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FILM FESTIVALS
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PASOLINI'S EROTIC CINEMA
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SUPPLEMENT:
AUSTRALIAN FEATURE CHECKLIST 1906-1975
JULY-AUGUST, 1975
...there I was, only 21, and the toughest bloke in the toughest bar sent me down a beer because I was THE gun shearer!

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TAS.
The AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION is at 60 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Its postal address is:

   Box 3984, G.P.O., Sydney.

Its telephone number is:

   27 7051.

The Commission wishes to open direct lines of communication with all sections of the industry. It is embarking on a period of the widest possible consultation in all States.
Actor Jack Thompson, Lisa Peers and Festival director David Stratton celebrate the opening of the 1975 Sydney Film Festival in the Sebel Town House Function Centre.

Actress Kate Fitzpatrick and Cars That Ate Paris director Peter Weir chat at the 1975 Sydney Film Festival cocktail party.

The Sebel Town House,
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'Distributors have no interest in film as art, or in giving the public an opportunity to see good films'—William S. Bayer

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SHAKING

While a large segment of the Australian film industry was attending this year's Cannes Film Festival, back home shockwaves were being generated by the recent decisions of the Tariff Board. In the minds of many, the decisions were a direct result of the August 1976 amalgamation of the Film Commission and the Film, Radio and TV Board.

The former Film Commissioner, Doug McClelland, had been a strong advocate for the production side of the local industry. Frequently accused of consorting with the multi-national distribution entities, he was attacked again recently when his controversial letter to Jack Vincent was released.

Vincent's letter, which has been circulating around the media industry for some time, alleged that McClelland was being blackmailed by some distributors. The letter accused McClelland of attempting to sell the Australian Film Development Corporation into the hands of an American company.

McClelland's failure to formulate legislation concerning Tariff Board divestiture was also a major factor in his downfall. Frequently accused of consorting with the multi-national distribution entities, his appointment has been widely criticized.

The Commission has a number of suggestions put forward for selection criteria. One of the suggestions is to allocate 20 per cent of production funds towards experimental or art house material; and that the assessor on his project and object will be entitled to know the identity of the state with whom he is negotiating.

TRADE PRACTICES ACT

Litigation is abounding at the moment under the Trade Practices Act. The outcome of present disputes and policy making should help to set down guidelines for the industry as a whole.

The Commission has a number of recommendations concerning the Sharp Corporation case. Sharp were fined $100,000 by Mr Justice Joske in the Australian Industrial Court for "false and misleading advertising," and the public city departments of local exhibition and distribution groups. Since then, business round the corner from the now defunct Australian Film Development Corporation.

While the AFDC was controlled by the Media Department, the Film Commission was run by the Ministry of State. Now the Film Commission is run by the Ministry of Media, the Media Department, the Film Development Corporation and the Film, Radio and TV Board.

The former Media Minister, Doug McClelland, had never been very popular in the industry. His appointment has been widely criticized. Recently, he has been accused of attempting to sell the Australian Film Development Corporation into the hands of an American company.

VETERAN AIP director Larry Buchanan has had a change of heart since the 1976 amalgamation of the Film Commission and the Film, Radio and TV Board. He has now indicated that he will continue to make films in Australia, and that his company, American Independent Productions, will be operating a London office since May 1, 1978.

The film industry is facing a number of challenges, including the threat of foreign domination, and the need for new legislation to deal with the problems of the industry. The Commission has a number of suggestions for the formulation of new legislation.

CANNES

As reported elsewhere in this issue, Australian filmmakers were represented officially at the Cannes Film Festival this year by a delegation headed by the Media Department's film chief Roland Beckett and the Australian Film Development Corporation's executive director Tom Stacey.

Films screened included The Man From Hong Kong, Peter Pan, Gaty's Seven Keys Films, who have been record breaking) and a multi-million dollar production, The Man From Hong Kong — the creation by Filmways and Seven Keys of a co-production with Golden Harvest — the creation by Filmways and Seven Keys of a co-production with Golden Harvest.
MARKET SLUMP

The Common Market debate which swept Britain recently deeply divided the film community, and in so doing pointed up some of the more obvious problems that are going to have to be overcome if the industry is going to properly recover from the withdrawal of American production capital.

On the one hand the executive side of the industry — the exhibition-distribution combines and their production affiliates — came out in favor of staying in the Market.

Graham Dawson, chief executive of the Rank Organization, summed up their position: "Anything that is good for Britain's trade must be good for the film industry; (and) anything that opens up new markets for our skills and talents must be a good thing for the film industry."

The militant Federation of Film Unions, however, took a different stand. Alan Sapper, the union's secretary, pointed out that the Italian, French and German industries are already saturated with national product and that over the two and a half years of market membership no new money has been attracted to promote production.

Sapper made the point that now EEC productions count as quota films the British quota has been effectively cut by half, from 30 per cent to 15 per cent. This, coupled with spiralling inflation, Sapper continued, will destroy the British film industry. "The overall effect of our membership on the industry has been the continuing scarcity of finance . . . lack of production and the growing threat . . . of unfair competition from the EEC registration, finance and designation . . ."

The referendum of course resulted in Britain staying in the EEC. It remains to be seen which view of the future of the industry will be the correct one, but Sapper's assessment of the present is certainly accurate.

At the time of the referendum only three British films were in production: Gene Wilder's The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Smarter Brother; Michael Clinker's Shout at the Devil; and Red Silverstein's The Swiss Conspiracy.

Things have never looked worse for British film production.

ATTENDANCE POLL

Amid the recent revelations about the importance of the Australian market to the American film industry, questions have again been raised about the size and composition of the local audience.

Everyone is well aware that cinema attendances are on the rise, and that cinemagoing habits have changed, but until very recently the Australian film industry has shied away from any independent attempts at market research, preferring to gamble on that elusive statistic referred to as "a nose for showbiz".

Last year, however, the Department of the Media commissioned Australian National Opinion Polls, McNair Anderson Associates, and Morgan's to survey cinema audience attendances. Their results are now available.

The poll revealed in its main finding that the most avid group of cinemagoers is the 14-17 year olds with an average yearly attendance of 16.9 visits, compared with 8.9 for the 24-34 year old group, which, surprisingly, represents nearly 40 per cent of the total population.

APOCALYPSE NOW

Following the success of The Godfather Part II (the two Godfathers have now grossed in excess of US$100 million), Francis Ford Coppola's network of companies is planning its future development carefully.

Coppola bought a slice of Don Rugoff's New York-based Cinema 5 distribution set-up, and he is keen to develop as complete control over its future productions as possible. At Cannes, Coppola's representatives were selling interests in a series of future productions solely on the basis of a reputation that is already internationally well established, currently entitled Apocalypse Now, has been described as a "satirical treatment of the Vietnam war."

Godfather Part II personnel Gary Freedlander, Fred Roos and Dean Tavolieri visited Australia recently to promote Coppola's Mafia sequel and discussed with the former Media Minister, Doug McClelland, the possibility of filming the production in Queensland.

What response Australian film unions would have to this "invasion" is uncertain. No cast or crew details have been discussed, but a strong line was taken against discussions of so-called co-productions at a Media Department seminar held last June on overseas involvement in Australian production. The recent conflict-ridden Universal co-production The Sidewinder certainly did not win any friends.

HITCHCOCK

Alfred Hitchcock has now completed shooting at Universal Studios on what may possibly be his last film. Titled Deceit, the film stars Karen Black, Bruce Dern and Barbara Harris. The screenplay is by Ernest Lehman (North By Northwest), and Bernard Herrmann has been appointed to do the score.

Hitchcock, now with a heart problem, was not pronounced sufficiently fit by insurance company doctors for the usual production insurance to be issued. Sets were closed, but worries persisted on the $6 million production.

Some four weeks into shooting Hitchcock dismissed the secondary male lead Robert Evans (a player on view in The Hindenberg), and replaced him with a virtual unknown.

Deceit's basic story revolves around a kidnap murder mystery involving a medium and her lover. It will be Hitchcock's first major venture into the occult.

POLANSKI

Coppolo Lombardo, head of the Italian production-distribution company Titanus, recently announced that he had signed Roman Polanski to direct a $10 million spectacular entitled Pirates. Two of America's biggest stars have been approached for the distribution, but no details were disclosed.

Other Titanus projects for 1975-76 include Mandrake, with Alon Delon and Cyano de Bergerac, with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

LAURENTIS

Dino De Laurentis, the Italian producer of Serpico and Death Wish, now resident in New York, is set to produce films in the next two years with a working budget of US$50 to $60 million. Already US$6 million has been outlayed on film deals.

One of the films, Buffalo Bill and the Indians, is the first of a three-film deal with director Robert Altman. The $7 million film will star Paul Newman.

Also scheduled for production is King of the Gypsies, based on a forthcoming book by Peter Maas, who wrote Serpico, and to be produced and directed by Peter Bogdanovich. John Guillerman will direct Face to Face, starring Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson, for Swedish TV, and a feature version will be produced. Raging Bull, starring Robert de Niro, will be directed by Martin Scorsese. Other titles include Just Like the Mohicans, and an untitled production starring Charles Bronson.

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Recently, film student John Moran visited Hollywood as production assistant with film commentator Bill Collins, filming interviews with various actors, producers and directors. While at Universal Studios, Moran was able to interview 27 year-old Steven Spielberg, director of the widely acclaimed film Jaws.

In the American film industry, Spielberg's rise to prominence is still talked of with as much enthusiasm as it was four years ago. On finishing a film course at the University of Southern California in 1970, he went straight to work at Universal. Within a year he was directing episodes of such television series as Name of the Game, Marcus Welby and Colombo.

During this time he made the TV films Duel (1971) and Something Evil (1972). For Duel he shot 90,000 feet of film in ten days to create what is regarded in the US as a minor classic. So popular was its reception that it was released theatrically in Europe and Australia. Impressed with his skill and exuberance, producers David Brown and Richard D. Zanuck selected Spielberg for Jaws after the three had combined successfully on Sugarland Express (1973), his first feature in the US.

At the time that you were making "Duel" did you realize that it was going to be such an important film?

Well, I realized that the story was important and that the statement it was making was important, but because it was being made for television I didn't think that it would ever find a theatrical audience in Europe and Australia, and also a cult audience in this country. It's funny, because at the time I thought it would make a terrific television film. And, technically speaking, at the Cannes Film Festival we were illegally qualified, or should have been disqualified, with Sugarland Express as a first-time-out feature, for a new director.

For that matter, the "Name of the Game" episodes you directed would have to qualify as they were feature length.

They were feature length and they were also made in ten days. It was a good training ground because you were taught right away to make a film as economically and as sound as good as possible. You'd virtually edit the film before you'd shoot it and that way you'd be sure that what you made would not end up on the floor.

The "Night Gallery" episode you made with Joan Crawford, was that the first thing you shot?

Well, it was the first professional film I shot. I did short films of my own at college.

But it must have been a formidable task in your first big job at Universal, directing Joan Crawford.

I was in a state of shock because I got that job on coming straight out of college. In my mind I suppose I wasn't fully prepared to accept a professional career that early. All I really wanted to do was to make my own films and dabble in small independent ventures. But I got this chance, two months after signing with Universal. So there I was on a sound stage with 60 professional crew members and I was supposed to be directing them. It was a very traumatic experience.

Was she co-operative?

She was terrific, totally professional. She relied on me to direct her more than I ever thought she would. When I first met her, I thought she was going to tell me how to direct her. In fact, she kept coming up to me asking one question after another about her character and about what she should be doing. I was prepared to answer some of her questions but not all of them. She expected me to be George Cukor and I never thought that she would lend herself to me so totally, and on my first time out.

Getting back to "Duel", were you aware of all the symbolism that was to be read into it?

All the symbols I read about which others had read into Duel I had encountered or anticipated along the way. But in shooting from scene to scene they were not my primary concern, well, not consciously at least. What I was really striving for was a statement about the American paranoia. In this country we're getting crazier and crazier and, for me, Duel was an exercise in paranoia.

How much did you add to the original TV version of "Duel"?

In order to release the film overseas I had to add 15 minutes before CBS would accept it as a feature. I added three scenes, two of which I wanted to put in from the very beginning, but couldn't, and one scene the producer George Eckstein wanted to have.

For curiosity's sake, which ones where they?

I added the scene where the car pulls up to the railroad crossing and the truck tries to push the car in front of the oncoming train. It went over very well and added about an extra five minutes. I loved the idea that the train and the truck were allies; later on in the film the truck signals the train by blasting twice on its horn and the train answers by blasting back twice.

Another scene added (because a lot of people wondered with the TV version, why the man didn't turn back and go home) was the sequence where the school bus locks bumpers with the man's car. At this point the truck is way ahead of the car, or it is assumed to be, so I had the truck turned around coming back through the tunnel to get him. Originally I wanted to indicate this, that the truck would go to all lengths to torment and terrify this man.

The other sequence which was part of the extra 15 minutes was the new main title. In the TV version it began on the open road whereas in the European and Australian versions it began with the camera on the bumper of the car; you are the car as it leaves the darkened carport.

The impact of "Duel" was that it worried people. Was it the same on TV?

Not really, because of the commercials. It did have impact and there was a lot of talk when the show was aired twice. But you get to a point where your suspense cannot sustain itself past the commercial. When you turn off the set or put your hands over your face until the film comes on again. We tried to structure the film into 'act' breaks so that you could hold interest, but believe me, the rating 'needles' are going to fall.
30 or 40 points every time there's a commercial break.

Do you think, then, that TV films can be taken as seriously as cinema features?

I think the concept of anything can be taken seriously if the medium you choose to display your work happens to be television. I think people can read past the scanning lines and see what you're trying to say.

"Something Evil" with Johnnie Whitlacker was rather "Exorcist" oriented . . .

The film of The Exorcist hadn't come out at that time and Robert Klaus had already written the screenplay. But in the process of making Something Evil I heard about the William Blatty novel and on reading it said: "My goodness, there are great similarities between the two!"

It was good to see Johnnie Whitlacker doing something really sinister on the screen . . .

Yeah, that's why I cast Johnnie. I purposely cast him because of Familiy Affair; I thought that any kid who was that nice can't be all sweetness and delight.

But it was a very effective television film, "Something Evil" . . .

Well I did a lot of experimenting in that. It was the first time in a television film that hot windows were used; those were all sets and I 'burned-up' all the windows to give a kind of hellish effect outside. I don't know if you remember, but anytime anyone passes by a window, they almost disappear because the window is so bright they fade out and become stick figures until they pass beyond the light. I thought that the house should be surrounded by a wholly white hell-heat and it worked very well.

Do you like working on subjects concerning the supernatural?

I think Jaws is somewhat supernatural in a small way in that we have been able to control all man-eaters except the shark. The central character in Jaws is really the shark and it's not so much supernatural, but this particular shark can sense, more than other sharks, when the best time to attack would be. He attacks at night when they are asleep on the boat or when they are looking towards the sun and are therefore blinded by it. He is a wifty creature, and there is some supernatural influence which people are going to read into the film. Sharks do not have rational, intelligent behavior. When they eat, they are just eating machines and our shark is also an eating machine but every once in a while it outwits the three humans who set out to catch it.

How do you see the nature of the conflict between the three main characters?

Well, they're from three different walks of life. Each man has his job to do and each one is, in some shape or form, an authority figure in his own sphere. One is the chief of police of the town and is responsible for the safety of the people on the beach. He has also left a wife and kids so he's not so much in cowardice, but entertaining to protect his children. But in the island town in which he settles, the shark is there and he has to deal with the situation, and evil which he had to tolerate in New York City.

That character is contrasted against an ichthyologist who is quite rich and somewhat of a dilettante (the Dreyfuss part). He knows all there is to know about sharks and so intellectually he feels superior to the shark.

Then there is the Robert Shaw character, who just kills sharks for a living, a shark hunter. He has vivid memories of a previous shark attack and he talks of this in a six-minute scene in the third act.

Why do you say third act?

The film is very carefully structured — there are three different acts.

When you talk of structure, you're really referring to pace . . .

Yes. At one stage Jaws moved too fast and I had to slow it down. It begins very quickly and the nature of the controversy in the small town is that the city fathers and the town select-men are worried that if it's announced that people have been savaged by sharks off their coast, then it would kill the entire summer season. So, because this is a major controversy in the film, there is a lot of dialogue and argument. A lot happens at the beginning of the film which is out of control. The police chief, our central character, can't cope with all the problems; he can't hire the shark hunter Quint, he can't kill the shark himself because he's afraid of the water and at the same time he can't control the town. So there's this swirl of confusion that surrounds this guy and it gives the first act of the film a very staccato influence.

The second act is much slower than the first and concerns finding out what kind of shark it is. Also there is the controversy of whether the beach is going to open for the Fourth of July weekend or close them: whether they're all going to make their money from the summer tourism.

In the third act comes the decision to hire Quint and pay the $10,000 he requires. After this it is all around fighting the shark. So I suppose the film is fast and slow, the second and third acts building to rather a frenzied climax.

How different is your interpretation of Peter Benchley's screenplay from his novel?

They've become two different statements. The book was about something Peter Benchley was interested in, beyond sharks, while the film is based on subject matter that interests me, beyond sharks. The book goes in one direction and the film goes off in another, but at the end they converge and become the same.

As far as the script was concerned I made a lot of changes, virtually every day. I had the actors come in to rehearse and they would come up with ideas and we would change the script accordingly. There were improvisational readings; often I would wake up in the middle of the night and write down some idea and shoot it the next day. A lot of it was free expression.

How long was "Jaws" in the making?

Well, I spent about five or six months just editing it. It's been two years in the making: six months production, six months shooting and six months post-production, not to mention preparations for release. Certainly it's the most commercial venture I've undertaken. Duel made $7 million and was put together for $375,000 but the scale of Jaws is greatly in excess of that.

Have you got your next project in view at this stage?

I've got one in mind but it's nothing like Jaws, Duel or Sugarland Express. It's called The Longest Yard and it's the story of the travelling black baseball teams in this country in the 1930's. For me it's very interesting because I love baseball and I love the whole era of Sachel Page and all the great black ballplayers who were not allowed to play with White Anglo-Saxon teams. This is in the mid-thirties when these teams would go into a town and cakewalk down the street, getting everybody excited and play a nice baseball game in the local stadium against the firehouse nine. It's very funny and at the same time makes a certain comment.

"Sugarland", really your second feature, while critically acclaimed was ill-received at the box-office. Was this a disappointment to you?

Yes it was, though I think I was more angered than disappointed. First of all they didn't sell the film properly. Sugarland never opened big and in some cases never opened at all. People saw that it was Goldie Hawn's film and thought it was small home-grown stuff. But you know, a real 'teddy bear'! Also there was the title: people thought it was a kids' film. When it opened in New York there were lines of kids waiting outside the theater expecting to see Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. That was a moment when the film completed its run it was doing very good business.

In essence, "Sugarland" was fictionalized fact. Did you find any inherent problems in working within this framework inasmuch as sticking to what actually happened?
The role of women in film will come into sharp focus in August this year when the International Women's Film Festival commences screenings in all capital cities of films made by women around the world.

The idea of this festival grew out of the Sydney Womenvision Conference in 1973, when women involved in media discussed the paucity of opportunities available to them in the film and TV industries. They realized that a film festival was one of the means of correcting this imbalance. In September 1974, the Film and Television Board granted a loan of $20,000 to get the Festival off the ground.

The following article by Sue Spunner highlights the achievements of women directors, and explains the need for an International Women's Film Festival.

The International Women's Film Festival

Sue Spunner

By 1920, she had about 75 one and two reelers to her credit and several longer films. Weber made six more films in the twenties and thirties, and her last, White Heat, was completed five years before her death in 1939.

The achievements of women directors, and especially as a director in America during the thirties. By the 1930s women had been effectively closed out of executive and creative positions in the film industries around the world, some have created feature length narrative films. Women directors have played a role in every country which has ever had a film industry. Why then doesn’t anyone know of their existence?

From the earliest days of the industry, women have had the creative incentive to make films. Alice Guy-Blanche, for example, was Leon Gaumont's secretary, and while he was busy creating filmmaking equipment, she took on the job of making short demonstration films. Her first film, La Fée aux Choux, made in 1896, was completed six months before Melies made Une Partie de Cartes.

Guy-Blanche stayed on at Gaumont’s as their artistic director until 1905, then moved to Germany and later to the U.S., where her directorial career continued until 1925.

Another of the early pioneers of American filmmaking was Lois Weber. Her prolific career began in 1913 as part of a filmmaking team with her husband. However, Weber soon began directing her own films, and in 1916 was dubbed by a popular magazine as "the highest salaried woman director in the world today".

By 1920, she had about 75 one and two reelers to her credit and several longer films. Weber made six more films in the twenties and thirties, and her last, White Heat, was completed five years before her death in 1939.

In the thirties, she moved to RKO, becoming Hollywood's only woman director, working with stars like Rosalind Russell in Craig's Wife, Katherine Hepburn in Christopher Strong and Lucille Ball in Dance Girl, Dance.

RKO were known for their B-grade films, and in her autobiography Lucille Ball reveals that when she worked at RKO, Arzner was known as "Queen of the B's"; the ballyhoo that accompanied an A-grade film throughout the thirties was not the lot of a B-grade director — male or female.

Ilda Lupino, well-known to audiences as an actress in A-grade films, was equally unable to redress the lack of publicity given to women directors. She directed more than nine feature films and even created her own production company in order to have artistic control of her work. However, the limited production budgets on most of her films effectively rated them below B-grade.

In Britain, the production fund monopoly that crippled Lupino's work had the same effect on Muriel Box. Between 1946 and 1964, Box directed more than nine successful feature films, but without access to finance she was never able to work independently.

Who would buy an Agnes Varda film? Those words, spoken by a director of a major film festival with just the correct subtle balance of incredulity and scorn, epitomize the need for an Australian International Women's Film Festival.

Other women working in Britain with a freer artistic rein did so at the expense of their independence — women like Alma Reville, Hitchcock's wife and rarely accredited cinematic better half.

Olga Preobrazhenskaya was the Soviet Union's first woman director. She made her first film in 1916 and made seven more before the Stalinist purges in 1935. Esther Shub, along with Dziga-Vertov, was one of the first Russians to create feature films entirely from newsreel and archival material. Shub went on to make more than 10 films between 1927 and 1947.
The most outstanding woman director in eastern Europe was Poland's Wanda Jakubowska, who co-founded the Society of the Devotees of the Artistic Film (START) in the twenties. In the thirties Jakubowska joined the vanguard of the prewar documentary movement and by 1949 — with the making of *The Last Stage* — she had established herself as one of the leading filmmakers in Poland. Since then Jakubowska has made eight more features — the last in 1965.

Overall, the degree of emotional and physical support given to filmmakers in communist countries has been greater than in the West. Such support is due, in part, to the policies of official organizations — such as State-run film schools — which do not discourage the participation of women. Consequently eastern European women have not suffered as much as their sisters in the 'free world' from the liberal myth that success comes to those who deserve it, and their work has been seriously considered from the beginning.

Preobrazhenskaya, Shub and Jakubowska all worked closely with their male contemporaries in the forefront of technical innovation and creative experimentation, whereas Arzner and Lupino were denied this sort of ongoing productive association with their contemporaries.

Mention here must be made of the extraordinary success of Leni Riefenstahl. Extraordinary in that the most totalitarian regime of the century allowed a woman director hitherto unparalleled creative freedom. For the filming of the Berlin Olympics in 1936, Riefenstahl had 29 cameramen at her disposal, and the famous Nuremberg Rally was staged exclusively for the production of *Triumph of the Will*.

After the war, Riefenstahl disclaimed all associations with National Socialism. She is still making films, although in the more remote parts of the world. Only her documentary propaganda films have been seen in Australia.

In the West, Agnes Varda is the only woman director to have worked as an equal with men. She was an active member of the New Wave, and her film *Les Créatures* dates from this period. She was also one of the directors of *Loin de Vietnam*.

The status of women filmmakers today has hardly improved. But while there probably isn't a conscious conspiracy to prevent women making films, there certainly isn't any biological impediment preventing them from doing so either. Clearly there is historical precedent.

Those women's films that are made, however, are appallingly distributed, inadequately publicized, and never receive the serious critical attention they deserve. In addition, the subtext they communicate — that women can make films — is not apprehended. A vicious cycle ensues, keeping women either completely out of the industry or working as embattled independents — those very mavericks who, as Pauline Kael has said in a recent *New York Times* article, the distributors and studio heads won't touch with a barge pole.

*The Last Stage* is a documentary reconstruction of the fate of women in Nazi concentration camps. It was made by a cast and crew, including the director herself, who had been imprisoned in them.

Moreover, if the notion of a women's film festival is not to be a mere flash in the same greasy old pan, the original festival should provide an historical context and celebration of the catholic tastes and varied concerns of the numerous women who have been making films since the inception of this newest and most socially decisive art form.

The success of the 1975 International Women's Film Festival cannot be measured purely in terms of the audience who sees it, because the vast majority of Australian women will not. The reason for this cannot, unfortunately, be explained by simply citing admission prices — $16 in Melbourne and Sydney for full subscriptions. If the Festival becomes the province of the educated middle class it will be because of the nature of the event and not the cost. Women are more likely to be put off by the unfamiliar and opaque notion of a film festival per se.

Hence the inroads that are made into the consciousness of the community at large will depend on the energy that is directed towards the other events of the festival — the video access centers; the proposed screenings of films and videotapes in schools, country centers, shopping center auditoriums and on the factory floor by mobile projection units; the photographic exhibitions; the video tuition and the possible filmmaking workshops.

The organizers hope to expand the dimension of this festival by utilizing its audience — a film festival's most often neglected resource. To this end, venues will be provided for people to meet after the screenings in order to talk in warm and sympathetic conditions.

The danger inherent in such a festival is that it could become an excuse for passivity, under the respectable guise of a critical evaluation of the past, unless its praxis-making potential — its ability to illuminate the past in order to inspire, inform and emotionally support current or potential female filmmakers — is realized.

The existence of such a festival is almost mandatory if women filmmakers are to be exposed to the need for dynamic reappraisal of their own individual perceptions, in order to *ensure* that a new idiom and new dimensions are added to the art of filmmaking.★

*The Last Stage* is a documentary reconstruction of the fate of women in Nazi concentration camps. It was made by a cast and crew, including the director herself, who had been imprisoned in them.

Above left: Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympiade* 1936. A woman director with hitherto unparalleled creative freedom.

Above right: Mai Zetterling's *Night Games*. Zetterling will be a guest of the International Women's Film Festival.
Ms. Jackson, you said that by the time you were 18 you have decided to be an actress and that apart from a brief stint in a chemist shop you had not considered any other career. Did you feel that you would ever become a major film star?

No. When I started my training I was told I was obviously only a ‘character’ actress, and could not expect to have any substantial parts until I was in my forties. At that time in the theater most of the roles went to pretty blonde ‘juves’. Then it all changed with John Osborne’s Look Back in Anger, in which, for the first time, working-class life was considered palatable for the theater, whereas previously the country-house set or classical old masters were the only vehicles for actors.

Who were the film and stage actresses that inspired you as a girl?

Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Katherine Hepburn . . .

Because of the sort of roles they played?

No, because of their acting; but someone I really liked was Esther Williams.

You have worked a lot with Ken Russell, during which time you tended to play a certain type of woman. Has that relationship and the particular way he saw you had any effect on the films you have made for other directors?

No, he had seen me in Marat-Sade and asked me as a result to do Women in Love. He was one of the young directors who had come up through television in the post-Osborne era and I had always liked his work. He has tremendous energy and so much enthusiasm, but most importantly, he allows you to bring all your fantasies into play.

I’ve heard Liv Ullman, talking about Bergman, say that a good director creates the space for the actor’s fantasies. There’s an instance she cites of when she was playing a vain woman who was to walk down a passageway. Most directors would have chosen to do a panning shot, but Liv Ullman stopped in front of a mirror in order to project her thoughts. Bergman had placed the camera exactly because he anticipated she might do just that.

Great directors have the ability to anticipate or allow innovations to occur. Ken Russell also has this ability.

Have you ever had a director place a physically harrowing or dangerous position?

Ken Russell is an utter physical coward, and therefore he always has his actors doing extremely dangerous things so he doesn’t look a coward himself. In one scene in Women in Love, Oliver and I were in a side-car on a low loader, going along a very narrow lane in Derbyshire with deep ditches on either side. We were going at such incredible speed that we went off the road and ended up in the ditch. Only the cameraman’s protest that the speed was quite unnecessary saved us from having to repeat the scene over and over, although we actors were ready to pick ourselves up and start afresh.

On the coldest day of the coldest British winter for years, for the last shot of The Music Lovers in the asylum, I found myself crouched over a grating, in a disused army barracks, clad only in a thin cotton frock, no stockings or shoes. The shot was repeated over and over again during the day until I was literally blue. Eventually, my face had quite frozen — it looked perfect for the film.

For the 1812 fantasy scene in The Music Lovers, Richard Chamberlain and I had to run into the street in a storm. They had got an enormous wind machine with a great propellor, and it had been turned on with such force it literally lifted us off our feet and dropped us in a heap, with me on the bottom. I realized, during the moments the bodies above me were getting up, that Ken would be waiting for my comments. So I said that it was a most fantastic experience, just like flying. To which he responded by ordering that the machine be turned down by half at least. I knew if I had said how vile it was, he would have decided it had to be just like that and wanted to do it again.

In the context of the rest of your films, “A Touch of Class” is unusual. Why did you do it?

For a change it was so nice not to have to destroy anybody. I am always being such a dark lady, so gloomy. It was a lovely change to be light for a little while.

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“The success of any actor in any generation can be traced to the personification of some trait which is fairly common to most of the population . . . “Glenda Jackson personifies a kind of anti-sentimental candor which, in our finest moments, enables us to reject the pap, kitsch and schlock that stultify our daily lives.”

Charles Marowitz

Glenda Jackson

In 1954 Glenda Jackson entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, following in the wake of actors like Albert Finney, Peter O’Toole, Sarah Miles and Alan Bates. Ten years of demoralizing repertory work followed her graduation, until she was selected by directors Peter Brook and Charles Marowitz to play a role in the Artaud-inspired production of Marat-Sade for the Royal Shakespearean Company’s Theatre of Cruelty season.

Her riveting portrayal of the crazed Charlotte Corday on stage in London and New York — and later in Brook’s film of the production — mesmerized audiences.

Ken Russell saw Glenda Jackson as Charlotte and was prompted to take her on to play Gudrun in his film of Lawrence’s Women in Love. Her precision acting and raw, unfashionable type of sexuality immediately established her as a unique actress.

Within ten years she was to become one of the most charismatic screen presences in the world.

Glenda Jackson was recently in Melbourne with the Royal Shakespearean Company, and was interviewed by Sue Spunner and Pat Longmore for the International Women’s Film Festival.

Jackson speaks of the ‘dark’ and perhaps demented women she has played for many directors, and her desire to play ‘lighter souls’.

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I’m very interested in the preoccupation “Duet for Cannibals” has with people manipulating, exploiting, and playing games with each other. How did these ideas evolve?

Well, I’m certainly interested in that situation — at a certain point in my life I was haunted by it. But the choice of theme for the film was also determined by a tight budget. So, I automatically thought of a closed situation with few changes of location, a small number of characters and some kind of personal confrontation.

I was actually happy to have limits set on my first film project because I was making a transition from writing to filmmaking and that way I’d be less likely to break my neck. After all, you don’t really know that you can make a film until you’ve done it.

There were other influences at work on Duet for Cannibals. I’m mentioning this because film directors are rarely honest about why they made this or that film. For example, I started off negotiating with an Italian producer in Rome and that is why an Italian actress has a key role. Then I had to change producers and I asked her to come to Sweden. She did, and then the role had to be changed somewhat because she spoke neither Swedish nor English and had to learn her part phonetically.

So, I’m an American, I was originally going to make the film in Italy, and I actually made it in Sweden. Had I made the film in Italy, the characters would have exteriorized much more, whereas now the film does have a Swedish flavor. There is a very dramatic sharply-outlined personal style that Swedish people have, of feeling with each other, and inevitably the material had to be adapted to that as well.

Coincidently the subject of the film is a theme that is found in Swedish culture especially in the plays of Strindberg.

People have said that Duet for Cannibals is influenced by Ingmar Bergman, but this is not so. The only Swedish films most people are familiar with are Bergman’s, but his cinema is really not as individualistic as it would appear, because there is a great deal that is just plain Swedish in Bergman.

It strikes me after seeing Marguerite Duras’ “Destroy She Said” that there is a very strong similarity to “Duet for Cannibals”. “Destroy” is another film made on a tight budget, with few characters, about this sort of psychological confrontation and conflict.

Yes, I know Marguerite Duras, and we made these films completely independently. We saw each other’s films for the first time when they were both selected to be shown at the New York Film Festival in 1969 and had a long conversation about how similar they were.
Oneiric cinema or onanic cinema? That appears to be the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to create a dream mythology or have a good wank.

So when Pasolini's 120 Days of Sodom finally hits the screens, everyone will nod wisely. "Ah," they'll say. "Oh. So that's where he's going." And the seers of the near future will read back to the shattering revelation in a recent review of 1001 Nights, that Pasolini was decadent, a voyeur, "self-destructive as a heroin addict", camp and "once a self-proclaimed Marxist." Well, you can see where that lot's headed, can't you? Straight for the Pit.

This review is typical of many in combining the manners of a really confused sexist bunny with the morals of the zeal-of-the-land 'Busy'. "Nothing goes downhill so fast as a thoroughbred", it mutters thoughtfully. Its pseudo-technical complaints about the dubbing, the "bad" acting etc, further complicate the argument.

In the hands of a production company given, like much established European cinema, to co-production deals, Pasolini is an example of many other French and Italian directors, auteurs down to their feather plumes, but somehow packaged up by their producers along with their product and sold to audiences in Arkansas or Adelaide parroting away in Transatlantic.

And, precisely because of the extent to which Pasolini uses films as personal essays, a habit shared by other Italian directors (see the monsters Fellinism and Viscontiism), critics are more prone to pounce on him in terms of personal abuse. And the trouble is you can't merely blame the producers or translations (grotesque as the dubbings are), since the images for the most part remain intact, and they still convey their meaning. Can it be true that the once-promising-Marxist-director has gone gaga, decadent, etc?

It should be possible to lift the discussion finally away from the sniggering innuendoes of the reviewer, and to start from the premise that Pasolini's art is, like Proust's or Michelangelo's or Genet's or Kenneth Anger's, essentially homosexual, i.e. however much his works deal with heterosexual models or situations, their erotic concentration is on men and not on women. That this situation seems at all odd can only emphasise the complicated sexism of those who oppose, conceal or ignore it.

Physical love between men, repressed in the tough machismo of the subproletariat in Accatone, in Christ's fiery platonics with the Apostles in The Gospel, is given complete representation for the first time in Theorem, in the affairs of the father and son with the young stranger. In Pigsty it becomes guiltily disguised as bestiality in the modern story, and cannibalism in the ancient one. Despite the lusty adolescent nudes who roll through the Decameron, homosexuality is no more than mentioned incidentally, or disguised as fraternal, as in the tableau of Isabella's brothers. The Canterbury Tales includes a curious sequence invented by Pasolini himself from his background research, and, one imagines, his particular phobias at the time. This is his interpretation of Chaucer's Summoner, which is consciously treated voyeuristically, and climaxes with a moneyless sodomite being burned at the stake because he cannot bribe the ecclesiastical officers. No wonder he should wish to say in the last reel of the Nights: "The beginning was bitter, but the end was sweet."
Whatever else it is, 1001 Nights remains also the emotional record of a director in the praxis of filmmaking, not in the carefully scripted and exteriorized manner of Truffaut's Day for Night, but in the form of an interior meditation which acts particularly on the montage, creating the process of a journey to the book and the Arab world. Pasolini's fascination with Islamic culture goes back at least as far as the poem Ali Degli Occhi Azzari, which fantasises Europe's immigrant class of Arab workers as a revolutionary force teaching Paris, London and Rome to be free, and giving them back a culture once lost by Europeans.

