

Claude Fournier's
Les Tisserands du pouvoir Part I, II (La Révolte)

As Part I of Claude Fournier's *Les Tisserands du pouvoir* begins, Baptiste Lambert (Gratien Gélinas), an old man who came to Woonsocket, Rhode Island as a child, is exploding with anger because the local TV station plans to cancel its French-language broadcasts. Baptiste complains to the TV people and to municipal politicians, but they all dismiss him as a senile crank.

After all, times have changed. The textile mill Baptiste worked in when he was young is about to be torn down so that the Japanese can build a motorcycle parts factory. French is virtually a dead language in Woonsocket, and hardly anybody thinks about the old days. For the town's Franco-American mayor (Donald Pilon) and the young generation, embodied by a rookie TV reporter (Francis Reddy), the Québécois heritage of the town is "ancient history."

Desperate, Baptiste puts up a one-man protest by barricading himself in a little out-building of the abandoned mill with a home-made bomb. Surrounded by a crowd of curious onlookers, hysterical politicians, and gum-chewing American cops, the old man decides to tell his story to the young TV journalist with no interest in his French Canadian roots. From this point on, most of Part I and Part II's (*La Révolte*) four hours consist of flashbacks framed by Baptiste's showdown against total assimilation into the American Way.

Tisserands' flashbacks follow the adventures of three families, who, as the film progresses, connect with each other in various, sometimes remarkably coincidental ways. The Lamberts, Baptiste's family, represent the poverty-stricken French Canadians who migrated to New England in the early 20th century, while the Fontaines typify the middle-class Quebecois who also headed south. The Roussels, an industrial dynasty from France, are the kind of early multinational entrepreneurs who built textile mills in New England and coldly exploited people like the young Baptiste (Denis Bouchard) and his father Valmore (Michel Forget).

The old Baptiste, who never leaves the window of the little gatehouse he has occupied, seems to remember everything that happened to all these people over a period of several generations. Somehow, he even knows about the power games and sexual shenanigans the Roussels were fond of in France.

Tisserands, with its many sub-plots and locations, is certainly an ambitious production.



Rémy Girard, Pierre Hébert and Pierre Chagnon in the height of fashion

Claude Fournier calls it "a big, complex story" and "a mosaic of impressions" that add up to a total picture of the people whose lives revolved around Woonsocket's mills of power. Unfortunately, some of the pieces of this mosaic are not especially captivating.

Part I of *Les Tisserands*, much more so than Part II, tilts toward the Roussels (the picture is a Canada-France co-production). When we are with them in France as they engage in family disputes and extravagant beach parties, we are really in the familiar TV territory of the enviable wealthy mini-series dynasty. M. Roussel (Jean Desailly) pushes his weight around; Mme. Roussel (legendary French actress Madeleine Roberson) frets; and fireworks literally go off when young Jacques (Aurelien Recoing) romances a flamboyantly bohemian actress (Corinne Dacla), who gives *Tisserands'* period *mise-en-scène* a startling flash of full frontal nudity.

The Roussel scenes don't add up to much in themselves, and they also don't have emotionally contrapuntal relationship to the scenes that portray the Lamberts, the Fontaines, and the other Québécois migrants. The sequences in France, and later in Part I, scenes portraying a decadent Montreal milieu in which haute-bourgeoisie meets haute-bohemian, glitz up the movie. But they also dilute the impact of *Tisserands'* central drama and theme, the bitter disillusionment of the Quebecers who migrated south.

In *Jean de Florette/Manon des Sources*, another four-hour picture released in two parts, Claude Berri builds up a mythic, epic *mise-en-scène*, but the story concentrates sharply on only four characters, who are revealed in mesmerizing detail.

Tisserands, especially Part I, cross-cuts at top speed from one set of its numerous characters to another. You don't have enough time to connect firmly enough with vivid, but only broadly

outlined, central figures like Valmore Lambert, or Emile Fontaine (Pierre Chagnon), the young doctor who goes on a crusade for the factory workers. Emile's father (Clément Richard, a former Quebec cabinet minister) appears and drops dead in the same scene. (Fournier jokes, "We don't deal with his funeral - so that's one funeral out of Canadian films.")

Despite these problems, *Les Tisserands du pouvoir* consistently holds your attention partly because Fournier knows how to build rough-hewn, but potentially dramatic or comic moments. In one dynamic set piece, the migrants prepare for their *fête St. Jean-Baptiste*, and the camera pans dozens of kids dressed up in angelic lamb costumes, the last with a cigarette dangling from his lips.

Later in the picture, the Archbishop of Montreal (TV personality Claude Corbeil) pompously asks Simone Fontaine (Gabrielle Lazure) whether she's ever had "commerce with a man." The elegantly dressed Lazure climbs onto the Archbishop's well-appointed desk, spreads her legs, and asks him if he would like to perform the examination himself. As Corbeil munches on a cookie and stares balefully at Lazure, Part I of *Tisserands* gets one of its biggest laughs.

La Révolte, Part II of *Tisserands*, continues to criss-cross between the lives of the decadent rich and the poor migrants, but it concentrates on the rebellion of the factory workers and their ally, Dr. Fontaine, against both the mill owners and the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. Valmore Lambert erupts (in one scene, attacking a priest during holy communion), and the movie gains a new potency.

Tisserands also holds its audience because the picture features what seems like half of Quebec's *vedettes*, giving generally solid, amusing performances in new roles. Pierre Chagnon plays an earnest idealist in a bowler hat; Dominique Michel is a discretely alcoholic

widow who spends her life sneaking drinks; Juliette Huot portrays a bossy nun; and Anne Letourneau shows up in *Tisserands* as an angular lesbian dressed in men's suits.

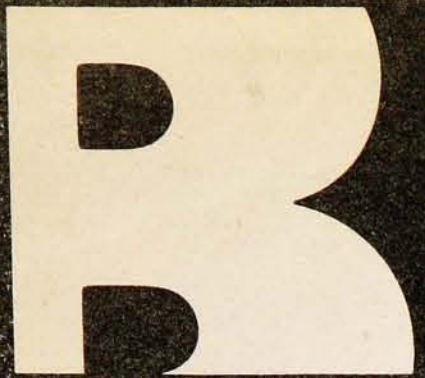
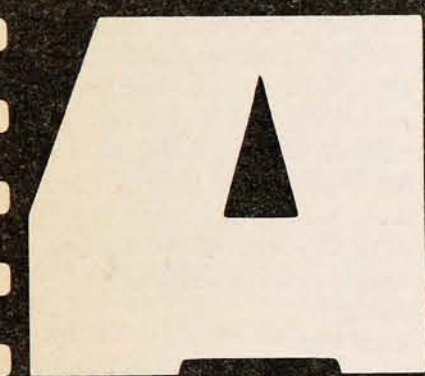

Finally, whatever the strengths and weaknesses of *Les Tisserands du pouvoir*, the picture's history lesson is clear, and the issues are spelled out. The mill workers didn't just lose their identity; some of them, including children who worked brutally long hours in dangerous conditions, lost their limbs, and even their lives.

It would not be unfair to argue that *Tisserands* is sentimental, melodramatic, and conventionally staged and shot, but Fournier is a populist who wants to make movies about the people he genuinely cares about in a form that large numbers of those people will actually watch. He's not going for cool, post-music-video anxiety; he aims at the tear-dust, the gut, and the groin. And he gets his shit-disturbing messages across to audiences that enjoy receiving them.

