

Festivals -- Afterthoughts and Observations

By Gerald Pratley

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A PRECARIOUS SPIRAL

FESTIVALS, festivals everywhere -- and hardly ever a decent film to be found! Judging by the comments of almost everyone leaving the 1993 Berlin and Cannes festivals one wonders why they came or why they stayed.

While certain film-mad festivaliers can rack up as many as 75 films in ten days (that is, if they see them all the way through; others who see bits and pieces claim up to a hundred) the most normal movie buffs see are possibly five a day.

By the end of each day then, when time for dinner rolls around, the litany of complaints about what was seen reaches a Dolby-like volume. There is not, it seems, enough good films to go around -- but that depends of course on an individual's interpretation of what is "good." So why do we continue to attend festivals and why do they continue to proliferate?

The big three are still Cannes, Berlin and Venice. Cannes this year celebrated its 45th anniversary, Venice is about the same age and Berlin five years behind. Around the world every day or every week there are enough secondary festivals: Moscow, Sydney, London, Montréal, Toronto, New Delhi, Los Angeles, New York -- whose programmes are made up largely from the three main festivals, bringing to the people films they might otherwise never have the opportunity of seeing -- to make it possible to spend the entire year travelling from festival to festival. Many do, hence the title, festivalier! As well, between the major and secondary events there are festivals such as Rotterdam, Ghent, Amsterdam, Ankara, Budapest, and a dozen others -- showcases for films from their own countries. Then there are the specialised festivals containing everything from Silent Cinema (Pordenone) to those of mystery, mountain-climbing, horror, sci-fi, music and comedy, to the special one-weekend Telluride. And every American city these days wants its own "exciting and glamorous" festival -- from Miami to Seattle.

If these second or third stage festivals want interesting but obscure films not normally seen at other festivals in order to bring a new world to their audiences, however small, this is an admirable objective to be encouraged; but as the cost of running festivals increases annually, the need to show the most celebrated work becomes more pressing. This means that too many deserving films stay at home and will never reach audiences for specialised cinemas. And for these cinemas and film theatres to show the "undiscovered" films on a regular basis usually means failure at the box-office because the public takes for granted that which is available on a regular basis. They live for the annual event.

Are there ever enough films to go around? At one time festivals were held not so much for the public but as a meeting place for critics, journalists, producers, distributors and directors, and those exhibitors who ran specialised cinemas (often erroneously referred to as "Art Houses").

During these more dignified times, great discoveries were made: Satyajit Ray, Ingmar Bergman, Federico Fellini, David Lean, Michael Cacoyannis, Akira Kurosawa, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, to name only a few. Distributors (there were no high-pressure markets then) would start talking about buying rights, and follow up with correspondence or visits to Paris and Rome. Hollywood was seldom present; it refused to participate in these elitist fantasy worlds and saw to it that festivals did not take place at home. Many Canadians who believe that everything begins in the States, are unaware that the original Vancouver and Stratford International Film Festivals of the mid-fifties were the first to be held in North America, many years ahead of San Francisco, Chicago and New York.

Today, many of the Class A festivals have budgets in excess of the \$7 million mark, most of this being provided in the interests of tourism by the cities where they are held, with additional funding from the Ministries of Culture. While the original three were purely artistic undertakings it didn't take long for

departments of tourism elsewhere to catch on to this advantage in staging one, particularly if there were oceans and mountains to provide a background!

But there is never enough money, so more projections must be held to accommodate the public. The producers who have permitted their films to be shown and receive no payment for these sold-out screenings and must spend a great deal of money just being there, look askance at the revenue they are losing. Sometimes the publicity generated in the international press pays off for festival showings and a prize might help, but much of the international press does not report on any festival other than Cannes and Berlin. The rest might get written about in scholarly journals, but this doesn't translate into a recovery of production costs.

