

John N. Smith's

Train of Dreams

I never thought I'd hear the punk classic, *Anarchy in the U.K.*, in a National Film Board movie. Well, my preconceptions of a stodgy NFB, more at home with the likes of Gordon Lightfoot than the Sex Pistols, have been roundly disproved by John N. Smith's exciting new feature, **Train of Dreams**. Don't get me wrong, this isn't a documentary on punk rock nor is it even a music movie. In fact, Smith and his partners call it alternative drama — a mysterious phrase that basically means the movie uses lots of documentary techniques within the framework of an almost-totally improvised dramatic structure.

Like his last alternative drama, **Sitting in Limbo**, popular music plays an integral role in **Train of Dreams**. While last year's **Sitting in Limbo** used the lilting tunes of reggae greats like Jimmy Cliff to underscore the ironies of life for teenagers of Caribbean origin in Montreal, **Train of Dreams'** music has a tougher edge to it.

In one scene, the film's teenage lead, Tony (played by non-actor Jason St. Amour), sings a particularly wild and disorganized version of *Anarchy in the U.K.* ("Get pissed, destroy") backed musically by some of his fellow inmates at the juvenile correctional centre where much of the story takes place. This anthem to the joys of random destruction captures the inarticulate anger and frustration that seems to be boiling under Tony's skinhead haircut throughout most of the movie.

There's another wonderful scene where Tony and one of his roommates at the correctional centre start dreaming about the wild 'party' times they're going to have when they get out. They spontaneously break into a manic, air-guitar rendition of *Twist and Shout* that sends them careening around their little cell-like room in wild abandon. It says more than any amount of dialogue could about the pent-up frustrations of being young and stuck behind bars.

Then there's the soundtrack by Montreal country rockers, Three O'Clock Train. These songs, some of which were written expressly for the film by singer/guitarist Malcolm Mackenzie Jr., and others which have already appeared on the band's first two records, complement perfectly the film's landscape of broken homes, loneliness, teenage rebellion, and broken-down relationships. From the opening credits where the title song accompanies the camera down Montreal's St. Catherine St., Three O'Clock Train's music is given a prominent place in the movie. Almost inevitably, if there's a scene with no dialogue, Mackenzie's plaintive voice can be heard singing songs that echo the undercurrents on the screen.

The music's hard edge is entirely appropriate. **Train of Dreams** is a tough

movie about a tough subject: juvenile delinquency. What's great about this film is that it avoids the traditional pitfalls of films on this topic. It neither takes the typical benevolent social worker perspective (i.e. "We have to take pity on these kids because they've been screwed by the system") nor the exploitative teen rebel movie approach. The main reason **Train of Dreams** succeeds in capturing the rough texture of the lifestyle of these kids on the wrong side of the law (with neither condescension nor sensationalism) is because real teenagers rather than professional actors are used. This realism is heightened by the absence of a formal script. These amateurs are given a situation and they improvise lines as the scene develops. The teenagers in **Train of Dreams** (most of whom were picked from auditions of regular high school students) manage to accurately convey the social milieu the filmmakers are trying to recreate and, at the same time, cook up a rich variety of personalities out of the sparse materials at hand.

From Smith and Walker's **The Masculine Mystique** to Walker's **90 Days** right up to **Sitting in Limbo**, these alternative dramas really stand or fall on the casting of the leads. One of the reasons **The Masculine Mystique** was so hard to sit through was because we just weren't captivated by the personalities of the NFB producers in the lead roles. And **Sitting in Limbo** worked in large part due to the intense performances of the lively Pat Dillon and the brooding Fabian Gibbs (whose very good performance was often downplayed by critics more taken by the hyper and more appealing Dillon). Jason St. Amour is this year's discovery.

As Tony, who is doing time in the correctional centre for breaking and enter-

ing and armed robbery, St. Amour exhibits a charisma that virtually grabs the viewer by the collar and demands that you pay attention. He's perfect as the prankster who can't keep a straight face, as the street-corner punk looking to kick someone's head in, and as the trapped inmate who's under intense physical and emotional pressure from all sides. Throughout, St. Amour makes you feel like you know the hell Tony's going through even though he never verbally articulates it.

The other standout performance is playwright Fred Ward as the correctional centre teacher with the thankless task of trying to help these delinquents deal with the mess they've got themselves into. It's a key role since the development of the relationship between this tough but understanding teacher and Tony is really at the core of the film. And Ward pulls off this difficult task without letting this part of the story degenerate into the clichés it skirts (you know, "good teacher saves troubled kid").

Of course, credit has to go to the film's right-on casting decisions but there's also no denying that director Smith must be doing something right to be able to consistently elicit these powerful performances from non-actors who don't even have a formal script to work with. The writers — Smith, associate producer Sally Bochner, and producer Sam Grana — seem to have successfully created a suitable skeleton of a scenario that allows the improvisation to fill in the holes (if I correctly understand how these alternative dramas are constructed). The writers come up with the raw material — like the situation — and then the amateur actors use this as the malleable background to come up with the improvised narrative.

Train of Dreams works because it

deals with a social/political issue like juvenile delinquency that would have been handled traditionally by NFB documentaries and it uses an entertaining format that combines the narrative pleasures of fiction with the down-to-earth realism of documentary.

It's a film that would be enjoyed by a fairly wide audience but the problem the Board faces is how to convince average Canadian moviegoers — especially young ones — to plunk down six bucks to see an NFB movie. A first start is the unprecedented step (for the NFB) of releasing a rock video to hype the movie. It's a MTV/MuchMusic formula video with clips of Three O'Clock Train playing *Train of Dreams* in the studio which is intercut with scenes from the movie.

One problem audiences might have with the film is its slow, somewhat anecdotal pacing. The story, which is told through flashbacks while Tony is doing time at the correctional centre, shares the low-key style of all these alternative dramas.