Maurie Alioff •

LES TISSERANDS DU POUVOIR PART I & 2 (LA REVOLTE)

p. Marie-José Raymond, René Malo d. lsc. /filmed by Claude Fournier w. Michel Cournot, from an idea by Marie-José Raymond. d. o. p. John Berrie p. mgrs. Sylvie de Grandré, Catherine de Guirchitch (France), Jean-Claude Cattelle (France) 1st. a. d. Mireille Goulet cont. Monique Champagne mus. Martin Fournier, Normand Corbeil cost. des. Michele Hamel, Christian Cost (France) chief makeup Michele Dion casting Lissa Pillu (France) ed. Yuriy Luhovy, Claude Fournier 1st. asst. cam. Paul Gravel, Isabel Ferrandis (France) 2nd asst. cam. Sylvie Rosenthal, Catherine Sebag (France) key grip Yvon Boudrias, Joseph Beghin (France) gaffer Jean Courteau, Patrick Fontaine (France) props Jacques Chamberland sd. eng. Normand Mercier, Jean Quenelle (France) unit man. Renée Leclerc, Francis Duthilleul (France) stills photog. Jean-Francois Gratton, Jean-Paul Ledieu (France) hair Richard Hansen, Josiane Delcourt (France) p. coord. Danielle Boucher p. sec. Heather Mills, Isabelle Rolland 2nd. a. d. Jacques Loberge, Georges Gourmelon (France) 3rd. a. d. Guy Bouchard apprentice d. Richard le Bon apprentice cont. Lorette Leblanc asst. cost. des. Louise Gagné cost. Pauline Fortin, Emmanuelle Corbeau (France) cost. asst. Lyse Pomerleau, Solange Cote electricians Alex Amyot, Paul Viau, Serge Lobry (France), Daniel Cramette (France) grips Jean-Pierre Lamarche, Marion Maihot, Angelo Sensini (France) boom op. Marc Beaulieu, Daniel Banazack (France) makeup asst. Roselyne Hoffmann, Marie-Annick Bascour (France) sd. hair Johanne Paiement, Marylène Colin (France) art d. Muriel Wahnoun (France) Francois Laplante, Guy Lalonde, Réal Ouellette set dec. Anne Galéa props exterior Louise Pilon, Jean Peciaux (France), Jean-Claude Deseure (France) researchers Francois Fautoux, Ken Meany graphics Susie Mah, Jean Aubé props asst. Simon Chamberland apprenti Patrick Chassin, Stéphane Lestage animal trainer Jean Cardinal sp. fr. Louis Craig set coord. Dominique Houle drivers Michel Quinn, Marc Doyon, Guy Létourneau p. a. s. Benoît Laroche, Guy Ferland, Brigitte Singher sd. Jerome Decarie sd. assts. Diane Douville, Monique Vezina sd. rec. Jocelyn Caron dial. ed. Alice Wright asst. ed. Eric Genois sd. eds. Louis Dupire, Antoine Morin mus. rec. Paul Page mixers Michel Descombes, André Perrault l. p. Graben Gélinas, Michel Forget, Denis Bouchard, Andrée Pelletier, Aurelien Recoing, Jean Desailly, Madeleine Roberson, Gabrielle Lazure, Dominique Michel, Pierre Chagnon, Clément Richard, Paul Hébert, Rémy Girard, Anne Létourneau, John Wildman, Juliette Huot, Donald Pilon, Francis Reddy, Vlasta Vrana, Denise Filiatrault, Claude Corbeil, Gérard Paradis, Corinne Dacla, Dennis O'Connor, Francis Lemaire, Gisele Casadesu, Charlotte Laurier, Elisabeth Burr. With the financial participation of Téléfilm Canada and the cooperation of la Société Radio-Canada.

 BR R A V C !

**Téléfilm Canada salue
l'Académie canadienne du
cinéma et de la télévision
à l'occasion de son
10e anniversaire et félicite
les lauréats et lauréates
des prix Génie 1989.**

**Telefilm Canada salutes
the Academy of Canadian
Cinema and Television
on the occasion of
its 10th anniversary and
congratulates the recipients
of the 1989 Genie Awards.**

Film Reviews

Marc-André Forcier's **Kalamazoo**

"You're innocent when you dream."
—Tom Waits

André Forcier works in a long tradition of film artists who see beauty in the anarchy of unleashed human emotions, no matter how ludicrous, grotesque, pathetic, or even debased they may be. In *L'Eau Chaude l'eau froide* (1976), the post-pubescent Francine and Ti-Guy (Louise Gagnon and Réjean Audet) make love on a potato sack, not far from the somewhat older Julien (Jean-Pierre Bergeron). While the lovers stir and sigh offscreen, we watch a very long take of Julien's morose face, a shifting landscape shadowed by fear, confusion, and finally ecstasy as he masturbates himself out of his loneliness and into his friends' hot little moment.

Simultaneously secretive and gregarious, Forcier insists in interviews that his sardonic, abrasive, sometimes darkly funny movies are essentially about the tender sacredness of human love, and that the stumblebums, lunatics, and other terminal losers who rant, rave, and drink their way through the films are lovable creatures, especially when they are nurturing their crazy dreams.

In *Au Clair de la lune* (1982), Albert (Guy L'Écuyer), a chubby little guy who longs to regain his past glory as the champion of a local bowling alley, has a close encounter with François (Michel Côté), an albino street freak who might be an angel from outer space. At the garish heart of this movie is a moment when "Bert," smiling radiantly while a tear slides down his cheek, gazes at François walking in the sky over the rooftops of a working-class neighborhood.

Full of wild energy, Forcier's characters get caught up in obsessive talk, irrational yearnings, and crackpot schemes. Living in ragtag rooming houses or in a "beau Chevrolet vert" half-buried by snow; hanging around laundromats and cheap bars, their lives are deprived, pathetic, and yet animated by nutty passions. Their universe is a million light years from Denys Arcand's smug, tastefully unhappy academics. In Yves Belanger and Marc-André Berthiaume's documentary *Forcier en attendant* (1988), someone says they show the "genius that can exist in misery."

Prolific in the '70s (*Bar Salon*, *Night Cap*, *L'Eau Chaude*), Forcier finished post-production for *Au Clair de la lune* at the NFB, where he became a "permanent" in 1982. Since then, during the years he has been a denizen of that institution's long grey halls, he has completed one film: *Kalamazoo*.

People tell stories about script problems, budget problems, personal problems, and battles with producers for final cut. Perhaps the



Rémy Girard (Felix Cotnoir) bumps into Tony Nardi (Pascal Globenski)

changing winds in Quebec's film industry made *Kalamazoo*'s history a turbulent one. The province's cinema, once known for its quirky, restless, sometimes unsettling personality, had begun to yearn for show-biz respectability and international marketability. One can easily invent scenarios about the picture's co-producers (the Film Board and a private house) reacting to a movie in which a lusty mermaid hobbles into a cheap hotel on crutches, swishing her fin across the carpet:

"A mermaid on crutches?"

"That's nothing. He seems to think the picture should have the rhythm of a six-ton whale lumbering through Arctic waters."

"Jesus Christ!"

"Don't say that; it makes me nervous."

"Why can't he do a fast, sexy comedy?"

"I don't think he's in touch with post-referendum Quebec."

"He certainly doesn't understand budgetary exigencies."

"People up there are breathing down my neck."

"We have only one solution: fight for control, drive him nuts, drag it out as long as possible and then —"
—Blame him for all the delays!"

Six years after Forcier and his long time collaborator Jacques Marcotte (a man who looks like he just finished sipping jasmine tea with surrealist poets) completed the first version of the *Kalamazoo* script, the picture swam into view last November (and took the prestigious Ouimet-Molson award for best Quebec film of 1988 at the *Rendez-vous du cinéma Québécois* in February, '89).

As *Kalamazoo* opens, Felix Cotnoir (Rémy Girard), a retired botanist who types rhapsodic ramblings while driving his black Checker sedan (which, like many of the picture's settings, is festooned with yellow wildflowers), crashes into a telephone booth and meets Pasquale Globenski (Tony Nardi), an excitable Polish-Italian sign-painter.

Once Forcier has established some of his

favorite motifs — the crossed-wire romantic; the chance meeting between two men, one of whom has exotic origins — we discover that Pasquale is crazy about Helena Mentana (Marie Tifo), a writer recovering from the failure of her novel *Kalamazoo* on the French islands of Saint Pierre et Miquelon.

