

resort.

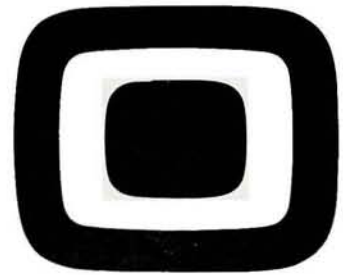
Kohanyi makes liberal use of flashbacks to fill in Steve and Jennie's background. Unfortunately there is so much background to be filled in that, the flashbacks become obtrusive to the main narrative. But, gradually, one does begin to appreciate why Jennie and Steve turn to each other, given the constricted atmosphere of the small Ontario town where they grew up, with so little hope or opportunity.

The flashbacks expose the central flaw in the picture; Jim Osborne's script, seems to be too ambitious for the form into which it has been set. Labouring attempts are made to hold the obvious sub-plots together. Thus, the car, which Steve's buddy in the garage is seen periodically working on, becomes a symbolic replica of Steve's old car, right down to the blue paint. In one sub-plot, Elaine — Jennie's designer friend — sleeps with Steve; then, in an admittedly touching but arbitrary scene, confesses that she has also slept with Jennie. Another twist of the plot finds Albert leading Steve into a hobo jungle, where Steve is consequently beaten up after discovering that Albert, too, has been involved with his sister. No attempt is made to integrate Steve's food freak girlfriend, Kathy (Kate Lynch), into the core story. To an extent, the inconsistencies of the plot are mitigated by

some uniformly excellent performances. Against all odds, Thomas Hauff and Paddy Jardine, as the siblings manage to make the characters of Steve and Jennie real, convincingly portraying, the anguish of their guilt-ridden relationship. Patricia Collins and Kate Lynch also do well with the feeble roles they are called upon to perform. But the real acting honors go to Don Francks, for his portrayal of Albert. After more than his share of bad luck and ridicule over the years, Francks, with a new sense of depth in his acting has demonstrated his versatility and skill in a recent burst of meaty roles, here, and in *Drying Up The Streets*, *Riel*, *Fast Company* and *Fish Hawk*.

In his documentaries, Julius Kohanyi showed himself to be a director of ability and intelligence. In *Summer's Children*, he has shown that he can draw sensitive and compelling performances from actors and deal with 'controversial' material without sensationalism. That he has already received a good reception from the people who count for future production opportunities bodes well for his career. But, it must be admitted, this film's scaffold-like plotting is a more distinct handicap to its commercial success than its introspective tone or its 'daring' theme.

J. Paul Costabile



POST  
PRODUCTION  
SERVICES

EDITORS CUT LIMITED

44 WELLINGTON ST. E.  
SUITE 24  
TORONTO, ONT. M5E 1C8  
(416) 364-4038

## SHORT FILM REVIEWS

### Glenn Gould's Toronto

d. John McGreevy ph. Roger Moride ed. Ted Roberts sd. Brian Avery m. Glenn Gould p. John McGreevy, Pat Ferns p.c. John McGreevy Productions, Nielson-Ferns International (1978) col. 16mm

*Glenn Gould's Toronto* is a documentary about, as Director John McGreevy puts it, Glenn Gould's personal view of Toronto. Well not quite. It's as if Gould also consulted the Ontario Ministry of Tourism to find out the "must see" places in town. The film should more accurately be called "Glenn Gould, a resident of Toronto, isn't and doesn't want to be." As he so aptly puts it at the end of the film:

"you can find tranquility in a city, but only if you opt not to be a part of it." But I'm getting ahead of myself.

*Glenn Gould's Toronto* is a one hour documentary, part of a Nielson-Ferns-John McGreevy series on the great cities of the world. Other cities in the series are *Peter Ustinov's Leningrad*, *R.D. Laing's Glasgow*, *George Plimpton's New York*, and *Germaine Greer's Sydney*. McGreevy has chosen his tour guides wisely: all have what they call in advertising, a high recognition factor — a key to successful television sales. Furthermore, they ooze respectability, are literati, somehow associating this series with a cultural purity that is hard to resist. A good sell. Ripe for marketing. Corporate filmmaking on the march. I've never seen a film about a city made for a mass audience, with so slight a purpose.

