

openly on the screen for us, you can't get to the feelings of an audience if you haven't created a film with a heart. To achieve that takes courage and emotional sensibility: both missing here in spades.

If drama is supposed to be life with the boring moments cut out, **Running** seems more like life with the exciting moments cut out. Steven Stern's script and direction fail to engage us in the story's most decisive and emotional moments. Each time one occurs, he makes a point of dashing off in another direction to avoid it. Instead of giving us a sense of the real grit and power of Andropolis' struggle, and the joys of his accomplishments, the filmmakers hide the dramatic moments in montages and kill the real sound with layers of thick Musak: a bland and pretty musical detour is the result. Too many long shots force us to watch like distant bystanders. And, with annoying regularity, dramatic scenes take place off screen.

Janet's decision to return to her husband and Andropolis' decision to get up and finish the race are only two examples of missing scenes that would have allowed us to know these people and perhaps, to care for them.

It's a combination of all these that brings the ending of the film to grief. During Andropolis' last grizzly run, we are never permitted to get close enough to feel his agony or to sense his powerful need to drive himself on in spite of his pain. Rather, we must see it in medium-long shots, or view it on the family's television set, or hear about it from a news commentator. When he crosses the finish line, the camera is so far away that we are literally behind the crowd that has assembled to welcome him.

As per the formula, he collapses, half dead, into his wife's arms. But in its grotesqueness, what with the excess of blood and all that somnambulist lurching, it is a joyless victory indeed. And when she sadly leads him away, the emotional rhythms finally go completely awry and the bottom falls out of the movie. For here, we are cheated out of seeing what, by this point, should have been an obligatory scene — the one where we could see at least a glimmer of his pride and happiness at finally accomplishing what he set out to do.

As it is, we see Andropolis and his wife, and indeed the picture, limp wearily off to the sidelines leaving us with the conclusion that "having the courage to be what you are" must be a pretty miserable affair.

Roy Moore

TELEVISION



Matt and Jenny, brave little waifs pitted against the New World, in the T.V. adventure series **Matt and Jenny**: a Manitou/Global co-production

Matt And Jenny

d. Joseph L. Scalan (1st series), René Bonnière (2nd series) **asst. d.** Tony Lucibello, Gary Flan Agan **sc.** William Davidson **exec. sc. ed.** Martin Lager **ph.** Matt Tundo **cam. op.** Douglas Connell **ed.** Martin Pepler, cfe (1st series), Hans Van Velsen, cfe (2nd series) **dub. ed.** Al Streeter **sup. ed.** Vincent Kent, cfe **nature sd.** Dan Gibson **sd. rec.** Karl Scherer, cfs **sd. rec.** Len Abbott **a.d.** Gerry Holmes **asst. a.d.** Fred Geringer **set dress** Earle Fiset **m. comp.** Ron Harrison **m. ed.** David Applebaum **cost.** Larry Wells **ward.** Mary McLeod **make-up** Maureen Sweeney **hair** Malcolm Tanner (1st series), Marlene Schneider (2nd series) **cont.** Jean Christopher **gaffer** Brian Montague **key grip** Carmen McDermaid **prop. mas.** Walter Woloszczuk **l.p.** Neil Dainard, Duncan Regehr,

Derrick Jones, Megan Follows, Bary Morse, William Osler, Desmond Ellis, Vincent Murray, James Conroy, Rita Tuckett, Dennis Highway, Derrick Jones, Megan Follows, Barry Morse, William Osler, Desmond Ellis, Vincent Murray, **p. co-or.** Brigitte Sarthon **p. manager** Gordon Robinson **p. account.** Heather McIntosh **p.c.** Manitou Productions Ltd. in association with The Global Television Network, Polytel Film Ltd., Shelter Films Ltd. **col.** 16 mm **running time** 23 min. per program **Canadian distrib.** Manitou Productions.

What's in a name? It seems as though Manitou Productions, the producers of Global Television's newest family drama series isn't taking any chances. The two main characters, Matt and Jenny, made

the title. Good idea. It worked for **Mork and Mindy**, **Laverne and Shirley**, and **Starsky and Hutch**. It has a nice ring to it, but what's it about?

Bill Davidson has decided on a title that explains it all: **Matt and Jenny, On the Wilderness Trail 1850**. Whew!

Actually, it's a good hook for a television series — two orphaned children searching the New World for their lost relatives. The format provides for a small continuing cast, young Matt and his sister, Jenny Tanner (Derrick Jones and Megan Follows), and the two adults who serve as their guides and protectors through their travels: Neil Dainard as the suave and mysterious Adam Cardston, and Duncan Regehr as the intrepid and wily woodsman, Kit. Throughout the series, these four encounter a variety of adventures and guest performers.

Unfortunately, the program tends towards a stultifying earnestness. Young Matt is never allowed a moment's levity. "We'll make it Jenny, don't worry," and similar phrases, inhibit any potential, childlike spontaneity. While jumping ship in Halifax, Matt and Jenny invite a young cabin boy to join them. In refusing, he draws himself up to his full four-foot-ten height, dons his most philosophical. Kris Kristofferson's demeanor and replies, "It's the sea... It's my home, I guess..." Or the scene where Kit is asked why he risks his life to try and save strangers from a forest fire. Is he crazy? "Not crazy... just a man who wants to help his neighbours," he responds.

