

EDITORIAL

Reflecting on change

It's time to take stock, now, before the glut of fall filmmaking. Time to test the foundations laid by the film industry since the introduction of the tax shelter, and to decide on the shape of this structure which has been rising so quickly during the past years.

So far in 1981, four major features have been shot, all attesting to the strides made toward consolidating Canada's relations with Americans. *The Amateur*, part of the deal between Tiberius and 20th Century Fox, was first off, moving from Toronto to Washington to Vienna. Then Astral shot *Porky* in Florida with help from Melvin Simon, and R.S.L. went to Israel to make *Paradise* with advance promotion from its distributor, Avco Embassy. Finally, *Quest for Fire*, put into studio turnaround by Fox last year and picked up by International Cinema Corp., began shooting again after a winter lull.

In April, Canada's nine biggest producers of feature films made a significant move, founding the Association of Canadian Movie Production Companies (ACMPC). In doing so, they withdrew their membership from other producers' groups, leaving the old neighborhoods, so to speak. Left to fend for themselves are the less well-off and the bread and butter producers - those who make documentaries, educational films, commercials and sponsored films.

The existence of the ACMPC should clarify things considerably. In its first press release, the Association points to the gains those producers have made in solidifying their "relationships on the development, production and distribution levels with American 'Major' and 'mini-Major' distributors."

Determined to live among those who deal in the international marketplace with films for mass exploitation, these Canadian producers can only become stronger by polling their energies and, perhaps, their product. The suggestion has often been made that they might act as a distribution consortium, getting better deals for themselves and the Canadian investor.

Meanwhile, there is another cinema, a national cinema. It doesn't necessarily aspire to grandeur, but is content with creative freedom.

Canada has often made films rooted in indigenous material, speaking the language of the streets, and responding to those who live close by. Last year, the titles were *Les bons débarras*, *The Hounds of Notre Dame*, and *The Handyman*. This year, they are *Les Plouffe* and *Alligator Shoes*.

Les Plouffe, with its larger budget (though \$5 million is still small stuff on which to make a 6 hour series and a feature film) and its experienced producer (I.C.C.) is probably the exception to the rule. In the main, national cinema gets along with small budgets, making up in energy, enthusiasm and vision what it can't put together otherwise.

So it's time to ask, now, what place is reserved for these films? They won't be made from the same stuff the ACMPC will use: tax shelters, international stars and tried formulas won't do the job.

International festivals use artistic quality and innovation as their criteria, and it is unfortunate that, in some Canadian circles, the phrase, "It's a festival film," is taking on a pejorative connotation.

In every country in the world, national cinemas survive because the government provides sustaining mechanisms. Before we grow anymore, the Minister of Communications should take time out to share his view with the filmmakers, and tell them what he has reserved for those with indigenous interests.

The members of the Association des producteurs de films du Québec are hoping to hear just that when Francis Fox attends their annual meeting, June 6.

The editors

OPINION

B.C. bias

"Canadian chauvinism gives me a pain in the ass!" says Robert Altman, who did *That Cold Day in the Park* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* in Vancouver; *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* in Calgary; *Quintet* in Montreal.

"It may be meaningless that there's Canadian film. There just may be film," says Daryl Duke, Vancouver-based Ca-

nadian filmmaker of *The Silent Partner*, *Pay Day* and *Hard Feelings*.

"Those Canadian filmmakers who are active and successful now, and who have a rapport with the international industry, are those who will be around for years," says Justis Greene, film promotion officer for British Columbia.

Does anyone care why we in Beautiful B.C. are smiling?

In Ottawa, Minister of Communications Francis Fox lays down new regulations for a Canadian film industry. In Victoria, the Honourable Pat Jordan, Minister whose portfolio includes film, writes Fox a letter advising him that B.C. opposes his policy. Justis Greene goes to Parliament Hill to tell Fox that and more, in person. And in Vancouver filmmakers try to keep a sober face as Michel Vennat, André Lamy and the Canadian Film Development Corporation board hold a two-day meeting and then shake hands over cocktails.