Like one of Truffaut's possessed lovers or Bunuel's obsessives, Felix immediately falls for Helena, reads her book, and memorizes every word of it. Exalted by the romance of romance, the aging bachelor lurches into the picture's next act, operatically proclaiming his absurd passion for a woman he has never met. His skeptical friends at the small hotel where he lives smirk and cackle, but soon they too catch the fever. The hotel's desk clerk, Jacques de la Durantaye (co-writer Jacques Marcotte), dyes his hair a blatantly tasteless reddish-blond hue, signifying he has also been reborn by love.

In *Kalamazoo*, Forcier has a casual, offhand approach to the miraculous. When the mermaid (also Marie Tifo) appears, she does so without any special fanfare or effects. Felix discovers her one night, lying in autumn leaves near a riverbank, the double of the enigmatic Helena.

Soon the mermaid is stretched out on Felix's hotel room bed in a sensuous *fin-de-siècle* pose, awaiting his reverential kiss. "I made love to a woman!" our Tati-esque hero announces the next day, but of course, the fact that she is all fish from the waist down, speaks with a man's voice (Felix's own), and sometimes suggests an insouciant drag queen, might have certain implications.

The picture grinds into its next gear when Felix, in the white uniform of a comic book admiral, and Pasquale, rapidly losing patience with his preposterous rival, are sailing toward Saint Pierre et Miquelon in search of Helena. The mermaid appears and disappears, and in one of the film's most effective sequences, Pasquale makes love to her in the sea while Felix desperately tries to plug up a hole in the sailboat

with wads of toilet paper. "Maman," the two men shout at the climactic moment; then the boat sinks as the mermaid's fin disappears into the moonlit water.

Kalamazoo's striking images (the d.o.p. was André Gagnon) and goofy humor make the movie pleasurable to watch. Forcier builds a dreamscape out of oddball locations, strongly contrasting colors, and a peculiar clutter of props and details. Sometimes, he evokes an atmosphere that flashes back to the poetic realism of '30s French movies and to silent comedy. In one sight gag, filmed in an artful long shot, Pasquale proclaims his love to Helena, on St. Miquelon's moody harbor, the camera turns, and we notice that his ass is sticking out of a white hospital gown.

However, when *Kalamazoo*'s enjoyable absurdities and luminous moments are over, you end up feeling that the film's best material is like icing that has been spread too thinly on a half-baked cake. The picture needs more invention, more surprises, more convolutions in its mock-mythic plot. A synopsis of *Kalamazoo* published in 1984 suggests a richer, more expansive (and expensive) film that gives the adventures of the mermaid/Helena Mentana character far more prominence. In the picture that he's made, Forcier tends to become mesmerized by his innocent male dreamers in excessively long takes and scenes that threaten to grind to a halt.

Marie Tifo gives a witty, ironic performance as the film's only woman, while Rémy Girard and Tony Nardi are deft as Felix and Pasquale. But compared to *Au Clair de la lune*'s haunted creatures, *Kalamazoo*'s buffoons look quaint and whimsical. The feeling for people trying to dream themselves out of loneliness and deprivation doesn't run as deep.

A romantic who sees the sacred in the profane, a practical joker who wants to provoke his audiences as he makes them laugh, Forcier in his new film tends to straddle the line between intentional and unintentional cutes.

Maurie Alioff ●

KALAMAZOO exec p. Jean Dansereau, Louise Gendron
line p. Nicole Robert, Suzanne Dussault d. Marc-André Forcier sc. Marc-André Forcier, Jacques Marcotte assoc. p. Yvon Provost d.o.p. Alain Dostie 1st. a.d. Pierre Plante art d. Michel Proulx ed. François Gill makeup des. Bob Laden cost. des. François Laplante p. mgr. Jean-Marie Comeau 2nd. a.d. Carole Dubuc cont. Johanne Boisvert unit mgr. Michèle St. Arnaud asst. unit mgr. Michel Martin 1st. asst. cam. Nathalie Moliavko-Vizotski 2nd asst. cam. Sylvie Rosenthal gaffer Réal Proulx key grip Serge Grenier props Ghyslaine Grenon, Denis Hamel asst. props Simon Chamberland ward. Pierre Perrault dresser John Stowe hair Paul-André Claveau asst. makeup Gillian Chandler chief elec. Pierre Provost 2nd. elec. Robert Mattigetz grip Grégoire Schmidt loc. sd. Richard Besse boom op. Claude LaHaye stills photog. Jacques Tougas asst. ed. Suzanne Allard, Carole Gagnon p.a. Maité Sarthou, Robert Courtemanche, Stéphane Falardeau, Christine Jassin, Suzanne McQuarrie p. sec. Johane Pelletier 1st. carp. Guy Plourde orig. mus. Joel Bienvenue stunts Marcel Fournier l.p. Marie Tifo, Rémy Girard, Tony Nardi, Gaston Lepage, Jacques Marcotte, Daniel Brière, Terence Labrosse, Christian Vida, Jean Guilda dist. Malofilm Distribution.



The Canadian Opera Company rehearses Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*.

Anthony Azzopardi's Making Opera

Cinematic adaptations of primarily theatrical experiences have often held the dubious distinction (no matter how well-intentioned) of being stodgy, stagey and downright tedious. The opera, however, has often survived the traditionally intrusive translation through the camera eye. The recent Franco Zeffirelli film adaptations of *Othello* and *La Traviata* are perfect examples of this fact. Both films display a consummate blend of stage and screen, exquisitely capturing the sweep and grandeur of the original medium and translating it quite vividly onto celluloid.

A current addition to this fine tradition of blending stage and screen can be found in Anthony Azzopardi's feature-length documentary, *Making Opera*. With grace, keen sensitivity and a great deal of economy, Azzopardi painstakingly details the Canadian Opera Company's production of Giuseppe Verdi's "*La Forza Del Destino*". Taking us behind the grand image, with occasional flash-forwards to the

final product, *Making Opera* is a fascinating and thoroughly accessible look at the creation of a massive artistic undertaking.

Azzopardi trains his camera on numerous aspects of the production — everything from the mundane to the glorious. Appropriately, the film begins during the early stages of rehearsal and leads us chronologically to the final product.

On the first day, we are treated to the chorus music rehearsal. Then, on the third day, Azzopardi focuses separately on the principals' music rehearsal. In both cases, the principals and the chorus are dressed casually in street clothes. As the days of rehearsal progress, the film then focuses upon such practical, behind-the-scenes aspects as costume-design, wig-making and fittings. At this point, we begin to see those same actors and singers in various stages of attire, some in street clothes, others in a blend of costumes and street clothes. This technique of carefully detailing the behind-the-scenes growth of the production not only adds a human element to the proceedings (wigs not fitting, costumes too big or small, actors and seamstresses joking about it), but contributes to the film's duality. There are, after all, two stories being told here: the making of an opera and the opera itself. As well, all of this "technical" detail is underscored with music and occasional

interviews with the principals. This keeps the film from being dry or tedious.

In fact, one of the film's greatest strengths is its almost universal appeal. *Making Opera* informs, but it also entertains. The approach to the material is without snobbery. Azzopardi goes out of his way to etch a compelling portrait of 500 people collectively gathered together to create — with love and passion — a work of unparalleled beauty. There are clearly no stars in the making of this opera; no one person is singled out for their overwhelming commitment over any other participant. Azzopardi addresses every aspect of the production with incredible balance. The carpenters, seamstresses, extras and stage managers are afforded as much attention as the principal performers, directors, conductors and designers.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about *Making Opera* is its reflection of the impact of music upon visuals. As mentioned earlier, the opera seems to be one of the few, if not, ultimately, the only theatrical art which can truly survive cinematic adaptation. At one point, Azzopardi focuses upon the opera's stage director John Copley, who states, "I respond to the music... [as opposed] to the rather ordinary text." Later on, during an actual rehearsal, where Copley is discussing character motivation with his principal performers, one of his colleagues remarks that "Copley motivates his work by making sense of the musical score." What's particularly important here is that Azzopardi basically provides the main reason why opera and film can be a perfect marriage. Almost from the beginning, the musical score has influenced the art of film. Whether it be the tinkling piano accompaniment for the silents, or Max Steiner's sweeping orchestral backdrops for innumerable cinema spectacles; or Giorgio Moroder's grinding, pulsating *Midnight Express* techno-poppers, film has always relied upon music to add depth and feeling to the visuals.

