

André Forcier's

Au Clair de la lune

"Mon pays ce n'est pas un pays c'est l'hiver," sings Gilles Vigneault in a famous song. Since Voltaire's curt dismissal of Canada as some arpent of snow, winter has been this country's curse just as it has been its fate. Not surprisingly it is a Québécois, André Forcier, who has made the definitive film about our country, winter.

In *Bar Salon* (1975), Forcier's second feature film, winter was in appropriately desolate shades of grey and dirty white, the mud-caked desperation of filthy Februaries, bleak and relentless, an infinity of grey tomorrows in which twice-marginalized human beings (marginalized first by nature then by the economy) still managed to sparkle in the incandescence of their futility.

Au clair de la lune returns to winter but now, in 35mm colour, it is winter as magic, as a carnival of swirling cotton puffs, the candy-cotton stuff of dreams in the silences of eternity. This is winter as a sacred space, a mantle for the creation of life-myths in technicolor.

Here in the quiet of the snow-bound back alleys of Montreal, *Au clair de la lune* tells the story of the friendship of two men who live inside the frozen hulk of a green 1971 Chev in a parking lot behind the Moonshine Bowling alley.

François "Frank" (Michel Côté) is an Albino from the mythic land of Albinie. Albert "Bert" Bolduc (Guy L'Écuyer) is a former bowling champion, reduced by arthritis to a human billboard for the Moonshine. Chased through the alleys by the Dragons, the local authority figures who drive their souped-up cars on tireless rims as sparks stream forth like roman candles, Bert finds Frank seemingly frozen to death and brings him back to life.

"Au clair de la lune" is also a French children's song, the second and third lines of which go: "Prêtes-moi ta plume pour écrire un mot, ma chandelle est morte, je n'ai plus de feu" (Lend me your pen so that I can write, my candle has died and I'm out of fire). The film *Au clair de la lune*, then, would seem to be about the role of art in the service of the Resurrection.

In this space between life and death, Forcier deploys the characters that inhabit his obsessions. Under the winking lights of the nighttime neons of the urban *néant*, the shuffling shadows of the lumpen proletariat dissolve to take on human form: Ti-Kid Radio (Gaston Lepage) in his fringed leather jacket delivering smoked-meat sandwiches on his bike for the Rainbow Sweets restaurant, riding on tireless rims and talking only in English CB dialect as he dreams of becoming a Dragon; Léopoldine Dieumegarde (Lucie Miville), another of Forcier's precocious girl-women, as The Maniac who goes around puncturing car tires in a desperate, loving bid to save her father's recycled-tire business from bankruptcy; or Alfred, custodian of the Moonshine, who shares his Valium with Ti-Beu, his dog and companion in senility.

It is a world seen through the frozen bottom of an empty bottle of Benlylin cough syrup, the local champagne. If it is a world where all that glitters is not gold, at least the pile of quarters that Franks earns running a tire-protection

racket do gleam, as do the characters' eyes when they light up with manic inspiration.

Here - even here - hope springs eternal and fantasies have their own necessity as that cynical myth-maker Frank knows as he schemes to cure Bert's arthritis and so allow him to make a comeback at the Moonshine tournament.

Au clair de la lune is an ascension - from the lower depths to those peaks of experience from where, in the words of Frank's wonderfully cynical voice-over, "at last you can savor the miracle of life" and recall "the follies of our winters." Frank 'cures' Bert's arthritis and Bert makes a comeback beyond his wildest dreams. But, as Frank narrates, "the last folly is always the one you must expiate."

After the initial violence of the shock of mortality, the fall back into the depths is as gentle as the flutter of the surrounding snow. All of a sudden Bert's hair is as white as Frank's who had upon this day promised to take Bert to Albinie.

Huddled in their car as the great cold sets in, at last out of fire except for one final bottle of tournament champagne, the two friends, now purified as Albert and François, prepare to discover that Albinie is Death. As the Moonshine parking lot echoes with their hilarity at the thought they will be "congealed like Walt Disney", the snow falls softly covering the roof of the green Chev. *Hiberna vincit omnia*.