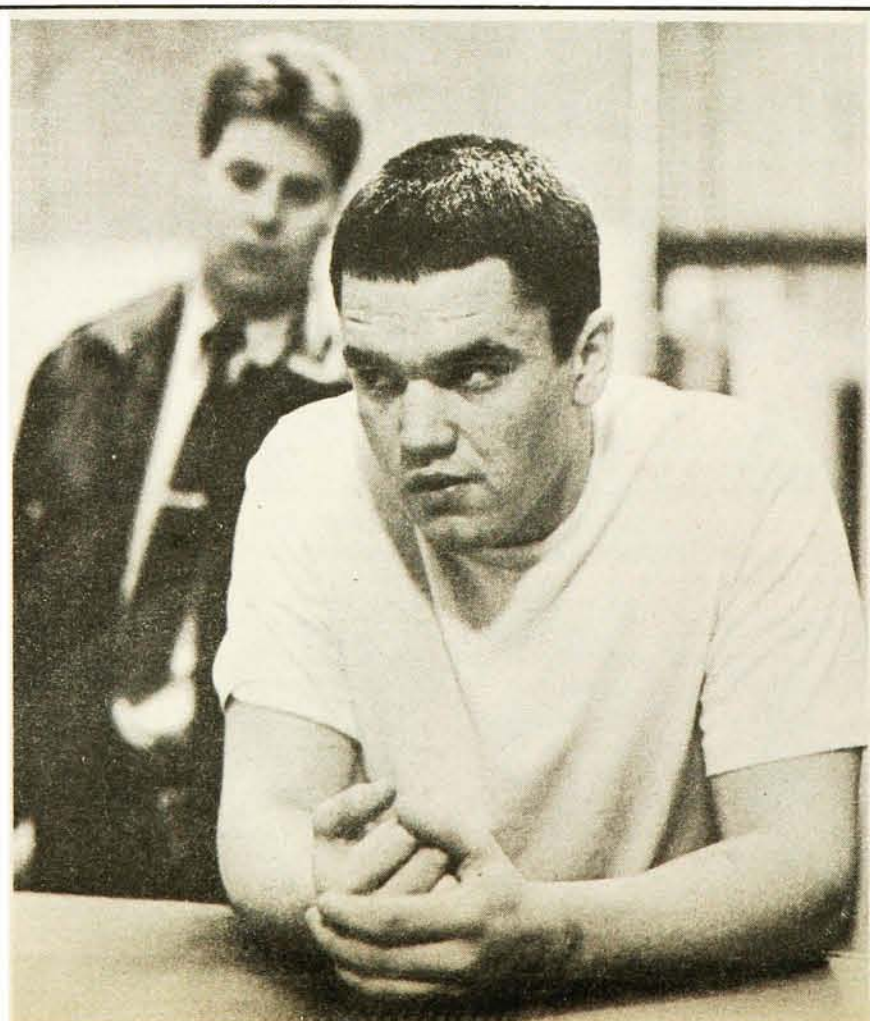
One criticism that falls squarely on the shoulders of the writers is the film's conclusion, which seems like a forced happy ending, where suddenly Tony starts behaving like a responsible citizen and his previously troubled home life is magically transformed into one happy family. The strength of the film up to that point has been in portraying, with believable gritty realism, the incredibly messed-up life Tony is stuck in the middle of. The optimism of the last scenes just doesn't make sense within the film's terms. It's hard to forget teacher Ward's comment that Tony can do what he wants since "It's almost a free country."

Which is not to say that the tone of the movie is totally bleak throughout. The film paints a grim picture of the lot of people like Tony but there's still a glimmer of hope that is captured in the film's change of title from the original pessimistic phrase, **In the System**, to the Tree O'Clock Train-inspired **Train of Dreams**. The tune *Train of Dreams* is a really good song about that perennial rock theme of being on your own against the world. But at least you've got your dreams.

"He's riding on the train/Train of pride/Train of heartaches/Train of twisted self-esteem...You're riding on the train of dreams."

Brendan Kelly •

• Jason St. Amour in a wagon of nightmares



TRAIN OF DREAMS sc. Sally Bochner. John N. Smith. Sam Grana d.o.p. David de Volpi loc. sd. Jacques Frouin orig. music Malcolm MacKenzie Jr. performed by Three O'Clock Train assoc. p. Sally Bochner p. Sam Grana d./ed. John N. Smith cam. David de Volpi. Zoe Dirse casting Lois Siegel assistant d. François Gingras prod assts. Angela Carter. Brian Caudle. Norman Lusty. Darren Wrightman makeup Gina Caron. Heather Reilly ed. consult Michael McKinner asst. pict. ed. Martial Ethier sd. ed. André Galbrand dialogue ed. Danuta Klis foley artist Andrew Malcolm re-rec. mix Hans Peter Strobl. Adrian Croll music. rec. Louis Hone m. ed. Diane Le Floch muc. consult. Elliott Majerczyk unit admin. Marie Tonto-Dinatu pub. Karen Marginson title Val Teodori add mus. "Don't Worry About Me" by Ted Koehler and Rube Bloom Performed by Billie Holiday. Polygram Inc. and Mills Music Inc. "Anarchy in the U.K." by Steven Jones. Paul Cook, Glen Matlock, Johnny Rotten. Carrers Music Inc. and Warner Bros. "Twist and Shout" by Bert Russel and Phil Medley. Screen Gems-EMI Music Inc. l.p. Jason St. Amour, Marcella Santa Maria, Fred Ward, Christopher Neil, David Linesky, Milton Hartman, Basil Danchyshyn. A National Film Board of Canada Production. running time 90 min. colour 16mm and 35mm.



• Aidan Tierney and Arsinée Khanjian look each other over in *Family Viewing*

Atom Egoyan's **Family Viewing**

Looking at alienated people on a film screen can be like staring at a blob of grey — bleak, blank, blah. Atom Egoyan's **Family Viewing** is just the opposite. In his second feature, Egoyan shows us that grey can be made up of different shades, textures and even bursts of colour — that it can have depth.

In *Next of Kin*, Egoyan's first feature, he dealt with ethnicity, the family and people's inability to communicate. In **Family Viewing**, he develops those themes and also explores the idea of memory and the way technology affects it. Alienation is but one of the themes.

Egoyan's characters are trying to escape alienation, trying desperately to communicate, and by doing so, to tie into something that will make them feel good. The struggle for human contact, fought against a backdrop of the technology and isolation characteristic of modern life, is impeded by both family and the frailties of memory.

Family Viewing begins with a shot of a TV seen through a pile of trays. It then cuts to a young man peering across the screen at the audience (he's actually looking at a monitor). He switches channels (as if turning the audience off) and the credits appear between channel changes. At the end of the sequence, there is a freeze-frame and then the action is reversed. The scene is cheeky and playful. If it's also a bit show-offy, it's just enough to make you hope the rest of the movie will live up to the exhibition.

The young man is Van (Aidan Tierney). He lives with Stan, his WASP father (David Hemblen) and Sondra, Stan's girlfriend (Gabrielle Rose) in a co-op that has the kind of chrome and leather utilitarian look which sometimes passes for elegant. Van's mother left him and his father, but he still goes to see his Arme-

nian maternal grandmother, Armen (Selma Keklikian), who's now living in a decrepit, overcrowded old-folks' home. One of Armen's roommates has a daughter Aline (Arsinée Khanjian), who works at a phone-sex establishment and who eventually helps Van rescue his grandmother from the home and get back in touch with himself.

All of the characters are trapped. Stan's girlfriend is attracted by his son who's disturbed by the very idea. Van worries that whatever he does, he could be doing something else and it wouldn't make any difference. Armen is so unhappy in the hospital that she's a living corpse. Aline is afraid that unless she makes some money fast, her mother will be a living corpse on the street. The only flicker of life in this group comes from Van who feels good when he sees Armen.

Egoyan has shot a substantial part of the film on different kinds of video. Some scenes (those set in the phone-sex establishment where Aline works, the Montreal hotel where she prostitutes herself, and the Toronto hotel where Van and Aline have hidden the grandmother) cut away to the monitors of surveillance cameras. These murky black and white images, while showing us how anonymous the characters we have come to know can be made to seem, also contribute to the unpredictable, illicit, underworld atmosphere of the scenes.