At another point, Azzopardi interviews the opera's set designer Robin Don, who remarks that he is attempting to capture the quality of Goya's etchings "as if the whole stage is breathing and has a life of its own." This is what Azzopardi has accomplished with *Making Opera*: two worlds in one — each living and breathing with the energy of life, commitment and fulfillment — all of this accompanied by a Verdi score.

Quite simply, *Making Opera* is breathtaking.
Greg Klymkiw •

MAKING OPERA p./d. Anthony Azzopardi assoc. p. Jack Morbin sc. Anthony Azzopardi d.o.p. Ron Stannett ed. Jack Morbin mus. Giuseppe Verdi sd. Stuart French, John Thompson, Patrick Rowan sd. ed. Gary Oppenheimer, Jack Morbin l.p. John Copley, Maurizio Arena, Stefka Ebstatieva, Allan Monk, Judith Forst, Ernesto Veronelli, Peter Strummer, John Cheek, Yuri Marusin. Produced and distributed by Cineroutes Productions Inc. With the financial participation of Telefilm Canada, CBC, TVOntario, Ontario Arts Council, Ontario Ministry of Culture and Communications. 16mm, colour, 88 minutes.

Marcel Simard's Le Grand Monde

Le *Grand Monde* was born as a decision of the administration council of Action-Santé, a group affiliated with the Point St. Charles Community Clinic in Southwestern Montreal. The idea was to produce a film which could help sensitize the public to the issues faced by ex-psychiatric patients who are attempting reintegration into society — as well as simply demystify and encourage an understanding of them.

The first interesting twist is that the members of the administration council are, themselves, mostly ex-psychiatric patients; in the last three years they have taken over control of the 15-year-old alternative resources center. Participation in the responsibilities becomes a part of their own self-administered therapy.

The second interesting thing is that once they had found a director for the project (Marcel Simard), it was these same people who worked on the script. Constructing roles based on themselves, they wrote their own parts, their own stories in collaboration with Simard — who edited it all into a story, adding some scenes of his own. Finally, with the addition of three professional actors (who are subtle enough to fit into the picture and add to it, without standing out), it is the same group which forms the cast, incarnating their stories and characters for the screen as only they could.

The result is an unqualified success. The action revolves around Action-Santé itself where we see a group of very isolated individuals who work at bridging some enormous gaps in their social relationships to function with a degree of unity. Most of the themes touch on control — the real and perceived lack of it — and a constant inner debate on the futility or worth of trying.

At one point, Emile comments on the subject of authority, on the habitual expectation of all of them that a greater authority will always intervene to resolve their problems. He convinces his friends that each of them must see themselves as the sole authority in their lives, and that this is the only way they can grow and feel a measure of freedom... So they lock out Pierrette, the community worker in charge, and begin an adventure of solidarity and responsibility — eventually getting recognition from the community clinic as an autonomous body.

This is the one big unifying story of the movie, and it is an important one; the film itself is in fact an extension of that story into our lives — a concrete manifestation of the true course of development which stands behind the fiction. But just as important are all the separate moments which flow together so well and reveal so much. Emile, who turns away Marie-Josée's sexual advances because he can't make love when he's on drugs... Marie-Josée, subsequently talking to Pierrette about being "easy"



PHOTO: MICHEL DUBREUIL

Émile, a character in *Le Grand monde*

—and it not being so easy... Or when the camera picks out the aging man with the missing teeth, the greasy hair and the life-beaten face—the kind of man you would certainly avoid looking at on the street—dancing with Pierrette at the community supper with more grace and pride in his carriage, and joy in his eyes, than anyone you've ever seen.

These are moments of magic. It is movie magic, but it is the magic of truth. And that is what makes this movie work so well. A documentary approach would have given us

LE GRAND MONDE p. *Iscl'd.* Marcel Simard assoc. p. Renée Gosselin sc. consultants Michel Langlois, Luc Blanchet a. d. Sylvie Roy continuity Françoise Dugré ed. Liette Aubin, Annie Jean sd. ed. Diane Boucher d. o. p. Philippe Lavallete key grip Marcel Breton mus. Robert Leger mix. Hans-Peter Strobl sd. rec. Gilles Corbeil, Gilbert Lachapelle, Serge Beauchemin, Daniel Masse, Marcel Fraser l. p. *Members of Action-Santé:* Ovíla Ouellet, André Massicotte, Kenny Ryan, Jeanne Lalumière, Michel Lussier, Michel Fyfe, Léa Dubois, Micheline Roy, Marie-Thérèse Dufresne, Antal Hajdu, Joseph Jean, Lise Cartier, Micheline Fontaine, André Béchard w. participation of Pierrette Savard, Cynthia McLean, Philippe Collin. Produced by Les Productions Virage in collaboratin with SRC. With financial participation by: SOGIC, NFB, U. of M., Ministère de la santé et des services sociaux du Québec, la Confédération de syndicats nationaux (CSN), Secretary of State, CEGEPS André Laurendeau, Rosemont, l'Office des personnes handicapées du Québec, the Douglas Hospital, CSSST-Montreal.

more facts, but less truth. The people of Action-Santé would have been ever-distanced and reserved subjects. But here, they are participants in making the film. Instead of the distance of documentary, we find ourselves in complicity with a fiction we nevertheless know is very real.

As we watch the participants play their roles we not only learn of their concerns, but we also see these people in full self-expression, often dealing with deep emotional issues, and that is what is so fascinating: we are getting to know them—or, at least, to want to know them. We are getting to love them. And that is the mark and the means of the film's success. After fitting itself into our everyday reality and getting us to care, how can we possibly take these people, and others in the same situation, for granted? Philippe Isler ●

Peter Gerretsen's Night Friend

There is no doubt that Peter Gerretsen made *Night Friend* with the best of intentions. His docudrama of the attempts of a Catholic priest to help a young prostitute on the streets of Toronto was to be, as the original title stated, "A Cry From the Heart". He also must have hoped that it could stand with *Drying Up The Streets* and *Ticket To Heaven* as achievements in the style. Considering that teen prostitution in films has been used primarily as cheap exploitation (*Angel*), conventional melodrama (*Little Ladies of the Night*), or just another example of urban sordidness (*Taxi Driver*), it was a noble aspiration. But such aspiration counts for nothing, if the execution fails to convince.

Father Jack Donnell (Chuck Shamata) is the recently appointed director of vocations for the Archdiocese of Toronto. Returning home one night from a fundraiser, he stops at a downtown corner and honks his horn at the car ahead. Suddenly he finds a young girl beside him, asking him what we'd like and how much. Although Jack is shocked, he determines to try and help the girl (Heather Kjollesdal) who calls herself Lindsay.

Jack takes to visiting Lindsay's corner each night, dressed in civvies, and offers to pay her \$350-a-night quota for no services required. He gradually discovers that Lindsay, whose real name is Carol, is from Woodstock Ontario, whence she fled her incestuous father with her boyfriend Lenny (Daniel MacIvor). Lenny wants to be a rock guitarist in Los Angeles, but is hampered by the fact that he has neither money nor talent. So both Lindsay and Lenny sell themselves to Myles (Real Andrews), a smooth-talking pimp.

Peter Gerretsen presents all this with utmost seriousness and directs quite straightforwardly. With his background in advertising, this is something of a surprise, since it is usually the habit of directors from this milieu (Ridley and Tony Scott, Alan Parker, Hugh Hudson et al.) to emphasize style at the expense of content. But unfortunately, Gerretsen misses an essential point necessary for the success of a docudrama. There has to be some *drama*, and the documentary has to reflect the truth. *Night Friend* is deficient in both these areas.

