

**An impressive pedigree:  
Peter Weller in Christian Duguay's  
SCREAMERS, based on a short  
story by Philip J. Dick.**





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# CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION

## Comes of Age

by Noah Cowan

*Johnny Mnemonic* and  
*Screamers* have put Canada  
firmly on the international  
hipster sci-fi map

Robert Longo's *Johnny Mnemonic* and Christian Duguay's *Screamers* have put Canada firmly on the international hipster sci-fi map. Largish budgets and massive North American release strategies testify to their commercial importance. Culturally, their cult status is guaranteed by unusually impressive literary pedigrees and innovative special effects. And while shock-jock Hollywood schtick might drive their high octane action, both films also touch on profound philosophical and sociological issues—issues which just might find resonance in an English-Canadian "tradition" of borrowing from the very best of this provocative genre.

Johnny (played by the Beirut-born, Toronto-trained Keanu Reeves) of *Johnny Mnemonic*—his surname is a futuristic trope never uttered in the film—is an information courier of the next millennium. He transports huge chunks of digitized information using a special implant in his cerebral cortex. Johnny's life consists of painfully uploading data, flying first class in sharp suits, and hiring formidably expensive hookers when his "drop" has been made. However, tiring of this glamorously empty existence, Johnny takes one last job to pay for the implant to be removed. This will enable him to upload his childhood memories, all of which have been removed to make room for the chip.





Photos: this page, courtesy Alliance Communications

**Keanu Reeves as JOHNNY MNEMONIC: A cautionary tale set in a dystopic future environment. It poses the question: what are the future sociological effects of current technological innovation?**

This last run smells bad from the start. Goofy, amateur Asian nerds make him upload far more data than his implant can safely handle. They are snuffed before faxing the access code to their contacts in Newark, leaving Johnny trashing around the detritus of New Jersey, trying to get the stuff sucked out of his brain.

Money—and he has lots—can usually fix such things. Trouble is that Johnny's chip carries the cure to a new technology-induced disease called NAS (a kind of MS meets epilepsy) which affects millions. Pharmacom, the all-powerful multinational which developed the cure, wants to protect its profits and so intends to suppress the information. Johnny's clients are renegade scientists, once employed by Pharmacom, who stole the cure information and destroyed the company's computer network doing it. Pharmacom employs the Yakuza, Japan's legendary Mafia, to get the information back. An enigmatic local boss, Takahashi (Takeshi Kitano), is "spoken to" through his computer by a "ghost in the machine," which insists that the information in Johnny's head is extremely important. Takahashi hires an insane, robotically enhanced preacher (Dolph

Lundgren) to hunt Johnny down. Johnny manages to escape several decapitation attempts and survives seizures brought on by data leakage. He is helped by an NAS-afflicted female bodyguard and an underground network of technological terrorists called LoTeks, who interrupt a variety of media broadcasts with anti-corporate rants and practical medical information regarding NAS. They are based in a Jersey fortress called Heaven, the site of the film's final confrontation. Eventually Johnny must "hack" his own brain in order to save himself and the cure. ("Hacking" here involves special equipment—visors, data gloves, etc.—to visualize all of the world's interconnected computer data. A "hacker" then literally breaks into the data "blocks," which are protected by "guards" and "viruses," as if one were picking a lock or battering down a door.) He does this with help of a Navy-enhanced, super-powerful dolphin.

The film, produced and released in Canada by the ever-growing media giant Alliance Communications, was neither a huge success at the box office nor among critics. Its complex plot and surfeit of improperly explained futuristic ideas may have scared people off, but, more

likely, the film failed to satisfy audiences on such basic levels as character, dialogue and performance. The austere Johnny, so uncomfortable in his own skin, is actually served well by Reeves's characteristically stilted delivery; sadly, everyone else is playing the material with high camp histrionics, creating a decidedly messy tone. The film also suffers badly from an implausible love interest, played out in the style of recent B-grade Hollywood action pictures.

However, *Johnny Mnemonic* remains intriguing—and will have a long and happy video life—thanks to the voice of its



**JOHNNY MNEMONIC**

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screenwriter,

Vancouver-based

cult novelist

**WILLIAM GIBSON.**



screenwriter, Vancouver-based cult novelist William Gibson. His internationally celebrated trilogy of books, *Necromancer*, *Count Zero* and *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, shifted for good the style and substance of science fiction away from the humanism of 1950s masters like Arthur C. Clarke and Ray Bradbury, to a dense, technology-laden nihilism, christened "cyberpunk." He is surely the most influential figure in recent sci-fi, and *Johnny Mnemonic* bears his futuristic concerns writ large.