Egoyan used half-inch VHS for the documentation of Stan and Van's time in the nuclear family and for cut-aways to everpresent, always on, television monitors whose programming either metaphorically underlines the meaning of the scene, or acts as ironic counterpoint to it.

The scenes of the broken-down nuclear family in the co-op are shot on very high-quality one-inch tape. Though these video images are the closest to film I've seen, they still lack film's high definition. Moreover, they have been shot in washed-out blueish tones. Thanks to excellent acting, the effect achieved is that of people who are not quite there — people who recognize, but who never really get to know, each other.

Egoyan intercuts the different kinds of videos with film to create a kind of visual interplay. The medium becomes metaphor. Throughout the film, ambience and even a character's state of mind can be read almost solely by the technology which is used to shoot it.

In **Family Viewing** a tangle of technology is shown to both help and hinder the reconstruction of the memory of Van's old nuclear family. Technology can contain memories, though not without distortion, only if someone interrelates with the technology.

The grandmother is important to Van because she represents an escape from the vacuum in which he lives. He senses that Armen can connect him with his childhood and a culture which, since the disappearance of his mother, has been lost to him. The cheap home-movie cassettes may make memories come alive but Armen is living memory — she carries her past (part of which is also Van's past) in herself, and though Stan has effectively banished her from their lives, Armen cannot be erased like the home-videos. She and Aline are the foundation of Van's new family.

Egoyan directs this sometimes psychologically brutal exploration of family and memory with a humour that borders on black, but it is no less funny for being so. **Family Viewing** reminds me of Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild* and Alex Cox' *Sid and Nancy* because the three directors display distinct, offbeat sensibilities; the protagonists of their films are young and, to different degrees, marginalized; and the work of all three is not only immensely entertaining, but intelligent and incisive as well. Comparisons can be overdone, however, because each director has a different style and explores different themes; I think Egoyan loves his characters more.

Egoyan's first feature, *Next of Kin* was a very good film that seemed to speak directly to many of us. If **Family Viewing** is better, it is because, without losing his wit, he digs deeper and sheds light on complex situations more eloquently. Certainly, after two such features, Egoyan has established himself as a major director with a singular voice.

José Arroyo •

FAMILY VIEWING An Ego Film Arts Production d./sc. Atom Egoyan d.o.p. Robert MacDonald cinematographer Peter Mettler prod. man. Camelia Frieberg m. Michael Danna art d. Linda del Rosario des. co-ord Ian Greig prod. co-ord Helen Fletcher ed. Bruce MacDonald, Atom Egoyan sd. rec. Ross Redfern sd. ed. Steven Munro sc. ed. Allen Bell 1st a.d. Camelia Frieberg 2nd a.d. Antony Anderson talent co-ord Rose Gutierrez business man. Janis Rotman gaffer Gerald Packer best boys Mike Auger, John Biggar sd. elec. Darcy Rodrigues grip Tim Sauder grippette Danni Starbuck cont. Monika Gagnon cont. apprent. Alexandra Gill boom Peter Melnychuk second boom John Paxton cam. asst.s Chris Higginson, Per-Inge Schei ward/ make-up Matti Sevink make-up consult Jacqueline Steele, Fina Khan cost. co-ord Nancy Dugan art dept. trainee Susan Wallace-Worts set carp. David Greig catering Jennifer Hazel stills Johnnie Eisen add. stills Ihor Lomega, Christopher Lowry rushes sync. Aaron Shuster titles Metamedia re-rec. Daniel Pellerin prod. lawyer Martin Krysz drivers Morten Dorrel, Adrian Iwachiw prod. assts. Gavin Coford, Frank Dorai, Karim Allag, Shelagh Cowie, Ruth Mandel, Stacey Doren, Harry Sutherland l.p. David Hemblen, Aidan Tierney, Gabrielle Rose, Arsinée Khanjian, Selma Keklikian, Jeanne Sabourin, Rose Sarkisyan, Vasag Baghboudarian, David MacKay, Hrant Alianak, John Shafer, Garfield Andrews, Edwin Stephenson, Aino Pirskanen, Souren Chekijian, Johnnie Eisen, John Pellatt. Produced with the participation of The Ontario Film Development Corporation, The Canada Council, The Ontario Arts Council running time 86 minutes. Eastmancolor Aspect ratio 1.66

Jon Pedersen's

Tuesday Wednesday

After watching this movie, you will have a very clear view of just how frustrating, alienating, fragmented, confusing, and slow-moving an alcoholic's existence is. **Tuesday Wednesday** is a serious, hard-hitting look at alcoholism, poverty, alienation, and the effects of drunk driving on the survivors. It is also about the loneliness and despair of the reformed alcoholic.

Philip (John Alexander) returns to the small town where he has killed a small boy in a drunk driving accident in order to convince everyone that he didn't do it. In fact, Philip cannot fully recall the night in question, but he is convinced that, even drunk, he could never have killed a child.

He tries to make amends with the dead boy's mother (Liz Dufresne), and sister (Penny Belmont); he pleads with his best friend (Frank Swezey) to put in a good word at the school board office; he hopes to get back with his wife (Sherree Fitch); he reaches out to his father (Perley Haines).

The town is not at all anxious to have him back. Doors are slammed in his face everywhere he turns. He falls off the wagon. In one of the strongest sequences of the film, we watch as this mild, intelligent English teacher turns into a maudlin, then raging drunk. The audience soon becomes convinced that he could have killed the child.

In a strange twist of plot, the mother of the dead child finally reaches out to help. It is in her apartment that Philip finally realizes that he could be guilty as charged. Philip finally knows that the only way to resolve anything is to leave town.

John Alexander is riveting as Philip, the central character. For the first half of the film, he plays a relatively ordinary man, a competent performance, but nothing spectacular. Once the character goes on his bender, Alexander lets us see just how talented he is. It is not easy to play a drunk convincingly, but Alexander is magnificent. You will be hard pressed to find a finer drunk, technically or emotionally. The scenes shot in Fredericton's drunk tank are particularly frightening.

The supporting cast is drawn from Fredericton, Saint John, and surrounding areas, and they are excellent. Unfortunately, each secondary lead only appears once, with very few lines, and almost no close-ups. If this were meant to frustrate and alienate the audience, it succeeded. Which leads me to the biggest problem of the film: its script. There just was too little for the actors to work with!

I found that the basic idea of following an alcoholic through his rehabilitation worthy. Unfortunately, the actual facts of the story were almost unbelievable. I simply couldn't believe that if a drunk driver had killed my son, that I would rescue him from a fist fight with my lover, or that I would have then taken my son's killer into my own home and nursed



• John Alexanders is smashing smashed

him. It was just too farfetched. It was also difficult to believe that every single character could be so taciturn on such a hotly debated topic. It was particularly aggravating to watch these characters sit and think. In order to understand exactly what they were going through, I needed some dialogue.