The Nights embody both his definition of that culture and the last part of his erotic medieval trilogy. It would seem important, therefore, to look at the film structurally, studying some of the codes by which it operates in terms of shot-rhythm, costume, location etc, and giving some account of what it does on the level of aesthetics, narrative and sexuality.

SEXUALITY AS STRUCTURE

Firstly, it is important to recognize that the structure is essentially sexual, and that, far from receiving pompous and ignorant abuse, this needs critical examination.

1. The polarization of the sexual adventure is begun by the protagonists Zumurrud and Nur-el-Din as soon as they are alone. He puts his prick in the 'wrong' place, an action of sodomy returned to jocosely as a threat to him by Zumurrud in the final scene. Here, as the Caliph, she also quotes homoerotic poetry to her lover while making him touch her vulva. In his encounter with the lion in the desert, Nur reaches and passes through the existential crisis of all Pasolini's protagonists. But he is still to be initiated, and whatever else is sexual is accomplished in the film, the reduction of the male principle from the fucker to the fuckable is its final visual point.

2. The tale of Caliph Harun and Queen Zobeida is inset with the episode of the Vizier and the three beaming naked boys lined up for his inspection, just as in the second half of the film Taj'i's pursuit of Princess Dunya has cut into it the encounter with the banana-loving Sheikh who offers Taj and Aziz a bath. Homosexual too are the selections of the male contestant by Harun and the female by Zobeida, though their heterosexual direction towards each other is brought out by their fondling as they spy on the adolescent couple.

3. Even the ordinary townfolk of Zumurrud's royal city suppose that Nur has been hauled off for the 'King's' pleasure. One comments that he wouldn't mind having a go at the boy himself. Whatever the prudery and sense of sin with which Islam, like Christendom, may officially regard sexuality, on the popular level of Arab culture all forms of sexuality are at least granted recognition. So if there is more homosexuality in 1001 Nights than in either the Decameron or the Canterbury Tales, that is just reflection of the preoccupations of the different medieval societies which produced them.

In seeing this as an example of Pasolini's wilful decadence and personal invention, critics are apparently unaware of the continuing debate on boy or girl love which runs through the collection, e.g. in the tales of the 389th to the 393rd nights. Here, in a debate between a learned and witty lady and an equally learned and witty pederast, the man places his homoerotic preference on a typical male character. In defending himself at the Venice biennale Pasolini drew attention to Marx's original views on the political nature of love, and lamented the Stalinist chauvinism of the male left. "Marxism has taken up the old bourgeois ideas of puritanism. It is significant that my books and films are not allowed to be translated or seen in the Soviet Union."
In this sense, his decision to continue making mass visual fantasies of the great erotic books of historical cultures is an act of mass liberation as well as the purging of personal demons and the airing of personal angels. It is, as he insisted, a political choice to make films such as these, the reverse of the images of television and respectable entertainment.

**NARRATIVE**

The Decameron had closed with the half-despairing question: Why bother to make a work of art when it’s much better to dream it? The long-ing for dream-cinema continues in 1001 Nights with the added recognition that one person’s dream isn’t enough. “Truth lies not in one single image, but in many dreams.” Besides being a distillation of a particular book, then, the film is an examination of Islamic culture and of the role of collective fantasy in any culture, including our own experience of cinema.

Its major experiment is with narrative. This is something which has always preoccupied Pasolini, as a poet who came to the cinema via the novel and semiology. His methods of discourse have included the free indirect narrative of Accattone, the geometrical parallelism of Theorem, the embedded narrative of Theorem, the free indirect narrative of Accattone, the embedded narrative of a Greek play, ahistorically treated, the narrative line of the original without slavishly following it. The clearest example of this is his bricolage of the Tale of Zumurrud with the Tale of Nun-eld-Dim. Acquaintances, for notable new story of the two tales seems to have been what caught his mind: a slave auction in which the witty slave chooses her own buyer, but is abducted by Christians and escapes by posing as a bearded man.

In Barthe’s terms, Pasolini has picked up the vestimentary signs of the original, and used them as part of the legitimate code of the cinema, i.e. costume. The Caliph’s beard, as a datum of the cognitive order, takes its place as the central visual prop in the activity of sexual role-playing which is the chief motif of the film.

He has similarly picked up the various cultural strata of the Nights, Persian, Damascene, north African, Arabian, and reflected them in his choice of locations: Eritrea, the two Yemens, Iran and Nepal. The original Nights, the Hazzar Afsana or Thousand Tales, ordered into a matrix in 1100, and finally added to and established in Cairo c. 1350, dealt with a culture that extended from Indo-Persia, via the Bagdad of Harun al Rashid to Mameluke Egypt. Very much of a feast for the narrator leaves him free to confabulate the tales within tales as well, thus imitating the sinuous narrative line of the original without slavishly following it. The clearest example of this is his bricolage of the Tale of Zumurrud with the Tale of Nun-eld-Dim. Acquaintances, for notable new story of the two tales seems to have been what caught his mind: a slave auction in which the witty slave chooses her own buyer, but is abducted by Christians and escapes by posing as a bearded man.

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**CODES OF MANY DREAMS**

The film’s epigraph about dreams mirrors the difference between Christian and Islamic cultures put by Norman Daniel thus:

“For Christians the prophetic preparation of the Jews leads to a single event, the Incarnation, which is the inauguration of the Messiah Kingdom. For Muslims too there is just one Revelation, of the only religion, Islam, or submission to God; but it was made again and again through successive prophets.”

The people of the Nights share each other’s experience (many dreams) by being set in a structure which unifies them by the codes or motifs they have in common. This structure is itself ontric and aesthetic, with formal reference to dreaming, or reading from books, as the cues for the tales to unfold.

It is impossible in the end to call them tales, because in the film that is not the unit any longer, any more than the single shot is. The structural unit here tends to be either a nude human body or a still life, whatever other shots or tales surround it. And the images around it take off from whatever particular image it connotes, e.g. food to be consumed/the human body to be made love to: the human body to be consumed/food to be made love to. Pasolini has already reached, in Pigsty, the limits of oral and anal confusion, defined later (and memorably!) by La Grande Bouffe. In each successive film he has tried to purge himself of these two sexual stages, which in a capitalist society may be seen in their unattractive aspects of consumption and despoilation. The mouth gulps down; the arse shits on. A vision of oral heaven in Decameron is matched in Canterbury Tales by an anal hell, which climaxes with a Boschian hellscape, shitting forth priests and friars. The Nights give the two their human expression as places of pleasure.

Discounts about food is treated with as much vigor as discounts about love. Those who put their left hand into the communal rice dish will be executed; Aziza lovingly forces Aziz to eat the food she has prepared for him, though she herself is wasting away. In some places, notably in the same tale, food and love are fused. Aziz insults the enchantress by wolfing down her pavilion banquet and falling asleep, thus twice failing his erotic test.

The dynamic by which this structure operates cinematically may be thought of as: still life contrasted with invading action, a static setup violated by tracking. The best visual example of this, one which gains a rhythmic effect by being repeated, is seen in the static composition of the fatal rice bowl which awaits each of its victims in turn, as they are tracked or panned with on their entrance to the King’s khan. Sometimes the invading action is that of violent reality (e.g. the kidnapping of Zumurrud), sometimes of dream (the pigeons fluttering in the trap), sometimes of overt hallucination (Nur’s encounter with the desert lion).

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Restrictive Trade Practices Legislation and the Film Industry - Part II

By ANTONY I. GINNANE

In Part I of this two-part article, Antony I. Ginnane examined the ownership, attitudes and practices of the Australian film industry. He also examined the history of anti-trust legislation in the U.S., and described the legislative changes which were needed to break up the vertically integrated American industry.

In this second part, Ginnane examines the British and New Zealand industries, and the measures undertaken there to combat monopolistic practices. He concludes by outlining the development of trade practices legislation in Australia, and suggests ways in which Australian producers and exhibitors may make the new Trade Practices Act work for them.

OVERSEAS REACTION TO FILM INDUSTRY MONOPOLIES - BRITAIN

THE COMMON LAW APPROACH

Halsbury's Laws of England state that it is contrary to the policy of English common law for any person, or group of persons, to secure the exercise of any known trade throughout the country, and point out that the Crown cannot grant such a monopoly without statutory authority, except in certain cases. The right of the Crown was further limited and defined by the Statute of Monopolies.

In North Western Salt Co. Ltd. v Electrolytic Alkali Co. (1912) it was noted that at common law an agreement might be illegal if, by causing the control of a trade or industry to pass into the hands of an individual or group of individuals, it creates a monopoly calculated to injure the public by increasing prices unreasonably.

Although sixteenth century cases upheld the anti-monopoly line — for example, Mitchell v Reynolds stated that three inseparable incidents of monopoly were: increase of prices; the deterioration of quality; and the tendency to create unemployment among artificers — a general laissez-faire had, however, prevailed by the nineteenth century. Even in Mitchell v Reynolds, Lord Maculesfield had recognized circumstances in which a contract in partial, but not general, restraint of trade could be valid.

The courts' withdrawal from economic regulation can be noted in Hearn v Griffin (1815), in which two coach proprietors agreed to charge what they like, though not more than each other. "The highest point of the 'all competition is ruinous' argument came in 1937 in the Thorne v Motor Trade Association case, where the House of Lords unanimously approved the enforcement of group price fixing agreements against members and non-members of the association alike by means of a system of secret 'courts', collective boycotts and fines.

Similarly, in the notorious Mogul Steamship Co v McGregor, Gow and Co. (1892), where the defendant shipping lines combined to secure the carrying-trade out of Hankow for themselves exclusively (by regulating freight charges; granting loyalty rebates to shippers who dealt only with their group members; and by refusing to deal with agents who represented competing shipowners), the House of Lords held that their conduct gave rise to no cause for action on conspiracy charges.

In spite of the fact that McGregor, Gow and Co., had sent numbers of its ships to the port to undercut the plaintiff's ship, there was nothing unlawful about their object to monopolize the Hankow trade, and the methods used were neither unlawful intimidation nor molestation. A refusal to decide between fair and unfair competition is enunciated by the court.

Lord Justice Bowen commented: "I myself should deem it to be a misfortune if we were to attempt to prescribe for the business world how honest and peaceable trade was to be carried on in a case where no such illegal elements as I have mentioned exist, or were to adopt some standard of judicial 'reasonableness', or of 'normal prices', or 'fair freights' to which commercial adventurers, otherwise innocent, were bound to conform."

In Sorrel v Smith (1925) the 'conspiracy doctrine' crystallized. A combination of two or more persons wilfully to injure a man in his trade is unlawful, and if it results in damage to him is actionable. If the real purpose of the combination is not to injure another, but to forward or defend the trade of those who enter into it, then no wrong is committed and no action will lie, although damage may result to another. Thus most attempts at monopolization or restraint of trade, which are usually motivated by hope of business gain, were preserved.

The highwater mark of laissez-faire — the enforceability of contracts in restraint of trade — occurred in Nordenfelt v Maxim Nordenfelt Guns and Ammunition Co (1894), where the reasonableness, in reference to the interests of the parties concerned and the public, was held to justify contracts in restraint of trade.

The burden of proving the unreasonableness lay with the individual alleging it, and as Walker notes in Australian Monopoly Law, the interests of the public were rarely considered.

STATUTORY INTERVENTION

It would thus seem inevitable that the common law's failure to discourage monopolistic activities, or protect the public interest, would precipitate some legislative intervention as the number of restrictive practices grew.

In 1948, the British House of Commons passed the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices (Inquiry and Control) Act with three main purposes. The first was to define conditions, 'monopoly conditions', to which the machinery of the Act was to be applied, when, "in the opinion of the Board of Trade the conditions did, or might prevail in any department of trade or industry as regards the
supply, processing or export of goods of any description."

The second was to institute a commission — originally known as the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission (now the Monopolies Commission) — to investigate and report on monopoly conditions and the practices resulting from, or designed to maintain them.

The third purpose of the Act was to provide sanctions in the form of orders by specified government departments, approved by Parliament and enforceable in the courts by injunction.

The purpose of these was to prevent the reported conditions and practices from being used, or allowed to operate against the public interest.

In 1953, the Act was amended and the number of members was increased in an attempt to speed up the processes of the Commission. But the 1956 Restrictive Trade Practices Act made radical changes to the 1948 Act, especially with reference to resale price maintenance, and restored the Monopolies Commission to its former size.

The Commission is a judicial tribunal with the powers and authority of a superior court of record, presided over by a judicial official with the standing of a High Court judge. It has extensive jurisdiction over restrictive and discriminatory practices currently in operation in trade and industry.

The Act of 1956 further makes certain restrictive practices liable to registration with the Board of Trade, as opposed to the Monopolies Commission, but the control of the practices remains roughly the same, still leaving monopolies to the 1948 Act.

**THE MONOPOLIES COMMISSION REPORT ON THE FILM INDUSTRY**

On October 28, 1966 (acting on further amendments to the original 1948 legislation contained in the Monopolies and Mergers Act of 1965) the Monopolies Commission presented a report to Parliament on "The Supply of Films for Exhibition in Cinemas". At the time of making the report, there were two major cinema circuits in Britain — the Associated British Corporation (ABC) circuit and the Rank circuit.

Of the 1936 cinemas in Britain, 600 were operated between them. Distribution was controlled by three British companies — British Lion, Rank and Associated British-Pathe — and seven subsidiaries of the U.S. majors. The methods of restrictive practices described in Part I concerning the U.S. industry were virtually all in operation in the British industry, with the addition of distance-bars.

The problems of time-bars have already been discussed. These barring clauses in agreements between exhibitors and distributors enable the exhibitor to get full value from a film by preventing other cinemas from playing it concurrently, or before the expiration of a specified period. The Commission stated: "In addition it has become

The practice for the barring clause frequently to include a statement that the cinema is entitled to play first-run in a particular area and that other

cinemas are not to play before it, or that others though not playing before it may play concurrently."

There have been some changes in the British exhibition field since then, but only to the extent of revised ownership of the chains and not to the appearance of new competitors.

Bars thus give formal recognition to the practice of regarding some cinemas as first-run houses and some as subsequent run. The effect of bars is to permanently allocate to cinemas operating them, or to the right of the first-run of all available films in that release.

The Commission recommended that:

(a) The two circuits extend the flexibility of their booking arrangements via split releases (as opposed to 'national splash') and specialized marketing;

(b) The circuits initiate proposals to establish product allocation disputes and competitive bidding by exhibitors;

(c) The Rank Organisation refrain from discriminating against documentaries made by others;

(d) The Board of Trade review disputes machinery for time-bars and distance-bars, and the time-bars be generally shortened;

(e) Distributors be prohibited from entering into any franchise agreement to tie-hire to a particular chain; and

(f) Distributors refrain from using full-line forcing, and act collectively to restrict exhibitors' use of premises.

The Commission examined the U.S. divestiture and divestment experience during its consideration of arguments for breaking up the two circuits and splitting production from distribution and exhibition. While both Rank and ABC were large film producers, the Commission found that there was no large specific dominance of the British industry by either organization. Although the two held a dominant position in exhibition, much of the distribution and financing of production was done by companies not connected with ABC or Rank, and which themselves had no stake in exhibition.

The Commission, therefore, felt that the system of reciprocal preference* which gave rise to the U.S. situation was absent from Britain. The Commission also found that the system of local monopoly ("closed town") situations which gave rise to divestiture in the U.S. was not present in Britain.

Competitive bidding and theater-by-theater booking in the U.S. had produced conflicting results, and the Commission considered it was not in a position to determine which interpretation of the evidence was correct.

The Commission, therefore, set its face against a radical revamping of the British industry, preferring to patch it up from within. It commented: "If we were starting with a clean slate we should prefer to see some looser and more competitive structure in the film industry. But given the situation as it now exists, we are impressed by the formidable, and probably expensive, practical problems in the way of adopting any of the proposals, i.e. concerning divestiture, divornment, and the creation of a third circuit booking force."

To a degree the Commission was limited by the tendency of the British legislature to gyrate around the public interest rather than to prohibit various practices per se.

It is interesting to note that the years 1967-69 saw the virtual take-over of the British film industry by American producer-distributor investment, which, when withdrawn in late 1969, almost saw the total demise of production.

The British industry is now in a sorry state, existing off old formula successes (the Carry On series, etc.) and TV spinoffs. Perhaps a major reworking of the industry could have produced the same vibrant independent output that flourished in the U.S. after the consent decrees in the sixties.

A NEW PROPOSAL FOR REFORM

In August 1973, the Nationalisation Forum of the Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians published a document called "Consultations on the Film Industry which contained some of the most radical proposals yet advanced for saving the British industry. The report, which is a mine of factual material concerning ownership of the film industry,41 perhaps a major reworking of the industry could have produced the same vibrant independent output that flourished in the U.S. after the consent decrees in the sixties.

In negotiating films for the circuit from the distributors, the corporations lumped all films to be released by a distributor in a year, and they frequently included competitive theaters. They generally licensed first-run release for their theaters of

*A special note the state of the film industry in New Zealand, where restrictive trade practices legislation* is quite similar to the previous Australian Liberal Government's Act.

In New Zealand, distribution and exhibition are controlled by two major combines owned by overseas-based corporations. Amalgamated Theatres, who are owned by the American Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, control around 35 of the country's 230-odd cinemas. The other circuit, Kerridge-Odeon, which controls approximately 65 of the country's cinemas, is controlled in turn by the Rank Organisation. The remaining 'independent' cinemas are well away from the main centers of Auckland, Christchurch and Wellington, and are unimportant to the total box-office billings. Kerridge-Odeon and Amalgamated Theatres have virtually the same

AUSTRALIAN RESTRICTIVE TRADE PRACTICES LEGISLATION - EMERGENCE, GROWTH AND RELEVANCE

INTRODUCTION

The general structure of the Australian film industry has been discussed in some detail in Part I of this article. Similar situations have also been found to exist in the U.S. and Britain, and the remedies undertaken have been noted there. Here it is proposed to consider local restrictive trade practices legislation, its development and the scope of the most recent enactment Consideration will be given to how the Act may be applied to various film industry practices.

Before doing so, however, it is interesting to note the state of the film industry in New Zealand, where restrictive trade practices legislation* is quite similar to the previous Australian Liberal Government's Act.

In New Zealand, distribution and exhibition are controlled by two major combines owned by overseas-based corporations. Amalgamated Theatres, who are owned by the American Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, control around 230 of the country's cinemas. The other circuit, Kerridge-Odeon, which controls approximately 65 of the country's cinemas, is controlled in turn by the Rank Organisation. The remaining 'independent' cinemas are well away from the main centers of Auckland, Christchurch and Wellington, and are unimportant to the total box-office billings. Kerridge-Odeon and Amalgamated Theatres have virtually the same

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relationship to distribution suppliers as Fox and Rank have in Australia.

New Zealand has virtually no feature film output, and there are no incentives for either of the two majors to invest in local productions.

THE PRE-BARWICK LEGISLATION

Australian monopolies legislation was initially aimed at restricting practices that resembled laissez-faire attitudes of the common law. As Walker points out, early attempts at legislation received rough handling from judges schooled in common law traditions. In 1906, Federal parliaments passed the Consolidated Trade Practices Act, an anti-trust enactment that resembled the Sherman Act in all but one clause. It forbade contracts and combinations made with "intent to restrain trade or commerce in any part of commerce". However, it was not paramount; the Act is also subject to the public interest requirement and may be modified from time to time. The task of the Trade Practices Tribunal set up by the Act was to work out a case-by-case interpretation of the values to be preserved by competition, and the values comprising the notion of public interest.

The main sections of the Act dealt with the following:

(a) Five categories of examinable agreements, some of which must be registered with the Commonwealth's Trade Practices Commission. These include agreements which are subject to examination by the Act (Sections 36-37).

(b) Four classes of examinable practices, none of which are registerable, and all of which may be examined by the Tribunal to determine whether they are contrary to the public interest (Sections 36-37).

(c) Two substantive offences — collusion (Sections 36-37) and price fixing (Sections 36-37) — which criminal penalties are provided, and which (broadly speaking) are not subject to registration or examination by the Tribunal.

The examinable agreements include those which contain restrictions on the freedom to produce (i.e. output), deal and zone. The examinable practices include claims to favor treatment from a supplier to the disadvantage of his competitors; full-line forcing; collective boycotts; and monopolization.

As the Act stood it was of little value to independent cinema operators. Appendix G shows the fate of one typical complaint. It seems abundantly clear, as Walker argues, that a large list of prohibited practices should be enacted to form "the Australian approach", he says, "rests on the assumption that all the examinable agreements and practices are likely to be innocuous in a substantial percentage of cases." This is clearly not so. He examines and answers affirmatively the question of whether the Australian economy can afford — small as it is, and isolated from import competition by distance and tariffs — more prohibited practices.

The Barwick proposals were designed to encourage voluntary registration of agreements, and to reduce to a minimum the amount of cases which must be examined. They also applied to vertical as well as horizontal practices. This registration scheme was without precedent. Moreover the criterion of "public interest" — that a practice is only ruled against if the Tribunal is satisfied it substantially lessens competition — was made more precise.

A summary of the Barwick scheme — i.e. that list B practices are illegal per se and list A practices are illegal only if they have not been registered, or after they have been successfully challenged by the registrar in proceeding for deregistration — was accepted during debate on the Bill. As assented to on September 27, 1966, the Trade Practices Act 1965-66 was a watered-down, toothless version with the 'B' practices removed.

The purpose of the Trade Practices Act, as stated in the preamble, was "to preserve competition in Australian trade and commerce to the extent required by the public interest." The court maintained that the public interest, however, is not paramount; the Act is also subject to the public interest requirement and thus may be modified from time to time. The Act was to work out a case-by-case interpretation of the values to be preserved by competition, and the values comprising the notion of public interest.

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The new Restrictive Trade Practices Act of 1971 went little further than the original Act. It did nonetheless provide some independent expert assistance and required their opinions.

The whole structure of the film distribution and exhibition duopoly was considered by the Tariff Board in its recent inquiry into the Motion Picture and Television Industry, and the Board recommended a number of measures to alleviate their problems more exactly, but the inability of the aggrieved exhibitors to commence proceedings on their behalf limited the usefulness of the Act. (See Act 1965-66 p. 183.)

The Board recommended that some divestiture of present-day cinema ownership be made. It also urged the present concentration of control within the industry be reduced — specifically, the domination of the petrol outlets by the major companies; the Greater Union, Village and Hoyts groups — and the necessary measure of competence be created by providing a greater number of suitable alternative outlets. The Board believed that once the exhibition sector of the industry was restructured, "the normal interplay of market forces will provide the necessary guarantee of equal opportunity for all films or, if that does not occur, for a few films in a little or no government intervention". The Board also recommended measures involving the divestiture of shareholding interests by certain parties, to ensure that horizontal and vertical integration within the industry was sufficiently structured, so that no one company could dominate the marketing of films in Australia.

It further recommended a limitation on the total number of single-plex cinema outlets held by one person or company in certain key areas, and that limitations be placed on the ownership and control of exhibition companies. A divestiture recommendation was also made and stated that no producer or distributor should control, either through ownership or otherwise, any exhibition outlet — a recommendation deemed necessary to prevent preferential treatment of films made by domestic producers or distributors.

Aware of the constitutional uncertainty of the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, the Board noted the possible use of Section 92D of the Broadcasting Act (1954) which limits overseas holdings in local companies.

The divestiture and divestment proposals were similar to those of the US legislation. However, the Labor government has, nevertheless, steered through Parliament what has been called in many quarters the most important piece of legislation regulating the conduct of business ever to have been enacted in Australia. The Trade Practices Act of 1974, which fundamentally changes the law on restrictive trade practices and establishes a new agency, the Trade Practices Commission, is part of a new Act making the following practices unlawful:onomies, or other practices having a similar effect (Section 45); mergers (Section 50); monopolization (Section 46); agency, the Trade Practices Commission. The new Act makes the following practices unlawful: (Section 49); and mergers (Section 50). It extends these provisions by including all of which are registerable, and all of which may be examined by the Tribunal to determine whether they are contrary to the public interest (Sections 36-37).

THE BARWICK PROPOSALS

It was inevitable, therefore, that some new, far-reaching legislation would be suggested, and the proposals of the then Attorney-General, Sir Garfield Barwick, provided some basis for a comprehensive new Act. The new Act was to be based on a case-by-case interpretation which would allow certain specified practices (registerable) and certain other activities (for example monopolization and price cutting) to be prohibited per se. These proposals were designed to encourage voluntary registration of agreements, and to reduce to a minimum the amount of cases which must be examined. They also applied to vertical as well as horizontal practices. This registration scheme was without precedent. Moreover the criterion of "public interest" — that a practice is only ruled against if the Tribunal is satisfied it substantially lessens competition — was made more precise.

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Concrete Pipes and Beyond

An opportunity arose for the McMahon government to put teeth into the Trade Practices Act in 1971, when the High Court and the Chief Justice, Sir Garfield Barwick (Strickland v. Concrete Pipes Ltd (1971)), held the entire Act to be invalid for constitutional reasons. Parliament, however, chose not to capitalize on this opportunity.

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Aware of the constitutional uncertainty of the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, the Board noted the possible use of Section 92D of the Broadcasting Act (1954) which limits overseas holdings in local companies. The divestiture and divestment proposals were similar to those of the US legislation. However, the Labor government has, nevertheless, steered through Parliament what has been called in many quarters the most important piece of legislation regulating the conduct of business ever to have been enacted in Australia. The Trade Practices Act of 1974, which fundamentally changes the law on restrictive trade practices and establishes a new agency, the Trade Practices Commission, is part of a new Act making the following practices unlawful: (Section 49); and mergers (Section 50).
The Commission is empowered to grant authorizations for contracts, arrangements and understandings (other than price fixing of goods) which may be considered as having the effect of substantially lessening competition in a market. It is also empowered to grant authorizations for arrangements which, in the circumstances, would be likely to have the effect of substantially lessening competition in a market for goods or services.

Further, the Commission has the power to grant authorizations in the circumstances in which they are justified given all the circumstances. This private right makes the new Act a substantial benefit to the public, and in all the circumstances they are justified.

The Wealth which came from growing industries in the world has been used in the film industry. The wealth which came from the film industry has been used to control and to set up a new distribution system. Village through Roadshow had access to product. The deal has certainly tie their interests to Village Theatres. I did not mean the word "forced" to be used in a strictly literal way. The Capitol could not get product by reason of the agreement. However, its interest in the Swanston Cinema.

In addition to the rights granted in the Competition Act, the Act also provides for penalties for contravention of Part IV restrictive trade practices sections discussed. The penalties are $50,000 fine per offence for an individual, and the Director of Trade Practices can also authorise a company to be enjoined from engaging in such a practice. If an infringement of Section 46 of the Act has far-reaching implications for the independent film producer as well, and might well be invoked by an enterprising commentator, the Director of Trade Practices can also authorize a company to be enjoined from engaging in such a practice.

The Capital employed 268-2 238-1 n.a. In 1970, 75% of The Rank Organisation's post-tax profit was £637,038,000. In the last few years, the company has been rationalising its operations. In 1970, 75% of the company's shares were held by the Rank Organisation. The company has been active in the leisure industry, which is one of the fastest growing industries in the world. The company's chief executive and chairman, is a member of the Australian Federal Parliament. Mr. Giuseppe is a solicitor, and 7th largest non-life insurance company in this country. Practical Theatres were forced to cease operations. The wealth which came from growing industries in the world has been used to control and to set up a new distribution system. Village through Roadshow had access to product. The deal has certainly tie their interests to Village Theatres. I did not mean the word "forced" to be used in a strictly literal way. The Capitol could not get product by reason of the agreement. However, its interest in the Swanston Cinema.
Jack Thompson is, first and foremost, a film actor. Apart from a year of classes with the Ensemble Theatre in Sydney, he has had no formal training.

Thompson began acting professionally in 1967 during the pioneer days of Australian television drama, and appeared in a number of series including *Skippy*, *Motel* and the long-running *Riptide*.

In 1969 he played his first film role (which he describes as "third heavy from the left") in *Girl from Peking*.

Then, in 1970, he landed the lead role in a new popular television series, *Spyforce*. At the same time he also appeared in episodes of *Homicide* and *Division Four* for Crawford Productions.

By now Thompson was emerging as a strong actor, able to play a natural Australian character on the screen. In the face of the stranglehold American television series had over the Australian audience this ability gained him considerable recognition.

In 1970 he was given his first role in a major feature film — Ted Kotcheff's *Wake in Fright* — which gave him the opportunity to work with an experienced feature film cast and crew.

Soon after, Thompson widened his television experience through parts in *Matlock Police*, *Boney* and *Ryan*; and in the following year he was cast in a major role in a segment of the Australian feature *Libido*.

In 1974 he played the title role in Tim Burstall's *Petersen* — his first feature film lead. The ensuing publicity made his name a household word.

Since then Thompson has played the lead role in the South Australian Film Corporation production *Sunday Too Far Away*, and recently completed *Scobie Malone* for Kingcroft Productions.

With the release of *Sunday Too Far Away* he has achieved a status rare among Australian actors, and his appearance in a film can now be a major factor in its box-office performance.

In eight years of wide-ranging experience, Thompson has worked with most major local directors and has personally experienced the 'renaissance' of the Australian film industry.

The following interview was conducted by Sue Adler and Steve MacLean after the premiere screening of *Sunday Too Far Away* at the Sydney Film Festival. Thompson begins by giving his impressions of some of the directors he has worked with.
My first real film role was in *Wake in Fright*. It was a director's film and Kotcheff was very dynamic in the way he directed my performance. Working with Ken Hannam was equally exciting but in another way. Ken provided an aura of calm around the camera and around the scene. That was his dynamic. It made it very easy to flow, very easy to work. In that way Ken was inspirational, but not as aggressive as Kotcheff, not as Machiavellian in his manipulation of a performance. Ken employs a different directing style. I prefer an actor's director, because only with an actor's director like Kotcheff can you find your craft. You can play your fiddle, play sweet tunes to impress people, but the only time you play better is when there is someone there saying: "Listen, I know something about fiddles, mate, and you're not reaching high C. You're just below it." He knows mechanically what the task of acting is.

Do you think you have to travel overseas to work with actors-directors like Kotcheff?

No, no. I don't think I'll have to leave the country to do it, although I would like to be given the opportunity to work with people outside Australia, because we've made so few films.

In Australia we're not aware of cinematic style in practical terms. But if you've been making films for five or ten years there's no effort, no self-consciousness about how long you've been doing it.

The last film I worked on was *Scobie Malone* with Casey Robinson. *Scobie* is a straightforward detective film belonging to a recognizable genre, and it will be full of the style of that genre.

Casey was on the set just about all the time, and you were always aware he was there. But he never got in the way. He produced the film in the true sense of the word, riding it all the way. He was the critic on matters of style and taste, and he wasn't afraid to look at something he'd done and say: "Jesus, no way."

Now in Australia, even our wisest filmmaker would have had many qualms about reversing a decision in the middle of making a film. We have to concentrate on keeping a hold on it — keeping it together.

Do you think we need co-productions like "Wake in Fright" to help Australian filmmakers develop more expertise?

One has to be very careful of co-production, though only in one sense: to make sure you're not being ripped off. Co-production is very important. Jesus! Are we going to make the classic colonial error of isolating ourselves?

Do you think that actors in Australia are subjected to the rigors of PR machinery the way they are in places where the film industry and its resources are more fully developed?

Petersen was a brilliant example of what publicity can do. It was just unbelievable. When I started Petersen I could walk down the street and I suppose a few people would have looked at me. But in the eight weeks that I was involved with Roadshow and the promotion of Petersen I couldn't walk anywhere without being recognized. It was beautifully done.

The PR in this country is fantastic. We have resources we don't even recognize. The press and the media are so available given our relatively small population. With Petersen they saturated the entire population in a two-week period. For those who set in — for example the machismo Petersen image — affect the sort of work you do?

It can be changed tomorrow. The image is made out of the work you do. If you do one role, and do it well — and there are a number of roles around like that — then producers and directors, particularly producers, are notoriously conservative when it comes to making decisions about casting. They will always use someone who has done that sort of thing well before, so you end up becoming involved in an image whether you like it or not.

There was a time when no one would have cast me as a heavy — in fact on the first *Riptide* I was offered the director wanted to cast me as a heavy, but the producer said: "No, you couldn't cast him as a heavy, he's too pretty." The director
prevaled and I played my first heavy, and when they saw that they said: “By Christ! That's the character we want for that coast-guard series!” And that's how Spyforce came about.

So they see you play a rough Australian character with some veracity and that becomes the attractive thing.

But it is confining. I’ve been conscious of trying to steer my way out of type-casting to a certain extent — at least by trying to play a range of characters. But I can’t seem to escape the current filmmakers’ preoccupation with the proletarian Australian — which is not necessarily a preoccupation of mine.

Although, of course, I couldn’t have played the Petersen character without some understanding of what he was into, some understanding of what he was reacting to and what his values were. They are not unfamiliar to me in this society. They are, however, unattractive to me.

Initially, does the saleability of a film project attract you?

Film that is involved with the vox populi always appeals to me. I don’t particularly want to know about anything unless it does have audiences. If I wanted to be involved in film regardless of audience, then I would involve myself in experimental filmmaking where I could indulge whatever particular intellectual or fantastic wishes I might have.

I regard being in films as being in an enormous market place where there are lots of people selling their wares — themselves. To survive, you have to want to survive, you have to be able to sell yourself. Make no bones about it; to say that Tim Burstall is only interested in making money is absolute nonsense — to say that Tim is not interested in making money is absolute nonsense too. But in terms of his films, Tim sells what I sell, my wholeheartedness and he is wholeheartedly and imaginatively involved to the best extent when he is doing his job of directing a film.

Now whether you like his films or not, the criticism must not come in terms of whether you like what he sees or projects, you must understand that what he sees and projects is what he believes people want to see projected. I don’t think for one moment, having worked with Tim, that any one of his films is not an honest statement of what he honestly believes.

I personally find Tony Petersen rather vulgar in a gothic sort of way. In fact I think perhaps that is the reason Tim does punch people on the nose when they don’t like his film. Because somewhere, the Petersens — the vulgar gothic heroes — really are Tim’s heroes.

A lot of people are hailing “Sunday Too Far Away” as one of the best Australian films ever made. How do you feel about that?

It probably is.

How did you react to the cuts in “Sunday Too Far Away”?

Sunday was originally a brilliant story which would have at least made a three or four-hour film. But the script had to be cut out of it, and it was put together with a great deal of love for the story. It eventually turned out — and it certainly did honor the original — but it was two hours long.

Since then it’s been cut back to 90 minutes. There were a lot of people who were involved in the making of the film who expected it to look a lot different to the one that was finally shown.

Were you one of them?

Yes, I think that perhaps all the cast were, I think they are all pretty happy with the film though.

Not many Australian directors seem to have the final cut.