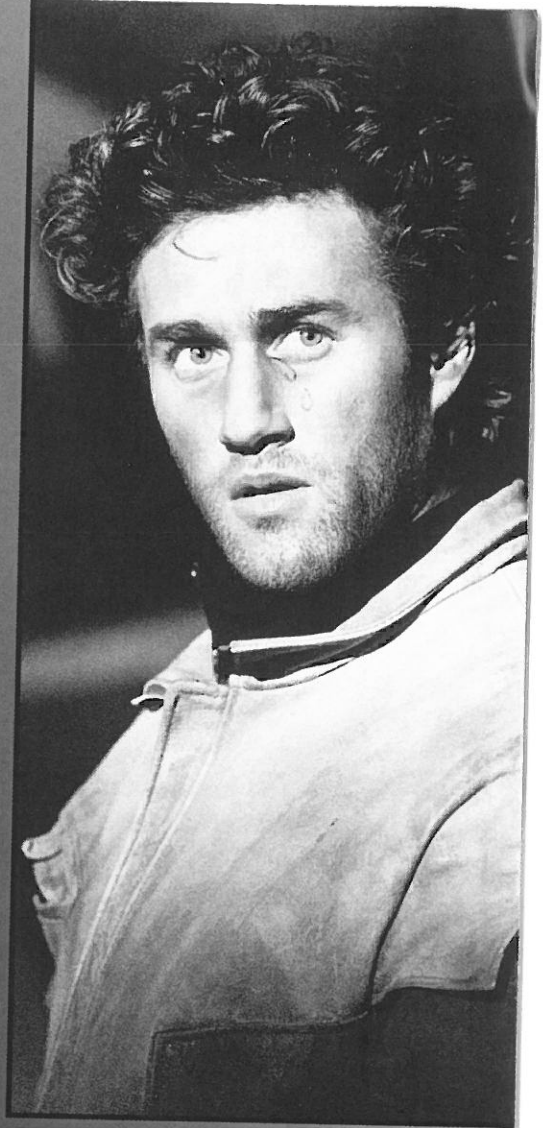
Gibson's future world has a rigid class structure, in which today's widening gap between rich and poor becomes much more pronounced. The rich are those who control the handful of omnipotent multinationals (they are often not actually human, but rather digitally preserved entrepreneurial barons of our era) and their lackeys. Everyone else is poor, hungry and diseased. Both classes are driven by computer-based technology, which controls every aspect of their lives. Cybernetic alterations have compromised most bodies, making everyone, in some sense, artificial. Deadly corporate battles are fought on a highly sophisticated form of the Internet. Yet, some still resist technological oppression. Led by a warrior from the richest class (usually a corporate assassin or a "data cowboy" who becomes alienated from his colleagues over issues such as corporate greed), freedom fighters marshal the disenfranchised and receive help from unusual pre-technology spirits (like voodoo gods). Their victories are significant, but small; the brutal social system always remains intact.

*Johnny Mnemonic* uses this framework for its story, with two important variations. Johnny is never really convinced that he is doing something morally "right." Instead, he is driven, until a specious "deathbed" conversion, by the simple desire to get the leaking data out of his brain. His heroism is essentially passive. Also, unlike Gibson's books, the film uses disease as a central motivating factor for its

characters and makes it a class issue—poor people cannot afford the medicines that treat NAS. Its chilling suggestion of a profit-inspired cure cover-up mirrors the mushrooming conspiracy theories around cures for AIDS and vaccinations against HIV infection. This would seem logical territory for Gibson, whose trilogy was conceived before the full horror and unusually brutal class dynamics of AIDS were fully realized.

*Screamers* (a Canadian-Japanese-American co-production) comes to the screen with an equally impressive pedigree and its own slew of futuristic concerns. Based on a short story (*Second Variety*) by before-his-time (but currently much in vogue) novelist Philip K. Dick, and adapted by Miguel Tejada-Flores and Dan O'Bannon (who wrote the script for *Total Recall*, also from a Dick book, and *Alien*), the film has a more pronounced Hollywood flavour. Standard-issue "boo" scares and my-gun-is-bigger-than-yours machismo pop up from time to time, along with the dreaded (and omnipresent) soundtrack samples. But *Screamers* hangs together narratively much more cohesively than *Johnny Mnemonic* and is much easier for audiences to follow. Its performances, led by veteran Peter Weller, are uniformly strong and well matched; Montreal-based director Christian Duguay (*Scanners II* and *III* and the made-for-TV *Million Dollar Babies*) succeeds admirably in setting a consistent and intriguing tone.