The children's dialogue poses an obvious problem for producer (and writer of the first two scripts) Bill Davidson. Children do not normally speak as if they were pint-sized accountants. Only in a script would a 12-year-old, asked if the Indians in Canada are savages, reply, "No more than a gang of sailors in a Bristol Pub on Saturday night."

The kids are much better when they have no words to speak. There is a great sequence in the opening episode when a huge convict is loaded onto the stage coach with Matt and Jenny. No dialogue, just camera angles, cutting, and Jenny's expression: enough to tell us of her fears and doubts, not just of this monster three feet away, but also of her predicament, alone in a wild, strange land.

Another plus is Kit's grand entrance! At the last possible instant, as a rattlesnake is about to attack Matt and Jenny, an off-screen shot suddenly blows its brains out. Kit then materializes in the middle of the trail, rifle at his side, grin-

ning like a slightly crazed Daniel Boone with wild eyes, and full of mysterious warnings and suggestions. But who wouldn't be slightly out of sync with the rest of the world after living *his* life in the woods?

In the opening episode, director Joseph Scalan's action sequences (the rattlesnake and a runaway raft) had children in the audience screaming. The first two episodes both look, and sound good. Matt Tundo's photography, and Ron Harrison's music are super!

The series also makes two significant statements: the Indians aren't really savages; and there were Blacks in Canada in

the 19th century. It is the Tanner family that Kit tries to rescue from the fire. They may be the children's missing relatives. But he fails to find them. At the end of the show, a ravaged, exhausted Black family emerges from the charred woods. "Hi, I'm Rufus Tanner from Kentucky." A great scene! And the point is made without it having been bludgeoned into us.

But to return to the title for a moment: fortunately, it informs us that the setting is in 1850. Consequently, we can ignore the Toronto Island ferries — though they might have at least kept the Vibram soles on the work boots out of the close-ups!

Charles Lazer

SHORT FILM REVIEWS

Jack Bush

d. Murray Battle. ph. Mark Irwin. add ph. Bob New. Camera asst. Robin Miller. David Webb. Greg Farrow. still ph. Joff Nolte. ed. Peter Maynard. sd. ed. Margaret van Eerdewijk. re-rec. Len Abbott. addnl. resh. Godfrey P. Jordan. graphics David How. m. Don Thompson's arrangement of "Basin St. Blues-1944" courtesy of Mrs. A. Jack Teagarden. resch. Gary Gegan. Joe Showler. black & white videotape Robert McLaughlin Gallery. video camera John Newton. color videotape Wendy Brunelle. unit admn. Lise Turcot. Silva Besmajian. co-ordinator Louise Mortisugu. exec. p. Don Hopkins. consulting p. James Beveridge. p. Rudy Buttignol. assoc. p. Peter Maynard. p.c. Cinema Productions, a division of Light Images Ltd., for the National Film Board of Canada. Ontario Regional Prod. (year) 1979. running time 56 minutes, 50 seconds.

I always sit down to watch documentaries on artists with trepidation. Probably because I find art exciting, and generally find films on artists the opposite. **Jack Bush** got me thinking about this; because 24 hours after seeing the film, I still feel delighted from the experience.

The strength of Murray Battle's film is that it both breaks with several art film conventions and carries a feeling of spontaneity. We all know the conventions — the reverential tone of the filmmaker face to face with the creativity of the artist, the precise commentary carefully delivered, the detailed panning shots over the paintings or whatever, the archival shots, the

talking head reminiscences from the artist and tributes from those who knew him/her...

Battle and Buttignol have made a film which is a celebration — a celebration of both life and Bush's art. Jack Bush is dead. He died after the film had been begun. Much could have been made of this — of Bush being cut off in full flower, only nine years after being able to quit his job as a commercial artist to paint full-time. But his death is peripheral to the film. We learn about it almost elliptically; it is mentioned in conversation, and the only really direct reference to it (apart from a title at the close of the film) is Clement Greenberg's expression of intense sorrow near the end at the loss of a deep friend and fine artist.

The downplaying of Bush's death is part of a general scheme. The filmmakers have almost ignored Bush's personal life. We do not learn how he died; we know he was married to a Montrealer, had three children, nine grandchildren, but that is all. We learn that he did commercial art for a living, but none of his feelings about it — except that he would rather have been a painter. We only get an autobiographical outline. What the film concentrates on is Bush's artistic search and how that fitted into the history of Canadian art.

The film is essentially a collage — a black and white videotape interview with Bush (transferred to 16mm film) by John Newton in 1975; a fragment from another videotape interview, this time in colour; film shot at the opening of the Bush retrospective at the Art Gallery of Ontario; Bush and American critic Greenberg touring that exhibit on a later date; interviews with Greenberg; conversation among