profondeur de la relation mère-fille à travers trois générations de femmes – et pour la pureté des intentions qui l'animent, car, il faut bien l'admettre, cette psychanalyse-maison n'est pas toujours facile à prendre. Une autre Québécoise, Sophie Bissonnette a réalisé un film enjoué, sympathique et percutant: *Quel numéro, What number?* Elle a le mérite de ne tomber ni dans la revendication, ni dans la démonstration froide et sèche quand elle décrit l'introduction de l'informatique dans le travail des femmes et les répercussions de ces innovations sur leurs vies.

Le public a choisi *Las madres de Plaza de Mayo,* de Suzanna Velarde Muhoz et de Lourdes Portillo, film en tout point excellent. Les témoignages de ces femmes souvent simples et modestes et qui n'ont pour lutter, que la force agissante de leur amour pour leurs enfants disparus, nous secouent jusqu'au plus profond de notre être et nous émeuvent tout en nous forçant à une prise de conscience.

L'Association des femmes journalistes qui y a vu "un film sans frontières, drôle et juste" a accordé son prix à *Un peu toi et . . . un peu moi* de la cinéaste hongroise Livia Gyarnathy. L'Association a également accordé une mention spéciale à Marcelia Cartaxo, interprète principale de *L'Heure de l'étoile* de la Brésilienne Susana Amaral, qui a, par ailleurs, obtenu le prix du jury de la mise en scène. Ce film naturaliste raconte l'histoire banale et triste à mourir de Macabea, une jeune fille mal préparée et pour la vie et pour le travail – une histoire faite de riens, de quelques espoirs insensés et d'énormes déceptions que la réalisatrice nous relate avec sobriété et pudeur et une immense tendresse pour ces laissées-pour-compte et bien sûr, pour son pays. Le Grand prix du jury est revenu à *Le Contact* de la Polonaise Magdelena Lazarkiewicz. Deux femmes cruellement blessées par la vie se rencontrent dans un hôpital, se prennent d'amitié et s'aident mutuellement. Une mise en scène oppressante, claustrophobique (cadrages resserrés, angles de vue légèrement déformés) en même temps empreinte d'une sérénité qui transcende le quotidien douloureux, confère à ce film un charme magique et troublant. Les deux comédiennes y sont excellentes.

Le Jury donnait le prix d'interprétation féminine à Louise Marleau pour son rôle dans *Anne Trister* de la Québécoise Léa Pool: le film obtenait, par ailleurs le prix du Public. Anne Trister a 25 ans, elle est Suissesse, et Juive. Fortement ébranlée par la mort de son père, elle quitte son pays, son ami et la peinture pour se lancer à coeur et corps perdus dans des aventures insensées. Le film est bouleversant de sincérité, très attachant, superbement interprété. On retrouve là les mêmes qualités que dans les films précédents de Léa Pool qui s'affirme de film en film comme une "Grande" du cinéma: même sensibilité, même élégance raffinée, même qualité émotive, même utilisation prodigieuse de l'espace.

Enfin *Fuite vers le Nord* de la Finlandaise Ingemon Engstrom raconte l'histoire d'une jeune femme engagée politiquement qui fuit l'Allemagne nazie et qui rencontre un jeune aristocrate en Finlande où elle se réfugie. Le film est d'une facture soignée et traditionnelle, les paysages sont grandioses, l'interprétation juste et convaincante.

Au-delà des films présentés et de leurs qualités spécifiques, ce qui fait la force et le charme de ce Festival hors de l'ordinaire, c'est la qualité chaleureuse de l'animation, l'esprit sympathique et bon enfant qui y règne, le cadre spacieux tout en étant resserré autour d'un même lieu . . . et par-dessus tout cela, le professionnalisme, la détermination et les exigences des deux organisatrices Elizabeth Tréhard er Jackie Buet.

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CHRONIQUE:

