

REVIEWS

Jean-Claude Lord's Visiting Hours

It would be an interesting experiment to collect the dementia-forming experiences of the psycho-killer movies of the past few years and present them to a good clinical psychiatrist for comment. It is likely that any good shrink would laugh at the evidence and tell you that the resulting trauma would be unlikely to create knife-wielding killers. After all, what is most twisted about the psychopath is not guilt-inducing experiences but the absence of moral sense. They may feel compelled to kill, but they are able to kill because they cannot feel guilty.

In the pursuit of narrative tidiness that has marked the thin retreats of *Psycho*, there is always a flashback or introductory sequence which explains the killer's motivation as that of revenge, or sexual disgust, or loneliness. What is forgotten about *Psycho* is first that the psychiatrist's explanation tells us far less about Norman Bates than we already know for ourselves, and second, that Norman was something far more unusual than a psychopath: he was a legitimate schizophrenic.

In Jean Claude Lord's *Visiting Hours*, the demented slasher is Colt Hawker (Michael Ironside), an impotent sadist who is haunted by memories of the day his mother assaulted his dad with a pot of boiling oil while he was trying to screw her in the kitchen. Dad is still hanging around, horribly scarred and hospitalized, but Colt remains peeved enough at women to enjoy stabbing them and photographing their deaths.

Colt's latest rage is triggered by Deborah Ballin, (Lee Grant), who delivers strident editorials on women's issues - her latest hobby-horse being a woman convicted of murder for killing her husband after several years of abuse. Colt attacks her unsuccessfully, and she is rushed to the hospital where she is attended by her boyfriend/producer Gary Baylor (William Shatner), and Sheila Munroe (Linda Purl), described in the execrable press kit as a "dedicated, caring nurse." Of course, Colt Hawker is not yet finished, and the film follows his efforts to kill Ballin in what desperately wants to be a terrifying climax.

There are two or three essential problems with *Visiting Hours*. First and foremost is the cast. There is a legitimate lack of sense in casting a horror film of this sort with a relatively upscale cast. The teenaged thrillseekers who form the main audience for this kind of picture do not really care that it is Oscar-winning Lee Grant who is the target of the madman's blade. After all, *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th*, the two most successful slasher pictures, have no stars of any description. Indeed, the presence of good actors like Grant and Lenore Zann have the effect of distracting us from the affectless, existential hell of the low-budget horror film. It is even possible to argue that recognizable faces make it less easy to create sympathy than unknowns, because we spend half our time wondering what Lee Grant is doing in a turkey like this, rather than worrying about her character.



● Hospitals just aren't as safe they used to be, as Michael Ironside shows Lee Grant.

By populating a slasher movie with adults, you create a second credibility problem. After all, you expect teenagers to do dumb things. Lee Grant comes home to an empty house to find the shower on and the maid not answering. Does she leave the house and call the police? Nope. 'There may be a burglar with a gun in the bathroom, so I'd better investigate.' One gets the feeling that people in cheap horror movies have never seen a cheap horror movie.

Creating yet another problem is a psycho as a fully realized character. With Michael Ironside in *Visiting Hours* (or Tony Beckley in *When a Stranger Calls*), you do not have the faceless monster of *Halloween* or *Friday the 13th*. Putting a human character in that situation creates a different kind of movie, one as much about the psycho as about his victims. Remember, *Psycho* is very much about this sensitive, nervous, young hotel manager who takes such good care of his mother, and the balance of sympathy is on his side for a great deal of the film.

The third and knottiest problem is that *Visiting Hours* is a Canadian film designed to follow box-office trends. The problem is that there are very few trends left at all, and the slasher cycle is a particularly dodgy one, because the only two which have taken off into the box-office stratosphere have been *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th*. This type of horror film is essentially inimical to our national psychology. After all, it is arguable that our two greatest horror stories are the saga of the Donnelly family (the community turns on outsiders) and Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing*, which is a ghost story in which the ghost never appears. One might add to this list Earle Birney's *David*, were the monster its nature itself.

The crazed killer is an American phenomenon - witness the classic myths like the story of the escaped mad murderer, the man who kills the baby upstairs while the baby sitter sits downstairs, and all the variations on these tales. The fact that these stories are native to the American psychology means that John Carpenter could make art out of *Halloween*, George Romero out of *Night of the Living Dead*, and Tobe Hooper out *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* because they felt the stories in

their bones. When we try to imitate a foreign genre, we wind up with a *Visiting Hours*, a *Terror Train*, a *My Bloody Valentine*, where artistic decisions are based solely on commercial factors. These films are aesthetically unsuccessful because they are not felt by their makers. And if the filmmaker has no feeling for what he is doing, then the audience is unlikely to have any feeling for what is being done to them.