"The purpose of the Vancouver meeting is for the CFDC Board of Directors to focus their attention on production in western Canada, particularly British Columbia," says a David Novek release. In an interview he adds that filmmakers are not going to get very far if they walk in off the street with a script.

"CFDC Fresh Out of Funds" says a headline in CineMag, meaning that there is no money to invest in film or to advance filmmakers until the new fiscal year.

So why not save those travel dollars? Instead, just lick a 17-cent stamp and ask Justis Greene what's going on in B.C. Or, now that the CFDC has finally opened up a fulltime office in Vancouver and appointed Calgary's Karen Laurence as regional co-ordinator, why not pick up the Red Phone and tell her to find out what irks western filmmakers? It will be the same thing they've been griping about since the first time and the last time the CFDC whizzed through town. (And always in crocus and daffodil weather.)

Apart from their inability to interest the CFDC in investing in their projects, west coast filmmakers - heads bloody and no longer unbowed - are frustrated because, as Canadians, they do not have control over their own media. Few film deals are packaged in Vancouver and the filmmakers themselves have only a slim hold on the marketing of the films they do, occasionally, manage to make. To make matters worse no films are booked from Vancouver, so there is no easy access to Canadian movie screens.

Finally, say westerners, Canadians have not been making movies, they've been making movie deals. Which means that they're too busy trying to make money to create a movie industry.

Justis Greene, between pamphlet raids over movie capitals of the world, sits back and laughs. Robbed of at least four major productions by the Screen Actors' strike in the U.S., British Columbia still finished 1980 with a record number of films completed. Production levelled off at \$65 million when sights had been set on \$100 million - which is now the realistic goal for the province's 1981 film production. Already producing more feature and TV films than any other western province, B.C. is determined that the only way to go is up, which is why the provincial government is at loggerheads with the federal film policy.

At issue is Fox's insistence on "Canadianizing" feature film production even more than it is now. Whether it gets anywhere with the argument, British Columbia is letting Ottawa know its opposition to that stance, meanwhile developing its own approach to filmmaking; and that is, that B.C. doesn't give a damn who makes the films as long as they make them in B.C. At the same time, Greene's office encourages and facilitates projects in B.C. by Canadians as zealously as it does for anyone.

Much more will be done for all filmmakers this year. By the time the Genies

attract most of the country's major film people to the annual back-slapping bash, they may be aware of something cooking in the west - something that will guarantee an ever-growing influx of filmmakers, and provide British Columbia producers with the best possible assistance.

No, the B.C. government is not into the film business, except to bolster its participation with the private sectors - whether they come from any part of Canada, Hollywood, London, or anywhere else films are seen.

Expanded nationalistic regulations for film threaten to keep away from this west coast Mecca those who have worshipped here before, or those wanting to share in the benefits of B.C. locations, and its performing and technical talent. The B.C. position is that, if outsiders come in to make films, some of their expertise in production - and more important, in distribution - will eventually increase the working knowledge of Canadians, and so reinforce the Canadian film industry.

That's why B.C. and Ottawa do not see eye-to-eye; and also why, whatever Ottawa does about the film business, there will always be a pot of gold at the end of B.C.'s rainbow.

Daryl Duke says that B.C. will never be Hollywood North: Justis Greene backs him, saying that such a notion is garbage. Like most filmmakers here, Duke asks, What are Canadian films supposed to reflect? "We had a National Film Board that was supposed to tell Canada about Canadians, interpret Canadians to themselves and to the world. What's a Canadian film industry supposed to be doing?" He has been called "commercial" and accused of "going Hollywood," but is that not what all the successful, money-making Canadian features - with the blessing of the CFDC - have done?