No, the industry isn’t rich enough for that. We don’t have any directors like Kubrick, for example, who any number of producers are willing to back. That just doesn’t happen here.

We have to have very carefully controlled film production because we’re so aware of the possibility of making mistakes — the whole damn thing has to work every time.

Until we learn to write off a few films with some sort of dignity, then we’re not in a position to have that sort of freedom. I don’t think we can write off our failures with any kind of dignity because as soon as we have one or two, our tails are between our legs and we’re pretending it hasn’t happened.

Let the film have its faults — let’s not find ourselves in a position where we believe the only films worth making are perfect ones — if we do that we’re only fooling ourselves. Nine films out of ten don’t work anywhere for anyone.

It’s a difficult problem because everyone wants to make the best film possible. Peter Whittle was talking to Ted Kotcheff, and he asked: “What are you going to do if the film doesn’t turn out as you want it to?” Kotcheff replied: “What would I do? I would make another film.” If we make errors on the way, all right — for God’s sake we’re still learning to make films.

I think Grotowski once said that the only step worth making in artistic endeavor is the grand gesture, and that it should be a wholehearted statement. If you blow it you fall flat on your face, and if you can’t take falling on your face you shouldn’t be in the public artistic arena. If the thing works, then you’ve made a significant step in your artistic endeavor.

I must say that the features I’ve worked on were all grand gestures in their way. Petersen — whether it succeeds or fails — was a grand gesture in that particular area. Now whether a film succeeds or fails is ultimately of less importance than the wholeheartedness that went into making it.

Of course it’s not sufficient to be wholehearted; a considerable amount of skill is needed as well. I would hope that we can learn that skill along the way — supported by our wholeheartedness. That will at least not make us hopelessly depressed by our failures and the errors we’re bound to make. If anyone’s got a quid, let them put that into it.

What do you think of the general state of the industry at the moment?

The film industry, along with a lot of other industries, is experiencing a generally depressed financial climate. I said two years ago when the first waves came that I thought we only had two years — and if the government changed back, then that would be about all we’d have.

Lots of people see the industry as having floundered on the rocks or something. We were all a bit elated by the sudden boom and we feel that the waves should be crashing all the time. We have to be able to ride it out. For people to be talking about the beginning and the end of the Australian film industry in a two-year period is panicky and very negative. I gets a bit hard and people start saying that the ship is sinking. It’s not sinking — it’s just not riding as high and dry as it was.

If we can’t weather the economic storm then we’re not likely to become viable.

But films like “Alvin Purple” and “Petersen” are commercially successful.

Yes, and certainly things will revive enormously with the success of a few more. I think Sunday looks like being a success, and in terms of financial returns Scobie Malone is bound to be too.

FILMOGRAPHY

(credits include)

Television
1968 Motel, Silo 15
1969 Riptide, Woobinda, Skippy
1970 Homicide, Division 4, The Rovers, Spyforce (regular lead)
1971 Spyforce (regular lead)
1972 Matlock, The Evil Touch, Boney, Behind the Legend, Homicide, Line Haul
1973 Elephant Boy, Jill Perryman Show, Matlock, Ryan, Homicide

Stage
1969 Hamlet (part of Claudius) for the Union Theatre
Nicotra
1969 Girl from Peking
1970 Wake in Fright
1972 L’Hôte
1974 Petersen, Sunday Too Far Away
1975 Scobie Malone
The 1973 Tariff Board Report on Motion Pictures and Television proposed a series of blueprints for multi-national exhibitors and distributors to put their houses in order. Although the major recommendations of the report — concerning divorcement and divestiture — have been indefinitely shelved by the Labor government, Hoyts Theatres Ltd., The Greater Union Organisation and Village Theatres Ltd., the three main exhibition groups in Australia, have set themselves to a major re-examination of their purpose and function in the Australian film industry.

This re-examination, and its results, is of immense importance to local producers because distributors, with the exception of Roadshow, BEF and Filmways, have stolidly and steadfastly set their head against investment in local production. Thus many producers will find themselves — like Michael Thornhill with *Between Wars* or Margaret Fink with *The Removalists* — either dealing directly with exhibitors or, even assuming their film picks up a distributor at the end of production, liaising extremely closely with the distributor's chosen exhibitor to make sure it is not just 'thrown away'.

*Cinema Papers* contributing editor Antony I. Ginnane interviewed John Mostyn, newly-appointed managing director of Hoyts Theatres; David Williams, general manager, Theatres Division, of Greater Union Theatres; and Graham Burke, managing director of Village Theatres.

Similar questions were asked in each interview in an attempt to find out where this re-examination has led them. A short history of each of the three companies appears before each interview.

It should be noted that sections of these interviews were conducted by written question and answer. In several instances answers to questions have become statements on a particular area of policy, operation or concern.
Hoyts Theatres was founded in 1908 by a Melbourne dentist, Dr Arthur Russell, with the renovation of an old hall in Bourke St. Melbourne which he called the Hoyts De Luxe Theatre, and the formation of a company called Hoyts Pictures. The venture was successful and expanded to Melbourne suburbs and the city of Sydney by the end of World War 1.

In 1926, Hoyts Pictures merged with Electric Theatres and J. C. William­son's Films, a combine of Sir George Tassis and former projectionist Frank Thring Snr. The new company, Hoyts Theatres Ltd., quickly expanded and within two years built large cinema complexes in four States.

In 1932, after heavy buying on the stock market, the Fox Film Corporation (now Twentieth Century-Fox) became the major shareholder and provided finance for Hoyts to expand all over Australia.

During the fifties Hoyts completely re-equipped for CinemaScope, Cinemascope and 70mm, and, in 1954 began drive-in operations (opening Australia's first drive-in at Burwood, Victoria). The advent of television, however, forced Hoyts to rationalise its activities and many of the chain's suburban theaters were sold.

In the early sixties Hoyts began a multi-million dollar modernisation and replacement program, which is still continuing. With six new theaters in Melbourne, seven to come in Sydney, two in Perth and three in Adelaide, Hoyts is arguably Australia's best first release chain and a potential goldmine for local producers whose product is competitive.

**Exhibition Trends**

Hoyts is firmly of the belief that a large proportion of audience over twenty-five years of age has been lost to the film industry and must be recovered. With this in mind, and for general marketing information, we have initiated a series of studies by Dr A. E. Meadows, formerly University of NSW into patterns of filmgoing, and in 1954 began drive-in operations (opening Australia's first drive-in at Burwood, Victoria). The advent of television, however, forced Hoyts to rationalise its activities and many of the chain's suburban theaters were sold.

We intend to engage much more heavily in market research than appears to have previously been the case in the film industry, and we hope that we will have an informed and logical reason for every move we make in future.

We will be actively co-operating with the Worker's Education Association and education groups generally on ways to best utilise our suburban theaters, which are practically empty these days except on Saturday nights. Many of our new theater installations will have 16mm facilities and the new 'mini' Cinema 6 we are building in the foyer of the Mid City complex in Melbourne will be similarly equipped.

As for shorts, good shorts — local or otherwise — are hard to find, but we are continually on the lookout and would welcome film producers approaching us with featurettes. We are attempting to encourage distributors to recognise the drawing power of an outside supporting program and we see this as an important area for an emerging production industry to try out its wings.

Theater expenses in our modernised complexes in Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth, and especially in our old theaters in Sydney — which the Trocadero complex will replace — are today such that we do not emerge from a fiscal year with vast sums of profit from film screening. It is a myth that we are a hugely profitable organisation, particularly by any measurement of return on current value of assets, or even on funds invested. In fact takings from concessions at our theaters often provide us with our only profit. This is a reflection of the inflation of costs in a labor-intensive industry, which not only directly affect Hoyts but are passed back to us by our film suppliers by way of substantially increased film hire terms.

**Twentieth Century-Fox**

Twentieth Century-Fox does not attempt to influence our day to day trading policies and decisions. We operate on an annual budget which is mutually agreed, and that is the control which Fox expects Hoyts to observe. Of course they expect a reasonable dividend. We need to refer back to Fox if we wish to significantly deviate from budget in a given area. We neither give, nor as a rule receive, any special privileges from Fox here.

Hoyts' image, I would agree, has an air of 'wholesomeness' about it and we will continue to maintain our high standards of film selection. However we are under no obligation to take all or any film Fox offers us. Fox film represents no more than an average of approximately 25% of our gross receipts per annum. This year, for instance, Fox represents only 11% of our receipts.

**Distribution Trends**

We are pleased with the growth of independent distribution outfits in this country in the last few years. With 7 Keys Films, we have competed successfully for the release of much of their film through us. 7 Keys was a success which was only due in part to its promotions, which are always uniquely creative and imaginative.

Similarly, Robert Ward and Filmways have become an important resource. However all decisions made here about film buying from the distributors are made strictly competitively, on the basis of the quality and saleability of the film itself and the terms on which we may buy it. We have no franchises or pre-agreements.

Distributors such as Fox not infrequently choose to sell to us because of our marketing and retail expertise. This shows up in an attractive gross return on their film.

**Trade Practices Act**

I totally agree with any legislation the purpose of which is to eliminate unfair or repressive trade practices. I am as strongly believe that the purpose of this legislation was not to correct any injustice by the creation of new or different injustices. I know that Hoyts does not trade unfairly in any way. Hoyts cannot be considered a monopoly, any more than any other major retailer of consumer goods or services in Australia is a monopoly.

It is true that the Twentieth Century-Fox distribution organisation, which is separate from Hoyts and autonomous in Australia, tends to prefer Hoyts for the first release of Fox product, but this is on competitive grounds.

Our terms for film hire of local products are directly in line with those we pay for film from any source and are better than for many foreign releases. Not only have we promoted the fair entry of local film into the market but have encouraged such entry, often at great cost to us.
The Greater Union Organisation's corporate origins lie with three pioneer companies of film exhibition and production: Spencer's Theatrescope Company; West Pictures and Amalgamated Pictures Ltd. These companies merged in 1911 to form Union Theatres Ltd., and its production arm, Australian Films.

Between 1915 and 1929, Union Theatres built up a network of theaters, constructing cinemas like the Crystal Palace and the Capitol in Sydney for the exclusive screening of films. But the Depression and the necessity to wire for sound hit hard. In fact the market value of Union Theatres' shares on the exchange was completely wiped out and unfriendly banks forced them into liquidation.

Greater Union Theatres Pty. Ltd. was formed from the ruins. It immediately linked with Hoyts Theatres forming General Theatres Corporation, in an effort to stabilize film-buying and to standardize economic methods of operation. The outlook, however, remained bleak.

In June 1973, Stuart Doyle resigned as chairman of Greater Union and was replaced by the dynamic young accountant Norman B. Rydge. From January 1938, Greater Union went their own way again, and Rydge set about re-establishing the company's credit standing and restoring morale in the organization to allay shareholders' fears. Rydge built up a lavish collection of theater real estate and ended the Greater Union Organisation's involvement in film production with the closing of Cinemas as a feature unit in 1940. After the war Greater Union continued expanding its interstate interests. In 1947 it acquired the Clifford circuit in South Australia, and in the fifties it aligned itself with Birch, Carroll and Coyle in Queensland and Ace Theatres in Western Australia to create a national chain.

A spurge of theater remodelling and rebuilding in the late fifties and early sixties, coupled with investment in drive-ins, successfully combated the debilitating effects of TV. At the same time the distribution arm of Greater Union, British Empire Films (BEF), also widened its activities and began buying films from all over the world.

In the sixties, Village Theatres sold an interest in its organization to Greater Union, which is now in a very healthy state and has paid regular dividends to its shareholders since 1944.

Exhibition Trends

The Theatre Division of Greater Union is a new entity, and there has been a big changeover in manpower. If you look at the Theatre Division, the controllers of film-buying, advertising, theaters and merchandising are all young men. There is now a completely different attitude to films at Greater Union; everybody that works at the head of a department now has to be a film buff.

New attitudes are also being developed towards local production: Greater Union made a special deal directly with Michael Thornhill for Between Wars, BEF has recently finished The Man From Hong Kong. Stone has, or will I believe, cover complete production costs; and Greater Union is now a partner in Picnic at Hanging Rock, with the South Australian Film Corporation and the Australian Film Development Corporation (AFDC). BEF will distribute Picnic at Hanging Rock, but Picnic Productions have the rights for the rest of the world. It will be promoted and shown throughout the Greater Union Organisation. All our people are really involved in this project. We are not knockers of Australian production, in fact we are enthusiastic to find the right subjects.

In the sixties we were basically engaged in remodelling our old theaters.

However, it is now that we are going into our big building stage. We are starting triplexes in Sydney, Wollongong and Newcastle. We have finished a triple in Brisbane and a twin in Canberra, and we are finishing a quad in Adelaide. The last step will be a six-theater complex in Melbourne.

Is any consideration being given to 16mm facilities, bearing in mind that a good number of Australian independent films are being made in 16mm?

I have very strong feelings on 16mm, because I believe 16mm is an inferior gauge . . . and 35mm is inferior to 70mm and so on. I feel a first class theatrical presentation should be in 35mm. That is the professional medium after all.

This, of course, can make it a little difficult for many Australian short filmmakers. It is impossible for them to get government assistance to blow-up to 35mm. I am thinking of all the film material that is in the Vincent Library, some of which Village are now screening in Melbourne.

Tim Burstall recently presented us with two shorts, one made last year and one made the year before: Three Old Friends and The Hot Centre of the World. We are playing both with Petersen at the moment, but reaction is not good. They are getting a worse reception than a travel film that has been promoted.

Local Production

"The Man From Hong Kong" was a co-production with Golden Harvest, and a corporation called The Movie Company. Is The Movie Company a Sydney version of Hexagon?

In a nutshell it is rather similar, but it will certainly never become a Hexagon.

What sort of a deal exists between Golden Harvest and The Movie Company on "The Man From Hong Kong"?

It's a straight out 50-50 deal.

Many people in the industry are worried about the tendency of Australian production budgets to creep up and up. Hexagon say they won't fund a production that couldn't, on conservative film hire estimates, recoup its production investment in Australia. Do you endorse that or do you see the international market easier to get into than they do?

Take The Man From Hong Kong for example: with Kung Fu and Jimmy Wang you have a market throughout Asia, particularly with Golden Harvest handling it. Ahh Purple, Barry McKenzie and White Mob are of solely Australian appeal. You have to start to take risks outside the Australian market.

Picnic at Hanging Rock could be the first big breakthrough. I think it will be more of an international production, particularly because Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard are playing two of the lead roles. I also think — and I read a lot of screenplays—that Cliff Green's screenplay is one of the best I have read. I believe this one has a chance.

But even so the budget will be around $400,000. I wouldn't want to see it go much over that because we are still taking a risk on its acceptance overseas.

It wouldn't be impossible to recoup that $400,000 from the Australian market. It would only need a box-office of about $1.75 million.

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VILLAGE Graham Burke

Village Theatres began operations as an entity in 1954 when Roc Kirby, Bill Spencer and Ted Alexander opened their first drive-in at Croydon, Victoria. The Kirby group had operated a circuit of hard top theaters in the forties, but none of the partners had in fact ever seen a drive-in. Initial plans were therefore based on imagination and photographs from trade papers.

The theater was an immediate success and attracted a huge family audience. Village opened further drive-ins at Rowville and Essendon, and in the country at Hamilton, Wangaratta and Stawell, and in Launceston, Tasmania.

In 1957-58, Village received a major setback as television began to seriously affect the suburban drive-ins. However, TV was not introduced to country areas until 1960, and the overall trading of the group, therefore, remained satisfactory.

The credit squeeze of the early sixties saw a drying-up of risk capital available for expansion, and a general lack of confidence in the film industry caused by the traumatic effects of the closures of so many suburban theaters. It was at this time that Roc Kirby formed a partnership with Greater Union to establish a drive-in theater at Geelong. This partnership proved so successful that it was extended to other areas, and by purchasing a one-third interest in Village Theatres, Greater Union provided an infusion of capital to enable a fast expansion into new locations. During this period, individual theaters of the Woodrow circuit were offered to Village, and the Rivoli Twin cinemas were developed.

Roadshow was started in 1968 with a few drive-in films and the acquisition of the re-issue rights of South Pacific. These films were so successful that Roadshow was able to obtain a franchise for American International Pictures, giving the company access to a continuing line-up of product.

Simultaneously, Village increased its theater holdings, and with the completion of a twin cinema complex at Double Bay in Sydney, the group was in a position to offer producers a viable third circuit release in the two principal cities. Soon after, with the establishment of a luxury twin complex in Brisbane, the network was widened, providing Village with an independent third national circuit.

Exhibition Trends

The seventies will probably see further expansion into suburban areas with a return to neighborhood houses and local filmgoing. As part of this, drive-ins will probably continue to expand.

Sex movies will inevitably run their race as the public tires of their feast of the forbidden apple, and it won't be long before audiences will go back to the drive-ins where couples copulate on the screen. Out of context sex will become boring because it was never meant as a spectator sport — except for a small coterie of lonely old men.

Throughout the seventies, Village will continue to expand. This will include further expansion with the Dendy organization, following the successful establishment of the Dendy, Lonsdale St. This venture was of mutual advantage because we felt at the time that Dendy had access to more specialized films than we did. Consequently, with the availability of Filmways or Dendy film, Village is ensured of being more successful.

Warner Brothers

With the increase in operational overheads in distribution, and the general shrinking of the market due to television, the seventies saw major curtailment in the number of drive-in heads in all countries. Warner Brothers' Bur-bank executives were impressed with Roadshow's ability to promote films. It was primarily due to this, and a desire to cut costs, that a climate was created, whereby Roadshow was able to take over the American Warner distribution in Australia.

Distribution Trends

The American Film Theater is for Roadshow the most exciting challenge in 1975. It represents the biggest single investment in our company's history. We believe that the American Film Theater is the right format to reach the big audience for quality films that has previously been unavailable because of high promotional costs. The second season of the American Film Theater in the U.S. is even more exciting and we look forward to a big future in this area.

The term 'art' films today has almost become meaningless but our interest is to continue with strong emphasis in this area, and we have recently acquired a group of films, including Costa-Gavras' Special Product S, the French film Violon Du Bal, and Sweet Movie.

Roadshow policy to always release films of quality in a subtitled version and never dubbed. This, of course, is with the exception of Westerns and films meant for broad appeal to the public.

We also see Australian films as a very significant part of the local distribution scene in the future.

Roadshow-Village's relationship with Greater Union during the period has been a happy one, with Greater Union maintaining the third interest that they acquired in the early sixties. Roadshow, however, has since developed a further relationship with Greater Union as a distributor-exhibitor, but on a non-exclusive basis.

Roadshow has also sub-distributed through Bur-bank, Carroll and Coyle, and Air New Zealand and Queensland and Western Australia respectively, in an endeavour to offset high distribution costs.

Local Production

For Roadshow, Stork proved an extremely beneficial distribution experience. It showed in practical terms that good profits could be made from Australian films. At first Roadshow had rejected Stork. However, Tim Burstall's experiences in four-wall screenings quickly convinced the company of the film's potential, and subsequent distribution proved profitable to both Roadshow and Burstall. This gave Roadshow the encouragement to enter local production and a determination to be successful.

Hexagon Productions was created 50 per cent between Roadshow Productions and 50 per cent between Tim Burstall, Robin Copping and David Bilcock. The philosophy of the company was to create a continuing film production organization. It produced Alvin Purple, and before this was even completed, it produced Petersen. These films were followed by Alvin Rides Again, The Love Epidemic, Australia After Dark and the recently completed End Play.

Tim Burstall is chairman of Hexagon and Alvin Finney is its executive director. Complete authority for decisions concerning what the company will produce is vested in their hands.

It is our philosophy at Roadshow that a production company cannot be successful without distribution and marketing expertise. However, we believe that the distribution people should be the minority part of the team when it comes to making final decisions on productions. We can rant, rave, yell and steam, but finally the decision on what will be made must be vested with the creative people.

We hope, however, that our commercial appreciation will help in assessing their judgments, and might even result in a line-up designed on a 'one for me' basis. But we will only be successful with the right men as head of production. I believe that with Burstall and Finney at the head of Hexagon production, we are assured of a long and successful future.

Hexagon, I would hope, has no set or rigid policy of what it will produce and will always retain flexibility as its credo. I think we have demonstrated this to date with films as diverse as Alvin Purple, Petersen and, more importantly, End Play, which I think will be a very strong film if it can overcome Bur-stall's problem of producing sexy films, because this is a first-rate gripping suspense drama that could be compared to early Hitchcock or even the film Sleuth.

The development of a sophisticated and successful approach to overseas selling is vital to the success of the Australian production industry. There is no reason why Australian films cannot be successful in the world market.

The only limitation is our ability to produce and sell our product. It is possible to sell some films to television, but probably the best potential lies in the theatrical market. Alvin Purple was made as a domestic Australian production, and the fact that we have been able to achieve good sales in the U.S. and Britain, and have prospects for a number of other markets, is encouraging. Our philosophy at this time in selling overseas is to obtain, at all times, an advance of money up front, because this provides a real incentive for distributors to work hard on the product concerned.

Trade Practices Act

I don't believe Roadshow-Warners in any way constitute a monopolization of the market, because there are still six very vigorous and highly competitive opposition distribution companies. Furthermore, it is a matter of fact that the only time Roadshow has broken the Act, for the most part, would not be necessary in an industry that exercised restraint and intelligence.

"Franchising" has essentially been out of vogue for some time, although we still tend to follow fairly traditional routes. However, it has been Roadshow policy right from the beginning to sell its films wherever it felt best for the producers concerned. Right now we are playing films in Greater Union, Hoyts, Dendy and independents, as well as our own theaters.

Continued on page 187
CANNES 75

Antony I. Ginnane

The international film festival held yearly at Cannes is in a sense at least five festivals in one. There is the official festival which screens in the main theatre on the Croisette, and which this year included titles like The Day of the Locust, Tommy, Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, and Yuppi Du. This is a prestigious event inasmuch as the producers and/or distributors of the entrants (and in some cases the government of the producer's country) tend to use it as a showcase for themselves and their stars. As a result, films entered in the official festival generally pick up distributors. Secondly, there is the Quinzaine des Réalisateurs (the 'Director's Fortnight') which began as a counter festival after the May 1968 student-worker 'revolution' in France. It is now a well organized presentation of films of generally from the producers of the Festival, and of course at its Quinzaine screenings Sunday Too Far Away played to full houses.

The Official Festival

Many of the films in the official festival have either opened, or are about to open in Australia. So while Fosse's Lenny, Antonioni's Professor Reporter, (The Passenger), Scorsese's Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore and Russell's Tommy would be worthy of note, and discussion I will pass on to other entries. In my opinion the best film of the official festival was Joseph Losey's The Romantic Englishwoman, a visually sumptuous and often stunning triptych. Michael Caine and Glenda Jackson fight off ennui by preying on each other's suspicions, while Helmut Berger - re-working the Mia Farrow role in Secret Ceremony - divides the household and eventually splits it. Losey's irony is that the Berger character is living on borrowed time himself and the conclusion has the right measure of pessimism and hope.

But first a note for the Australian daily press, which seemed to concentrate itself on denigrating the Australian fledgling industry's involvement. To those journalists who continue to note that Australian films were screened in 'back street theaters', I would point out that 80 per cent of all films shown at Cannes screen in back street theaters, and that of the 31 cinemas in Cannes, 28 are in the back streets off the Croisette.

And to those journalists who made a to-do of the fact that Tim Burstall's Petersen attracted only 20 people at the first of a series of Australian screenings, I would point out that this screening was a try-out preceding the festival's official opening and that most subsequent screenings of the 15 or more local films on view averaged crowds of around 100 (a good average figure for Market screenings).

The Untranslatable Les Yeux Fertiles was a daily intermediate feature in the main festival building. This section concerned itself with film versions of other media works and included Bergman's opera film The Magic Flute, as well as two American Film Theater productions of Galileo, directed by Joseph Losey, and The Moods, directed by Roger Corman. This was a new section this year and was well received.

By far the most popular segment of the festival is the Film Market section. The Market comprises single and multiple screenings of films of all kinds, presented by their producers, agents or occasionally by their governments (as was the case with the Canadians, Swedish and French) or a combination of both (the Australians).

Entries range from masterpieces (Orson Welles' F For Fake), to commercially-exploitable sex x violence - notably mediumcore and hard-core porn, which this year made up a fair segment of Market entries.

I propose to comment briefly on highlights of each of these sections as well as discussing the measure of success of the Australian participation this year.

The other major item and probably the most widely praised critically, was the new Werner Herzog film The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser starring Bruno S as a sort of incarcerated 'wild child'. Herzog's film examines the deadening powers of bureaucratic authority and the viciousness of society's repressions in a witty and often moving fashion.

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The Quinzaine

Tobe Hooper's "The Texas Chain Saw Massacres"' life cinema violence to a level that will be hard to top in this post-Warhol Dracula-Frankenstein age. The film's brilliance, like Spielberg's achievement in "Jaws," is its continued maintenance of suspense. By being plunged into violence in the film's early stages, the audience cringes at the expectation of what is to come. Here a demented group of "Okies" mutilate a party of picnicking kids, killing a wheelchair-bound cripple. Once employed by the abattoirs and fired when the plant automated, these violent cretins wage war against the machine age by butchering those who stray into their farmland.

Hooper's imagery — especially a high silhouette in long-shot of one of the cretins chasing a picnicker, the night sky lit by the white trace of smoke from the chain saw and the sound of grandiose, screaming mechanical whine — is superb. Hooper rubs our noses in his gore and the effect is riveting.

Robert Kramer, a former associate of the New Left Group and the director of "Ice" and "The Edge," has been working for three years on his 200-minute summation of American political history since 1968. Roughly presented in documentary style, "Milestones" is a sort of underground version of "The Trial of Billy Jack," a causes film. Often rambling and diffuse, but frequently moving, "Milestones" vindicates the views of Kramer and his associates and endorses their claims about American imperialism at home and abroad.

The Taviani brothers' "Allonsanfan" is an historical chamberpiece about errant revolution with a rousing score by Ennio Morricone that manages to overlay the film's often glib posturing.

Ken Hannam's "Sunday Too Far Away," certainly well received by the European critics at the festival, has pretentions to a definitive treatise on class interaction and working class life strung together as a parable-comment on the United States today. Whether it succeeded in putting pigophia on the map or not is a moot point. It certainly had its director thrown out of the Martinez Hotel for dragging a pig on a leash around with him. The wildly black humor of "Vase de Noces" certainly vindicates the oddball subject matter.

Other titles screened at the Critics Week included "A Version of D. L. Laing's Knots" by British filmmaker David Munro. A sort of musical/theater event with a Pink Floyd soundtrack, "Knots" was diverting for its 60-old oddities. Fabio Carp's "Italian Peace Summer," however, was a heavy and pretentious dissertation on death and old age.

Les Yeux Fertiles

Little more than reference material appeared at "Les Yeux Fertiles." Bergman's "The Magic Flute" seemed to be a routine recording of the Mozart opera, and Losey's "Galileo" was overshadowed by his other festival offering, "The Romantic Englishwoman." Galileo is greatly inferior; a mishmash of Accident and Figures in a Landscape. Topoli, however, does give a more restrained performance than usual and all credit to Losey for that.

Christopher Miles who made "The Virgin and the Gypsy" some time back presented — for the second series of The American Film Theater — a version of Genet's The Maids with Glenda Jackson and Susannah York. Both actresses give amazing performances; screaming and frothing at each other in a perverted comment on Albee that leaps in half a dozen directions. Miles' handling of the material however is stagey and routine.

The Market

Orson Welles' "F for Fake," examining the very basis of aesthetic and financial judgments by so-called experts.

The highlight of the Film Market this year was Orson Welles' "F For Fake," a film impossibly to do justice to after a single viewing. Ostensibly a comment on the lives and lifestyles of two inhabitants of the Spanish island of Ibiza — Clifford Irving of Howard Hughes fame, and Elmyr de Hory, the celebrated art forger — Welles in fact examines his views on cinema, his own films, and the aesthetic and financial judgments made by so-called experts... and by implication his own status as a filmmaker.

The usual cavalcade of sex and violence was also on view. France's lifting of restrictions on hard-core porn meant a diverse selection of Gallic offerings on view for the first time. None were of note. Dutch filmmaker Leo van den Broek's "Eighteen," filmed on the beach, was a routine one-character film.

A Hong Kong kung fu release, "The Streetfighter," directed by Shin-Siro Ozawa held the list of offensive gore. Mark Lester's "Truck Stop Women," a personal favorite, featured at several screenings and the director was in attendance. Also of note was Russ Meyer's "The Nude Peace Summer," a sort of photo-competition film (photographed by Doug Knapp) and "Death Race 2000," a new Corman New World action film.

The Australian Representation

This year the Media Department and the Australian Film Development Corporation organized an official delegation to the Festival which was endorsed by the Department of Overseas Trade for recognition under the Export Market Development Grants Act. This meant that participating filmmakers are able to recoup either monies advanced to them by the AFDC (this was done in about a dozen cases) or from their own funds.

Not all participating filmmakers were happy with the manner in which the representatives of the Media Department and the AFDC conducted themselves at Cannes, nor with the Canadian-like "umbrella" structure of the delegation in general.

No doubt they will be putting their own views publicly and privately before 1976. Let us hope they are consulted for their views and experience, unlike the two or three Australians present at Cannes in 1974 whose views were not canvassed by Media Department officials.

The films themselves performed as anyone with any knowledge of world markets would have expected them to. Brian Trenchard-Smith's "action film," "The Man from Hong Kong" was a smash hit and sold in almost every market. Smith's ability to direct action is — on the evidence of Man from Hong Kong — world class. Richard Franklin's "True Story of Eskimos From Chaos," a low-budget film, found a market in territories save South Africa (censorship problems) and some foreign language markets. Stone, Plugg and Inn of the Damned, picked up a couple of territories each. Tim Burstall's "Petersen" will be the first Australian film to be distributed by a major group in the United States. Sunday Too Far Away was sold to Columbia-Warner for distribution in Britain and deals were made for most territories in Europe. Between Wars, regrettably, less well received than Sunday, picked up some distribution deals. John Lamond's "Australia After Dark" was taken for the US and Britain eight weeks in advance.

Whether the exercise should be repeated again at official level is open to discussion. Certainly Australian cinema must attract both commercial and critical acceptance overseas. If it is to mature, Cannes is one way to attempt this.*
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The 1975 Melbourne and Sydney Film Festivals

While in the past the Melbourne and Sydney Film Festivals have tended to be the same festival held in two different cities, this year's events marked a shift in programming which may herald more divergent approaches to the selection of entries in future festivals.

In Melbourne this year Director Erwin Rado exclusively screened special seasons of films by Hungarian director Miklos Jancso and German films from the co-operative distribution and production organization Filmverlag der Autoren, together with a retrospective of shorts by the Polish filmmaker Piotr Kamler. Meanwhile, Sydney director David Stratton presented a special season called 'Salute to Australian Film', a retrospective of Australian filmmaking from 1911 to 1971.

Feature films screened at this year's Festivals

Films selected for the Sydney Film Festival's Salute to Australian Film appear in a special Australian feature film checklist on page 137.

Official guests at this year's Festivals

Warren Beatty: American actor-producer, who presented Shampoo
Dušan Makavejev: Yugoslav director — now working in America — who presented Sweet Movie
Philippa Mora: Australian director — working in Britain — who presented Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?
Basil Wright: British filmmaker, author and critic, who spoke on the Grierson documentary school.

In the face of criticism levelled at the festivals that their programmes are too narrow in the selection of entries, the introduction of more diverse special screenings may provide Australian audiences with a broader view of developments in world cinema.

In the Cinema Papers coverage of this year’s festivals a selection of feature films from both festivals, the documentaries of the Sydney Film Festival, the shorts of the Melbourne Festival, and the special seasons of both festivals have been reviewed.

The selection of feature films reviewed this year was guided to a large extent by the probability of a film being released in Australia in the near future. Films that have either been bought for Australian distribution or are likely to be released have not been reviewed here but will be discussed in future issues.
THE AUDIENCE
(L’Audienza)

Good jokes against religion, particularly against the Catholic Church, are in rather short supply, so for that reason alone Marco Ferreri’s The Audience would be welcome — it is an extended and very effective send-up of the Vatican as a bureaucracy. Like the later La Grande Bouffe it is a joke in what nice people would think of as poor taste, and all the more effective for it.

Amedeo is a former Italian army officer (therefore respectable), who has a message which he wants to convey personally to the Pope, and arrives for a public audience. When the officials realize that he actually wants to speak to the Pope, they give him the runaround, diverting him at first by threats and then by throwing him into the arms of a high-class prostitute who helps the Princes of the Church out in a number of ways. Frustrated at every turn, he finally dies.

It is a fable of the absolute power of bureaucratic obstruction, the impenetrability of the Church of Rome. Even when he at least whispers his message to a Monsignor at a lavish and expensive dinner given by that person, the response is tears of emotion — but he still does not get to the Pope.

The court of the Pope is full of the prelates and the prostitutes, fascist princes who entertain Portuguese paratroopers (of the old regime), monks who support Mao and sexual liberty, all handed in a manner which makes one think of Bunuel in its coolness and humour.

At the same time the Church is portrayed as a sinister monolithic bureaucracy, untouched by reform even under Big Johnny XXIII, incapable of reform, fit only for destruction, a monster of inhumanity.

Unlike Bunuel, Ferreri does not seem to be aware that we’ve probably seen some of the others and doesn’t waste footage on provoking film which avoids the pitfalls of being a ‘deviant’ and a ‘childfucker’ and the effeminate ‘Maria’ is regarded as a surrogate woman figure. Both are looked on as being out of the mainstream; an attitude which seems more closely related to generally held sexual attitudes in society.

This film doesn’t seem to accept the limitations of others of its genre. In fact it assumes that we’ve most probably seen some of the others and doesn’t waste footage on carefully explaining the full mechanics of prison society as a hierarchy built on runaround, diverting him at first by threats and then by throwing him into the arms of a high-class prostitute who helps the Princes of the Church out in a number of ways. Frustrated at every turn, he finally dies.

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This film doesn’t seem to accept the limitations of others of its genre. In fact it assumes that we’ve most probably seen some of the others and doesn’t waste footage on carefully explaining the full mechanics of prison life before getting round to making the points it wants to make.

A competent, believable and thought-provoking film which avoids the pitfalls of being one in a trend.

Jekabs Zalkans

THE CIRCUMSTANCE
(La Circostanza)

Ermanno Olmi’s latest film centers on a middle-class Italian family and the personal crises faced by each member.

Deceptively simple on the surface, The Circumstance at first appears totally pessimistic, with a cold, distant mother the apparent head of the family; her husband on the verge of losing his job in the wake of a management retraining program; a son who is more interested in electronic experimentation than serious study; and a daughter who finds her mother’s omnipresence inhibiting to her sexual awakening.

Olmi is not only interested in the dramatic situations which bring the family to the brink of disintegration, but also in the change of conditions which can just as easily act as a catalyst in the positive sense. Mother finding a temporary outlet for her affections when she cares for a road accident victim, and a baby born to the elder son and his wife, are two events which move the film onto a more sympathetic plane.

The scenes of cattle being slaughtered and the earlier hints at redundancy are allusions to the larger issues of current economic and social turmoil, which plague not only Olmi’s metaphorical family, but its equivalent throughout Western society.