John Harkness ●

VISITING HOURS d. Jean-Claude Lord p. Claude Heroux sc. Brian Taggart exec. p. Pierre David, Victor Solnicki d.o.p./operator Rene Verzier music Jonathan Goldsmith ed. Jean-Claude Lord, Lise Thoun art d. Michel Proulx prod. man. Gwen Iveson 1st a. d. Julian Marks 2nd a. d. Blair Roth 3rd a. d. David Bailey unit man. Michel Wachniuc sc. girl France Boudreau a. p. man. Janet Cuddy gaffer Don Caulfield elec. Marc Charlebois 1st a. art d. Dominique L'Abbe ad. art dept. Sylvie Dagenais set dresser François Seguin a. set dresser Jean Gauthier, Simon Lahaye prop. master Jean-Batiste Tard props man Daniel Huysmans props buyer Frances Calder sp. eff. sup. Gary Zeller sp. eff. co-ord. Don Berry sp. eff. a. Renee Rousseau, Peter Dery, Frans Sayers sp. eff. tech. Yves Dubreuil, François Beaugard costume des. Delphine White a. costume des. Ginette Magny-ard Lee Grant's costumes Burton Miller head dresser Mario D'Avignon seamstress/cutter Monelle Leblanc daily help Sylvie Bellemare make-up Inga Klauti a. make-up Kathryn Casault sp. eff. make-up Stephan Dupuis sp. eff. make-up asst. Michele Burke hair stylist Pierre David head hairdresser Constant Natale 1st a. focus Denis Gingras 2nd a. clapper leader Jean-Jacques Gervais camera dept. Barbara Sammuels stills Pierre Dury Steadicam Louis de Ernsted key grip Jacob Rolling a. key grip dolly Norman Guy grip Michel St. Pierre loc. mixer Don Cohen boom op. Gabor Vadney sec. to p. Monique Legare administrator Serge Major prod. accountant Yvette Duguet comptroller Gilles Leonard bookkeepers Joanie Gosechin, Diane Williamson, Linda Duguet prod. sec. Denise Forget sc. co-ord. Denise Dinovi construction sup. Claude Simard trans. capt. Charles Loupin craft serv. Michael Eyles drivers Richard Marsan, Real Baril Jean-Claude Cloutier, Glen Light, Michel Mar-

tin, Michel Sarao, Maurice Dubois, Vincente Di Clemente, Bernard Kirschner prod. a. Jerry Potashnik, Louis Gascon, Peter Serapiglia stunt co-ord. Jim Arnett casting Toronto: Walker Bowan Mlt.: Ginette D'Amico casting ass. Flo Gallant, Rosina Bucci unit pub. Pierre Brousseau marketing Publifilms Ltd. Paratel, David Novak Assoc. post-prod. co-ord. Bill Wiggins music sup. David Franco music co-ord. Pierre Brousseau recording engineer Monk orchestra conducted Bruce Pennycook soundtrack recorded at: Manta Sound Studio, Toronto/Little Mountain Sound Co., Vancouver ad. des. Marcel Pothier dialogue ed. Claude Langlois, Brian Holland a. sd. ed. Viateur Paiement, Gilles St. Onge, Michael Ray folley Andy Malcolm mixing Sonolab Inc. ad. cr-rec. Michel Descombes, Andre Gagnon lab. Bellevue Pathe titles Film Titles -Quebec/ p.c. Filmplan International (1981) Lp. Michael Ironside, Lee Grant, Linda Purl, William Shatner, Lenore Zann, Harvey Atkin, Helen Hughes, Michael J. Reynolds, Kirsten Bishopric, Debra Kirschenbaum, Elizabeth Leigh Milne, Maureen McRae, Dustin Waln, Neil Affleck, Damir Andrei, Dorothy Barker, Steve Betticher, Walker Boone, Richard Briere, Terrance P. Coady, Richard Comar, Dora Dainton, Sylvie Desbois, Yvan Ducharme, Sarita Elman, Kathleen Fee, Domenico Fiore, Tali Fischer, Richer Francoeur, Lorena Gale, Angela Gallacher, Judith Gay, Isadore Goldberg, Dean Hagopian, Victor Knight, Sheena Larkin, Sylvia Lennick, Frances March, Steve Michaels, Kimberley McKeever, Bob McKeowan, Malcolm Nelthorpe, Roland Nincheri, Mary Rathbone, Ron Robbins, Robbie Robertson, Danielle Schneider, Lisa Schwartz, Danny Silverman, Marty Starr, Jerome Fibberghien, Katherine Trowel, Len Watt, George Zeeman, Linda Singer, Michelle Viau, running time 105 min., colour, 35mm dia., 20th Century-Fox.

