

REVIEWS

Ralph Thomas's

Ticket to Heaven

Although *Ticket to Heaven* is not the great English Canadian masterpiece we've all been dreaming of, it is a powerful, and on the whole, well-crafted film. Based on a moving, revelatory book called *Moonwebs* by Josh Freed, the first half chronicles the breakdown, conversion and indoctrination of David (whose name was Benji in Freed's account), a young Montreal teacher (played by Nick Mancuso) into an insidious and political religious cult. The second half of the film explores the process whereby his family and friends, led by his comical buddy, Larry (Saul Rubinek), kidnap and deprogram him, reclaiming him to the real world of individuality, healthy skepticism and personal, self-fish love.

Ticket features the whole cast, and the performances are excellent. Clearly, everyone who worked on it was inspired by the commitment and enthusiasm of director Ralph Thomas, and the film resonates with his personal indignation against, and understanding of, the phenomena of cults.

One certainly comes away from *Ticket* with a heightened awareness of the techniques, motives, and powers which characterize certain cults; however, the audience remains outside of David's sleepless nightmare. Thomas's approach is to make his "Heavenly Children" look and sound consistently ridiculous or sinister.

While David is being repelled by the experience, we share his discomfort, and we identify with him. However, we lose sympathy entirely during the process of conversion, because our skepticism is not subverted and broken down along with his. Instead of being drawn into the moonwebs which trap David, we become more and more incredulous and angry, alienated from his subjective experience.

One feels that Thomas intends to break the audience down, and he succeeds. The film captures perfectly the physical effects of acute psychic stress. Mancuso's performance powerfully expresses the experience of Benji as reported by Josh Freed: "My head felt like it was splitting open from the pressure, as though something inside me were swollen and about to burst. I was overflowing with anger, tension, confusion, fear. A voice inside me was saying, 'You've got to get out of here, Benji!'" When David tries to run away, our subjective experience of his existential claustrophobia is so excruciating that we also want to get up and run out of the theatre.

Having been brought to this condition, however, it is impossible for the audience to accept the fact that David surrenders himself and stays. The problem is that we are never encouraged to identify with the soul-searching experience into which David is seduced in the two days prior to his breakdown. Josh Freed's sympathetic account of Benji's descent illustrates the weakness in Thomas's script. Freed explains how they pressured Benji into a deep emotional conflict, and in a long, warm, night-time conversation an older mem-



● "Lost to himself," David (Nick Mancuso) gets 'guidance' from Ruthie (Kim Catrall)

ber of the group actually got him to identify the lost values of his dead grandfather with the values of the cult. The ideal specific memory appeared to him — his patriarch who would not tolerate hypocrisy, the wise man of the synagogue — and in a shock of seeming recognition, Benji imagined he had found his monastic community. This essential personal aspect of the process is not developed in the film. Remaining outside of David's head, we can't begin to understand what key the cult leaders use to unlock his skull.

In the film, when David tells the group, and us, about the death of his grandfather, we see it as the brief confession of a young atheist stud, without any texture of memory or the deep-running current of desire which was really tapped to flow into the eager embrace of the group.

This is the extraordinary thing about cult indoctrinations. They are a sophisticated blend of B.F. Skinner's behaviourism (as David realizes early on) and millenarist passion, but they really seduce by engaging the sympathy of the recruit through the most profound personal associations. In *Ticket* we are never allowed to feel or imagine the value and hope which recruits get when they're inside the experience. We doubt and cringe, while David lets his guard down and unburdens himself about his casual morality, disintegrated home, situation ethics, and atheism. He becomes completely alienated from his past, and from us.

A much more subjective approach to this material would have been truer, more intense drama. The view from out-

side is frustrating. Whereas in the actual 'one last lecture', Benji felt the "sheer weight" of his opponent, we see in the movie only its sugary fascism. The cult is a force because of its brainwashing techniques and the greed of its leader, but it is also a force because it professes many of the moral imperatives shared by millenarist religious movements throughout history.

David identifies the cult depicted in *Ticket* with the power and wisdom of his grandfather, but the de-programmer, Link Strunk (played brilliantly by R.H. Thomson), forces David to recognize the cult's narrow dogma of self-righteous utopia, and to admit to the hypocrisy of selling flowers for God, tickets to heaven. Strunk is the perfect Lucifer figure — gaunt, arrogant, red-headed. It is an understanding of what he has to say about the fact of suffering in the world, regardless of ideology, that frees David.

