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Cinema Papers #7 November-December 1975

Peter Beilby

Phillippe Mora

Scott Murray

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Cinema Papers #7 November-December 1975

Description
Table of contents:
Articles and Interviews
Francis Ford Coppola Interviewed - Antony I. Ginnane and David Stratton
Feminist Critique - Meaghan Morris
What's it like on the receiving end of Australian film criticism? - Tim Burstall
Under Western Eyes - Noel Purdon
Paul Winkler: Interview - Norman Ingram
Core Collections - E. R. Vallacott and Barrett Hodsdon
Policy Statements - Film, Radio and TV Board and Australian Film Commission
David Roe on the Playbox Cinema: Interview - Antony I. Ginnane and Scott Murray
Dusan Makavejev: Interview - John O'Hara
Albert Wright: Interview - Erwin Rado
Features
The Quarter
1975 International Women's Film Festival 4th International Perth Film Festival
Production Report: Caddie - Gordon Glenn and Scott Murray
Production Survey
Picture Previews: - Jaws / Australia After Dark
1975 Berlin and Moscow Film Festivals - David Stratton
1975 San Sebastian Film Festival - Erwin Rado Columns
Soundtracks - Ivan Hutchinson
Film Reviews
Night Moves - Jack Clancy
The Man From Hong Kong - Jim Murphy
The Great MacArthy - Freida Freiberg
Section Speciele - John O'Hara
Picnic at Hanging Rock - Scott Murray
Nashville - Ian Stocks
How Willingly You Sing - Jack Clancy
The Voyage - Graham Shirley
The Fortune - John C. Murray
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**Contents**

### Articles and Interviews

**Francis Ford Coppola: Interview**  
Antony I. Ginnane and David Stratton  202

**Feminist Critique**  
Meaghan Morris  207

What's it like on the receiving end of Australian film criticism?  
Tim Burstall  214

**Under Western Eyes**  
Noel Purdon  216

**Paul Winkler: Interview**  
Norman Ingram  220

**Core Collections**  
E. R. Vallacott and Barrett Hodsdon  223

**Policy Statements**  
Film, Radio and TV Board and Australian Film Commission  226

**David Roe on the Playbox Cinema: Interview**  
Antony I. Ginnane and Scott Murray  232

**Dusan Makavejev: Interview**  
John O'Hara  235

**Albert Wright: Interview**  
Erwin Rado  257

### Features

**The Quarter**  
1975 International Women's Film Festival  200

1975 International Perth Film Festival  210

**Production Report: Caddie**  
Gordon Glenn and Scott Murray  227

**Production Survey**  
Jaws  243

**Picture Previews:**  
Australia After Dark  266

1975 Berlin and Moscow Film Festivals  272

1975 San Sebastian Film Festival  275

**Columns**  
Erwin Rado  277

**Soundtracks**  
Ivan Hutchinson  280

**Production Report:**  
Caddie: 243

### Film Reviews

**Night Moves**  
Jack Clancy  261

**The Man From Hong Kong**  
Jim Murphy  261

**The Great MacArthy**  
Freda Freiberg  262

**Section Speciale**  
John O'Hara  263

**Picnic at Hanging Rock**  
Scott Murray  264

**Nashville**  
Ian Stocks  266

**How Willingly You Sing**  
Jack Clancy  268

**The Voyage**  
Graham Shirley  269

**The Fortune**  
John C. Murray  269

**Fear Eats the Soul**  
Tom Ryan  270

### Book Reviews

**The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock**  
Ken Mogg  279

**Your Introduction to Film and TV Copyright Contacts and other Law, and Motion Picture Distribution: Business or Racket?**  
Roger O. Thornhill  279

**Night Moves**  
Reviewed: 261

*Recommended price only.*
**ACTION ON THE TRADE PRACTICES FRONT**

Phil Doyle, owner-manager of Mecca Entertainment which runs two suburban Sydney theaters at Kogarah and Hurstville, has sought the opinion of NSW's Counsel as to whether he has grounds for litigation against major exhibitors of the Gosford Film Distributors' Association under Section 46 of the Trade Practices Act (the "monopolization" section).

Doyle claims he has been experiencing trouble with the major distributors since he re-opened the Kogarah Theatre on March 20, 1975. Doyle says continual, seemingly malicious harassment has been applied to him by the majors' repeated habit of checking his theater pursuant to Clause 59(a) of the NSW Standard Form of Contract. Some time ago the majors shut him up for August. The Scene of Crime Report Checking Service which contracted with Metropolitan Security Services to attend theaters for its members, is a number of MPDA members have refused to supply Mecca with releases. This is because a similar form of clearance has consistently grossed highest of Sydney's second classifiers. On the weekend of his premiere, apparently takes the view that Doyle has a prima facie case. The Trade Practices Commission is accepting his application for legal aid to contest the issue has apparently been given over.

Meanwhile the MPDA has applied to the Commission for an advance clearance for the Victorian and Tasmanian Standard Forms of Contract. As the last-mentioned only exists as a result of some legislation, sales, have not been allowed for there as the MPDA members take the view that an attempt by the Commission to strike out those two State contracts would create a national problem. Most important in South Australia where the contract has been voluntarily accepted with the result that nobody, no clearance has been applied for. The MPDA has also applied for an appeal to the "useless" $1 million debenture advance list. This is, in effect, a black list of theaters which are slow payers and which are required to pay an agreed film hire in advance before the distributors will allow them to screen a film. Normally the theater screens the film and then some weeks after its box-office report, a cheque for the agreed film hire is due. There are also suggestions that the list may be more than a credit check and may be used to "muzzle" competitors.

Notable, too, since the Restrictive Trade Practices legislation articles were published in Cinema Papers, has been the decision of Top Performance Motors v IRA Berk (Qld) Pty Ltd. There, the question of the London key was considered by the Court. And clearly their definition of "market" is a crucial one in any attempt to litigate against an independent dealer. "Market" for "Datsun cars on the Gold Coast". An independent exhibitor, for example, may need to talk about a "market" for a specific type of film in a specific locality. This decision of Mr Justice Joske goes some way towards helping an exhibitor get off the ground, although some commentators on the case suggest it may have been wrongly decided.

**FIGURES, GLORIOUS FIGURES**

In an advertising supplement in the Australian newspaper, per 20th Century-Fox, celebrating the opening of the film and Television School, Hoyts Theatres listed the following box-office receipts.