The screenplay credit is split between director Jon Pedersen, and writer David Adams Richards.

Pedersen has produced both documentaries and dramas, sound filmstrips and videos for the National Film Board and the private sector, three of which have won international awards (*Ski Peru*; the astounding *Alden Nowlan: An Introduction*; and *Tara's Mulch Garden*).

Richards has written four novels (*The Coming of Winter* made his reputation), a book of short stories, and a stage play. His style of writing hasn't transferred to the screen well.

Pedersen's background in documentary films doesn't help either. The audience is not made to care for the characters; we have very little sympathy for these people, who really have few redeeming qualities. They move in their own world, and we never feel a part of it.

But if the script was the weakest element of *Tuesday Wednesday*, the film's production values more than made up for it: they were exceptionally high.

The original music, by Mark Carmody, sets the mood perfectly, and holds it throughout the film. The original soundtrack is available on DTK records.

John Clement, director of photography, has done a superlative job of capturing this beautiful river town, including its seamier side.

Tuesday Wednesday is the first feature film to be produced in Fredericton,

by a locally owned company, Capitol Films. In 1983, Jon Pedersen set up Capitol, as a nonprofit organization, devoted to the long-term development of a commercial film industry in New Brunswick.

Over the past three years, Capitol Films has received approximately \$1.3 million from Employment and Immigration through the Local Employment Assistance Development program.

With this assistance, Capitol has been able to set up a studio equipped for 35 mm production, including an editing suite and a theatre with interlock projection.

They made *Tuesday Wednesday* in order to establish themselves as a film company with integrity, to introduce both themselves and New Brunswick to other film companies. Overall, they have succeeded. *Tuesday Wednesday* is a fine calling card.

Janet Clarke •

TUESDAY WEDNESDAY d. Jon Pedersen sc. David Adams Richards, Jon Pederson d.o.p. John Clement orig. m. Marck Carmody prod. man. Louise Newman art d. Ilkay Silk, Patti Larman sc. sup. Freda Pedersen asst. d. Charles MacLellan loc. man. Tony Merzetti sd. Arthur Makosinski gaffer Heinz Gloss make-up Allie Hossack asst. cam. Terry Gallie, Terry Malone boom Peter Rowan cont. Dawn Aeron Wason prod. sec. Peggy Richards prod. assts. Dan Rendek, Mark Manderson caterer Colin Smith of *Homeworks* l.p. John Alexander, Liz Dufresne, Penny Belmont, Pearly Haines, Bill Rogers, Victor Wright, Frank Sweeney, Sherree Fitch, Mona Loosen, Mamie Murray, Ted Pead, Dawn Gallant, John Washburn, Bill Gould Sr., John Gail, Chris Boudreau, Joan Fraser, Tayce McAvity, Matthew Dymond, and Randy Hall. Many other Fredericton people and organizations assisted such as: Theatre New Brunswick, the Fredericton Police, Department of Supply and Services of the Province of New Brunswick, Chippins Ltd., Grandma Lee's, Imy Frabric and Design, Fred Grass, David Cozac, Debby Russell, Wendy Lill, Richard Starr, the University of New Brunswick's Harriet Irving Library, The Bakerty, Paul Marr Sports, Mark Leonard of the Craft Gallery, and more. running time 82 minutes colour 35mm.

Norma Bailey's

Ikwe and The Wake

Dughters of the Country is a series of four, one-hour, dramatic films produced by Norma Bailey, a documentary filmmaker from Manitoba. The purpose of the series is to take a second look at Canadian history and especially the place of Métis women in that history. The National Film Board's publicity folder describes the Métis as "the 'half-breeds', the children of European and Indian blood, the progeny of the New World, the genesis of a New Nation."

For the purpose of this review, I will only discuss the two films that were directed by Norma Bailey; *Ikwe* and *The Wake*, the first and last in the series. However, the two scripts were written by different scriptwriters. Wendy Lill (playwright, *Fighting Days*) wrote *Ikwe* and Sharon Riis (scriptwriter, *Loyalties*) wrote *The Wake*. The two films seemed very different to me, especially in light of the fact that they were directed by the same person. I suppose that the difference originates in the screenplay.

Ikwe is set in the 1770s in British North America and it is the name of the heroine of the story, a young Indian woman. The film begins with a scene of an Indian camp. An old woman is beating a drum and chanting, more Indians gather about a campfire, roasting meat, laughing and talking. It is late evening, the old woman seems to hear a strange, eerie sound and walks towards one of the tepees. There is a close-up of a young girl's face. She is sleeping fitfully and her

face is painted with some sort of magic pattern. The old woman asks her, "You dreamed, Ikwe?" And the young girl answers (all Indian dialogue is in Ojibway), "I saw this spirit come out of the water where the sun rises. It was a man-spirit, only covered with hair. As he came toward me, he changed into a white bird." At this point a shot of a white man coming toward the camera is inserted. The old lady comments, "That sounds good." And the young girl continues, "But then, I heard a terrible sound and the clouds darkened the sky." Again there is an insert, this time of Indian children moaning. The old lady exclaims, "Oh, that doesn't sound so good."

I've described this scene in detail because it is the base on which the story rests. *Ikwe*, who has never seen a white man before, dreams of one and of what he will bring, both joy and sorrow. Because she has had this dream, she agrees to marry him and leave her own people. We seem to be in the realm of fairy tales and legends but the setting (except for the recurring, extra-diegetic eerie music) is realistic. A great deal of attention has been paid to the reconstruction of the Indian artifacts and costumes, and the film, which has won many awards, has been praised for its authenticity.

I think that the film should be commended for trying to change the stereotypical image of the Indian that we've seen in so many Westerns, i.e., the savage standing in the way of civilization. But somehow, this particular depiction of the Indians still makes me uneasy and I think that perhaps the problem is that the film has only exchanged one stereotype for another.

Instead of the big, bad Indian, we get the happy (I've never seen any group of actors do so much giggling), innocent savage, *à la Rousseau*, and this seems to me a rather condescending attitude. Which brings up the question of why these films weren't written and made by

• Hazel King as Ikwe — pondering a future of death and disease



Indians. Apparently, the idea for the film came from the Manitoba Métis Federation but I see no signs of Métis collaboration in the credits. Even Flaherty tried to show us the Inuit's past way of life through the eyes of Nanook and with the collaboration of Nanook. Certainly, he achieved a greater authenticity. Perhaps this film could also have profited from this type of collaboration.

The premise of the dream, as the motivation for Ikwe to accept her marriage to a white man, was hard for me to believe. I also found it incredible that these apparently warm and innocent people would barter off their daughter for a few muskets. However, the development of the relationship between Ikwe and her Scottish, fur-trader husband is believable enough once the situation has been accepted. Even though very briefly sketched in, what unites them and what separates them becomes very clear. The tensions engendered by the differences between their two cultures leads to their final rupture and Ikwe goes back to her tribe. With her, she brings death in the form of smallpox which kills off her whole village except for her Métis daughter. This ending, like the beginning, seemed too arbitrary and basically just an easy way for the film to make its point, i.e. of the survival of the two cultures in the Métis.

