

STRATFORD FILM FESTIVAL



or Canada's Cannes

If you got the impression from the papers that this year's Stratford Film Festival was spiritless (dry), burdened by the heavy weight of censorship, hampered by innumerable last minute changes, and noteworthy for a dreadful production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, plus a superb masterpiece in *Sounder*, you were wrong on almost all counts.

This September, for the second year, the Ontario Government Department of Industry and Tourism in cooperation with the Stratford Festival Office, organized a week long film festival at the Avon Theatre in Stratford, Ontario. (It is called the 8th Festival however, because between 1956-61 six were run by the Stratford Festival Office on its own.) The choice of time and place were calculated to pick up and extend the flagging summer season, and make use of the Stratford Festival offices while they remain staffed during September. Thus the Festival manages on a \$26,000 to \$30,000 budget, with the very considerable services of Gerald Pratley and Clive Denton (from the Ontario Film Theatre), as well as publicity, clerical help, offices, telephones and such (from Bill Wylie and the Stratford Festival Office) all thrown in.

Still it doesn't make money. It doesn't break even. Since the deficit is shared by the Festival Office and the Department of Industry and Tourism, and because they can only support a venture that benefits their departments, no one who wants the

film festival at all is going to complain seriously about the choice of mid-September or the location in Stratford.

Anyhow, Stratford in mid-September is great. The Shakespeare thing is calming down, the ladies of Stratford still have rooms and breakfasts available at reasonable cost, the weather is fall-crisp, cool and even sunny, the time of year unique enough for a holiday to please most employers, and unless you're a school teacher or a parent tending young children, it's a perfect time to go. All you have to do is plan for it.

Not nearly enough did however, so the total festival attendance of 8,695 only represented about 50 per cent of capacity in the 1100 seat Avon (filled twice a day for two double bills), although it did mean a 62 per cent increase over last year's revenue, according to Bill Wylie. A scant 83 film buffs took advantage of the \$20 special membership as well. With this they were entitled to attend the opening and closing "galas," the 7 and 9 p.m. evening series of films (12 altogether), the Musical Matinees (10) the Saturday morning shows (2) and the Saturday and Sunday matinees (4) or a total of 28 films. They also were encouraged to join the open 11 o'clock morning coffee discussions arranged with film makers and producers, which included Charlton Heston, the NFB's Tom Daly, and the producers and directors of *Sounder* and *Hail* as well as Tadeusz Jaworski.

What are the plans to increase attendance? More publicity, yes, but mostly in direct mailings. To make sure you get next year's, write the Stratford Festival Office, Stratford, Ontario; they also can provide accommodation information. Also a plan to sell a Package such as is done for the Shakespearean Seminar program, is being considered; under this, room, meals, seminars and all tickets are arranged under one price. At any rate, they say they mean to sell the Festival, not the Films.

What does that mean? Obviously, since every film festival is plagued by last minute cancellations, incompleting films, things missing mysteriously and things withdrawn furiously, the best idea is to have the public just associate the festival with a series of good films that they would otherwise have a difficult or impossible time seeing, and not dwell on specific films too much.

In the case of our festival, Gerald Pratley, who, with Clive Denton, has been mainly responsible for organization and selection, explains that the films chosen for the Stratford Film Festival are generally films previously shown at other festivals.

Clive Denton likes to think of it as a **Festival of Festivals**.

But even if we called ours the **Second Run Festival**, or the **First Time Here, Second Time Anywhere**, there's nothing wrong with that — in fact it seems peculiarly appropriate somehow.

by Natalie Edwards

This year, for instance, from the Cannes festival there was the Belgian puzzle, *Malpertuis*, two good British entries, *Miss Julie* and *Wednesday's Child*, and both James Ivory's *Savages* and Levinson's *Hail* from the U.S. From Venice we got the first Jamaican feature, *The Harder They Come*, a Polish evening's entertainment called *Lokis (The Bear)*, Brazil's pungent *Macunaima* and French Canada's *La Maudite Galette* by Denys Arcand. And from the Berlin festival we saw the impeccably handled *Days and Nights in the Forest* of Satyajit Ray, and the harsh Swedish *Honeymoon* of Lundberg. Not bad.