- Alvin Purple: $1,913,296
- Alvin Rides Again: $750,342
- Number 96: $556,839
- Wake in Fright: $130,793
- Walkabout: $84,235
- Waking the Wilderness: $80,205
- Northern Safari: $69,440
- Demonstrator: $16,464

These receipts of course refer only to monies earned in Hoyts cinemas.

**AUSTRALIAN FILMS ON RELEASE OVERSEAS**

Australian films are at last getting releases on foreign markets. Tim Burstall's *Peter Potter* is being handled by Columbia-Warner in Britain, opened in London Classic, at the Queen's, West End and the 220-seat ABC Fulham 4. After two weeks at both theaters the daily result was over $15,000. It dropped out of the ABC Cinema but did one more week at the West End. (The movie had a London Press screen.) The distributors received much better reviews in London that it did in Australia and the prospected look good for subsequent British release. It is also due for U.S. release in 25,000 theaters from November 12 under the title *Jock Petersen*.

Brian Tranchard-Smith's *The Man From Hong Kong* was bought by U.S. and Canadian release by 20th Century-FOX, which changed its title to *The Dragon Flies*. By early September the film had grossed $175,000 in 15 U.S. theaters, all of which were distributed by RKO-Pathé. It is due for U.S. release in 325,000 theaters as *The Magic Show*.

Richard Franklin's *The True Story of Eskimo Nell* and *London Classic, Piccadilly*, with its new title of *Nell Down Under*. It is being handled by the art-sex distributor Amanda Films. *Nell* also received one of the funniest reviews any Australian film got at Cannes when Eranot magazine's reviewer, after labelling it "le premier porno Australien", suggested it should be banned and was given in Europe.

The proposed reforms have been in the works for some time and have been prompted by the "boom or bust" earnings of the seventies when the major studios and independent producers began to look around for other sources of finance as the enormous losses of the major studios in the sixties caused traditional sources to dry up. A number of Chicago tax attorneys suggested the notion by applying the tax shelter principles of real estate financing to films.

The shelter concept will work for both principal producers or the independent local, and, for actual investment by producers in projects from the production phase right through to the amortisation sale takes place and the studio receives a small amount of cash with a large amount of renewable non-recourse debt. The distributor then gets paid and the project is generally unfavorable though it has been suggested that the producers expected even large gains, the "boom or bust" earnings of the seventies when the major studios and independent producers began to look around for other sources of finance as the enormous losses of the major studios in the sixties caused traditional sources to dry up. A number of Chicago tax attorneys suggested the notion by applying the tax shelter principles of real estate financing to films.

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CENSORSHIP NEWS

The Labor Government's pre-election promise of no censorship for adults is still unhonored.

The Commonwealth Film Censor consistently refuses certificates to hard-core pornography. It also goes without saying that any suggestion of sex with animals is totally verboten. At the same time the Censor has tried to honor its exemption agreement with the film festivals. This year, however, Thierry Zeno's Vase de Noces (The Wedding Trough) caused a stir with its largely tedious and psychologi­cal analysis of a man's coupling with a pig. Despite the fact that the importer was the Perth Film Festival, the Commonwealth Censor refused to classify it. The Film Board of Review then passed the film on appeal for both Festival and general audiences. It was classified "R" on the special condition that an introductory statement precede the opening title giving a detailed explanation of the film's meaning.

A similar film at the Perth Festival to strike trouble was Bert Deling's Pure Shit—a fictional film written and acted by Melbourne drug addicts. An appeal was lodged against the Censor's refusal to classify it on the grounds of its title, and the film was finally passed for festival screening. Its position regarding general release, however, is still unresolved.

John Lamond's Australia After Dark was also recently passed on appeal with an "R" without cuts, in spite of the initial insistence by the Censor that deletions be made in two scenes. These included up-sets of fellatio and penetration in the sado-masochistic and blue-movie sequences.

Overseas, meanwhile, 'te hard core' has finally broken through in Paris with record crowds for an exhibition of O and History of the Blue Movie. Prompting the French government to bring down a "porn tax", this was the system by which local councils, especially the Greater London Council, could override the film censor board and allow contentious material, has apparently broken down. Even though London censorship is still much stricter than Australian, anti-porn campaigners have successfully taken Common Law actions against theaters and theater managers screening Language of Love and more About the Language of Love, and more prosecutions are expected soon. Both cases are presently on appeal.

Because of the censorship structure here, there would appear to be legal difficulties preventing similar action in Australia.

FORUM ON FAMILY VIEWING

In September a forum on Family Viewing was held in Melbourne. Its purpose to give members of the community the opportunity to join in discussions with those responsible for programming those programs on television. As there is comparatively little in the way of children's television here, it was not surprising that only one of the 16 speakers, Ms Kay Kinase of the ABC, could claim to hold such a position.

The commercial stations, although represented in the audience, contented themselves with the usual token speech by the information officer of FACTS. The secrecy of the station management is somewhat surprising, for they will staunchly defend one of their worst programs, rather than admit that production of quality television in Australia is unremarkable.

Ms Julie James Bailey revealed that the advertising split of $1500 an hour at a children's viewing time could not support high production costs. The South Australian Film Corporation, for example, cannot break even with their program Black Dog Gym. On a budget of $16,000 an episode, they have been unable to sell it. Seven Network only offered $4500 an episode, while the other networks showed no interest.

The new Minister for the Media, Dr Moss Cass, was disappointed. While reading his prepared speech he declared himself against censorship and compulsion, but did not offer a solution to the problem of audience size in minority viewing time. He suggested a foundation, sponsored by government and business interests, should be set up to co-ordinate the production of children's films.

The conference then closed with Mr John Flaus, of the LaTrobe University Media Centre, providing the highlights of the forum with his spirited defense of The Rifleman and Gomer Pyle. He accused some of the previous speakers of elitism and moral self-righteousness in their dislike of popular programs. After all, it is difficult to argue against the 700,000 viewers who enjoy Six Million Dollar Man every Sunday night.

HIJACKING, SKYJACKING, PRINTJACKING

During the long weekend of August 15-17 the Technicolor laboratory outside Rome was broken into and 74 cans of original negative of Sergio Leone's The Genius, Pasolini's 120 Days in Sodom and early footage of Fellini's Casanova were stolen. The theft was not discovered until some days later.