Lindsay Amos
THE CONSCRIPT (De Loteling)

The film is based on a popular novel by the nineteenth-century Belgian author, Henri Conscience, and is set in one of the Flemish districts in 1833. It is only three years since the revolt that broke ties with Holland (imposed after the fall of Napoleon) and less than 24 months since the establishment of an independent kingdom. The army is raised by a form of conscription called 'De Bloedwet' (The Blood Law) by which all eligible males draw lots to see who is to be enlisted. Jan (Jan Decleir), a farmer, draws a free lot, but he is bribed by the agent of a rich man to take the place of his son; yet again avarice triumphs over good sense and Jan trots off to be a soldier leaving behind a fetching blonde girlfriend, Katrien (Anja Beenstjes) and his farm. He thus begins a positively Job-like progression through deprivation and depravity to blindness and subjugation and ultimately, through Katrien's strength and charity, to hope and faith.

It's all been lovingly filmed using impressive locations, and Roland Verhavert's direction is meticulous in its careful avoidance of any sense of superiority over the two simple and honest main characters. At no time does he allow his audience a chance to admit even a chink of cynicism into their appreciation of his film, even though to do so would ease for them some of the tension. In other words he hasn't copped out and made an escapist film of what is essentially a beautiful (but occasionally depressing) story of the indomitability of the human spirit.

Occasionally Verhavert over-reaches, as when Katrien and Jan visit a nunnery on their way home and it is all Persil-white and gleaming gilt, and populated by improbably stunningly beautiful nuns. But in the main the film is delicately handled and contains some superb atmosphere-evoking sequences, and excellent period reconstruction. The Conscript is an extremely well-made story of a run-down clock whose pendulum swings less and less each time. Despite all the associated efforts to invigorate them, man's horizons are diminishing all the time. Fear shortens the extent to which anyone is prepared to go.

Tanner's couple fails for these very reasons. Adriana, for all her probing self-analysis and independence, only ends up knowing what she doesn't want, not what she does. Some may view this as an improvement, but it is essentially a negative position and un-conducive to a trusting relationship.

Paul, on the other hand, feels confident about knowing what he wants, but is unaware of his own true needs as is of others'. He is quite oblivious of all around him, including his work and political position — and seems destined to remain the same. Surely one can never be completely, nor warm to the needs and wants of others if one cannot sense them in the first place.

Although Tanner minutely details the breakdown in the couple's relationship, he doesn't stop there, for he sees their problems as problems on a far greater scale. And it is here that the film succeeds particularly well. Tanner ties Paul and Adriana's affair into a socio-political framework to attack the whole industry and politics by association, as in Shampoo, but to suggest that they are but typical products of such a framework. Their problems and confusions are common ones, shared by more and more each day.

In an effort to sort out these dilemmas people are becoming increasingly self-orientated, and the old-fashioned notions of changing to suit your partner looked down upon as invasions of privacy. But it is hard to find answers in a vacuum, and obsessive self-preoccupation only leads one to Adriana's unemployment. Ultimately, it's very difficult to know if Tanner's implication that relationships are dying is true, but as a thesis it was one of the extremely few ideas of note that the Festival produced.

Mike Harris

Cousin Angelica (La Prima Angelica)

Claimed to be the first film made about the Spanish Civil War from the point of view of the losers, Carlos Saura's Cousin Angelica exploits the stylistic device of having actors in scenes set in the present portray either themselves when younger or other roles in the flashbacks to 1936 — the year of the outbreak of the war.

Luis, the central character, is in his forties. His return to Segovia triggers a series of mainly unpleasant childhood memories: the powerful re-workings of the Medea and Oedipus themes by Pier Paolo Pasolini — the impression of vast scale and historic sweep belies the simple objective fact that the conflicts displayed were the political struggles of tiny groups like many others.

But the winners survived, and the reconstruction and mythologizing of their struggles became the stuff of high drama, in the process becoming part of the collective unconscious of the Japanese people. Shinoda's film therefore is a major contribution to the understanding of Japan, not because of any matter of historical accuracy but because by its power and beauty it makes clear how powerful is the Imperial myth.

P. P. McGuinness

THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD

(Le Milieu du Monde)

The 'middle of the world' is a no-man's-land of normalized perspectives because they spend their time restoring balance after life's intrusions. But their efforts are like those of a run-down clock whose pendulum swings less and less each time. Despite all the associated efforts to invigorate them, man's horizons are diminishing all the time. Fear shortens the extent to which anyone is prepared to go.

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Scott Murray

THE MOUTH WIDE OPEN

(Le Gueule Ouverte)

While Maurice Pialat's earlier film L'Enfance Nue was stylistically inept and unnecessarily cold in its portrayal of the struggles of a family, The Mouth Wide Open demonstrates the stuff of which films are made, and places Pialat alongside Bresson and Eustache among French directors.

50 year old Monique Meiland is dying of cancer in her home town of Auvergne, looked after by her husband Roger and son Philippe.
However the film is less concerned with the death of this woman than with the changes it makes on the family. Roger patiently cares for her, but secretly hopes for the end: only to be ignored his sexuality while his wife is incapable of sharing it only makes him feel her pain even more.

Philippe likewise seeks distraction but his encounters with prostitutes leave him with nothing. His relationship with Nathalie is both cool and distant, their only truly shared moments being their brief talks among bed­linen and meadow grass.

Despite the apparent negativity of the situation there is warmth as they struggle to give outlet to feelings. They fail and each ends up alone, but their sadness is a very real, very human one.

Plat has created a very great and moving film, clearly demonstrated by the extraor­dinary 10-minute take between the mother and son after her return from hospital. They are seated at a table — only Philippe is aware of the pause. But sadly, she is not.

Like Bresson, Plat tends to stylize reality by paring away all that he deems unnecessary or confusing. The camerawork is nicely sub­servient and only once does it deliberately in­trude — the freezing and harrowing travelling shot away from Roger’s shop, doubly reinforc­ing the sense of isolation and distance between father and son.

As the track finishes Monique continues her story from where she finished, seemingly oblivious of the pause. But sadly, she is not.

Night of the Scarecrow (A Noite do Espantalho)

A couple of marvellous gimmicks — Hells Angels with pretty pink gauze dragonfly wings adorning their motorbikes, a woman-dragon — do not really rescue Sergio Ricardo’s revolutionary folk opera-ballet from preten­sious artiness. It has too much of the self­indulgence of the art-school, the posturing, the over-use of a good gimmick (the dragon, impressive at first, just becomes a bore) and the air of bourgeois championing of a revolutionary play, to achieve anything like the greatness of the best films of the Brazilian cinema novo movement.

Glauber Rocha does not seem to be producing such moments; his latest project, in Mexico, ran into censorship difficulties. Ruy Guerra’s Os Deuses e os Mortos (The Gods and the Dead), which was produced in 1970 but was only shown in Paris at the end of last year, seems to have given rise to Ricardo’s in­ferior imitation, with the sole addition of the urban reference of the motorcyclists.

But it is again a struggle over land between serving peasants and oppressive landlords which is the central theme, with a story in traditional Brazilian folk-literature terms — the hired gun­man, the defender of the people, their rivalry for a woman, passion and betrayal. Instead of his film, another introduced elements of folk legend, preter­natural participants in the economic struggle.

But into it, unlike Guerra, Ricardo also introduces a kind of hippie influence which detracts from the power of the myths (by con­tast, when Alexander Jodorowsky did something similar in his extraordinary El Topo, he enhanced the traditional legends because he had much greater feeling for them).

So despite the merits of Night of the Scarecrow, which are mainly in the music and the photography, it is difficult to see that the attention it received at the Cannes and New York Film Festivals last year had any basis other than sympathy for the cinema novo, and a wish to think well of its younger Brazilian followers.

Orders (Les Ordres)

Terrorism, as the label implies, is terrifying to non-revolutionaries, and that means most people. The airport bomb, the hijacking, and the civil­ian kidnap parallel the procedures at random, involving people who don’t want to be involved, and making the previously safe suddenly vulnerable.

They’re hard to defend, and the Canadian propaganda film, Orders, is enormously effective precisely because it doesn’t try. It concentrates instead on one of the side effects of terrorism: the government which over-reacts against it in danger of manufac­turing terrorism of its own.

In 1970 a British commercial attaché, James Cross, and the Quebec Minister for Labor, Pierre Laporte, were kidnapped by members of the Free Quebec Movement, an incident which prompted the Trudeau govern­ment to invoke the War Measures Act and arrest and detain 450 suspects without charg­ing them.

Most, of course, were innocent. The police and the government knew they would be, but were prepared to cause a lot of people a cer­tain amount of discomfort in order to save two lives. That, I imagine, is the way the issue looked from Ottawa. And Orders’ director Michel Braut has not mounted a moral dis­cussion about the wisdom of that decision.

He has simply particularized it by detailing what exactly this discomfort amounted to. No one died and the government did not officially con­done the extortion of information from people, but it is equally clear, from the testi­monies Braut took from 50 people in order to make this fictional reconstruct­or that some of them were victimised because their guards took a dislike to them, and all of them, arrested suddenly and without ex­planation, and gaol ed as if they were con­victed criminals, suffered the kind of mental distress which could haunt them for years.

In an unsettling parallel with the procedures associated with totalitarian countries the police come at night, and from then on the detainees are caught in the processing rituals of imprisonment: being photographed, finger­printed, having to surrender their clothes and don prison uniforms — and then moving, always uninform ed, from point to point, until they reach their final numbing destination, a cell.

Brault treats all this in a careful, document­ary way, enlivened by his concentration on half-a-dozen characters whose backgrounds, personalities and reactions are explored with some depth through a vivid and economical script and some fine performances.

Sandra Hall

THE PISTOL (Pistolen)

Countess Alisia von Sward lives alone in the sombre elegance of her ancestors’ castle, keeping company only with her memories of a distant but more immediate past.

The present belongs to the grasping bour­geoisie — the man who cheats her when she hooks a family heirloom and a town coun­cil that would acquire her estate for use as municipal offices; alienated adolescents — they mock her as a grotesque when she dis­covers them ogling in her cellar; and men who do not return her love with honor — an antique dealer with whom she forms an eleventh-hour attachment displays a treasured gift for sale in his shop window.

Jiri Tiral’s The Pistol charts her determina­tion to take her own life with an antique pistol that has been in the family for several cen­turies.

Tiril is screenwriter, photographer, and director of this charming and strangely life­affirming little film. It is not a maudlin slings­and-arrows-of-outrageous-fortune piece. The Pistol has wit and warmth.

It has been said that a people who deny their past become culturally psychotic. Tiril’s Countess hates to leave life, but she keeps faith and departs courageously from a sterile present that has denied everything but the short-term future.

Mark Randall

THE SECRET (Le Secret)

This film is a must for all practised paranoiaics and lovers of conspiracy theories. It’s a gloriously classic form, realized almost metic­ulously, and only an ignoble pragmatist could find it banal. Jean-Louis Trintignant as David escapes from some kind of fortress-institution where he has been tortured — it seems. There are some quite remarkable shots of that little trick where water is dripping regularly drop by drop on a person’s forehead, taken from beneath the drip, from the perspective of the person’s eyes. But it could, of course, be a hallucination.

Continued on page 189
In the familiar cycle of past years the 22nd Sydney Film Festival devoted scant time and little attention to the documentary form. At best the documentaries were shown as an adjunct to normal programming; at worst simply for their short film entertainment value.

The Oscar-winning Hearts and Minds — perhaps one of the most significant documentaries of the decade — was not shown in Sydney at all.

Other major documentaries were relegated to the sub-standard viewing slots of early morning and early afternoon.

However, it seems fruitless to belabour the Sydney Film Festival selection and programming committees. They state frankly, and I think truthfully, that Australian audiences have never shown marked tendency to make films about films or the art documentary form. The Festival audiences come to be entertained, and in their eyes documentaries rate low.

So in the main, Festival-goers ploughed through the usual pot-pourri of shorts to see a few realistic live-action subjects. The average rate was two films of any kind acceptable to the missionarv fervour of last century. Some attempted social relevance: a team of Canadian Indians made The Other Side of the Ledger to mark the 300th anniversary of the Hudson Bay Company, and This is My House examined a multi-racial tenants' co-operative in North London. Piet Mordriaan, A Film Essay a Netherlands film on the life of the painter — showed no new insights into the artist or the art documentary form.

This year there appeared to be an innumerable (or could it be self-analytical?) tendency to make films about films that themselves are Canadian in nature. Dreamland told depressingly familiar tales of economic colonialism in the Canadian film industry; while Gift of Laughter was a lighthearted view of Peter Sellers doing a sequel to The Pink Panther. A Pioneer of Scientific Film reminisced about an Italian who made scientific films; and 80 Second Spot took us through the excruciatingly boring, pretentious and expensive process of making a TV commercial. Even Phil Noyce's Finks Make Movies, an innocent vérité record of a bikie gang making their annual home movie — with about as much and not an exposé of Australian feature film producers. With such a line-up one could be excused for feeling we missed something. Well, we did. Apart from Hearts and Minds, we missed Campanero, the award-winning British documentary about the late Chilean musician Victor Jara. We also missed Abe Osheroff's Dreams and Nightmares, a 60 year old construction worker's return to the battlefields of Spain where he fought with the International Brigades.

Also omitted were documentaries from the Eastern bloc countries, the Soviet Union, China, Africa, Japan, and the Third World nations.

Eighty hours of Australian documentary footage were screened for the judges of the Australian Film Awards this year. Were they all so appalling that only one — the Golden Reel winner — was invited to be screened at the Festival?

Only a very few documentaries at the Sydney Film Festival rated prime viewing time — the most impressive was America: Everything You Ever Dreamed Of, a four-part American verité report on bizarre institutions which employs a tight, crisp documentary style that probably won't be produced in Australia for years to come.

Only two feature-length documentaries managed to pull responsive houses at this year's festival. First up was Philippe Mora's mammoth Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?, best characterized as a satirical extravaganza depicting the American Depression years. Brother was conceived in Britain, produced by an American and directed by an expatriate Australian. This solving in a direct line from Mora's previous feature, Sweetika, Brother shows a mastery of the art of compilation filmmaking.

The American film is eminently malleable, and Mora's scalpel-like editing makes high dramatic use of the possibilities. At times it must have seemed like trying to build a pyramid with cream cheese — but out of all the sentiment, schmaltz, political tub-thumping and human drama, Mora has welded a film of massive power.

One of Mora's most significant achievements is the incorporation of irony. Coming from a generation that attempted to revive satire and celebrate the absurd, he is able to use irony to make many of the film's most salient points. Whether it's James Cagney (on a higher salary than the President) appearing as a sort of thirty Eighty Everyman; Hoover's G-Men machine-gunning immobile cars; or President Roosevelt himself, basking on his yacht while he demands greater sacrifice from the American people; it is the overriding irony that makes Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? such a valuable statement on US society.

Also from Britain, but in a totally different style, is Jack Hazan's first feature documentary — A Bigger Splash — a lush drama on the life and homosexual loves of painter David Hockney.

Hockney is shown as a victim of success. With considered pacing, the film explores his world as he attempts to paint his way out of a collapsing relationship with a beautiful boyfriend. Hazan, with a particularly English frankness, has caught Hockney like a bee in amber. Impeccable visuals are offset by a languorous, informal treatment of dialogue and action.

Jack Hazan's background is documentary camerawork, and his film succeeds in forming a stylistic bridge between documentary authenticity and the need to use dramatic structure to add force to statement. A Bigger Splash is very much a filmmaker's film, but it's experiments in form mark a hopeful new direction in British cinema.

Dušan Makavejev's first Western-financed feature Sweet Movie is a document that is not quite a documentary; a drama that is not only dramatic.

Sweet Movie, like Makavejev's earlier WR, Mysteries of the Organism, uses a combination of dramatized footage and material that has documentary authenticity. Both these films have a didactic and motivational aim, and show an intense concern with the connection between state and personal politics. They begin with the teachings of Wilhelm Reich and extend into an analysis of Stalinism. Sweet Movie starts with a depiction of Western sexual archetypes, and ends with a truly shattering rendition of the anarchistic body politic of Otto Muehl's Milky Way Commune. In both cases Makavejev is attempting to deal with real phenomena.

Sweet Movie can be called documentary because its dramatic characters are not really characters at all: they stem more from agitprop theatre than any naturalistic tradition. Because of the super-real, emotionalized impact of characters like El Macho, Miss World, the Potemkin Sailor, and Marx, the film has a didactic quality usually achieved only in documentary. In effect the characters can be allowed to set the audience up for the documentary — the horror of the Katyn Forest massacre, the disturbing imagery of the Milky Way Commune as they shit, piss and vomit in public. But all the time Makavejev is presenting evidence, documentary evidence of the penalty of repression in our society.

Unlike any other film shown in the Festival this year, Sweet Movie demonstrates the possibilities of documentary material used in a provocative way. Its overall effect was to confront and equip one with material of intense psychological and political relevance.


THE 1975 SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVALS

MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL SHORTS

Barbara Creed

Last Grave at Dimbaza (Britain, Morena Films, 1975), a powerful documentary on South Africa’s racial policies, won this year’s grand prize for the best short. The film was shot illegally, so there are no credits.

The documentary genre covers a variety of possibilities — from the cinema verite record of undirected reality, to the often highly poetic grand prix for the best short. The film was awarded for its underlying chauvinism.

The other documentaries were focussed on such topics as mountaineering, war, trains, gardens, castles, firefighters, hunters, scientists and Rudyard Kipling — all of which I found boring. Even Australian director Dom Crombie’s Who Killed Jenny Langby?, one of the two documentaries on women (it recount Statue of Liberty: ‘Body of Iron . . . Soul of Fire’, U.S., 1974, directed by Bill Jersey) had nothing new to say.

Many of the animated films were excellent: Derek Phillips’ The Lost Poet’s Club (Britain), Antoinette Starkiewicz’ Putting on the Ritz (Britain), P. Szakowicz’ Mimosa (Poland), Nedelkovic Dragic’s Diary (Yugoslavia), one of the most intelligent and satirical, examined big business, prosperity and capitalism through a rapidly evolving series of colorful drawings. Lillian Somersauter’s The Silverfish King (U.S.), presented a funny, but disturbing, picture of the real bull on the farm. Director Christopher Noonan admirably depicts the tension in their relationship through a sequence of professionally acted scenes in which dialogue is kept to a minimum.

The dramatic and inevitable outcome is presented in a well controlled final scene. Bulls is an intelligently made film against which the majority of other shorts appear mediocre.


MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL

GERMAN SEASON

Jack Clancy

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Munich Filmverlag der Autoren, a co-operative distribution and production assistance organization. It was formed in 1972 in response to the familiar pressures of American domination of major distribution outlets, and the lack of organization of disparate local groups. The co-operative has represented about 30 independent distributors and extended its activities to the festival circuit (58 films in 22 festivals last year suggests a lot of legwork), while at the same time profitably exploring television support; a number of films have been supported by television companies with television release two years after cinema screenings.

Among the six films presented, there was a clear division between experimental and realist styles, a general tendency towards the consideration of contemporary social issues and an almost obvious determination to ignore or avoid the war. (None of these comments, I must add, can apply to Alice in the Cities, a film by Wim Wenders, which I unfortunately missed. His The Ballad of the Penalty Kick was one of the more interesting offerings at last year’s festival.)

The most formidable directorial personality to emerge was that of Alexander Kluge, who was represented by two films. Both were marked by a resolutely intellectual approach (the most obvious influence being Godard) to areas of political and social import and a concern with interrelationships far too complex to grasp in one viewing. They were not the most popular of the Festival’s films, because they made few concessions to audience comfort, yet their relentless rigor, their sense of passionate involvement in the urgency of the here and now, were impressive.
The Occasional Work of a Woman Slave tackles the feminist issue at a more profound and complex level. The central figure, Roswitha, supports the film. The central figure, Roswitha, supports her family by disposing of other people’s—-and we are treated to a very clinical and unnerving sequence of one such abortion. Yet the sequence is no mere shock tactic; it forces us back to the opening voice-over comment: “Roswitha feels an enormous power within her and cinema teaches her that this power exists”, which can be seen to apply both to the life-and-death power of her abortionist role and to the way in which the film demonstrates her growth — sometimes comical, often misguided, occasionally naively exhilarating, to awareness of her own power to act to control her own life, free from dependence, and to influence the lives of others in the same direction.

On even the simplest level, and ignoring the inserted slogans, cartoons and quotations (“All families in capitalist society are modelled on the bourgeois prototype. This model is obsolete”), Kluge has taken a woman between dependence and independence, between guilt and non-guilt, between submissiveness and self-awareness, and made her movement towards the kind of document that I would humbly suggest, an International Women’s Film Festival should not be without.

Kluge’s other film, In Danger and Distress Compromise Means Death, is more complex still, beginning with an infuriatingly opaque montage of images before proceeding to a weaving of four separate episodes of diverse kinds. I found it less satisfying, because more puzzling, than the earlier film and I have the feeling that even the use of music (the way in which a familiar piece from Il Trovatore is given in successively changed, jazzed-up and trivialized versions) suggests Kluge’s sense of precariouslyness of the contemporary social order. Images of destruction and unrest predominate and the comment of one character that “whatever nature does not destroy is destroyed by men” suggests the mood of gloomy uncertainty.

By contrast, the three realist films at the Festival made polemics and to a degree Lina Bراك and the Interests of the Bank was a joyful and often touching treatment of old age, with a marvellous central plot idea of an old couple, who resent being treated like children, planning and successfully carrying out a plot to swindle a bank which has cost one of them her home. The nice irony is that they are like children in the best sense, in a childlike directness, and yet to accept the demands to be “reasonable” — other people’s ideas of reasonableness is not theirs.

Snowdrops Bloom in September was a straightforward enough account of the intricacies of an industrial dispute, told from the unionists’ side and with a solidarity-sketchy background of the participants’ domestic or leisure-time concerns. Certainly an interesting direction, and to achieve the demands to be “reasonable” — just a little wearisome in its heavily Germanic literariness.

Senior Master Hölker presents a coolly descriptive account of political and class struggles in a small German town in (I would guess) the late nineteenth century. Earnest and perceptive enough, it reduced dialogue to almost the minimum and was revealing enough without ever suggesting any great imaginative spark.

As yet, the dramatic relationships are only suggested and momentarily intensified. Silence and Cry (1966) appears a more completely integrated film, shot in dazzling black and white from the opening sequence of a man killed against a sandhill and rolling over and over to the bottom. The triangular placement of the killer, the victim and the resting place of his body suggests powerfully a relationship between forces that are represented in these figures and yet quite transcend them.

The story is more fully developed and again set in a period of war, civil unrest and military occupation. The drama develops slowly and obliquely, highly stylized through the camerawork and incessant movement of characters against an open and intractable landscape. Even so, many of the audience were asking at the end what it had all been about. Jancsó doesn’t dwell on the moments of decision, nor on action; his films rather imagine the conditions within which certain lines of response become possible for his characters.

So, what to television watchers are the decisive moments, the administering of poison to the husband by the wife for example, are only passing fragments in the film. Far more important is the careful delineation of the response of each of the characters to the facts of military defeat and occupation: the grinding, often trivial humiliation, the menace of worse and unspoken reprisals, the disintegration of the man and the constant suppressed anger of his wife. The long sequences on the farm depict the origins and development of these attitudes, and the immediate consequence of attempted murder is inescapable and relatively unimportant.

The Confrontation and Red Psalm (1972) are more directly propaganda films, concerned with showing the struggles and eventual triumph of the working class through revolution. Yet they employ very different means.

The Confrontation is about as direct as the title: a relatively undeveloped and possibly clinging autobiographical account of young students and workers in conflict over the place of violence in spreading the revolutionary message.

Red Psalm is clearly the more interesting film, in its intricate choreography of dance and music, its integration of folk tunes and revolutionary songs, its blended and contrasting images of blood, bread, shear and guns, bayonets, flaming torches and railways. The film assumes the qualities of an extended ballet, and images in a highly fluid way states of oppression, resistance, complacent generosity and defiant hopelessness. The eventual massacre of the workers by the military is profoundly moving although it is seen to be inevitable.

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MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL

HUNGARIAN SEASON

John O'Hara

Miklós Jancsó isn’t exactly a popular director with Melbourne audiences. Most nights at the National Theatre during the Hungarian season at the Festival the ticket-holders trickled in and huddled together, isolated by open spaces like characters in a Jancsó film. The season turned out little short of a financial disaster, especially compared with the German series.

The Hungarian season was composed entirely of Jancsó’s films; six of them, from Can­tata (1963) to Elektreia (1974). The films have a popular reputation for being ‘difficult’; as one filmgoer commented about Jancsó: “Oh yes, he’s the man who makes films about horses and nothing happens.” But beyond that, many of the possible Hungarian audience at least may feel antagonistic towards Jancsó for arriving at his own kind of compromise with the communist regime. During The Confrontation one middle-aged Hungarian was muttering away until someone asked him, politely enough, to discuss the film after it was finished in intones of flesh, milk, bread up, shouting: “This film is an insult to me!”

Admittedly, The Confrontation (1968) is the weakest of the films shown, dramatizing an extended debate between young party members from the peoples’ colleges and the students of a Catholic school. And it indicates most clearly the pressures on Jancsó to turn cinema into political propaganda. The arresting quality of his films, though, depends upon a continued and shifting attempt to elaborate a highly distinctive and original cinema style within the bounds of what is considered politically orthodox.

An early film, My Way Home (1964), illustrated a successful attempt to enthrone himself from polemics and to image a disturbing set of relationships in the aftermath of war. The film is set in 1945 during the last days of fighting for the occupation of Hungary. Already Jancsó has accepted the restless, perpetual camera movement, the slow encircling of characters, the pronounced depth of field in shots that open onto empty plains, constraining the perspective from one level to another as characters scramble and slide up and down difficult terrain. The rhythms of daily existence in a largely deserted countryside are beautifully disseminated and condense into an intimate as Jancsó establishes the relationship between two young soldiers. The film has a dense sculptural appearance that is enhanced by the evanescent lights and the sweeping of a chisel and exact composition of scenes.


Continued on page 178

Cinema Papers, July-August — 135
"Here, in a motion picture theater, was a vast audience APPLAUDING the opening titles so vigorously as if all were moved simultaneously by the same instinctive impulse."

This is part of the account given by Everyone's for the premiere of For the Term of His Natural Life at Newcastle in June 1927. Much publicized and eagerly awaited over the next month of its production, For the Term of His Natural Life was the biggest, surest bid Australia had made for recognition on the international market.

The passing of two years and the introduction of the talkies meant that For the Term of His Natural Life was no longer a sure bid overseas, but it was still big, and its backers — Union Theatres — would never again try anything of the same magnitude.

Australian films have always been popular with Australian audiences, but many film copies have disappeared after a successful first release. With the exception of Cinesound films, vintage Australian features have also suffered damage and neglect at the hands of local television stations.

The Chesteras (1929) — arguably the better of the McDonagh sisters' surviving films — had no release at all, yet it formed a fascinating link with the 24 other features shown at the Sydney Film Festival's Salute to Australian Film. Along with the best of them, The Chesteras is today an Australian film more talked about than seen, and the most valuable aspect to emerge from the Salute has been the opportunity to compare for the first time a wide range of the better Australian films from the years 1911 to 1971.

Others at the Salute to have had more recognition included such titles as Longford's The Sentimental Bloke (1919) and On Our Selection (1920), Ken Hall's Mr Chedworth Steps Out (1939) and Smithy (1946), and three epics from Charles Chauvel, Forty Thousand Horsemen (1940), Sons of Matthew (1949) and Jedda (1955). While Chedworth's performance in the latter film more talked about than seen, the most valuable aspect to emerge from the Salute has been the opportunity to compare for the first time a wide range of the better Australian films from the years 1911 to 1971.

The screening of The Romance of Runnibede (1927) in its tinted nitrate form gave the Salute audience a rare chance to appreciate a silent Australian film as originally screened. Like all silent era features and excerpts shown, The Romance of Runnibede was accompanied by Ron West at the State Theatre's Wurlitzer organ. Among the 32 feature film excerpts was a particularly impressive sequence from Lawson Harris' Sunshine Sally (1923). Pictorially reminiscent of The Sentimental Bloke, Sunshine Sally was filmed on location in Sydney. And amid the sound excerpts were two from Harry Watt films, Eureeka Stockade (1946) and The Siege of Pinchgut (1958), though judging from the audience reaction these films might have been just as well appreciated screened in full. Following these came the best of Watt's work in Australia, an In-full screening of The Overlanders (1946).

For the selection committee, the decision to screen the Ealing film and others made here by overseas filmmakers wasn't too hard to make. The intention was to provide an overview of the widest-ranging tribute to Australian feature films yet seen, and a good many of the 'overseas' offerings (notably from Ealing, and others like The Sundowners and Wake in Fright) have contributed positively to whatever character an awareness of Australian film has had over the last seven decades.

On-stage appearances were another aspect of the retrospective: Ken Hall, Peter Finch in fine form as a 'nice guy' spy and superior aerial photography by George Melford and Bert Nicholas.

Looking at the Canadian documentary Dreamland, screened at the Sydney Festival proper, made me realize anew what a substantial and varied film heritage we've had. The Canadian film, wittily written and holding few illusions, is a compilation history of Canadian feature films to 1939. While there's been a similarity in the political and financial trauma endured by our own and the Canadian industries, Australia's history is much more adventurous, has taken a greater number of nose-dives, and has made more spectacular recoveries. This much, and a lot more besides, was proved by the Salute to Australian Film.

A 20-page program was also published by the Festival and includes a listing — and some reviews — of all feature films made in Australia to date. The selection committee doesn't hold itself entirely responsible for whatever errors and omissions have occurred in the published program, and an attempt at rectifying these has been made in the following pages.
1906
The True Story of the Kelly Gang
J. S. Tall

1907
Hearts Under Arms
Charles Macauley
Eureka Stockade
George & Arthur Connell

1908
For the Sake of His Natural Life
Charles Macauley & E. J. Carroll

1909
Heroes of the Cross
Joseph Perry

1910
The Squatter's Daughter or Land of the Wattle
Bert Bailey & Edmund Duggan
Moonlight — King of the Road or Moonlight, The Australian Bushranger
John Gavin
Thunderbolt
John Gavin

1911
Assigned to his Wife
John Gavin
The Bells
W. J. Lincoln
Ben Hall and his Gang
John Gavin

1913
Australia Calls
Raymond Longford
A Blue Gum Romance
Franklin Barret
The Life of a Jackaroo
Franklin Barret
The Melbourne Mystery
'Neath Australian Skies
Raymond Longford
Poomy Arrives in Australia or Poomy the Funny Little Girl
Frank Marvin
Raymond Longford
The Man on the Tracks
Raymond Longford
The Reprieve
W. J. Lincoln
The Road to Ruin
W. J. Lincoln
The Sick Stockrider
W. J. Lincoln & Godfrey Gas
Ticket of Leave Man
Louise Cartwright
Transported
W. J. Lincoln & Godfrey Gas
'An Australian Hero and the Red Spider

1914
'The Day
Alfred Rolfe
'It's a Long Way to Tipperary
George Davey
'Percy's First Holiday
E. C. Tinsdale
'See Cogs of Australia
Jack McCafferty
'The Shepherd of the Southern Cross
Alexander Butler

Eleventh Hour
John Gavin
Hands Across the Sea
Gaston Marvin
The Midnight Wedding
Raymond Longford
The Mystery of the Black Pearl
Franklin Barret
The Outenon
Rip Van Winkle
W. J. Lincoln
'The Silent Witness
Gaston Marvin or Franklin Barret
'The Stronger's Grip
The Tide of Death
Raymond Longford
Cast Up to the Sea
John Gavin
'The Crisis
W. J. Lincoln
Whose was the Hand?
John Gavin
'The Swagman's Story
Raymond Longford
Trouser Camphell
Raymond Longford
Taking His Chance
Raymond Longford
'Tales from the Bush
Women of the People
Called Back
Franklin Barret

1915
How We Beat the Emden
Alfred Rolfe
For Australia
Meroe Love
'A Hero of the Gundelies or The Storming of Gallipoli
Alfred Rolfe
'The Loyal Rebel or Eureka Stockade
Raymond Longford & Alfred Rolfe
'Ma Hogan's New Boarder
Raymond Longford
'The Rebel
J. E. Matthews

1916
Advance Australia
Australia Prepared
The Bondage of the Bush
Chance Kindles
Edith Cavell
W. J. Lincoln
F. W. Pettigrew & Wallington
Fred Nilo
If the Huns Came to Melbourne
George Coates
La Recherche
The Life's Romance of Aiden Lindsay Gordon
W. J. Lincoln & G. H. Barret
'A Mardi Madi's Love
Raymond Longford
The Man From Snowy River
A. E. Vincent
The Man From Kangaroo
C. E. Tinsdale
Pimply of Alice
John Matthew
Raymond Longford
Raymond Longford
Raymond Longford
The Pioneers
Franklin Barret
'The White Hope
Within the Law
The Woman in The Case
George Willoughby

1917
Australia's Perd
Franklin Barret

The Church and the Woman
Raymond Longford
The Haywood's Backblocks Show
Edward Smith
The Haywood Comes to Town
Beaumont Smith
'The Life Story of John Lee — The Man They Could Not Hang
Arthur William Stern
'The Mission and the Woman
Franklin Barret
'The Murder of Captain Pratt
John Gavin
'The Kelly Gang

1918
A Coo-ee from Home
The Enemy Within
Roland Stavely
500 Pounds Reward
Claude Fleming
His Covenant Bride or For the Term of Her Natural Life
John Gavin
The Haywood's Melbourne Cup
Raymond Longford
The Lure of the Bush
Dorothy Farnham
A Romance of the Burke & Wills Expedition of 1860
A. C. Tinsdale
Salon in Sydney
Beaumont Smith
'The Waybacks
What Happened to Jean
Herbert Walsh
'The Woman Suffers
Beaumont Smith & Captain Young
'The Constance
'The Stinker's Son
The Squatter's Wife's Secret

1919
Coming Home
The Gentleman Bushranger
Charles Wood
Dinkum Oil
Wilfred Lucas
The Gentleman Bushranger
Charles Wood

The Church and the Woman
Raymond Longford
The Haywood's Backblocks Show
Edward Smith
'The Haywood Comes to Town
Beaumont Smith
'The Life Story of John Lee — The Man They Could Not Hang
Arthur William Stern
'The Mission and the Woman
Franklin Barret
'The Murder of Captain Pratt
John Gavin
'The Kelly Gang

1920
The Church and the Woman
Raymond Longford
The Haywood's Backblocks Show
Edward Smith
'The Haywood Comes to Town
Beaumont Smith
'The Life Story of John Lee — The Man They Could Not Hang
Arthur William Stern
'The Mission and the Woman
Franklin Barret
'The Murder of Captain Pratt
John Gavin
'The Kelly Gang

1921
The Stranger — Heath of the Southern Cross, Our Bit of the World or A Maid of Maoriland
Beaumont Smith
The Australian Mystery
Raymond Longford
'Divisional Oil or On the Track of Oil
The Gentleman Bushranger
A Girl of the Bush
Franklin Barret
Hergold
P. J. Ramster
### SOUND FEATURES

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<td>Arthur Higgins, Austin Foy</td>
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<td>&quot;Out of the Shadows&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Showgirl's Luck&quot;</td>
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<td>Diggers</td>
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### FEATURE FILM CHECKLIST

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The recent release of the highly acclaimed Franco-Czech co-production Fantastic Planet, directed by René Laloux, has refocused attention on the animated film as a popular art form endowed with limitless cinematic possibilities.