Just two of the many things lacking in the Canadian film industry are the ability to be bankable, and the ability to put together bankable deals, he declares. Which brings him to actors. How do we make it on the international market with the actors we have? There are a lot of actors who can be in the movies, but there are very few who can make a film happen. The sad thing, he says, is that those two or three are being overused. "We can't go on with Donald Sutherland, Geneviève Bujold and Christopher Plummer. After them there's a big drop to Gordon Pinsent - and then who? There have got to be others coming up, or else we have to forget about a Canadian film industry and just talk about a film industry."

Justis Greene is all for that, if necessary. He makes no apologies for doing what he can to lure foreign and home-grown producers to B.C. Successful producers in Canada must realize, he says - just as successful British, Italian or French producers realize - that they have to maintain a link with Hollywood because that is still where the largest pool of talent lies, in all facets of the film business. The tie-in with American filmmakers has been in existence right from the start of film in B.C. It grew stronger after the establishment of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, which was created to encourage a national industry, but which left - and leaves - western Canadians with a total feeling of isolation, a malaise that existed even before political separatism became an issue. For that reason Karen Laurence's appointment is looked on favorably, yet already there's the feeling that it won't change things.

What filmmakers here really want is somebody on the CFDC board who will truly represent western interests – a valid suggestion since more than half of the many millions of dollars going into the Canadian film industry has come from investors west of Winnipeg. It becomes an even more urgent requirement because there is already a Vancouverite on the board who has nothing to do with the film business, and whom the province's film promotion officer has never even met.

At the same time, Greene feels that local filmmakers have been unfair in criticizing the CFDC. The quiet revolution in film production in B.C. occurred simultaneously with Michael McCabe's razzle-dazzle rearranging of the organization – which did not help the west to any accelerated degree. It is hoped that Michel Vennat and André Lamy will take time out to get to know the problems of western filmmakers, their peculiarities and their talents. It is most unfair that the CFDC claims to understand the B.C. filmmaking climate on the basis of pop-in visits once or twice a year.

It's high time producers started thinking of their films as international, because it's a fact of film life. As has been frequently pointed out, Canadian features must be sold and seen abroad if they are going to make money. For that to happen there must be a change of attitude toward protecting Canadians in the business, recognizing that to get a saleable film you must be able to work with the best talent available, regard-

less of nationality.

Right now, in order to sell, Canadian films have to have American stars – and maybe even writers and directors. Then again, what is there about Canadian film that really differentiates it from American? Which is not to say that there shouldn't be a Canadian film industry – but why should there be one? Certainly in the west the question gets no answer.

Money is flowing into B.C.-made film from the U.S., Hong Kong, Germany, and eastern Canada. There are even investors here willing to risk capital on something more glamorous than lumbering and mining, and no more risky than drilling for oil.

Justis Greene has been on the job for three years. At the end of his first year film production jumped to \$17 1/2 million. There hadn't been \$5 million worth of movies made here in all the previous five years. In 1979 the total was \$37 1/2 million. And it's climbing... climbing.

Two internationally-known filmmakers have settled in B.C. within the past year. One is Michael Anderson, whose first assignment was directing *Bells*, in Toronto. The other is the worldly Greek, George Cosmatos. They intend to put spurs to an industry that jingle-jangles as it goes riding merrily along. And there is room for anyone who wants to climb aboard.

Les Wedman, one of Canada's veteran film critics, is based in Vancouver.

LETTERS

"Legend" lacking

The following letter was addressed to Lois Siegel c/o Cinema Canada, with regard to her article "Lack à la Mode" in issue no. 72.

Your recent "interview" of Stephen Lack is grounds enough for an irreversible divorce from your typewriter. Even custody every second weekend and for one month of the summer vacation, would seem a trifle luxurious. I wouldn't go as far as to suggest a lynch-mob style hanging with an IBM ribbon, somebody might make a movie out of it. But your wrist must be slapped and your little fingers reminded, that in the future they must be more careful about which keys they are pressing upon.

