most of them ever again.

Next year the Film Awards are moving to Montreal, and hopefully, Cinema Canada will be there to cover them. This year we were proud to share a table with Cinéma/Québec in

the lobby at the screenings. We were also happy to see all the Montréal journalists covering the event on a daily basis, even though their reports distorted a few things (Toronto really isn't that somber and deceptive). They also claimed that public attendance was low at *all* the screenings, which is not true. There were full houses for Almond's *Journey* on Thursday afternoon, for *Bernadette* that evening, as for *La Vie Revée* and *Wedding in White*. Most of the other evening features were well attended, in spite of the \$2.00 admission charge imposed for the first time this year. The afternoon showings, like all the daytime screenings, obviously had a limited audience as did most of the long, non-theatrical French-language films, for the simple reason that people work in the day-time and many Torontonians, it is true, do not speak French.

That brings up another point, why not make subtitling compulsory, or why doesn't the federal government offer to pick up the tab? (If they believe in bi-culturalism, here's a chance to prove it!) Obviously, the deal should go both ways, Québec films into English, and English films should be subtitled into French. Of course, this is an idealistic, naïve dream, because why should producers or the government spend money they don't *have* to spend by law?

The Toronto press too, should have covered the awards on a daily basis, and the organizers should have enough money next year to advertise the event through posters, radio spots, or even TV spots, so as many people as possible could find out about it. One of the reasons for low attendance in the daytime was total lack of publicity. And more advance information would also help. A week before the showings this year, programme notes were still not available.

But in spite of the grueling schedule and the sensory overload, it was a joy to participate in the 24th Annual Canadian Film Awards as a journalist/spectator. Regardless of the soggy sandwiches hastily consumed in the darkened theatre, there was enough nourishment for the soul on the screen to make the vigil worthwhile. And all throughout, there flowed the undercurrent of excitement and pleasure of being a witness to the coming of age of Canadian cinema. Satyajit Ray expressed it well, when he spoke at the Cinesphere ceremonies: "May I say how very impressed I was with my first encounter with Canadian feature films. I was especially impressed with the directors' personal approach to the subject of their films. There was very little which I would call run-of-the-mill."

Overall, it was a success. So take a bow, Canadian Film Awards 1972, especially Bob Crone and Claude Godbout, Co-Chairmen; François Jaubert and Joanne Kates, Co-Directors, and Gerald Pratley, International Jury Chairman! Looking forward to next year, we applaud you! ●



# The National Film Board of Canada

proudly salutes  
its film-makers for winning 13 Etrogs  
and the first Grierson Award  
at the 24th Canadian Film Awards 1972

## Grierson Award

Colin Low

## Le temps d'une chasse

**Special Jury Award:** Francis Mankiewicz, director  
**Best Cinematography in Feature:** Michel Brault  
**Best Sound Recording in Feature:** Claude Hazanavicius

## Best Animated Film

Dans la vie

Pierre Veilleux, director. René Jodoin, producer

## Best TV Drama

Françoise Durocher, waitress

André Brassard, director

Jean-Marc Garand and Pierre Duception, producers

## Best TV Information — Public Affairs

Je chante à cheval . . . avec Willie Lamothe

Pierre Bernier, Jacques Leduc, Lucien Ménard, directors

Paul Larose, producer

## Best Theatrical Short

This Is a Photograph

Albert Kish, director. Tom Daly, producer

## Best Director

(non-feature)

André Brassard Françoise Durocher, waitress

## Best Cinematography

(non-feature)

Georges Dufaux A cris perdus

## Best Screenplay

Original or adaptation (non-feature)

Michel Tremblay, André Brassard

Françoise Durocher, waitress

## Best Sound Editing

(non-feature)

Les Halman Wet Earth, Warm People

## Best Sound Recording

(non-feature)

Claude Delorme Wet Earth, Warm People

## Best Sound Re-recording

(non-feature)

Michel Descombes This Is a Photograph



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