

therefore, they are good. Beechum traps on Indian land, a sure sign of corruption, and kills a pet raccoon. Mother wears a fur coat that speaks volumes about her values. Kelly, although always redeemable because she has a blind friend (named Angela!), in her first phase steals a fur coat and hates toads. At the end, healthy in mind and spirit, she receives a tame wolf as a gift from Brother Robin, a monk straight out of *Snow White*. Brother Robin, in an understandingly nervous performance by Alex Willows, is accompanied by an owl, a wolf, a hawk, and an enormous Kodiak grizzly. Robin is, of course, the best person in Alaska, a Christian brother in tune with nature. He stops just short of walking on water, no doubt a failure of nerve on the part of the filmmakers!

Limited as stereotypes, these people interact with each other within the confines of an inept plot. Not only do the episodes fail to contribute to any unfolding of Kelly's character, but they also seem gratuitous. The scenes at the monastery for instance, appear to have been written simply to feature the bear. Moreover, the plot-lines are so separate from each other that the movie ends three times. The major resolution, Kelly's facing of herself - that should reveal the extent of her transformation - occurs first, and far too early. The second, a nuisance that ought to have been edited out, involves a renewed attraction between her father, and her remarried mother, who is soon removed from the story. Eventually, almost as an afterthought, the villain is set up to get what he, if not Russia, deserves. But because Kelly cannot take part in the revenge, the joke falls flat. This ending, however, reveals why the movie is not just bad but objectionable.

Kelly is not really the heroine's story, and hemmed in as she is by clichés and stereotypes she has no chance to act. Always rescued by a father who knows best, a spunky kid dwindles into a passive girl. Kelly insults children.

Anna Carlsdottir ●

KELLY d. Christopher Chapman p. Samuel V. Freeman asst. p. George Anthony exec. in charge of prod. Robert Meneray sc. Robert Logan mus. Micky Erbe, Maribeth Solomon song I'll Keep It With Me. comp. by Maribeth Solomon, Micky Erbe, sung by Donna Ramsay rec. by Andrew Hermant art. d. Charles Dunlop superv. ed. David Nicholson, cfe. d.o.p. Paul Van Der Linden, csc. L. prod. Fran Rosati casting Canadian Casting Associates sc. consult. Francis Chapman cont. Margaret Hanly cam. op. Cyrus Block cam. op. (2nd unit) Rod Parkhurst foc. puller Brent Spencer foc. pullers (2nd unit) Theo Eglseider, Peter Smith clapper/loader Harvey La Rocque ed. Byron White, Peter Dale loc. sd. mix Larry S. tton boom op. Lars Ekstrom sd. ed. Fred Brennan Vanina Jezek (asst.) key grip John Dillard Brinson dolly grip Richard Allen, John Brown asst. grip Tom Hansen, Brian Kuchera prop. master Tracey Budd, Craig Ponton (asst.) hair Salli Bailey make-up Sandy Cooper a.d. David MacLeod (1st), Kim Winther (2nd), Val Steffoff (3rd) p. sec. Karen Hamasaki p. acct. Lacia Kornyllo p. bookkeeper Joanne Jackson p. sec. Angela Gruenthal p. asst. Vikki Haimila loc. man. Michael MacDonald asst. art. d. Suzanna Smith, Daniel Bradette painter Susan High gaf. David Anderson electr. Rob Brown best boy electric Rod Merrells gen. op. Glen Sherman set. d. Steve Shewchuk asst. set dresser Chris Merrells wardrobe Deborah Weldon, Jackie Merrells (asst.) craft serv. Mike Brown driver capt. Cy Barry, drivers Mark Barry, Don Brown, Betty Elliot, Martin Gutkind, Roy Hart, Ken McClennon stills Bruno Engler spec. efx. John Thomas Rex Cooley (asst.) whitewater consult. Robin Sims safety rafts Vivian Fehr pilots Tony Huggan, Scott Swanson stunt doubles Betty Thomas, Graham Elliott, Erwin Oertli animals Hubert Wells trainers Cheryl Shwaver, Karin Dew bear trainers Lloyd Beebe, Marinho Correia vet. Terry Quesnel l.p. Robert Logan, Twyla-Dawn Vokins, George Clutesi, Elaine Nalee, Doug Lennox, Alec Willows, Dan Granirer, Jack Leaf, Mona Cozart, Paddy White re-rec. Nolan Roberts, Film House dist. Paramount Pictures col. 35 mm running time 95 min. p.c. Famous Players Film Corp. 1980