Lawrence L. Kent's

Scoring

One look at the film *Scoring* and it's easy to understand why the Canadian feature film industry is in such a mess. This is one movie where everybody who was anybody demonstrated a considerable lack of judgement and foisted their blunders onto an unwitting public. The film was originally titled *Yesterday*, and the pre-release advertising campaign portrayed it as something of a winsome melodrama. "Falling in love was so much easier then," read the caption.

Obviously somewhere along the line, producers John Dunning and André Link had a change of heart. Heady with the awesome success of their *Meatballs* they must have decided to jump on board the bandwagon that they themselves had created. The title changed to *Scoring*. The sad-looking faces on the ads now beam at us. We see a hockey stick and a frothing mug of beer and are told that this "audience-winning experience should please *Animal House* fans." Just how this remarkable metamorphosis took place and why is more than an occurrence peculiar to *Scoring*.

SCORING d. Lawrence L. Kent p. John Dunning, André Link assoc. p. Lawrence Nesis sc. Bill LaMond, John Dunning based on treatment by Carol H. Leckner from an idea by John Dunning d.o.p. Richard Ciupka art d. Roy Forge Smith ed. Debra Karen mus. Paul Baillargeon title sequence design Ian Webster line p. Jean Lafleur, David Robertson asst. to p. Irene Litinsky p. acct. Trudi Link p. man. Marie-Josée Raymond p. sec. Micheline Cadieux cont. Ginette Senécal asst. to d. Rit Wallis 1st a.d. Don Buchsbaum 2nd a.d. Michael Williams 1st asst. cam. David Herrington 2nd asst. cam. Larry Lynn gen. op. Eddy Trempe stills Takashi Seida sd. mix. Patrick Rousseau boom Thierry Hoffman asst. art d. Susan Longmire set dresser Ronald Fauteux asst. set dresser Emmanuel Lepine prop. buyer Claude Decary, Jacques Godbout set props Jacques Chamberland asst. props. Daniel Huysmans scenic painter Elizabeth Leszczynski art dept. asst. Daniel Bradette wardrobe superv. Nicoletta Massone wardrobe mistress Nicole Pelletier make-up Jocelyne Bellemare, Suzanne Riou make-up asst. Normande Campeau sp. efx make-up Stephan Dupuis hair Thomas Booth asst. ed. Michael Karen, Milton Hubsher sd. ed. Peter Thillaye asst. sd. ed. Glen Gauthier, Tony Currie sd. re-rec. Gary Bourgeois mus. mix. Claude Demers gaffer John Berrie key grip Jacob Rolling grips Norman Guy, François Dupere, Serge Dore, Paul Morin elec. Michel Paul Bélisle, Walter Klimkiw, Jean-Paul Houle sp. efx. Joe Elsener, Eflex Specialists Inc. stunts Dwayne McLean, Terry Martin, Brad Bovee, Peter Horak hockey co-ord. Ned Dowd unit man. Tanya Tree loc. man. Mario Nadeau asst. loc. man. John Desormeaux unit pub. Elayne Kato casting U.S. Hilary Holden casting/Can. Claire Walker, Murielle Fournier titles additional graphics Gary Pover, Antoinette Morielli additional photog. Brian Boyer driver capt. Charles Toupin cast. driver Rick Disensi p.a. John Boland, Guy Cadieux, Robert Ditchburn, Paul Hotte, Bill Lee, Brian Campbell craft service Rick Barham, Steve Tabah post p. man. Stewart Harding second unit 1st a.d. Mirreille Goulet 2nd a.d. Yvon Arseneault cont. Cathy Toulmonde sd. mix. Normand Mercier art d. Reuben Freed set props Gilles Aird asst. props Pierre Charpentier cam. Frank Link, Daniel Fournier, Avon Brunet, Jean-Marie Buquet songs "Yesterday's Smile" & "Gabrielle" sung by Charles Linton; "Je me souviens" sung by Claire Pimparé. Charles Linton lyrics by Richard Berman French lyrics by Robert Gauthier mus. published by Coda Musique Inc. (CAPAC) "The U.S. Air Force" by Robert Crawford l.p. Vincent Van Patten, Claire Pimparé, Nicholas Campbell, Jack Wetherall, Jacques Godin, Marthe Mercure, Gerard Parkes, Daniel Gadonas, Cloris Leachman, Eddie Albert, Jonathan Barrett, Michel Blais, John Boylan, Jim Bradford, David Eisner, Neil Elliott, Ian Finlay, Marie-Helene Fontaine, Bertrand Gagnon, Cindy Girling, Harold Gustafson, Frederic Hall, Joan Heney, Robert King, Moira Knott, Richard Niquette, Earl Pennington, Scotty Sheridan, Sam Stone, Greg Swanson, John Wildman p.c. Filmline Productions Inc. (1979).

