of a teenage boy, there is a funny masturbation scene in a public pool that could have come straight out of *Porky's* when our hero spies a naked girl in a change room. The film that *Saint Ralph* comes closest to imitating, however, is Tony Richardson's classic 1962 British kitchen-sink drama *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, but stripped of that film's themes of class warfare and existential angst. Ralph might be a social misfit, but he wants to fit in, and the film's sentimental ending brings him back into the Church, which forgives his minor transgressions.

Saint Ralph's many modest and pleasant accomplishments are unfortunately undercut by its lack of originality and context. Supposedly set in the 1950s in the working-class town of Hamilton, there is little to suggest authentic period recreation, and McGowan frames his shots so tight that the film has a hermetic feel to it. *Saint Ralph* would make a superior Sunday night drama on the CBC, but as a feature film, it's a workmanlike effort that fails to excite or push the boundaries.

Paul Townend