The Wake is set in 1985 and the events take place in and around the Medicine Creek Métis Settlement in Northern Alberta. Perhaps it is the contemporary setting that has made it possible for the director to convey a stronger sense of actuality to the audience. The events jump off the screen and communicate a strong sense of life as it is lived with all its ambiguities and conflicting emotions. One of the first scenes in the film is worth relating to prove this point. At a wake for an old man which takes place at the reserve, Joan, the heroine, meets her estranged husband and punches him in the stomach, only to sit and laugh with him a few moments later. She then turns from him in pain and anger when she realizes that he has somebody else.

Every scene seems to have some of this ambiguity in it, so that the audience is constantly kept on its toes trying to size up the situation. This is even more true in terms of the central conflict which involves the relationship between the whites and the Métis. This conflict evolves in two parallel stories; that of Donna, who is running for Mardi-Gras Queen at the local high school, and that of Joan, who falls in love with a white cop.

The election of Donna becomes a minor political issue and serves mostly to show how the whites and Métis in this 'integrated' high school are separate and opposed cultures. The conflict between the two cultures appears even more severe when we witness how the white cops deal with a family crisis within the reserve. Donna's mother is a diabetic, an alcoholic and sleeps around with white men. We see one hiding his face as Donna comes home. When her mother sinks into a coma and has to be taken away, Donna refuses to let the cops and social workers in so as to keep her brothers and sisters together. Joan, her cousin, is asked to come and help. As she is trying to reason with her, the cops brutally barge in.

Neither society looks very good in

these scenes and we are almost ready to sympathise with Crawford when he tries to justify his actions to the younger cop, Jim. "I could tell you stories," he says. "Stories about kids so abused that they didn't even know their own name." But then he adds, "They're not like you and me." Here the essential racism of the man shines through. It is Jim who gets caught in the middle of this conflict since he falls in love with Joan and sympathises with the Métis.

The conflict comes to a head when four of the Métis teenagers fall through the ice and drown after being chased by the cops. Here again we are faced with an ambiguous situation. The kids are certainly acting in a crazy and irresponsible manner. The cops see them crash through the ice but Crawford tells Jim that there's only three feet of water and they leave. We never know whether he really believes this or not.

The center of the drama, however, is not Crawford but Jim, who lies to Joan about his involvement in the tragedy. Even when she does find out the truth, he doesn't have the guts to come out with a public statement about it since it would jeopardize both his and Crawford's job. Basically, he opts to support the white society at its most oppressive and destructive so as to keep his place in the power structure. The decision is his and through this decision the scriptwriter shows us that the working-out of the conflict between the two societies is both a personal and a social responsibility. In **Ikwe**, on the other hand, the author of the story seems to minimize the white's responsibility for that conflict since the destruction of the Indians is attributed primarily to a natural phenomenon (smallpox) and an unavoidable destiny (the dream).

What shines through in both films is the strength of the Métis women, especially Ikwe and Joan, to carry on against all odds. This in part could be attributed to the excellent choice in actresses (Hazel King and Victoria Snow, respectively) that the director has made. Both of the roles are played by Métis women and the quality of their performances is heightened by the strength of their beauty. The performance given by Diane Debassige as Donna, the troubled teenager, is also highly praiseworthy in its sensitivity and courage.

Mary Alemany-Galway •

DAUGHTERS OF THE COUNTRY

A four-part dramatic series from the National Film Board of Canada

IKWE p.d. Norma Bailey sc. Wendy Lill d.o.p. Ian Elkin ed. Lara Mazur art d. Jane MacLeod orig. m. John McCulloch prod. man. Connie Bartnick asst. d. Roman Buchok loc. sd. Richard Patton ward Marie Melanson props Michelle Convey asst. cam. Charles Lavack gaffer Frank Raven key grip Bill Mills sd. ed. Gloria Thorsteinson Foley Andy Malcolm re-rec. Clive Perry studio admin. Cyndi Farcand exec. p. Ches Yetman, Michael Scott l.op. Hazel King, Gladys Taylor, Geraint Wyn-Davies, Patrick Bruyere, William Ballantyne, Vicky Klyne, Marion Moneyas, Jamie Hardisty, Sarah Peebles running time 57 min. +1 sec. colour 16mm, VHS

THE WAKE p./d. Norma Bailey sc. Sharon Riis d.o.p. Ian Elkin ed. Lara Mazur art d. David Hewlett m. Ron Halderson prod. man. Connie Bartnick asst. d. Jack Clements loc. sd. Leon Johnson ward. Charlotte Penner props Michelle Convey asst. cam. Charles Lavack gaffer Frank Raven key grip Bill Mills sd. ed. Gloria Thorsteinson, Wayter Klis foley Andy Malcolm re-rec Clive Perry studio admin. Cyndi Farcand exec. p. Ches Yetman l.p. Victoria Snow, Diane Debassige, Timothy Webber, Michelle Thrush, Chris Henderson, Cynthia Alcorn, Darrell Ducharme, Jean Paul, Frank Adamson running time 57 min. 48 sec. colour 16mm, VHS

ADVANCED
POLITICAL
MONTAGE

Julian Samuel's
Red Star Over the Western Press

When the fierce little playwright was storming around Berlin laying the plans that would explode conventional theatre, he never once said that challenging, political art had to be confused, or messy, or awkwardly self-reflexive. And yet to the scores of filmmakers who tend to trip over their ideology on the way to the editing bench, being 'Brechtian' so often means being wilfully obvious and clumsy. Montreal videomaker Julian Samuel's new tape, **Red Star Over the Western Press: Archive: Algeria 1954-1962**, quickly falls into this trap. Work like Samuel's makes you realize that Brecht really wasn't so much robbed by his interpreters. He was mugged.

Red Star is based, in part, on Frantz Fanon's **The Wretched of the Earth**, which documented the horrors of French imperialism in Algeria, and the North African nation's struggle for independence. Fanon's book was to the French presence in Africa what Arthur Koestler's **Darkness at Noon** was to Stalinism: its most caustic literary scourge, an indictment of the colonial license which turned so easily into state-sanctioned terrorism. Unfortunately, what Samuel does to Fanon's work rates as an act of terrorism itself.

Samuel throws Fanon's words to actors who act up more than they act. Then he intersperses these acted segments with his own armchair interviews with academics on the subject of media bias. There's also some very powerful newsreel footage of the Algerian rebellion from 1954 to 1962. And footage of the aftermath of race riots in Newark and Detroit. And some vaguely defined connections made between the Algerian situation of the '50s and the "Zionist Colonization of Palestine." In short, there's an overabundance of material, perhaps meant to match the purposefully (and justifiably) excessive tone. There's nothing wrong with excess as a strategy,

and no sophisticated viewer would ever say that a work of art need follow only one line. But excess and eclecticism together can too easily undermine any attempt to convey a coherent message.