It is an analogy for an entire industry gone sour.

One wonders why English Canadians make such wretched films about the Québécois experience. The political and sociological issues in that province offer a hotbed of moral dilemmas that would intrigue any writer. A love story unfolding against the backdrop of political upheaval is a tried and true cinematic genre. What then went wrong with *Scoring*? Quite simply, the makers of this film got greedy. They wanted the whole audience pie and in their zeal to please everybody, they pleased nobody. Just precisely when and where they lost faith in their product is not clear. But the net result is, *Scoring* isn't much of a love story any more. As a political drama it is just not to be taken seriously and as far as those *Animal House* fans are concerned the movie is a joke - a bad one. *Scoring* is, instead, a mish-mash of genres that really succeeds in only one thing - further alienating the already beleaguered Canadian film audience.

When the screenplay was first developed it was, no doubt, intended as a serious dramatic exploration of two concurring protest issues - the burgeoning of the Québécois identity and the war in Vietnam. The narrative unfolds in 1967. An American pre-med student, Vincent Van Patten (God forbid you should ever see him coming at you with a scalpel) goes to McGill University and falls in love with a young Québécois woman, Claire Pimparé. She is a traditional homespun French Canadian girl with the hot blood of revolution coursing through her veins. One look at her charging about Montreal painting the town with separatist slogans and her would-be lover begins to realize that he has a national dilemma of his own to solve. The U.S. of A. is at war in Vietnam and, what with Montreal run amok with

draft-dodgers, it's time for this all-American boy to go home and take a stand. The idea for the film was a good one and it's not surprising that Dunning and Link went for it. Good ideas, however, have an uncanny way of undoing themselves when they're bludgeoned into pat formulas as this one was.

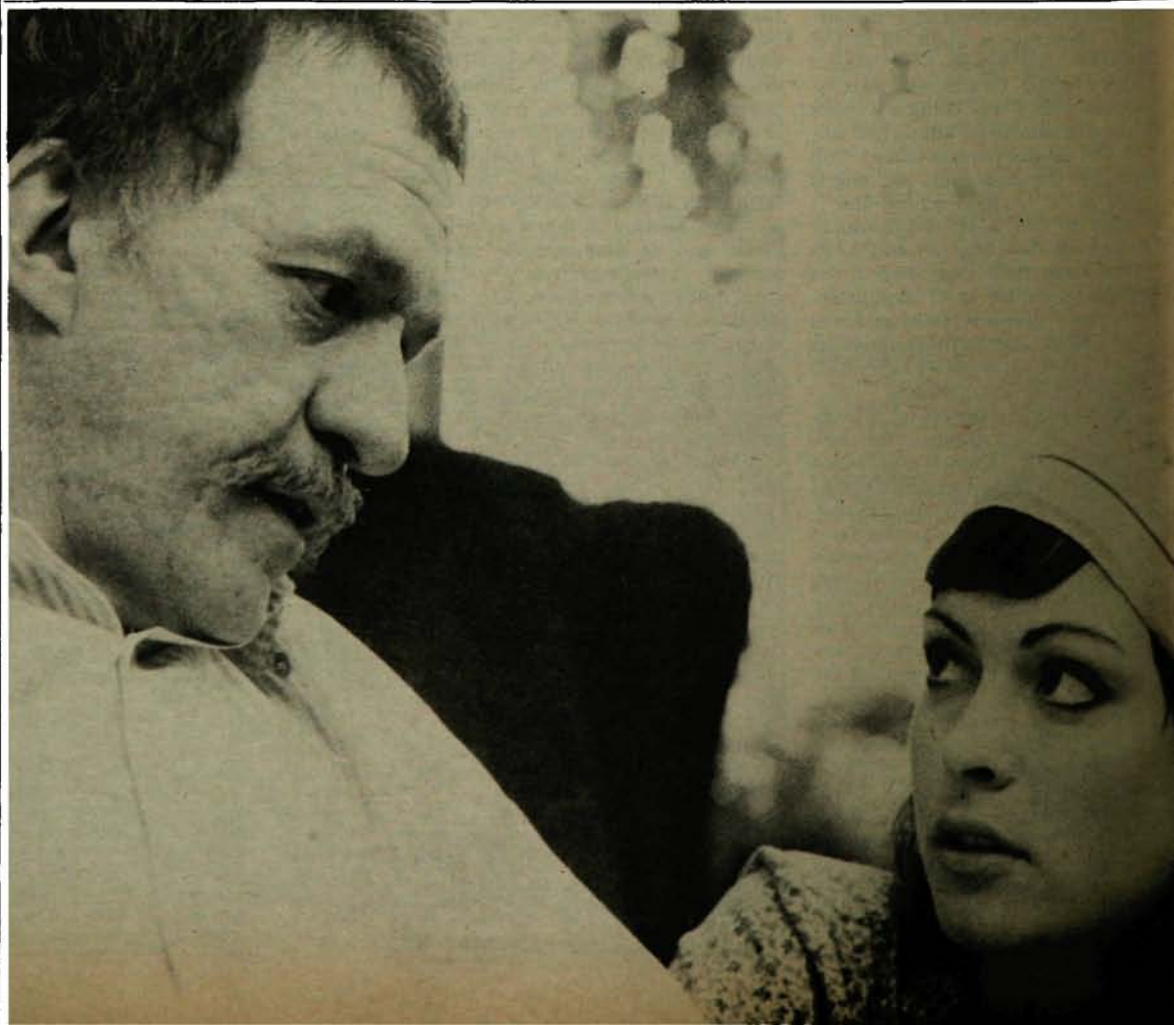
Jane Fonda realized that it would take the utmost in tack and tenderness to make an American audience swallow a hard-hitting film like *Coming Home*. The writers of *Scoring*, Bill LaMond and John Dunning, have thrown caution to the winds and charged at their subject matter in the most confrontational, emotionally manipulative manner possible. These guys have taken on the sorest points of both Canadian and American culture and jabbed at them with ice picks. Facts may be facts but these writers need to be informed that fiction is quite another matter. LaMond and Dunning are so determined to give us the goods that they forgot to give it to us good. The narrative frequently grinds to a halt so that we can profit from a much needed Canadian history lesson. Any sense of drama has been lost because of the persistent need of these writers to tell us what we already know about Quebec society. Cliché-ridden characterizations abound. We get momma in the kitchen doing her ironing, her grim-faced husband coming out with lines like, "stay with your own kind" and "you can't eat your principles," their downtrodden son plotting insurrection, and a daughter who knows plenty about politics but nothing, apparently, about birth control. As Van Patten tries to ply open her legs he says with a straight face, "I'll be careful." The sage Miss Pimparé replies, "I wonder how many children were conceived after those words."