Michael Snow's Presents

Michael Snow's new film is his most generous, exuberant and buoyant offering yet. As usual, it's a meditation upon the processes of perception. As usual, too, it's a rich, spirited film that should tease viewers into new thoughts however often it is viewed.

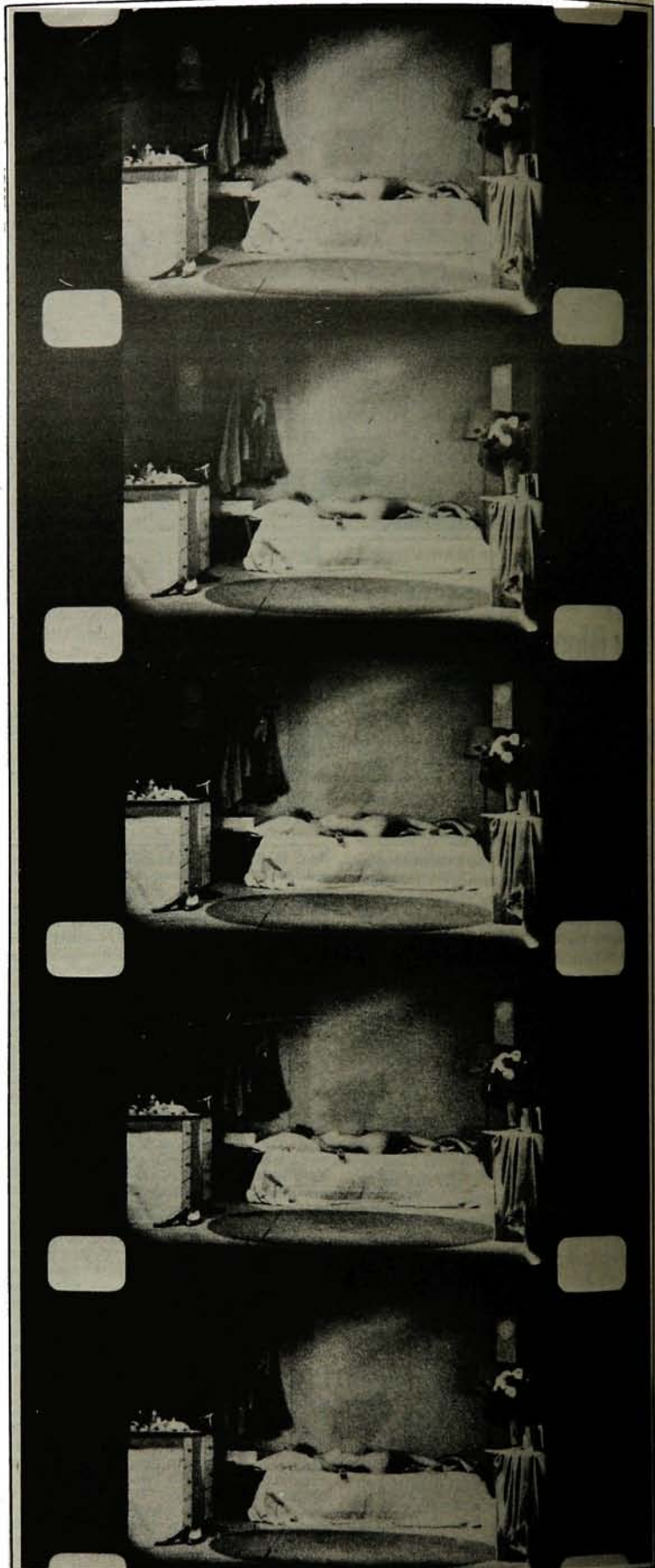
The film is structured in three precise parts. The first two dramatize the distortions which result when a willful artist imposes himself upon the materials of his craft. The third demonstrates the greater riches when the artist subordinates himself to the splendors of the world.