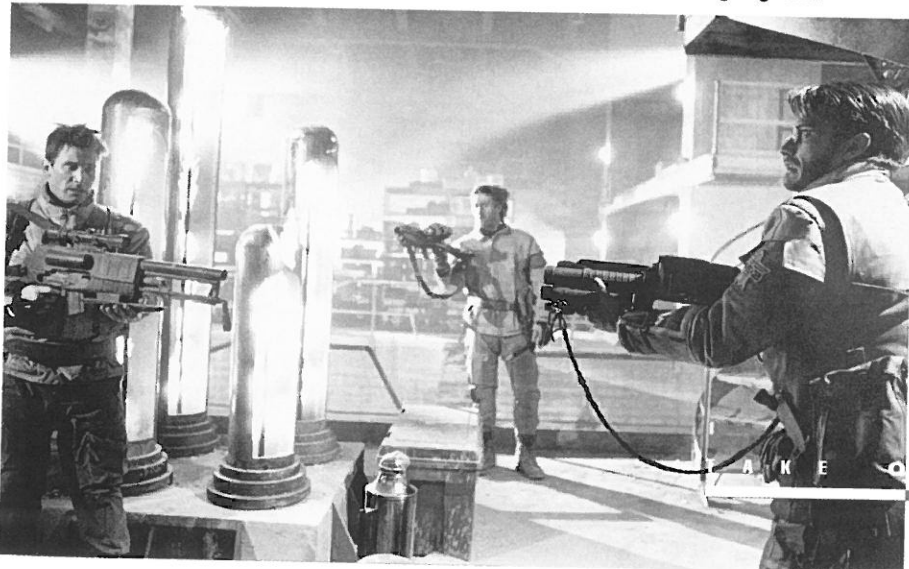
On a distant mining planet, war continues between the Alliance, a federation of mine workers, and its massive former multinational/multi-planetary boss, The New Economic Block (NEB). The Alliance looks to be winning the war after its scientists create a perfect weapon—a self-replicating killing machine programmed to kill all enemy life forms. The year is 2078—about 50 years after the information in Johnny's brain cures NAS—and the machines, left to replicate in the harsh planet scrub, have evolved into several



Roy Dupuis in *SCREAMERS*

Many of our most celebrated auteurs have promiscuously deployed science fiction conventions in their films.

**SCREAMERS: Duguay succeeds admirably in setting a consistent and intriguing tone.**



Photos: top and left: Ale Perlestein





Photo courtesy of Ego Arty Films

**Atom Egoyan's *SPEAKING PARTS*: Not really science fiction, rather a *Brave New World* without drugs.**

different forms and now seek the destruction of all human life forms. They are known as "screamers" because of the high-pitched whine they emit just before attacking.

Colonel Hendricksson (Weller) is an Alliance outpost commander. Betrayed by his own political leaders and disgusted with the atrocities of war, he wants to negotiate a separate peace with

the NEB's decimated forces. With a young trooper, he sets out across the dangerous scrub turf, ever wary of screamer surveillance. They first encounter David, a boy orphaned by the war, in an abandoned mine. He joins them. Approaching the NEB bunker, a shot rings out, killing the boy. But David's corpse is all machine; he is the first mutation of the screamers, all the better to be taken into human confidence.

**Louis Del Grande loses his head in David Cronenberg's *SCANNERS*: Cronenberg seems to have inspired—or is at least a fellow traveller of—Longo and Duguay in many important respects.**



Photo courtesy of David Cronenberg

At the bunker Hendricksson discovers only three survivors—two soldiers and a female smuggler. After several close calls, they return to camp, only to find it overrun by little Davids. As they seek solutions for a final escape—I don't want to give it all away—the party of five is betrayed from within.

Like *Johnny Mnemonic*, *Screamers* reflects the concerns of its visionary author. Dick is the connecting figure between the Bradbury/Clarke and Gibson generations. He takes insights about man and machine blurring together—think of HAL in Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey*—and dwells on the epistemological impact. When machines, which have been part of our every waking action, exhibit signs of consciousness, we can no longer rely on simple metaphysical rules for distinguishing things from human beings. Dick sees the new rules premised on a sense of deception: i.e., how can non-humans most successfully mimic or ensnare "real" humans? *Blade Runner*, adapted from Dick's masterpiece *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, adds another layer to this question: what happens when machines wish or choose to be human? The film also makes Dick's obsession with perception all the more explicit

with its own obsession with eyes, either as sites of destruction for humans, or self-incrimination for the android replicants.