Having sufficiently undermined the

political and romantic themes of this script the writers then go for the *Animal House* stuff. Someone throws up (off camera, thankfully) into an aquarium, we get a belch or two, lots of beer, some lame looking hockey games and a few schoolboy highjinks. It all looks rather half-hearted. The film just isn't paced quickly enough to sustain these gags and consequently they feel like an afterthought. Like it or not, *Meatballs* was a well-constructed film script. The setups were so shamelessly obvious that you half respected them. Furthermore, they belonged in a kiddie summer camp so you didn't even bother resisting them. Somehow in the context of the War Measures Act and the war in Vietnam those gags don't just seem out of place, they're downright obscene. All else having failed, *Scoring* ends by going full tilt into melodrama, aiming with uncanny precision for the jugular. We come out of this movie feeling battered and bruised, screaming, "Enough already!"

What is singularly lacking in *Scoring* is a genuine sense of passion. What we're dealing with here, goddammit, is our national dilemma! We should be screaming out for the likes of a Costa-Gavras to do it justice on the screen. Instead we get Larry Kent who thinks he's still at the Film Board. He just plunks his camera down any old place and tells his actors to go to it. Scene after scene is so cinematically naive (one remembers the Christmas party and cringes) that it's hard to believe that the film wasn't made by a group of Ryerson film students. And those actors! It is highly doubtful that even a Costa-Gavras could have wrenched anything closely resembling thought from a Vincent Van Patten. Claire Pimparé is pretty and works hard but she just doesn't have the charisma required to take hold of the

● Papa, played by Jacques Godin, doesn't like the idea of Gabrielle's (Claire Pimparé) little love affair



Kalli Paakspuu's Maypole Carving

During baseball season in the summer of 1980, down in the Harbourfront park at the foot of Bathurst St., a strange obstruction appeared in right-field sometime during the month of June. It was the huge trunk of a 700-year-old cedar tree. It had been felled in the forest near Squamish, B.C., stripped and transported by truck to Toronto. With it came a small mobile office, and a group of people with a purpose as grand, it turned out, as the piece of wood itself.