The conversion of an individual into a follower of a false Messiah has less to do with heroin addiction or cult fanaticism than it has to do with personal, emotional and spiritual crisis. This is the key element which Thomas chose not to see as seminal to the story. Thomas rejects too forcefully all the implications of Benji/David's subjective experience. Instead of dealing with the actual pseudo-religious breakdown, he censors it from the script as if he is afraid that vulnerable audiences might get confused, and go join a cult. Originally, *Ticket* was 40 minutes longer than the released version; perhaps it contained some of this understanding. However, Thomas has explained that his own

fundamentalist missionary background made the whole thing an ordeal for him. Perhaps he had to maintain a critical distance from David's conversion, and wasn't able to bring himself or the audience to identify with him, preferring instead to shift our sympathy over to the uncomplicated determination of Larry to rescue his friend.

A touch of the artistic freedom which Ken Russell indulged in his dazzling, irreverent and grotesque movie, *Altered States*, would have done Thomas a lot of good. The night after Benji succumbed, he awoke to a vision of a blinding, soothing white light. This is the kind of potent, ambiguous image which would have added subjective depth to *Ticket*.

Thomas's conclusion, and Benji's real-life experience, is that basic personal love is the primary value which must bind people, the reality which puts the lie to the cultists' "love bombing." But the ideal order, the mythical dimension which they claim to offer, is not represented sufficiently by something on the side of David's family in the film. At the point of crisis David is driven to the brink of the most acute anguish: it is a nausea, not unlike the state of torment which artists and madmen sometimes reach. At that moment the Heavenly Children carefully wrap the smothering blanket of their intense community around him, and he is lost to himself.

Ticket to Heaven is an important piece of work with a serious message tempered by some nice comic relief. It could have been a masterpiece, had it not been shackled by a basically reactionary attitude to religion, and had it not been directed from an uncomfortable seat on the fence between objective reportage and dramatic art.

Christopher Lowry ●

TICKET TO HEAVEN d. R. L. Thomas exec. p. Ronald I. Cohen p. Vivienne Leebosh co-p. Alan Simmonds sc. R. L. Thomas, Anne Cameron based on book "Moonwebs" by Josh Freed music Micky Erbe, Maribeth Solomon d.o.p. Richard Leiterman ed. Ron Wisman p. man. Sally Dundas 1st asst. d. Bill Corcoran 2nd asst. d. Bruce Moriarty 3rd asst. d. David Storey p.a. Oni Freeman, Vladimir Steffoff, Simone Sterio, Marlene Puritt producer's asst. Annika McLachlan p. sec. Gabrielle Clery p. acct. Lisa King p. bookkeeper Roma Panczszyn cam. op. Bob Saad asst. cam. Neil Seale (1st) Paul Herman (2nd) trainee asst. Kerry Smart (no. 1), Robin Campbell (no. 2) stills Laurie Raskin sd. rec./ed. Bruce Cawardine, Glen Gauthier, Marc Chiasson sd. re-rec. David Appleby, Donald White p. des. Susan Longmire art d. Jill Scott, Andris Hausmanis (asst.) Marlene Graham (trainee) loc. man. Phyllis Wilson, Maureen Fitzgerald (asst.) props. John Berger, John Rose (asst.) set dec. David Jaquest, Denis Kirkham (asst.) cost. des. Lynda Kemp ward. Erla Lank, Madeline Stewart (asst.) make-up Valli Slutski, Linda Gill (asst.) hair James Brown, Adrian Hofman (asst.) tech. advis. Benji Carroll sc. superv. Sarah Grahame cast. d. Clare Walker, Bryan Gliserman (actors + extras) unit pub. Valerie Dugale craft service Blackwood asst. ed. Ion Webster, Roberta Kipp (2nd asst.) gaffer Dave Usher best boy Creg Daniels 1st elec. Gary Deneault gen. op. John Ferguson key grip Michael Kohne, Robert Daprato (asst.) grip James Kohne driver capt. Jim Kennedy dead driver Stewart Mitchell mus. engineer Andy Hermant stunts Robert Hannah, Dwayne McLean l.p. Nick Mancuso, Saul Rubinek, Meg Foster, Kim Catrall, R. H. Thomson, Jennifer Dale, Guy Boyd, Dixie Seattle, Paul Soles, Harvey Atkin, Robert Joy, Stephen Markle, Timothy Webber, Patrick Brymer, Marcia Diamond, Michael Zelnicke, Denise Naples, Angelo Rizacos, Cindy Girling, Gina Dick, Christopher Britton, Margot Dionne, Claire Pimpare, Lynne Kolber, Lyn Harvey, Josh Freed, Candace O'Conner, Michael Wincott, Doris Petrie, Judy, David Main, Les Rubie, Sandra Gies, Susan Hannon, Marie Lynn Hammond, Paul Booth, Charlie Gray, Brian Leonard, Ron Nigrini, Craig Stephens, Grant Slater p.c. Stalkers Production Inc. (1980) Munning time 107 min. dist. Les Films Mutuels (Canada), United Artists Classics (U.S.A.).

