

Saskatoon was filled with hopes and dreams. The sidewalk is lined with linoleum and those dotted lines down the middle of the road are painted with really, really nice yellow paint. It was a pleasant day, we had a really nifty poster prepared and the promise that Saskatoon was a young hip college town led us to commit the ultimate Depressionist sin,

we hoped for the best.

WHAT OUR BOWLS IN OUR



photo: b. stockton

Upon arriving in Saskatoon, our first difficulty was in trying to find a place to park the Merc in the downtown area. We were then subjected to verbal abuse by people on the street when we attempted to park in what was, unbeknown to us, a no-parking zone.

In the Saskatoon Fuddruckers, where as we entered we heard a call for an Angelos H., but not our Angelos H., we found the hamburgers, as well as the restaurant in general, to be smaller than its Regina counterpart. Though we don't smoke, we resented having to sit in the non-smoking section.

CUT TO: Saskatoon Public Library: front counter. I showed the librarian the poster and tried to ask her where to go; she

said she would have the poster posted for us. I had to point out that, not two feet from where we were standing, the poster was already hanging. Further explanations about who we were finally gained us directions to the theatre in the basement. She said the projectionist should be down soon.

The smooth concrete of the structure, brightly lit with fluorescent light, a comfortable resting place for wayward travellers, was the lobby area outside what seemed to be a promising theatre complex.

One of the cordial library staff members opened the doors and allowed us to peruse the impressive theatre area, a generously sized screen and comfortable seating for about 150 film enthusiasts.

We eagerly awaited the arrival of the projectionist, a specialist brought in from outside the regular staff. As we waited we were invited to drink coffee from the adjoining conference room where Lithuanian videos were being presented.

The projectionist arrived and we rejoiced. He was young, neat, clean-cut with a LaFoy-like disposition; typical of how we perceived the young hip college students of this town to be. Our toes wriggled with delight as this spiffy projectionist cleaned the projectors gates and lenses.

To our further astonishment, a member of the maintenance staff assisted him in cleaning both sides of the booth window.

"Every time I work here I request that they clean the windows", declared the projectionist, "This time they actually did it." At this point we not only hoped for the best, we expected it.



photo: b. stockton

Beat the rush... always arrive at the theatre early.

As the projectionist toiled away at his duties, the film enthusiasts began to arrive ... very, very slowly.

Perhaps as a sign of what was to follow, the vagrant sleeping comfortably in the lobby began to hack and cough loose foreign

particles lodged uncomfortably in his esophagus.

It was time for the show to begin. There were fifteen people in the audience. We began to notice a trend; the average age of the 'hip young film enthusiasts' was approximately 84. The average would be higher had it not been for John Morgan from the AKA and Clark Henderson (incidentally, the only Filmpool member to attend).

Back in the booth, the projectionist explains "No one ever attends screenings here. You should have held it at the University".

"Thank you for coming", we lied. Actually we would rather no one had come at all, then we could have gone home early. "We hope you enjoy the films", we continued. From the looks of their faces we doubted the would, but didn't really care by this point. Disillusionment had set in.

We took our places at the back of the theatre as the lights dimmed. The first image appeared on the screen; bright, crisp and absolutely silent. We panicked. The projectionist panicked. The audience rested comfortably, listening to the snoring of the bum sleeping in the lobby.

We wait in the company of the snoring derelict as the projectionist spent the next twenty minutes trying to bring sound to the auditorium.

Three of our audience members, realizing that they were in the wrong theatre, left to watch the Lithuanian videos. Finally, in a desperate attempt to make the show go on, the projectionist did the unthinkable.

We sat in the lobby and watched in disgust as he transported the projectors from the booth, past us, into the back row of the theatre.

By this time, an elderly loony woman began pestering us and raving about Bill C54. She explained that she had a book published. Was she a writer? Perhaps a brilliant reclusive and deranged genius? . . . It was a book of poetry and she helped compile it . . . She was the one with the stapler.

We basked in the glow of the grotesque fluorescent tubes, some of which were daylight balanced, some of which were green.

Unable to bear the embarrassment of watching our film accompanied by the hum of a 16mm projector, we sat amongst the concrete slabs in the basement of the Saskatoon Public Library which by now we were affectionately referring to as Hell!

We made paper airplanes from our posters and photographed each other as we waited for the films to conclude. The movie ended. Everyone apologized, the bum was asked to leave and we were on the highway again with a song in our hearts and a pain in our brains.

GERALD SAUL / BRIAN STOCKTON

## **IMAGES**

October 5, 1988

For Immediate Release

### **CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS - IMAGES '89 FESTIVAL**

Northern Visions Independent Video and Film Association present **Images '89**, a festival of independent film and video, to be held May 3 to May 7, 1989 in Toronto.

Deadline for submissions is February 1, 1989.

Format: Super 8 (prints only, originals will not be viewed)  
16mm  
3/4" video  
1/2" video

Preview tapes are preferred in 1/2" VHS format.

Works must be Canadian and have been completed on or after November 1, 1987. Films not in English should be subtitled if possible, or be accompanied by an English language script or synopsis.

There are no submission entrance fees, and Northern Visions is committed to the payment of artists fees for all films and videos selected for the festival.

Application forms and regulations may be obtained from Northern Visions or selected local film/video Distribution Centres.

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For Further Information, Contact:

Northern Visions Independent Video and Film Association  
**Images '89 Festival**  
67A Portland Street  
Suite 3  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5V 2M9

(416) 971-8405

INNIS FILM SOCIETY  
2 SUSSEX AVENUE  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
M5S 1J5

### **CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS**

#### **16 MM FILMS**

The Innis Film Society is soliciting new experimental films to be screened in the Spring of 1989. Two hours of films will be shown. Selected participants will split the proceeds collected at the door.

The following criteria should be followed:

- films should be no longer than 30 minutes
- films must have been completed after January, 1987
- films should be considered "experimental" or "avant-garde" (the selection committee will use their discretion if necessary)
- 16 mm release prints only please

The deadline for submissions is January 15, 1988. To submit phone either Lisa Godfrey at 588 8940, Kate MacKay at 921 1769.

Results will be announced January 31, 1989.