Festivals appear to have taken on an opposite purpose to what they were intended to do. Originally, programmers hoped the entries would be discovered and go out to a waiting world of discriminating moviegoers. This did happen, and up to a point continues to do so; but today there are hundreds of films being made and shown only at festivals. Some are quite good and one regrets their lack of wider recognition, others are so strange and awful only festival audiences would go to see them. These films then travel the festival circuit for the next year or two with their directors in tow (a good way to see the world) and then disappear -- films and directors. Others last a few years. Heaven knows where the money comes from to make these kinds of films in the first place -- or the short subjects, many of them exceedingly good and never to be seen again. Amazingly, these filmmakers often come back with yet another entry!

The ultimate irony of Cannes, the great showplace of cinema with over 600 films and 5,000 press, producers, photographers and public in attendance, is that in the town itself there are very few cinemas left. Films it seems can only exist in many cities within a festival. Is this healthy?

This creates "glitz and glam" festival fever -- thousands of people who attend the secondary festivals in their own home towns have come to believe their lives would be incomplete if they missed them. They stand in line and suffer untold indignities to see a film they would never dream of attending if it opened a regular run. The directors appear up front and say, "I'm glad to be here, thanks for having me, I hope you enjoy my picture" and are never seen again by the public. But they were *there*!

Instead of a festival showing helping a specialised film to find an audience for its subsequent opening, through media attention and word-of-mouth approval, it sometimes "takes in" everyone to whom it appeals, leaving few to see it when it finally opens. Distributors and exhibitors who believe in the film lose out financially.

Cannes has now become a prize circus. So why go? Of what use is it to struggle against the huge crowds, worrying over translations, packed into protracted press conferences and receptions, jammed into interviews, paying enormous prices to eat food which, however delicious, is never worth what it costs and, if you are buying films, finding their prices going through the roof?

It brings out the worst in producers whose terms become unreasonable; it's a game of roulette for distributors who lose as many times as they win. Yes, the market is helpful in displaying the "product," but it's expensive just being there. Yes, for critics and writers it can bring the world's best to their attention and keep them informed of new talents and the continued accomplishments of known names. But why should only the few be recognised, year after year? Many of the greatest filmmakers have never been shown at a festival.

Will all this effort and expense soon be rendered obsolete? Why go to Cannes to see a film on video when the video itself could be sent by mail or courier to the home office? The steady advance of satellite broadcasting with its great hunger for programming twenty-four hours a day to the world at large is surely going to make all but the most intimate and specialised of festivals unnecessary.

What date did you say Cannes begins?

SYDNEY 1993: Forty Years

"Is Sydney what you imagined?" I was asked several times at the Film Festival. I had to admit that the Opera House and the Harbour Bridge had made such a deep impression over the years in films, on television, in photographs, that I hadn't thought about the city itself. I soon felt at home as though I was in a second Vancouver there being so many similarities: scenically and geographically, in our common heritage, in place names, in friendliness, and in the Festival itself, now celebrating its 40th year. It was founded in 1954 on

a cold June night by a group of enthusiasts at Sydney University and, like Vancouver's Festival, grew from the support and encouragement of the film society movement.

For several difficult years it had no permanent home, no government grants, no sponsors, and with Australia being "so far away" in those days it was almost impossible to attract filmmakers from abroad. At that time, foreign-language films were a rarity in Australian cinemas and only because an avid public responded to the Festival did it survive and grow. David Donaldson, Valwyn Wishart, Joan Long, Sylvia Lawson, Bob Connell, Lois Hunter, Patricia Moore, were among the first programme directors, underpaid and overworked. In 1962 Ian Klava from the Commonwealth Film Unit, became the first full-time year round director, still underpaid and overworked. By 1965 "getting stressed out" he resigned and David Stratton, a dedicated filmgoer from his earliest years in England, became director for the next eighteen years, and was the first to travel to Festivals abroad to invite films and their directors. During his tenure, with the support of the Board, the Festival (as did Montréal and Vancouver) waged a determined battle against Censorship. It was a long and wearying fight against oppressive minds, but eventually, it won, and Australia's one national censor board is now relatively free and concerns itself with classification.