Living in Toronto myself. I feel self-

consciously pressured to like any film about home. So to save my conscience, let me say that *Glenn Gould's Toronto* is professional, competent, mildly amusing average entertainment. *Experiencing* this film was quite another matter.

Documentary film has to have a purpose. In 1928, the German filmmaker Walter Ruttmann made *Berlin: Symphony of a City*: editing as movement, movement as the pulse of life in a great metropolis from dawn to dawn. Ruttmann's film is the original film poem of the city as an organizing force in our lives, as a core to contemporary existence. Willard Van Dyke in 1939 made his contribution with *The City*. Shot in New York, the film condemned the problems of city life and welcomed the possibilities of renewed urban life in planned suburbs. The film's message has proved to be a pipedream, but it still exudes a passion and concern lacking in the Glenn Gould film. More recently the city has been the focal point of experimental films — the beauty of cities in Haanstra's *Mirrors of Holland* (1950), and their potential for playfulness



Glenn Gould, internationally renowned concert pianist, is host of the Toronto program in the *Cities T.V.* series

in Francis Thomson's *New York, New York* (1957). The greatest city film of all combines all these characteristics — passion, playfulness, social concern and visual beauty — Joris Iven's *A Valparaiso* (1963). It is sad to say **Glenn Gould's Toronto** does not belong in the same category as these documentaries. The film is made for television in an era of television. It tries hard, but hardly successfully, to fulfill its goal — entertainment.

A great city is a complex, cosmopolitan mix of cultural and financial wealth, brimming with commercial and political activity, its architecture in sympathy with its character and people.

Glenn Gould sells Toronto short. Through his eyes Toronto looks very small, not physically but in spirit, plain rather than majestic, superficial rather than complex. This view, Glenn Gould's own, controls and inhibits this film and makes it less than it might be.

I fault Gould because he is the writer as

well as the on-screen narrator of the film. Glenn Gould is a witty, literate man, but he's also a private person who resents the camera, resents the audience, and is visually pained at half the tourist sites McGreevy locates him in. In short, Glenn Gould is no raconteur.

Consequently we have a hodge podge of Gould driving, boating, going up and down in elevators; Gould sitting, Gould walking, and making petty jokes about Toronto, about Canada, about himself, his need for privacy and his implicit preference to be elsewhere. We do see Toronto's compulsory tourist sites — the Islands, the CN tower, Fort York, Ontario Place, and almost every tall building on Toronto's skyline. But Gould interacting with buildings is cold stuff.

The buildings seem interchangeable with the people — all are treated as artifacts. We relate to no one in Toronto but Glenn Gould. Perhaps John McGreevy is having us on; maybe he has

made a film about Toronto as he feels it — constipated and bitchy and cold. But I don't think so.

He's caught up with Gould's vision. Consequently, we are nothing but sight-seers in a city where you can safely walk at night.

Toronto awaits a more inspiring film translation. Whoever makes it should see the excerpt from **Glenn Gould's Toronto** of the scene shot at the Toronto Zoo. Again no people — just Glenn and the animals. He tries a dash of Mahler on a herd of elephants. They are naturally indifferent to his music — and to his contempt for his human audience. There, perhaps, lies one clue of what *not* to do next time around.

**Ken Dancyger**

## Good Day Care One Out of Ten

d. Barbara Halpern Martineau, Lorna Rasmussen, sc. Barbara Halpern Martineau, ph. Martin Duckworth, ed. Toni Trow, Tiina Soomet, sd. Lorna Rasmussen, p.c. Good News Productions Inc., 1978, col. 16mm, running time 30 minutes, dist. DEC Films.

**Good Day Care: One Out of Ten** should receive lots of exposure throughout Canada, especially now, during the International Year of the Child. Its title refers to the fact that, of all the children whose parents work away from home, only one in ten has access to supervised day care in this country. "Many people I know don't think day care can be good for children, so I wanted to show a good centre from a child's point of view. That's what the first section of the film does," says producer-director Barbara Martineau. Martin Duckworth is said to have shot most of this film on his knees, the

# *Syncro Sound Ltd*

## STUDIO & EDITING ROOMS

67 PORTLAND ST. TORONTO M5V 2M9 AREA 416 PHONE 363-9421