In the 10-minute first section, Snow presents the classical odalisque - a nude reclining in an artificial room. Snow opens with a thin vertical sliver of light, which he slowly stretches out into the full image. When his stretch reaches the Cinemascope proportion the woman has been rubberized, dehumanized, rendered grotesque. Here Snow exposes the filmmaker's intervention by prop, framing, and manipulation of the formal elements of his shot. Halfway through, the image is squashed into a horizontal slit, then stretched out again. Contrary movements are required to make the whole. As in the film's overall structure, thesis and antithesis give way to the climactic synthesis.

The second part is a hilarious 20-minute narrative in which the nude rises and joins a visitor to search for a trivial object. For the most part, Snow's camera is stationary, but the entire set moves back and forth. Both actors are hilarious in the stiff movements and in their heroic effort to handle their moving set. A phonograph plays classical music, its needle leaping crazily with the movement. We hear Snow call out numbers to direct his actors. We see his crew reflected against the set. The man freezes in mid-air whenever the set moves him out of camera range. This is a slapstick exposure of traditional narrative cinema, in which a trivial drama is performed against an artificial setting, and its entire world is manoeuvred by the director. The comedy lies in Snow making explicit the manipulation that is usually hidden.

As in the whodunit involving the body on the floor in *Wavelength*, and the classroom incidents in *Back and Forth* (informally called "Back and Forth"), Snow raises the spectre of narrative cinema only to drop it, in favour of analyzing the perception of experience. So in the latter stages of his narrative sequence in *Presents*, the romantic drama becomes a disaster movie. The furniture wobbles, crumbles, and is crushed. Finally Snow's camera breaks through the setting and we escape into the splendor of the real world. Our first image is the oppressive skyscraper, but we're free.

The third section is a 70-minute album of intriguing, rhyming, beautiful, unsettling, and extremely personal shots of life, in all its fullness and chaos. Here Snow shows the world instead of a fiction. Now he allows the objects their own free movement, unframed, unordered. There are passages of breathtaking beauty - the arc of a bird in flight, the sinuous routes of machines on earth. There are passages of chuckling irony - a pan of a dresser ends on a Genie; next a worker unloads a barrow of trash.



● A unique exploration of the medium: Michael Snow's *Presents*.

There are shots of unaccountable detail and appreciation, like the lengthy views of a steamroller, later a snowplow, as Snow's lingering camera seems captivated by physical details. There are sequences that rhyme textures - a blanket, then a field of snow. There are moments of drama - from a hunter proudly displaying his moose head, Snow pans blurrily across fields of red

and white flowers, as if tearing away in revulsion. No rose-lensed optimism, Snow cuts in an Arctic caribou hunt and a grisly surgery.

Presents is based upon the paradox of authorial personality. The first two parts demonstrate the falsity and folly of an art in which the creator obtrudes his voice and craft. The third is a celebration of the world, which the director

modestly studies and preserves in eternal "presents," and presents to us as delightful gifts (the third sense of "presents"). The paradox is that the film is most personal in the section in which the artist does not intrude. He shows himself most profoundly when he shares what he sees. So this, the third section, is so much weightier and more moving than the illusionist cinema which he satirizes in the earlier comic episodes. The first two episodes are enclosing and false. The third is an exhilarating exercise in opening out.

