William Wolf, Jean Beaudin, David Helperin, Joan Tewkesbury, Jayne Eastwood, Jean-Claude Labrecque, and countless contributors from the business side of filmmaking. The input was large and co-operative, and unaffected.

Aside from press conferences that were private, and the opening and closing parties which were restricted to Silver Pass holders, the showbiz guests mingled with audiences, saw films, and, above all, participated in conferences.

Three groups of conferences were organized. A slate of experienced luminaries in various aspects of financing and marketing gave sessions to an audience that responded well, but which was notably lacking in Canadian Producers. And it was the Canadian producers' association who sponsored the talks set up by CAMPP President David Perlmutter. Commented Marshall, "Maybe they don't need any advice."

They would have received it. Even this audience, made up mostly of inexperienced students, went a long way towards understanding the crazy film business.

A session on financing, with government types such as Dinah Hoyle from secretary of State Department and Joseph Beaubien from the CFDC, outlined potential ways of funding films, but of greatest interest was the discussion surrounding the involvement of stock brokers in film financing, a procedure now impossible in Ontario, but used elsewhere. There was also the feeling that the CFDC is becoming a minor player at best in the feature financing game. Producer Robert Cooper related his battle to get **Coup d'Etat** off the ground, stressing the importance of legal and accounting expertise. Not many insights over-all, but a solid summary of possibilities.

# Festival Reflections

Toronto's Festival of Festivals was held in September (somewhat earlier than last year). It acted like a two-year-old, I hasten to say, rather than like a one-year-old. While Montreal's World Film Festival made mistakes with bad projection, widely separated theatres, expensive but under-exploited guests, etc., Toronto corrected most of those same mistakes which it too had in '76. Projection was better (not really good but undeniably better), the main theatres involved were conveniently close together (in fact, walking briskly up and down those few blocks on Bay Street was the only exercise most of us got) and some of the guests were grabbed while they were in town anyway.

There was some doubt as to whether Canada should have two officially supported festivals in one summer but, inevitably, in our nervously divided country (could Separation be any worse than the present schizophrenia?), the English cannot have a toy that the French can't match, and vice versa. Proliferation is likely, quite beyond this, as festivals crowd out Europe and threaten to do the same in North America. There was a time when film enthusiasts were actually supposed to *travel* to the main events – Cannes, Berlin and Venice, chiefly. Now, only a few writers, producers and freeloaders do this; all festivals rely almost entirely on support from people within their areas. This year's New York Festival, referring to a horrendous metropolitain nightmare drama, announced in its brochure, "If you live in New York City, you must see this". And, of course, 90% of its audience did live there. So, the more the merrier, really. It's a debasement of the original 1930s festival idea, but also seems a fact of life.

In terms of newspaper coverage, Bill Marshall's greatest coup was producing Henry Winkler, "The Fonz" in person. His film, **Heroes,** wasn't quite ready but clips were shown and, to many people's amazement, Mr. Winkler was shown not to be necessarily, inescapably, "Fonzie" for all time. (Who said there was no God?) Following last year's howl of complaint about Canada being a part of the American studios' domestic market (it is, in practical terms, but never mind), there were two Hollywood productions previewed. At least, one was actually English, **Joseph Andrews**, but it had the magic name Paramount attached, which qualified. The other was Columbia's **Bobby Deerfield.** Nobody seemed to like either very much but they were unarguably *there* so honor was satisfied.

It was noticeable that, with few exceptions, the new festival entries at Montreal and Toronto were entirely different. This raises a possible problem if, as one suspects, the organizers were determined they *should* be different. Was Toronto denied such fine films as the Italian **Padre, Padrone** or the Japanese **The Corporation** because they had already been in Montreal? Was Montreal deprived of another lovely Italian effort **We All Loved Each Other Very Much** or the exquisite French dramatic comedy **The Right Way to Walk** because Toronto had secured them? Slightly worrying, that point; perhaps it's a case for centralization. Conversely, it must be admitted – it's rather a pleasure to admit – that the poor old cinema of 1977, often derided by myself and others as "worked out" on the basis of what we usually see in commercial theatres – came up with enough good and stimulating new films to feed two hungry Canadian outlets. Mind you, there were some stinkers too, but still...

Toronto relied on retrospectives, partly legitimately, but partly, one must suspect, to round out an imposing lineup, on paper. Retrospectives have always been considered a nice bonus at festivals, boys and girls, not a mainstream activity! Still, Peter Harcourt deserves commendation for his excellent Max Ophuls series (though I wish he'd stop making jokes about being "the token academic"; he's either proud of it, or could forget about it, and so could we). The Ophuls prints, like all festival prints were of variable quality, but at best could make you weep for the now-vanished beauty of their compositions and actual physical perfection. Martin Knelman trundled out some (not very deeply) "Buried Treasures". For no particular reason, the festival actually opened (before the official First Night) with a print of Edward Dmytryk's **Give Us This Day,** insistently titled **Christ in Concrete** in publicity, after the short story on which the very downbeat 1949 Anglo-American film was based. I'm not sure what this had to do with anything else, but I've always wanted to see this unpopular and therefore rare picture. So, thanks a lot.

**Clive Denton**

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