To die congealed is to die in a state of suspended animation. This posits resurrection - but only as in the case of Disney, whose body was cryonized, as a technological intervention. When Frank says, "At least the worms won't eat us until summer," this denotes the residue of a belief in resurrection as myth ("summer") and as a process of natural teleology (worms) that is at the same time implicitly denied by the locus of death (inside a car, moveable technology). For without resurrection, life is simply a story of progressive putrefaction.

Already under the weight of winter, life is stunted, frozen and immobilized; and life myths are not certainties, merely delusions. Against winter's frozen eter-

nity, life becomes a corruption. Behind the magical illusions of *Au clair de la lune* a soundless scream points to the horrors of impossible existence.

In Forcier's horror-filled vision these diminished human beings shit and piss, bleed and pustulate. They are not the living dead but, worse, the rotting living, tumbling towards a meaningless death buoyed upon the froth of their illusions. Forcier (who always slips himself into his films as either retarded, mute or an idiot), because he cannot bear to articulate the truth, contents himself with dumb-struck descriptions of the opium of the people that are the people themselves.

Yet in the face of the anti-humanism of winter, Forcier, much like the society of the inhabitants, can only reach for another anti-humanism, that of technology. Perhaps in (literally) animating the depths of the delusions of his characters, it was his way of drawing attention to them. Instead, the animation technology only produces their gross manipulation. In this sense, *Au clair de la lune* is Forcier's most cynical film: for nothing, not even art, can save these wretched creatures. And the price we pay for winter (for living in the techno-state) is an eternal condemnation to colorful futility.

While *Au clair de la lune* is manifestly Forcier's vision, many people helped realize it. Voltaire, of course, and E.M. Cioran, the Roumanian Nietzsche, get screen credits for providing philosophical inspiration. The screenplay is shared between producers Louis Laverdière and Bernard Lalonde, L'Écuyer, Forcier, Côté, long-time collaborator Jacques Marcotte and Forcier's neighbor, filmmaker Michel Pratt. Other veterans of the Forcier *équipe* include regular DOP François Gill who is also the editor of the film. *Au clair de la lune* was co-produced with the National Film Board who lent the unmistakable signature of Sidney Goldsmith for the special animation effects and made it possible for *Au clair* to be properly completed. In Bert, Guy L'Écuyer has delivered a diamond-hard performance of brilliant bathos and Michel Côté's Frank has all the sorrow of stardust. Joël

Bienvenue's mocking musical score adds just the right touch of persiflage. *Au clair de la lune* is a film of immense sadness. For in the absence of the Resurrection is the Life: *this* life, such as it is.

Appropriately then, *Au clair de la lune* was plagued with completion problems, yet another example of the kinds of crucifixions that chronically keep Canadian art from Canadians. Along the lines of the same principle, it is equally unlikely that *Au clair de la lune* will receive the wide distribution it deserves outside Quebec. In Quebec, however, thanks to the heroic efforts of the independent distributor Cinéma Libre, of which Forcier is one of the co-founders, the film will get what he calls a "normal" distribution.

In a sense the timing is perfect. In *Au clair de la lune*, this *Wunderkind* of Quebec cinema (who began making films at 19) has effected a fascinating synthesis of his two earlier features, *Bar Salon* and *L'eau chaude l'eau frette* (1976). If the former film was bleak to the point of despair (though balanced against the hard pretension of its realism) the latter was too much of a sitcom, sacrificing its cutting edge for the respite of a mid-summer's eve. Not for nothing was *L'eau chaude* acclaimed in Italy where its spirit was recognized as Mediterranean. But this says more about the climactic schizophrenia of Canada where summer is the illusion and winter the reality.

Au clair de la lune confirms Forcier - now 35 - in his true stature as the bard of these winters of our discontent. Yet though rooted in this quintessentially Canadian context, *Au clair de la lune* also transcends it to achieve a superior universality through its concentration on what Hannah Arendt, in a comment on Chaplin, called "the entrancing charm of the little people."

Forcier, as reclusive as Howard Hughes, had skipped town for the press screening of the film over which he has labored since 1979. He left in his wake one sentence, like the tail of a comet: "I sought in the time of a life a sort of space that would contain the smallness of the century." He did not need to add that that space could only be a coffin; appropriately a North American car.