The stories of this time would fill a book and indeed the Festival has published an informative 40th Anniversary Oral History. Stratton, who put the Festival on the international map, left in 1983 and was succeeded by Rod Webb (1984) and by the present director, the lively Paul Byrnes, in 1989, who carries on the work of his long line of determined predecessors.

The miracle of this 10-day Festival is that it works on a budget of A\$700,000 without any direct government funding other than a small grant from the Australian Film Commission, beginning in 1974, to be used for the Travelling Film Festival. In the care of Susan Wilson, many of the Festival entries are taken to over 60 towns throughout Australia in co-operation with local cinemas, film groups and distributors. The Festival has a fruitful association with Australian distributors of specialised films, who are more inclined to purchase rights to films shown at the Festival, knowing they will recoup much of their outlay from the rentals they receive from the Festival's travelling programme. "Our Festival is a major force in introducing these films to audiences throughout Australia," says Byrnes "and in the process we have become one of the country's most important artistic assets."

This requires the Festival to maintain a year-round office with a staff of four working from a lovely old home on Glebe Point Road purchased by the Festival in 1972 when prices were low and now "a wise investment and valuable asset."

Since 1974 the Festival has shown its films in the spectacular State Theatre, a 2000-seat picture palace built in 1929, in the heart of Sydney, and beautifully maintained in its original form. This time the nearby 400-seat Mandolin Cinema was used mainly for documentaries and television films. With those few films playing against each other given second screenings, it's possible for the good-natured and knowledgeable audiences to see everything -- in 1993, 70 feature-length films and over 100 short subjects and documentaries. There were 20 visiting filmmakers, including Robby Muller, Sally Potter, Frank Perry, Dana Rotberg; a CinemaScope Retrospective; ten public afternoon forums concerning issues of the day; and Special Nights of British and French cinema and New Asian directors.

The cost of the Festival is 75% covered by audience admissions (sold on a subscription basis) with the remaining 25% coming from services by sponsors, including Singapore Airlines, The Park Lane Hotel, Nissan, and the Dendy Cinema, the latter giving the only prize money, A\$2,500 in three categories, for the Best Australian short subjects. Over 125,000 seats were occupied with individual ticket sales resulting in capacity attendance. "The Festival has never lost money," said Byrnes, "but neither do we have a great deal to throw around." No press conferences are held, instead, private interviews are arranged between visitors and media representatives. Q&A sessions for the public take place in the theatre after projection.

The Festival has over the years always supported Australian films from early days to the present, from Raymond Longford to Jane Campion (who is also claimed by New Zealand as she was born there). It has brought prominence to many (Ken Hannam's *Sunday Too Far Away*), but it has not always been easy. A tittering audience at an early retrospective prompted one member of the audience to stand up and shout "give it a go you apes!" And give it a go they have. To mark the 40th anniversary the Festival opened

with John Heyer's *Back of Beyond*, which it opened with in 1954, and the latest success, Michael Jenkins' *Heartbreak Kid*. Today, Australians are proud of their filmmakers' work.

Canadian entries, well received, included *Calendar*, *Twist*, *Stepping Razor*, *Forbidden Love*, the NFB's *Acts of Defiance*, Rick Hancox's *Moose Jaw*, and seven short films. And, like Vancouver's, Sydney's audiences are calm and easy-going, and well-informed. For them, films are not a once a year event. No mainline Hollywood productions are shown, only American independents. Loads of good food is available in the theatre for the all-day festivaliers. There is no glitz and glam and the sense of occasion is low-key; Australians seem to prefer it this way. As in Vancouver, a small staff of six works out of limited office space (at the back of the theatre up a steep flight of stairs) and is constantly on the go keeping the Festival running; and like Vancouver, Sydney has recognised the growing importance and significance of Asian Cinema.