"Stephen Lack is becoming a legend." Really!!! A legend Ms. Siegel? I thought Garland, Chaplin, Pavoratti, Hitchcock, Streisand, and in a more Canadian vein, Leacock, Hyland, Medley, Lightfoot, to name a few, were of the legend variety. But now Mr. Lack has scanned his way into the noble family of great artists who have left indelible marks on our modern times.

Not that Mr. Lack doesn't possess certain abilities conducive to rapid success in the forever burgeoning Canadian feature film industry; Rona Barret has afforded a comment or two in that regard, his apparent lack of, or overabundance of, talent is not the question. I haven't seen enough of Mr. Lack's work to honestly comment in that respect, actually there's not that much of it around yet. But come on, let's be responsible, he's no legend, not yet anyway. Whether he'll grow into that honoured company, we'll just have to let time decide.

But for the moment, I would suggest that your publication leave the hype of the industry in the capable hands of the pseudo-Hollywood P.R. people. Back in the cocktail glasses and Courtyard contracts, not on the pages of Canada's cinema journal. And as for Mr. Lack, left weeping in childhood theatres, leave the task of his hype in the much more qualified hands of his agent, the producers he works for, and, if your article is any indication, his most capable source, himself...

J. Hughes,
Toronto.

APB out on R.A.

In connection with my research on silent film actress Renée Adorée (1898-1933), I would appreciate correspondence from any of your readers regarding same.

Randy B. Cohen
451 W. Lake Dasha Dr.
Plantation, FL 33324
U.S.A.

Ghost writer?

While I was delighted to have my interview with Beryl Fox and Claude Jutra appear in the first issue of the handsome new *Cinema Canada* format, I was mystified by my description under the interview. Just who is this person who "worked at the CBC for 12 years," and "is presently a freelance writer with a strong involvement in film?" Certainly not me.

I spent only 4 years at the CBC in the early seventies, and the past 8 years as a freelance filmmaker. My "strong involvement in film" I would rather describe as

an all-absorbing obsession since the film business has been my sole income source since 1969!

However, this is not to quibble but just to set the record straight. Congratulations on a stylish and exciting new magazine, and here's to continued success in the future.

Penelope Hynam

A helping hand

(The following letter was received in response to Barbara Halpern Martineau's article "Canadian Women Filmmakers" in *Cinema Canada* No. 71)

"Sometimes a little push by the confident hand of a friend is all that is needed to take off and make it."

I can't help remembering when bright young men walked into offices where I was sometimes a director's assistant, sometimes a highly over-worked production manager. No experience, no film background, just bright and "promising" young men – they'd be out with a crew in no time. It's perplexing that in ten years, not once did I see a producer invest so much as an ounce of such trust in a woman. Time seemed endless to me till the day when I'd be doing my thing. Years and years of polishing someone else's star, but where oh where was that crack where I could ease myself into the light of my own star. The doors were shut tight everywhere... For years.

For me, it all happened because of the women's new consciousness. It took years for other women's struggle to awareness to rub off on me, challenging deeply embedded self-negating images. Eventually, all fell into place, the time was right.

Laurette

My story is more that of the "bright and promising young woman, with no film background" who was given a unique chance: I was thrown into a mad globe-trotting, Super-8 filmmaking, six-month-race-around-the-world. Each week, a new place, a new subject, a new five-minute film story for television.

Originally, *La course autour du monde* was a television program dreamed up by France's Antenne 2. In recent years, it involved Belgium, Switzerland and Canada. When Radio-Canada first embarked on this adventure, I was one of the two amateur filmmakers selected to represent it.

In looking back on the period that followed my return home, I wonder at my good fortune. After this experience with television – which had not really allowed me to explore any subject in depth – I wanted to draw out, from this first encounter with the Third World, all the untapped matter for thought. I wanted to challenge my ideas and share my impressions with someone. So, my start was fresh and my eagerness high. No preconceived ideas about the place reserved to women in film, or in any other field for that matter. No real handicap – but for the presumptions that stem from self-assurance.