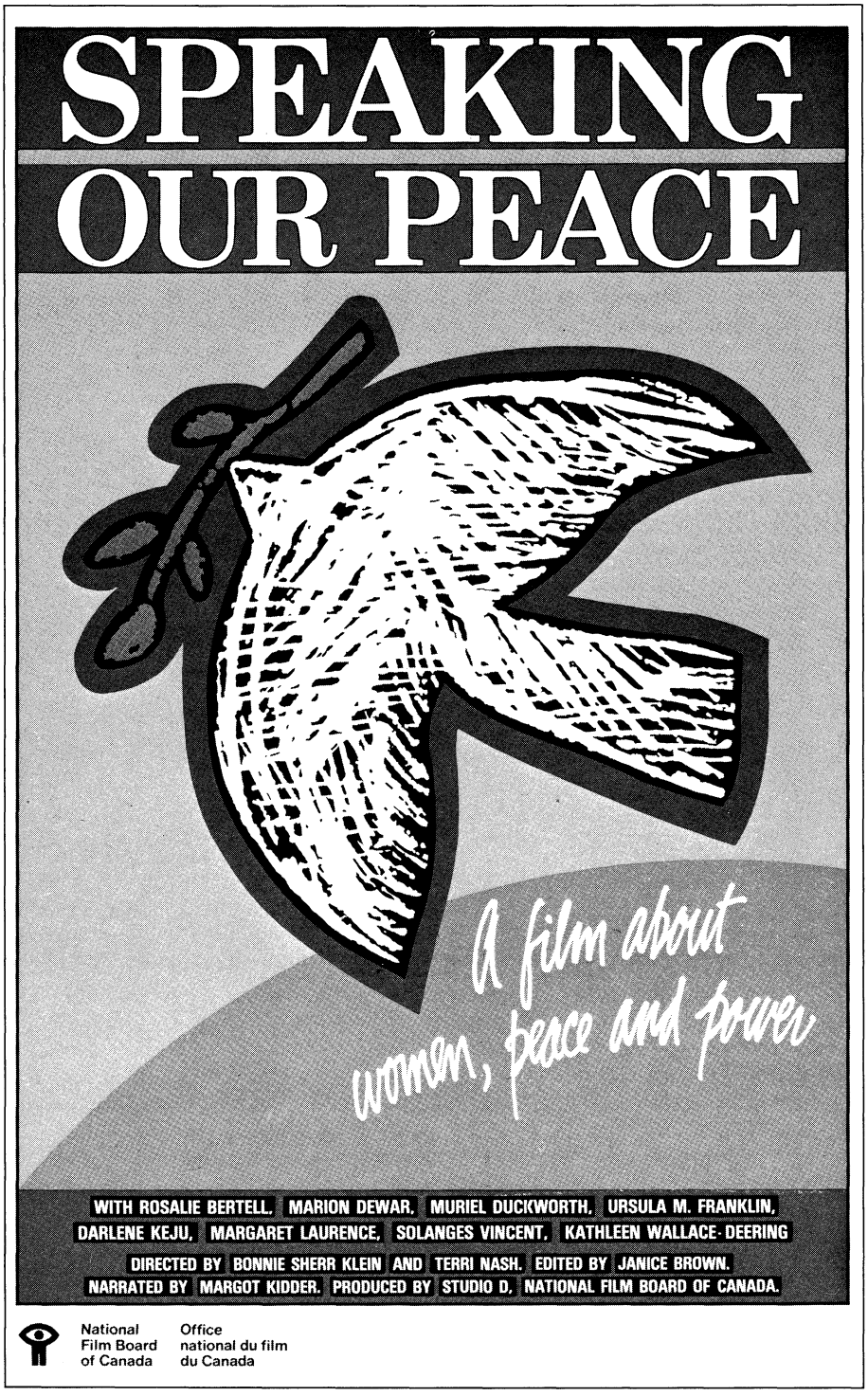
CINEMA

*SPEAKING OUR PEACE**

Ruth Roach Pierson

Bonnie Klein, director of *Not A Love Story* (1981), and Terri Nash, director of *If You Love This Planet* (1982), two films which since their release have consistently topped the NFB bookings, have done it again, this time together. Working as a team, they have created a powerful cinematic statement on women's potential for peacemaking. *Speaking Our Peace* (1985) is a tribute to women from Canada and elsewhere in the world who are raising their voices in the cause of peace. As a movie or video-tape that can be shown around the globe, it is also a vehicle for carrying those voices to millions of other women. Thus the film itself will serve as a means of empowerment to many more women, encouraging us individually and collectively to speak out for peace.

Permeating the film is a feminist vision of the potential strength and social responsibility of women. Eschewing any facile equation of women with moral superiority, it also rejects the notion of women as powerless victims. It expresses instead a faith in the capacity of women to overcome differences and effect change for the better, if only we learn from the knowledge of our past and from our experience as outsiders, mothers, and motherers. The vision of the filmmakers is ultimately a social feminist one which, global in extent, sees women's quest for justice in any one country as inseparable from the world-wide struggle for freedom from violence and oppression.



The movie opens with shots of the barbed-wire topped fences and concentration camp watch towers violating Greenham Common in England. Once an institution of village sharing, now a U.S. Air Force base harbouring nuclear missiles, the Common has been turned, by women, into an international symbol of protest against the belief that arms can bring peace. The women's song we hear on the sound track, sung in a minor mode and to the accompaniment of flute and drums, has an age-old, mediaeval ring.

The first woman to whom the movie introduces us is Helen Johns, a mid-wife from Wales and mother of five, who was a member of the original group of women to march on Greenham Common in late August, early September, 1981, and set up a peace camp along its periphery. She speaks, she tells us, for those concerned women who could not wait for the politicians to act. Those words establish a major theme of the film: the message that women cannot wait to work for peace until we have acquired sufficient institutionalized power. We must act now, from whatever our position in society may be. That message is reiterated in the Adrienne Rich poem chosen by Muriel Duckworth, dauntless worker for peace from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to express her belief that it is "the people with no extraordinary power/ who will reconstitute the world" if it is going to be saved.