They were going to carve something: a Cosmic Maypole. Great! We re-aligned our baseball diamond and continued on with our season.

Two years later, one Kalli Paakspuu, filmmaker, arrives at the Canadian Film Makers Distribution Centre with a 23-minute documentary describing the evolution of this Cosmic Maypole, from the felling of the chosen tree in the lush B.C. forest to the raising of the finished icon, oiled and swirling with carved images, on a chilly October morning in an empty park in Toronto.

The film begins with a series of long-held close-ups showing a carver's hands, wielding mallet and chisel, slowly fashioning the details of a face in the wood. Timothy Sullivan's music compliments perfectly to immerse the viewer in what is to be the essential idea of the film: slow, patient, painstaking work, performed not as drudgery, but as a way of contemplation and learning - and therefore, creating.

During the establishing sequences, as we see the felling of the tree and its eventual placement at Toronto's Harbourfront, there is a voice-over in which designer Georganna Malloff explains the motifs and the story which the carving will depict. She has mapped the whole thing out for the carvers in red and black paint: it is to be a creation myth entitled "The Dreamwork of the Whales." The maypole's various sections will provide a telling of creation's beginnings... through to a vision of a higher consciousness which man will eventually attain.

Scoring (continued)

big screen. The odiously miscast Jack Weatherall looks as if he had more fun doing *The Elephant Man*. That leaves us with those cinematic luminaries Cloris Leachman and Eddie Albert who are, supposedly, our bargain-basement rite of passage to the American distribution deal. Appearing quietly in a thankless supporting role is the one actor in this film who's got the face, talent and brains to be a great actor, Nicholas Campbell. When he looks at the camera you know what he's thinking and when the words don't suffice his body takes over. He's such a good actor that he can even make a lousy part look interesting. The producers of *Scoring* obviously never thought of Campbell for the leading role. Apparently, going for a second rate T.V. star/tennis player like Van Patten was their idea of inspired casting.

Taken all in all, *Scoring* isn't really much better or worse than any number of Canadian films we have seen recently. Its budget, \$1.5 million, is a fair price for any film these days if it is to recoup its



● The maypole slowly takes form

All the scenes and elements are autonomous, yet, by design, they overlap and connect with each other: a Cosmic Maypole.

Then comes the main body of the film which concentrates on the carvers. Chainsaws and axes are used to make the initial cuts. Then, as the maypole takes on a form, the tools become smaller and the work more delicate. But is difficult for the carvers, as they work at close-range on details of the still horizontal slab, to visualize the completed work. So designer Malloff is brought back during several scenes to make sure the rhythms and textures fit with the overall plan. It's interesting to see a "director" at work, striving to make the concept and the physical materials merge. The film could use much more of the presence of Georganna Malloff.

Chip by chip, the Cosmic Maypole nears completion. Two other sequences are inter-cut with the actual work on the wood. One hints at the engineering dynamics involved in raising the mammoth pole; and the other shows one of the members of the maypole group

appearing before Toronto city council, giving a progress report and appealing for aid in the matter of paying for the pole to be raised. As with the scenes involving Georganna Malloff more development of these elements of the project would have given the film a greater breadth. (It's always fun to see such worldly people as city politicians arguing and expressing themselves on the topic of such things as Cosmic Maypoles.)

The film ends with the raising of the maypole on an autumn morning in the nearly deserted park. Those involved dance with pride and joy at their accomplishment, but one is left with the feeling that the whole project was carried out in near anonymity.

Technically, the film's strongest point is the music track. This element is the strongest in helping to establish the feeling which must have surrounded the small group as they worked through the summer and fall. Paakspuu, who appears to have done her own editing, chops a few scenes off with a haste that is noticeable. Why didn't she linger more, as she did with those beautiful opening close-ups? Rolf Cutt's camera has provided the basic materials, but, (and I suppose this falls back into director/editor Paakspuu's lap), a little more thought beforehand to the *rhythm* of a story about such a huge sedentary object as a maypole could, perhaps, have illicit a little more in the way of variety in the cinematography. I don't know what her budget was, but, as stated, the thing was lying there from June right through to the World Series; plenty of time to study and story-board.

But the film is enjoyable and valuable. It explains the maypole, and, partially, the perspective of those who caused it to happen. It's good that we have filmmakers such as Kalli Paakspuu whose curiosity and dedication would attract her to produce and complete a project such as *Maypole Carving*.