Claude Jutra's **Surfacing**

As I sat down to write this review, I noticed in the paper that producer Beryl Fox had written a letter in response to Ron Base's devastating review of the film printed in the *Toronto Star*. Base's critique of *Surfacing* was, in fact, reckless and abusive – abusive in its generalized derision of the film's "feminist prudishness" and reckless as a film review. If we are striving to develop some sort of serious national cinema, it must go hand in hand with serious (and to use Base's word, "committed") criticism and discussion.

First, it is not, as Base headlines, "Atwood's Introspective *Surfacing*" that may be "sinking with all hands" (as the argument goes). It is Claude Jutra's film. Films are not novels and should not be expected to duplicate a totally different medium. As Jutra said in an interview, "There's no doubt that it became something different from the book. It was a detour we had to take."

Beryl Fox suggests in her piece that "male chauvinists" like Base will never "understand a movie with a strong female lead," and ends by suggesting that women (and sensitive, aware men) should decide the film's worth.

What, then, is *Surfacing* about? What does the film communicate about women, and what is the struggle it is trying to define? It will disappoint audiences expecting a wilderness drama about a woman out to find or rescue her father. The film doesn't work on his literal level and Jutra suggests this from the opening image: a woman is seen, in long-shot, diving off the side of a canoe into the depths of a lake and then resurfacing. At first, this shot has no "logical" connection to the opening one of Kate – again in long-shot – seen riding through the streets of a city en route to inform her boyfriend of her missing father. The logic, however, becomes clear as the film progresses: water has always served as a symbol of female sexuality. The search is not for Kate's father, but for herself – her identity as an independent woman. Her dependence is clear from the following sequence of Kate with her boyfriend. It is Joe who decides what Kate must do. But Kate is terrified of confronting her father because, as she explains, she has "no good news"; she is neither a "doctor" nor a "lawyer," and she "doesn't have six kids!" (Two possible ways a woman can find respectability and success are to prove herself in a male-approved profession, or get married and bear children.)

Surfacing is about women's roles in a patriarchal society; a society exemplified in the extreme by the character of David. It attempts to investigate the victimization of women, the objectification of women as sexual images for male pleasure and the ensuing violence that erupts from these relationships. Although the questions posed are important and valid, the film is not entirely satisfactory. And I don't think, as Beryl Fox implies, that the 'challenging' nature of the issues is fully to blame for the film's widespread rejection.

Surfacing is structured as a 'descent' or journey film. The journey works on the classic premise that the farther away one gets from 'civilization' the closer one gets to exposing the true

nature of one's identity, one's 'survivalist' self. As the search and attempt to uncover 'father' gets closer, the film gets increasingly violent.

The characters on this journey are set up in almost stereotypical opposition. Anna is presented as the extreme of the victimized woman. Her relationship with David survives on her masochism and his abusive ability to humiliate her. Her identity depends upon the outward presentation of herself as an object of male sexual desire. She is, generally, hysterical and out of control. David is presented as the hunter – he dominates Anna for the same reason that the hunters kill herons and moose. Both rule by the gun as an emblem of power (against the fear of castration or loss of that power). Both David's guns and the movie camera with which he shoots degrading images of Anna dancing around a strung-up decaying carcass of a heron are phallus substitutes.