While some take the view that the theft was an inside protest against laboratory labor layoffs earlier in the year, others see it as the latest in a series of thefts for ransom which have plagued Italy all year. Leone commented that unless thieves were quickly located the vulnerability of the industry to this sort of sabbatical would mean more than the loss of insurance, and that companies could also be expected to raise premiums dramatically.

Technicolor and the individual producers have each received anonymous phone calls offering information concerning the recovery in exchange for cash, but so far nobody has taken the offers seriously. And seven weeks later the footage is still missing.

COPPOLA LATEST

Subsequent to the interview in this issue being recorded, Francis Ford Coppola has abandoned the making of Apocalypse Now in Australia. This was rumoured to be due to the lack of co-operation from the Australian Army and certain unions. Coppola's latest plan is to shoot the film in Cuba with Martin Scorsese.

FOREIGN PRODUCTION NEWS

Mike Nichols' as yet uncast new film Bogart Slept Here, will be written by Neil Simon, edited by Dede Allen and photographed by Bob Surtees. Paul Kaufman will direct Clint Eastwood in Outlaw — Larry Wales, while Eastwood will also star in Dirty Harry III — director is as yet unconfirmed, though the script is by Sterling Silliphant. Meanwhile Roman Polanski's The Buccaneers, announced in the last issue, as The Pirates, has been postponed till mid-1976.

Unavailability of star Jack Nicholson and the tightness of finance from Stanislav Goffredo Lombardo and United Artists are rumored to be the reasons. Arthur Penn is to direct David Picker's A Time to Die based upon Tom Wicker's novel, while Richard Lester is starting preparation on Terence McNally's The Ritz, based on the Broadway comedy hit.

Roger Corman has announced he will produce a remake of Birth of a Nation. Elia Kazan has signed Robert De Niro, Robert Mitchum, Jack Nicholson, Jeanne Moreau, Tony Curtis, Donald Pleasence and Angelica Huston for The Last Tycoon, based on F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel. Filming commences during the last week of October. Sam Peckinpah has Killer Elite with James Coss and Robert Duvall almost completed. Milos Forman is filming Jack Nicholson in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Martin Scorsese has Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli in New York, New York.

Bertand Blier's next film, Calmos, with Jean Yanne, is the story of two men who give up women for "the simpler pleasures in life", and is expected to caustically comment on their natures. Les Valseuses (Going Places), Robert Bresson is planning The Devil Today which links Christ's casting of the moneylenders from the temple with an attack on consumer society.

After the disappointing Mes Petits Amoureuses, Jean Eustache is going to direct an erotic portmanteau film, Perverse Tales, with Jacques Demy, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Marco Ferreri. Producer Pierre Braunerger is also planning a feminist portmanteau film with Helly Kaplan. Liliane de Karmaced, Monique Lepezre, Jeanne Moreau and Angela Waud.

Novelist Francois Sagan is at present directing her first film, The Blue Ferns, for producer Georges de Boubleamur. After quite an absence Bob Ravelson is directing her first film, Perverse Tales, with Jacques Demy, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Marco Ferreri. Producer Pierre Braunerger is also planning a feminist portmanteau film with Helly Kaplan. Liliane de Karmaced, Monique Lepezre, Jeanne Moreau and Angela Waud.

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Novelist Francois Sagan is at present directing her first film, The Blue Ferns, for producer Georges de Boubleamur. After quite an absence Bob Ravelson is directing her first film, Perverse Tales, with Jacques Demy, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Marco Ferreri. Producer Pierre Braunerger is also planning a feminist portmanteau film with Helly Kaplan. Liliane de Karmaced, Monique Lepezre, Jeanne Moreau and Angela Waud.
Above left: Francis Ford Coppola and father, Carmine, backstage at the 47th Academy Awards.
Francis Ford Coppola’s “The Godfather” and “The Godfather Part II” have between them grossed more than $100 million in film hire. No other director-producer in the history of cinema has ever made two such successful films. Only Alexander and Ilya Salkind with “The Three Musketeers” and “The Four Musketeers” have come close. And whereas the Salkinds consider themselves producers solely, the production mantle rests uneasily on Copolla, who thinks of himself as a writer first, a director second and a producer third.

Copolla’s background is of particular interest to Australian filmmakers inasmuch as his introduction to the industry encompassed both the theoretical rigors of the UCLA Film School, and those of practical on-the-job training. Starting with Roger Corman’s small independent outfit he worked as an editor, producer and director, before joining Seven Arts Inc where he worked as a writer.

Since those early days Copolla has gone on to direct eight features including “You’re a Big Boy Now”, “Finian’s Rainbow” and “The Rain People”, as well as scripting such films as “The Great Gatsby” and “Reflections in a Golden Eye.”

Copolla was in Sydney recently to face Equity and Technical Unions turmoil over the proposed filming in Queensland of his new super epic “Apocalypse Now.” There he spoke to Cinema Papers contributing editor Antony I. Ginnane. The following interview also incorporates material David Stratton compiled from two interviews he conducted with Copolla in 1969 and 1973.

There were no young filmmakers in those days, and there was no chance of getting into the Hollywood film industry. So one usually heard comments like, “Well, maybe I can get a job as an industrial filmmaker”. That seemed to be the only hope. To finally get the job with Corman, at 22, was just exhilarating. To be on the set with Ray Milland, doing The Premature Burial, or with Vincent Price, doing The Pit and the Pendulum, was great and, of course, I had responsibilities. Roger was such a cheapskate that he really wanted to get something out of anyone he was paying.

He used to buy up Russian-made fairy tales from Mosfilm and release them without telling anyone they were Russian (though he had in his contract that it had to say, “A Mosfilm Production”, but that line was printed below the 1:85 matte so no one would ever see it). I said I could speak Russian and would do the translations. So I would just look at the scene and make up whatever I thought they were saying. One of the films was called, I think, Sadco which we re-titled The Witch That Froze the World, or The Day the Earth Froze, or something. I did everything. In one of them, which I think we called Battle Beyond the Stars, there is a scene on a planet where an astronaut sees the image of a golden astronaut holding a golden torch of hope and humanity. Roger had me matte that out and matte in two monsters fighting, with one devouring the other. Difference in translation between Russian and American science fiction!

You then went on to become a fairly prolific screenwriter . . .