Since the producers go to great length in their production notes to express their concern for the plight of the young prostitutes in the city, the greatest disappointment in *Night Friend* is that they seem so squeamish in their approach. Neither Lindsay nor any of the other girls are ever seen doing anything beyond getting into and out of cars. Twenty or 25 years ago, such "delicacy" might have been accepted, but in the wake of *Hookers On Davie* and especially *Streetwise*, candor is the only way to honestly address this issue.

The film's credibility is also further strained by, among other things, the complete absence of the police from the streets—in spite of the fact that the location for the girls' hangout is less than a block from a stationhouse. Nor is the treatment of the priest's role that realistic, although it was supposedly inspired by Father Bruce Ritter, the founder of the Covenant House youth shelters. No religious technical advisor is to be seen in the credits.

Chuck Shamata is properly earnest as Jack, but has little depth. Art Carney is the "big" guest star, and handles his role as the crusty Monsignor O'Brien with competence, although the part is a clerical cliché that goes back to Barry

Fitzgerald. Jayne Eastwood has the thankless role of the mute bag lady who seems to serve no purpose until the end, where she becomes a literal *deus ex machina*.

Heather Kjollesdal's portrayal of Lindsay should not be judged too harshly, since it is her first professional role. Her passing physical resemblance to Jodie Foster seems to have been a factor in her casting. In making the pimp Myles a Superfly black, and the abusive father an unshaven backroads slug, Peter Gerretsen perpetuates two unfortunate stereotypes.

For filmwise viewers, there is one other howler in *Night Friend*. At one point, Jack takes Lindsay to the movies. The film they see is *Vagabond*. Peter Gerretsen intends this to be symbolic, but how many 14-year-old runaways are Agnès Varda fans?

J. Paul Costabile ●

NIGHT FRIEND exec. p. Don Haig p. Patricia Gerretsen d. sc. Peter Gerretsen d. o. p. Doug Koch cam. op. Attila Azalay, Brad Creaser ed. Michael Todd asst. ed. Darryl Cornford 1st. a. d. Roman Buchok 2nd a. d. Brian Dennis 3rd. a. d. Linda Pope p. man. Patricia Gerretsen p. coord. Barbara Bell p. account. Madeleine Meredith cam. trainee Akira Nishihata stills photog. Leslie MacKeen cont. Benu Bhandari gaffer David Owen best boy Edward Mikolic electricians John Bakker, Neil Saito key grip David Zimmerman best boy grip Ron Paulauskas grip Ruth Lyons sd. op. Urmas John Rosin boom Don Grunsten sd. ed. Michael Todd, Darryl Cornford, Anita St. Dennis re-rec. Tony Van Den Akker Foley Reid James Atherton asst. Foley Maureen Wetteland mus. Heather Conkie, Rory Commings mus. rec. Steve Ibelshauer mus. arr. Ralph De Jonge Song "Walking the Streets" by Yohanna Vanderkley set dec. Alexa Buchanan, sung by Yohanna Vanderkley set dec. Alexa Anthony props Alex Kuishera makeup Marlene Aarons assts. Pip Ayotte, Judy Murdoch ward. Tina Livingston, Jacqueline C. Barley asst. Kim Kozolanka p. a. Anne Fotheringham, Marie Vapenikova craft service John Allen catering Amazing Food Service casting Richard Conkie l. p. Chuck Shamata, Jayne Eastwood, Art Carney, Heather Kjollesdal. A Cry From the Heart production.



Chuck Shamata and Heather Kjollesdal in *Night Friend*



Rich Alexandra (Judith Gault) and poor Crystal (Jane Gibson) meet and exchange lives in *Turnabout*

Don Owen's **Turnabout**

Here's a surprise, not a big one, but a nice one nonetheless. Don Owen, whose wonderful NFB docu-drama (before the term was coined and subsequently debased) of the 1960s set the tone for a generation of English-Canadian filmmaking, has returned again to his past. With *Unfinished Business* he updated *Nobody Waved Goodbye*, now with *Turnabout* he's done a kind of update of *Notes On A Film About Donna and Gail*. It's 20 years later, in Toronto this time, and Jackie Burroughs has turned into Judith Gault, but Owen manages to keep things moving along so that we don't notice these changes that much. It's more like an idea was updated as opposed to characters or settings.

Turnabout is an examination of friendship, desire and roleplaying disguised as a "sisters tell all" sociological exposé. In fact, Owen gently parodies the stylistic excesses of the NFB's Studio D while coming off with what amounts to a rich humanistic tract about women who want to be someone (where) else.

The playful tone is set right from the beginning with shots of Parliament Street in Toronto and then straight mid-shots of Gault followed by mid-shots of Jane Gibson talking directly to the camera: once upon a time there

were two women who once were friends and now are very unhappy... (big goofy frowns and cut to THE STORY).

The women's images merge back and forth indicating just what is going to happen in the narrative. The time is now. Gault is Alexandra, the childless matron of a big Rosedale brownstone and the unhappy lesser half of a sterile yuppie marriage. Crystal (Gibson) is the archetypal female loser: her child taken from her, a boyfriend she describes as a free-lover and free-loader and the possessor of a Regent Street address that to her means that she never has to visit the zoo as she lives in the middle of one.

Now this territory has been travelled before, particularly by Robert Altman in *Three Women*. But Altman's apocalyptic and hallucinatory vision and the remarkable overstylization of Shelly Duvall and Sissy Spacek are nowhere to be seen in *Turnabout*. Owen subtitles the film, *An Improvisation*, and credits the cast with dialogue. Hence there is a very easy feeling to the narrative, itself punctuated by Gault's and Gibson's frequent confessions to the camera. The actual scenes serve to flesh out the details of the women's points of view. Often they tell different versions of the same incidents, setting up a playful inquiry into the nature of truth in the narrative.

The camera is necessarily unobtrusive. The filmmaker has deliberately withdrawn from actively commenting in the way he did in *Notes On...* The dual points of view works to defuse

skepticism about the central plot point, Crystal and Alexandra exchanging lives. As well, their constant commentary on the action introduces a level of irony that would not be present in a straight dramatic presentation.

Gibson is very funny, a sort of Mission Street Flora MacDonald, in command of whatever portfolio she is given. Gault too does a wonderful job with the thankless task of playing someone who yearns to move into a public housing complex because it teems with life. But the unpleasant realities reveal themselves only too soon.

Crystal's new Rosedale life, which now includes her daughter complete with ballet classes, beaujolais and *Toronto Life* garden, also comes up short of expectations.

As the women move into their new identities, the film takes on a dreamier tone. The mid-shots are replaced by long shots and close ups. Crystal and Alexandra speak simultaneously quoting Oscar Wilde's famous saying: There are two tragedies in life: not getting all you want and getting all you want.

What is intriguing is how Owen, with Gault and Gibson, convinces us that the characters are motivated by the inevitability of desire and that this desire is the engine that drives all actions, even if those actions have no rational relationship to reality. The form of the film becomes a very strange kind of confessional that seems to imply much more than the narrative itself. Nothing is anchored in any kind of certainty except for the two women's fleeting friendship. Those moments are etched in a kind of emotional stone.

The real joy of *Turnabout* is watching Crystal and Alexandra discover each other. The real pain comes when they discover and covet each other's lives. The possibilities lie in their friendship and not the materialist manifestations that surround that friendship. The women's open admission at the end amounts to a quiet revelation, but a revelation nonetheless.

In the end, *Turnabout* is a playful essay into the nature of desire. The refrain of a hit of last summer went, "If you have everything your heart desires, how can you want more?" In our culture of satiation and saturation, this could be the secret agenda of most forthcoming North American art. It is a tribute to Don Owen that he has succeeded in making such a warm film out of what could have been an inhumane subject.