The problem seems to be that Samuel isn't quite sure who or what his target is. Is he attacking imperialist oppression (the French in Algeria, Afrikaners in South Africa, whites in Detroit), or is his real object the Western media's representation of that oppression and the resulting resistance movements? And why just Western media? Do the television and print reports coming out of the eastern and southern hemispheres avoid the biases of European and North American news? Or is it the hegemonic rule that the Western news agencies enjoy that makes them a worthy target? We never know, because the tape never makes these things clear. In fact the only thing that's made really clear is that Samuel doesn't like the CBC any more than he likes Charles de Gaulle.

Fair enough. But the problem with the tape is that Samuel never fully addresses the issues he brings up; he throws together ideas without developing their implications. What does Zionism have to do with French colonialism? What does 'O Canada', the soundtrack in a casualty count text-crawl, have to do with the Algerian war? Isn't it simplistic to reduce all forms of nationalism to one horrific conclusion? And why do we spend so much time watching two white academics (McGill graduate student David Hogarth and Carleton film professor Will Straw) talking about the Western media's treatment of 'Third World' revolution?

Ironically, Straw indirectly points out one of the tape's contradictions. "The systems of bias," he observes, "are partly the desire to go to authoritative voices." Hogarth and Straw do function as sources of authority within the tape, despite Samuel's rather callow attempt to subvert Hogarth's words by overlaying Algerian atrocities over his image as he talks. And their "expert" analyses of media ideology are more penetrating than anything Samuel and his video-effects generator can manage.

In the end, it's the effects that rankle. More often than not, they simply don't work; usually, they're overdone. The breaking down of image clarity through slow motion and freeze-frame is sometimes interesting, but having a text-crawl change colour, then turn sideways so the text becomes the imprisoning

bars of the French tricolour, is just hokey.

So meet the new Brecht. Despite Samuel's revolutionary intentions, **Red Star** remains divorced from true political action. Enthralled by technology, today's Brechts find solace in hitting their audiences over the head with clunky formal devices — all in the aim of liberating history from the shackles of realism.

Cameron Bailey •

RED STAR OVER THE WESTERN

PRESS A Julian Samuel Films Ltd. Production p./d./ed./ researched Julian Samuel *dramatic sequences* — cam. Michael Keeffe sd. Debra d'Entremont other sd. Radio McGill, Kerry Fantie, Steve Wilson m. Motility by Michael Horwood, Edith Piaf, François Hardy, *titles* Montage Eclair *contributions* by J. Doray, Matthew Sanger, Natasha Mukerjee, President Johnson, General de Gaulle, Arshad Shah, Bilal Ahmad, Harold Weaver, Bruce Ferguson, Mohammad Rezi Pahlevi, Christine Parlour, Dave Hogarth, Tom Waugh, Jacques Soustelle, Will Straw, Brendan Weston, Colin Tomlins, Richard Flint, Prim Video, National Film Board of Canada, Alpha Video and Film, National Archives, Washington, D.C., Universal Newsreel, Library of Congress, Washington D.C., Algerian Embassies: Ottawa, London, Washington, National Film Television and Sound Archives, Ottawa, Palestine Information Centre, Ottawa *funding* The Canada Council, The People of South Lebanon, The Institute of Palestine Studies, Washington D.C. *rental* Julian Samuels Films Ltd (514) 284-0431

more of him and smothers him with a pillow (no great loss there). Eunice manages to conceal the crime, and, on her aunt's suggestion, takes a job as a housekeeper in 'America' — the location is unspecified, but it looks a lot like Kleinberg, Ontario.

George and Jackie Coverdale are initially delighted by their super-efficient, workaholic English servant. He (Ross Petty) is a well-to-do doctor (in the novel he was a manufacturer) and she (Shelley Peterson) is an aspiring hostess. They also have two children in their late teens from their previous marriages, George's daughter Melinda (Jessica Steen) and Jackie's son Bobby (Jonathan Crombie).

Although Eunice seems to fit into the Coverdales' lives, her handicap, and her obsessive desire to conceal it, soon leads to a series of mishaps which arouse George's suspicions. She also comes into contact with Joan Smith (Jackie Burroughs), the wife of the local postmaster, and another unstable personality. It is Eunice's relationship with Joan, an ex-prostitute-turned-religious fanatic, that leads to the story's fatal climax.

Although the ending is changed, the screenplay sticks quite close to Rendell's novel. It could lend itself rather well to the type of radical analysis that Robin Wood and his associates in *Cineaction* specialize in. The Coverdales are almost archetypically bourgeois, while Joan and Eunice are equally archetypically proletarian, and both are oppressed and repressed. The violence at the end can therefore be almost foreordained.

But such attempts to attach such weighty themes to **The Housekeeper** are forced, because of the flaws which Ousama Rawi allows to show in the film. To be sure, there is ample precedent for treating a psychopathic character sympathetically. Hitchcock is the touchstone, in such films as **Shadow of a Doubt**, **Vertigo** and **Psycho**, and in the '70s he was followed by films as varied as **Sisters**, **Taxi Driver** and the 'bad seed' pictures like **Carrie**, **The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane** and

Holy Terror. But **The Housekeeper** cannot stand with them.

Though Rita Tushingham struggles gamely with the role of Eunice, she often degenerates into a series of tics and expressions. The hallucinations which Eunice experiences under stress are especially poorly done. The opening sequences of Eunice as a child have a certain crude vigor, but the effect is dissipated. Most of the other characters veer into cliché. Neither Ross Petty nor Shelley Peterson seem to be able to see that playing superficial characters is different from playing superficially. Jackie Burroughs, on the other hand, is encouraged to go over the top in portraying Joan's madness.

Tom Kneebone, as Joan's ineffectual husband, has a change of pace from the breezy Noel Coward characters he is best known for, but the part is very secondary. As the step-siblings more than platonically devoted to each other, Jessica Steen and Jonathan Crombie are adequate, but their subplot, which was quite understated in Rendell's book, is here quite distracting.

The fate of **The Housekeeper** — three less than spectacular weeks in Cineplex-Odeon's smaller Toronto houses — suggests that the thriller is not a genre in which Canadians excel. Rawi's work certainly shows kinship with such films of the '70s as **The Disappearance**, **Tomorrow Never Comes**, **Blood Relatives** and **Jigsaw**. On the other hand, **The Silent Partner** and **Pouvoir Intime** show what can be done; all it takes is some imagination.