Discussing this, Paul Byrnes said, "I embarked early with a determined policy of recognising those countries which are part of what we now call the Pacific Rim, and to show what these countries had to offer. Now we witness the ever-growing number of Asian films being shown around the world at festivals and in the specialised cinemas of leading cities."

And like Canada, with its three main festivals, Byrnes has a friendly rivalry between his, Melbourne and Brisbane. Although Sydney is Australia's best-known festival internationally, it was not the first: Olinda, in Victoria, did a weekend event, billed as a festival on Australia Day weekend in 1952. Melbourne continued it in June 1953 and Sydney came in in 1954. "We don't attempt too much," adds Byrnes, "but we achieve a great deal. We just continue to keep growing and building our audience, possibly because we offer something not duplicated by any other experience.

"Every year our subscribers tell us they will return next year, and they do. I think the Festival's role in film appreciation has changed the film scene here. There is now a thriving market for specialised cinemas in Australia and there is SBS-TV showing many great films. There are many weeks of Italian, French, Iranian movies. This means more competition for us, but I also think it is a measure of the Festival's success. I don't think there would be anywhere near as many great films in the cinemas, on television, or on video if the Festival hadn't been here for 40 years."

MONTREAL 1993

No matter where it takes place, a film festival is a film festival -- and most such events, big or small, near or far, tend to programme many of the same international films while devoting special sections to the work of their own countries. The difference between festivals is marked by what goes on around the projection of films and in the cities where they are set.

Ideally, a festival should have a centre where sits the administrative staff surrounded by all the facilities required by journalists, together with the press, documentation and meeting rooms, the hospitality suite, quiet places to conduct interviews, the Press Conference hall, venues to hold Receptions and the Market and Trade show floors.

Obviously this centre, the heart of the festival if you like, should be in a hotel where visiting filmmakers, delegates and media representatives are staying; radiating from it within easy walking distances should be the cinemas carrying out the purpose of all this activity -- the showing of motion pictures, and, increasingly, films on video.

Few festivals meet these compact and convenient requirements as completely and consistently as the Montréal World Film Festival. Now seventeen years since it began under the fiery direction of Serge Losique and built on the foundations of the original festival (1962-68) run by Pierre Juneau and Rock Demers, there is something reassuringly consistent about it -- nothing changes over the years other than its films. Returning to Montréal every August is like being in a time-warp. Last year's festival could have taken place a week ago! This feeling of familiarity makes the visitor feel very much at home: the heart is in the Meridien Hotel with the administration staff lead by the dedicated programme director, Danielle Cauchard. In the press office Suzanne Villeneuve, Lorraine Jamison, Maggie Lattuca (among the surprisingly few for such a large enterprise) and press conference interpreter Richard Gay, are always there, occupying the same rooms, under the same notices, with everything taking place exactly as it did last year, and the year before, since it moved into the Meridien twelve years ago.

To see the films one has only to walk over to the magnificent *Place des Arts* for the opening and closing night performance; or a short step up St. Catherine to the lovely old Imperial (still replete with the crown on its safety curtain) to see the two daily competition entries; and then along to the Famous Players' Parisien Cinema with its seven auditoriums to see the remainder of the 300-odd pictures screened under various sections in both French and English versions. Films shown on the Market for distributors buying for their countries are screened in the evenings in the comfortable Cineplex Cinema Centre in the *Complexe Desjardins* of which the hotel is part.

The language difficulties have been cleverly bridged for competition films by using the computer-operated sur-title device similar to opera performances; it sits beneath the screen, is easy to read, and will read in French if the film is in English or sub-titled in English, and in English if the film is spoken or sub-titled in French. In the other cinemas, moviegoers who cannot understand French or read French sub-titles should give these films a miss. But, as more than half of the entries will be sub-titled in English (much to the chagrin of Québec's French-only fanatics) there are more to see than is humanly possible within the Festival's ten days of activity.