An extra achievement of our festival, Clive Denton proudly points out, is that worthy films should get distribution as a result of being shown here, and both *Punishment Park* and *Millhouse*, from last year's festival, have.

It's a good idea to concentrate on "selling the festival" because if special films are advertised, people expect to see them. One of the saddest losses was the last minute switch when Toho removed Kurosawa's long awaited *Dodeska Den* after revealing a booking conflict with a commercial U.S. showing arranged through Janus, and gave us instead one of the few duds of the week, an overblown Japanese super costume drama in which a Korean artist finally manages to produce a *Portrait of Hell* for his Japanese overlord. This arty spectacle by Toyoda included an immolated daughter, rape, murder, tortured apprentices and enough apple petals, falling

snowflakes and long strands of black hair to supply the postcard and calendar industries of Japan for a year.

Homo Eroticus also wasn't shown, but apparently not exactly because of censorship, but because Universal isn't releasing it in the form in which it was shown in Italy, and it therefore wasn't ready. (It isn't yet.)

Wednesday's Child was moved into its position on the schedule, and Martin Ritt's *Sounder* brought in as a replacement. The distributors of *Sounder*, incidentally, overjoyed at the exuberant reception it received, played down the last minute aspect of its entry, letting appearances indicate it was their own idea to use the Stratford Film Festival as a send-off spot for *Sounder*. Although the Festival doesn't really want films that already have distribution, still the publicity didn't do it any harm, and as a children's film, certainly *Sounder* was worthy of some of the hoopla generated over it.

But only as a children's film. Whatever bends the minds of people certainly warped a few judgments in the case of this overmade, cloying, simplistic and in a rather subtle way, condescending treatment of what was a terse and unsentimental Newbery Prize-winning children's book by W. H. Armstrong.

There's been an astonishing amount of critical praise for *Sounder* (with the notable exception of Sarris in *The Village Voice*), so just for balance, consider the needs that warp judgment about this film. There must in fact be considerable

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need, particularly among white liberals and non-radical blacks, to see nobly enduring black faces full of dignity, love and gentleness in a film, as well as bearable looking poverty such as this lush widescreen treatment gives, where no one really looks hungry, sick or infected, and the children don't snivel or whine, aren't damaged or slow. For popular appeal add a kindly brave southern white woman facing nervously up to the sheriff, a pretty black school teacher reciting useful hints on racial pride and dignity, a loving family, a wounded dog, and finally, bottle the works with an upbeat ending where both the black father and dog carry on stoically, while the boy leaves to become educated, make a better world. Do all this with attractive performers like Paul Winfield and Cicely Tyson, with Kevin Hooks adequate as the boy, and you've got, not another *Grapes of Wrath* as some seriously suggested, but grape soda — carbonated, sweetened . . . and colored.

Continuing with the omissions and switches at the Festival, another disappointment for many was the withdrawal of *Under Milkwood* which, according to Clive Denton was due to some differences of opinion among the producers. Perhaps Stratford wasn't prestigious enough? At any rate, it was replaced by *The Valley*, a Hungarian film by Tamás Rényi, chosen as the best foreign language film of 1971 by *Films and Filming*, and a French 1970 film, *Les Camarades*, directed by Marin Karmitz.

The Valley is a cryptic black and white allegory on the horrors of war which never shows fighting, or the desperations, loves, friendships, trials or familiar heroics of war. Instead it concentrates on the side effects, on the destruction of peace and normality in a remote valley, and touches also on a seldom studied question — the place of *men* in society. A pacifist and four deserters seek refuge in a village inhabited only by women and children. Here they are symbolically absorbed by the community according to masculine roles: as son, lover,

brother, father, and the-one-whose-difference-causes-trouble. But their presence and the villagers' reluctantly shared responsibility for them, eventually leads to the massacre of everyone by enemy soldiers while they meet in church. (oh impotent God!) The pacifist, having been driven to give himself up earlier, appears about to be crucified on a windmill when quite suddenly, in the absurd way this can happen, the war is over and all the soldiers throw down their guns and go home. The pacifist is free — free to bury all those bodies and watch the returning soldiers wail among their empty streets and houses. Heavy stuff although overweighted by layers of symbolism in character, locale, and event, and confused by complicated interweaving plot lines. The crisp and competent visuals, consisting of poetically framed shots in inky blacks and stucco whites, compensated, and maintained the strength of the tragedy.