Michael Dorland ●

AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE d. André Forcier
 exec. p. Bernard Lalonde, Louis Laverdière p. dir.
 Laverdière, Marthe Pelletier p. co-ord. Edouard
 Davidovici p. asst. René Deniger, Roland Carrier,
 Jean-Paul Lebourhys, Michel Toutan, Fabrice Gabi-
 land loc. man. Suzanne Girard, Michel Siry sc.
 Forcier, Jacques Marcotte, Michel Pratt, Guy L'Écuyer,
 Michel Côté, Bernard Lalonde asst. sc. Michele
 Leduc, Marthe Pelletier a.d. Pierre Gendron, Marie-
 André Brouillard art d. Gilles Aird tech. dir. Forcier,
 François Gill d.o.p. François Gill, André Gagnon
 asst. cam. Michel Caron, Daniel Vincelette key
 grip Marc de Ernsted grip Jean-Maurice de Ernsted
 gaffer Richer Francoeur, head: Jean Courteau,
 Denis Menard, Jacques Girard sd. ed. Mathieu
 Decary sd. asst. Alain Corneau, Marcel Fraser
 props Patrice Benge, Louis Craig sp. efx. Louis
 Laverdière, Sidney Goldsmith cost. des. François
 Laplante ward. Diane Paquet make-up Mickie
 Hamilton set des. Gilles Aird neg. cut. Dagmar
 Gueissaz stunt dir. Marcel Fournier sd. efx. Ken
 Page opt. efx. sup. Louis Laverdière opt. efx.
 prep. Walter Howard, Susan Gourley mixer Jean-
 Pierre Joutel, Adrian Groll music comp. Joël Bien-
 venue mus. sup. Catherine Gadouas mus. rec.
 Louis Hone, Joël Bienvenue lab. Bellevue-Pathé,
 NFB color comp. Gundrun Kanz, André Gagnon
 cast. cons. Lise Abastados unit pub. Marie Decary
 dist. (word-wide) Cinéma Libre, 35mm color,
 running time: 90 min. p.c. Les Productions Albinie
 lp. Guy L'Écuyer, Michel Côté, Lucie Miville, Robert
 Gravel, Michel Gagnon, Gaston Lepage, J.-Leo
 Gagnon, Ti-beu, Elise Varo, Louise Gagnon, Pierre
 Girard, Marcel Fournier, Gilles Lafleur, Yvon Le-
 compte, Charlie Beauchamp, Stéphane L'Écuyer,
 Dino des Laurentides, Gros-Louis.



REVIEWS

Paul Cowan's

The Kid Who Couldn't Miss

The Kid Who Couldn't Miss is a beautiful piece of work. It is a feature-length documentary about Canada's First World War flying ace, William Avery ("Billy") Bishop, and, at the same time, it is a profound meditation on war itself. Filmmaker Paul Cowan and his excellent crew have crafted an extremely sensitive portrait of an era, giving us a context in which to understand the figure of Billy Bishop in all its complexity and a matrix from which has emerged the ethos of modern warfare.

The film is interwoven by three main visual threads: archival footage from the First World War, excerpts from the stage-play "Billy Bishop Goes to War" (written by John Gray with Eric Peterson), and present-day interviews with Bishop's contemporaries. The editing of these three main threads is extremely subtle and fluid, resulting in a work that intricately blends present and past, theatre and actuality, black-and-white footage with colour, illusion and reality, and ultimately, fact and legend.

The use of Eric Peterson from the stage-play is a particularly inspired decision. Through his on-stage characterization of Bishop, the film achieves a personal focus and an intensity that highlights other aspects, especially the extraordinary aerial photography preserved from that war.

Billy Bishop, the kid from Owen Sound, left Canada as a Royal Military College cadet to fight the war in France. When he first saw a plane fly over the muddy trenches, he knew that was the way he wanted to fight. Connections, charm and more than a little luck paved the way and he soon joined Britain's elite Royal Flying Corps. The champions of the day were Britain's Albert Ball, René Fonck of France, and the famous Red Baron - Manfred von Richthofen of Germany. Bishop was determined to join this select group. With his pilot's wings and his lieutenant's commission, he soon scored the required five kills to qualify as an ace. At age 23, Bishop was officially declared a hero, with newspapers glorifying his exploits daily to an adoring public. This was the first war in which the air was the arena for making heroes, with the dogfight the main

event. Soon the leading contenders were Bishop and the Red Baron.