John Brooke ●

MAYPOLE CARVING p.c. Kalli Paakspuu
Films p./d. Kalli Paakspuu d.o.p. Rolf Cutt's ed.
Kalli Paakspuu ed. Kalli Paakspuu. Scott Preby
music Timothy Sullivan diag. International Tele-
Film Ent. running time 28 min. 16mm colour

Peter Raymont's Magic in the Sky

Harvey J. Crossland's Somewhere Between

Anne Cubitt's Treaty 8 Country

Canadian cinema has presented us with two images of native peoples. The first was of smiling and silent performers of exotic crafts and practices. Whether we were asked to despise or romanticize this anthropological subject, the implication of these films was that the native person was essentially alien to our European culture, a sideshow to our daily lives.

The second image of the native person has been that of the political activist, the hero of films like *You Are on Indian Land*. Admirable as these films were in bringing native problems into public view, they carried within them a rather demeaning assumption. The first was that their native protagonists had gotten smart; they would succeed because they could be taught the mechanics of Western style radical struggle. No longer would the native person be essentially alien to the film audience. Instead, he fit quite well into the rhetoric of those productions that brought us Oppressed Minority, Type A.

Three recent films concerning native problems have come up against these fundamentally divergent views of native peoples in contemporary Canada. Most successful is *Treaty 8 Country*, a film by Vancouver documentarians Anne Cubitt and Hugh Brody. The first half of the film is a synch sound sequence of a caribou hunt on a western reserve. As the hunt slowly unfolds, the temptation is to see the film as yet another "Indians trap and skin something" ethnographic epic. Yet we are soon made aware of breaks with the anthropological approach. The silence and distance of the hunt is frequently punctured by the hunters' discussion of their actions and of the nature of the process.

While skinning and gutting their prey, the hunters project a social awareness that goes beyond the traditional practices of the hunt. This awareness is made more tangible with a radio announcement of a meeting to discuss infringements of the hunting rights guaranteed under Treaty 8. Almost imperceptibly, we move from the hunt to a meeting on the reserve. The legal issues surrounding the hunt are explained by a native lawyer to the band council and the hunters. And, as these issues are unfolded in a lengthy anecdotal fashion, the camera pans away from the speaker to the continued, now seemingly endless, process of preparing skins and meat.

The genius of *Treaty 8 Country* is the genius of any great documentary: the ability to tell a story on its own terms. The hunt, in its own good time, becomes a political rally. But it is a political rally

David Eames ●

that is never very far from the genesis of the conflict and the consciousness of those who struggle with it at their own pace in their own way.

At its best, Harvey Crossland's *Somewhere Between* begins to evoke this kind of synthesis. Sponsored by the Professional Native Women's Association with additional support from The Legal Services Society, The Secretary of State and the National Film Board, the film is an attack on the injustice of robbing native women of their Indian status for having married non-Indians. The argument is made largely through a series of interviews with native women who have been victimized by the legislation.

Like *Treaty 8 Country*, *Somewhere Between* is a lesson in watching and listening. The women's stories of arbitrary loss and separation are superb oral history. None of the women interviewed asks for our sympathy. Yet all of them earn it through their forthright renditions of the sexist bureaucratic nightmare that has plagued their lives.

The women's stories demolish the credibility of the few voices who speak for the status quo. But they also make pale the stock parliamentary footage of sympathetic M.P.'s raising the issue in the abstract. Indeed, the film's major shortcoming is its inability to clarify the current struggle in the context of the testimony presented. What are missing here are the smart lawyers and eloquent lobbyists who might be able to bridge the oral testimony and the bland, if sympathetic, parliamentary addresses. The film needs someone like the native lawyer in *Treaty 8 Country*, someone who can speak both languages.

It is just this question of speaking two languages that is examined in *Magic in the Sky*, an ambitious film by Peter Raymont. *Magic in the Sky* takes us from a eulogized image of Marshall McLuhan to the world's most isolated television station in its attempt to describe the genesis of native run northern television. Unlike the other two films, there is little in Raymont's production that forces us to observe or listen with a native sensitivity. Instead, the complex considerations presented here are brought to us with the fury of a mid-60's



● Inuit TV producers Mike Angalik (in headphones) and John Aulutjut (with videocamera)

media happening. At one point, Raymont's crew is filming an Inuit crew filming the filming of a network soap opera. At other moments, we are being given television-speed capsule descriptions of the nature of the medium, white/Inuit interface and the workings of communications satellites.

Understandably, the horde of information Raymont wishes to place before us represents 100 years' work for a native storyteller or a non-native filmmaker working to emulate his pace. Nevertheless, the many charming moments found in this film disappear far too quickly. A polar village debating the issues surrounding cultural interface, the relationships between Inuit student broadcasters and their white "trainers" and the interactions between CBC Headquarters and its most distant affiliate are more than sufficient subjects for individual films.

