



Daniel MacIvor appraises the town of Hope Springs in *House*, directed by Canadian Film Centre graduate Laurie Lynd

consists of running from one theatre to the next, trying to catch as many films as possible, checking for messages at the Telefilm pavilion, and grabbing lunch at four p.m. But on the other hand, when you do step out of the dark rooms into the sunshine, everything—the Mediterranean Sea, the grandiose palaces, the Croisette, the yachts in the bay, the huge billboards everywhere—reminds you that you are indeed in Cannes. The festival is a maelstrom of joys and frustrations, glamour and marketing strategies, but, above all, of emotions and images. What constitutes a moment worth crossing the Atlantic for? Watching Kusturica win his second *Palme d'or* for *Underground*, or the wonderful montages commemorating the centenary of cinema that accompanied each screening of the Official Competition, listening to Madredeus's music in Wenders' *Lisbon Story*, or Peter Williams's Jamaican drawl in *Soul Survivor*, and in the middle of all the brouhaha, enjoying Quebec's success on the Riviera, marked by Robert Lepage's debut at the opening night of *Quinzaine des réalisateurs*, and by the thunder of applause that followed the screening of Charles Binamé's *Eldorado*.

from Halifax

In Nova Scotia, the now-well-established Nova Scotia Film Development Corporation has cemented its reputation as the region's major provincial funding agency. Mind you, it's also the region's only provincial funding agency. It has made a difference, however, contributing to Halifax's mini-boom as a major production centre. Witness, for example, the enormous consortium chasing the provincial government's offer of \$500,000 for a sound stage project. Three of the region's major private producers, including Paul and Michael Donovan's Salter Street Productions, are hankering for this permanent facility. It would anchor an indigenous industry that seems ready to explode in the next two years, with Paul Donovan's feature sci-fi series *The Dark Zone* already pre-sold around the world and several other series lining up for access. *The Dark Zone* has been described as a punky, ironic little brother to *Star Trek*, a series that would cement Donovan's move from theatrical motion pictures to television where his company has already been successful with *Codco* and *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. Meanwhile, feature filmmaking continues unabated as American and Toronto producers have dis-

covered the charms of lobster suppers, abundant undeveloped seaside landscapes and cooperative crews. *Saltwater Moose* and *Songspinner*, TV movies both, were down for exteriors while a Sandra Bullock/Dennis Leary feature and two British co-productions are slated for the summer. And just as things were looking cloudy, a promising project like *Symphony # 3* and *The Horned Prophets of Doom* pops up. It's a wonderful script by Kelly and Bruce Lyons, the producer/actor team that powered New Zealander Vincent Ward's masterpiece, *The Navigator*. It's an engrossing story of an eccentric composer and his withdrawn son on an isolated island as he tries to finish his third symphony while being interrupted by domestic disasters and the occasional herd of household cattle. Ken Pittman's science fiction feature for young audiences, *Anchor Zone*, enjoyed a successful two-week run in its hometown of St. John's, Newfoundland, proving that audiences really do want to see local films out here on the east coast.

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