Director Paul Cowan's search for archival footage from the war took him to The Imperial War Museum in Great Britain, the Bundesarchiv in Germany, the Public Archives in Canada, the Etablissement de cinéma et de photo des armées in France, Hollywood and other locations. His efforts uncovered spectacular aerial footage that has never been shown before. But it is the use of this footage that makes the whole film so brilliant.

Cowan and editor Sidonie Kerr highlight the balletic quality of the aerial footage, its dreamlike and ethereal visuals giving us a sense of the otherworldly side of this war, which, for the pilots and much of the adoring public, was often more like sport than deadly combat. In other words, the filmmakers have grasped the essence of what made the First World War different from any previous war: a new technology placing distance between combatants. For the first time, it was possible to kill without seeing the agony of the dying. In this sense, aerial warfare was a quantum leap from hand-to-hand combat. At the same time, the filmmakers gradually lead us through the abstract beauty of these dogfights to another plane of awareness where we see that the horror of killing has not been escaped through flight. This effect is largely accomplished by two absolutely riveting close-ups of enemy pilots dying in their planes. The strategic placement of these two moments in the film is absolutely perfect.

The Kid Who Couldn't Miss also shows us the subtle but insidious process by which the then-emerging media turned heroes into celebrities ironically victimized personally by this process itself. Once again, it is the presence of actor Eric Peterson as Billy that focuses this detail, making it emerge more forcefully than it could through simple voice-over narration.

This profound, beautifully crafted, multi-levelled film is well worth seeing. It lingers in the mind long after its 79 minutes screening time and is simply a fine piece of work.

Joyce Nelson ●

THE KID WHO COULDN'T MISS
d./sc./p. Paul Cowan exec. p. Adam Symansky ed. Sidonie Kerr, Paul Cowan d.o.p. Paul Cowan asst. cam. Susan Trow, Simon LeBlanc, Mike Mahoney, Maurice de Ernsted orig. music Ben Low sd. ed. Jacqueline Newell narr. William Hutt re-rec. Jean-Pierre Joutel, Adrian Cross l.p. Eric Peterson p. and dist. by the National Film Board of Canada 16mm, colour, 79 mins., 1983.



photo: Pat Chuprina

● Natalia Kuzmyn, left, and Marcia Cannon craving a hit of r'n'r

Andrew C. Rowsome's Recorded Live

There's nothing quite like making a 'first' film, except possibly losing one's virginity: both occur only once in a lifetime, both are loaded with anticipation, and, lamentably, both lead to similar let-downs. You can always tell a 'first' film by the way the young filmmaker - having tasted the forbidden fruit - is bent on trying everything at least once, in front of and behind the camera. With *Recorded Live*, a low-budget billed as a New Wave musical adventure, this curious phenomenon is multiplied by three. Witness the film's credit roll: produced by Michael Korican, Andrew C. Rowsome, Almerinda Travassos. Directed by Michael Korican, Andrew C. Rowsome, Almerinda Travassos. Written by Andrew C. Rowsome, Almerinda Travassos. D.o.p.'d by Michael Korican... okay, you get the picture. Admittedly, the practice has a lot to do with necessity, but someone should have alerted the above trio about the dangers of making a feature film by committee.

No one can expect a 'first' film to be without flaws. They come naturally with the territory. Therefore, any critical yardstick ought not to be concerned with the film's technicalities but with ideas and how they are expressed. No matter how low the budget and how limited the practical know-how may be, there's always the promise that a First Film may be cinematically fresh and brash, daring and irreverent - something to jolt the jaded in the industry out of their slumber. As *Recorded Live* emanates from the new counter-culture of Toronto's Soho district, the chances of this happening appear to be good. Certainly, whoever did the advance work for the film did a good job: the film had everything going for it before the curtains parted at its (November, 1982) premiere showing. The audience

was appropriately young and irreverent. The promise of a 'wild' time was dangled in front of them as a Roman maiden would dangle grapes. *Recorded Live*, they were told, was going to feature the hottest New Wave bands in the country.

In order to carry that kind of anticipatory build-up, the "directors three" of *Recorded Live* needed to open their film with nothing short of an audiovisual assault on the senses, with rock 'n' roll that was rough and raw. Instead, the film limps out of the gate with a very weak presentation of the title song, staged rather unimaginatively with the band False Colours mooning in front of clips from old cartoons. "What's your fantasy?" croons the lead singer in a Rudolf Valentino outfit. "What's your secret wish?" "What's your hidden hope?"