Michèle

As long-time friends of different backgrounds, but with shared aspirations and a taste for questions, we joined energies and experiences to set up a production.* Our subject was well-documented and researched, many letters from relevant groups across the country supported the project, the budget was realistic and over half of it had

already been assured by various private and governmental sources. On the basis of the pre-production work we had done we approached the NFB's Studio D, having heard of the Studio's policy to help independent women filmmakers as much as possible. The project was ambitious and we realized that we needed a framework – a framework, but not a rigid mold – to successfully carry through with our first production as producers and directors. Kathleen Shannon understood this and committed Studio D's assistance; so did Dorothy Hénaut who acted as a producer and supported us like a true friend. The Women's Studio D at the NFB in Montreal provided post-production services and – something that we couldn't have gotten anywhere else – expert technical assistance, along with a healthy dose of confidence in our project and our ability to carry it through.

At the women's studio we found solidarity, women very much available to help (even when highly involved in their own projects), and a sense of respect for each other in an atmosphere of friendliness and cooperation. Beyond that, we can't say that we found any trace of female chauvinism: we recognized a definite commitment to the cause of women – with the understanding that only men and women "together" can make this planet a better place to live.

Paternalism is rampant in our institutions: it could be that the women in Studio D have meditated extensively upon this subject for they have no doubt often experienced the weight of a male-dominated industry. The fact remains that the assistance we received carried no ties and in no way infringed upon our freedom. No attempts were made to interfere with, or try to shape our material to any orientation. We appreciated our many exchanges with the people of the studio, particularly during the editing period when feedback is so important, but at no time were opinions given in a binding fashion. Most important, contrary to many other places where we had previously sought assistance, we were not required to give up any of the rights to our film in exchange for services received.

This year we have completed another film that we've produced and directed entirely on our own: *Those Strangers, Our Friends* is the first half-hour of a two-part documentary on the sponsorship of Indochinese refugees. The production of the second half-hour is presently under way. Studio D's early assistance with our first production has contributed to our acquiring know-how, assurance and independence.

Certainly, there are thousands and thousands of women who need that first break to get going. Sadly, the opportunities for them to develop into filmmakers are frustratingly limited. Because of our experience, we can only commend the women of Studio D for their support. But we are well aware that to answer the needs of so many, other opportunities to break into the industry must be found. As Studio D has helped us, we hope someday to be in a position to extend a helping hand to other women filmmakers.

Laurette Deschamps
Michèle Renaud-Molnar

*Laurette Deschamps, Denise Lanouette, Michèle Renaud-Molnar formed a production company called Ciné-Contact to produce a one-hour documentary film on international adoption entitled *Far Away, Another Child*

(cont on p. 70)

SHORTS

Paul Mason's Dragoncastle

Dragoncastle is a claymation (plasticene animation) short. It won first prize for animation, the Chris Statuette, at the Columbus International Film Festival. It has also been a finalist in several other festivals, including the Canadian Film and Television Awards. Although *Dragoncastle* is ostensibly "an animation film for kids, made by kids," intended for Kindergarten through grades three or four, it has a much broader appeal.

The story is as simple as it is imaginative. It takes place in a strange, ecologically balanced kingdom. A Disneyesque castle presides over the productive pastoral of the village. There are the requisite fairy tale characters: the king, the queen, the knight, monsters, the dragon, and the townspeople. Yet these protagonists quickly break out of their stock medieval molds to become lovable individuals.

The action is narrated by two young children, one of seven years, who sticks pretty well to the point, and another of two years, who naively and delightfully punctuates the action with spontaneous exclamations and commentaries.

As the story opens, the farmers tend their cows and fields, the women do their chores, and the children play. All is at best in the best of worlds, or almost. The dragon, who lives in a cave under the castle, is accused of incinerating the odd house and devouring the occasional cow. The townspeople petition the king. Something must be done. The king, a benevolent despot if ever there was one, agrees, and sends for the white knight, who comes from afar to rid the kingdom of this dread beast. The dragon is not enchanted by the prospect of doing battle with a knight, but does haul himself from his cave and give the knight a good tussle. The knight eventually deals him a resounding bonk on the head, and the dragon sadly moves off, "not with a sore head but with hurt feelings."