As for *Les Camarades*, many went home early after having watched the young St. Nazaire working boy outline his mundane and pointless life, and (intercut with Brechtian little songs about it) work in a ship's hold, refuse to settle for his lot, his parent's home or his girl friend's demands, and finally wander off to Paris to live with a friend and work in an auto factory. Here, just about the time he discovers some interesting and dedicated people in brilliant red sweaters, nearly all the remaining audience left. Not me. I think film for political purposes is fascinating, and I wanted to see how effective this effort could be. The shots in the factory for stamping out metal sections were good, realistically capturing the racket, the danger, the tension and monotony of this hardly human, unbearable job. The didacticism of the remainder of the film was meant to educate the now sensitized young people watching it into the finer points of how to take over the factory they work in, and included a portion apparently of a long interview from *La Hora de los Hornos*, but not any of the failures of that film. The remaining audience didn't get inspired and no factories were taken over that night, or even the next day I believe. The film was not a success, but that does not mean that films like this will always be ineffectual. Watch out Big Daddy!

Now you've been wanting to know about *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, by Melvin Van Peebles, the one and only film actually censored from the Festival. Prima Films, the distributor who's been trying to show it in Toronto for over a year, (and couldn't get it past the censors without a 12 1/2 minute cut) did not want to see the Stratford Festival get it uncut when they couldn't. More on this later, and suggestions about what to do about it.

But to replace *Sweet Sweetback* we got another naughty political film, a zany whacky madder-than-a-Gilles Carle movie, the Brazilian feature *Macunaima* (Mac-oo-na-ee-ma) by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade, one of the Brazilian Cinema Novo Group of young film makers.

This, like Carle's *Rape of a Sweet Young Girl*, is a mad-cap political parable which could as easily be titled "The Devouring of a Not-So-Innocent Young Man." Andrade prefaces his film explaining the subject is really cannibalism and that everyone in his country is eating everyone else up. Greed conquers all. But his exuberant imagination so overrules his didacticism that pretty soon, embroiled in the adventures of our hero, (born a complete and ugly little man to a groaning and disgusted forest native), we caper through a comic book world with a sexy female Ché, bombs in carriages, magic fountains that can turn color ("I'm white, I'm beautiful!") gorging politicians in fetish-filled mansions, harrowing escapes combining Pauline's perils with Boccaccio's lewdness, and every slap-stick slapdash gag and innuendo that's fun on film.

It titillates, tickles, and probably punctures, but since few of us know enough of Brazilian power to understand more than the obvious takeoffs on politics, the army, the color bar, and universal greed and lust, it remains mostly a wild escapade, a rather dizzy roller-coaster ride, that, due to most of its material, will never be seen intact in Ontario as long as the Censor Board has scissors.

Among the films intended for the festival that did arrive as scheduled, there were some very fine movies. Disregarding completely the opener, Charlton Heston's sterilized **Antony and Cleopatra**, for now and if possible, for ever, there was the Belgian **Malpertuis**, Satyajit Ray's **Days and Nights in the Forest**, Ken Loach's **Wednesday's Child** (formerly **Family Life**), Lokis from Poland, Levinson's **Hail**, Lundberg's **Honeymoon**, the Jamaican first feature **The Harder They Come**, a brilliant British adaptation of Herman Melville's **Bartleby**, and from French Canada **La Maudite Galette**, the only Canadian film shown. Every single one of these choices was a pleasure to see, in varying degrees naturally, but nevertheless, that seems to set a good standard for a festival that wants to make its name on the basis of its overall taste and selectivity.