Ronald Foley Macdonald •

TURNABOUT, an improvisation by Don Owen, exec. p. Don Haig, p. Idir. Don Owen, d.o.p. John Hertzog with Douglas Koch sound Christopher Leech ed. Michael Todd snd. ed. Anita St. Denis snd. mix. George Novotny cam. assts. Glen Treilhard, Naomi Wise grip Michael Garstand clapper Laurel Pollack p. mgrs. Laura Battiston, Donna Dudinsky des. asst. Judith Pankewitz conspintor Ed Fitzgerald gophers Jessica Cohen, Sharon Foster, Tom Hochmann l.p. Jane Gibson, Judith Gault, Gordon Rayner, Reg Bobard, Judith Pankewitz. A Zebra Films production produced with the assistance of the Ontario Arts Council and the National Film Board of Canada.

Roger Cardinal's **Malarek**

MONTREAL - With this eight-letter placeline banged in, Victor Malarek wrote a newspaper article in 1971 that ultimately closed down the bane of his existence in this city - a juvenile detention centre.

Malarek's investigative story of systemic rot that spread through the police, through social workers, through the detention center administration and guards, launched a newspaper career that has led to a senior reporter's job with *The Toronto Globe and Mail*.

This paragon of reportorial doggedness did not attend journalism school. No, Victor Malarek went from the above mentioned juvenile detention centre straight into *The Montreal Star* (now defunct) newsroom where he wrote the story that set his career.

I am not suggesting that persons enrolled in J-School are in the wrong institution and should apply for a transfer. Rather, you have here a young man from a poor and broken family who is bullied by social workers and brutalized in homes and detention centres but who prevails upon that same system with self-determination, a sense of justice and a sensitivity that should, it would seem, have been beaten out of him years earlier.

This is the premise of a complex story clearly brought to light by director Roger Cardinal. *Malarek: "A Street Kid Who Made It"* is produced by Robin Spry and Jamie Brown of Telescene Production and adapted by Avrum Jacobson from Victor Malarek's autobiography, *Hey! Malarek*.

The story is told on several allegorical levels that are current and integral throughout the film and that tie together neatly at the end. At once, you have the making of a successful reporter and a dramatic exposé of a corrupt child welfare system.

But at the heart of this universal success story, Malarek scores a moral victory for himself and for "everyman" who may have at least sensed the dim contours of a prison cell closing in around him.

This \$4 million film has not been dressed-up to titillate paying customers; there are no great heroics here, no fanfare. True, Malarek gets his story but he does not ride off in a blaze of glory. Indeed, the story ends where Malarek's newspaper fame begins - with the award-winning headline spinning off the presses.

The gritty, sometimes vulgar, realism of Malarek indicates that Robin Spry, a documentary filmmaker and director of the award-winning slice-of-life drama *Obsessed*, had a firm hand in the production. The editing is unhalting, beginning with spectacular aerial shots of Montreal, continuing down through an open window with the use of a Steadicam that

stealthily establishes itself in the hub of newsroom activity.

This action leads to a copyboy, older than most, on his itinerant mail run through the newsroom and the shoulder-shrugging characterization of a street kid named Malarek by a young actor named Elias Koteas. Where a less talented actor might exaggerate, Koteas never loses character. (This guy has more in common with de Niro than a pretty face.)

No time is lost in convincing the viewer that Malarek is a well-intended kid. He is likeable from the moment you meet him. The impact of one particular scene early in the film drives home just how believable the character becomes. It is a flashback in which the 11-year-old Malarek, played by Ross Hull, timidly approaches his father, who is stone drunk with his head on the kitchen table, and kisses him while the social worker waits impatiently and a sobbing mother lies battered on the floor. Your heart breaks willingly. This is one of the most emotionally powerful moments I have ever seen on the screen.

The flashbacks are a crucial element of this film. They're used masterfully, not as a crutch for a weak storyline but in order to give the story an added dimension of depth. The story pivots on a flashback that reveals Malarek's lucky break.

Unfairly charged with armed robbery, Malarek finds himself facing a judge and certain punishment for his recidivistic activities. But Malarek's father pleads for his son at the risk of contempt; his words trigger sympathy and the judge lets Malarek go. The rest is newspaper history.

Al Waxman, the leering and befanged social worker, is at his best and better suited to this sort of villainous role than that of the dumb American cop or the funny fat guy down the street. Kerrie Keane, a busy actress and star of Spry's *Obsessed*, plays a skittish crime page editor unsure about whether she wants to be Malarek's mentor or mistress. Malarek best describes her character in a emotional outburst after the editor and publisher attempt to block his story. "She doesn't know whether to smoke or sit down" yells Malarek accusingly. As a straight foil to the impulsive Malarek, Keane is superb.

On the other hand, Daniel Pilon, who plays Banks, the corrupt detention centre administrator, is so straight and void of any personality that he stifles. There is more to acting than meets the eye and obviously, in this film, Pilon's good looks exceed his acting ability.

Kahil Karn plays an escaped "juvi" who becomes at once the lead source of Malarek's exposé and a liability should the police discover that Malarek is protecting an escapee. He is young and, as the popular street terminology of the day went, "wired." A handgun or a knife in his hands looks extremely dangerous. Malarek, himself, has trouble communicating with this kid whose life ends abruptly while running from a police revolver. While the 16-year-old Karn puts in a lot of hard work, the casting director should also take a bow.

Malarek is a hero in-as-much as he is an exemplary human being who has come through a struggle of heroic proportions. He is a Canadian. Nay! a Canadian hero, to whose name this film does justice.

Malarek leaves you feeling good about his success and bad about the cruelties he had to endure in our own backyard. House-lights and reflection bring the slow dawning that 1971 was not that long ago.

H. Jean Chantale •

MALAREK *exec. p.* Neil Leger, Paul Painter *p.* Jamie Brown, Robin Spry *d.* Roger Cardinal *sc.* Avrum Jacobson *p. mgr.* Jean Desormeaux *asst. p. mgr.* Madeleine Rozon *p. coord.* Chantale de Monigny *mus.* Alexandre Stanké *lst. a. d.* Pierre Plante *2nd. a. d.* Carole Dubuc *3rd. a. d.* Louis Bolduc *apprentice* Maarten Kroonenburg *sc. sup.* Joanne Harwood *cont. app.* Claudia Cardinal *art d.* Claude Paré *art dep. coord.* Louise Cova *set dec.* Pierre Blondin *asst. set dec.* Ginette Paré, Réal Paré *props master* Claude Jacques *set props* Charles Bernier *asst. set props* Richard Carrière *cars coord.* Jacques Arcoette *scene painters* Don McEwen, Cathia Degre *sp. fr.* Louis Craig *swing gang* Gilbert Leblanc, Serge Nadon *d. o. p.* Karol Ike *cam.* Daniel Jobin *lst. asst. cam.* Nathalie Moliavko-Vizotzky *2nd cam. asst.* Sylvaine Dufaux, Martin Dubois *app.* Éric Larivière *stills photog.* Jonathan Wenk *gaffer* Michel-Paul Bélière *best boy* Marc Henault, John Lewin *elec.* Jeff Scott *key grip* Jacob Rolling *dolly grip* Lennard Wells *grip* Stéphane d'Ernsted *loc. sd.* Richard Nicol *boom op.* Thierry Hoffmann *ward. des.* Nicoletta Massone *ward. asst.* Caroline Breard *dressers* Caterina Chamberland, Francesca Chamberland *hd. makeup* Louise Migneault *hair* Constant Natale *unit mgr.* Michel Chauvin *loc. mgr.* Nicholas Palis *transp. coord.* Jim Disensi *p. a.* Jean-Yves Bolduc, Gilles Perrault *hd driver* Don Reardon *drivers* David Leblanc, Réjean Bouchard, Ted Wilson *honeywagon* John Ellis *craft services* George Calamatas, Mairi MacEachern *stunts coord.* Jérôme Tiberghien *casting* Nadia Rona/Elite *ed.* Yves Langlois *asst. ed.* Chantale Bowen *pub.* Lorraine Jamison/Novak and Associates. *l. p.* Elias Koteas, Kerrie Keane, Al Waxman, Michael Sarrazin, Daniel Pilon, Kahil Karn, Joseph Cazalet, Vittorio Rossi, Mark Hellman, Patrick Cardarelli, Susan Bain, Claire Rodger, Brian Dooley, Bruce Ramsey, Ross Hull, Alex Brown, Gayle Garfinkle, Nigel Robertson, Susan Almgren, Thérèse Morange, Isabelle Cyr, Michael Burns, Jason St-Amour, Robert Austern, Susan Glover, Walter Massey, Frank Fontaine, Jeremy Spry. A Telescene Production.

