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YEOMEN HOME OPENER

this Saturday at 2:00 pm vs. Wilfred Laurier

Tickets are on sale in the CYSF Office.
Free buses to and from game provided by CYSF
(Buses board at 1:00 pm in Parking Lot DD)

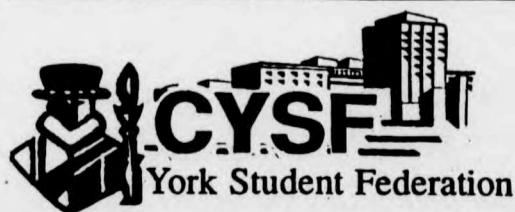
Football Dance in Founders that evening

The Clubs Handbook and forms are now available in the CYSF Office. Remember that all applications for funding must be submitted to CYSF by September 30th.

CYSF is lobbying the TTC for extended late night service. Please send your stories concerning Late Night TTC service to:

Jeffery Lyons, Chairman
Toronto Transit Commission
1900 Yonge Street
Toronto, Ontario
M4S 1Z2

Coming Soon...Reel & Screen



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OF FESTIVALS

Glitz, guts and lime sherbert at Festival

By MICHAEL REDHILL

The first three days of the Festival have moved along in their laconic fashion, lines of people wearing the same expression forming mysteriously along disparate avenues and filing out of buildings.

This viewer has either been visited by great luck, or the quality is up all over. The programming seems tighter — not so romanced by big names this year (there are enough of them nonetheless), but moved, thankfully, by ideas and politics. In places, they even seemed out to offend.

Bless them.

As to the glitterati, so far not many are to be seen. I have avoided the galas to this point, but for those who are keeping track (don't be

ashamed!), only three brave souls have been spotted: the wan Jackie Burroughs of last year's *Winter Tan*; Heidi Von Palleske, of recent *Dead Ringers* fame, seems to be everywhere; and the even more apparent Roger Ebert — opiated dog lover and film critic from Chicago — was spotted in an expansive blue suit eating a bowl of lime sherbert at Myer's Deli.

On to better things. Watch this space next week for a wrap-up and reviews of: *Rouge*; *Avanti Popolo*; *Calamari Union*; *Criminal Law*; *The Wash*; *Blue Mountains*; *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*; *Straight to the Heart*; *A Taxing Woman's Return*, and more if I'm still conscious.

Cronenberg matures

By MICHAEL REDHILL

Canada's mutant is back, with Jeremy Irons and Jeremy Irons and Genevieve Bujold.

Dead Ringers is David Cronenberg's most interesting film to date; the full blown version of themes he has been collecting since *Shivers* and *Rabid* "burst" upon our screens. It's the story of twin gynaecologists Elliot and Beverly Mantle (both played by Jeremy Irons) and the life they — literally — share. It is a complex, tightly written story which relentlessly lays bare bizarre psychological underpinnings.

Visually, the film has an architectural impact — the twin doctors are encased in a world of Italian furniture and black marble pillars. However, the two are driven by manias of longing and jealousy, denied within their clinical landscape. Elliot is the vampire socialite, feeding off his brother's obsessive hard work. The shy Bev lives in Elliot's shadow.

But the twins are doomed to share more than their vocation. From conception, they have shared one woman, and the phenomenon is carried into adulthood.

The charming Elliot warms

patients up for his introverted doppelganger, and no one is ever the wiser, until Claire Niveau (Genevieve Bujold, a self-assured drug addict actress, happens to both of them. Claire catches on to the ruse and confronts the brothers. Elliot shrugs it off, but Beverly is heart-broken.

Ironically, it is a mutant who separates the mutant brothers — Claire has three cervixes, and more ironically, cannot bear children. Beverly finally decides not to share, and from there an emotional surgery unfolds and resolves itself in a scene so horrifying it may be remembered as Cronenberg's finest moment.

Dead Ringers is a triumph. Although it is not a polite film (ethically, it presents a serious dilemma, and some scenes of "medical" cruelty are difficult to watch), it is nonetheless Cronenberg's most mature work. Jeremy Irons gives two Oscar performances as the strange twins, and the film is shot with a keen sense of composition, colour and space.

Dead Ringers is the final revision of a poem that has taken Cronenberg eighteen years to write.



Jeremy Irons plays Dr. Beverly Mantle and his twin brother Elliot in *Dead Ringers*.

An awkward fantasy

By MICHAEL REDHILL

A girl's illness causes her dream-life to become too vivid for comfort. A drawing of a house becomes the setting in her sleep, and as she adds to the drawing in her waking hours, the details become incorporated into the dream-house. As she becomes more sick, the dream becomes mysteriously intertwined with real life and she loses control of the fantasy.

A fine performance by 13-year-old Charlotte Burke drives *Paperhouse*, but it is damaged by a hyperactive director, who opts for a loud stinging violin-track to scare the wits out of you when there is nothing to be scared of. The film can be terribly overwrought and is awkwardly paced.

Still, it's a good story, well-told with at least two genuinely frightening moments.