This is a profound philosophical project. It is also one which Gibson eschews. Perhaps this is because his books are closer in time to ours, but also, perhaps, because the variation in life forms that can participate in his wired society—from brains in a vat to memory chips stored in a mainframe to, well, dolphins—means that "us vs. them" distinctions are much harder to construct. It is true that humans who choose to have massive cybergenetic overhauls in *Johnny Mnemonic* are treated with some contempt; yet, virtually everyone has something machine-like inside them. This transforms the debate from Dick's insistence on an absolute cleavage between classes of things—"humans" and "machines"—to a Gibsonian fashion crime, like too much plastic surgery.

The two films also differ significantly on deep political levels. *Screamers* has a rather pronounced retro-Republican streak. Its strong 1950's-style military hero is the first sign and its rather forced "trade union vs. corporate entity" polarity seems to come from another era. (Can we imagine a future where trade unions raise their own army?) More disturbing, however, are two neo-conservative devices. The screamers routinely take the form of traditional "liberal" icons of distress—abandoned children, pitifully wounded seeking help, crying women. Once the ruse is discovered, these creatures are blasted into oblivion with really big guns. Punishment, anyone? In *Johnny Mnemonic*, Gibson and director Robert Longo consistently embrace a far more pluralistic agenda, as they consistently privilege the multi-ethnic/sexual/whatever society of the LoTeks. (This is not, by the way, true of all Dick adaptations, despite *Total Recall*'s overt—and much discussed—misogyny. *Blade Runner*, particularly in light of its giddy ending, can easily be read as a celebration of miscegenation and tolerance.)



The screamers are frequently compared to a "plague." The epigraph that begins the film states: "Every revolution eats its own children." Stick "sexual" in there and rather unpleasant readings of the film as blame-the-victim AIDS paranoia crop up. Not so with *Johnny Mnemonic* and its corporate cover-up thesis.

Yet for all these rather fundamental differences, the two films share a great deal in common. Both are cautionary tales set in dystopic future environments; both have much to say about the continuing debates surrounding technology, which have come to dominate the intellectual currents of recent sci-fi on screen; and both contain the quintessential figure of the genre, the compromised cowboy loner. Oddly enough, Weller and Reeves aim for, more or less, the same tone—calculating, smart, jaded and not inclined to give a shit—much like Keir Dullea, the stone-faced Mission Commander Bowman in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Actually, the endings of both films recall the penultimate scenes of *2001*. Johnny, out of control in cyberspace, looks suspiciously like Bowman exposed to HAL's death ride; Hendricksson, profoundly isolated and impotent at the end of *Screamers*, recalls Bowman's blank expression as HAL's last death throes signal their mutual ends.

The consistent use of *outré* production design marries both films all the more firmly to recent key Hollywood films in the same sub-genre. (I think this cleavage between dystopic, cyberpunk sci-fi and lighter stuff like *Star Wars* and the *Star Trek* movies is a pretty obvious one. Some may disagree.) However, a number of concerns set these films apart from mainstream Hollywood, concerns which feel decidedly more Canadian. Possible films in this genre would include Tibor Tackas's *The Gate*, *The Gate II: Trespassers*, Michael Anderson's *Millennium* and others which posit other worlds and possible futures. Yet, none of these films seems actually to participate in the debates which seem so essential to the whole sci-fi enterprise; the fierce battles, at

first literary and now cinematic, over the 19th century axioms laid down (or some might say compiled) by H.G. Wells, and since supplemented and expanded by countless others. These axioms demand that science fiction addresses at least one crucial question: What are the future sociological effects of current technological innovation?

Nonetheless, many of our most celebrated *auteurs* have promiscuously deployed science fiction conventions in films addressing other questions. Atom Egoyan's *Speaking Parts*' otherworldly atmosphere positions Canada as a Brave New World without the drugs. Egoyan's clinical environment—a most telling critical cliché to describe his world—is not futuristic, however. It's rather the quite literal present, albeit a chillingly subjective one for its emotionally lyposucked populace. Things suck right now, posits Egoyan; we (and his cinematic characters) just haven't clued in. The argument is also true of David Cronenberg's most sci-fi-like films, *Videodrome* and *Scanners*. Lots of kooky stuff happens to all involved. The films include out-of-control technology, rife parapsychology, alternate realities galore, and many more gestures to the language of science fiction. Yet, these "abnormalities"—as the essays on Cronenberg's films collected in the book *The Shape Of Rage* (edited by Piers Handling) make clear—are explicitly inscribed in the existing world, either representing the collective id and other Freudian constructs or, like Egoyan, as subjective realities.