In opposition to Anna, Kate represents the extreme of the potentially liberated woman: earthy-pretty (needing no artifice), can match any jock at surviving in the wilderness, remains unperturbed through most disasters and emergencies (even after her lover might be dead after falling off a cliff), and is endowed with a very sexual Playboy-centrefold body. One begins to wonder whether this image of potential female liberation is one created by male fantasy. (Whether or not this is Atwood's view is immaterial – it is still one propagated by a male-thinking culture.) She is a woman whose worth is measured by her ability to match a man's capabilities outdoors, and play out the roles of woman-as-nurse (in the leech sequence) and mother (the extraordinary breasts).

In the scene where Joe begins to undress Kate to make love to her, there is an interesting tension created between the uncovering of a female body for the pleasure of the audience – the kind of thing that the cinema has long habituated us with – and Kate's impulse to cover up.

Joe is a rather nondescript, amorphous combination of 'sensitivity' and 'manliness.' For the most part he supports Kate, yet at times feels defensive of David. During the heron/dance sequence for example, he tells her, "If you don't approve (of David's ravaging Anna) then don't watch."

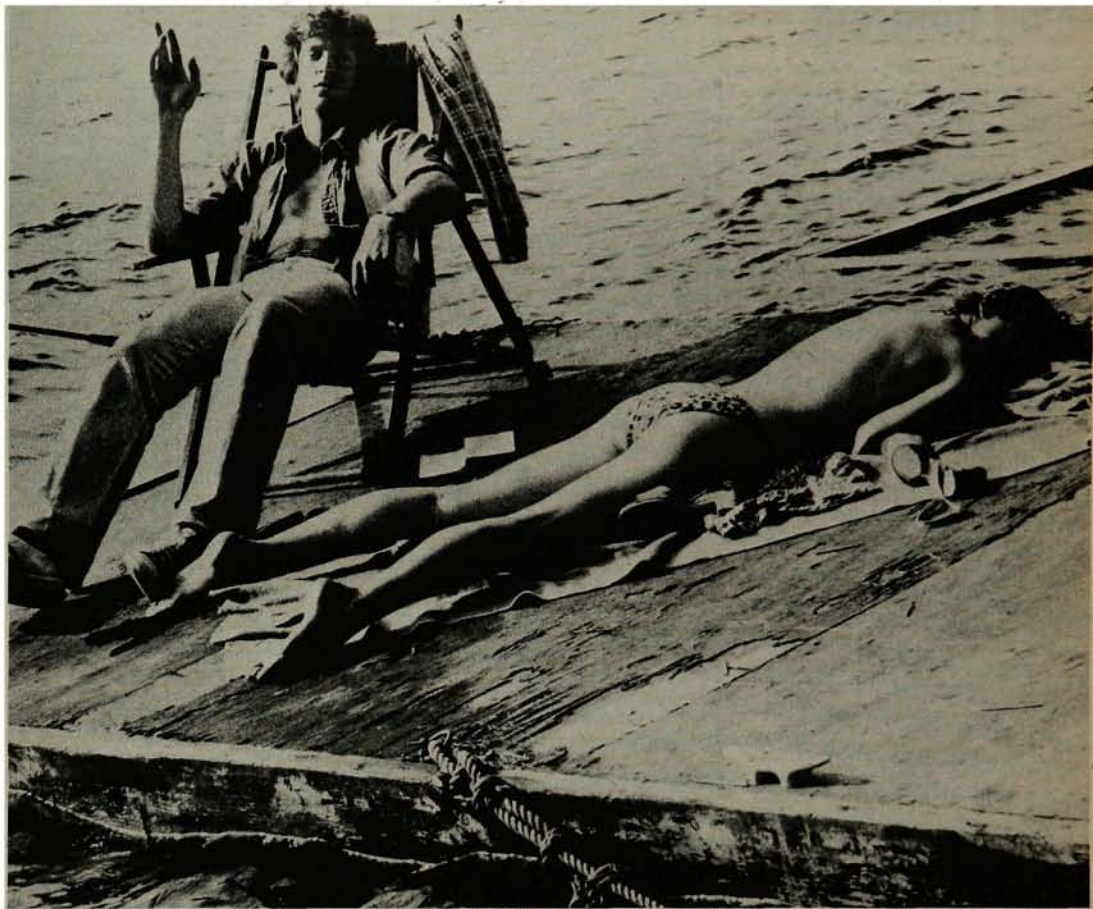
Jutra has made it clear in interviews that he inherited Kathleen Beller and Joseph Bottoms, and Bernard Gordon's script. The three handicaps are insurmountable – even for an experienced director like Jutra. Beller is too young and unable to cope with the complexities of her character – she ends up speechless and bewildered through much of the film. Bottoms matches her inability to give the character any depth. R.H. Thompson and Margaret Dragu on the other hand do succeed in giving their characters a much greater complexity than the script allows them. The script tosses out major issues that desperately need development, such as Kate's pregnancy and subsequent abortion, and the implications of her father in all this, or the domination of big business over environment and art.