Paul Cowan's See No Evil

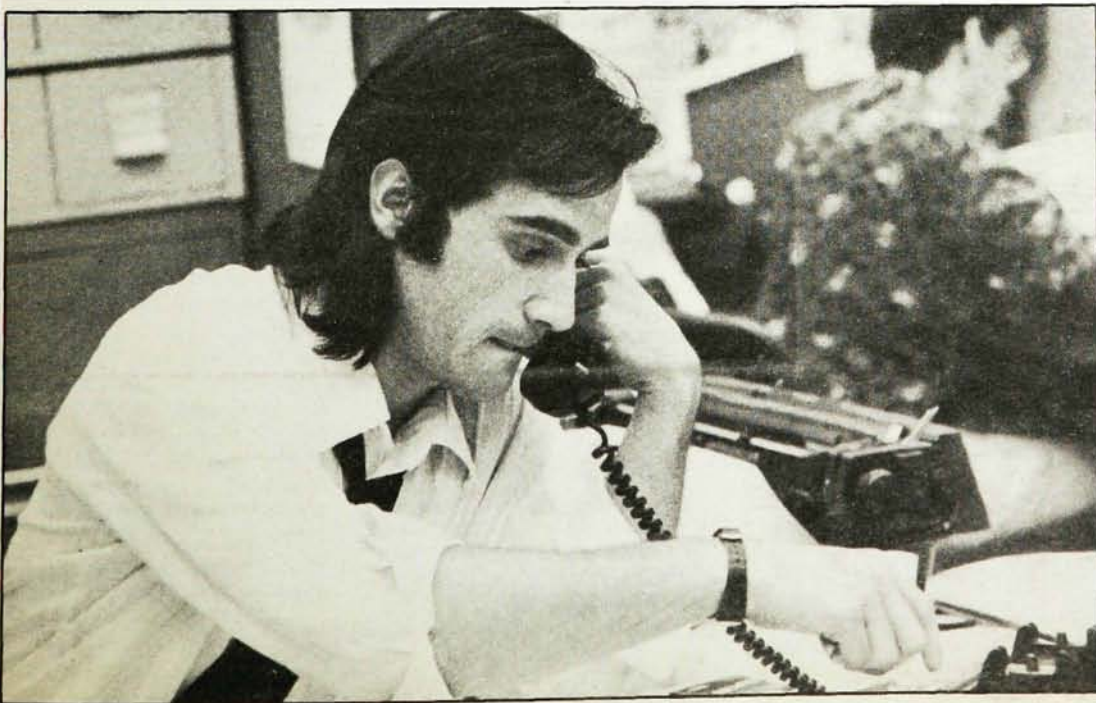
The story of Terry Ryan, a 23-year-old employee at Westinghouse's Hamilton plant who was blinded and disfigured following an explosion at the factory in 1979, is not an unusual one in the annals of labour industry. Instead of being convicted of criminal negligence for having allowed unmarked containers of explosive chemicals on the shop floor, Westinghouse pleaded guilty to the reduced charge of improper storage of hazardous goods and was fined \$5,000. For his part, Ryan has been making do as best he can on his meagre entitlements from the Workman's Compensation Board. What is unusual about this case is the one-man crusade launched by Stanley Gray, a co-worker of Ryan's at Westinghouse, against the triple pillars of big government, big business and big labour.

Paul Cowan's new film *See No Evil* is a docu-drama which chronicles Gray's ongoing struggle from the days following the incident through the court cases of the early '80s to the founding of the Ontario Workers Health Centre. The film begins sensationally with the industrial accident on Nov. 29, 1979. This pivotal episode, however, is really only a launch point for the larger fish in need of frying. Gray's prime target, and the film's main focus, becomes the current state of health and safety in the workplace. The case itself is more of a symptom of evil than the root of it.

Gray's crusade began after inspectors from the Ontario Ministry of Labour filed a one and a half page report in early 1980 (a few weeks following the Westinghouse explosion) which exonerated the company of any blame. In the ensuing months, Gray researched and wrote his own 40-page report which clearly laid the blame for the accident on the company's lax enforcement of safety procedures and its improper handling of inflammable solvents. Toluol, a highly combustible chemical which is used as a cleaning agent, was stored in a drum marked "soap and water". It was this drum which exploded and blinded Terry Ryan.

Gray's report resulted in the ministry filing seven charges against Westinghouse, but it also put the ministry on the spot. If the court action were to succeed, it would repudiate the findings of the original report filed by the ministry's own inspectors. Lawyers from the Ministry of Labour and Westinghouse came to an arrangement: six charges were dropped and one was amended. Westinghouse was fined and the judgement implied that the company was not in any way responsible for the explosion.

Shot in grainy black and white, and using a mix of dramatic re-enactments and interviews, Paul Cowan follows Stanley Gray as he cuts through (and is sometimes overwhelmed by)



Elias Koteas as the title character in *Malarek*

legal and bureaucratic red tape. The result is something like an out-of-kilter detective movie. It is both sombre and suspenseful, but it is a film without a solution – just a lot of clues which point directly at the corrupt, incompetent and ineffectual powers who maintain the status quo of unsafe conditions in the country's workplaces.

Cowan has also taken some hints from his spiritual mentor at the National Film Board, Donald Brittain, who narrates the film. In his own films, Brittain narrates every sentence as if it were a lead; his authority and conviction never seeming to falter at any point. Keeping the master's voice in mind, Cowan has written his script for the occasion. As with the best of Brittain's work, the soundtrack gives a pointed direction to the flow of the narrative without obstructing our understanding of the events unfolding on the screen. The resulting film is undeniably persuasive, but it avoids stooping to manipulation by giving enough credit to the intelligence of its audience.

See No Evil is stylistically similar to Cowan's previous film, *Democracy On Trial: the Morgentaler Affair*, but the new one is by far the more impressive of the two. The basic problem with the Morgentaler film is that Morgentaler's persona as a crusader for the freedom of choice in matters of abortion, has, over the years, been completely defined by the media. Any attempt to redefine it (as Cowan's film does by portraying Morgentaler as a champion of justice beyond the parameters of the abortion issue) is largely ineffective because the battle lines have already been drawn over the abortion issue itself. Although it is a very competent piece of filmmaking, *The Morgentaler Affair* doesn't really work as propaganda; it preaches to the converted while containing little that would sway the undecided.