Well, while I was doing this kind of all-round-everything for Roger I won the Goldwyn Award for writing. As a result of that I had two offers — one to work for Seven Arts as a screenwriter and the other from Universal. I thought if I went to Universal at that time I would be doing sort of television stuff. So I went to Seven Arts and worked for them for two or three years, and wrote about six scripts a year. It was like a great college course for me; I was assigned to things and I would do them fast.

They gave me the chance to do Reflections in a Golden Eye because they didn’t know what to do with it. I wrote it in five weeks, and then they said, “You’re going to New York to work on This Property is Condemned”. So they used me as a writer in problem areas, and the most incredible of these, my first worst nightmare, was Is Paris Burning? which was an unbelievable adventure.

I was about 26-years-old and they told me, “Francis, you’ve been so good, you’ve written 11 scripts in the past year and a half, and you can have a free vacation. The only thing is that the writer who is doing Is Paris Burning? is very ill and may die. When the pencil falls out of his hand we want you to pick it up.” So I went to Paris. This nice, sick old man didn’t know the arrangement and thought I was his assistant. He would criticize and
say my scenes were no good, and just as I was about to quit and get out of there, he died! Suddenly I inherited this enormous project and they brought in Gore Vidal, too. It was unbelievable! The arguments! The producer had made a deal with the French government under De Gaulle that if they colored history, they could have the whole city of Paris — you'll notice in the film that the word 'communist' is never ever mentioned.

Anyway they finally fired me for the fiftieth time and the producer really bawled me out. So I was out of Seven Arts and broke again, and the whole thing was a mess. Fox was doing Patton, and they heard I was a big war film writer (which is a thing that happens — after I did Reflections, they heard I was a Southern writer, so I got This Property is Condemned). I didn't know who General Patton was. I just read all the books I could get and worked from that. I had nothing to do with evoking the character the way George C. Scott played him. The script I wrote was very much like parts of the film. You know the beginning, which was sort of more stylized with this character way out in the foreground. That was the opening of the original script, but more of my script was that way. I then went off to work on You're a Big Boy Now, and Schaffner directed Patton, so I knew nothing of what was happening with the film.

Was it about this time that Seven Arts merged with Warner Brothers?

No, it was after that. The seeds of dissent within Seven Arts had already begun. Elliot Wyman and Ray Stark were not getting along and Phil Feldman, who was a businessman in the company, wanted to make his debut as a producer.

We had similar objectives: here was this young guy who was hot to direct a film, and here was this businessman who was hot to become a producer. So we teamed up and after a lot of time and trouble, we got Seven Arts to finance You're a Big Boy Now. It was just after Big Boy was shot that they merged. It was produced by Seven Arts, and then turned over to Warners.

"You're a Big Boy Now" seems a very loose film. Did it turn out the way you wanted it to?

I had complete control over it. Of course, remember it was made around the time of A Hard Day's Night. Everyone was influenced by that, and Dick Lester's other films hadn't come out yet. I felt that if I could use film as he did, but with a story that had a plot, it would be terrific.

Big Boy was a modest success in the U.S. and it effectively launched me as the first 'young' film director. I was aware that after that kind of American "young man success" it would be easy to blow it and make some big production that went totally down the tubes. I was convinced that the thing to do was to resist the offers that were coming to me, and instead to make another more personal film. So I started to write The Conversation back there in 1966, and it was while I was writing I got a phone call from a guy who asked me if I knew anyone who could direct Finian's Rainbow.

This was something of a coincidence, as I used to direct musical comedies in college, and had a love of musicals in general. But I told him I was going to make a little film and I didn't want to get involved with a studio. Besides, I didn't really know anyone. Half an hour later he called me back and asked me to direct it. The temptation to be a 26-year-old guy directing a big Warner Brothers film, coupled with the fact that it was a musical and I that had come from that tradition, as had all my family, made me read the book of Finian's Rainbow. I thought it was terrible, but I liked the music and as you know, I did it.

It was the experience I had at Warner Brothers, the old-fashioned asked, "What is this crazy film you're making?" I told them, and they said, "We'll finance it," and they did.

It was while working on The Rain People in a little town in Nebraska that I realized that you don't have to be in Hollywood to make films. I found you could be based somewhere else, have much more privacy and maybe get to a much more honest kind of filmmaking. I had George Lucas, who was just 21, as my assistant, and we went to San Francisco, and that's where American Zoetrope began.

In both "You're a Big Boy Now" and "The Rain People" there are scenes where the female dominates the male . . .

The scene in The Rain People was specifically taken from a Strindberg play I had seen — Dance of Deaf — in which the woman does that. And I never forgot it. No doubt it has something to do with me — not in any serious way, I hope. I think I would like to write and make films that have to do with women especially.

Was it envisaged that these films you were making away from the studios for Zoetrope would in fact be commercial ventures?

* No. I am 36 now, and I was raised in that period in the U.S. when all those films were coming from Europe. My idea of what a personal film was, was based on them. It was Bergman, it was the White Sheik, it was Antonioni. But we thought that we could go to San Francisco and produce a new cinema of contemporary stories, with more ambitious themes, shot with tiny and mobile crews, and making use of the new film technology.

I had a little money because I had been working for years. So I sold my house, and with about 10 people,
moved up to San Francisco and proceeded to build a studio of sorts. I had gone to Germany and ordered new editing tables and mixing equipment without having the money to pay for them, though. I kind of tricked Warners into backing the venture.

By this time I had put together quite a group. In San Francisco there was myself, George Lucas, John Milius, Matt Robbins, Hal Barwood, who wrote Sugarland Express, Willard and Gloria Hare who wrote American Graffiti, John Korty and Al Pacino.

In fact Zoetrope only ever produced "The Rain People" and "THX 1138"?

Right, because the next films were all turned down by Warners. They pulled back their loan to me, which essentially put the company out of business. We failed more because Warners abandoned us, than because we made films that were failures.

I read a very hostile article about Zoetrope in the 'Bay Guardian'. . .

That was written by a writer who, like a lot of people, felt I had really misused him; that Zoetrope had misused him. I think that article was a very slanted one. I know I am something of a promoter at times, but I don't think of myself as much of a Sammy Glick as he painted me.