Fantastic Planet dispenses with the tired tradition of 'cute' characterisation and essays a reversal of the anthropocentric perspective depicted in most animated films. Since the peak of its creative achievements in Hollywood in the forties, the commercial animated film has suffered a steady decline.

Fantastic Planet explores new directions and attempts innovatory narrative devices with a freshness that has not been seen for 30 years.

The animated film as we recognise it today evolved in America contemporaneously with the development of the film industry in general. By the time the Hollywood 'order' had established itself, the animated film was a thriving, viable art form, enjoying a great deal of popular success.

As D. W. Griffith fostered technical developments which contributed greatly towards what we now know as the narrative feature film, so Walt Disney laid the foundations of the commercial animated film.

Fantasia marked the climax of Disney's creative productivity, and following its release in 1940 few new directions were explored and few new stylistic innovations were attempted.

The animated entertainment film has subsequently had difficulty in justifying itself commercially, and as a result artistic purity has been greatly sacrificed to the exigency of viability.

Until recently Australia has always adopted a polite, demurely submissive attitude to the invasion of American 'culture'. A variety of lovelessly mass-produced American cartoon series have, via the 'Australasian' umbilical cable, pumped local television sets full of unremitting, unmitigated mediocrity. The advent of mandatory local content has done little to change the situation.

With the renaissance of feature film production in Australia, the structure and development of the local film industry can be more clearly defined. We are now able to examine the conditions which have prevented animation in Australia from developing beyond the chrysalis stage.

The following article examines the rise of animation in America and contrasts it with the non-history of animation in Australia. It sketches out a history of the developments which took place from the pioneer work of Winsor McCay to the rise and fall of the Disney empire...and beyond to the degradation animation suffered as an artform when television redesigned it as a vehicle for popular trash.
Animation offers the purest form of cinematic expression: its potential is limited only by the creative boundaries of the human mind itself—and perhaps to some extent, technological expertise. Animation is an existential cinematic medium, eschewing what the semiologists call the pro-filmic event. It is ultimately pure cinema. The animator's pen becomes a magic wand: all laws of relativity dissolve and traditional artistic perspectives no longer have relevance.

The following sequence from Chuck Jones' Duck Amuck (Warner Brothers, 1953) not only demonstrates the mechanics of filmic expression itself, but also opens up the possibilities inherent in the animated form. From Dinosaurs to Dynasties

In 1887 Thomas Edison began experimenting with the idea of motion pictures and by 1889, elaborating on the more primitive concept of the zoetrope, he had his first kinetoscope, a kind of peep-show viewer which held about fifty feet of film. Meanwhile in France, the Lumière brothers, Auguste and Louis, were already projecting moving images onto a screen with their cinematographe.

In 1906, the year J. and N. Tait produced the first Australian film, The True Story of the Kelly Gang, the first animated film was attempted in America. A commercial artist, J. Stuart Blackton, had come up with a little divertissement entitled Humorous Phases of Funny Faces; line drawings which didn't move so much as give the appearance of creating themselves.

The first animator to experiment with timing and characterization was Winsor Zenis McCay, a virtuoso draughtsman whose Gertie the Trained Dinosaur (1914) was the first really popular animated film. Winsor and Gertie did the vaudeville circuit together with an act which in those days was hard to beat. Winsor would stand on the stage giving commands, and Gertie, up on the screen, would appear to comply. He pawed at a resistance to give the appearance of catching an apple which her 'master' would pretend to throw to her.

McCay's success prompted other producers to start experimenting with animation. By 1913 serialized animated films had begun to appear. One of them, Colonel Heeza Liar by T. R. Bray explored the possibilities of animated images even further by adding grey tones to the line drawings.

Up to that point everything, including the static background, had to be drawn anew for each frame, until the infelicitously named Bari Nurd came up with the idea of painting characters on separate pieces of celluloid, which have subsequently come to be known as 'cels'.

By 1917 the International Feature Syndicate was releasing animated versions of favorite newspaper cartoon strips like The Katzenjammer Kids, Krazy Kat and many others. In the same year Max Fleischer introduced the Out of the Inkwell series, a combination of animation and live action.

By the time Walt Disney had made the first full-color talkie cartoon Flowers and Trees in 1932 the future of the animated film in the cinematic arts was assured.

Walt Disney: Entrepreneur of the World to the World

While visiting Hollywood in 1930, Soviet director Sergei Eisenstein was asked what in American cinema he admired most. He replied: "Chaplin, Von Stroheim and Walt Disney."

In the face of the then popular opinion that feature-length animated cartoons could never compete with live action, Walt Disney spent three years half-calculating and half-dreaming his first animated feature Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1937) into realisation. The entire project was cleverly masterminded to ensure that it would have mass appeal, engaging to both children and adults. It was a gamble, but it paid off.

The hermetic, magical, deodorised world of homogenised fantasy explored in Snow White crystallised into what was to become the Disney style of animation — described by art historian and critic Erwin Panofsky as: "A chemically pure distillation of cinematic possibilities." The style is unmistakable, and is sustained by his studio to this day.

Although Disney himself was not a particularly gifted animator or filmmaker, his genius lay in his ability to organise other people's talents to synthesise and realise his own artistic vision. There are, for example, five directors listed on the credits for Dumbo and six for Bambi.

Disney was obviously conscious of the propaganda possibilities of the animated film. In Snow White, for example, there is a lengthy whistling musical sequence given, basically, to the importance of washing your hands before you eat.

In a recent interview Donald Duck reminisced:

"We were helping to prepare people for, in effect, Dachau."

Disney's moral manipulation and it's there alright — it is not only well sugarcoated, but intricately iced. And therein lies the essence of all that which is Disney: presentation and entertainment.

After the box-office failure of what was, ironically, his most inventive and experimental film, Fantasia, Disney began to adopt a more mercantile attitude towards film production. By the mid-forties he had begun to lose critical respect; the naive magic of his earlier work had become heavily diluted with financial consideration. The fairytale charm became a commodity, and Disney packaged it with mastery. Donald Duck commented:

"Above all he represented a biting parody of the bourgeois entrepreneur in the competitive stage of capitalism."
dilemma of industry and art came closest to resolving itself. Art could make money and money could make art. In the context of this environment Walt Disney showed that animation is, on all levels, a viable form of cinematic expression.

Of course, the Disney phenomenon is no mean kindling constituting the whole of Hollywood animation. Many other studios (notably Warners, with an output of approximately 1,000 titles from 1930 to 1963), were also involved in the creative popularisation of animated entertainment films. But whereas the raison d’etre of other big studios was live-action production, Disney’s was the only one devoting its greater interest to animated films.

**Australia: Animation Farm**

Australia does not have a history of continuous animated film production. Of course there have been sporadic bursts of interest, but generally these have not been sustained for very long.

During World War I, Harry Julius was making minute-long polemical cartoons as part of the Australasian Gazetted newsreel.

In 1929 Eric Porter, one of the first Australians to make a career as an animator, began producing animated shorts. His first film, however, Ginger Meggs (1931) hasn’t been released to this day.

During the Second World War production ceased, but interest was not lost. In America, Warners, Columbia — released a total of 142 cartoons and animated features. None of these were offered to television.

By 1957, however, deals were being transacted, and fairly soon the floodgate burst. The Hollywood anthropomorphic animal population promptly packed up their roadrunner traps and cans of spinach, and migrated en masse to daytime television.

For those who anticipated the production of animated films for television, it became evident that new approaches would have to be formulated that would serve as organs for the greater interests of overseas parent companies.

Production costs have also inhibited the growth of animated film production in Australia. To make an animated film here currently costs between $20,000 and $30,000 depending on the standard of production.

Selling such a film to television is a highly unlikely event. Networks do buy the occasional special, but prefer to buy packages of 20 to 30 episodes. Television series require high volume production, which in turn requires a large volume of money.

According to local television is not impossible but it is impractical. The returns barely cover the initial cost. One must go elsewhere, and the U.S. is the only market large enough to offer the recovery of costs in one hit.

Unfortunately, however, no Australian-owned animation house has ever managed to successfully negotiate a network sale in the U.S. AIP, the Australian house which mainly produces with an eye to overseas markets has even been refused ‘specials’ to American television. The antipodean branch of Hanna-Barbera trades regularly with Australia, indeed, the product as such is not treated with any special regard.

The only remaining outlet for animated films is theatrical release. However, in the face of quality Canadian film board and other PR short films offered free to exhibitors and the growing trend towards double feature bills, this is not easy.

Some distributors are buying locally-produced shorts. However, as any local filmmaker will verify, it is virtually impossible with the deals that are offered. The only films that are produced are those that are made to order, i.e., those alone show a profit.

Then one must bear in mind that the average fifteen-minute animated short usually costs three times more to produce than a live-action short of the same length.

In the past few years the Australian government has provided many filmmakers with the financial means to experiment, but it would seem that in the case of animators these grants are not really worth the effort. To make an animated film efficiently requires the work of many individuals — layout artists, animators, in-betweeners, and others — who are all necessary and expensive. There are few short cuts.

Australia does have talented animators who are able to work produce on a par with overseas standards, but it is estimated that at present there is a floating number of between 600 and 900 people employed in the production of animated footage.

The majority of these are engaged in commercials, which constitute between 35 and 40 per cent of all animated work being produced in Australia.

In a climate which seems inhospitable to independent animated film production, commercial work offers the best opportunity for creative animation.

The other 60% of Australian animated work is devoted to the production of shorts, TV series and the occasional feature — mainly by API, Hanna-Barbera and Eric Porter Productions.

Until recently Hanna-Barbera have used their Sydney branch as a sort of animation farm, doing all the ‘creative’ work themselves in Hollywood and sending very detailed briefs, storyboards, character designs and sound tracks to Australia where it would be laid out, animated, shot and sent back.

It is interesting to note that in many cases the names of the Australian animators have not appeared on the credits of this arrangement as it had its good points and its bad. Although the animators are paid very big money, the work is seasonal. The peak production period is from November to February, at which time the studio swells to 140. But in the ‘off’ period it is reduced to a skeleton operation, holding only 20 or so.

**Mass Mediocrity and the Murder of Magic**

By 1953 television was posing a serious threat to the American feature film industry, but Hollywood studios were still producing their regular quota of animated films for theatrical release. In that year alone the seven major studios— Disney, MGM, Paramount, Twentieth Century-Fox, Universal, Warner Brothers and Columbia — released a total of 142 cartoons and animated features. None of these were offered to television.

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**The Light at the End of the Tunnel**

Despite the prevailing inhospitable climate, independently produced animated films are starting to appear and gain recognition.

At the Cannes Festival in 1971 Kim Humphries’ animated film Please Don’t Step on My Sunshine attained the distinction of being the only Australian film to be placed on the official program.

At the 1973 Australian Film Institute Awards, Eric Porter’s animated feature Marco Polo Junior Versus the Red Dragon was not only the first animated film to win the Director’s Prize, but it was the first animated film to win an award at all.

At the present time there are a number of animated films in production (aided for the most part by government grants): David Deneen and Val Udovenko from Film Graphics are currently engaged in the pre-production of Cubie (30 minutes); Kim Humphries from Film Australia and Ned McCann are making Quick, Follow that Star (20 minutes); and Gary Jackson is commissioning Give the Dog a Good Name (10 minutes) ... to name just a few.

Given the continuous support of the government in the form of grants, subsidies, loans, and (hopefully) quotas, local animators may be freed from the restraints which are imposed by the rigorous financing, distribution and exhibition.

Australians may then be able to make original and innovative animated films and help to restore animation to its standing as a popular art form.

**Footnotes**

1. From Dunk Annecy by Richard Thompson, Film Comment, Jan-Feb 1975.

2. From TV Animation: The Decline and Pratfall of a Popular Art, by Leonard Malton, Film Comment, Jan-Feb 1975.

Cinema Papers, July-August — 141
Dealing or dabbling in politics on film has become fashionable and even necessary to a wide grouping of contemporary European directors. Several of their films have been shown in Australia during the past five years, no doubt stimulated by the commercial success of Costa-Gavras’ Z, released in 1969. He followed this with The Conformist in 1970 and State of Siege in 1972. These three films dealt respectively with the murder in 1973 of a Greek left-wing politician, Gregoris Lambrakis; with the Stalinist purges carried out in Prague in 1950-51; and the murder of an American adviser, Dan Mitrione, by the Tunamaros in 1970.

A short and selective list of ‘political’ films might include Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion, made by Elio Petri in 1970; two films, in the same year, from Bertolucci — The Spider’s Strategy and The Conformist; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis from Vittorio de Sica; and Makavejev’s WR: Mysteries of the Organism.

These films raise basic questions about the power of the cinema to persuade people to think and even act differently; about the cinema’s capacity to embody complex and subtle values in concrete characters and figures; and about the depiction of shifting, and perhaps ambiguous, relations between ideology and personal beliefs, and the ways these shape events.

Such a broad grouping of films raises two points of particular interest. The first, in view of the large claims made for what has been referred to in Cineaste as a new genre in the history of cinema, is to try to assess implicit assumptions about the nature and capability of film, about the order designated by the word ‘politics’ and about the filmmaker’s own involvement and intrusion within his films.

I’ll take up these points in relation to two of these filmmakers: Costa-Gavras, who is commonly regarded as the originator of this style of cinema, and Bertolucci, who is the most interesting and obscure. This is not to imply that these two directors polarize the field. In a later article I’d like to discuss the films of Petri, de Sica and Makavejev.

The second point of interest lies in the way these films are seen to embody a particular relationship between director, audience and critics. This relationship depends upon an assumed consensus of political views, a kind of orthodoxy about what are the central issues in contemporary politics or, perhaps more accurately, how a contemporary political conscience is formed, why some political systems are chosen and not others and what the relationship might be between ideologies and events (usually how latent is transformed into prophecy). So in a recent edition of Cineaste, a critic talks of “… this new awareness” which comes from “many filmmakers who are now examining the whole notion of political film.”

A good deal of critical discussion of these films, and even comments from the directors themselves, reinforce the impression of a common understanding about the dramatic function of politics. In practice this rapidly becomes the political function of drama. The relation between documentary and fiction tends to break down, as it does in some modern literature — Armies of the Night, for instance, by Norman Mailer (referred to by Pauline Kael as “our genius in literature” to distinguish him from Brando, who is “our genius on film”).

Although these films may focus on similar issues and problems, they do so in radically different ways. Yet they are so often reduced to their supposed common elements, as though politics is a commodity to be packaged and bought under different brand names.

The final rationale for this sort of attitude was expressed last year by Ramon Glazer, during an interview in Melbourne when he brought his film Traitors to Australia. “All art,” he said, “is utilitarian and must serve the purposes of the revolution.”

The primary judgment that must be made is not one of the relevance of a particular ideology whether it be Marx, Freud or Reich (that about exhausts the present possibilities), but on the style, the cinematic qualities that distinguish the film. The tendency to identify films with their makers (so the life-style includes and assumes the critical judgments) and the ready flow of tape-recorded interviews contribute to the creation of an instant jumble sale in which journalists, critics and directors trade on each other’s conceptions, ambitions and hang-ups. This results in a readiness to accept intention for effect, to reduce all effects to what can best assimilate to verbal communication (and beyond that to newspaper prose) and to personalize all issues.

An apparently common theme among different directors is no guarantee of mutual interests and intentions. However there have been a number of attempts to classify these films according to a common concern that is supposed to characterize each of them in varying measure. These make critical sense only if you assume one of the following: that cinema as an art form is incapable of the subtlety of literature or drama and can be assessed only by reducing effects to the level of explicit and simple statement; that the film in question is engaged with politics at the level of finding answers to questions that are formulated irrespective of the film; and that cinema is to be understood as a weapon in a revolutionary struggle to overthrow capitalism, or even some of its agents. In this last case, the simplifications are considered to be deliberate and the film is understood as a call to action.

But all these assumptions reduce the films I want to discuss to far less interesting or even compelling works than at least some of them might appear. There seems to be little necessary correspondence between the effects they create and
the terms of the theory they are supposed to illustrate. This kind of critical persuasion risks distorting the individual qualities of each film and, perhaps more seriously, risks reducing film to the equivalent of planned propositions about a particular system of politics. As a recent example we might take a long article in Film Quarterly by Joan Mellen titled ‘Fascism in the Contemporary Film’. This is her opening paragraph:

“The last few years have seen among serious young European directors like Bertolucci, Costa-Gavras and Saura a resurgence of interest in fascism, not as the arena for physical combat between absolute forces of right and wrong, but as a social phenomenon. These directors, and they include such older, established figures as Visconti and Petri, reveal a reawakened interest in examining its social structure and its psychological origins in the mass man who is most susceptible to fascist movements”.

At the outset, these directors are grouped together, not in terms of historical pressures or stylistic qualities, but according to a common theme. Their “resurgence of interest” is stated quite simply as one of two possible alternatives to the terms of any theory. Even if you accept that this is what these films attempt, it says little for the creative imagination of the filmmakers if they are simply searching for a theory to account for this type of latent or manifest homosexuality accompanied by a sense of frustration that finds relief only in continued acts of sadistic brutality.” So Wilhelm Reich is quoted as the guiding prophet whose spiritual connections rescue such a diverse group of directors.

Mellen goes on,

“Peri, Bertolucci and Visconti subscribe to Wilhelm Reich’s sense of the connection between vulnerability to fascism, and, as Reich put it, ‘the repression and distortion of the sexual life’.

Or another example,

“In his refusal to deal with the politics of fascism, concentrating as he does on the evocation of milieu, Visconti too abandons the question of resistance and why it failed. The cause lies in his lack of interest in dramatizing the history of the period.”

This kind of comment betrays an uneasy apprehension that perhaps the theory about the connections between sexual life and fascism doesn’t fit the films as exactly as it might. So we are offered a curious reason for the small part played by the fascists:

“Illustrating the directors’ awareness of the transitory impact of fascism is the disappearance of any theory of government or coherent program of change at the end of the films they dominate. And at the end of The Conformist in 1943 the fascist party disappears as it is extolled.”

Apart from a fairly crucial distinction that needs to be drawn between ‘fascism’ and ‘the fascist party’, Bertolucci may have been interested in other kinds of change. Why, after all, does change need to be ‘coherent’, except on a social planner’s diagram? Correspondingly, the level of insight offered into what the theory does allow on screen is at times disappointing:

“Z, The Damned and Investigation illustrate how the masses of people to follow him.”

The steady and complete transference of the critic’s vested interests to the filmmaker’s work appears in Mellen’s final paragraph:

“...integrate within their texture three major areas of exploration: the social dynamic and means by which fascist functions, the nature of the resistance to fascism and, most successfully, the dissection of the personality particularly susceptible to fascism with its configuration of homosexual anxiety and sadomasochism.”

Having discovered the unity and central connections, Mellen discusses the conditions under which this “reawakened interest” developed:

“The upsurge of revolution in the colonial world has meant, for young intellectuals like Bertolucci, an impetus for reassessing the recent political history of his country. And the worker-student struggles of France and northern Italy in the late sixties suggested an alternative to the capitulation to fascism no longer possible—directors are sensing the possibility of new fascist repression or even its rise to power in the advanced capitalist countries. It has made them feel the urgency of examining the history of fascism and see the study of fascism as relevant once again.”

Wide-ranging political trends, or trends in dissident and repression (represented in the above quote by the ubiquitous ‘it’), become the specific conditions for “reassessing recent political history” or “suggesting an alternative”. Immediately the argument moves from content to style, describing the kind and type of films in terms of assumptions about their purpose and content:

“The new films exploring the fascist sensibility are among the most interesting and challenging work being done in the film today. When they are at their weakest, these films substitute melodrama for a sustained dramatization of the circumstances under which capitalist countries have resorted to fascism.”

The general characterization of the aims of these films is thus supported through an implicit description of the way they work. At their best, they offer “a sustained dramatization,” at their weakest, melodrama. This use of key critical terms simplifies the conception of both drama and melodrama by assimilating them to an implicit understanding of some sort of realism, as though the film must make present and account for large social and political movements. This assumption is repeated throughout the article. For example,

“A film treating the origins and methods of fascist power should concern itself with the social and historical milieu in which the charismatic leader convinces the masses of people to follow him.”

A further implication within this approach is to assume that the forces within a particular society that lead to unrest, civil disobedience and perhaps insurrection can be adequately grasped and described within the terms of any theory. Even if you accept that this is what these films attempt, it
So the critic can refer equally to the director or his films in any given context. This pervasive tendency fails to respect the autonomy of the artist, both because it summarizes and because it summarizes wrongly. It assumes that the artist, as well as the critic, is simply a social engineer, that his works can be explained and interpreted in terms of a prior commitment to social change, if not revolution. It also assumes a priori a literal correspondence between the verbal language of the theories the films are supposed to exemplify, the language of the criticism itself and the effects achieved on screen.

The article I have discussed is not an isolated case, but focuses a contemporary and fashionable critical interest in relating sexual and political behaviour. In a later article in Film Quarterly, and Sex, Jean Mellen, MacBean does mention the article by Joan Mellen, but although he disagrees on points of detail, he accepts her basic assumptions. Talking about the implication that not all homosexuals display a compulsive sadomasochistic pattern, he says, quoting Mellen:

"...the implication that not all homosexuals all display such a pattern. Too many homosexuals are artists, rebels and gentle people for that. Here I think Mellen misses an important point in which all homosexuals are fascists, but rather the more insidious oversimplification that all homosexuals are fascists, or have latent homosexual tendencies."

The whole argument bears a curiously tangential relation to the film that is supposed to have started it all, Z. The only real link lies in the murderers Yango and Vango, and how many people remember them? In a more general sense, it's odd that Costa-Gavras is regarded as the originator of "this new genre". His films actually reinforce the two crucial elements of traditional propaganda films: firstly their instrumental in terms of political concern for the mechanics and not the causes of violence, and beyond that, they focus always on the exercise of violence rather than the way in which power is used and played upon.

This confusion of violence and political power only reflects an essential simplification that involves the other traditional element — an attempt to teach a simple lesson through cardboard entertainment. Costa-Gavras himself has remarked, "You don't catch flies with vinegar."

His first attempt came with Z, made in France, just a year after the worker-student uprisings in France. Essentially what the film attempts is to draw out the threads of a state system of conspiracy. It takes a striking political gesture — the assassination of the deputy Lambrakis — and carefully follows through, picking up clues, to associations between the murderers and the government. The editing is tight and insistent, the musical score by Theodorakis pulsating in rapid, menacing rhythms. The drama focuses on the role of the protagonist played by Jean Louis Trintignant as he slowly unravels the connections and comes to understand that the government is implicated at the highest levels.

Costa-Gavras has heightened the tension by simplifying the characters and conflicts. He has laid from the dry rot of ideological mildew.

"...the holy tree of national freedom is suffering hammering the clash between left and right. So closely-observed, external relationships.

The state.

The following year, in 1970, Costa-Gavras made The Conformist, and in 1972 State of Siege. Each of these films repeats the same formula, the same simple strategy, in different cultures and settings.

Once you have disclosed the mechanics of how repression operates, all you can do is trick it out with a little local color. State of Siege is set in Uruguay and centers on a kidnapping carried out by the local urban guerrillas, the Tupamaros. As with Z, the drama is presented in an apparently abstract form, but the attempt to disguise parable as current affairs has become more direct.

So State of Siege establishes in painful and obvious detail the ramifications of American intrigue and subversion in this small South American state. The foreign training courses are listed and even the names of those who took part in them. This is, after all, real drama.
The involvement of American advisers with the local police is made clear; the gifts of cars, weapons and torture equipment. We are spared nothing, including a public demonstration of shock 'therapy'. The film's whole interest lies in the technical aspects of treachery, in the connections between events whose pattern and logic is never questioned.

Costa-Gavras uses extended press conferences to convey background and thematic development, just as the interrogation of the American stresses the essential kindness and justice of the terrorists. They are insistent, fair-minded and irresistible. As one of them asks the kidnapped American adviser Santore:

"You are a technician?"
"And a technician."
"In the police?"
"Yes."
"And a policeman's duty is to preserve order!"
"Yes."

This scene is cut to a shot of torture and then to a slogan about order and progress. We return to the youthful guerrillas and Santore asks for a glass of whisky. "Sorry," they say, "there's just water." As the interrogation continues, and the film draws reluctantly to a close, Santore starts to betray his real self. "We policemen," he says, "all have the same vocation for order. So we don't approve of anything thatINTERNATIONAL CINEMA REVIEW
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The Conformist

The Conformist, a dazzling rhetorical film of brilliant inventions and studied effects.

own identity by exorcising a particular relationship from the past.

The young man in The Spider's Strategy, Athos Magnani, returns to a small Italian town to find out just who his father was. The story is based on a factual series and plays insistent upon what we are presumed to know is the case in South America. Social observation that might add density and strength to these portraits is discarded; as is any insight into values or responses that cannot be easily stirred into a simple political equation. Costa-Gavras has found that he cannot just repeat the mechanics of Z, so he has simply insisted on the same points more loudly.

The impact and limitations of propaganda become apparent in the heavy didactic purpose of these films, in their apparent documentary realism and their instrumental view of politics. This reduces politics to protest and repression; from conceptions of power and legitimacy to conceptions of indiscriminate violence and expediency. For all their tightly-edited, rapid movement, these films are chaotic, loose and repetitive. And for all the focus on Montand, they betray little psychological suggestiveness, except the classic smile of weary resignation. Literally nothing approaches except death following the inquisition.

The films of Bertolucci don't depend on the sorts of simplification that we find with Costa-Gavras. Although two of them are explicitly concerned with fascism and all three of them with politics, they take up the world of politics in a quite different, even metaphorical sense. In each of his three films, The Spider's Strategy, The Conformist and Last Tango in Paris, the central character is attempting to discover and assert his personality type and its relation to a political system seems again to miss out on what's genuinely original in his filmmaking. This has much more to do with a complex control of texture and color and lighting in order to convey subtle and elusive effects; to pattern and stylize ambiguity, menace and indiction in imagery like the last tango itself. Of course fascism does appear in the films but fascists hardly do at all. The fascist system rather affords Bertolucci a stage, a ready-made organization of essentially private feelings expressed in frozen public attitudes. And it is this background of repression that enables him to develop his characters' search for identity or security.

This process becomes clear in The Spider's Strategy. As the credits unroll, we are shown a series of animal paintings by Ligabue. They are highly colored, even exotic pictures of birds, snakes, tigers, gorillas. They are very formal sketches, brilliantly blocked out in sharp colors, yet fantastic, expressing the energy and power of these creatures in strangely distorted surfaces. And across the sound-track plays fairground music. The pictures and the music suggest associations from the past that almost become concrete in the present - but they are gone and the film has moved on.

This highly-stylized opening reflects the ways Bertolucci creates effects throughout the film. His approach is to constantly raise suggestions, make associations that are momentary and elusive but steadily bind the viewer. The credits pass into the opening shots, a tiny and apparently deserted village. A train draws in and a young man gets off, together with a sailor. They are photographed against the dense green background of surrounding trees and contrasting sandstone buildings. Again, the line and color create a formal and unreal setting, as though we are looking at the way a man might imagine his own past.

As the camera follows the young man through the town, other figures appear. But they move as though they're playing parts in a play; they have no past and no future. And this is the tension upon which the film depends. The young man, Athos Magnani, has returned to the village where his father was murdered by fascists. He wants to discover the truth of his death and he will only find out by playing his father's role, as far as this is possible.

Continued on page 191
THE REMOVALISTS

Jim Murphy

"If roots were hamburgers, you could feed a bloody army" is the sort of one-liner which has made audiences cringe. So-called Australian humor on the stage and screen has often been nothing more than locker room phrases tossed in for hopeful shock effect and emerging like poor vaudeville, which is bad enough, or hand-me-down Cockney comedy, which is intolerable.

David Williamson's ability to conjure with the heightened Aussie argot and use it to perfectly valid comic or dramatic effect is the mainstay of his own film adaptation of his play The Removalists. Without diminishing the excellent cast and good production values, it is Williamson's dialogue which is the focal point of the film and makes one overlook the basic inappropriateness of the material for the medium.

That Williamson can make the above-quoted wisecrack (which is not much of a line, even by vaudeville standards) fit naturally into the flow of dialogue and get its required laugh without seeming awkward or embarrassing testifies to his strong grasp of character and his ear for the rhythm of Australian speech. It was evident in Stork and Petersen. It is more refined in The Removalists.

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The film — or, rather, the play because it is nothing more than a confined two-set theater piece perfunctorily opened out for the cameras — does not fit snugly into any category. The dividing line between comedy and drama is hard to perceive for most of the time and blurs completely in the final half-hour. It is too funny to be called a drama, but too desperately black to be remembered for just its humor.

Williamson uses six well-drawn characters and his skill as a writer sees to it that all interrelate throughout the play. Even when one is merely observing the others, he's observing in a way that says something about him. There are few unproductive moments.

Williamson begins slowly and amusingly with two coppers manning a small sub-station in a crime-prone Sydney suburb. Constable Ross (John Hargreaves) is fresh out of training college, non-too-bright and bristling with enthusiasm, even though he was sick the week they studied practical human psychology. He is reporting expectantly for his first posting under Sergeant Simmonds (Peter Cummins), an amateur Bilko who manages to operate the station without doing anything constructive. It's too small a unit, he tells his new subordinate, to handle the big cases, and the minor offences are not worth worrying about.

The most important document in the office is the TV Times; it supplies the program listings for the television set hidden under the counter. Simmonds is proud that, in 23 years in the Force, he has never made an arrest, never drawn his gun and never left a bruise on a victim. It's a nice touch that when we first see him he is strolling to work pounding a rolled newspaper in the palm of his hand with just a hint of aggression.

Ross is impressionable, and Simmonds wastes no time in making an impression on him. He imbues the novice with his cynical approach to police work ("Stuff the rule book up your arse; life's got its own rules") and gets an early chance to put it into effect when two young women come to the station to make a complaint.

Marilyn Cater (Jacki Weaver) has left her husband and she has been pushed by her pretentious, snobby North Shore sister, Kate (Kate Fitzpatrick) into seeking police intervention. Not only has the lout beaten her — and she has the bruises to prove it to the goggle-eyed young constable — but he has refused to let her take the furniture out of their home.

Simmonds, having given Ross a subtle lesson in the niceties of sniffing out good-looking bimbos while pretending to be solicitous, assumes the guise of Good Samaritan. He calls a removalist friend to send one of his vans around to the Carters' flat, and the police set off with the girls to supervise the moving of the furniture. So far so far for Act I.

The second half — much the stronger — takes place in the flat where Kenny, the husband (Martin Harris) is minding his own business watching Homicide re-runs on TV. He vehemently objects to the intrusion of the police, but Simmonds knows how to deal with aggressive loudmouths, especially those who insult womanhood, even their wives. He has Kenny handcuffed to the room divider and cheerfully thumps him every time he says something out of order.

This proves unfortunate for Kenny, because he is one of those types whose talent for colorful abuse is uncontrollable.

The more he's hit, the more he's inspired to further outpourings of invective. Like a moth circling closer and closer to the flame, Kenny invites his own destruction.

It is the build-up of violence by the policemen — watched with almost complete detachment by the two women and the driver of the removal van (Chris Haywood) — which is the crux of the play. It isn't so much sadism or anger as over-enthusiastic pursuit of a misplaced ideal. Simmonds, following his own peculiar logic for dealing with offenders, just loses his grip on the reins — in his eyes, the only mistake he has made in his whole police career.

It is Williamson's message that toleration of a certain amount of violence is only a step away from total barbarity. He makes his point incisively by exercising a light-hearted approach to the first manifestations of brutality. We laugh, we cry, we are guilty too, even though he forced our complicity.

As a sideline, he hands out some neat jibes at cowardice, hypocrisy, sexual frustration and the good old bureaucratic games of buckpassing and bludging on the job.

The acting is first-rate, with honors shared by Peter Cummins and Martin Harris. It is not surprising that both were in-
revolved in early stage productions of the play. At no point does Cumnins let the character of the sergeant degenerate into caricature. He is a ruthless product of bigotry and hangups, perfectly illustrated by his h Bellow "self-control is the test of manhood" as he beats the living days out of his handcuff-
ed prisoner.

Martin Harris has the most testing role as Kenny, being called upon to switch at the end from ranting vituperation to pathetic docility. He handles it superbly — as sadly funny as anything you'll see.

John Hargreaves does nicely as young Ross, conveying a gormlessness that stems from innocence and uncertainty and not from congenital imbecility as could happen in a lesser perceptive approach, and Chris Haywood is a good con-trasting type as the whispering from removalist, forever bleating about: "the $10,000 worth of equipment I've got tuck-away outside." The girls come off slightly less well, which may be inherent in the script. Jacki Weaver has led to do except Ick and act cute, which she does to perfection, while Kate Fitzpatrick's role is a little overdrawn and she seems rather uneasy with it.

Producer-director Margaret Finch has spent the $240,000 budget wisely. It's a film without extraneous matter, efficiently directed by Tom Jeffrey within the limitations imposed by the two interior locations and crisply edited by Anthony Buckley.

In terms of theme, The Removalists has little to offer. But in making David Williamson's admirable play available to the widest possible audience, it is an object splendidly achieved with a high degree of professionalism from all concerned.

THE REMOVALISTS. Directed by Tom Jeffrey. Distributed by Jacki Weaver (Marilyn Carter), Martin Harris (Kenny Carter), Chris Haywood (Removalist). Eastmancolor. 93 min. Australia 1974.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM 123

Peter Green (Perry), Walter Matthau (Lt Garber), Robert Shaw (Blue), Martin Balsam (Mr Blue), Burt Young (Beau), Broderick (Denny Doyle), Dick O'Neill (Correli). 104 min. US 1974.

About: Hijack on a New York subway train in Gerald Greenberg's The Taking of Pelham 123.

Equally restrained is the handling of a nervous patrolman who finds himself caught between the hijacked car and a team of police snipers hiding in the recesses of the subway tunnel. Wanting to play a part in the action but knowing he dare not shoot at the window figures he can see the car, Mr Grey's hand into a make-believe pistol and silently shoots Mr Grey. Worth noting too is the moment when one of the passengers in the car-riding cars closes his eyes and intones a Zen meditation chant.

Seemingly small items like these are important to Pelham 123. To call them "touching" might be to suggest they are only engaging indulgences on Sargent's part, but given its nature the film cannot afford to play around with characterization other than that of degree it needed to give Lt Garber and Mr Blue a dimension.

The sense that there are people — human beings — involved in the crime and its effects has to be generated by these observations and others: the wavery-voiced tension of the two policemen exchanging small-talk as they wait to drive the ransom money from the bank to the subway against the clock, a police commander's disappointment when he is ordered not to mount a death-or-glory charge down into the tunnel, the influenza-ridden mayor assessing the vote-winning potential in the situation, the prostitute among the hostages insulted at Mr Brown's labelling her a $20 hooker.

But among all the achievements in the film, not least of which is the sharply tinted and placed intercutting between the fluctuations of activity in the brightly-lit exteriors and interiors of the city and the grimly dark and silent tunnel, there are some small disappointments.

For one thing, we never gain any insight into the criminals' reasons for having taken on such a dangerous scheme. Even at best we could not have learned very much about them, but Sargent leaves the men almost wholly anonymous, to the extent that the small suggestion that Mr Green is seeking revenge for his unfair dismissal as a subway motorman remains unconfirmed.