Of all these, some films have guaranteed acceptance already, and in some cases, distribution. **Wednesday's Child**, the Ken Loach film originally titled **Family Life**, which began as a television play, **In Two Minds**, by David Mercer, is distributed by Universal and will be released at the Hyland in Toronto. This film has already gained a good reputation as a realistic portrayal of the systematic breakdown of a young woman whose inbred yearnings to be a good and dutiful daughter so conflict with her mostly undiscovered personal needs that she finally sinks into a classic schizoid state and becomes a mental patient. The film's ironic statement is that neither the girl's parents nor the generally stultifying forces at the hospital feel they are doing the girl anything but good. The super realistic performances and engrossing slow-paced development of the girl's gradual retreat and eventual insanity would be better served by direction that prevents the hospital and parents from ever slipping into stereotyped positions. Once the audience has ho-ho'ed at the ridiculousness of the family or the ineptitudes of the hospital staff this basically good little film began to sink slightly into melodrama, complete with a victim, villains and a sad sad ending forecast. So it was, and when the girl is guinea-pigged in a medical class by a lecturer who, missing everything we have seen so clearly in the film (oh clever us) and asserts that there seem to be no environmental factors affecting her case, some of the punch of the ending is lost because it was dramatically predictable rather than tragically inevitable.

Another film with a readily established reputation (but unfortunately no distribution in Canada) is Satyajit Ray's **Days and Nights in the Forest**. Since his **Apu Trilogy** only **Two Daughters** (Janus) has been seen here. **Days and Nights** is another jewel to please those who find infinite pleasure in the disclosure by filmic means of the nuances and meanings of life through the most minute and exquisitely portrayed details illuminating subtleties of character, and the effects of time, class and place. Sins of pride or carelessness, greed or lust are seen in the minor ways they appear among people like ourselves, and not among super figures, heroes, heroines, or caricatures. Thus we must be a little comfortable with our own set of inadequacies and peculiarities before we can feel fond and curious about Ray's people. This film is beautifully made, each episode and incident chosen and performed with musical precision to sound the desired chord.

More likely to achieve distribution (though it has none here

at present, it may have already opened in Boston) is **Hail**, a sophomoric escapade full of the currently popular smart-alecky humor and sarcastic pessimism that passes for political criticism in our enlarged neighbor to the south. **Hail**, with its title calculated to suggest Heil!, look like **Hair**, and sell like hell, is directed by Fred Levinson and produced by Roy L. Townsend, a team with a vast background in prize-winning commercials. It is a constant stream of sometimes peculiarly irritating hard-sell fun, a bastard son of Dr. Strangelove, with a mad president, a murderous senate, a sadly inept and confused group of longhairs and aged flower children, an assassination, plots, double plots, all in a country fast on the last goosetep to fascism. Everything you ever wanted in a political film?

The inclusion of the filmed version of the British stage production of **Miss Julie**, with Helen Mirren, Donald McCann and Heather Canning brilliantly interpreting the characters exactly as Strindberg wrote them, relit the flames of that old feud about whether or not filmed stage shows are good film and should be shown at film festivals. Not much doubt about the latter, since documentaries, cartoons, newsreels, historical costume orgies and *cinéma vérité* are all included, and this production was a definite asset to a varied weeklong schedule. Interesting in fact, that the only real flaws in this filmed version of the play occurred when camera techniques became too evident as in the close-ups of the opposing profiles of Mirren and McCann fading in and out and overlapping. It was evident that Phillips and Glenister, the directors, hoped to amplify the sex and power struggle between these two forceful characters, but instead the technique only intruded awkwardly. However they did, by sticking to Strindberg's script, avoid a failing found in Sjöberg's 1950 film version of the play in which he "opened up" the dramatic action and included the fire Miss Julie speaks of, and her father the Count as she describes him, thus denying the audience the right to disbelieve Miss Julie (and who is to say that irrational, volatile, imaginative and desperate woman was telling the truth about her past?) and losing some of the complexity of her character. Though filmed theatre actually suffers when some filmic methods are utilized, still the invaluable lens gives any college or theatre student anywhere, and for years to come, the

From Satyajit Ray's Days and Nights in the Forest



possibility of examining these remarkable performances from front row centre. The distributor is Cinepix.