The purchase of tickets by the public is relatively easy and while some may end up without a seat on occasions there is little waiting time and the press is fortunate in being able to move from cinema to cinema at any time -- with doors being opened for them by polite ushers. Cinemas are filled to capacity for most screenings with the old cry "standing room only" literally being in effect with overflow crowds not only standing at the back but sitting closely in the aisles!

As at Canada's other major film festivals (Toronto, Vancouver, Halifax) the Canadian section is always a priority because, as we all know so well, we may seldom find another opportunity to see them. In Montréal, the *Panorama Canada* section is home to almost everything sent in by the hopefuls and the well-established, and requires no support from an American sponsor. Québec films, usually out in force, were in short supply this year due to the usual financial difficulties; the big picture expected, Denys Arcand's *Love and Human Remains*, wasn't there. Why, because it was a Québec film in English, or because of being in English the Toronto Festival was thought to be the better place to open it? No-one seemed to be saying why it could not have been shown at both festivals.

The responsibility of opening Montréal then, fell on *Le Sexe des Etoiles* (*Sex and the Stars*), the first film (as director) of Paule Baillargeon, the gifted actress and writer. Much was expected but little was forthcoming. A slow and heavy-handed piece of romanticism concerning a young daughter whose father comes back into her life as a woman, it left the audience clearly disappointed.

The remaining feature-length films were mostly by "new directors." Whatever happened to last year's new directors, and those of the years before? Julian Grant does surprisingly well with *Bust a Move*, a seven-day 99 job about young people going wrong in the Toronto's tumultuous Jane-Finch district; Nicholas Kendall directed the banal *Cadillac Girls* in Nova Scotia from Peter Behrens' screenplay; Isabelle Hayeur did *La Bête de Foire*, a tedious puzzle-piece about a young woman who lives in a cage; Wendy Hill-Tout wrote and directed the light and slim Calgary-based comedy, *The Perfect Man*; David Marcoux's *Lilly* is a b&w mystery distancing its audience with stilted techniques; Cynthia Roberts goes into life-extending experiments among a strangely eccentric family in *Jack of Hearts*; Gail Harvey's murder-triangle written by Richard Beattie, *Cold Sweat*, could have been so much better; Lois Siegel takes a sympathetic look at transvestites in Montréal in *Lip Gloss*; in *Mustard Bath* Darrell Wasyk wasted a good deal of money taking Michael Riley and Martha Henry to Guyana; and John Hamilton's sociological comedy *The Myth of the Male Orgasm* about men trying to come to terms with their attitudes and values toward women, fluctuates between being quite bright and awfully silly. Sadly, as with so many of Canadian films, most of those shown in Montréal suffer from the American disease: American players in most pictures or with plentiful references to things American and little Canadian identification -- for no reason other than our filmmakers seldom think of their own country while their producers think the American slant will sell them in the US. It seldom does, but they never learn.

By far the most successful of the Canadian films in competition was Peggy Thompson's *The Lotus Eaters*, from Vancouver, directed by Paul Shapiro with its wonderful performances by a delightful cast including R. H. Thomson, Sheila McCarthy and Frances Hyland -- with R. H. coming close to the Best Actor Award -- a great favourite with audiences at every showing. Also respected was Marcel Simard's sensitive documentary,

Les Mots Perdus, a study of four people suffering from aphasia, an uncommon brain disease.

From the National Archives of Canada came two restored prints: *Damaged Lives* (1933) and *From Nine to Nine* (1936) by the B-picture Hollywood cult director, Edgar G. Ulmer. The first, a whispered warning about VD, was commissioned by the Canadian Social Health Council of the time and filmed in Hollywood; the second was filmed in Montréal by an American company as a Canadian British quota quickie. No Canadian talent was involved. It takes a considerable stretch of the imagination to claim these inconsequential pictures as being Canadian, but there they are, officially accredited to us, and we even paid to have them restored. How we do love to punish ourselves.