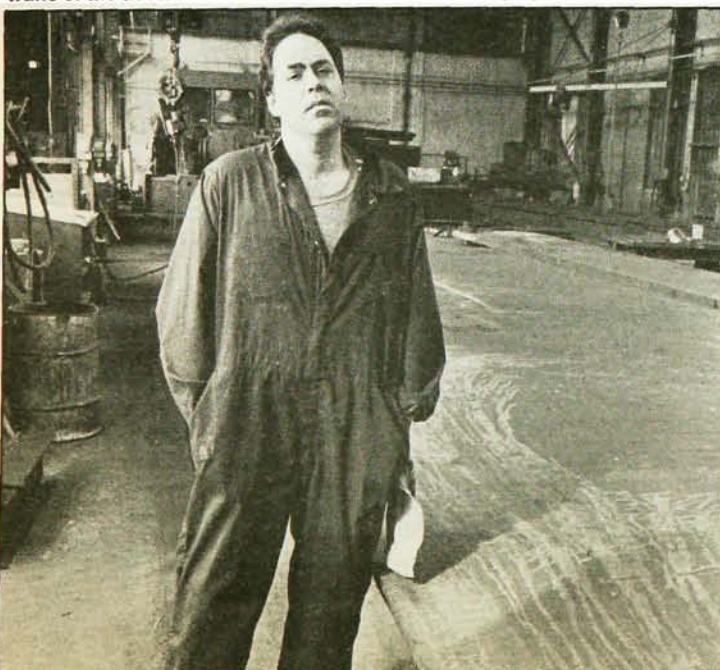
Cowan, however, seems to have learned from his past mistakes. Terry Ryan and Stan Gray are not personalities who have been overexposed by the media; for most of us, they are largely unknown. The events portrayed in the film are tragic, yet similar things occur almost daily – a fact that makes the film all the more distressing. Cowan hasn't singled out the Terry Ryan case as an aberration in the industrial record on health and safety issues. Instead, *See No Evil* documents events which are all too often the norm.

See No Evil is propaganda at its best and most responsible. Few people probably have a firm opinion on occupational health and safety in the workplace beyond the vague notion that safety is a good thing. That would undoubtedly change if more people saw this film. Unfortunately, propaganda isn't of much use if no one gets to see it. *See No Evil* is a remarkable achievement for both the National Film Board and Canadian film. The only real shame is that this film is unlikely to get the exposure that it so justly deserves.

Greg Clarke •

SEE NO EVIL exec. p. Barrie Howells p. Paul Cowan, Adam Symansky assoc. p. Elizabeth Kinck, Tom Puchniak d./sc. /cam. Paul Cowan a. d. /cam. Mike Mahoney ed. Judith Merritt research Elizabeth Kinck, Merrily Weisbord loc. sd. Richard Besse, John Martin, Ross Redfern asst. sd. Reynald Trudel asst. cam. Cathryn Robertson, Chris Wilson sp. fx. H. Piersig and Associates casting Doug Barnes make-up Bill Morgan S.M.A. orig. mus. Alex Paik, Zena Louie narr. Donald Brittain mus. rec. Louis Hone mus. ed. Diane Le Floch sd. ed. Jackie Newell sd. mixing Hans Peter Strobl asst. sd. mix. Nathalie Fleurant admin. Bob Spence, Rose Huchison l. p. Shaun Austin-Olsen, Michael Biachin, J. Winston Carroll, Michael Fletcher, John Friesen, Stan Gray, Sam Malkin, Sean McCann, Patrick Patterson, Steve Pernie, Heinar Pillar, Catherine Ryan, John Ryan, Terry Ryan, Barry Stevens, Terry Thomas, Jeremy Wilkins. A National Film Board of Canada production.

Stan Gray, who launched an occupational health and safety crusade in the wake of the accident that blinded fellow worker Terry Ryan.



A few goodies distributed by Atlantic Independent Media, P. O. Box 1647, Stn. M, Halifax, N. S. B3J 2Z1 (902) 422-5929 – all of which whet the appetite for more, more!

ALBERT

Albert rides the bus home to his apartment and his budge, Dopple. "I am as happy as a little birdie," he tells it. "I am the only person in the office who is completely up-to-date." And so this meek and mild accountant whiles away another lonely weekend in long and bizarre confessions, explanations, and generally eerie chat about his delusions. Among many disclosures, Albert reveals a mad passion for co-worker Miss Burnhamthorpe, which cannot be told because he lives with "a witch who could not get enough love".

Albert's fantasy world is evoked mainly in the first-rate writing, and the monologue is enhanced by hypnotically long takes of actor Charlie Tomlinson getting right into Albert's skin. Perhaps a bit too weird and unsettling for everyone, but it's a dandy TV half-hour – adventurous, unusual, and with good production values.

prod. Newfoundland Independent Filmmaker's Co-operative/St. John's d./cam. /ed. Nigel Markham. script Andy Jones. sd. Jim Rillie. mus. Pamela Morgan. l. p. Charlie Tomlinson (Albert). 29 mins. 16mm/3/4" tape/VHS. Assistance from: Canada Council Explorations Program/Newfoundland & Labrador Arts Council/Resource Centre for the Arts.

THE LAST CHINESE LAUNDRY

A look at Chinese immigrants to St. John's, Nfld. – from the 1895 newspaper report of the arrival of "two celestials" to set up a laundry, to reminiscences by today's community.

William Ping came from his village in south China where he enjoyed a certain status as a schoolteacher. However, urged by his grandmother, he was obliged to take over his uncle's job so that he (the uncle) could return to the village. Ping became a laundry worker, and many more followed him, so that in 1906 a \$300 head tax was imposed on all Chinese entering this country. The work was arduous; sometimes there was only half-an-hour's sleep each night; pay was poor. Since Chinese women and children were not allowed into the country, a social club was formed where the men could gather to gossip, play cards and generally relax in the small amount of time available to them.

Today, the community members prosper, but remember their ancestors' early struggles in St. John's, and display deep pride in the accomplishments of their children who went to university and on to professions. William Ping still runs the last Chinese laundry but for how long? He says, "If you give up, where will you go? Many times I cry."

A film full of good intentions, but badly organized – with interviews, archive footage, stills, music, voice-over, all thrown together higgledy-piggledy. But the sorting-out process is worthwhile in order to discover and appreciate this tiny part of the mosaic history of Canada.

exec. p. Craig McNamara. p. Charles Callanan. d. Fred Hollingshurst. cam. /anim. Nels Squires. ed. Joe Vaughan. sd. Randy Coffin/Tom Myrick. mus. Gin Ya Quang. l. p. Bill Gin, Lief Myrick, Regina Bouvier. 28 mins. 16mm/video. Produced by Continuing Studies and Extension, Memorial University of Nfld. Assistance from: Dept. of Secretary of State/Multiculturalism.

OBEY YOUR HEART

Hands part a curtain to reveal a scroll – and then another – both in English, but the voice-over translates to Polish. The gist of the message is that whatever you dream, you can do.

A number of persons appear, at first head-and-shoulders only accompanied by a simple saying across the bottom of the screen. Then they are shown actively trying to making their "dream" work. "Stop At Nothing" reveals a woman in the throes of writing at her typewriter. An older man whacks away at a drum-kit to illustrate "It Takes Time", and "Start Now" shows a young girl making a creditable stab at "When the Saints Go Marching In" – on the French horn!

And so the parade goes on past the eyes – a bit of a strange one, it must be admitted (it is all tongue-in-cheek?), but quite engaging. But why is the English translated into Polish – because the tape was produced in response to a curated exhibition "Twin Cities/Two Countries", a cultural exchange between Halifax and Lublin, Poland. The end credits are fun too – all the participants caught off-guard, giggling and mugging in a "Candid Camera" situation.

A video by Dean Brousseau. 14 mins. Eng. & Polish. Produced through Halifax Community Channel 10 & The Centre for Arts.

SIRENSONG

The hands in the sudsy water are doing the dishes. A woman's voice-over talks about seeing the first moonwalk on TV, when she was a schoolgirl. But the image had already been conjured up in her head...

A series of images then flow on, accompanied by a multisoundtrack. All the visuals received and stored in memory during life – from magazines, TV, commercials, movies, and so on – merge and get sorted out into real and remembered. A good deal of footage is of Monument Valley, Arizona, seen from a travelling car, which is intensely "familiar" to devotees of Ford's westerns even though most viewers have never been there.

An interesting train-of-thought piece aptly pointing up today's "picture"-oriented way of life, perhaps a bit too personal to the artist, but not long enough to bore!

A video by Jan Peacock. cam. assistance Jeffery Greenberg. sd. mix assistance Andy Dowden. 8 mins. Funded by The Canada Council.