The film doesn't survive the contradiction it sets up: when Kate is finally free of the guilt and burden of the 'father,' she soaps herself in the lake, while Ann Mortifee's "Gypsy Girl" on the soundtrack makes one cringe. Along with the painful voiceover and trite use of "freedom-heron" imagery, she

then rejoins Joe after her speech about independence. The entire ending gives one the feeling that the heroine's resurfacing is a rushed event in desperate need of further, more careful development.

Surfacing does attempt to raise some crucial issues about women within contemporary culture. Richard Leiterman's camera almost compensates visually for Kathleen Beller's inabilities by capturing the turbulence of the lake, and the intense beauty of the wilderness through sensual images that beg to be touched. If *Surfacing* is not wholly successful, it is nonetheless refreshing to see a film which has the integrity to approach these issues within a Canadian context.

Florence Jacobowitz ●



● A quiet afternoon of sunbathing turns into a fearful ordeal. R.H. Thompson and Margaret Dragu

SURFACING d. Claude Jutra sc. Bernard Gordon, based on the novel by Margaret Atwood p. Beryl Fox assoc. p. Michael Zolf exec. p. Bram Appel, Del Anderson co-p. Doug Leiterman, Philip F. Hobel d.o.p. Richard Leiterman a.d. Rick Thompson (1st), Don Brough (2nd), Rocco Gismondi, Keith Locke (3rd) cam. op. Nick Brook canoe expert Bob Morgan, King Baker sp. ph. efx Arne Boye underwater consult. "Big John" McLaughlin asst. cam. Jock Martin (1st), Paul Randle (2nd) ed. Toni Myers superv. ed. Danford B. Greene, a.c.e. asst. ed. Catherine Leiterman sd. mix Christian Wangler gaffer Malcolm Kendal key grip Andy Mulkani grip Robert McRae elec. Gary Deneault boom Randy Milligan art d. Bill Beeton set dec. Bill Reid cont. Pattie Robertson props Doug Tiller stunts Gordy Huxtable, Catherine Leiterman, Bob Vince, Julia Leiterman driver capt. Larry Sullivan drivers Gordy Huxtable, Bob Vince craft serv. Julia Leiterman cost. Ann-Marie Tree Newton make-up Bill Morgan gen. op. Herbert Geisch loc. man. Roberta Kip pub. Edie Yolles p. man. Robert Linnell p. sec. Gabrielle Clery casting Claire Walker, Janine Manatis lp. Joseph Bottoms, Kathleen Beller, R.H. Thompson, Margaret Dragu p.c. Surfacing Film Productions Inc. (1979) running time 88:45 min. dist. Pan-Canadian

Harry Rasky's

Being Different

In the opening montage of Harry Rasky's exhilarating documentary feature, *Being Different*, all of the film's "different" characters are glimpsed in domestic and everyday surroundings. Then Christopher Plummer appears as on-camera narrator and invites the audience to embark on a strange journey. His face flattened in a funhouse mirror, he asks us to imagine being trapped in the dreams of Gulliver or Alice in Wonderland, suggesting that this is the way to begin to understand the alienation of the physically deformed. "If we were they," he asks, "what would our world look like? How would people look at us?"

Here Rasky invokes the spirits of Jonathan Swift and Lewis Carroll, not so much for their powers of satire as for their grasp of the potential for self-knowledge to be found in a distorting looking-glass. His subjects are decidedly not inferior, but they were in a sense born in a world like Alice's rabbit-hole or the island of Lilliput. The film insists upon the efficacy of that dream to teach, and encourages us to abandon the notion that it must surely be a nightmare which paralyzes.