Finally, among the films that may get distribution there is the first Jamaican feature film, Perry Henzell's **The Harder They Come**, which has already proved popular in England and is outgrossing *The Sound of Music* in Jamaica. It's lively with pop, underworld characters, dope traffic, chases by car, bike, foot etc., sweet love, male machismo, and actually ends with a gun-blazing cops and cowboys finale. Everyone is black in the film so there's no big race thing going on, and with the villains of the piece generally corruption, greed, lust, poverty, drugs and such, the film really is a modern melodrama from a fresh and fascinating locale, which is entertaining in the true old afternoon matinee sense. Efforts are going on to line up a big company for U.S. distribution of the film and star Jimmy Cliff's best-selling record.

Less likely to get distribution (none now) here because of their more limited potential appeal are **Malpertuis**, **Lokis** and **Honeymoon**, all of which would probably please the discerning audiences of selective film houses.

Malpertuis is a Belgian concoction by Harry Kumel, intended to titillate the lovers of cryptic crosswords, John Fowle's books (*The Magus*) and those with a classical education they seldom get a chance to exhibit. Subtitled "The Story of a Haunted House," is **Malpertuis** mystery itself? And while you're figuring that out, who are these people, is that really Orson Welles in bed again, and what do they all represent? Why do their names all seem vaguely familiar? And while you're working on that, what is happening to our Greek-god-like hero, is all this real or a dream, and whose? And meanwhile, why does Susan Hampshire play three roles? And as someone asked, Which three? The malevolent air of fun and scare makes this Gothic horror story all you could *Christer Enderlein, Lena Lindgren in Honeymoon.*



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want for an evening's entertainment, and if, the next day, you feel you over-indulged a little, well, it's not the first time is it? Not if you liked **Modesty Blaise** or **Kalaidescope** or the Roger Corman **Poe** stories.

One Toronto reviewer didn't bother to see **Lokis**, the Polish production from a Prosper Merimée story, directed by Janusz Majewski, because it wasn't... his kind of film. Well, it isn't a lot of people's kind of film probably, and that's too bad, because it is a rather perfect example of a tale well told with the costuming, locales, sets, acting styles, photography and music all blended with finesse and style to create an elegant adaptation of the folkstory. Magic or the supernatural may or may not explain the death of the bride on her wedding night, the disappearance of her husband, the bear tracks beneath the window, but the mystery-laden atmosphere never has to mock itself in this film, and a receptive audience may sit enthralled as at the knee of an ancient story teller. It has no Canadian distributor at present.

Lundberg's **Honeymoon** is quite the opposite kind of film. Where **Lokis** is smoothly photographed in muted eloquent colors, **Honeymoon** is grainy black and white with the camera defiantly refusing all romantic angles. Anywhere **Lokis** uses logical progression to tell a story of mystery and myth, **Honeymoon** uses relentlessly realistic methods to make a symbolic statement that becomes a step-sister to theatre of the absurd.

The young couple that we watch meet, make out and marry are an average dull sort of pair whose lives seem to offer little more excitement than the finding of a mate before they settle down to a lifetime of monotony. Events are capsulated with abrupt absurdity mid-way in the film. After the couple's wedding, while they're crossing an ominous wide and empty street, drunk and suddenly feeling lustful, they spot a manhole cover tent and leap happily for it. Down falls Jack, with Jill tumbling after, and true enough, there they stay, absolutely trapped in their married life, which now passes relentlessly before us as they quarrel, make up, make love, curse their fate and resign themselves. To frustrate the audience further, there's a great panel of electrical equipment, telephone cable, etc. in the hole, so the wriggling audience is practically ready to climb to the screen to help them escape, before resigning themselves to the fact that this couple never will. The sardonic and amusing realistic style confused those who accept anything roughly photographed as *cinéma vérité* or true life, but showed impressive knowledge of film language.

Bartleby, a film the festival tried to get last year, appeared on the bottom half of the last Saturday matinee. It deserved more attention than it got, but as it is one of those rare movies that relies heavily on an audience's ability to see, and think about what they see, it by-passes many people, even at a film festival. Lion International, the American arm of British Lion, is responsible for its distribution, so far sparse in England and the U.S., with none here. Some talk of litigation concerning the company further confuses things, and if bad luck perseveres, this interesting little film could just disappear.