Of course, no one realizes that in driving off the dragon the ecological balance of the entire kingdom has been drastically disrupted, until it's too late. The "moat monsters," without the dragon's flames to keep them swimming benignly around the castle, go on the rampage, destroying much of the village. As if this weren't enough, without the dragon's flames to provide central heating, the towers of the castle are soon bending and shaking with the combined coughing and sneezing of its inhabitants.

Once more the king is petitioned by the villagers. The knight is sent for, commanded to find the dragon and "politely" ask him to return. The knight swallows his pride and rides off on his charger. He finds the sulky dragon who, after a bit of hot air, agrees to leave his desolate cave and return to the kingdom, where he receives a hero's welcome. He quickly dispatches the monsters to their moat, reclaims his cave, and begins heating the cold, damp castle above. The balance is once again restored. The villagers rebuild their town and tend their gardens. The dragon is in his cave. Peace on earth.

Although *Dragoncastle* will be marketed as an educational film, it was not originally intended as such by those who conceived it. Becky and Paul Mason began working on *Dragoncastle* at the ages of 11 and 13, respectively, after receiving some plasticene as a Christmas present. They built a castle for fun, and also, just for fun, decided to try a few seconds of animation. Their father, Bill Mason, an award-winning NFB director, helped them with the more technical aspects. Five years later *Dragoncastle* was in the can.

Technically, the film is very accomplished. The animation is alive and believable, with great attention paid to often humorous detail. The editing is well-paced and there is a good variety of camera angles. The monsters and humans have distinct, endearing personalities. Remarkably, there are no "bad guys and good guys."

Becky and Paul began playing with the plasticene castle in the living room of their home. As the set grew, and the two began to take their game more seriously, their father allowed them to move into his studio. Yet the living room floor is never really abandoned. The film is never pedantic or moralistic. The fun of a child's game on the floor is preserved.

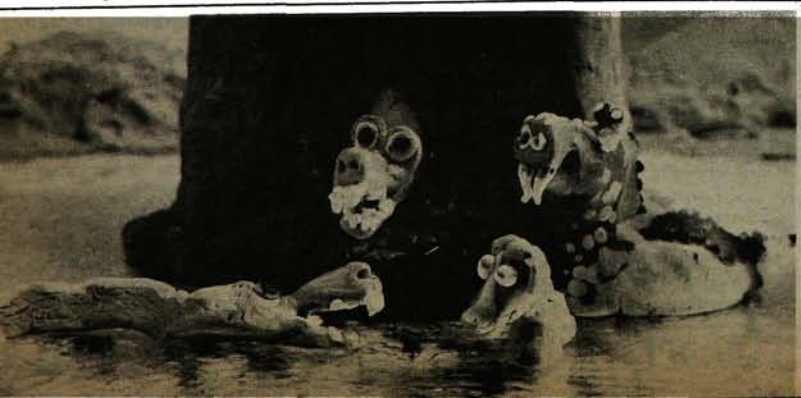
The original score is by Andrew Huggett. The string ensemble playing "early renaissance" music provides a sophisticated backdrop on which the voices of the two young narrators play. The distance between the childish commentaries and the adult music is teasing and fresh. Perhaps it echoes the distance between the adolescents who began the film and the young adults who completed it five years later, between the game on the floor and the work in the studio. These distances animate the animation and charm the viewer, whether he is a child, or simply a child at heart.

Jeffrey Reid ●

DRAGONCASTLE d. Paul Mason p. Bill Mason animators Paul & Becky Mason orig. score Andrew Huggett col. 16 mm running time 13 min. dist. Mobius International p.c. Mason Productions.

● *Dragoncastle's* unusual ecology...