When I was doing Finian's about a week into it, everywhere I went there was this skinny little kid with a bear looking at me. I started getting nervous because I was very insecure. After a while I went up to him and asked him: "What are you looking at?" And he said: "Not much!" But any rate, that was George Lucas. He had won a scholarship to observe me at Warner Brothers, and he was observing me. So, realizing that I tried to involve him by saying that every day he should come up with a brilliant idea, and every day he came up with one. I was very impressed with him. He was only a young guy — about 23 — just out of film school, and I wanted to sponsor him to become a director. So I got THX 1138 off the ground, which he wrote and directed and I produced. Now he has a big success with American Graffiti, in which I am executive producer, and I think it's a very nice film.

How did you move on to "The Godfather", given this situation?

It was sort of a desperate situation. I had been offered The Godfather, and I turned it down on the grounds that I was only going to make these personal films. I wanted to make The Conversation. Then six months later they offered it to me again. At that point I was grateful to have a job, because I was hopelessly in debt and I didn't know what to do. So I took the job. I was almost fired every other week.

Once the film did come out, however, and once it became apparent that it was probably going to be one of the top grossers of all time, if not the top grosser, you were in effect made as a bankable writer-producer-director. What sort of change of attitude did that bring about in you?

It was a funny thing that happened to me, and I sometimes wondered if it wasn't all a dirty trick. When The Godfather first looked like it was going to be successful and make me some money, I thought that if I could just make $1 million and invest it in stocks and stuff, then I could perhaps get $60,000 a year for the rest of my life. I could then write my own material, or just do anything. If something was a failure I could say, "Well so what, I have that $1 million in the bank."

The great joke was that it made much more than $1 million for me, and Graffiti made another $3 million. So basically all that money made me like I was before I did Zoetrope, and I got back into doing all this crazy stuff on five times a bigger scale.

Why did you decide not to direct "The Great Gatsby"?

To be frank with you, before The Godfather opened I didn't know if it was going to be a success. I had been through a very difficult financial period and I didn't want to be in that position again.
Did you have to put some of your own money into "The Godfather Part II"?

No, I didn’t invest in Godfather II. What I am doing now with this film, Apocalypse Now, and with another film called The Black Stallion that Carol Ballard is going to direct, is that I am financing the whole company. These films, plus my magazine and radio station, are essentially where all that money is going.

What has happened to The Directors’ Company?

It was another company set up with me, Friedkin and Bogdanovich. It is now defunct. There was disagreement between us and Paramount, the nutshell being that we wanted to be a truly independent company. The three of us got along well, and even to this day we never had an argument, although Bogdanovich and Friedkin were always leading to some extent. But I think the reason we ultimately liquidated it was because Paramount never really wanted there to be a company with the autonomy that we wanted.

It was after that experience I realized the only way to have the control I wanted was to put up my own money.

That’s why this new company, Coppola Cinema 7, was formed.

Could you tell us exactly what Cinema 7 is?

My own company, The Coppola Company, bought 10 per cent of Cinema 5, which is a public company (and an exhibition-distribution unit) and got two seats on the Board. In the course of getting involved with them it became clear that if we were going to finance our own films, perhaps we could also distribute them through this new company.

Ultimately my objective in getting involved with Cinema 5 was to have some sort of hold on distribution and exhibition, because as you know it owns theaters, the best theaters in New York, for opening this kind of film. But temporarily I felt that there were some legal problems with Cinema 5 (namely a lawsuit between William Foreman who owned 25 per cent of the stock, and the company). I should not, at this time, vest Cinema 5 with all the things that we were doing. We were financing these projects 100 per cent, yet we own only 10 per cent of Cinema 5. So we created a new production company, kind of merging Cinema 5 hypothetically with Coppola Cinema 7, thinking that should we at some time in the future resolve some of the obstacles, Coppola Cinema 7 would take over Cinema 5, or vice versa, and it would be the basis of an interesting new arrangement.

Who else is on the Board apart from yourself and Rugoff?

My associate Fred Roos and a lot of lawyers who are not film people.

You obviously must have acquired quite a cannon of business expertise, at least as far as film production is concerned, by now. Do you see this sort of producer’s mantle lying heavily on you over the next few years, now that you have set this machine in motion? Is it going to affect your “creative” writing and directing?

I hope not. One of the things I am most actively involved in now is turning the various areas of my companies over to other people. Coppola Cinema 7 I have turned over to Fred Roos, who I think is a very gifted person. We have about eight films now in preparation, all under his supervision. I have a lot of respect for him and he, by the same token, calls me in to ask my opinion of a script, or how to solve a particular problem, but ultimately it falls to him.

I am trying to do this sort of thing with various other things that I am involved in, so that I can be more of a chairman of the board — a kind of floating opinion. This should leave me free to concentrate on my work.

Specifically “Apocalypse Now”.

The origins of the script came from George Lucas introducing me to a school friend of his, John Milius, back in those early days of Zoetrope. Milius was ranting on and on about some insanity that he had been hearing about in doing an enquiry into the Vietnamese war. It sounded so fascinating that I suggested that he should write it as a screenplay. He did, and the idea always was that George was going to direct it after THX. It was the best script we had under that program.

Was it envisaged then that it would cost what it’s going to cost?

No. It was going to be done in 16mm and we were going to integrate it with a lot of stock footage — fake it as much as we could. We use to think we could make it for about $1.5 million, but that was with an unknown cast.

Continued on Page 284
Guts

You've either got them, or you don't.

Sam Peckinpah had the guts to bring a new kind of violent reality to the screen in "The Wild Bunch" and "Straw Dogs."

He's been praised and panned, awarded and attacked. And he's kept on making his kind of movies, his way.

His newest, set in modern-day Mexico, is a story of violence and greed and revenge... and love and courage and loyalty. It tells of a desperate man risking everything on a...
Most movies tell the same story — man oppresses woman. The Sound of Music.

If irony, ambiguity and complexity are often ironed out by too much stress on stereotypes, the same goes for placing too much emphasis on the surface of the story. Apart from the interesting question of the politics of happy and sad endings, and how women in films are brought to one or the other, plots are hard to grapple with effectively, because of the habits bred by the traditional film review. Most reviews make up a short narrative which bears some resemblance to what 'happened' in the film. They then proceed to show how silly or splendid the story is, which for all intents and purposes is one made up by the reviewer. Hair-splitting or not, that makes a lot of difference. Writing interludes and substitutes for the film.