That would be a pity, for John McEnery's performance of the mild and uncommunicative clerk **Bartleby** who, like the dead letters he worked within the Post Office, has nowhere to go and cannot be returned, is masterly and makes his inoffensive but firm statement "I'd prefer not to" the ultimate in passive resistance. As the sympathetic boss who tries to understand, to communicate, even to rescue **Bartleby**, Paul Scofield balances the withdrawn figure of the clerk with his humane and wryly humorous portrayal. The camera shows what **Bartleby** sees during his many walks, the tall depersonalized buildings, the scurrying anxious people, the drunks, the

destitutes, and when Bartleby is finally resting at an ivy laden, pillared and spacious country mental asylum, his clear and final comment to the Boss, "I know where I am" relates as much to the twentieth century as the hospital, and forecasts his inevitable total withdrawal from life. Directed by Anthony Friedmann.

Finally, two films which certainly ought to be distributed — James Ivory's *Savages* and Denys Arcand's *La Maudite Galette*. *Savages* may have trouble partly because it is made by an American, and though in no way is it exclusively American in statement or suggestion, still it is an arrogant and challenging film, the kind more comfortably acceptable when made by foreigners.

As for *La Maudite Galette*, a Quebecois film produced by Lefebvre, and directed by Denys Arcand, well, it is simply a different kind of crime that this crime film, a *policier* to end *policiers*, isn't easily available in the country of origin. If this is indeed one country... Using some excellent performers, director Arcand employs routine patterns and unusual approaches to make each episode logically follow another as a miser's cache goes from victim to victor to a final bloody ending dated June 16. Denys Arcand says "we wish to make a film that would be insidiously subversive to the Quebec public." A "B" picture with subliminal trickery? Maybe Canadians had *better* see it!

And now for *Savages*.

See what this leads to — says Ivory's witty allegory, as a troupe of mud savages, about to ritually destroy their matriarch's yearly mate, instead follow a colored croquet ball which has bounced into their sepia world. Well, the ball, the perfect circle, the wheel, leads them in fact to a great country house in a grassy clearing, the kind that epitomizes the civilized and harmonic life to many people. Here the savages wondrously discover furs for clothing, frontal sex, ornaments, idols and so on, following possibly the natural progression of the species to the present day. Sounds, words and finally dialogue are introduced as the screen now glows in full color and film too catches up to the present from its black and white and amusingly titled beginnings.

Everything deserves a second look here. The interspersed titles, for instance, during the early black and white section of this film are carefully numbered, carefully out of order so that the man who waited patiently for No.1 hoping thereby to discover the key to the filmic puzzle, remains sadly disappointed yet. There was no No.1. Just so: Ivory skips genesis in telling this tale of man.

In no time (almost) the savages are transmogrified into the recognizable inhabitants and guests at such a house, and are finally performing the basic ritual of the feast, or dinner party, with everyone we have learned to accept as part of civilized life there: the powerful magnate, his brutish aide, the fallen woman, innocent girl, elderly couple, young radical, artist, the foolish, the weird, and once again, the matriarch, as they sit in carefully selected order, to dine.

For entertainment later, Ivory drops time hints as the young girl, reciting Robert Louis Stevenson to the assemblage, is interrupted by the radio, which quite literally bursts onto the scene with the announcement of the sinking of the *Lusitania* (1915), after which their entertainment of each other continues, mad but genial, until like a quaintly eccentric party out of *Alice in Wonderland*, they prance happily to the melody of *Steppin' on the Spaniel*. Hate and malice brew gently under the surface, but it's all fun, and the audience remains comfortably entertained.

However after the great Carlotta, once the high priestess of the savages, now a hostess dressed like a modish executioner,



Luce Guilbeault in Arcand's *La Maudite Galette*.