The last time the subject of human deformity was dealt with in a North American feature film outside of the horror genre was 50 years ago. Tod Browning's *Freaks* engendered such public outrage that the film was banned by the church, and Browning, one of the most successful directors of the 1930s, became a pariah in Hollywood. His film depicted the lives of circus freaks from their point of view, and contained a savage indictment of the world around them.

Today, our culture has developed an ambiguous tolerance for the grotesque in all the visual and performing arts, including film. The remarkable acclaim for the stage play *The Elephant Man* and the subsequent success of David Lynch's film on the same subject, indicate the public's fascination with the story: a curiosity and a need for the emotional catharsis which both the play and the film, in different ways, provide. However, there were five failed attempts to adapt the tale of John Merrick's tragic life to the stage before the current success. The problem is how to present a human being "normally" observed in a sideshow without either losing the audience or allowing their response to degenerate.

In *The Elephant Man*, Victorian England serves as a mimetic mirror in which we see human ignorance and prejudice reflected through the gauze of history (it is a period drama, after all). The fine line between compassion and pity is dealt with in depth, and we are moved when Merrick cries out, "I am not an animal; I am a man!" Rasky, on the other hand, approaches all of this from another direction. He introduces us to a modern-day elephant man named Bob Melvin. He is a secure, happily married grandfather, astonishingly well integrated into the middle-American town of Lancaster, Missouri. Far from being an emotional cripple, Melvin is no more prone to self-pity than the rest of the residents of this Anytown, U.S.A. His wife, who grew up with him, comments that "he never made a handicap out of it,



● The film triumphs over physical deformities and society's "pervasive cult of the skin-deep"

so I guess that's the reason no one else ever did."

In a poem called *The Human Abstract*, William Blake wrote, "Pity would be no more/If we did not make somebody poor." Rasky's film addresses this problem repeatedly. Bill Cole, a black pencil-seller in Buffalo who lost his legs under the wheels of a train, puts it succinctly: "Pity - I can't live on pity. I depend on myself, and the Good Man." When Priscilla, the Monkey Woman, presents herself with her husband, the Alligator Man, she says, "We are called the *strangest married couple*." The mixture of amusement and irony in her voice is delightful, because she obviously couldn't care less what the audience calls them. Her reptile-skinned husband declares, "I love you as you are," and for Priscilla that's all that matters.

A partial limbed casualty of thalidomide who is skilled in karate and scuba diving, tells us that people are always under-estimating him. Paul Fish, the fattest man in the world (729 pounds), suggests laconically that "the main difficulties I have are caused by other people." The point is made several times, but rather than accusing, Rasky's people inspire us. Peter Strudwich, a man born without feet, is a visionary, marathon-running evangelist and pilot who defeats pain and fatigue by imagining that he's a cheetah running across the Serengeti plain. What's the main thing? "To realize your dreams, and not be buried 40 years before they put you under the ground."

In a remarkable sequence, the irreplaceable spirit of an armless woman named Louise Capp emerges as we see her paint, dance, shoot pool, ride a horse, and cut her son's hair wielding the scissors with her toes. When she grins, "Man, I've got it together," we are gently reminded that the odds against her come from others' assumptions about her misfortune.

Whereas in the past Rasky's films have explored the lives of cultural heroes - artists like Chagall, Tennessee Williams, and Leonard Cohen - *Being Dif-*

ferent deals with another kind of outsider, another kind of notoriety, the flip side of singular humanity. With artists, he knew pretty well what emotional territory he was treading on, but the production of *Being Different* inspired a new wonder and joy, and provoked a kind of anguish which Rasky could not have foreseen: the energy and resilience of an old, twisted midget woman; the implications of the fact that Siamese twins would actually have a fist fight; and the thought of a legless man going dancing with his paraplegic wife boggled his imagination. "Well, how do you do that?" asked Rasky, startled. "We just dance," was the patient reply. During the shooting of the film, Rasky became physically ill, feverish. He says that the cause was not the people - they were marvellous. But the agony of confronting the problem within himself. The immense burden of responsibility which he came to feel made it a personal ordeal.