Yet, Cronenberg seems to have inspired—or is at least a fellow traveller of—Longo and Duguay in many important respects. Return to our heroes. Hendricksson and Johnny are loners, content to live in isolation, and only forced to negotiate with the outside world once betrayed by the systems that created them. This radical passivity comes up again and again in our recent cinema. Think again of Egoyan's adjuster, who makes a career out of being passive; or Cameron Vale in *Scanners*. Segregated utterly from

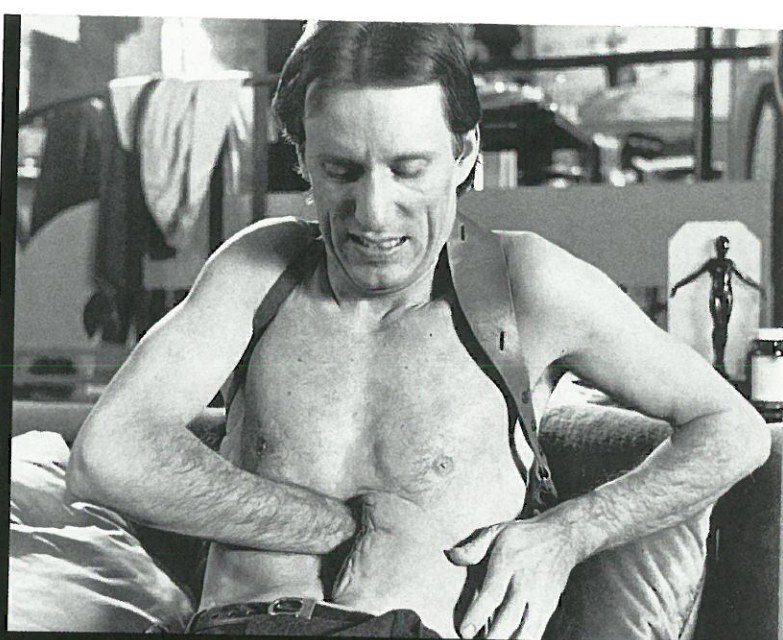


Photo courtesy of David Cronenberg

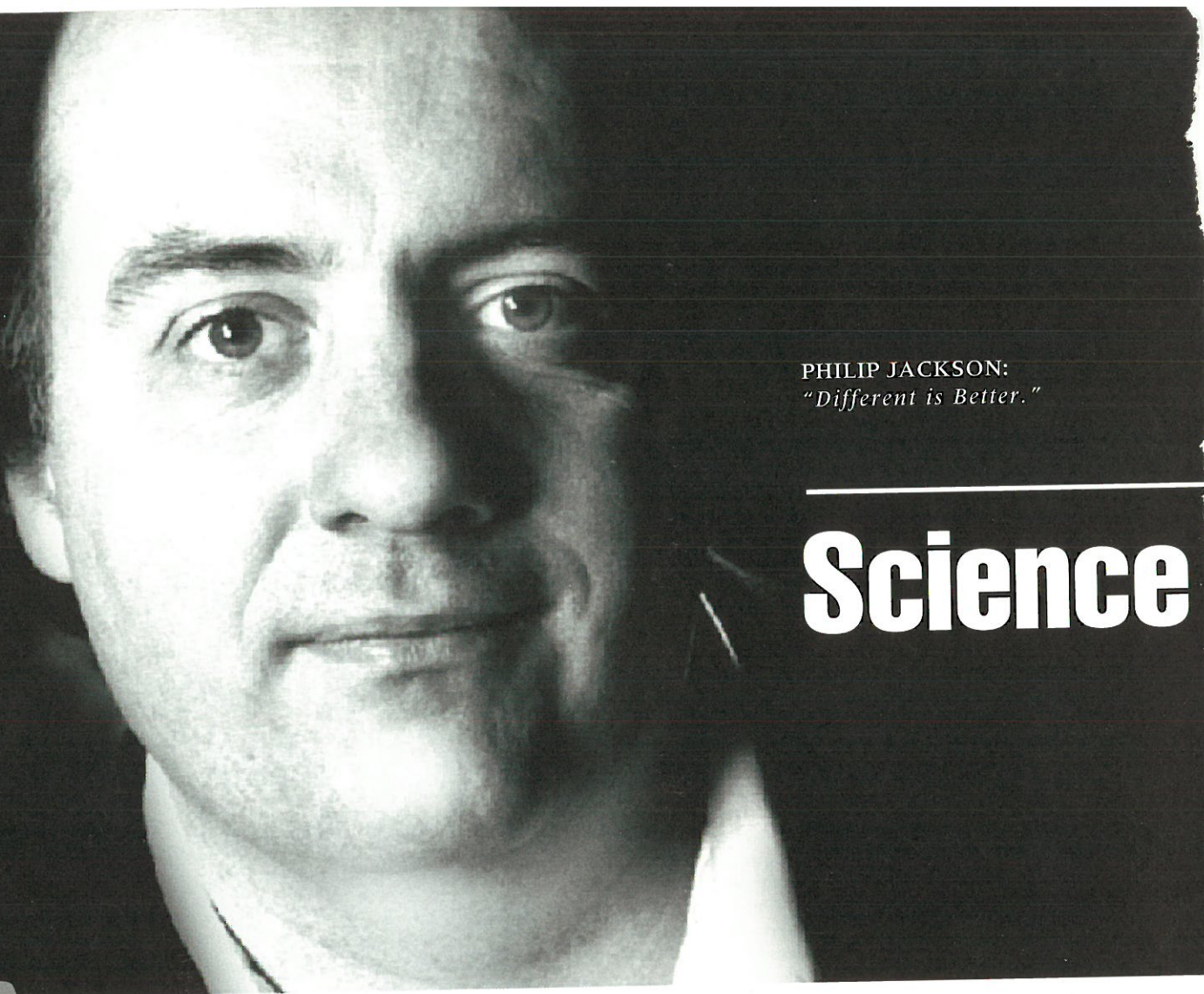
**James Woods in *VIDEODROME*: His actions are controlled by hostile, invasive forces.**