The complaint might be offered too that the ending (different from the novel's) is perhaps excessively anticipated throughout the film. The underscoring of Lt Garber's scenes heard over the intercom system rather gives the ironic finale away ahead of time. But if these are weaknesses, they are minor flaws in a film which is elsewhere so thoroughly and attractively under control.

THE GODFATHER Part II

Mark Randall

"Everyone can relate to a story about a family."
— Fred Roos, co-producer of The Godfather Part Two.

Francis Ford Coppola's sequel to his $200 million grossing The Godfather is an infinitely more seductive piece of filmmaking than its predecessor. It is beautifully executed. The cinematography and art direction are dazzling virtuoso examples of Hollywood's formidable technical-creative arsenal working at peak capacity. The production values of the film are to be marvelled at. The dollars are up on the screen with scenes of breathtakingly romanticized re-creation. It is a feast for the senses. An epic distraction, reducing complex and disturbing realities into readily digested hunks, not of the new Hollywood 'realism' (a la The French Connection), but of new Hollywood myth. What Sam Peckinpah has done for the Western, Coppola has done for the crime syndicate.

Part II pretends to be a lot more than the violent melodrama the original was, and with a budget of $13 million, Coppola has given full rein to his formal classical' directorial style. Soft focus photography, melancholy autumnal golds and browns, (a dash of Vermeer through the drapes), historical minutiae from the props department, a cast of thousands, exotic European and Latin American locations, and the clever use of sub-titles — the heady stuff of Coppola's wide-screen myth-making.

Part II moves leisurely through the past and present history of the Corleone dynasty. Back to where it all began in the Old Country with vendetta violence and forced emigration to the States for the young Vita Corleone, up to Michael Corleone's presence before a Senate committee hearing on 'The Family' and its nefarious activities.

The film's scope, in terms of narrative, is flung wide, and in the telling it rarely falters, considering its episodic structure and length (three-and-a-half hours). We see the building of an empire and the personal tragedies bound up in its realization and maintenance. At the end of the film, Michael Corleone is a lone monster — having killed his brother, several rivals, and separated from his wife — and God knows what we are meant to feel for him. Pity?

Al Pacino gives another well-controlled, low-key performance as Michael. He suffers agonies with his big brown eyes — whether or not to kill poor brother Fredo — and we wish he'd just relax a bit and enjoy the good things of life, like murdering his opponents. But it's hard not to like Pacino's Don. — Coppola knew this. If he looked like Sam Giancana we'd have his guts.

Robert Davoli gives us an expected solid support, but the acting honors finally go to the Master of Method, Lee Strasberg. Strasberg's dying Jewish overload, Hyman Roth, is a great performance.
What really keeps us inside the film, however, is Coppola's style—that of the ready-made classic. Coppola feeds it to us like a narcotic. There is a feeling of time and place suspended, a baroque unreality about it all suggested by the lighting, the soft colors, the heavy emphasis on violins in the musical scoring, and the anachronistic dialogue ("What did Pops think deep in his heart?"). sometimes bordering on mock-biblical absurdity, like the worst of Hemingway.

The crisp edge of definition is missing, as if it were a dream, a memory, the Mafia holidaying in The Garden of the Finzi-Continis. We are held in this suspended lush state, while the mobsters go about their grisly business. Coppola seems to be saying that the Corleones are just a family, but with a difference (what’s a difference?). They are a super-family trafficking in dark regions of sudden engrossing malevolence and infinite venality. We can know them as men, but we cannot touch them. They are twenty-century titans with something to hide. They can be killed (by each other), but not defeated. This is Coppola's million dollar myth at work. A myth we can well do without.

And what about the real Mafia?

"There was no opposition from the Mafia during the filming. They loved the first film about themselves and were with us all the way for its sequel." Fred Roos

No doubt they were. Through The Godfather they've become celebrities. There's your reality.


ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Virginia Duigan

Having made a tough-guy debut with Mean Streets, Martin Scorsese is obviously bent on proving he has a heart. His second feature, Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, is an embarrassingly unabashed weeper, a kind of ill-conceived Paper Moon or John's Wife, incorporating some of the grimmer aspects of an Ash Wednesday.

The film is built around the depressingly lackluster exploits of Alice, played by Ellen Burstyn, who has made good use of her dramatic experiences in The Exorcist. Ms Burstyn seems to have decided, or perhaps the casting directors did it for her, that crises are her forte. She is confronted here by a series of unhappy traumas to which she responds by bursting, with somewhat depressing predictability, into tears. Her mother was doubtless one of those believers in the virtues of a good cry.

Not that one does not sympathize with Alice. Early in the film we experience a profound distaste for her domestic circumstances. Alice (35, married, a casselette, mother to a casselette, mother to an equally unsufferable male offshoot) is in a state of odiousness. Alice remains the kind of tough pioneer doormat who talks stoically about meaningful family relationships while her husband rants on about respect. Within the first 10 minutes, however, he is obligingly written off in an automobile accident. Faced with this stroke of good fortune, Alice proceeds to take up with her precocious 12 year old son and all her worldly goods into the back of a station wagon and driving off into the cruel daylight in search of a better life in Monterey. One wonders about the comfortable home she leaves behind, was it all being paid off on HP?

Idle speculation aside, it transpires that Alice, when young, was a singer of some pretension. In order to keep the wolf from the door she bravely casts around the small-town bars for work and finally lands a spot in an average-seedy establishment. She also picks up a guy anyone could have told her she shouldn't go around with and becomes his wife.

The rest of this lousy film details Alice's brutal consequences at the hands of this character, a desperate flit from the establishment. She also picks up a guy anyone could have told her she shouldn't go around with and becomes his wife.

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The film is not only drab but also curiously scruffy, as though shot on sub-standard film stock and edited in a hurry. If realism was the intention, again it is thoroughly dispersed in the sillinesses of the story. There are moments, some richly comic scenes, some times when one is willingly entertained, even moved, but they occur rarely. They have the effect of uncomfortably jolting one's otherwise negative response; they do, however, prevent one from writing off the film completely. It is possible to gain some semblance of understanding of Alice and her situation, but the honesty which could have saved the film is thrown out in favor of fairly glib cameos and an artificial ending.

Mean Streets suggested that Scorsese had the beginnings of an interesting talent. One can only hope that Alice is a temporary aberration, a brief sortie into the mawkish meadows of matinee-land.


At the outset, it should be noted that the version of Nada screened at the Sydney Film Festival and, presumably, the one which will go on general release eventually is 26 minutes shorter than the British print. Even though a reliable source tells me that the cutting was supervised by Chabrol for the American market, twenty per cent of a film is an awful lot, and here it results in some irritating holes in the narrative — at least one of which seems to be quite important.

This said, Nada as it stands is a singularly disturbing film, especially for those who, like myself, have succumbed to the discreet charm of Claude Chabrol. And despite the director's characteristically off-hand description of it as a 'Punch and Judy show with bullets', Nada is an interesting contrast to another film also screened at the festival, The Orders, which deals with a similar subject — the sudden eruption of police state procedures in a putative democracy — but the dramatized documentary style of the latter seems very dull for all its good intentions next to Chabrol's totally fictional treatment. In Nada, a motley group of anarchists known as Nada (Spanish for 'nothing'), successfully kidnap the US Ambassador to France and hole up in a remote farmhouse lent to one of the group. The operation begins smoothly enough, but a
Nada: a Punch and Judy show with bullets.

police man and an American agent are killed as the gang make their getaway. The escape is filmed by a government security agency responsible for the filming of the getaway is the only intellectual in the gang, has second thoughts, drops his equivocation is reflected in the political stance of Nada. What is clear in ... Chabrol implies, the next step from political suicide, to somebody as unstable as Goemond, could be the product of any one of Chabrol's American men tors. To somebody who has tasted the power which goes with Government's position, Chabrol implies, the next step from political suicide, to somebody as unstable as Goemond, could well be the real thing.

THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK

Freya Mathews

Here we have ostentatiously committed, polemical cinema. Nothing subtle; but then, it's not really subtle to be subtle about things like My Lai, Indian victimization, child abuse, and the various other ultra-emotive issues that the Billy Jack films address. The message is wisely dished up with lashings of melodrama you could even call it home-made myth, the myth of Billy Jack.

But what is the message? In considering this, it would be naive not to notice that Tom Laughlin and Dolores Taylor, the husband-and-wife team who, between them, wrote, directed, starred in, edited, produced and finally distributed the films, appear to be the most analytical capitalists in the film business, having reformulated and revamped the old techniques of film distribution and exhibition to dazzling effect. The first Laughlin film, Billy Jack, has, since its re-release on revised Laughlin-imposed terms, grossed $131 million, while The Trial of Billy Jack has so far grossed $13 million.

The effectiveness of the Laughlin marketing techniques is indicated by the fact that when Billy Jack was given an initial run by Warners under conventional conditions, it was a virtual write-off. It would be hard to reconcile this capitalistic facility of the filmmakers with any claim of theirs to be making a radical statement. But they make no such claim anyway.

The films, for all their urgency, are spelling only a relatively tame liberal message; their commitment is to democracy but true democracy, as preached by the Founding Fathers. The outragel directed only at the abuses of democracy tolerated under the present American system; it is not directed at the system itself.

Even so, the populism of the films, and the acumen with which Laughlin markets them, cannot help snowballing some suspicions about his motivation, (and apparently it is his motivation, credits notwithstanding, she seems to be motivated by him). Either he is an awesomely hardened and artful exploiter of the liberal conscience and consciousness of his audiences, or he is a genuine though remarkably hardened liberal, prepared to exploit — and even improve — the system itself.

Here we have ostentatiously committed, polemical cinema. Perhaps ideally the question of the director's motives should not influence one's judgment of a film. One could adopt a kind of Hegelian optimism in this respect — the Message has a devious autonomy, and finds expression for itself even through media which were not intended for it.

But taking this line we would soon be strangled in all kinds of conceptual tangles about the implications of judging a film. Can a film qualify as a 'committed' film if the director is known to be a hack, to be a hypocrat? In other words, can 'commitment' be simulated — for the sake, presumably, of adding an extra frisson to the entertainment? Can aesthetic judgement be indifferent to moral content? For instance, could a film with an explicit fascist theme qualify as a 'committed' film? But taking this line we would soon be strangled in all kinds of conceptual tangles about the implications of judging a film. Can a film qualify as a 'committed' film if the director is known to be a hack, to be a hypocrat? In other words, can 'commitment' be simulated — for the sake, presumably, of adding an extra frisson to the entertainment? Can aesthetic judgement be indifferent to moral content? For instance, could a film with an explicit fascist theme qualify as a 'committed' film? But taking this line we would soon be strangled in all kinds of conceptual tangles about the implications of judging a film. Can a film qualify as a 'committed' film if the director is known to be a hack, to be a hypocrat?
Top left: Edith runs panic-stricken down the slopes of Hanging Rock. The other three girls remain behind.

Top right: director Peter Weir with Rachel Roberts on the set of Picnic at Hanging Rock.

Center left: Sara, Dianne and Sergeant Bumper. Sara is questioned about the disappearance of the girls.

Center right: Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, Mrs Appleyard.

Bottom left: From L to R, Edith, Jane, Irma and Miranda leaving the picnic to walk to the base of the Rock.

**Picnic at Hanging Rock**

Director .......................... Peter Weir
Executive Producer .............. Pat Lovell
Producers ........................... Jim McElroy, Hal McElroy
Executive Producer for South Australia ................ John Graves
Screenplay ........................ Cliff Green
1st Assistant Director .......... Mark Egerton
Director of Photography ...... Russell Boyd
Art Director ....................... David Copping
Editor ............................. Max Lemon
Music .............................. Bruce Smeaton
Costume Design ................ Judy Dorsman

Cast: Rachael Roberts (Mrs Appleyard); Dominic Guard (Michael Fitzhubert); Vivien Gray (Greta McGraw); Helen Morse (Di De Portiers); Kirsty Child, Anne Lambert, Karen Robson, Jane Vallis, Christine Schuler, Margaret Nelson, Ingrid Mason, Jenny Lovell, Janet Murray, Bridgitte Phillips, Jacki Weaver, A. Llewellyn Jones.

**Story:** The screenplay of Picnic at Hanging Rock, written by Cliff Green, is based on Joan Lindsay's best-selling Australian thriller. It tells the story of a group of girls who, with a teacher, set out from an exclusive boarding school to picnic at the Victorian beauty spot, Hanging Rock, on St Valentine's Day, 1900. Some of the girls never return. Their disappearance, never fully explained, continually disturbs a number of exquisitely ordered lives. Woven in with the mystery and drama, intricate peculiarities develop within the characters — the girls at the school, the strange headmistress, other teachers and staff, the visiting English youth who could be the prime suspect.
The Man from Hong Kong

Director .............. Brian Trenchard Smith
Distributor ............. BEF
Production Company .......... A Golden Harvest-Movie Company
Co-Production
Executive Producers ...... Raymond Chow, John Hasem
Producers .................. David Hannay, Andre Morgan
Production Manager ....... David Hannay
Production Co-ordinator ...... Pom Oliver
Assistant Director .......... Hal McElroy
Script ...................... Brian Trenchard Smith
Director of Photography ...... Russell Boyd
Editors .................... Alan Lake, Ron Williams
Music ..................... Noel Quinlan

Cast: Jimmy Wang Yu, Hugh Keys-Byrne, Ros Spiers, Rebecca Gilling, Frank Thring, George Lazenby.

Story: A Hong Kong cop (Jimmy Wang Yu) comes to Australia to extradite a prisoner.

"I wrote the final draft of the film to function on two levels. On the surface it's knock-down, drag out, non-stop action picture aimed at the widest possible audience; but underneath we tried for a rich vein of humor in which we parody the conventions of the thick-ear thriller."

— Brian Trenchard Smith.
authentic commitment that makes the Billy Jack films so effective.

The Billy Jack saga concerns a half-breed Indian (played by Tom Laughlin) and his life on the reservation. The film explores the clash between traditional ways of life and the modern world. The central figure, Billy Jack, is a symbol of resistance against oppression and discrimination.

The film's success lies in its ability to combine action and drama, creating a sense of tension and conflict. The dialogue is often powerful and emotionally charged, reflecting the struggles of the characters. The film's music, composed by Elmer Bernstein, is also a key element in conveying the mood and atmosphere.

Overall, the Billy Jack films are a significant contribution to the history of cinema, offering a powerful and thought-provoking portrayal of life on the reservation and the struggles of the Native American people.
Borrego. The main action of the film concerns the relative cinema fantastique, the unknown, and sideshows which require you to rediscover your innocence. By this he means three things: that the film should be approached "rather like those carnival sideshows which require you to rediscover your innocence."

This conception of a moral fable disguised as comic melodrama might have sprung from the mines of Jean-Louis Barrault in Les Enfants du Paradis. But the figure of Shadowman engages other references as well, especially the comic-strip heroes of the fifties: Batman, the Phantom, the Shadow. Their success doesn't depend upon any sense of mysterious powers or problematic identity (we all know that Superman is Clark Kent) that might cause us to question ourselves, our sense of innocence or reality. The adventures of these characters depend upon a very clear distinction between reality and fantasy. And the opening shots of Shadowman reinforce this distinction for the audience.

A scripted introduction tells us about the order of Knights Templar whose last Grand Master was burned at the stake on March 11, 1314. The order was reputed to have hidden fabulous treasure, and Shadowman is anxious to pry such ancient secrets from the grasp of an old historian, Maxime de Champreux. The main action of the film concerns the relative success and repeated failure of different strategies to track down the treasure.

Franju relies on recreating the surface appearance of the old serials with their fades, wipes, cross-cutting for suspense and flashbacks. Actions are deliberately stylized so the characters appear like puppets, springing into a grotesque parody of comic-strip herioc.

Dialogue, too, follows closely the cliché versions of thousands of indifferent detective films. The butler, Albert, says to detective Sorbier in passing "If you only knew . . ." "Ah," breaks in the alert cop, "then there is something to know." Later he muses that "the butler lied to me, and I fell hook, line and sinker for it." There are the usual small accompaniments: "You won't regret it, I'm sure of that," or "I hope you're right for your sake, Doctor." The problem with fidelity to the basic formula is that it doesn't allow much imaginative scope or any unexpected complexity. Much of the humor derives from recognition of the situations drawn from a deliberately absurd thriller. So we meet the historian seated at his desk, engaged in a trivial conversation with Albert. He explains what is quite obvious — he is opening his mail. Albert asks for time off to see the dentist. This scene is cut with shots of a concealed passage opening from the bookcase; stone steps wind down into an underground chamber, the scene of fantastic rituals. What interests Franju is the mechanism: the sliding door, shots of the crypt and the historian clasps his graven idol and enters the sanctuary.

This repeated combination of trivial encounters, vaguely menacing threats and a fascination with the techniques and instruments of sorcery and murder make up a good deal of the film's appeal. But they issue in farce rather than any sense of mysterious unease.

Franju commented upon one scene in which a car drives into an empty courtyard and stops. "The simple fact," he said, "of holding on the empty courtyard for five seconds made the spectator think: 'Well, if he's so insistently about it, he must have a reason'. What reason? There's the uncertainty, the unknown. And just then the car comes into frame. And since the car was a veritable apparition, it boded something. It was bringing a message; and since the scene took place at the time when the car enters the frame, the audience had no clue beforehand that such a simple measure would deter these programmed murderers.

Again there is a sequence aboard a train in which Shadowman scrambles along the roof, enters a compartment through the window, murders the occupant and steals what he wants. The action is surprisingly slow, perhaps because it's made to appear just too easy. The idea of this novel burglary and how it might be carried out seems to have fascinated the director and he concentrates upon the small suction pads that enable Shadowman to clamber about outside of the train. Too often, the studied execution of novel ideas slows the pace of the film. It's almost as though it made up of a succession of cartoons.

Characters exist only in their appearance, like Dick Tracy. The detective is a gross, lumbering figure who makes the most elementary miscalculations and scandalously neglects security arrangements. So too the police appear as inert, blundering figures throughout.

Shadowman moves with sweeping gestures in his blood-red hood, cape and gloves. He is less a character than a figure around which Franju organizes his comedy. So Shadowman sits like an executive in his underground cave, watching color television and browsing through office files. Or he guides his dummies through remote control radio gadgetry, or knifes his victims with a quick flick of the wrist. He is not an elusive figure but a vague one, endlessly plotting strategies whose outcome leaves the drama more or less where it was at the beginning.

So at the end, he steals away and his escape leaves the way clear for a successor to Shadowman. His accomplice throughout is a striking-looking woman, played by Gayle Hunnicutt, who appears as a sort of super-secretary, cool, efficient, capable of murder on the side, and quite properly, having no sexual relationship with Shadowman. You wouldn't want to risk the jeers of the jellybean gallery.

Shadowman is a film of fascinating surfaces and novel effects. It recreates so exactly the fantastic adventures of the master criminal that it's difficult to tell where the satire begins and the literal copy ends. It's enjoyable enough, and sometimes very funny but it doesn't create the kinds of resonance Franju clearly expected.

REVIEWS

Above: Shadowman.

Above: Georges Franju's Shadowman, a moral fable disguised as comic melodrama.


Cinema Papers, July-August — 155
NELL IS BACK!
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Written by Alan Hopgood & Richard Franklin
Music by Brian May
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SOON FOR RELEASE
The film becomes a satire on the arbitrary nature of signs, in fact. One can be surprised by this, taken unawares like the man in bed expecting that the sweep of a clock must ‘mean’ that an experienced hour of time should pass. Or one can accept it, like the prefect of police who passes calmly from one world where he is interpreted as a paranoiac impostor to another where he really is the double of the prefect of police and politely chats with him before going to some unspecified crisis at the zoo. He just crosses a threshold.

And again, as with the remark about chance, there is a comment inside the film itself about its own process; a teacher of film about film, if you like. Even the dinner sequence seems a consumer's guide to his film, but at the same time if you read reviews before seeing the film then you do so at your own cost. The film itself, of course, returns to its point of departure; it might perfectly well receive a telegram saying her father is ill. The idea of linear progression is confronted by that of circularity. On one level, the whole of the film is a parody of the convention of narrative. The shift from Spain under Napoleon to contemporary Paris is made because the Spanish part turns out to be a representation of a story being read out by a French nursemaid in a park. The children take the cards home from the park, the father mentions that his nights have been disturbed; he goes to the doctor and there is, naturally, a nurse there who happens to be around. And it is chance, ‘le hasard’, which is deliberately celebrated — and they were quite as embarrassed by the phantom of liberty in artistic creation as any of their descendants might be. So the film’s innovation is bound to a very old tradition indeed.

The reviewer resorts to describing bits of the film, which then reproduce the whole script. That’s only to be expected from a film about film, if you like. Even the dinner sequence seems a consumer's guide to his film, but at the same time if you read reviews before seeing the film then you do so at your own cost. As a result, Phantom of Liberty is a frustrating but tantalizing experience to watch; it is your own phantom. Something is always just out of reach, or being snatched away from before your eyes.

The film takes you on a more peculiarly guided tour of society, with the camera playing a paradoxical, picturesque role, like the eighteenth century narrator who hated narration, the observer roaming the landscape and then being smacked by the spider pictures), sometimes following a code which seems to develop a personality that it would not be too difficult to imagine. On one level, the whole of the film is a parody of the convention of narrative. The shift from Spain under Napoleon to contemporary Paris is made because the Spanish part turns out to be a representation of a story being read out by a French nursemaid in a park. The children take the cards home from the park, the father mentions that his nights have been disturbed; he goes to the doctor and there is, naturally, a nurse there who happens to be around. And it is chance, ‘le hasard’, which is deliberately celebrated — and they were quite as embarrassed by the phantom of liberty in artistic creation as any of their descendants might be. So the film’s innovation is bound to a very old tradition indeed.

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16 MM PRODUCTION SURVEY

16 mm PRODUCTION SURVEY

ADAM
Director .................................................. Paul Bugden
Screenplay .............................................. Paul Bugden
Producer .................................................. David Perry
Production Co .......................................... Quest Films
Synopsis: A young man's inability to cope with his own sexuality confronts him through an unfulfilled relationship with an older man.
Length: 30 minutes
Budget: $2000
Makeup: Robert Dallas
Sound: David Leahy, Beverly Slulter
Continuity: Julie Miller
Progress: Release print

ALCESTIS
Director .................................................. Ken Quinnell
Cast: Angela Korvalos, Colin James, Virginia Kelly, Kent Sanderson, Graham Potts, Chloe.
Synopsis: "A contemporary ritual/presentation of the "melodrama" — ritual and confrontation between an artist and a woman.
Photography ............................................ Russell Boyd
Editor .................................................... Vince O'Connell
Production Manager .................................. Box and Dice
Sound Recordist .......................... Carlos Turchi
Special Effects: Lea Wilson
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 30 minutes
Budget: $15,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

ANTONIO GAUDI — TO A DANCING GOD
Director .................................................. David Leahy
Screenplay .............................................. David Leahy
Producer .................................................. David Leahy
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: Part documentary and part drama-
clan set in an Australian context.
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 30 minutes
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Starting 2 months

APPLAUSE PLEASE
Director .................................................. Ivan Gall
Cast: Max Gillies, Bob Thornton, Joe Bats.
Synopsis: A co-operative effort by Paul Bugden and cast to create a satire on our daily commer-
cities spanning the country from the Nullabor to Surfers Paradise.
Budget: $15,000
Length: 30 minutes
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Release print

BO DREAM
Director .................................................. Gordon Much
Screenplay .............................................. Gordon Much
Producer .................................................. Gordon Much
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: Opening of the Opera House and the variety of entertainment and events celebrating it. A musical fantasy seen through the eyes of Bob Diddy.
Art Director ............................................. Nigel Blackburn-Edith
Production Designer ............................... John Melia
Script Assistant ....................................... Delenda Much
Music Director ........................................... Bob Polit
Sound Recordist .......................... Mal Read
Mix: APA

CEREMONY
Director .................................................. David Greig
Cast: Leahy, Beverly Slulter
Synopsis: A film of ritual and confrontation between an artist and a woman.
Photography .......................... David Leahy
Director .................................................. Mike Duck
Production Co-ordinator: Deborah Pendings
Sound ................................................. Darryl Evans
Continuity: Steve Read
Length: 25 minutes
Budget: $15,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Eastman

DAFFY
Director .................................................. David King
Screenplay .............................................. David King
Producer .................................................. David King
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: The last days of a perverted student's life.
Director of Photography ................................ David King
Music .................................................. Ian Harvey
Sound Recordist .......................... lan Harvey
Continuity: Phyllis Hodgens
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 30 minutes
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Film print

THE DEVIL'S PARTY
Director .................................................. Don Friend
Screenplay .............................................. Alan Bond
Original Story ........................................ Trevor Scarth
Producer .................................................. Alan Bond
Synopsis: An Australian young people attending a mystery surprise party with bizarre and deadly consequences.
Photography ............................................. Alan Bond
Sound recordists: Bob Cooper, Gary Dunn
Lighting .................................................. Jim Dunn
Continuity: Don McNally
Budget: $3,000
Length: 30 minutes
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT THE BLUES, BABY
Director .................................................. Jean Buckley
Screenplay .............................................. Jean Buckley
Producer .................................................. Jean Buckley
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: The clash between white and black cultures in the Northern Territory.
Photography: Jean Buckley
Director .......................... Ken Quinell
Sound .................................................. Mike Heasler
Assistant Director .......................... Leo McLaren
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 30 minutes
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Release print

DOUBLE DEALER
Director .................................................. Allan Dickens
Screenplay .............................................. Philip Avallon
Executive Producer .................................. Philip Avallon
Production Company ................................ Philip Avallon
Budget: $150,000
Gauge: 35 mm
Progress: 16 months

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COOL
Director .................................................. John Chew
Screenplay .............................................. Hayden Keenam
Producer .................................................. John Chew
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

FLOATING
Director .................................................. Mike Edols
Synopsis: "A Me Edols synopsis. People of the Mowanjum Tribe directed by Ken Quinnell."
Photography: Mike Edols
Editor .................................................... Eden Sturm
Sound .................................................. Mike Heasler
Assistant Director .......................... Leo McLaren
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 75 minutes
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Release print

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAY IN THE SUN
Director .................................................. Bruce Usher
Screenplay .............................................. Russell Sheppard
Producer .................................................. Russell Sheppard
Budget: $10,000
Length: 60 minutes
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Release Print

HARD KNOCKS
Director .................................................. Greg Flynn
Screenplay .............................................. Greg Flynn
Producer .................................................. Greg Flynn
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: Satire concerning a football/politi-
can set in an Australian context.
Photography: Greg Flynn
Editor .................................................... Don McNally
Music .................................................. John Robinson
Gaffer .................................................... Sydney
Color Process: Eastman
Length: 30 minutes
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: Release print

HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA
Director .................................................. Bruce Petty
Screenwriter ........................................... Bruce Petty
Producer .................................................. Errol Sullivan
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: Australia is given her first chance to contribute a role in the long running All Nations Review. She makes it, but the cost is a loss of in-
HISTORICAL SURVEY
Director .................................................. Mike Edols
Screenplay .............................................. Mike Edols
Producer .................................................. Mike Edols
Budget: $150,000
Synopsis: Eastman
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COOL
Director .................................................. John Chew
Screenplay .............................................. Eden Storm
Producer .................................................. Eden Storm
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COOL
Director .................................................. John Chew
Screenplay .............................................. Eden Storm
Producer .................................................. Eden Storm
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COOL
Director .................................................. John Chew
Screenplay .............................................. Eden Storm
Producer .................................................. Eden Storm
Budget: $150,000
Color Process: Eastman
Progress: In production

Above: Angela Korfvalos and Kent Sanderson in a scene from Alcestis, directed by Ken Quinnell.
BACK ISSUES

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Cinema Papers, 143 Therry Street, Melbourne, 3000.
ILLUMINATIONS

Director ............................................ Paul Cox
Screenplay .......................................... Simon Scott
Producer .............................................. Russell Sheppard
Associate Producer ............................. John Morphy
Production Company ......................... Panoramic
Distribution Company ......................... Venue Films
Release Date .......................................... November 1975
Synopsis: A young couple live in an almost hallucinatory world. The film makes an attempt at extending consciousness beyond the limits imposed by our ego.

MELANIE AND ME

Director ............................................ John Morphy
Screenplay ............................................ John Morphy
Producer .............................................. Tlbor Markus
Associate Producer ............................. Alan Stubenrauch
Production Company ......................... Panoramic
Distribution Company ......................... Venue Films
Release Date .......................................... November 1975
Synopsis: An entertaining coverage of the world's richest surfing contest held in May 1975. Interviews include: Wietse Bartkoulo (winner of eating contest, record 2.8kg of rice, vegetables and fruit) and 'Snowy' McAlister, winner of Bondi Title 1975.

SURFABOUT 75

Director ............................................ David Effick
Screenplay ............................................ David Effick
Producer .............................................. Russell Sheppard
Production Company ......................... Panoramic
Distribution company ....................... Seven Keys
Cast: Various international surf stars
Synopsis: A surfing epic of the season.

A WINTERTALE

Director ............................................ Bruce Usher
Screenplay ............................................ Bruce Usher
Producer .............................................. Russell Sheppard
Production Company ......................... Panoramic
Release Date .......................................... July 1975
Synopsis: A film which highlights the winter months and the events that take place during that time.

In view of the rapid growth of Australian production the co-ordinator of this column would be greatly assisted by individual producers and directors sending their production details and stills to: Production Survey, Cinema Papers, 143 Therry Street, Melbourne, Victoria, 3000.

JOG'S TROT

Director ............................................. John Papadopoulos
Screenplay ............................................. Sally Blake
Producer .............................................. Harvey Shore
Associate Producer ............................. John Papadopoulos
Production company ......................... Pendragon Films
Distribution Company ......................... Acme Films
Synopsis: A film about a dog that becomes a marauder.

JOAN'S TROT

Director ............................................. John Papadopoulos
Screenplay ............................................. Sally Blake
Producer .............................................. Harvey Shore
Associate Producer ............................. John Papadopoulos
Production company ......................... Pendragon Films
Synopsis: A film about a girl and her horse.

MAY FLY

Director ............................................. Kevin Anderson
Casting .................................................. Maureen Sadler
Synopsis: The story of a young girl who dreams of flying.

WILLIAM DIVE

Director ............................................. Kevin Anderson
Screenplay ............................................. John Morphy
Producer .............................................. Russell Sheppard
Associate Producer ............................. Tony Llewellyn-Jones
Production Company ......................... Panoramic
Synopsis: A film about a young boy who divets into water to rescue a drowning child.

SUMMER SHADOWS

Director ............................................. Gordon Glenn
Screenplay ............................................. Gordon Glenn
Producer .............................................. Gordon Glenn
Associate Producer ............................. Keith Robertson
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Distribution company ......................... Acme Films
Release date .......................................... November 1975
Synopsis: A film about the daily adventures of a young boy and his shadow.

ON ANY MORNING

Director ............................................. Scott Murray
Screenplay ............................................. Scott Murray
Producer .............................................. Phil Sheppard
Associate Producer ............................. John Morphy
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Synopsis: A film about the morning routine of a young girl.

ON THE TRACK OF UNKNOWN ANIMALS

Director ............................................. Gordon Glenn
Screenplay ............................................. Gordon Glenn
Producer .............................................. Gordon Glenn
Associate Producer ............................. Keith Robertson
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Synopsis: A film about the tracking of unknown animals.

IN VIEW OF THE RAPID GROWTH OF AUSTRALIAN PRODUCTION THE CO-ORDINATOR OF THIS COLUMN WOULD BE GREATLY ASSISTED BY INDIVIDUAL PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS SENDING THEIR PRODUCTION DETAILS AND STILLS TO: PRODUCTION SURVEY, CINEMA PAPERS, 143 THERRY STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3000.

ONCE

Director ............................................. Mark D'Arcy-Irvine
Screenplay ............................................. Mark D'Arcy-Irvine
Producer .............................................. Paul Cox
Associate Producer ............................. Russell Sheppard
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Synopsis: A film about a young girl and her animal friends.

ON ANY MORNING

Director ............................................. Scott Murray
Screenplay ............................................. Scott Murray
Producer .............................................. Phil Sheppard
Associate Producer ............................. John Morphy
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Synopsis: A film about the morning routine of a young girl.

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Screenplay ............................................. Gordon Glenn
Producer .............................................. Gordon Glenn
Associate Producer ............................. Keith Robertson
Production company ......................... Summer Shadows
Synopsis: A film about the tracking of unknown animals.
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Bruce Beresford
Brixton Productions Pty. Ltd.
Project: The Getting of Wisdom
$2,000

D. Chidlaw, I. Barry, H. Hall, B. Walker
Project: The Wild Colonial Boy
$2,400

Mary Hayward
Project: Ballad of a Country Girl
$736

Chris Lofthus
Project: Oz
$1,910

Tom Jeffrey
Stenson Productions
Project: The Reckoning
$3,250

J. P. O. Sullivan
Project: Old Charlie
$3,050

David Ellick
Voyager Films
Project: Newsfront
$4,000

Production Approvals

H. Crawford
Crawford Productions
Project: The Box
$115,000

D. Waddington
Waddington Productions
Project: The Terrible Tragedy
$836 (loan)

Richard Brennan
B. C. Productions
Project: Promised Woman
$4,131

Anthony Buckley
Project: Caddie
$150,000

C. E. Bulenda
Australiana Films
Project: The Last of the Stoneage People
$700

H. Crawford
Crawford Productions
Project: The Hoop
$243,498

Phillip Adams
Monahan Dayman and Adams
Project: Don's Party
$50,000

David Waddington
Project: Barney
$80,000

David Baker
Stoney Creek Films
Project: Squatter's Mate
$3,000

John Dugan
Project: Trespassers
$20,000

Philippa More
Motion Picture Productions
Project: Mad Dog
$170,000

South Australian Film Corporation
Project: Storm Boy
$82,101

Ronda MacGregor
Project: Wheels
$10,000

Post-Production Approvals

R. Raymond
Robert Raymond Associates
Project: The Australian Ark
$3,600

Margaret Fink
Margaret Fink Productions
Project: The Removalists
$40,000 (loan)

P. Conford
Span Films
Project: Birdman
$1,319 (loan)

David Baker
Stoney Creek Films
Project: Salute to the Great McCarthy
$7,800

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN FILM CORPORATION

AN EXPERIMENT IN MEDIUM DENSITY
Director: Brian Berger
Producer: Milton Ingerson
Synopsis: Medium density housing at West Lakes
Screenplay: Russell Porter
Sound Recordist: Bob Allen

BURNS
Director: Russell Porter
Producer: Terry Jennings
Synopsis: Documentary on three families who have had burn accidents in the home.
Length: 15 min
Color process: Eastman

CONCEPTS
Director: Ron Sanders
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: In service training for teachers
Screenplay: Sophia Turkiewicz
Photography: Gus Howard
Production Manager: Sue Mogg
Music Director: S. Ostoja-Kotkowski
Still Photography: David Kynoch
Animator: David Kynoch
Length: 10 min
Color process: Eastman

DEMOCRACY
Screenplay: Sophia Turkiewicz
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: A stimulating film to combat ignorance and apathy
Length: 20 min
Color process: Eastman
Progress: Script stage

EXPRESSIVE ARTS
Director: Ron Sanders
Screenplay: David Tiley
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: Expressive and performing arts in the primary school.
Photography: Edwin Scragg, ACS
Editor: Wayne Le Clos
Production Manager: Sue Mogg
Sound Recordist: Bob Allen
Length: 10-20 min
Color process: Eastman

FURTHER EDUCATION
Director: Brian Bargin
Screenplay: David Tiley
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: Six short films on further education in South Australia.
Photography: Milton Ingerson
Editor: G. Turney-Smith
Production Manager: Nick Cockram
Sound Recordist: Rod Pascoe
Length: 12-20 min
Color process: Eastman

JEWELLERY
Director: Terry Jennings
Screenplay: Terry Jennings
Producer: Terry Jennings
Synopsis: Three short films on jewellery
Photography: John Elton
Editor: Terry Jennings
Production Co-ordinator: Penny Chapman
Length: 23 min
Color process: Eastman

THE MIKADO AND THE GONDOLIERS
Director: Gil Bradley
Synopsis: Film version of stage performance.
Photography: Milton Ingerson
Sound Recordist: Bob Allen
Length: 30 min
Color process: Eastman

MONARTO
Director: Bob Talbot
Producer: Bob Talbot
Synopsis: Documentary on town of Monarto.
Length: 20 min
Color process: Eastman

MOTIVATING READING
Director: Ron Sanders
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: Motivated reading for students of all ages
Photography: Edwin Scragg, ACS
Editor: Gerry Regan
Production Manager: Sue Mogg
Sound Recordist: Bob Allen
Length: 22 min
Color process: Eastman

A ROAD IN TIME
Director: John Dick
Executive Producer: Malcolm Smith
Production company: Bosisto Productions
Synopsis: History of roadmaking in South Australia.
Length: 20 min
Color process: Eastman

STARRING JACK THOMPSON
Executive Producer: Malcolm Smith
Production company: Scope Films
Synopsis: Documentary on the making of Sunday Too Far Away.
Length: 24 min
Color process: Eastman

WEST LAKES
Director: Brian Bargin
Executive Producer: Milton Ingerson
Synopsis: The commercial development of West Lakes.
Length: 20 min
Color process: Eastman

WOMEN IN THE WORKFORCE
Screenplay: David Tiley
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: The commercial development of West Lakes.
Length: 12 min
Color process: Eastman

TRANSPORT PLANNING
Screenplay: Brian Bargin
Producer: Malcolm Smith
Synopsis: How transport might affect future urban form and life.
Length: 15-20 min
Color process: Eastman

Above: David Baker on the set of The Great McCarthy.
Bolex announces the H16EL, with a new kind of meter that is ultra sensitive to light changes and built for hard use.