The third part is a collage of apparent objectivity. Neither heard nor seen, Snow is present only by his implicit functions of choice of material, filming and editing. But the world we see there is very much Snow's world. The section abounds with characteristic Snow shots - dizzying pans back and forth, and waves, and birds, and walking women. And a beaming Joyce Wieland hard upon (well, really soft) a shot of a happy family celebration. Not just the world opens out in that third section, but the private Snow as well.

The first part is accompanied by a modulating electronic drone, that seems to harmonize as the image comes into focus. In contrast, the sound in the second part is rooted in the setting, both in the character's room and in the director's operation. In the third part the sound works ambiguously between the synchronous and the imposed. Each cut is accompanied by a drumtap, like a pulse. We can't determine whether this tap causes, announces, or reacts to the change in image. That is the very ambiguity of the filmmaker's relationship to his image here. He is a present recorder. He is at once passive before the spectacle and active in its preservation.

For all its import, though, one must not lose sight of the sheer pleasure that this film presents. It's not often that one feels regret when a Michael Snow film comes to its end. But here one is disappointed when that brilliantly executed slapstick sequence is over. And even more when his collage of splendid reality draws to a close. But then the quickening drum-pulse heralds our return to the world beyond the screen. There we can exercise the sharper, appreciative eye for color and movement that Snow has primed. There his *Presents* will enhance our own present.

Maurice Yacowar ●

PRESENTS d./p./cam./ed./sets Michael Snow ed. John Kamenaar, Bill Buxton, Brian Day cam. Keith Lock p. man. Robin Collyer l.p. Jane Fellowes, Peter Melnick colour 16 mm year 1980 (with the assistance of the Canada Council) running time 90 min. dist. Canadian Filmmaker's Distribution Centre.



● A glimpse of *Presents*.

Vic Sarin's *You've Come a Long Way, Katie*

Social problems frequently serve as good television fodder. They tend to provoke strong audience reaction, which consequently improves ratings. In the past, such diverse topics as venereal disease, male prostitution and child beating have been tackled with varying degrees of success. Now, *You've Come a Long Way, Katie* treats the subject of cross-addiction. This recent CBC mini-series of three, one-hour episodes, is a serious docu-drama as well as good entertainment; the subject matter has been handled with intelligence and good taste.

Cross-addiction is an addictive dependence on alcohol and tranquilizers to relieve daily stress - a by-product of our push-and-shove society. It's more prevalent in major cities, and seems to prey more frequently on women than men, as shown by a recent Alcoholics Anonymous survey of its members' - indicating that more than half are women - and a study by the Canadian Psychiatric Association stating that one Canadian woman in five consumes excessive mood-altering drugs. Mixed together, booze and drugs are a scary combination.

You've Come a Long Way, Katie grapples with cross-addiction factually and dramatically; in much the same way as did the old Ray Milland classic, *The Lost Weekend* in 1945. Producer Jeannine Locke, veteran director of numerous documentaries, including *To Die Today* and *Friends of Ireland*, utilized a documentary approach to breathe life into her plot and characters. Locke spent several months researching cross-addiction before scripting episodes one and three of the series, turning over episode two to writer Jay Telfer, who was cross-addicted himself for ten years.

Kate Forbes (Lally Cadeau) is the sparkling host of the popular daytime show, "Straight Talk." In episode one, *Madder Music*, we see the beginnings of her downfall from stability, the result of marital problems and heavy job stress. Kate has trouble coping with her problems and seeks a solution in alcohol. When drinking fails to provide the extra lift she requires, the booze is supplemented by healthy doses of Valium. "This is shaping up to be a three-Valium show!" she chortles before one difficult taping.

Eventually, Katie is physically and emotionally impaired to the point where Virginia, her producer (Irene Mayeska), issues an ultimatum: she must seek help or be fired. Rather than lose her job, Katie decides to spend a month at the Brentcliffe Clinic, and it is here that the second episode, *A Month On The Moon*, unravels.