This is not to imply that all the music in *Recorded Live* is bad. Mama Quilla II, for instance, comes off very well (despite the horrendous sound quality - oops, no technical quibbles allowed with a 'first' film). But on the whole, most of the songs in the film - while labelled New Wave - are just not "bailly" enough to justify a feature film. Furthermore, the "directors three" - or is it the "writers duo"? - allow too much of their own hype to get in the way - "chi-chi" pretense tends to permeate the entire proceedings. And their storyline ('the parts that go between the songs' as I overheard someone say) is excruciatingly proselytizing, despite the fact that it was meant in jest.

The plot, threadbare at best, follows Robbin, a struggling young artist (although Natalia Kuzmyn plays her like a tired, aging hooker) who, to make ends meet, distributes "bootleg" videotapes of local bands (Hamburger Patti and the Helpers, Rhythm Method and the above-mentioned two). Robbin's customers are a Howard Johnson's assortment of characters that include a punkette, a priest, a professor, and a businessman. All crave the "illegal" rock 'n' roll tapes as if they were a mainline drug or pornography. It's hard to figure out the reasoning behind running this one-note joke throughout the film. It becomes

● The first of the modern-day knights in shining new technology



photo: The National Film Board of Canada

tiresome and sophomoric. Almost every second line in the film has to do with the pleasures and evils of rock 'n' roll. And that would be excusable if this were 1962 or if the music in the film was, indeed, anarchic or threatening. But it never is. Or, at least, the "directors three" failed to bring that aspect of it to the forefront.

Inexplicably, disturbingly, *Recorded Live* fails to make full capital of the very medium it has chosen to explore. Rock music has a history steeped in youthful anger (i.e. The Sex Pistols, The Who... even the Rolling Stones were angry as hell when they started out), but no one in this film seems to be angry about anything. For the most part, they stand around intellectualizing about something that is decidedly anti-intellectual. It's really too bad, because shot competently in black and white, *Recorded Live* could have been an important document of the youth of the early '80s. It simply is not. Once we remove the rock 'n' roll facade, the film is really quite cautious, if not conservative. One is hardpressed to find a single idea which challenges the status quo or challenges anything. And a film that fails to raise questions will find it hard to receive much of a reaction.

Now, it could be that the vapidness in *Recorded Live* is characteristic of the New Wave scene as a whole, but more likely it points to the inexperience of the filmmaking trio, and their failure to recognize the dangers of doing business by veto and compromise. They should have, instead, allowed one another to go with their instincts, and followed their passions. Then, maybe, they would have made a 'first' film to remember.

However, the three shouldn't lose a night's sleep over it because, unlike the sexual 'first', filmmakers generally get more than one crack at a 'first' film... although, you won't find many admitting it.

S. Paul Zola ●



● The way the world ends, according to Helen Caldicott

tival, a Certificate of Merit at the 1982 Yorkton Film Festival, and a nomination for an Academy Award this year, *If You Love This Planet* has become a media *cause celebre* by being one of three NFB documentaries recently cited by the U.S. Justice Department as "political propaganda" under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. As such, this film (and the two others: *Acid Rain - Requiem or Recovery*, and *Acid From Heaven*) would, when shown in the U.S., open with a disclaimer warning that it has not been approved by the U.S. government, and a list of viewers' names and addresses would have to be sent to the U.S. Justice Department.

So far, the result has been that thousands more people are seeing the three films than would have otherwise. *If You Love This Planet* certainly deserves such widespread viewing. It is a powerful evocation of what a nuclear war would be like.

The film is quite straightforward and simple, in the best sense of the word. It intercuts a 1981 lecture by Dr. Helen Caldicott, (U.S.) National President of Physicians for Social Responsibility, with archival footage from the Second World War atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. As well, it makes good use of a war-time newsreel featuring President Truman along with a 1943 U.S. War Department film entitled *Jap Zero*, in which a young Ronald Reagan enacts a gun-ho pilot eager to kill.