As is, the most promising moment of *Magic in the Sky* is its conclusion. Here, a slightly disoriented Francis Fox surrenders a tiny bit of broadcast time to some hunters and a former furnace

Erratum. Inadvertently, John Harkness's name was omitted from the film review of "Paradise" in issue No. 85. Our apologies to the author. Ed.

repairman, the staff of the new television network. Raymont's images assure us that the Inuit will carve up their freshly caught medium with political acuity and a sense of purpose - all in a manner that non-natives will never really understand.

Seth Feldman ●

MAGIC IN THE SKY d. sc. Peter Raymont d.o.p. Ian Elkin, Martin Duckworth ad. rec. Leon Johnson, Aerlyn Weissman, Claude Beaugrand ed. Michael Fuller asst. to p., research d. Nancy Worsfold initial research Marien Lewis, Beverley Straight camera asst. Frank Raven, Catherine Dorsey ad. ed. Bernie Bordeleau, Anne Whiteside re-rec. Jean-Pierre Joutel unit ad. Louise Clark narr. Michael Kane research consultant Kenneth G. O'Bryan Ph.D. p. Arthur Hammond, Peter Raymont assoc. p. Ted Riley p.c. : Investigative Productions/The National Film Board of Canada running time : 57 min., colour, 16mm. dist. N.F.B.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN d./ed. Harvey J. Crossland sc. Ric Beairsto/Crossland a.d. Beairsto cam. Paul Lieske/Beairsto ad. rec. Peg Campbell mus. Ken Hemmerick exec. p. Ric Beairsto, Peg Campbell, Harvey J. Crossland in association with Joy Hall p. Harvey J. Crossland p.c. Hy Perspectives Media Group running time : 50 min., b&w/colour, 16mm.

TREATY 8 COUNTRY d. Anne Cubitt, Hugh Brody cam. Jim Bizzocchi ed. Justine Dancy, Anne Cubitt running time : 44 min., 16mm colour.

Peter Carter

(cont. from p. 15)

who pulled that series into shape, and I loved working on it with him.

Peter and I stayed close friends and when, in the late '60s, I got my first feature film together, *Isabel*, it was of course Peter (with Joyce Cozy) that helped me set it up. He was everything from line producer down to third A.D., as well as props; but most of all, he was like a brother, and we shared that special adventure into my background on the Gaspé with a closeness I've found hard to match in film since.

When it came time to do *Act of the Heart* there was Peter again, helping me as associate producer. But once we got the thing rolling and were shooting he went back to Toronto to, at last, direct his first television film. That was in 1969, I believe.

A year or two later found us each submitting our own projects for a feature to the CFDC, which at that time was even more powerful than it is today. Once his own film was ready, with Gordy Pinsent and Larry Dane, he came to work with me preparing *Journey*. We sat together with the rest of the *Journey* crew, through that long afternoon in May 1971 while the CFDC deliberated on our fate. The meeting broke-up, but no one had the courtesy to pass on their decisions. So P.C. and I got on the phone, tracking down the CFDC members as they pub-crawled across town. We got the answer. P.C.'s *The Rowdyman* was on! But *Journey* was off! We were both torn between exaltation and despair. (But this story does have a happy ending. Within a week I got the CFDC to reverse their decision.) Now our only problem was to get a telegram to each other on the first day of shooting between the wilds of Newfoundland and Tadoussac on the rocky North Shore of Quebec.

In the late '70s, I lost a very happy refuge in Toronto where, on visits there, I spent a lot of time sharing Peter and Linda's circle of friends - they decided to move to Los Angeles. My wife Joan and I met them at the L.A. airport in a truck, and they stayed with us on the beach until they moved into their own art-deco house. Peter loved the birds which sang around his garden and he grew great roses and flowers, and continued to spread his influence on film down here. Funnily enough, we always used to say that in our old age we'd sit it out together in some old-age home, with no teeth, reminiscing over our lengthy past. We shared so many experiences, it would take a book to write them all. And now, I've lost a great friend.

Peter's story is the story of the beginnings of our new industry, from R.C.M.P. through *Forest Rangers*, *Seaway*, the early days of CBC-television films, on to our first features, and then to the first great wave of films. They were extraordinary years, and the whole industry is depleted by his unexpected death. I was going to say that they don't make them like that anymore - but then, there's his son Jason! If he decides on films, then I expect every door in the industry will open to him.

Paul Almond ●

Director of many television films and series. Peter Carter's feature films include *The Rowdyman* (1972), *Rituals* (1976), *High Ballin'* (1977), *Kavik the Wolf Dog* (1978) and *A Man called Intrepid* (1979).

● Braving the elements in *Somewhere Between*