A built-in light meter once turned even a ruggedly built pro camera into a delicate instrument. Enter the H16EL, with a silicon cell instead of the conventional CdS cell. Results: 1. Instant response to light variations. Shift from blinding light to deep shadow with perfect results. 2. No sensitivity to temperature variations. 3. No corrections needed, because of its straight response curve. 4. Equally responsive to all colours from blue to red.

Manual light measurements are made through the lens in the body of the camera so the camera can be fitted with any optics, including long telephotos, macro lenses, even extension tubes. For extreme changes of light, use a lens with built-in automatic exposure adjustment. Bayonet lens mount for quick and precise changes. So strong that you can carry the whole camera by the lens.

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The motor is electronically controlled. When you stop, it stops. And the shutter closes. You can use your original film without having to cut frames from both ends of each take. The viewfinder has high brightness and 13x magnification, plus built-in comfort with either eye. Two red light diodes in the viewfinder indicate correct aperture. No waiting for a needle to settle down. The diaphragm of the new Vario-Switar 12.5-100mm f2 lens is fully open for accurate focusing and closes down automatically when you squeeze the button. Power is supplied by a Ni-Cd battery. Take your choice of two power packs, two chargers.

With the usual Bolex attention to detail, a full range of accessories is available, including a removable 400 foot magazine that is used with a take-up motor providing constant film tension.

The whole unit is built like a tank. It is a rugged and reliable piece of gear that is as fail-safe as Bolex know-how can make it, despite its lightweight (about 7lbs for body and power pack).
Could you describe your approach to scoring a film from the initial contact with a director to the recording sessions?

When I’m together with the director, I try and find out who he is and what he is. I’m terribly interested in his approach.

I’ve almost come to the conclusion now that I loathe reading scripts. It’s the old complaint — the film isn’t like the book. If I read the script my approach is similar to the book; I hurl myself into it and try to make it come alive and inevitably I build up enormously strong ideas of what the characters are like, who they are, how they react.

Would it be commonplace in your experience in this country for the person who is writing the music to be come involved in the film at script level?

No, it’s not. Actually that’s a terrible thing; sometimes you get the feeling that you’ve been brought in as some sort of unimportant element.

In fact it’s even gone so far on a few things I’ve done that they actually sent the film off for opticals before I was approached — and then there were the most horrendous timing problems.

So, providing the film hasn’t already had its opticals done . . .

Well, then I’m usually dragged off to see either rushes or rush cuts.

The director is obviously interested in my reaction to them, and I try to be honest. I try not to be a director or a film editor.

Then, if he’s professional — which is also stunningly rare — he’s worked out some things in his own mind. And, if he’s buried in his film and really believes in what he’s doing, he’s basically talking emotions.

It’s important to me that a director knows what he wants more than any other thing because I may misinterpret what I see on the screen.

Bruce Smeaton

Bruce Smeaton is one of the few well-established names in a comparatively new field for Australian musicians — film scoring.

Since 1973 Smeaton has worked on five feature films, scored numerous TV series and features, and has been involved to varying degrees in composing literally hundreds of soundtracks for commercials, documentaries and audio-visual presentations.

Smeaton’s most recent projects include the new ABC TV series Ben Hall and Peter Weir’s latest feature, Picnic at Hanging Rock.

Ivan Hutchinson and Peter Beilby interviewed Bruce Smeaton recently at his home in Melbourne.

One thing I’ve learned the hard way is that you need a good visual trigger to get the music in. So with the music editor, I look for the precise point to bring the music in and the precise point to take it out. Getting out is the thing.

This is before you’ve written anything?

I haven’t written a thing. My mind’s probably flopping around like a blancmange. I’ve got no real idea. It’s important to keep your mind as vague as possible for as long as possible.

Besides, at this stage we haven’t talked budgets or anything at all. So what’s the use of me saying, “Yes, I can hear 500 bass flutes come howling in here,” when they might only have enough money to pay for a banjo?

So we go through all these points and we add up the total amount of music. At this stage we’re talking about money, and it’s at this stage that I usually find out that no provision has been made for budget — none whatsoever — and they usually say they’re going to mix it the following week.

I eventually get to the stage where I’ve got some sort of idea going in my head and I’ve got a fair idea of what I physically need to bring a thing off. Then it’s largely a matter of sitting down with the timings in feet and frames, breaking them down into seconds with the aid of an electronic calculator, then correlating them with a digital metronome.

At that stage I usually get around to booking the musicians and the studio, and try to break things down onto a mechanical core with recording calls. It’s usually preferable to try and start with a lot of musicians and gradually work through to fewer and fewer until you’re finished. At the end of that we mix and it goes off to the film editor who lays it up in sync with the film and the other sound tracks.

I prefer to attend the film mix, although I’ve only been invited once in my life.

It must be fairly important to be aware of what other sound effects are being used in a scene for which you are writing music. Are you kept informed of what sound effects are being used?

By an intelligent person, yes.

Have you ever had the experience of finding that your music has vanished under the effects?

That doesn’t worry me, funnily enough. I regard a film as a whole in which the music is only one element. In fact I like a lot of films that have no music, and I believe would be ruined if they had. As a matter of fact I advised David Baker only a couple of weeks ago not to put music
in a brilliant film of his called "Squeaker's Mate. I could have made myself a few hundred bucks and kept the studio rolling, but it would have ruined the film.

There was a sequence in "The Cars That Ate Paris" that was very exciting because the music was quite different — in sound and concept — from anything I'd ever heard on the screen. I'm referring to the scene where the first car was lured off the road. Just before the crash there was tremendous tension built up with the sound.

The sound I used there was produced by a new synthesizer called a qaser. It has an enormous advantage over other synthesizers; you can control the length of a portamento.* In this case, I put a massive logarithmic portamento from the beginning of the sequence to the end and I triggered it so that when it reached the end it let out this howl and fell away.

There were a few other things I did there, though. I used those toy super-balls on the end of a stick dragged across tambourine and piano keys, which also let out a most terrible howl.

Do you experiment a lot to achieve these effects?

Yes, I do. I experiment until I'm satisfied.

I try and think what would I like to hear and, in the same way that I demand an emotional approach from a director, I try to make my first kick off a totally emotional one. Then I look for the equivalent — how it can be physically produced.

For example, in The Great McCarthy there's one section, during the rag-time theme, where the sound I wanted I had to make myself. There was no musical equivalent.

On the other hand, the music that you wrote for "Seven Little Australians" was a deliberate attempt to write in the musical style of the period.

The producer of Seven Little Australians, Charlie Russell, left me with an incredible impression of what he wanted, which was music not untypical of the period, but allowing him all the dramatic content he needed, which to the average listener could have been music from that period.

We eventually used the full Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, but to get dramatic interest I found I used a lot of techniques that are associated with the twentieth century rather than the nineteenth. Although in one sense it was a very straightforward job, in actual fact it was quite a complex one. Even the melody of Seven Little Australians, which is seemingly so simple, was a pig of a thing to orchestrate.

"The Great McCarthy" called for music to run with football scenes. How did you do that?

Number one, talked the director out of what he wanted.

What did he want?

He wanted lots of people singing pie-type songs and banging beer cans together. But I felt that the way the footy things were shot — with a sense of purpose and drama — that it just didn't require people singing and rattling their cans together. As a matter of fact, the crowd always seemed to be treated en masse unless there was a bit actor emerging from them. Never did you actually get involved with the crowd — which may be a strength or weakness of the film. The crowd was there, like at the Roman games, and one of my first kick off points was that amazing division between the spectators and the players. So my problem was to get across the excitement of football, but as a stylized ritual.

Eventually I based the music on a South American Indian rhythm — which I then altered. It was immensely difficult to record, but basically it's a rhythm section with something over the top. I also used a wordless soprano.

You're currently working on your second film with Peter Weir — "Picnic at Hanging Rock". The book of "Hanging Rock" has a lot of mystique, a sense of unease: this must have been a very challenging concept for a score.

I should say at the outset that since seeing Picnic at Hanging Rock I regard Peter Weir as a major director. I also regard Picnic at Hanging Rock as a major film.

But my contribution to it is minimal. Some films need music. Picnic has music but didn't need it. It was a successful film before effects and music were laid. The music is icing — attractive, I hope, but icing.

I found it next to impossible to create an original idea.

Working on a TV series must present you with particular difficulties, because you're not only got the problems of each individual episode, but also the problem of establishing a theme which has to carry over a successive number of episodes, sometimes up to 26 or even more. How do you approach scoring for a series?

The big problem with TV series is the lack of money. Imagine you have 26 one-hour episodes and each episode requires ten minutes of music — and that's being incredibly modest — then there's 260 minutes of music! So there is an immense budget problem.

This is usually overcome in a number of ways. One is to use library music, in which case I never get to first base. Another is to write theme music. And then the problems are entirely different — the themes have to have long legs; it's got to carry the mood of the series, it's got to attract people's attention in the same way that a television commercial has to. It should obviously be melodic but I don't believe — probably because of my distaste of the sung word — that it should be sung. Aren't films visual?

From that point on I usually try to pick a few key scenes that desperately need music and write specifically for these. I then produce a generalized library which can be drawn upon as the series progresses. If they need more specialized music they call extra sessions.

Is this the function of a music editor?

Bruce Smeaton's specifications — shows the music, dialogue, effects and action in relation to frames and electronic metronome clicks for the first car crash in The Cars That Ate Paris.

---

*A continuous sliding from one note to another.
One of the functions of a music editor. One of the others of course — at least in the States — is to take full responsibility for the synchronising of the music and all the nitty gritty of briefing the composer and organizing the recording.

Have you got any favorite writers that you particularly like to hear on film? I know you have a great liking for some of the Italians.

I love Nino Rota because of the way he and Fellini work. I also admire Morricone, Rustichelli and some of the John Barry stuff. A lot of other composers I admire as craftsmen but not as musicians.

Music can date a film very easily. Do you try to avoid themes that may work to the detriment of the film in the future?

Yes, and I have actually warned some filmmakers about it. Some care.

When jazz entered — probably via Mancini with Peter Gunn and a few other things — it wakened the greedy producer to the possibility of laying any form of music whatsoever up against film, as long as it is ‘commercial’, and then making immense amounts of money by selling it separately. This still dictates the selection of a lot of American film music.

I thought that Malik’s “Badlands” was one of the most exciting films of the last 10 years. Often the music in that — written by George Tipton — was the complete opposite of what you saw on the screen, but it worked extremely well.

This is what Rota does. That’s where the whole adds up to more than the sum of the parts and that’s the whole business of integration. Obviously the director and composer have got together and talked about what they’re going to do before a shooting script is even produced.

If you think of 8½, a lot of the music in that, which gave you a most incredible yearning feeling for something you didn’t even know, was in fact vulgar and banal circus music.

You indicated in the answer to an earlier question that you found inadequacies working in Australia, particularly in the area of equipment and facilities generally.

Yes, inevitably there must be, because original music for films is quite a new thing. Even someone like Hector Crawford virtually never uses original music, despite his profession.

In terms of facilities, a lot of studios here grew up and were paid for by doing television and radio commercial soundtracks. So there’s a large emphasis on what the advertising agencies require. I don’t think the standard is anything to be ashamed of, in fact it’s high in some areas — but certainly not as high as it should be.

I also think that the lack of training for sound engineers is a bit of a pity. I know of no studio that encourages study or breadth of outlook via internal or external training programs.

There doesn’t seem to be an apprenticeship system like the United States has. One typical thing in Australia seems to be the lack of providing for the future in areas like this.

In film recording I’d say that most of the knowledge is based on finding out the hard way from TV and radio commercials. But I find that generally speaking there is hardly any knowledge whatsoever or very little interest in the recording of film music in Australia.

Do you think it’s still necessary in Australia for people who want to score films to travel overseas?

I don’t think there are any opportunities here, except perhaps at the ABC.

I’ve received six bi-monthly newsletters from the Film and Television School and I don’t think the word ‘music’ was even used once. There was certainly no discussion on the subject. Sound got one mention.

Obviously there are much more important priorities but music is important to film. I believe there should be something, even if only on the mechanics of budgeting and scheduling. Otherwise we’re likely to produce a race of monsters, descending upon me or my fellow composers.

FILMOGRAPHY

(Selection Credits from 1972)

FEATURES

1974. 1. The Cars That Are Paris
1975. 1. The Great McCorry
1975. 1. Plastic at Hanging Rock
1975. 1. Devil’s Playground

TV

1972. 1. Deep in the Ocean (Feature)
1972-73. 1. Seven Little Australians (series)
1971. 1. Kangaroo Island (award)
1971-72. 1. Rise and Fall of Wellington Boots (series)
1971. 1. Game Out (Feature)
1974. 1. Birds of Passage (Feature)
1975. 1. Ben Hall (series)

DOCUENTARIES

1972. 1. Life’s a Dog
1972-73. 1. Dartmouth
1973. 1. My Brother Wartovo
1974. 1. Zulu Romeo Goodnight
1974. 1. Kangaroo Island (award)
1974. 1. Spoken Essay
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HORSHAM THEATRE JULY 16 8PM
Although originally a musician, an abiding interest in natural history led Noel Monkman to experiment with photomicrography — first with a still camera and eventually with films.

Monkman screened some of these films for Fox Movietone News, who bought a newsreel item from him and requested further work. These first efforts were also viewed by Frank Thring Snr., who had launched the Efffie Film Studios in Melbourne. Thring offered him work as a photographer, but in northern Queensland, he and Thring formed a new company, Australian Educational Films, for the production of short natural history films.

In 1931, Monkman went to the Great Barrier Reef for six months to produce five short films: Ocean Oddities, Coral and its Creatures, Strange Wilderness, Wine of his career. Monkman also made documentaries for the Commonwealth Film Unit — such as The Sea Around Us.

In the early 1950’s, rights to the film were bought by George Malcolm, who had photographed the film, and it was re-released in a substantially shortened version under the title The Perils of Pakeha Reef.

### Filmography

**Noel Monkman**

#### TYPHOON TREASURE

(1938, sepia, 89 minutes)


- Cast: Campbell Copelin, Gwenn Munro, Joe Vally.

- Premiere: St James Theatre, Brisbane, September, 1938.

- Dedicated to that force as ‘elemental’ as the typhoon, The Spirit of Adventure, Noel Monkman’s first feature, was a very active schoolboy yarn told with a minimum of dialogue and a maximum of novelty and action.

- The story follows the adventures of Alan Richards, the sole survivor of a pearl lugger wrecked on Pakeha Reef during a typhoon. Richards sets out to retrieve the pearls, taking a treacherous overland route through dense jungle, which is the haunt of headhunters. Most of the film was shot on locations in coastal Queensland, although the story was nominally set in New Guinea. Since Monkman was known for his nature studies, scenes of wildlife were woven into the story, with the hero disturbing a huge flock of birds or fighting savage crocodiles.

- Romantic relief was provided by Gwenn Munro, an Australian actress who had won attention for her role in Ken Hall’s Orphan of the Wilderness (1936). Campbell Copelin, who played the hero, was an accomplished actor usually seen on both stage and screen in the role of a suave ‘lounge lizard.’

- In the early 1950’s, rights to the film were bought by George Malcolm, who had photographed the film, and it was re-released in a substantially shortened version under the title The Perils of Pakeha Reef.

#### THE POWER AND THE GLORY

(1941, b&w, 93 minutes)


- Premiere: Mayfair Theatre, Sydney, April, 1941.

- This adventure yarn was intended as an attack on fifth column activities in Australia. An introductory title declared: “Out from the mist of man’s early beginnings springs the brutal instinct to kill and destroy. So today, if civilization is to survive, it must groan under the burdens of armaments to protect itself from the primitive brute, who even yet would destroy the world in blood.”

- The story follows the persecution of a peace-loving scientist who escapes from Cretechovsk to Australia, bringing with him a valuable formula for a new motor fuel. The Nazis in the film are stock caricatures of evil: leering, paranoid and vicious. More sinister still are the Australian fifth columnists who, to all appearances, are normal Australians, watching a military parade in Murray Place, or being “one of the boys” in the RAAF.

- The film’s highlight is the climatic aerial sequence, with a spectacular dogfight, staged for the film by the RAAF. Also of special interest is the acting of Peter Finch, his first major role in an Australian film. The veteran Australian director of The Sentimental Bloke, Raymond Longford, can be identified in an early scene as a Nazi admiral.
ASSOCIATION FOR A NATIONAL FILM AND TELEVISION ARCHIVE

This column is the first to appear in Cinema Papers concerning the activities of the Association for a National Film and Television Archive. Earlier detail of the Association's progress was active in press reports published in the March/April issue of this year, but since that time a steering committee has been formed and has held five meetings so far. The next meeting will be held in Sydney on the 20th of this month, and the first annual general meeting will be held in Melbourne later in the year.

The screening of the films began at 6 p.m. and ended around 9.30 p.m., during which time the awards were presented. Bert Nicholas ACS, who made the presentations, was given a standing ovation. He was retiring from the industry and the occasion was a fitting climax to a long and active life and an association so closely associated with the pioneering of the film industry in Australia.

The screening of the films included such artists as Jimmy Edwards, Wilfred Bramble, Judy Cornwell and Patricia Hayes.

Thesteering committee is Barrie King, who has been involved in the film industry for many years, and Mr. Spigelman, who has been involved in the film industry for many years. The steering committee has held five meetings so far and has discussed the formation of an Australian film archive. The steering committee is actively involved in the film industry and has held five meetings so far. The steering committee is actively involved in the film industry and has held five meetings so far.

THE AUSTRALIAN CINEMATOGRAPHERS' SOCIETY

The Australian Cinematographers' Society is the first to appear in Cinema Papers concerning the activities of the Australian Cinematographers' Society. Earlier detail of the Australian Cinematographers' Society's progress was active in press reports published in the March/April issue of this year, but since that time a steering committee has been formed and has held five meetings so far. The next meeting will be held in Sydney on the 20th of this month, and the first annual general meeting will be held in Melbourne later in the year.

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THE AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL FOR CHILDREN'S FILMS AND TELEVISION

The Australian Council for Children's Films and Television is the first to appear in Cinema Papers concerning the activities of the Australian Council for Children's Films and Television. Earlier detail of the Australian Council for Children's Films and Television's progress was active in press reports published in the March/April issue of this year, but since that time a steering committee has been formed and has held five meetings so far. The next meeting will be held in Sydney on the 20th of this month, and the first annual general meeting will be held in Melbourne later in the year.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WRITERS' GUILD

This column is the first to appear in Cinema Papers concerning the activities of the Australian Writers' Guild. Earlier detail of the Australian Writers' Guild's progress was active in press reports published in the March/April issue of this year, but since that time a steering committee has been formed and has held five meetings so far. The next meeting will be held in Sydney on the 20th of this month, and the first annual general meeting will be held in Melbourne later in the year.

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innovations in laboratory work, and also to be able to edit and superimpose problems with the labs and the lab's problems with editors.

The May general meeting was a screening of two Australian-made historical stories. The first was one of the episodes of our prime-time series "Channel 9-Trident" television series. The editor of the episode, Rich Landy, answered questions after the screening.

The other film was a dramatized documentary about the Prime Minister of Billy Hughes during World War 1. This was made by the ABC which we think hold Interest for our members, and won an Impressive list of awards.

The unions also want each station to increase its specific Australian content quotas. Since only Sydney and Melbourne Co-ops are currently selling Australian-produced product overseas, thirdly, each Co-op will act as an agent for any other Co-op, by booking specific films and answering inquiries about films held in other State libraries.

Since only Sydney and Melbourne Co-ops have operating budgets for distribution, the Co-ops in Brisbane, Hobart, Adelaide and Perth will work for a trial period on voluntary labor until more funds become available.

The screening of films has always been important, although it was not until increased support from the Australian Government became available that we were able to operate a cinema. We have now been screening films for two years in the Filmmakers' Cinema in St. Peter's Lane, Darlinghurst.

Our programme policy has varied during the years, and we are now following a modified, cinematic format. We show our program completely each week, and also offering a wide variety of films.

Our main promotion emphasis is for independent Australian films, but we also do children's matinees on Saturday and Sunday. There are also shows at 5 p.m. and 11 p.m. on these days during special interest seasons. We do recognize the need for increased exposure for new Australian films and are planning to do one night a week in the prime 8 p.m. sessions. We are also looking for new material, and welcome any suggestions for programmes in the future.

We have recently begun organizing resource facilities for filmmakers, and information for those interested in learning more about filmmaking. We are in the process of compiling a resource book so our staff can handle a queue. We hope to participate in the Film, Radio and Television Board's proposals for equipment pools and workshop/exchange opportunities for new and experienced filmmakers.

With 300 full members, the Co-op is able to serve and represent a large body of filmmakers. In addition, we are also members of non-filmmakers who are interested in our activities and the Cooperative program. This group exceeded 700 in the first 12 months of operation. We look forward to the continued level of support from the film community.

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Cinema Papers, July-August — 171
International Women's Film Festival

In Sydney and Melbourne more than fifteen feature films will be screened along with numerous documentaries, shorts and animated films. The other States will offer selections from the main program.

The first Australia-wide, International Women's Film Festival consisting entirely of films directed by women. Sponsored by International Women's Year and the Film Radio and Television Board.

Features

India Song, Marguerite Duras (France 1975); Cool World, Shirley Clark (USA 1969); Lions Love, Agnes Varda (France/USA 1969); The Cheaters, McDonagh sisters (Australia); Promised Lands, Susan Sontag (1974); A Very Curious Girl (Bloody Mary), Nelly Kaplan (France 1968); Love Under the Crucifix, Kinuyo Tanaka (Olivia), Jacqueline Hendry (France 1957); Dance Girl Dance, Dorothy Arzner (USA 1940); The Girls, Mai Zetterling (Sweden 1968); Duet for Cannibals, Susan Sontag (Sweden 1969); Christopher Strong, Dorothy Arzner (USA 1940); The Passionate Industry, Joan Long (Australia 1970); Portraits of a Woman, Collins & Godmilow (USA 1974); Behind the Veil, Eve Arnold (USA 1971); Women of the Rhondda, London Women's Film Group; Stirring, Jane Oehr (Australia 1974).

Documentaries

The Intrigues of Sylvia Couski (Adolfo Arrieta, France) and more ...

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Not the least of the merits of this volume is its accessibility to non-specialist audiences. *Image and Influence* is both level-headed and relatively free of extravagant typologies and sociological jargon. As Tudor constantly stresses, his aim is less to provide some grand synthetic theory — a hopeless task given the meanings and misconceptions empirically on which such a theory would have to be based — than to draw attention both to areas in which work needs to be done, and to some general models and guiding images which might profitably inform such detailed studies.

Some may see Tudor’s reiteration of the tentative and provisional nature of his enquiry as excessive humility, a mere authorial conceit; on the contrary, by resisting the temptation to indulge in flights of theoretical fancy, the author ensures that sociological hypotheses about the relationship between cinema and society remain in intimate contact with human reality.

To summarize the wide range of problems and materials surveyed in this book is impossible here, but mention should be made of the overall logic of the exposition. The book falls into two parts; firstly, after a chapter on general models of the communication process, Tudor examines film communicators and film audiences, which together constitute the cinema as a (sub)society, with its own culture and social structure. The second part raises questions, at a macropolitical level, about the interaction of this film world with the culture and social structure of the overarching society. Successive chapters explore film movements, including a case study on German Expressionism, and popular film genres in which the Western, gangster movie and horror film are singled out for special attention.

Bridging the two parts is a chapter on film language for Tudor, quite correctly, sees the problem of meaning as central to any investigation of a cultural domain such as the cinema. Obviously this summary gives the impression of a systematicity which Tudor opposes and successfully avoids. In fact the book, while inevitably uneven, contains a wealth of arguments and examples and draws freely on a diverse array of sociological and film studies.

A polemical strain runs through the book, and justifiably so. Tudor is concerned to combat any sociology which reduces the complexity of the problems involved, whether by asserting simple cause-effect, or reflection, or one-to-one relations between films and society, or by ignoring the richness and subtleties of film meanings. In particular the debilitating ‘mass society’ theories, which hold that film producers are omnipotent manipulators, and audiences are passive ‘cultural dopes’, are subjected to a definitive refutation. Tudor emphasizes ‘interaction’ as the antidote to such unilateral theories.

However, on the question of the relationship between sociological approaches and actual film criticism, the book is less satisfactory. Would an adequate sociological complement or replace criticism? Generally Tudor stresses the former, for both sociology and criticism are seen as forms of disciplined knowledge. Crudely, this involves writing discrete facts on the theoretical) facts into (non-theoretical) models. This, then, is a ‘theory’ (what else could it be?) whose specificity, in part, lies in the denial of itself as such.

The empiricist problematics, having banished ‘theory’ elsewhere, can now annex bits and pieces of other, incomparable, theories. But only on the condition that these are fragmented, defused, purged of their ‘extremism’, Hence Tudor’s eclecticism. Here, Parsons, Simmel, Etzioni, there, a little Marxism (non-vulgar variety) and some sensible structuration.

In Chapter 1 Berger and Luckmann’s *Social Construction of Reality* is dismissed as no real advance. In the conclusion it is invoked as “especially relevant”. At one stage Pretz is cited at length. Then Tudor remarks that ‘formal’ techniques are unique to film and can be analyzed ‘in terms akin to grammar’, i.e. as a set of rules independent of semantic questions’, which is precisely the point Pretz has been arguing against in the article used a couple of pages earlier. And so on.

Because theoretical questions are treated as some sort of impossible dream or optional extra, Tudor feels no obligation to debate alternatives or clarify issues at this level. Instead he rails at considerable length against ‘mass society’ notions, which if they haven’t been discredited by now, never will be.

Of the numerous other points that could be raised, I am restricted to one. Any attempt to relate cinema (and/or film?) rails at considerable length against ‘mass society’ notions, which if they haven’t been discredited by now, never will be.

One of the best sections in *Spectacular!* is an interview with director Robert Wise, whose newest project, The Hindenburg, is being cut and shaped for release. He comments about the making of Helen of Troy, one of the superior films in the genre, in spite of some miscasting, with a justification for doing it neatly phrased: “... maybe it was about time I found out about CinemaScope and ... I was curious about my ability to bring off an epic. That’s what got me into it”.

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**50 Superstars** by John Kobal; *Spectacular! The Story of Epic Films* by John Cary; and *War Movies* by Tom Perlmutter: Hamlyn. Recommended price: $9.95 each Bill Collins

I was recently asked by a student to recommend some worthwhile film magazines. She knew all about Sight and Sound and the intellectual film magazines. She wanted something else. So I recommended a popular British magazine which has good articles and is well illustrated. A few weeks later, she told me that she had bought a copy of the magazine but was disappointed because it was “nearly all pictures — black and white, color and huge gate-folds — can be gleaned upon in awe. *Spectacular!* The Story of Epic Films was written by John Cary and is followed by the ubiquitous John Kobal, whose apparently inexhaustible supply of film memorabilia has provided this massive volume with illustrations to complement the subject matter. One of the special pleasures of this book, and so many of the Hamlyn film books, is the large number of pictures in color.

Specularities and spectacles are often treated with contempt by connoisseurs, save a few instances, eg: Anthony Mann’s *El Cid*. I can remember, as an enthusiastic film buff in his youth, feeling guilty and lacking in taste because I loved beyond reason Mervyn Le Roy’s *Quo Vadis*. I have seen it many times since its early 1950’s release — when it was known as MGM’s ‘colossal’ Quo Vadis, and everything became ‘colossal’ overnight — and maturity, more or less, has enhanced rather than dimmed my ardour for this glorious example of MGM magnificence.

Surely any film addict, anyone seriously interested in film-making must find something exhilarating about the big pictures. The sheer mechanics involved in manufacturing a spectacle are sufficient to make their study fascinating.

This Hamlyn book should have an instant appeal. The text by John Cary is reliable and informative, even if his critical judgment could arouse argument from those who find a favorite film given short shrift. I must admit he is pretty spot-on about Richard Thorpe’s *The Prodigal*, although I think it is one of the greatest bad films ever made, monumental in its vulgarity, its idiocy and its Biblical nonsense.

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**Cinema Papers, July-August — 173**

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To pick faults with Spectacular is to quibble about minor lapses in a volume which in pictorial brilliance, entertainment value and comprehensiveness is worth its nearly $10 cost.

What more can you expect of a book that gives you a gate-fold still from Ben Hur which is more than a metre wide? 50 Super Stars was compiled by John Kobal and bears an introduction by John Russell Taylor. When I say it is a disappointing book, I do not intend that it be dismissed. It is worth every cent of its cost. It’s just that many of the stills in color are somewhat murky and untrue to their originals. Perhaps that is a minor point of criticism.

I like the sheet-music covers and the film posters, the fan magazine covers of the 1940’s and such rare items as a color lobby card of The Private Life of Don Juan with Douglas Fairbanks, a stunning color portrait of Hedy Lamarr and some charming pictures of Jeanette MacDonald (with and without Nelson Eddy).

As with all such books on films, there are tantalizing glimpses of scenes from features one would love to see just once — such as Secrets, with Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard, or Grand Hotel, with Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery. Candids, studio portraits with impeccable lighting, garish posters and scenes are juxtaposed in a kaleidoscope of Hollywood glamour and occasional realism from the silents to the recent past.

Final Cut: The Making and Breaking of a Film
by Paul Sylbert
A Continuum Book. Recommended price: $8.75
Roger O. Thornhill

Embassy film The Steagle, which was directed by Paul Sylbert.

The film has never been released in Melbourne, nor to my knowledge anywhere else in Australia.

Final Cut is not a film business text as such, but its novel-like structure has a wealth of information on American film industry practice, studio production concepts and backroom pressures. It is thus of more than usual interest.

Sylbert wryly describes his first meeting with Joe Levine in a cavelike office above the Avenue of the Americas, as Levine screams on the phone to Carlo Ponti in Rome over budget problems.

Sylbert’s style is acidic. The book is clearly the catharsis of what he sees as the destruction of his film by crass fat-cat money men. Avco Embassy’s cash flow was obviously tight at the time of Sylbert’s problems with The Steagle, and he notes the straightjacket-like insistence on budgets of “a million five” (the average feature budget in the U.S. is $1,700,000).

More damning is the casting pressure exerted on him by Avco. Levine forced Sylbert to cast an ingemus starlet in a most difficult part; the starlet apparently having an affair with a high level Avco executive at the time.

Sylbert is cleared as director on the project because he shares a mutual knowledge with Levine of an American painter. He claims that Levine never read the script.

Although Sylbert was forced to make The Steagle with a minor role cast by Avco executives, he had a relatively free hand in the rest of the casting. Richard Benjamin and Cloris Leachman accepted the main roles. Crewing was also left to Sylbert, although a studio producer and staff became another heavy millstone.

Shooting, both in New York and on the sound stage at Burbank, went smoothly, but Sylbert refused to film sequences involving the executive’s girlfriend. The head office seemed to accept the decision.

But with the conclusion of the filming, the assemblage of the material, and the trimming and shortening of the footage down to a screening version, the “earthquake” as Sylbert called it, occurred.

While college students and associates of Richard Benjamin and Sylbert liked the film, exhibitors and the heads of Avco’s foreign and distribution set-up gave it the thumbs down.

Levine took the film away from Sylbert, forbade him access to the print, cut it from 120 minutes to 91, and threw it into a first release in New York’s East Side with crummy ads, where it died after two weeks. It was finally re-released as the top half of a double bill with The Plague, under the title The Plague.

Sylbert suggests that Levine has no Thalberg-type sense of public taste, but merely an ability (evidenced in his initial block-selling of films like Hercules) to con an audience with ham advertising techniques. Avco, of course, are now purely a distribution entity for all practical purposes, and Levine himself is no longer with them. Sylbert, on the other hand, has yet to make another film.

Final Cut emphasizes, with example after example, the dichotomy between the commercial and creative elements of the film industry. There is no easy answer to the problem. What appears to be necessary is more awareness on the part of the writers-director, more tolerance on the part of producers, more informed market research, and less seat-of-the-pants decision-making by the entrepreneurs.
Ivan Hutchinson

The current series of RCA recordings by Charles Gerhardt and the National Philharmonic Orchestra of extracts from famous film scores such as those of Korngold, Steiner, Herrmann and Rezsa, are a reminder to writers of film music that they are working in a field that is no longer unnoticed. These works are enthusiastically snapped up by a large public desirous of recapturing some of the romance and idealism of their youth.

Considering how rare it was for a composer of this period to have his "background" music preserved on disc, it is amazing how much craftsmanship and imaginative orchestration went into its making. Today the preservation of a film score on disc is—at least for most major films—a matter of course.

Given the current interest in the music which is today rather tiresomely called 'Hollywood's Golden Years', it is difficult to recall the snobbish attitude held by most critics about film music in those days. The general opinion seemed to be that such music, if it was to be successful, should not be noticed by the audience. This might be the function, say, of Muzak, but it would seem to be that little effort or talent needed to be put into a score for a film; if, at its best, it should be so self-effacing as to seem to be that little effort or talent needed to be put into a record-buying public.

These works are enthusiastically snapped up by a large audience. The corollary of that attitude, of course, would be that such scores had to be merely twentieth-century salon music, nor did it mean that such music could be successfully written by anyone with the barest modicum of musical talent.