Several reviewers have written 'stories' called Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore, in which a silly woman, who cries a lot and spoils a revolting farm, and all that there is of peace and tranquility. A feminist reviewer who liked the film could equally well write a story with the same title which left out the sentimentality, but put in an account of a woman who experiences and discusses the economic and social obstacles to female independence today, who learns to form a rewarding friendship with another woman (one that she has been conditioned to, despite socially), and who succeeds in persuading a man to actually accept her on her own terms (at least in principle).

This is politely known as a difference of opinion. However, familiar linguistic tricks of the trade can become dangerous when you wish, as most feminists do, to get a serious political point across. Reduce films too far and too furiously in the telling of the tale, and you've had it, if only because feminist criticism is subjected to far more severe scrutiny than most established kinds. It solves a lot of unpleasant problems if people can pass it off as moronic. Thus while it may be tempting to describe Klute as 'the story of a wise-cracking prostitute who implausibly ends up in the arms of a cop', and far more tempting to describe any 'buddy films' (Deliverance, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Dust, Sweat and Gunpowder, The Last Detail etc ad nauseum) as just a bunch of men running around proving their heterosexual virility by the strength of their relations with other men, it does not pay off in the long run. The persuasive reality of the film will defeat you every time if you argue with simple putdowns.

Contrary to the apparent beliefs of many well-intentioned propagandists for feminism, the imaginative and critical faculties of most people are not stimulated by cliches (unless they already believe them, which rather undermines the point of the exercise).

If reductionism is a broad problem in feminist approaches to film, it is not the only one. But most of the others are politically based in the narrower sense. There is the possibly inevitable tendency towards prescriptive demands — which is something quite different from the open criticism of the women created by cinema and from the necessary insistence that better films about women ought to be made.

True prescriptivism is most disturbing when applied to the work of women filmmakers. It can be seen on the occasions when Shirley Clarke is criticized for having made The Cool World, mainly about black males, or when directors like Agnes Varda and Susan Sontag are rebuked for not revealing the requisite kind of consciousness.

There is also the question of the lament for the loss of the great romantic heroine, concentrated in understandable nostalgia for the films of the thirties and the forties. Molly Haskell argues that romantic conventions are more congenial to the "spirited woman", when commenting on the positive results of the adoption of those conventions in films about black women — Sounder, The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman and Claudine.

While few women would prefer the situation of Bibi Andersson in The Touch, to that of Lauren Bacall in To Have and Have Not, such nostalgia tends (quite overtly in the work of both Haskell and Mellen) to a glorification of exceptionally women, strong individuals, love, and the perfect partnership of the heterosexual couple. This effectively returns us to a pre-feminist set of values and wishes most feminist analyses of the above matters out of history altogether.

Equally difficult is the question of discussing (with a feminist perspective based on the experience of women in white, middle-class and Anglo-Saxon society), films which do not come out of that culture at all. Sexism may be universal — but the forms it takes, the meaning of its representation in film, the priorities of political
struggle are not. So Sambizanga has been criticized for not ‘stressing’ a development of political consciousness in its heroine. However, the director, Sara Maldoror, has pointed out that in the African context, a woman leaving her village on her own initiative to look for her husband is making a radical break with her assigned social role¹. American cultural imperialism turns up in the oddest places.

If I have stressed the negative aspects of feminist film criticism as it has developed so far, it is not from a desire to promote intellectual subtlety for its own sake. It is still less from a liberal tendency to plea for justice and fair play towards an industry which has, to put it plainly, done more than its share in the exploitation and degradation of women. It is because I believe that whatever we do has political consequences, and that we need to keep a wisely paranoid eye on our prospects of political survival.

Feminism might be described as the recurrent disappearing revolution. Many people believe that suffragettes were only concerned with the vote, and so they naturally disappeared with it. But they held work groups and meetings and discussions around a broad range of issues for at least two or three decades—and 40 years later their work and their very existence was virtually unknown. To take but another example, there are plays from the eighteenth century French theatre which would make one’s hair curl in their resemblance to debates one could have heard yesterday.

Why feminism disappears is another question. What matters here is that at the moment, the predictability and limitations of feminist film criticism is our greatest political weakness. We need to broaden our approach as far as possible. As well as the satisfying activity of bashing our opponents easily exposed as absurd. The politics and literature could once again be considered in that context with any credibility.

Feminists are now in much the same position. We have to prove that sexual difference is the political oppression of women, and the cinema can be fruitfully related. A feminist today who might look at a speculative film like Zardoz, and focus only on Sean Connery’s exaggerated masculinity, is working under much the same conditions as the thirties Marxists who found one reference to the working class in the novel Emma and succeeded in interpreting the whole novel from that.

We need to broaden our approach as far as possible. As well as the satisfying activity of bashing our opponents, we need to ask feminist questions of the cinema and then, quite simply, rip off the most sophisticated tools of analysis that film criticism can provide to help us answer them. However, we need to keep a critical eye on the ideological assumptions of those tools and start developing more of our own.

From this point of view, the U.S. Journal Women and Film, provides an exciting example. It ranges from news, biography, history, interviews with women, contact with other cultures, personal comment, to complex theoretical articles and, in the last issue (Vol. I, Nos 5-6) a brave attempt to get some useful comment from a smug semiotician like Noel Burch. In that same issue is a long and helpful article by Julia Lesage called Feminist Film Criticism: Theory and Practice, which provides a framework in which many concrete suggestions are made, particularly on ways to go beyond examining the apparent mechanism of sexism in film content.

Continued on page 286

¹ This prescriptivism is most disturbing when applied to the work of women directors. Mai Zetterling’s Loving Couples.
At the conclusion of the first International Women’s Film Festival, the organizers, said the event, can be discursed. The most obvious difference was the dominance of films with female protagonists, including a number of films with almost exclusively female casts. Not every woman or film director was radicalized by the Aussies, however. Some filmmakers, most directors had scenarios depicting a woman whose characteristic was her individuality through consciousness. Such films eschewed traditional happy endings to concentrate on showing the price of independence. Even the final ‘happiness’ of Nelly Kaplan’s A Very Curious Girl, more a celebration of freedom and self, using revolutionary means, was contested by Nelly Kaplan’s mother and murder of her billowy lover. Liberales Marie from her lethargic passivity. She then takes her revenge on the village oppressor by killing the man who wronged her, but the film’s success was its message that the woman’s body and her sexuality. As a prostitute she is able to dominate the villagers and exploit them financially, and finally insists on her independence. Marie’s position as a viable female model is an unusual one. Prostitution has been habitually regarded as a sex-object role and is linked in the cinema with guilt, punishment and repentance. But Marie transforms the whore, for whom prostitution only realizes her material and power. She achieves fulfillment as an individual and leaves the village to make a new life.