Anne Francine, Martin Kove, and Ultra Violet in *Savages*



reads the fortunes of man from a peach as a poetic scrambled list of all the major emotions and events of life, leaving nothing new to be discovered, the action leaves the circular swirl of the whirlpool and begins to rush for the vortex. Ivory deserts the influences of Godard and Truffaut and slams into a full Fellini display of decadence. The group, diffidently following a ceremony with the old aromatic leaf the savages also enjoyed, quite literally descends to the bottom, and while the musician remains aloof on the roof practicing his art, the party below becomes a cut and spliced chaos no one can control. For instance, the man who drowns in the pool, his concerned friend worriedly hurrying along the edge, does so several times. Even at that he barely interrupts conversations, and his friend's actions never change. Soon another member of the party is diving for his valuables.

The audience begins to squirm as Ivory bears down on the present. Nobody likes that old joke where you pay to see a monkey and are handed a mirror. Morals and manners disappear, clothes are shed, and people even cheat at a drunken and disorderly attempt at croquet, until a maliciously whacked far-flying ball finally leads them all back into the forest, the musician drifting after them.

This really is a splendid film: it's perceptive, witty and daring. It tackles the ponderous and impossible subject of man's basic nature over the centuries, and glances mockingly at all that civilized life means and what it leads to, with energetic virility and masterly control.

(Ivory's earlier films, *Shakespeare Wallah* and *The Guru* (Fox) have been distributed, and the Ontario Film Theatre has shown his *Bombay Talkie*, but since no one has picked up *Savages* yet, those interested will have to contact Ivory himself (through the O.F.T.).)

Aside from the evening features at the Festival, there was a series of Musical Matinees including Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Busby Berkeley musicals. These were delightfully entertaining, but since the festival only contained one Canadian film (although Clive Denton explains that they did try for more: **Wedding in White** wasn't ready, and the only subtitled print of **La Vraie Nature de Bernadette** was in Europe) many patrons might prefer a generous showing of works by various Canadian directors in the afternoons. Something to consider for next year.

Other added attractions included "A tribute to John Grierson" which were showings of some of the old **Canada Carries On** series (academically interesting), a BBC Safari series all about Ethiopia, and a number of NFB shorts and cartoons. And for lovers of animation, the special program of short films from the International Festival of Animated Films in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Saturday morning, was a particular pleasure.

Now, for the question of film censorship: as film theatres are legally defined here, and unless Stratford somehow gets reclassified or can be made an exception, the Censorship Board does have the legal right, and duty, to censor all the films shown there. That they don't is to their credit, although the fact they can be arbitrary and inconsistent, like some sporadically benevolent deity, certainly irks people who run film festivals.

Actions speak louder than words. There's not much point shouting at Mr. Silverthorn or his Board at 1075 Millwood, and as it is almost impossible to contact him anyway, just bypass the appointed civil servant and look to the elected officials to receive your advice, suggestions, complaints and requests.

This advice is not given lightly. Seriously. Do it. Both the Honourable John

T. Clement, Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations, and his Deputy Minister, Mr. Young (address: Parliament Buildings, Toronto 5) are interested in the attitude of the public to the question of film censorship, particularly as it applies to special events like the Stratford Film Festival. But Mr. Young says that if they judged by the amount of mail and comment they have received (they're both 'new boys' in their positions) on the subject, they'd be obliged to feel they are practically the only ones who are interested. Mr. Young's advice is to contact your local Member of Parliament and have him represent your viewpoint with the Minister. Mine is, since hardly anyone knows who their provincial MP is (a comment on how much faith many people have in that system), just write the Minister himself. If you send a copy of your letter to this magazine, the most interesting and well-stated comments can be reprinted here in future editions, thus encouraging continuing interest, and activity, and maybe one day... results!

And if you want a drink between films at the next Festival, better push for milk and good fresh fruit juice if you can't take the styrofoam flavored kawfee or pop, for you're not likely to get liquor.

In 1945 when the Liquor Licencing Act came into force and George Drew was premier of Ontario, liquor by the glass was introduced to lounges and dining rooms, and it also became possible to procure a licence for live theatres. But not movie houses.

All in all the lack of a bar hardly dampened the spirit of the Festival, and the much publicized but scarcely noticeable question of censorship and the last minute schedule changes didn't hamper the Festival either, though all this may have silvered the hair of Messrs. Pratley and Denton. In fact on the basis of this year's performance, you'd be well advised to plan ahead for next year. ●



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