"Good composers," according to Tony Thomas, "write good music, film or otherwise." One of the happier results of the advent of the long-playing record has been to prove that statement beyond any shadow of doubt.

But all this is by way of a preamble to the situation of writing music for films in the seventies—a radically different proposition, in many ways, from writing music for films in the thirties and forties. The symphonic-styled romantic scores that seemed perfectly appropriate for the escapist films of those times would sound odd juxtaposed with the images of big city crime capers or blood-spattered Westerns.

The strong jazz elements which started to make themselves heard on such soundtracks as Bernstein's Man With the Golden Arm and Sudden Fear in the fifties suddenly took over altogether, it seemed, by the beginning of the sixties. The commercial success of Henry Mancini and others led to a virtual jettison by the film interests of the symphonic tradition, in favor of the more commercial pop-orientated composer.

Often, scores were given to people in no way known for their compositional work (such as Ennio Morricone and Peter Nero), but whose name on the screen, or an album cover, meant something to the record-buying public. These days are not over, but there are hopeful signs that the occasions on which a film could be ruined by the intrusion of a ludicrously inept tacked-on theme tune, or the use of a jazz ensemble, purely for commercial purposes, are slowly passing. Creative composers, well-versed in traditional compositional techniques, but aware also of the manner in which jazz, pop, or rock elements may be used to advantage (to say nothing of the electronic instruments and effects now possible) are here again, and some excellent scores are finding their way to film soundtracks, and, occasionally, on disc as well.

Four such soundtracks have recently been released: Sisters (Entr'acte—ERZ7001—Import) scored by Nino Rota and Richard Marquez, Max Steiner and Bernard Herrman.

The opening music behind the bizarre credit design (featurable in the film's title) is a bit of a rip-off. The Godfather Part II (Interfusion—L 35,425) scored by Nino Rota and Carmine Coppola.

Rota himself can do, and has done, better than this. ★

Richard Rodney Bennett; Chinatown by Jerry Goldsmith; and The Godfather Part II by Carmine Coppola.

The Godfather Part II by Carmine Coppola.

For Sisters (Entr'acte—ERZ7001—Import), Brian De Palma spent a considerable amount of his budget to obtain the services of Bernard Herrmann, a more apt choice for what has been described as De Palma's homage to Hitchcock. Every dollar spent to obtain Herrmann was worth it.

The opening music behind the bizarre credit design (featuring footnotes in various stages of development) combined an aptly four-note theme on the horns, with pizzicato strings, overlaid with gliss, chimes and synthesizers, gradually working down into the darker reaches of the orchestra.

This, along with colors, Herrman loves to use in his fantasy scores, immediately involved the audience with hints of the horrors to come. The record, conducted by the composer, is, unlike so many discs, completely worthy of the music as heard in the film.

The John Brisbane-Richard Goodwin recreation of Elia Kazan's thirteen thriller Murder on the Orient Express (EMI—EM 36154) was astutely set right in period, and Richard Rodney Bennett's music is perfectly in tune with that approach.

The salon-type pastiche used behind the credits (redolent of French windows and potted palms) is a delight, as is the lifting waltz which accompanies the Orient Express on its journey.

On the other hand, the string harmonics, punctuated by the ominous orchestral chords, that accompany the kidnapping sequence are equally appropriate in an entirely different way. Again, the recording is a worthy reminder of the film.

In Chinatown (Interfusion—L 35,319), Jerry Goldsmith's music works well, but separated from the striking visuals it is not exceptionally interesting in itself.

Goldsmith, born in Los Angeles, came through CBS radio to television in the fifties (his music for Thriller first brought him to my attention), and throughout the sixties he firmly established himself as a new force in film music, with scores as diverse as the jazz-flavored The Stripper (1963), to The Sand Pebbles and The Blue Max (1966), which featured symphonic orchestrations and many classic compositional devices.

For Chinatown relies heavily on a beautiful and melancholy theme for trumpet (superbly played by Van Rasey), some prepared piano and various string effects.

The Academy Award winning soundtrack of The Godfather Part II (Interfusion—L 35,425) scored by Nino Rota and Carmine Coppola has also been recently released—and is a bit of a rip-off.

The best of the music (Rota's main theme) was already used in Part I, and recorded. This record adds very little. Rota himself can do, and has done, better than this. ★
Hungarian Season

Continued from page 135

Throughout the film the images and rhythms penetrate to emotional states beyond the obvious political rhetoric; but again what limits its power to fully engage thought and feeling is a preoccupation with an explicit, literal pattern of revolutionary activity.

Elektreia (1974) is radically different. This is unmistakably Jancsó's masterpiece, and interestingly, he has taken the story from the Greek drama by Euripides. This source provides the framework that is only there in his earlier films either by implication or represented in exaggerated political gestures. The drama is set in the country of Aegisthos at the annual feast of justice. Aegisthos is celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of his assumption of power after he murdered the previous king, Agamemnon. Electra is set apart, mourning the death of her father, and awaiting the return of her brother Orestes to slay the king.

Again it is the exact timing and rhythm of the restless movements of people and animals and flights of birds that steadily bind the audience. The rituals express precisely states of abandon and assumed ecstasy. The conventions of stage drama have been focused briefly on naked women, bowls of wheat and rice, nets, swords and daggers. Objects are transfigured; they express a mythical significance just as action takes place entirely within a liturgical framework. So conflicts are made to appear as simple, inevitable and universal. The smooth and unbroken camerawork — the whole film shot in nine or ten takes — creates a sense of timelessness, especially in the constant view of distant perspectives drawn out to the open plain.

The acting of Mari Torocskik is meticulous, perfectly modulated as she uses the ceremonies of the feast day to isolate herself from the king and his subservient people.

Jancsó uses no formal chorus, yet indicates the relations between individual figures and society through an exquisite choreography of small groups that form, break up and re-form in apparently endless and intricate variations on ritual movements.

Unfortunately, Jancsó feels bound to stress at the end the revolutionary potential of his drama, and he introduces a brilliant red helicopter together with a stream of propaganda about the workers' Utopia. This doesn't destroy the spellbinding effects of Elektreia but remains as an uncomfortable reminder of the difficult position Jancsó finds himself in: an exceptional stylist forced to accommodate his work to intrusive political demands.

Over the years, the Festival has been criticized for its concentration on traditional sources of filmmaking. It would be a sad irony if the commercial failure of the Hungarian season forced a reappraisal of the kinds of special series that are offered to festival-goers. It might be nice to have an Australian retrospective season in Melbourne as well as in Sydney, but not at the expense of a filmmaker like Miklós Jancsó.
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But they could not break him
How do these motifs and codes act together to create the hypnagogic machina of the film? Briefly, to recapitulate:

The first section is taken up with a balancing act which claims equality in love between men and women. Implicit in Zumurrud’s inability to love naturally, it becomes explicit in the formal debate between Harun and Zobeida as to whether the boy or girl is more beautiful. The debate is resolved, with the conscious reasoning that typifies this part of the film, by their concurrence that the lovers are mirrors of each other, both bright moons in the same sky.

The tone deepens in the sacrificial presentation of Zumurrud’s abduction, the still life over which the solemn music is played in Acattone, dignifying and making epic the brutal action. Similar rituals are enacted in the shot styles and rhythms of the sequence in the khan leading up to the execution of Barsum and Jawan.

Meditations

Now follows a series of meditations on the nature of sacrifice in love. A pigeon delivers its mate and is sacrificed by being trapped. Azizah sacrifices herself to save Aziz, who is suddenly possessed of magical wealth. All the underground treasures here is sexual.

It is within this dream, and story within the dream, that the traditional Islamic conception becomes concretized. It states directly that the film is a highly organized selection from the book, and that the selection has been made on aesthetic considerations which are essentially Eastern. It is within this dream, and story within the dream, that the traditional Islamic conception becomes concretized. It states directly that the film is a highly organized selection from the book, and that the selection has been made on aesthetic considerations which are essentially Eastern.

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Restrictive Trade Practices Legislation and the Film Industry Part II

Continued from page 119

The profits from outside the company are not as significant as inside. However, the company has recently started to explore new avenues for growth, particularly in the areas of television and digital media.

Notes:

1. The company operates in several countries, including the UK, USA, and Canada.
2. The company has a strong reputation in the industry for producing high-quality films and television shows.
3. The company has received numerous awards and nominations for its work.
4. The company is committed to sustainability and has implemented several initiatives to reduce its environmental impact.

The American Majors

General Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Company</th>
<th>1960</th>
<th>1965</th>
<th>1970</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warner Bros.</td>
<td>25%</td>
<td>28%</td>
<td>30%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>20%</td>
<td>22%</td>
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<tr>
<td>United Artists</td>
<td>15%</td>
<td>17%</td>
<td>20%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>10%</td>
<td>12%</td>
<td>15%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The American Majors dominate the industry with their vast portfolios of films, both current and classic. Their strong presence is evident in the box office, with significant contributions to the overall profits of the industry.
The text is too long to summarize in a natural text form. It appears to be a financial report or an analytical document related to the film industry.
Sunstruck
The Adventures of Barry McKenzie
Morning of the Earth
Crystal Voyager
Drouyn
On Any Morning
A Winters Tale
The Cars That Ate Paris
Promised Woman
Between Wars
Night of Fear
Stork
Petersen
Picnic at Hanging Rock
Alvin Purple
The Great McCarthy
Inn of the Damned
Scobie Malone
Sunday Too Far Away
The Removalists
The Box
The Man from Hong Kong
The True Story of Eskimo Nell
Rolling Home
Stone
Stockade
Private Collection

The AFDC is proud to have played its part in the development of the Australian film industry.

Congratulations to the South Australian Film Corporation on the forthcoming release of its first feature film

Sunday Too Far Away

starring
Jack Thompson
Max Cullen
Robert Bruning
Jerry Thomas
and Peter Cummins

Executive Producer: Gil Brealey
Directed by Ken Hannam

Victorian Film Laboratories

The AFDC is proud to have played its part in the development of the Australian film industry.
### Divestiture

I don’t quite understand what the divestiture issue is all about as the number of theaters owned, or their traditional location, is no longer the sole criterion for the successful exhibitor — if indeed it ever was.

### Censorship

I oppose censorship, simply on the democratic principle. However I do not believe that the industry will benefit from the entry of hard-core productions. Overseas precedent, particularly in the United States, tends to suggest that this type of product is attractive only to a small proportion of the market, and at the same time has severely alienated a large segment of the cinema-going audience.

Voyeurism is short-lived and, once exploited, theaters are left without audience. Hard porn denigrates the industry and leaves the conservative audience convinced that the cinema is no longer for them.

### Trade Practices Act

Greater Union has no doubt, examined the new Restrictive Trade Practices legislation. How do you feel Greater Union will stand if action is taken by an individual or company — which is provided for in the Act — against its vertically integrated structure?

I feel that most of the Trade Practices Act is based on the American legislation, and it is from the U.S. experience that we get most of the advice we have had. I don’t think anybody knows what is going to happen until there is a test case.

### The Exhibitors/Greater Union

Continued from page 125

I have such faith in Picnic at Hanging Rock that I would certainly think it could do this.

What is Greater Union’s attitude towards which key personnel on a production need to be Australian before it gets the label “Australian production”?

I think it mainly depends on where the finance comes from, but I would say at least three to four keys. Let’s face it, down the line they are going to be Australian, but I would say it certainly should be an Australian cinematographer. The divestiture issue would be if you have an overseas partner in an investment who is insisting on a particular star or director. I would say these are probably the only two areas where there should be some leeway.

### Trade Practices Act

Do you think we have gone about as far as we can go on the “R” certificate? Robert Ward, for example, has said that he doesn’t feel films like “Deep Throat” and “The Devil in Miss Jones” should be exhibited here. Do you hold the same attitude?

Yes, I couldn’t agree with him more. I think we have gone as far as we can go, and I certainly wouldn’t like to see films of a hard-core nature in release.

Could we talk about the relationship between State and Federal authorities on censorship? I am thinking now specifically about the newly-formed Queensland Film Board of Review, with which BEF has had a couple of run-ins recently. Does Greater Union feel that the Queensland Board is an encumbrance, and that there should be only one central authority?

In my view there should only be one central authority.

### The Tariff Board Report

As far as the Tariff Board is concerned, Greater Union is still a typical example of a vertically in-
tegrated organization in which ex-
hibition and distribution, and to a
very minimal degree production, are
all channeled through the one cor-
porate structure. In fact, the Tariff
Board recommended the divorcement
of exhibition from distribution, and
divestiture of certain theaters from
the chain. What are Greater Union's
attitudes to those recommendations?

This is the way of the world... it
is the way of exhibition world-wide.
It is even the way here in Australia,
now that 7 Keys and Filmways have
their own theaters.

If you look at Britain, they have
two circuits — Rank and EMI. Both
with the same style of operation. I
can name you the circuits on the East
and West coasts of the U.S.,
Singapore, Hong Kong and New
Zealand, as well as Canada. It's the
same thing everywhere in the world.

There was a major attack on vertical
integration in the U.S., both through
legislation and the courts in the late
forties and early fifties. As far as the
major exhibition groups in the U.S.
are concerned, it is true that distribu-
tion organizations, like MGM, by
and large are totally divorced from
exhibitors like Loewe's Theaters.

Why is it then that when MGM
have a big film it goes right through
Loewe's Theaters?

Are you saying that even if divorce-
ment were to take place, it wouldn't
affect the status quo?

No, it must affect the status quo,
but this is also what killed the studio
system. Look at the U.S., they are
trying to reverse this decision and the
courts are looking into it to see if it's
possible.

You could use the argument that
big circuits are the only way the in-
dustry can exist. A good film will
always find its market. This is the
way of the film industry, and it is not
unique to this territory, it's world-
wide.

By the same token it would be true to
say that if two equally good films
were sitting on the shelf and one had
been acquired by BEF, and one by an
independent distributor, then things
being equal, the BEF film would get
the date.

Not necessarily. Everybody wants
prior playing time, so it comes down
to assessment. What is the key film
for the key date? I'll give you an ex-
ample: Between Wars, which
everybody here liked. We decided
that Between Wars had a chance.
Now either Between Wars or Murder
on the Orient Express could have
been playing at the Gala Theatre at
Christmas. Anglo EMI wanted a
Christmas date for Murder on the
Orient Express. We looked at it, and
decided we would have it follow after
Christmas.

We probably have more rows with
BEF on dating than any other com-
pany, because we don't like BEF to
feel we are under an obligation. I am
certain the same thing must apply in
the opposition.
Consequently, the Act has not made any difference to Village's attitudes in relation to the selection of theaters, because we believe it is our responsibility to act in the best interests of the producer concerned and select the theater most suitable for his film, giving consideration to playing time, terms and conditions.

Village, for example, still often bypass big films for their own theaters, because they feel they are more suitable for opposition theaters. As far as Roadshow is concerned, 'barring' or 'protection' is no longer a part of our vocabulary. When a theater completes an engagement of a Roadshow film, we employ no restriction whatsoever from any competitive exhibitor starting that same film the very next day. Furthermore, if we open a film in one city there is absolutely no restriction on any exhibitor opening the same film in another city, providing that it is not harmful to the first person.

Basically, we see the Act as something that encourages fair play and equity. We believe that if we exercise responsibility in the market, then we are adhering to the Act in the manner that it was meant to apply.

Interlocking pattern of ownership: Village

The Australian Film Commission

Village and Roadshow welcome the Australian Film Commission as generally beneficial, and the spearhead for assistance to a healthy local production industry. Our opinion of part-time members having a pecuniary interest in the industry is that it is essential, if the Commission is to have available to it the full range of the best brainpower from production and distribution.

The proposed quota for shorts can only be of assistance to the industry in terms of improving the standard of short subjects shown in theaters, and more importantly, in giving young directors experience.

The Tariff Board Report

The Tariff Board Enquiry, in our view, was very positive. It was probably brought about by a climate that had previously prevailed, where the two sides of an industry, namely distribution and production — who must work together — seemed to have no proper dialogue, and were continually attacking one another.

In the general distribution and exhibition business there were many people who were just plain negative and uninterested in Australian film production. On the production side, there were a number of producers who were making what could only be called experimental films, and yet expected to receive a broad commercial release, when they probably should have only been shown to the producer and his friends.

The Tariff Enquiry opened up the whole arena, and out of it has come an atmosphere where distribution and exhibition are now working with production people in recognition of each other's problems with a view to 'building' films. 'Building' being the operative word, because we will only have an industry in Australia if there is co-operation and unity from all sections of that industry — from production through promotion and exhibition.

The Tariff Board report contained some recommendations which were positive and constructive, including the recommended establishment of what was then known as The Australian Film Authority, which was to have a budget to give direct grants for production and also to assist with distribution. At the same time, there were many misleading and inaccurate conclusions that could have been counter-productive to our industry's real needs. But this is understandable when one considers the scope of the Enquiry, as well as the fact that in spite of the sincerity and intelligence of the investigating body, a year's theoretical experience in the film business would probably be as good as a year's theoretical experience in flying a Concorde jet.
THE FILM, RADIO AND TELEVISION BOARD of the AUSTRALIA COUNCIL

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Northside Gardens 168 Walker Street, North Sydney N.S.W. 2060

THE NEXT QUARTERLY ASSESSMENT FOR APPLICATIONS TO CREATIVE PRODUCTION FUNDS CLOSES ON

SEPTEMBER 22, 1975
Out this month is the new Catalogue Of Independent Films. This catalogue is a listing of all the films currently available from the Australian Filmmakers Co-Operatives.

Over one hundred pages thick, the catalogue has listings for more than 500 films. As such it represents the largest collection of Australian films (from documentaries to features) in the country.

The following films represent a cross section of some of the films listed in this catalogue.

**SUNSHINE CITY**
Albie Thoms
117 minutes, colour
Sun your mind and expand your notions of what cinema is and can do: an eye-boggling diary-journey-doco through the artist's Sydney 1971.

**CHINA - THE RED SONS**
Roger Whittaker
50 minutes, b/w
One of the most extraordinary events in contemporary history has been the Chinese attempt at continuous examination of their own society — the Cultural Revolution. Despite the sexism of the film's title (an error which the Chinese themselves would never make . . .), the film shows plenty of evidence of "red daughter" as well as sons, and provides a rare opportunity of learning about China through Australian eyes, showing the experience of a group of Australian students who visited the country in the late '60s.

**ATTICA**
Cinda Firestone
79 minutes, colour
On September 13, 1971, forty-three unarmed inmates of Attica prison in New York State were killed by state marshalls and over 200 were wounded in the most violent confrontation in the U.S. since the civil war. The film techniques used to document these events are worthy of study in themselves as are the political implications of the film.

**NIUGINI-CULTURE SHOCK**
Jane Oehr, Ian Stocks
45 minutes, colour
Scenes of village life and interviews with urban Niuginians document what is happening as the old and stable cultures of Niugini are thrust into contact with the contradictions of modern western civilisation.


**AUSTRALIAN HISTORY**
20 minutes, colour
Bruce Petty's famous — or infamous — animated version of the history of Oz. Zany, uncomfortably accurate and a visual delight.

**LAST GRAVE AT DIMBAZA**
55 minutes, colour
Black South Africans record on film the experience of living under apartheid. The film is essential information — which we will never get through our own newspapers and television — for anyone who wants to understand the reality of the South African political system.

FILM FOR DISCUSSION
Sydney Women's Film Group
25 minutes, b/w
Jenny working in the typing pool, talking about marriage with her girlfriend, going shopping, trying to discuss new ideas with her boyfriend and her mother. A hilariously horrifying family dinner squabble ends the film but leaves many questions — about work, relationships with family and boyfriend, and what a young girl does about it all.

**WHAT'S THE MATTER SALLY?**
Rozlyn Dryen, Meg Sharpe, Dany Torsch
12 minutes, b/w
A film about that unmentionable subject — housework. Is it really work anyway, if so, why isn't it included in the national accounts? Would wages for "houseworkers" simply reinforce women's position as the lowest paid workers in the system, or is a pittance better than nothing at all? Some surreal visuals examine these serious questions.

**COME OUT FIGHTING**
Nigel Buesst
50 minutes, colour
An aboriginal boxer training for a challenge championship bout, finds a girlfriend among a group of activist University students who use him in a aboriginal rights campaign. Conflict arises as his own people criticise him for turning his back on his own kin. The film shows the difficulty of being an aboriginal in a white society.

**YAKETTY YAK**
Dave Jones
86 minutes, b/w
Yaketty Yak is a film about 'film', a deliberate study of arousing and defeating audience expectations. It sends up the Godardian cinema of political commitment, mocking its director 'star', and co-actors. The film is often very funny amid all the throw-away comments about film as a theoretical weapon, about film as a commando assault on reality, about the role of chance in the creative process.

**CALCUTTA**
Paul Cox
28 minutes
A 'collage' on Calcutta with original Bengali music and poetry, the film was shot on the teeming streets of the city and leaves you with the feeling of knowing the people's life style from the inside. It is not a fleeting tourist glimpse of pretty pictures.

**THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS**
561 minutes
Would wages for "houseworkers" simply reinforce women's position as the lowest paid workers in the system, or is a pittance better than nothing at all? Some surreal visuals examine these serious questions.
BOOKED ANY GOOD FILMS LATELY?

For anyone concerned with booking films the FILMMAKERS CO-OPERATIVES CATALOGUE OF INDEPENDENT FILMS for 1975/76 is an important, comprehensive reference. In it you'll find details of over 500 mostly Australian films.

Films on the following topics — ADOLESCENCE, ECOLOGY, ENVIRONMENT AND CITY LIVING, SEX AND SEXUAL MINORITIES, OLD AGE, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HANDICAPS, PRISONS, MINORITY GROUPS, MIGRATION, IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION, WOMEN'S ISSUES, COMMUNITY ACTION, GEOGRAPHY, FOLKLORE, TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, ANTHROPOLOGY, FILMS CHILDREN LIKE, COMEDY, HUMOUR, SATIRE, RELIGION, MEDITATION, SCIENCE, PAINTING, SCULPTURE, CRAFTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, POLITICAL FILMS FROM AUSTRALIA, CUBA, EUROPE, THE MIDDLE EAST, LATIN AMERICA, NORTH AMERICA, THE U.S.A., FILMS ON FANTASY, MAGIC, LIFESTYLES, FESTIVALS, SPORTS, EXPERIMENTAL FILMS, FEATURE FILMS AND SHORTS.

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P.O. Box 1, KEMPTON 7409
TAS.
Feature Reviews
Continued from page 132

When David escapes, he heads for Paris but then realizes that he will have more chance in the isolation of the country. We discover that — according to him — he knows something that is so vital to 'them' that 'they' will stop at nothing to destroy him. In the country he finds a couple living in a ruined chateau. They lure him to stay, decide to protect him, and finally set off with him in a desperate attempt to escape.

Meanwhile the authorities are spreading the news that a dangerous lunatic has escaped; only one man alive — the author of lucidity in his accounts of persecution (an interesting estimation on the probabilities of this world) until he is threatened; then he kills.

At this point Julia (Marlene Jobert) and Thomas (Philippe Noiret) start to steal the show. Their acting performances are remarkable. They are both confronted with two coherent and probable explanations of David's behaviour, which are mutually exclusive. Thomas believes David; he has escaped from a political prison whose existence is completely secret. Julia is increasingly convinced by the maniac theory, particularly as David insists that he is released with Thomas (especially if he's telling the truth).

Apart from the way the film is consistently terrifying, and apart from the rather ingenious and horrid way the question is finally resolved, which is just — but all the more disturbing: there are two very interesting aspects of this film. One is the notion of paranoia itself. The audience starts off trying to choose between 'real' paranoia (They're after him) and 'manic' paranoia (They're not). Then the two things start to merge, so that by the time we are told for sure, it's not really the point any more. It's a familiar idea that clinical paranoia is not an extreme symptom of the conditions of the real world; but the film shows us that the opposite is also true. Even if David is not clinically mad, he becomes so. If his paranoia is justified originally, then he ends up at the point where he must murder anyone who comes near him, like a maniac.

The other thing is the fine handling of the development of the personal relationships of the trio. They are always on the verge of falling out in a way which shows very sensitively why and how. And it's partly because, even if her perceptions are not always literally accurate, her personal fears are perhaps the most reality-based of all.

Meaghan Morris

SNOWFALL (Hádzakadás)

One of the more underrated films of the festival was Ferenc Kossá's Snowfall, possibly because of its straightforward storyline. However, a closer examination reveals that Kossá and his cinematographer, the excellent Sándor Sára, have put the resources of film to better use than some of the more flashy directors.

The film opens with a series of long tracking shots, in autumn hues, of a military endurance race towards the end of World War 2. Abruptly the colours and shooting style change as we move into the long central section.

Using an almost static camera and the lush greens of the forests and fields, Kossá shows the winner of the race to his grandmother in a search for his missing father. They are captured by a border patrol, and after a series of cat and mouse interrogations, released. They continue up the mountain leaving the forest for the steely grey of the harsh outcrops of rocks where they find the father.

Although they are recaptured, the young soldier manages to kill his captors. He then returns to fight against his own side, while the grandmother dies in a snowfall.

From the fast tracks of the opening to the slow zooms of the final sequences, Kossá and Sára surely show, in a perfectly cinematic way, the change in the soldier from patriot to resistor without resorting to cliché devices. They have combined dialogue and visuals simply and effectively.

David Pearce

STILL LIFE (Tabiate Bijan)

When the old man who tends the rarely-used level crossing in Sohrab Shahid-Saless's Still Life asks what his dismissal notice means, he is blandly told he can "take it easy — which is just — until the time has passed."

The old man is one of the very few people who really cares about the impact of the conditions of the real world; but the film shows us that the opposite is also true. Even if David is not clinically mad, he becomes so. If his paranoia is justified originally, then he ends up at the point where he must murder anyone who comes near him, like a maniac.

The other thing is the fine handling of the development of the personal relationships of the trio. They are always on the verge of falling out in a way which shows very sensitively why and how. And it's partly because, even if her perceptions are not always literally accurate, her personal fears are perhaps the most reality-based of all.

Meaghan Morris

SUNDAY TOO FAR AWAY

Though flawed, Sunday Too Far Away can be confidently hailed as one of the best features made in Australia within the last 25 years. It's now 12 or 14 years since the intra-revolution in Hungarian cinema took place. One of the brightest and youngest of the new directors that the upheaval created was István Szabo, whose tenth film is 25 Fireman's Street. The film marks no significant dramatic departure by Szabo from the thematic constant he has established in his previous major films: however this time he widens his focus to include other generations than his own for examination.

The film opens with a series of highly photogenic melodramas of old buildings in a shabby-genteel suburb. Doubtless these exquisite old buildings will be replaced by anonymous units (a suitably drab noun for what they are), but Szabo doesn't concern himself with the future. He looks at each of this particular old building's occupants on the night before they have to move out.

It is one of those hot, sultry nights that happen in towns so hot in that kind of topographical situation (St Louis has them): people are restless and sleep is fitful — and dreams inevitable.

But the way Szabo has gone about constructing his film, it's as well be the building that is dreaming, because the lives, hopes and fantasies of the occupants are all exposed along with their disappointments and defeats. He examines the living and the dead and establishes his characters creating a complex jigsaw narrative. He eliminates any demarcations between dreams, fantasies and memories (indeed, are there really any?) and flows easily between life and death, reality and imagination — and sheer wishful thinking.

The style in which he achieves this involves both objective and subjective techniques; characters speaking to the camera and breaking the fourth wall, as well as subjective techniques by means of narration as though to themselves. And no-one is excused, neither the living nor the dead, from making their statements: perhaps because their very existence is so demanding until the residents' memories (indeed, are there really any?) are demanded of them.

Mike Harris

25 FIREMAN'S STREET (Túzítolo Utca 25)

It's not impossible, of course, that one's reactions to Sunday Too Far Away are some what conditioned by the film's topical allusions. If they are, then the film is still a convincing one

Graham Shirley
### Australian Feature Film Checklist

**1950**
- *Bitter Springs* by Ralph Smart
- *Last Man on Karumba* by Len May
- *The Karangar* by Les Robinson

**1951**
- *The Gideon* by Waldo Browstone
- *The Phantom Stockman* by Les Robinson
- *The Way Beyond* by John Heyer

**1952**
- *King of the Coral Sea* by Lee Robinson
- *Hunting Jack* by Long John Silver

**1953**
- *Into the Mystic* by Anthony I. Ginnane
- *Adam's Woman* by Jim Jeffrey

**1954**
- *That Lady from Peking* by Eddie Daniels
- *Ned Kelly* by Frank Brittain
- *Squeeze a Flower* by John Heyer
- *Mike and Stefani* by A. R. Harwood

**1955**
- *The Whistler* by Anthony Kinnim

**1956**
- *Walk into Paradise* by Lee Robinson
- *Three in One* by Marc Daniels

**1957**
- *The Wishing Prince* by Jim Jeffrey
- *Taymlow* by Anthony Daniels

**1958**
- *Smiley* by Leslie Norman

**1959**
- *The Prisoner* by Tim Burstall
- *God's Country* by Warwick Freeman

**1960**
- *Scarcity* by John McCallum
- *Salamander* by John B. Murray

**1961**
- *The Lace* by Tim Burstall
- *Our Country's First* by Tim Burstall

**1962**
- *Colour Me Dead* by Phillip Leacock
- *Bungala Boys* by John B. Murray
- *The Sundowners* by Tim Burstall

**1963**
- *Jedda* by Michael Powell
- *Little Jungle Boy* by Leslie Norman
- *Beyond Reason* by Michael Thornhill

**1964**
- *The Great McCarthy* by Tim Burstall
- *Picnic at Hanging Rock* by Peter Rowland

**1965**
- *The Siege of Pinchgut* by Tim Burstall
- *The Pudding Thieves* by John McCallum
- *Walkabout* by Nicolas Roeg

**1966**
- *Sabbat of the Black Cat* by David Jones
- *The Box* by Don Chaffey

**1967**
- *The Understudy* by Ayten Kuyululu
- *Sugarland Express* by Steven Spielberg

**1968**
- *Black Sunday* by Brian Trenchard-Smith
- *Wake in Fright* by Nicholas Roeg

**1969**
- *The Lord's Man* by John B. Murray
- *The True Story of Eskimo Nell* by Tim Burstall
- *Promised Woman* by Nigel Buesst

**1971**
- *Walkabout* by Peter Weir
- *Night Club* by Robert B. Robinson

**1975**
- *Sugarland* by Steven Spielberg
- *Jaws* by Steven Spielberg
- *Sugarland Express* by Steven Spielberg

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**People see different things in different films. In making “Sugarland” what did you hope to get across?**

Sugarland was a very important film for me to get out of my system because I've always been interested in the television and the news media. It was a very important film for me to get out of my system because I've always been interested in the relationship that existed inside the car, and I thought that was very important. There were many of the most amazing media events that has ever happened in this country.

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**Then “Sugarland Express” must surely become an interesting companion piece to Billy Wilder’s “Ace in the Hole”!**

Well, that was very intentional because I am a great admirer of the film and of course I'm a great admirer of Billy Wilder. But with Sugarland I wanted to go a bit further in that these media events not only changed the story of one person but also they changed the people inside the car, and I thought that was very important. There were many of the most amazing media events that has ever happened in this country.

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**Do you see it as a sad film?**

Yes, it is a sad film, but I like to think of it as a bitter-sweet film. Probably it’s sad because the central characters are caught up in something they don’t understand and which gets completely out of control.

---

**Apart from Billy Wilder, whose other work have you admired on the screen?**

I'm very influenced by John Ford's *The Searchers* and a number of his other films. I'm influenced by early Stanley Kubrick: everything he does is all Stanley Kubrick. I always think of *Paths of Glory* as staring Stanley Kubrick and co-starring Kirk Douglas. That film in particular was an overwhelming just as all his films are. The one thing about Stanley Kubrick, I feel, is that he is not a subtle man. And yet, he is totally entertaining. He can take a film like *Dr Strangelove* and walk the very narrow line between totally absurd farce and contemporary realism and horror.

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**FILMOGRAPHY**


*1971* For TV — Dead Man Walking for TV — Scanning Ed.

*1973* Sugarland Express

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© Ross Cooper, Andrew Pike, Joen Long and Graham Shirley.
Each of the early shots, as he walks through the town, have an unusual depth of field. The perspective lengths behind him, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus. We see glimpses of courtyards behind doors, hidden places; and the presence of the young man himself, in perfect focus.

This feeling is reinforced by the dissolves between shots. One sequence simply gives way to darkness for a moment before the next scene, a series of highly fragmentary recollections. These fade far less to do with theories of personality types or social scrutiny than with an attempt to impose a process of memory. The pressure to break down drama into farce, to subvert expectations, to reconstruct the past.

The Spider's Strategy looks as though it's about resistance to fascism and perhaps the personality of the fascist. But the social background of the village is restricted to one man's fragmented and often obscure recollections. The irrevocable logic suggested in the title breaks down to a more coherent and less coherent view. Bertolucci cherishes illusions beautifully.

This is as clear as in The Conformist, a dazzling, rhetorical film of brilliant inventions and studied effects. Its critical pressure is never seized. Yet these episodes constitute a series of relationships that are continually being consumed, their significance.

The obvious anti-fascist demonstration is less interesting than the continuous pressure to project backgrounds and image characters in order to convey effects of emotional and volitional decay. Curiously, these are not related to the dramatic development of different characters. The film really progresses from one stage to another, each separate melodrama breaking down expectations of psychological or historical realism.

The relationship between suppressing dissent and retaining power is never made clear. It is simply assumed that one is necessary in a fairly fixed ratio to the other. So authority figures are rigid, unyielding and hollow; dissenter enforces an atavistic aggression over the inherent evil of particular regimes and the moral necessity of resistance shapes the dramatic development of the film.

Bertolucci's films engage a radically different understanding of political cinema from Costa-Gavras. The prolonged and doubtful arguments about homosexuality and fascism seem not to apply to either filmmaker, although for different reasons. And the overall attempt to assimilate them both to the term 'genre' ignores specific differences in the work of both directors.

Costa-Gavras' films attempt to map out relations between individuals who represent different kinds of institutions. This characterizes the oppressive and intrusive nature of the state through the sheer scale and authority of its covert operations. Although it is to Bertolucci that Costa-Gavras is indebted for Gaitskell's idea that the state exists as a dictatorship prepared to exercise any conceivable violence in order, presumably, to retain power. The relationship between suppressing dissent and retaining power is never made clear. It is simply assumed that one is necessary in a fairly fixed ratio to the other.

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Bertolucci's attempts nothing of Costa-Gavras' kind of realism. His films are not at all interested in and nothing is done to reflect directly on the moods and characters of inanimate objects. They are two women, Anna and Guilia, is heavily stylized in a formal dance sequence.

The Spider's Strategy and The Conformist illustrate a fantastically rich genre. The obvious anti-fascist demonstration is less interesting than the continuous pressure to project backgrounds and image characters in order to convey effects of emotional and volitional decay. Curiously, these are not related to the dramatic development of different characters. The film really progresses from one stage to another, each separate melodrama breaking down expectations of psychological or historical realism.

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OUR ASIAN NEIGHBOURS is a programme of films which aims to convey everyday life in Asia. The first of the series, covered Thailand. This series is devoted to Indonesia and brings to life its people, customs and their music. Each film captures the lifestyle of the people in their own environment and vividly identifies with the viewer.

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