PHOTO: BECKY MASON



David Fine's Viola

David Fine's new short *Viola* conveys the feeling of hands - out exploration - a young director trying on an attitude for size. In this case, the attitude is rudimentary aesthetics: it is a lovely film to look at, bold in no way, but still lovely and simple and full of life.

The viola itself is shown as an object of obvious sculptural beauty, and Fine has been lucky in his chance to work with Mark Irwin, whose camera work here is so lush and epicurean. We are shown the making of the instrument in detail, and Otto Erdesz's especially sensual approach to his craft. His attitude towards the creation of the instrument enlivens it for the viewer. At the end of the film, the craftsman's wife/musician, Rivka Golani-Erdesz, plays the viola with intensity that both touches and holds the audience. Fine and Irwin have managed to sustain the emotion and the integrity of the subject matter in document. If at times this film reads like the classic "artist's film" (step back and see Moore and his bones), on this level it is true to its subject matter, which is exciting in itself.

In the past Fine has worked primarily in animation. His short films have picked up a number of awards in various competitions, in the student division. Live action is a new direction for him and *Viola* is a respectable effort. With greater experience and confidence in



● "Otto Erdesz's especially sensual approach to his craft." PHOTO: DAVID FINE

his abilities, Fine may allow more of that imagination of his earlier work to once more show through - something we can look forward to. **Katherine Dolgy ●**

VIOLA

p./d. David Fine d.o.p./lights Mark Irwin, csc.ed. David Fine interviews Otto Erdesz, Rivka Golani-Erdesz, John Newton, Donald R. Dinovo **Bach's Adagio perform.** Rivka Golani-Erdesz, with Lillian Bezkorvany, Donald R. Dinovo, Shirley Fine, Carol Gibson, Gerard Kantarjian, Murray Lauder, Olga Priestman, John Trembath, Rosalie Zelonka **concert cam.** Mark Irwin, Phil Ernschaw, David Fine, Rolf Cutts (asst.) **concert rec.** Donald R. Dinovo **additional viola perform.** Rivka Golani-Erdesz **violins by** Otto Erdesz p.c. Fine Film Productions, 1980 (produced with the assistance of the Ontario Arts Council col. 16mm running time 27 min. 50 sec. dist. Magic Lantern Film Distributors Ltd.

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 37)

Score one for culture

Appearance of the new format prompts me to write a long-delayed note of appreciation. I think the magazine is making a very important contribution to our cultural growth and to the representation of that growth both at home and abroad. This last number has been really fine. The only thing that gives me a funny feeling is the description of yourselves in the masthead as a "charitable organization."

Dan Driscoll,
P.E.I. District Representative,
National Film Board

The Cinema Canada Magazine Foundation is indeed a charitable organization, and donations are accepted with thanks. Ed.

Count me out

Regarding the ad for Cinema Canada's "coverage at Cannes." Congratulations. It's sexist, exploitative and very American, in the fashion of Penthouse and Playboy. I hope you're very happy with your new image. If I had a subscription, I'd cancel it.

Sharon Thomson
Vancouver

The ad got the results intended; no one forgot it, and the Cannes coverage, as you can see, is super.

Just a note about the ad being sexist. A sexist ad is one which uses sex gratuitously to sell a product, exploiting the person in the ad. The photo was of a lady who goes to Cannes every year, and was taken on the beach there. Not only would she be thrilled with the additional exposure she got through our ad, but the ad itself goes a long way to render one of the visible attractions of the Cannes fest itself. Think of it as a documentary! Ed.

Good and disgusting

The new format of *Cinema Canada* is clearly a step forward; however, I find your choice for the cover of No. 73 and your advertising for coverage at Cannes both sexist and disgusting. Furthermore, if your magazine is, as you claim, "the best film magazine in Canada" (which it is), then why the need for "eye-catching" pictures that are cheap, exploitative and unnecessary?

Natalie Pawlenko
Toronto

The choice of the cover photo was made by Beryl Fox, the producer of By Design. We endorse her choice, and expect Claude Jutra's film to be neither cheap nor exploitative. Ed.