J. Paul Costabile •

THE HOUSEKEEPER A Rawfilm Inc./Schulz Productions Presentation. A Castle Hill Release d. Ousama Rawi p. Harve Sherman Based on the novel "A Judgment in Stone" by Ruth Redell sc. Elaine Waisglass line p. Jim Cole exec. p. David Pady. Ousama Rawi, Harve Sherman d.o.p. David Herrington ed. Stan Cole m. Paul Zaza l.p. Rita Tushingham, Ross Petty, Shelley Peterson, Jonathan Crombie, Jessica Steen, Jackie Burroughs, Tom Kneebone, Peter MacNeill, Donald Ewer, Joyce Gordon, Aisha Tushingham *running time* 96 minutes

Ousama Rawi's

The Housekeeper

In the book trade, an author like Ruth Rendell is what is known as a 'good read'. As one of several designated successors to Agatha Christie as the Queen of the English Mystery, she has a loyal following and a good critical reputation. Unfortunately, what makes a good read does not always make a good view, as this adaptation of Rendell's **A Judgment in Stone** (under which title it was shown in a somewhat longer version at the 1986 Festival of Festivals) is testimony.

Veteran cinematographer and director of commercials Ousama Rawi makes his feature debut with **The Housekeeper**. He has a high-profile cast, headed by his wife Rita Tushingham and Jackie Burroughs, and he has Rendell's darkly compelling story of a repressed English servant who becomes a killer largely because she cannot read. Yet, in spite of the fact that the film has some intriguing points, it is largely a failure. Its commercial chances were not helped by Cineplex-Odeon's less than enthusiastic promotion and the dull ad copy that gave the plot away ("she cooks, she cleans, she kills").

Growing up in a working-class neighborhood in '50s London, Eunice Parchman (Aisha Tushingham) is ridiculed and humiliated by her schoolmates because she suffers from dyslexia and is unable to learn to read. Some 35 years later, Eunice (Rita Tushingham) is a quiet, withdrawn woman with a sweet tooth, still living at home with her abusive father. One day she finds she can take no



• If only it were Rita Tushingham — the hammy housekeeper

Barbara Boyden's

Those Roos Boys and Friends

The names of Len and Charlie Roos don't exactly come trippingly off the tongues of Canadian film archivists or those of us passionately devoted to the early days of movies. Indeed, Barbara Boyden, the director/producer of this captivating documentary, was unaware that she had stepped into family footsteps in her choice of profession. But, having learned that her uncles were intrepid newsreel cameramen and filmmakers, she followed the Roos boys' trail for five years to come up with a delightfully personal glimpse of a rough-and-tumble life in the infancy of film.

Oh my, they were a right pair, those Roos boys! Charlie, the older, took a lot of portraits — Buffalo Bill, Chief Sitting Bull, and those cute ones where you put your face over a cut-out body. Len was a real goer — taking daredevil shots for the moving picture news, hobnobbing with the young Prince of Wales, going to Australia — and forever telling everyone how smart he was.

Charlie Roos made at least 16 one-reel comedies for his own company, Atlas (formed in 1913), with titles such as **Parsons Slips a Cog** and **Booming Fifi**. He roped in his small son as an actor, and Bud Roos today reminisces on screen about his adventures as a tiny thespian with sister Dorothy. Betty Boyden, Len Roos's daughter (and the filmmaker's Mum) talks about the difference between the two brothers: Charlie was very kind and home-loving while Len wanted to impress and take all the credit.

Len and Charlie Roos made **Self Defence**, "the war's first feature" says the narration (indeed, the *only* war feature made in Canada during the First World War — see D.J. Turner's *Index of Canadian Feature Films 1913-1985* reviewed on p.). It was shot in Galt in 1916, and depicted "the invasion of Canada by the Huns."

Charlie also made a number of agricultural films, (**Buttermaking In New Ontario**, **Stumping in New Ontario**), recorded the raising of the largest barn in Ontario in 1929 and, somewhere in the early 1920s, was manufacturing tyres and treads! Bud joined his father Charlie in making talking pictures and, among other things, they filmed contests to find stars, while still turning out industrials. There's some fascinating footage of a documentary on Lockewedge Shoes and Dr. Mahon Locke who practised foot manipulation, turning his Williamsburg, Ontario, hometown into the Canadian Lourdes.

Len Roos went to Australia in 1924 and is remembered Down Under for his snappy clothes, especially trekking into the Outback in his plus-fours! He was invited back to that country in 1926 and with an American director, Norman Dawn, took over the silent film, **For the Term of his Natural Life**, with Len as director of photography. Clips from this film include some tinted shots, and snip-



• The Roos with the itchy feet

Cinematographer magazine from Algeria, Europe and Malaya. He opened Malayan Films in the Far East and made travelogues — we get to see an excerpt from *Alluring Bali*. At the time of Pearl Harbour, Len and his third wife were living in a house overlooking it, and he was working for Pathé. When the first bombs were dropped, both Len and his wife picked up cameras and started shooting. The stills were used in *Life* magazine, and Len was famous.

The organization of the material is admirable, given the scope of the research and Boyden's lengthy odyssey through the background of her family. The absorbing result is a film jam-packed with wonderful archival footage and personal stories, all whipped into an affectionate and witty tribute to a Canadian cinematic clan.

Pat Thompson •

THOSE ROOS BOYS AND FRIENDS will premiere at Toronto's Festival of Festivals.

Pineapple Productions/Film Arts. p./d./sc. Barbara Boyden. exec.p. Don Haig ed. Michael Todd cam. Mark Irwin CSC mus. Heather Conkie Narrated by Donald Brittain l.p. Len Roos (Barbara Boyden) Voice of Len Roos (Don Francks), Charlie Roos (Ralph Dejong), Margaret Roos (Debby Boyden), Bud Roos as child (Gavin Tong), Dorothy Roos (Megan Tong), Frank O'Byrne (Charles Butler), Mother-in-Law (Vida Bruce). Made with the assistance of: National Film Board of Canada, The Canada Council, The Ontario Arts Council. running time 58 mins. Col/B&W 16 mm. Availability: Film Arts, Toronto (+16) 962-0181.

Carol Geddes'

Doctor, Lawyer Indian Chief

Sophie Pierre went to a reservation school where Catholic nuns washed her 'dirty' skin with abrasive soap and told her she'd "never amount to more than another drunken Indian." Today, the chief of St. Mary's Band in British Columbia is Sophie Pierre.

Carol Geddes' *Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief* is the story of five Native women who, like Geddes herself, have succeeded in working against a history of racist oppression "to take our power back."

Geddes, from the Tlingit Nation in the Yukon, made her first film in 1981,

Places for our People, about the Montreal Native Friendship centre. She started work on *Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief* in 1984 at Studio D (National Film Board) and premiered it May 5 at the Cinema ONF, with proceeds going to benefit the building fund for the Native Women's Shelter in Montreal.

The reality of constant struggle underscores the words of the women Geddes speaks to: Sophie Pierre; Lucille McLeod who teaches native women from across Canada how to get and keep jobs they want; Margaret Joe who began as a kitchen aide in a hospital and is now the first Native woman to become a minister in the Yukon government; Corinne Hunt who works hydraulic equipment on a commercial fishing boat; and Roberta Jamieson, Canada's first Native woman lawyer who defends Native rights and continues to live in the country's largest Native community, the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario. Says Jamieson: "I'm just part of a bigger whole."