One after another we hear from women who have dedicated large portions of their lives to opposing militarism in its many insidious forms. Dr. Ursula Franklin, physicist and professor of engineering at the University of Toronto, has refused to participate in military-related research. Muriel Duckworth withholds that percentage of her income tax which would go to so-called national defence and contributes it instead to disarmament funds. Marion Dewar, mayor of Ottawa, organized the first municipal referendum on nuclear disarmament. In November, 1983, a group of women committed acts of non-violent civil disobedience in Rexdale, Ontario, to protest the involvement of Litton Systems in the manufacture of the guidance system for cruise missiles. Since their action, Litton has lost a U.S. missile contract.

Film footage of a visit to the Soviet Union by Muriel Duckworth and Kathleen Wallace-Deering of Project Plowshares in Vancouver takes us outside the Nato-allied world Kathleen's interview with an official of the USSR Institute for U.S. and Canada Studies is a study itself in the constraints on women who, because of institutional attachment, cannot deviate from the government position. Again and again the woman at the Institute stresses that the Soviet Union's nuclear arms policy is purely defensive. Cutting to Muriel's interview with a woman pilot who flew rescue missions to beseiged Leningrad in World War II, we learn about the trauma inflicted on the Russian psyche by their great suffering in that war. That the number of lives lost (twenty million) is almost equal to the total population of Canada today gives us some understanding of why there might be a Russian preoccupation with the need for defence. Back in the USSR Institute for U.S. and Canada Studies, the official insists that Russian people do not hate or fear the American or Canadian peoples, but she cannot agree with Kathleen that the amassing and stockpiling of arms invariably leads to war. Criticism of the nuclear arms policy of both the U.S. and the USSR is achieved by a return to Ursula

Franklin who claims that the Warsaw Pact/Nato alliance system has served both super-powers well. Each side has used the concept of the external enemy as an excuse for not dealing with the urgent social problems within its own country.

The concept of internal enemy is also subjected to scrutiny, as Canadian novelist Margaret Laurence joins her voice to Ursula's in challenging official notions of what constitutes national security. "If peace is regarded as subversive activity, then in God's name what is war?," she asks. Laurence shares with others interviewed in the film a faith in the redeeming power of ordinary people. "People in Russia and the United States feel the same about their children as I do about mine," she says. And the filmmakers underscore that point with a montage of shots of Muriel and Kathleen walking amidst ordinary Russians, mostly women and children – market women, children playing in parks, women washing streets. The implication is that the true interests of these people are not being served by the so-called defence policies of the state.

A truly global perspective is introduced by Solanges Vincent, author of two books on economic policy and militarism and member of the Montréal-based *Action Travail des Femmes* which fights discrimination against women. Solanges insists on our seeing the connections between economic exploitation of the underdeveloped world and the militarism of the imperialist powers. According to her, the arms race widens the gap between rich and poor nations. "No matter how much we protest against the Cruise or the MX," she argues, "without more equal sharing of resources, there will be no peace. People who live in poverty and misery will revolt, will challenge this inequality, our way of life, our luxuries, our wastefulness."

The tendency of the film remains away from despair and toward empowerment. "People around the world are challenging their demonination by the superpowers," the narrator tells us and we meet next Darlene Keju of the Marshall Islands, Micronesia. Her home has been the site of a massive programme of nuclear testing by the U.S. military. Darlene Keju, herself a victim of multiple tumours, now devotes herself to lecturing audiences on the hazards of low-level radiation. These include among the Marshallese a marked increase in foetal abnormalities, the most recent of which is the horrifying phenomenon of "jelly fish" babies.

Lest we be lulled into the belief that the danger is localized and remote, Sister Rosalie Bertell comes on screen to issue the warning that nuclear pollution affects us all. Biostatistician, Roman Catholic nun, and Director of the International Institute of Concern for Public Health in Toronto, Dr. Bertell researches the long-term medical effects on those who have been exposed to low-level radiation. In her view, World War III is already underway and has been claiming its victims for years. While there is no battlefield in the conventional sense of the word, the war is being waged in Canada as well as elsewhere. Radioactive poisoning, as in the pollution of rivers, begins with uranium mining. Sister Rosalie instructs us, and Canada is the world's biggest miner of uranium. Furthermore uranium ore is mostly mined in Canada's north which is mainly populated by native peoples. Through the creation of hazardous waste, we are damaging the earth's land, air, and water at the same time we are damaging our gene pool. Dr. Bertell calls this a death process. She nevertheless believes that we can turn the process around and, in another example of the strength of women's social commitment, has dedicated her life to alerting people to the grave danger facing us and the need for immediate action to avert it. Her book *No Immediate Danger? Prognosis for a Radioactive Earth* (1985) is published in Canada by the Women's Press of Toronto.

While the problems are immense, the message of the film is that something can be done and women can do it. The feminism of the film lies in this affirmation of women's peacemaking efforts. Missing, however, is any statement of that particular feminist analysis, as articulated by Virginia Woolf in *Three Guineas* (1938) and more recently by the Cambridge Women's Peace Collective in *My Country is the Whole World* (1984), that locates a propensity for war in "the domination of men over women and the subsequent polarisation of so-called male and female characteristics." But no 55-minute film can say everything. And the makers of *Speaking Our Peace* are already saying alot, with their celebration of such a diverse assembly of strong-minded, peace-minded women and with their impassioned call to the rest of us to step forward and to help by speaking *our* peace too.

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