During her stay at the clinic, Katie undergoes a comprehensive therapy program of exercise, group therapy, anti-booze pills and psychological counselling. With the help of fellow patients, doctors and nurses, and Stuart (Booth Savage), the new man in her life, Katie seeks and finds solutions to the problems that have gripped her. Consequently, she leaves the clinic with high expectations.

Episode three, *The Bottom Line*, sees Katie back at her hosting duties, and bored by it all. Realizing a change of



● Victim of a lethal mixture, CBC's "golden girl" Lally Cadeau as Katie Forbes in *You've Come a Long Way, Katie*.

scenery is in order, she decides to try for a position on a top nightly news show, and fervently sets to work on her audition piece for the screen test. However, she fails to impress the show's producers and loses her chance for the job. Katie's first impulse is to have a drink, to calm her nerves, and locked up in the darkness of her apartment, she turns to Canadian Club and Valium for moral support. The end result is tragic.

Despite its sometimes soap-operish qualities, this drama works well on the screen, due mostly to the talents of Lally Cadeau as the doomed Katie. After a fair number of television commercials and variety shows, Cadeau has recently become the golden girl of the CBC, and star of their weekly sitcom, *Hangin' In*. She possesses the ability to change mood at a moment's notice when playing Katie, and uses humour well in portraying the cross-addicted heroine, a role requiring great skill.

Ken James, as Katie's friend Lee, turns in a similarly powerful performance, and is backed up in his efforts by a fine supporting cast, including Catherine O'Hara (formerly of *Second City*) as the cross-addicted Chris, and Larry Solway as egocentric anchorman Dave Richards.

Despite the cast's fine acting and a competent script, this production occasionally falls prey to the same illness that seems to have crippled many similar American productions - the undying desire to make a social statement. At several points during the show, Telfer and Locke forget they are telling a story and begin to preach. This is most obvious in the second episode, which seems more like a training film for doctors intent on specializing in clinical

cross-addiction treatment, than an entertainment for the average TV viewer.

Despite this, *You've Come a Long Way, Katie* manages to hold our attention, and keep it; not an easy thing to do in this fickle modern society of video recorders and push-button converters. For this, credit must go to the writers; for Katie's plight is compelling enough to warrant us watching her for three successive nights. And it is time well spent.

The camerawork and direction are superb, thanks to the talents of Vic Sarin and his cameramen, Neville Ottey and Dave Towers. They accomplish much in the way of realism by using a documentary style in their shots to bring the events to life.

As first-rate drama *You've Come a Long Way, Katie* is a fine example of just how far the Canadian film industry has come. Lloyd Wasser ●

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY,

KATIE d. Vic Sarin p. Jeannine Locke sc. Jeannine Locke, Jay Telfer d.o.p. Vic Sarin a.d. Michael Zenon (1st), Allan Harmon (2nd), John Rainy cont. Carl Fisher p. sec. Vicki Ohashi cam. Neville Ottey, Dave Towers sd. Dave Brown unit man. Dwight Gallinger boom Ian Challis lighting Ian Gibson des. Paul Ames cost. Stevie Calder, Selma Garten, Christopher Drake make-up Daisy Bijac, Gerry Wraith des. co-ord. Bob Powers set dec. Stephen Finnie sp. efx. Arne Boye casting Gill Carr, Annika McLachlan post-p. Toni Mori p. co-ord. Duncan Lamb asst. p. co-ord. Janet Kranz l.p. Lally Cadeau, Irene Mayeska, Tim Henry, Booth Savage, Norma Renault, Edward Greenhalgh, Don Scanlon, Catherine O'Hara, Ken James, Douglas Campbell, Dean Regan, Dinah Christie, Sean Sullivan, Norman Campbell, Murray Westgate, Larry Solway p.c. Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (1980) running time 3 one-hour episodes col. 16 mm.