But the primary focus of the film is Dr. Caldicott's speech to American students in which she describes the immediate and long-range medical and environmental effects of detonating a single 20-megaton bomb. As her audience sits mesmerized, Dr. Caldicott paints a frightening picture, based on medical fact, of the progression of events that would follow such an explosion: instantaneous and irreparable destruction, uncontrollable firestorms, third degree burns from the sun caused by

the weakening of the earth's protective ozone layer, destruction by radiation of survivors' immune system. She describes the planet, in the aftermath of a nuclear war, contaminated by radiation and rampant with disease.

The urgency of this message is heightened by being intercut with archival footage from the bombing of Hiroshima and colour footage of its survivors seven months after the attack. Their horrible burns and deformities pay witness, as words cannot, to the devastation. Yet, as Dr. Caldicott tells us, the bomb dropped on Hiroshima was a small bomb, equivalent to only 13,000 tons of T.N.T. Today's 20-megaton bomb is equivalent to 20 million tons of T.N.T.

By tracing the development of atomic weapons, showing us the horrific damage caused by the 1945 bombing of Japan, and graphically alerting us to the personal fate that awaits each of us in the event of nuclear war, *If You Love This Planet* reaches right to the bodily core of every viewer. In other words, it makes the nuclear arms race an inescapably personal issue. This is the film's fundamental power and strength.

Absurdly, the CBC has rejected broadcasting this film, claiming that it is biased... as though the possible destruction of the planet is something to be unbiased about! But *If You Love This Planet* and the two acid rain films have opened in selected theatres across the country. They are not to be missed!

Joyce Nelson ●

IF YOU LOVE THIS PLANET d. Terri Nash exec. p. Kathleen Shannon p. Edward Le Lorrain ed. Terri Nash cam. André Luc Dupont, Susan Trow. Don Virgo asst. cam. Bonnie Andrukaitis, Simon Leblanc sd. Jacques Drouin asst. sd. Maurice de Ernst ed. elec. Gerald Proulx asst. elec. Jacqueline Newell sd. rec. Jean-Pierre Joutel music comp. Karl L. du Plessis singer Margot MacKinnon archival film research Terri Nash unit admin. Signe Johansson p.c. National Film Board of Canada, 16mm, colour, 25 minutes 50 seconds, 1982.

Jonny Silver's Kubota

Nobuo Kubota, a Vancouver-born musician, sculptor and architect, teaches contemporary sculpture at the Ontario College of Art and plays saxophone with the Canadian Creative Music Collective (CCMC). Kubota's work in sound sculpture/performance is the subject of a curious NFB documentary by Toronto-born, Jonny Silver.

The film provides a unique journey through Kubota's 'sound cage', a strange structure filled with percussive toys. The aural/visual landscape that unfolds presents the viewer with an intimate look at the extraordinary qualities of the simple objects Kubota uses to create his sound sculpture.

Using black-outs and odd sound/picture combinations Silver builds the performance on film to its climax as Kubota plays this complex instrument constructed of wind-up toys, gongs, bicycle horns, synthesizers, laughing boxes, clocks and many, many other things.

It is this peculiar marriage between artist and filmmaker that makes *Kubota* work. Silver has not so much made a documentary as he has captured a moment, created an atmospheric portrait of a constantly evolving performance and performer.

To this effect, Silver has added extra rhythm tracks to heighten the impact of the visual performance. *Kubota* winds through childish cacophony to elegant rhythmic pulses to Nobuo simply playing his saxophone, finding a quirky harmony within the chaos of images and sounds.

Throughout its 20-minute duration, *Kubota* maintains a sensuous wonderland of sight and sound that is much more than child's play.

Tina Clarke ●

KUBOTA d./ed. Jonny Silver d.o.p. Joe Sutherland add. cam. Dennis Pike lighting Peter Grundy, Michael May loc. sd. David Millar, Reynald Trudel sd. consultant David Millar assoc. p. Kimmo Eklund, Michael May studio admin. Louise Clark tech. co-ord. Frank Ciavaglia p. exec. p. Arthur Hammond p.c. National Film Board/Ontario Regional Production running time: 20 min. 16 mm. colour.

● Nobuo Kubota at play



Terri Nash's If You Love This Planet

This first major film by director Terri Nash of Studio D at the NFB has become quite a focus of attention throughout North America. Not only has the film been awarded a special prize by the World Peace Council at the 1982 Leipzig Documentary and Short Film Festival,