society because of his parapsychological "ability," Vale allows himself to be controlled and trained by a psychiatrist, who eventually betrays him. Even when the full extent of the betrayal is made clear to him, Vale still must be cornered by his evil brother before taking action. So too with Max Renn in *Videodrome*, whose free will is gone after about 30 minutes of the film, his actions controlled by hostile, invasive forces. In contrast, Hollywood sci-fi heroes tend to be driven by a "mission"—think of Decker in *Blade Runner* or Logan in *Logan's Run*—or by a "cause" discovered along the escape route—Sarah Connor in *The Terminator* films or Doug Quaid in *Total Recall*.

Cronenberg's films also shatter the inviolability of the human body. The last third of *Videodrome* features Renn's body synthesized with various forms of technology. But Cronenberg still strives to preserve Dick's human/non-human distinction. With his technological implants, Renn is not really human, but rather a tool of others; equally, we are meant to associate his technologically corrupted body with his hallucinatory (read "not real") states. When he is in a waking state, his body remains inviolate. Cronenberg anticipates notions of technology as a virus. The videodrome brain tumour, prompted by S&M porn and transmitted by moral zealots, sometimes feels like the Divine Judgment of *Screamers*. But in *Videodrome*, rewiring the homeless while killing them, the tumour seems more like NAS. Most important though, is Cronenberg's suggestion of a purely digital life form at the very end of *Videodrome*—"The New Flesh." While it is unclear what the evolutionary mechanism for this life form might be—and, frankly, I doubt if Cronenberg cares; speculation about future life forms is really not his project—it shares undeniable characteristics with the Gibsonian "ghost in the machine" and seemingly infinite replication with the screamers.

This quest to define a new metaphysical state of being—an emphatically impassive one at that—may well speak volumes in a country still unsure of (and unable to define) its essential attributes. ■





PHILIP JACKSON:  
*"Different is Better."*

# Science

*The fundamental parameters can't change. There has to be action, there has to be guns, there has to be*

**Q: Why low-budget science fiction?**

**D'or:** It's a market-driven call. There are two answers. One, if you look at the last 15 years there's been a wave of erotic thrillers, there's been a wave of mob films, but science fiction is the only genre that has remained absolutely consistent as a reliable performer within the world of B-movie production—the films that go directly to video, with perhaps a symbolic theatrical release before going to cable. And now, as the market faces a higher state of chaos than there's ever been, sci-fi is about the only thing that will make the distributors feel confident. And two, foreign markets are claiming a bigger and bigger role in the ability to finance these pictures.

**Jackson:** Specifically the Pacific Rim.

**D'or:** Science fiction is huge in the Pacific Rim, and the Pacific Rim has expectations in style, fashion and look. When a Japanese buyer calls you and says, "I just saw *Replikator*, and we really like that nice noir look," you know that you've got something that's very important to them. It's a quality that has to remain constant throughout various pictures. We look at those markets—Japan, Korea, Germany and the U.S.A.—to define what we're going to be able to raise money for.

**Jackson:** I like science fiction, personally. There's an opportunity to challenge conventional thoughts, to come up with the great "What if?" scenarios. These are the qualities that give you an opportunity to have real fun. But the fundamental parameters can't change. There has to be action, there has to be guns, there has to be explosions, and there has to be a strong, American male lead.