The woman has a positive, fulfilling approach to a lifestyle that society regards as at best unsatisfactory and at worst abnormal. This evokes the character considerable stature as a culture heroine. Moreover, the film is a sensitive and moving exploration of the alternatives possible in a certain situation. I watched it with both sympathy and involvement.

In Meszaros’ The Girl, the woman is an illegitimate child rejected by her mother and brought up by an orphanage. Oppressed by the cold and formal environment, she seeks out her mother in an attempt to establish a family contact that will provide her with the emotional security and affection she yearns for. The visit to her mother’s village, however, results in an alienating rejection, and the woman is forced to re-evaluate her needs.

The sequence in which this process takes place concerns a village dance. The man, jock-sitting in the traditional black peasant woman’s garb, is dumped by the villagers. The woman’s inability to understand the presence of the other participants observant while the men boozed, ogles the girls, and dance with them under their noses. The sub-mission of the matrons, in particular her mother, in this treatment makes the girl realize that she is free to choose her own life role, and is liberated from the defunct social codes of morality and behavior.

Her mother on the other hand is a slave, trapped by the conventions of femininity. In the village conventions: She is emotionally crippled by guilt, and fears discovery of a past indiscretion of which the girl is evidence. In addition she is insecure about her wanting sexual attraction for her husband. Thus she is totally incapable of providing anyone with emotional security. The girl’s independence, in her defiance of the social codes of morality and behavior, is fortified by a new self-sufficiency. Rejecting the family structure, she succeeds in finding sexual and emotional needs through spontaneous and temporary liaisons, thus maintaining her freedom of choice and emotional independence.

As with The Lady from Constantinople, the Girl leaves the audience with a refreshing vision of balance, self-sufficiency, style, or reality.

Leontine Sagan’s Maedchen in Uniform (1931) is an anti-authoritarian, anti-fascist statement. The protagonist Manuela represents human individuality and sensitivity, while the school principal is a Leviathan of institutionalized regimentation and repression.

The occasion for the conflict between these two forces arises when Manuela develops a lesbian infatuation for her teacher Frau Von Bernburg. Intoxicated at an end of term party, Manuela publicly declares her love, upon which the principal points out that this is of course an indiscretion, and she attempts suicide, but is rescued by her classmate. The incident is a setback to the régime of Frau Principal, because the disaster precipitated by her pupil’s infatuation is avenged by spontaneous action. Theme aside, Maedchen in Uniform is an extraordinary cinematic experience. The penetralian barrenness of the school itself reinforces the feeling of austere repression, while the hideous and sinister statutory rules evoke the threat of the all-pervading fascist code. Susanne Kriwol’s deeply felt, articulate rock-like physiognomy and stance is juxtaposed with the relaxed, spontaneous behavior of the girls and the moment her limbs and hands. The unexposed sequence with Frau Von Bernburg gives each girl in the dormitory a good night’s care is a serious delight, as humanity and affection struggle to survive in a school setting.

Maedchen in Uniform and Jacqueline Aubrey’s Olivia (1951) present, in terms of origins of the confrontation of the same conflict. In Olivia, Maedchen’s character is an ordinary schoolgirl who falls in love with another girl, but is not able to express her love. The relationship is eventually discovered by the school principal, who punishes the girls.

Although both films present lesbianism as an emotional manifestation to be repressed, the effect of the lyrical and sensual cinematic presentation of it, reinforces its attractiveness instead. The cloying artificiality and prettiness of Olivia, however, pale beside the warmth of observation characteristic of Maedchen in Uniform.

Sue Johnston
Agnes Varda's love poem to decaying Hollywood, Lion's Love.

The McDonaghs’ deeply moral exploration of the consequences of kinship and loyalty, The Chasers.

THE 1975 INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S FILM FESTIVAL

The romantic scenes are beautifully set pieces that make the hero a contemporary Barrymore out of a very human, romantic, and sensuality. The hero is a contemporary Barrymore out of an era where men were not afraid to show their emotions.

The film is dotted with absurd, but faintly plausible, incidents that verge on black comedy. For instance they decide to be dry for a day and everyone goes out gambling. The hero is a contemporary Barrymore out of an era where men were not afraid to show their emotions.

The interiors are rich in detail and texture. The most overwhelming visual aspect of the film is in its color — skies as blue as the painted swimming pools, trees that green that as much as the plastic palm fronts. Amid lurid plastic pineapple lamps and fake birds of paradise, Viva and the boys make it seem just possible to love unselfishly and romantically without any moral snobbery. Their early morning telephone conversation in bed, with the Bank of America on one line and the phone company on the other and which concludes with the phone being disconnected, is a 'Absurdist' comedy par excellence.

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From the opening scene of Shirley Clarke’s The Cool World (1963), where a white junior high school teacher is lecturing a bunch of Negro pupils on New York, one is acutely aware of the ghastly divide between white and black America. After all, Wall St and the Declaration of Independence statutes are no more a part of these African people lies in the development of militant consciousness. It concludes on the optimistic note of the inarticulate war”.

Sarah Maldoror says: “What I wanted to show in Sambizanga is the aloneness of a woman and the time it takes to march.” Unfortunately she leaves Maria’s situation unresolved, and one is left with the feeling that it is the African men, not the women, who will lead that revolutionary march. Behind the Veil (1971) highlights the contradictions of a western-economic society against the oppressed situation of women in Eastern Arabia. Eve Arnold, an American who has photographed the war in Vietnam, one cannot help but realize the sincerity and warmth of a people who have unjustly been branded as the “enemy’s”. Throughout the film one is forced to reappraise the Vietnamese situation. The point that comes through strongly is that western imperialists, not Vietnamese aggressiveness, caused the devastation of a country that asserts “the needs of peace are greater than the needs of war.” They sketch people who have managed to retain their humanity through 30 years of warfare without feelings of retribution towards the American people. As the Vietnamese continually say in the film, they can distinguish between collaboration and its political leaders. In spite of the low budget, the film has succeeded where Antonioni’s China failed, because its emphasis is on the hopes, feelings and apprehensions of the Vietnamese people — against the twin landscapes of devastation and rebirth. And Weizer’s handheld camera brings alive the rhythm of the country and its people.

