

## The Last Word by Bebé Démelo

So, Pacific Motion Pictures won the coveted Shootout trophy this year – and I'm supposed to believe it isn't fixed! Let's look at the facts, folks: the name Tom Rowe, one part of the PMP triad, hangs ever so modestly on the bottom of Michelle's resumé like the key to the safe, while Mary Anne has spent so much time on PMP property she's listed on the land title. Which begs the question: just what did those Dunlevy demi-gods do for Lianna, last seen in south Van moving into stylish new digs? Now, I'm not suggesting anything untoward, but if deposed champions *Outer Limits* are still eager for some dirt, perhaps a midnight flashlight romp through PMP's files might blacken the fingers. Hint: check the maintenance records.

Has anybody else noticed it? Or is it just me? Canadians...we pass ourselves off as polite, gentle, clean, conservative, nice people etc etc etc. Oh yeah? Look at our films! First Greyson offers up talking buttocks in *Zero Patience*, then Egoyan delivers pedophiles in *Exotica* and now...clean, conservative necrophiles in Stopkewich's *Kissed* and really nice people who have intercourse after car accidents in Cronenberg's outrageous *Crash*. Granted, I get off on sex in a Porsche too, but I prefer it parked in a dark alley – not wrapped around a street lamp. On the other hand, juicy Molly Parker really is to die for.

Speaking of films, the maddest martini thing about this year's festival bash was the obvious thinning out after 9:00 pm which, coincidentally, was the opening time of the *Hard Core Logo* party over at the Starfish Room. Now isn't that just typical?! Mr. So-bad-I-bet-he's-really-good McDonald comes to town and you all abandon your sisters to follow him like a bunch of

wet lemmings. Mind you, word on the street was that the party was a rocking good time, marred only by the absence of *moi*. Sour grapes, you say? Absolutely! Putrid, rotting-on-the-vine grapes.

But, you ask, who exactly is *moi*? Seems ya'll have been clammering to know my real identity. Well, forget it!! The bosses promised me complete anonymity and that's the way it's gonna stay. Besides, you just never know when I might have something to say about the Ayatollah Khomeini...and we all know what happens when you piss *him* off!

As for other pompous pontiffs, recently Pope John Paul said women should be allowed to achieve full equality in every area of life and urged us to protest media exploitation of women by complaining "to production companies, publishers, broadcasting networks and advertisers with regard to programs and publications which insult the dignity of women or debase their role in society." Gee, does this mean the Vatican's going to destroy all those stupid pictures of the Virgin (yeah, right) Mary looking serene and immaculately dressed just minutes after giving birth to the perfect kid? Like, we can all measure up to *that*! Oh, and does this mean a change in the rules so women can be priests, or bishops, or even...the holy one himself? Yeah, move over old boy, I wanna be Pope!

Lastly, speaking of women on top, a quick jaunt through our membership profile reveals that most of us are producers, directors, and writers, of nearly middle-age, working on indigenous productions and making less than \$15,000 a year with no financial back-up! What?!!! Forget Monroe house - let's build a home for destitute women film-makers!



### M A N D A T E

Women in Film and Video Vancouver (WIF&VV) is a non-profit organization of professional women founded to promote the achievements and improve the status and portrayal of women in film, video and television through education, training, lobbying, networking and advocacy. Vancouver Women in Film and Video is an independent entity internationally affiliated with Women in Film chapters throughout North America, Great Britain, Europe and Australia. Membership is open to all professionals in film, video and television and includes representation from creative, technical, administrative and service fields.

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