**Q: It has to be an American?**

**D'or:** Yes.

**Jackson:** Well, let's put it this way, American or...

**D'or:** Perceived...

**Jackson:** Perceived as American. We speak with our Japanese buyers and our Korean buyers, and they're very explicit on those points. They're very explicit on age range and acceptability. We have tried occasionally to break those parameters with a really hot film, full of action, full of special effects, and a strong female lead. In the B-movie market, you cannot sell a strong female lead. But *Craver's Gate* is packed with good female action roles. You won't find screaming airheads clutching their purses while their men battle it out in our movies. We want every person to have character and to be there for a reason. But, it's a very cruel and very defined market.



# THEREAL FRANCE

## GASPAR NOÉ'S *IRRÉVERSIBLE*

In her post-Cannes coverage, Lisa Schwarzbaum of *Entertainment Weekly* called Gaspar Noé's *Irréversible* a "vacantly outrageous orgy of graphic rape, revenge, and gay bashing." She led a near-unanimous chorus of critical spanking, the flock insisting that the only question to decide about the film was whether it was silly or just stupid.

Cut the guy some slack. Noé was a discovery of David Overbey, programmer for Toronto and the Cannes Critics' Week. In 1991, Noé showed David his first film, *Carne*, in a grotty apartment in Paris' Strasbourg-St. Denis area with heroin dealers and crack whores steps away. David was captivated by its 40 minutes of static visual beauty and bilious dialogue, spilling from the mouth of an Arab-hating butcher. It crackled with a prescient authenticity belied by Le Pen's growing electoral success. At its Cannes premiere, Noé was hailed as a frightening but brilliant new voice in French cinema.

Soon after Overbey's death, Noé returned to Cannes with 1998's *Seul contre tous* (*I Stand Alone*), a film that used the same character and actor (Philippe Nahon), and amplified the same delusional, loathsome rants with a formidably intense visual style. Noé originally had wanted the English title of the film to be "France." He believed that this awful man represented what France is all about; that underneath its dialectic of bourgeois smugness and sans-coulottes jocularly, the nation seethes in obsessive loathing of the Other. Instead, the critics who praised it saw the film as a kind of companion piece to those TV movies about serial killers, but with more confrontational images.

So we come to *Irréversible*. Noé sets up the film with a short prologue by our old friend Nahon. Naked, fat, and snarling, he is an anti-Buddha who informs us that "Time destroys all things." This clever joke anticipates the soon-to-come literal destruction of the film's characters and their immediate rebirth.

The story is told backwards in time, forwards in narrative intent. A man (Vincent Cassel) rampages through a gay sex/torture club looking for the man who killed his girlfriend. The would-be-killer is colorfully beaten to death by the girl's former lover, a philosophy professor. Next, Cassel beats up a Chinese taxi driver and tranny hooker looking for the club, while the professor asks him to be nicer. Cassel's girlfriend (Monica Bellucci) leaves a party, walks into a dark underpass, gets brutally raped by a gay pimp, and is then beaten to a pulp. At the party, a high Cassel plays around with other girls, ultimately pissing off Bellucci. A subway ride to the party sees



Cassel, Bellucci, and the philosopher discuss orgasms and how best to achieve them. Finally, the happy couple lolls in bed together, waking up, washing, kissing, and being romantic. The film ends with Bellucci discovering she is pregnant.

I give this long synopsis because most critics judge *Irréversible* as though it begins at the story's temporal beginning and ends at the story's temporal end. Noé's decision to go backwards is seen as a cinematic trick, like his constantly swirling camera. (And what a camera it is – the early scenes, in particular, are astonishing in their relentless movement and their fascinating, fleeting parcels of information.)

By throwing our two male leads into the world of fisting faggots, chicks with dicks, and aggressive immigrant Chinamen, without any accompanying context for the viewer except a vague notion that they seek revenge, Noé posits them as French Everymen. What they see around them is what Mr. Frenchman believes is fucked up about his society. When he shows a French superstar getting ass-raped by a gay pimp, while being denounced as a "rich bitch" in the same place dozens of hookers get slammed every year, he is setting up the same dialectic as *Seul contre tous*. The face of bourgeois culture is skin-deep, as is the precious sanctity of working-class dignity. Strip them both off and see real people, the real "France."

(Some of Noé's more outré critics consider the film homophobic because he paints the gay killer as a psycho animal, and the gay club as a site of animalistic behavior. What these – likely heterosexual – critics don't get is that gay B&D sex clubs are site-specific: the whole point is to name and acknowledge a space to cater to animal needs. Noé understands that the over-the-top machismo of the club is the most logical place to have a macho showdown. Same for the club's most desired >>

By Noah Cowan



participant, the woman's killer. This is *Gladiator*, people. As such, *Irréversible* is a much more empowering film for gay people than some "funny" lispng faggot on prime time TV.)