The film opens with archival stills of Native women and their communities; a portrayal of dignity amidst the concerted efforts of legislated genocide. Today, Native spirituality, which stresses harmony with the land and its spirits and traditional values of co-operation and tolerance, are what these women call upon to discover their potential and power to do.

Says Sophie Pierre, "My mother made me so very aware of our culture and how important that is, and she has brought back into my life the Indian religion...we all come from a tribe, we all have a culture, a language. We've all got people that are willing to teach young people that. So, know who you are, and feel good about that."

An obstacle, however, is knowing who you're supposed to be and fighting against it, whether that destiny be "another drunken Indian" or, in the case of Corinne Hunt, working on a boat but only "as a cook inside."

Instead, against a backdrop of high blue waves and a gliding shore she says, "I told them I'd work only if I could work outside...women have to break out of traditional roles, to conceive of the idea that they can go out, and if they find something interesting — if they want to fly a plane, if they want to work on a boat — that's what they should strive for."

But as always, Canada's Native peoples must consider an organized colonialism that is forever slow and hesitant in providing the space for autonomy and self-development within the system that contains and constricts them. Margaret Joe speaking out in the Yukon parliament champions the desire for sover-

eignty. As she says to Geddes, "I would strongly recommend that anybody who has an interest in political issues go for it, because we know what the problems are. And I think that we have a better chance of trying to make some of those changes that we've been looking at for years."

Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief departs rarely, if at all, from the traditional documentary format, especially that which we've come to expect from the NFB — high production values, voice-overs and establishing shots of the principal subjects in their daily lives as if the camera wasn't there. Though taking no stylistic risks, and thus perhaps further ghettoizing the genre, *Doctor* also poses no difficulties for the audience. And, when the subject matter demands to be communicated with insistency, the most familiar format is usually the best. This is the underlying philosophy of the NFB — the medium does not sacrifice the message.

Studio D, at its best, is quietly radical; saying what it has to without letting the anger surface. While not necessarily an admirable response to ideological censorship, it remains the only production and distribution studio that can rely on national and sometimes international recognition.

Carol Geddes, her film, the women she speaks to, and the women who remain unheard, need this recognition. And those of us whose lives are not immediately intertwined with the personal histories of Native persecution nevertheless need to acknowledge it.

Leila Marshy-Said •

DOCTOR, LAWYER, INDIAN CHIEF

d. Carol Geddes ed./ assoc. p. Ginny Stukemann prod. man and asst ed. Yolande Garant d.o.p. Joan Hutton add. cinematog. Elise Swerhone. Carlos Ferrand sd. rec. Aerlyn Weissman. Richard Nichol. Esther Auger cam. assts. Lynnie Johnston. Nastaran Dibai, Holly Gregory. add. light. Martin Wilde narration written by Carol Geddes. Gloria Demers narr. Gail Valaskakis orig. m. Judy Henderson arranger/synthesist Jeff Fisher archive photos Public Archives Canada, Institut Educatif et Culturel, Artikamek Montagnais foley Lisa Wedlock sd. eds. Anne Whiteside. Louise Blais. m. ed. Julian Olson m. rec. Louis Hone re-rec. Jean-Pierre Juoutel. Shelley Craig unit admin. Linda Payette-Martel prod. sec. Louise Talbot p. Barbara Janes prog. p. Gerry Rogers exec. p. Kathleen Shannon We wish to thank for their co-op. Sookenai Singers, Yukon Territorial Government, St. Mary's Band Members, Native Women's Pre-Employment Training Centre (Edmonton), Woodland Indian Cultural Education Centre (Six Nations, Ontario). The Film was produced by Studio D of the National Film Board of Canada with the collaboration of Department of Indian and Northern Affairs, Employment and Immigration Canada, Health Services and Promotion Branch, Health and Welfare Canada, Secretary of State — Women's Program, Status of Women Canada, and other participating members of the Federal Women's Film Program colour 16mm running time 27 min. +8 sec.

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Thursday, September 10
8:30 p.m. Showcase
Friday, September 11
5:00 p.m. Varsity 2



Train of Dreams

Director : John N. Smith
A hard-hitting, gritty feature about a teenager whose violent behavior at home and on the streets lands him in a correctional center for young offenders.
"Superb..." - Jay Scott, Globe and Mail

Friday, September 11
7:00 p.m. Cumberland 3
Saturday, September 12
2:30 p.m. Cumberland 4

World Drums

Director : Niv Fichman
An NFB-Rhombus Media
co-production

Saturday, September 12
7:00 p.m. Cumberland 3
Sunday, September 13
2:30 p.m. Cumberland 4

Finest Kind

Co-directors : Mary Jane
Gomes, Emil Kolompar

Poundmaker's Lodge : A Healing Place

Director : Alanis Obomsawin

Dancing Around the Table

Director : Maurice Bulbulian
Wednesday, September 16
5:00 p.m. Varsity 1

Where is Here ?

Director : Sturla Gunnarsson
Co-produced by NFB and WTVS
Detroit in association with the Global
Television Network

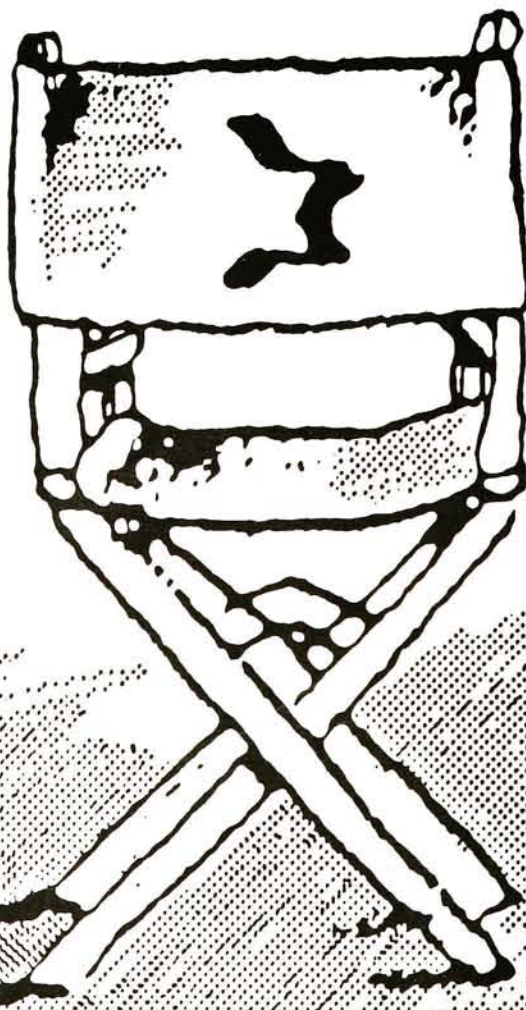
Friday, September 18
7:00 p.m. Cumberland 3
Saturday, September 19
2:30 p.m. Cumberland 4

Festival of Festivals Gala

Un Zoo, la nuit

Director : Jean-Claude Lauzon
Les Productions Oz in association
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Wednesday, September 16
7:00 and 9:30 p.m. Ryerson



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