In an elegy to the Spanish painter Maria Blanchard, who was a hunchback, Federico Garcia-Lorca wrote, "...poor Maria fell down the stairs, and her crooked shoulder became a target for...ridicule... Who pushed her? She was after all pushed, and *someone* was to blame - God, the devil, someone anxious to contemplate, through the poor windowpane of flesh, the perfection of a beautiful soul." This is the discovery which Rasky made, very painfully, in the course of creating *Being Different*.

The other problem, which became more acute in the editing room, was to make a film which people would want to look at. He remained so nervous about how his work would affect audiences that no answer prints were struck until Jay Scott of the *Globe and Mail* had screened it. Encouraged by Scott's favourable verdict, the film was released for the Montreal and Toronto festivals.

Rasky is a skillful director, and with a shooting ratio of 28.5 to one, every image in the film has been meticulously shot and selected. The pace is smooth and subtle, finely edited by Mavis Lyons

Small, a friend of Rasky's from his days in New York.

Produced by Harold Greenberg on a budget of \$1.5 million, the matter of theatrical distribution is still up in the air. Although it will certainly be seen on television, distributors are nervous about general public response. Rasky believes that people *will* pay to see it, and his conviction increases with every screening. Dozens of strangers embrace him; truck drivers shout encouragement to the screen. It is a very unusual movie.

Besides the on-camera narrator, Rasky introduces other devices to connect the wide spectrum of his subjects. Ward Hall is the impresario/manager of several of the unusual people in the film. He occasionally appears to describe what we are about to see, saying things like, "Let's go see what the world contains besides yourself." The technique works, only because we see Hall for exactly what he is - an unconventional, low-brow agent who offers his clients an income and their independence. "Why exhibit yourself?" Rasky asks the wizened midget, Dolly Reagan. She answers, "I don't want to be confined, I don't want to be put away."

The least successful element in *Being Different* is the music. Much of the instrumental material, composed by Paul Zaza, works well, ranging from pop to C&W, but Rasky's lyrics are sometimes embarrassing, and seem unnecessary if they are intended to make the film more accessible. While not exactly condescending, the sentiment seems wrong. One wonders how Rasky could so rigorously refrain from being patronizing in the commentary and interviews, and then insist in the "Little People Song" that "They may look small, but they think tall" - pretty tepid stuff, considering the unassailable integrity of the footage which it punctuates. Certainly, the songs are intended to sustain the warm, upbeat mood which Rasky achieves, but there is little in them that his people don't say better.

The extent to which society's norm not only tolerates, but is permeated by a 'fashionable' sense of the bizarre and grotesque is eloquently exposed in a scene shot in the Xenon disco in New York. Assorted punks and mannequins writhe within the ghastly pulsing lights to the aggressive intonation of a disco queen singing "Everybody got to boogie." The sinister root of the word "boogie" is revealed in this context, for it invokes the proverbial Boogie Man, the terrible "Boog" of Ibsen's play *Peer Gynt* - the soul-devouring beast which can only be defeated by the power of Love. *Being Different* is about just that: the power of love, the love of others and the love of life to triumph over the obstacles of physical deformity and our pervasive cult of the skin-deep.

Christopher Lowry ●

BEING DIFFERENT d./p./sc. Harry Rasky exec. p. Harold Greenberg, Robert D. Kline p. exec. Don Carmody d.o.p. Hideaki Kobayashi. jsc p. man. David Earl Plummer narrator Christopher Plummer m.v. Paul Zaza ed. Mavis Lyons Small post p. superv. John McAulay contrib. ed. Ted Remorowski, Michael Dandy asst. ed. Kelly Hall stills Alan Carruthers cam. asst. Joan Hutton. Ed. Maurizio sd. rec. Mel Lovell p. sec. Luise Massari, Judy Watt p. acct. Rejane Boudreau advance loc. man. Ray Hylenski grip/gaffer Jim Wright cont. Penelope Hynam, Gillian Richardson, Chris Greco research co-ord. Dona Friedberg driver Luc Martineau re-rec. mixers Joe Grimaldi, Dino Pigat "Song of the Human Heart" sung by Michael John Rosenberg "Lookin' Around" sung by Eria Fachin lyrics by Harry Rasky mus. rec. Zaza Sound Productions Ltd. mus. rec. engr. Frank Morrone p.c. Double S Productions (Astral) Ltd. (1980) running time 111 min. dist. Astral Films Ltd.