The great event in Montréal however, belonged to the Canadian icon who won't go away -- Pierre Elliott Trudeau! Apart of a well-deserved affectionate tribute to the remarkable and determined producer, Rock Demers, an evening was given over to the showing of two of his new five-part TV series, *The Memoirs of Pierre Elliott Trudeau*, to be seen later this year on CBC. The speeches and testimonials in praise of Demers (whose complete series of *Tales for All* was shown throughout the Festival) were heartfelt and sincere and laced with great humour. The *Théâtre Jean Duceppe* was packed, the floodlights on Trudeau, the guest of honour surrounded by photographers, journalists, friends and family. If the remaining episodes are as compelling as the first part then these *Memoirs* will be a fascinating and controversial record. With the show over and the crowds slowly emptying the theatre, a small group of us accompanied Trudeau and Demers to dinner at *Les Primeurs* in the Old Quarter of the city. It was a memorable evening of wide-ranging conversations, memories and opinions. Wit and laughter filled the air -- perhaps the end of an era in more ways than one.

ROUYN-NORANDA 1993

The Air Canada Dash 8 landed at the Rouyn-Noranda airport in Northern Québec in the darkness of a howling snowstorm. Walking with difficulty against the wind across the tarmac to the warmth of the small terminal building it was hard to imagine that the important *Festival du Cinéma International en Abitibi-Temiscamingue* was taking place here in the small mining town bleak in the cold of early winter. The bare rocks and leafless trees along the deserted highway have a stark and beautiful character of their own made familiar in countless paintings seen in small homes, motels, offices and the like.

Once the annual "big three" international film festivals are over, all other festivals with the exception of those devoted to national film showings are important only to the place in which they are being held depending on the local populace for their audiences.

The Rouyn-Noranda Festival, now in its 12th year, depends entirely on its 25,000-odd townspeople for support and receives it whole-heartedly together with visitors from its neighbouring towns of Val d'Or, Ville Marie and Amos which make up the 75,000 population of the region. Their history involving its pioneer people and the mining industry would make a fascinating film in itself. In fact, the first five years of this resolute little festival showed only regional short subjects and documentaries made by young filmmakers, several of whom went on to achieve success in Montréal.

This year, Rouyn-Noranda showed 71 films from 20 countries consisting of 25 feature-length entries, 22 short subjects and 24 animations. No other festival shows as many shorts on a single program: the first half may contain up to five depending on length, followed by intermission with drinks in the lounge, and then the feature film. Projection takes place in the *Théâtre du Cuivre* (The Copper Theatre) a 750-seat effective all-purpose all-year-round theatre maintained by the town council to present concerts, visiting symphonies, plays and celebrities and a surprising number of locally produced events. Other showings take place in the Paramount, the last remaining commercial cinema.

The program director of the *Théâtre du Cuivre* is the energetic and imaginative Jacques Matte, whose idea it was fifteen years ago to hold a film festival. "Everybody's laughing about that, you know, but it worked. Many people came, we improvised, and now we are successful. Few believed there was an audience for sophisticated films -- even those made in Québec." They were wrong, he was right, and while the main entries are French-language with English translation it is certainly international and included, this year, Mike Leigh's *Naked*, Ken Loach's *Raining Stones*, and David Wellington's *I Love a Man in Uniform*.

Being the general manager of the theatre and the organiser of the festival, the usual conflicts between the

two do not exist. The projection is excellent, all films being shown in their correct aspect ratio in 35 and 16 mm. There is a huge and comfortable lounge for audiences and filmmakers to get together, and all the festival offices are under the one roof with bar and restaurant services.

In running and programming the festival, Jacques Matte is assisted by two colleagues, Louis Dallaire and Guy Parent, with the tireless program director, Jocelyn Soucier. They visit the main festivals in Montréal, Toronto, Cannes and Berlin to make their choices and produce each year a refreshing, joyful and friendly festival.

Its budget is around \$400,000 with one-third in government grants, including Telefilm, one-third from sponsors and the remaining third from admissions. It seems to pay for itself without worry, maintains a year-round office and staff, and attracts a corps of 20 volunteers, mostly lively and attractive women, who work tirelessly to make the festival a success and actually take this time from their holidays to become part of the excitement of meeting people in film.