Nevertheless, if the film ended with the rape, *Irréversible* would be a less interesting rethink of how central male violence is to male identity and how much this dynamic informs social politics. Instead, Noé challenges us to reconstitute a standard narrative by providing us with the missing piece. Were the film to actually start where it ends, you would be emotionally invested in this attractive bourgeois couple. Then you would follow their "descent into hell" with all the foreshadowing that such narratives demand. But we refuse to reconstitute this narrative. Why?

By putting the lovey-dovey stuff at the end, Noé identifies it as the actual problem. This ridiculous, idealized notion of heterosexual reproduction is a form of narrative deceit, and should be considered the object of horror; they are perpetuating all the bourgeois myths of safety and protection that Noé hates so much through the privileged act of making babies. He completes his earlier joke: time *should* destroy this.

This is not a very nice position. And I am not certain that Noé's execution is clear enough to support his ideas. But the attempt is definitely not as silly, stupid, racist, homophobic, or vacant as the critics who seem to fear it so much. ■

## INTERVIEW

## THE FRIENDLY GHOST: GASPAR NOÉ DEFENDS *IRRÉVERSIBLE*

**CINEMA SCOPE:** What do you think has most shocked people about your movie?

**GASPAR NOÉ:** It's the critics who have been most harsh. There's a big difference between the reactions of audiences and critics. The audience usually pays to see a movie and they know what they're in for. Film critics are often sent by their office to see a movie they know they might hate. It's different once the people know that the film is very violent, they know what they're paying for. They're not pushed into doing something they don't want to do. In France, there were some journalists I knew weren't going to like it. And still they were invited because it's their job to review it, then they wrote reviews saying it was offensive. There's something to doing a movie without considering whether or not the general public will like it or not. There's something about doing it for yourself or your friends.

**SCOPE:** You weren't trying to shock with this movie?

**NOÉ:** No. To shock is too easy. It's more about seducing. You want to hypnotize with a movie. The hypnosis either takes you somewhere or it doesn't. You're in a trance or you're not. There are subjects in this movie that are quite close to the tragedies or dramas of real life, like rape or revenge. If the hypnosis works well, the audience will get into your dream. If people don't want to get into that kind of a trip, they shouldn't go. If people don't want a bad trip, they shouldn't take LSD.

**SCOPE:** *Irréversible* seems to tie into a strain of French filmmaking, as films like *Romance* (1999) or *Baise-moi* (2000), which seem intent on shocking people, also seem to be about pressing audience buttons.

**NOÉ:** I think France has become more transgressive than it was 20 years ago. It's not about shocking, it's about having fun with it. Making movies like you would play with toys. Using movies to bring people to some extremity. We communicate in a heavier way than American movies do today. American movies were impolite in the 70s. Now they're

almost all as flat as mineral water. They don't even sparkle. **SCOPE:** So none of the film is real? I read that there was actual penetration in the rape scene.

**NOÉ:** There is a penis at the end, but it was added as a 3-D special effect in post-production. When we were editing it, the assistant editor said that it was a pity you don't see a penis when he pulls back. So we added it in, just three seconds, a digitally created penis. I showed it to Monica, who was amused. She said it made things all the more real. The actor, Jo Prestia, said it was fine so long as we made it big. The producers didn't know it was going to happen until we got to Cannes. They were a bit taken aback when there was this semi-erect bloody penis up there. Jo was so gentle with Monica in between takes. I think that's why they were able to take the scene so far.

**SCOPE:** Do you think people were fainting at the beginning because of the camera movement or the content?

**NOÉ:** Both. We also added a lot of sound, sound that you don't necessarily hear, but that hits you in the gut. So both of them create a kind of nausea. When you come to the rape scene, you're already sick before it starts.

**SCOPE:** Do you feel rape is becoming a cinematic cliché? There seem to be an awful lot of films featuring bravura rape sequences.

**NOÉ:** I think murder is more of a cliché. One out of every two movies has a murder in it. It's not nearly that common in reality. There are many other taboos in movies. Moral harassment isn't shown in this part of life. You never see people shitting in a movie. People do that once a day. Filmmakers in America don't show it because they need an R rating. There are many disgusting and humiliating things that people feel that they shouldn't talk about, and they're not shown. Life can be fun, but most of the time life is heavy. People have to fight for their own survival. ■

By Matthew Hays