There are no films shown in the mornings leaving this time for private interviews with filmmakers and actors. Every day the festival guests and staff take lunch and dinner at different restaurants around the town. After the meals are over guests sitting at a special table with microphones and a moderator talk and answer questions; there is much laughter and goodwill, and obviously much to say for intimacy on these occasions.

The closing film was *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould* directed by François Girard (*Le Dortoir*) who, much to the disappointment of the audience, could not attend due to other commitments, but Colm Feore came in quickly from Stratford and was warmly received.

In the continuing pursuit of satisfaction in film it was gratifying to find it at Rouyn-Noranda's Festival and to be made so welcome, with genuine affection and consideration, by the individuals responsible for organising it.

Author Information

Gerald PRATLEY, OC, LLD, started his career as film critic with the CBC. In 1969, he founded the Ontario Film Institute which he directed until 1990. He has written several books and numerous articles on film, including *Torn Sprockets*, a history of Canadian cinema. He taught Film History in universities in Toronto and Waterloo, Canada and holds three honorary degrees from Canadian and US universities.

Gerald A. Pratley (1923-2011) was born and educated in London, England, and came to Canada in 1946. He started working in Toronto for the CBC as a scriptwriter. He was drawn toward working in motion pictures, and became, in 1948, the CBC's first film critic and commentator.

Gerald Pratley broadcast three programmes a week, *Pratley at the Movies*, *The Movie Scene*, *Music From the Films*, and others, until 1975. During this time he also became the first post-war chairman of the Toronto Film Society, chairman of the Toronto and District Film Council and co-founder of the A-G-E Film Society and correspondent for international magazines such as *Films and Filming*, *Film In Review*, *Variety*, *Hollywood Quarterly* and *International Film Guide*. During the 1950s he wrote for *Canadian Film Weekly* and *Canadian Film Digest*.

He became known as a speaker on all aspects of motion picture art and industry, and was invited to teach film history at the University of Toronto, York University, University of Waterloo, Seneca College and Ryerson Polytechnical University, with individual lectures being given at many other Canadian and US universities and colleges. He has served as a member of various judging panels of competitions and festivals, being one of the members of the first Canadian Film Awards in 1949.

From 1970 to 1975 he was the director of the Stratford (Ontario) International Film Festival, and from 1969 to 1976 he was Chairman of the International Jury of the Canadian Film Awards. He has attended all the world's leading festivals of film, and in particular, for 30 years, the Cannes Festival as CBC correspondent. He has written six books, *The Films of Frankenheimer: Forty Years in Film*; *The Cinema of John Frankenheimer*; *The Cinema of Otto Preminger*; *The Cinema of David Lean*; *The Cinema of John Huston*, and *Torn Sprockets*, a history of the Canadian cinema.

Gerald Pratley has served on the Advisory Boards of the film departments of Ryerson Polytechnical University and Humber College, and as a member of the programme committee of TV Ontario. In 1968 he became the founder-director of the Ontario Film Institute of the Province of Ontario, an organization which has distinguished itself in archival holdings and public service and is known since 1990 as the Cinematheque of Ontario. He taught Film History courses at the Department of Film and Photography, Ryerson Polytechnic University, Toronto and the University of Waterloo.

In 1984, Gerald Pratley was made a Member of the Order of Canada and in 2003 **Officer of the Order of Canada** for his service to Canada through film appreciation. He holds Honorary Degrees in Letters and Fine Arts from York and Waterloo Universities (Ont., Canada) and Bowling Green State University (Ohio, USA).

In 2002, Gerald Pratley received a **Special Genie Award** from the Academy of Canadian Cinema & Television in recognition of his lifelong dedication to the promotion and his exceptional support of Canadian cinema.

He died on 14 March 2011 in Ontario, Canada.