One important aspect of the film is the acknowledgment of the part played by Vietnamese women in the country’s revolution. Eve Arnold portrays, people are the most precious of all things in the world.

Christine Johnston
Trieste, where a drunken Count is theorizing that we are what we are because our birth has enmeshed us into a social barrier. Correspondingly she became disillusioned with musical values when this information is backed only by stills. Her lighting cameraman light the sequence so that the postman (Franchot Tone) modestly communicates through the brilliant orchestra's mix of symphony orchestra of quality.

And then the problems set in. The famous tenor Charles Thomas Graham: 'don't have love in order to attain social mobility, or should she cheerfully accept the life of a poor but 'good' woman?' Her story is basically a women's 'weepie' — a hopeless love affair terminated by a suicide — which narrowly avoids tedium.

Mai Zetterling's The Girl in Red (1968) suffers from the same weaknesses as her earlier film, Loving Couples — it goes on too long, overstates its points and lacks a satisfying denouement. However, it is much more personal and exciting film. The earlier film still betrays the influence of Strindberg and early Bergman, while The Girls has a style all its own.

At the hotel, she meets a man of character and worth, the local postman, played by a smirking Franchot Tone, who is lured to a man of the people. Robert Young plays the weak upper class male, who abandons his wife to a man he does not love in order to attain social mobility, or should she cheerfully accept the life of a poor but 'good' woman? Her story is basically a women's 'weepie' — a hopeless love affair terminated by a suicide — which narrowly avoids tedium.

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Pretty awful. Just how awful was brought home to me very forcibly by the week I spent in London last month promoting *Petersen*. *Petersen*, for those of you who haven't seen the film, is about an electrician who goes back to university at the age of 30. If you had to say what the film was about, it's about the collision of working-class values with those of the contemporary, university-educated middle-classes. It is about the relationship between education and class, about modern marriage, career, about how love-affairs are conducted these days, and so on.

Now the simple difference between British and Australian critics is that the British know what the film was about and discussed it in those terms. Some of them liked it, some of them disliked it, but they all seemed open to the experience of what the film was about.

That sounds a pretty simple proposition. But unfortunately in Australia things don't go that way. The public grasps what the film is about all right and can talk to you about it, often at great length and with considerable insight. But the critics are another matter. Let us give you some examples of what they see:

“Film producers Hexagon know their Australian movie audiences. Hexagon are the people who gave us *Alvin Purple*. But they only toyed with the prize-winning technique with that offering. They have perfected it with *Petersen*. They know Australian audiences don’t care too much about a strong story line — so in *Petersen* they simply left most of it out. They knew Australian audiences go jelly-kneed at the sight of bare flesh, so they gathered together a number of people and filmed their bare behinds and what-nots. After that they photographed the actors talking — you have to do that otherwise the thing wouldn’t run long enough and people might ask for their money back. The story? That’s about a dumb and boring electrician who gives up his trade to study for an Arts degree. He gets off with a couple of birds and flunks. Get the picture?”

Take first of all the tone of the passage. It is instantly recognizable. The cynical ‘smart-arse’ giving vent to the relaxed sneer. (Tune in to Parliament or open the *Nation Review* next Friday). It is the voice of a man who knows ‘bullshit’ when he sees it and who automatically assumes that the low motive is at the crux of most human activities. Just consider the propositions that underlie a passage like this:

1. Australian audiences are moronic.
2. Certain other moronic but cunning people (Hexagon) are in the business of exploiting those audiences,
3. However, I, the critic, am not moronic. I, the critic, refuse to be impressed. I see this squalid little conspiracy for what it is.

These first three propositions are, of course, classic paranoia. Let’s proceed:

4. *Petersen*, like *Alvin Purple* before it, is a formula film.
5. Bare flesh in a film means only one thing: A sexploitation approach.
6. What story there is in the film concerns “a dumb and boring electrician who flunks.”

Now we are getting to the nub of it. What do these propositions tell us? Formula films are bad (presumably unless they are made by Hitchcock and Ford). Bare flesh is bad (unless we are talking about *Women in Love* or *Last Tango in Paris*). Films should not be about dumb and boring Australian electricians — they should be about a ‘better’ class of person. That’s how it reads to me anyway.

John Flautst, of course, will tell me that I am not talking about critics, merely newspaper reviewers. I don’t accept this one — for my money it is just a choice between middle-brow and highbrow journalism.

Here, for instance, is how *Cinema Papers* reviewed *Petersen*. (The critic is Virginia Duigan, alias “Lucy Stone”):

“...and so to *Petersen* — with the suggestion of a yawn. It's not so much that it's cast in the same mould as *Stork* or *Able...* simply that it testifies to a poverty of invention and
Colin Bennett is the film critic of the Melbourne Age newspaper.

very sad, Virginia. The review continues in the same vein: ... the screenplay reads like a Who's Who of contemporary campus issues: ... Jack Thompson is a souped-down Paul Hogan; the same vein: ... the screenplay reads like a bouquet of a 1974 Quelltaler Hock. Same deal. Webine comedy and seriousness, etc. Nowhere is the question of what the film is about even raised. The people telling us what we ought to like pose to large segments of Brighton and provincial culture like ours that is really more in-... alvin purple — the other director, never for the pressure of real experience. The irony to me, of course, is that the journalist, who for God's sake should be the least narrow-minded when he views a film, is the immediate recipient of the media, are apparently just as susceptible as the rest of us.

Take for instance this extract from Colin Bennett on Petersen: On the one hand we have Australian film, which is young enough to build its own traditions and style, striving instead to keep up with the Joneses, to ape big brother Hollywood. As for Petersen, who was a member of the royalty of Australian film specialisation. (Instead of going abstract you go back a little as he steps ashore and approaches the waiting group: as they break into greetings the camera cranes up and away centering them in an almost empty dockside as it draws off into a high-angle extreme long shot. The scene has been in all one take. For skill, grace and sheer professionalism it is a shot that Preminger at his peak could not have improved upon.)

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What can I say? The week we were rehearsing the bike gate-crashing sequence, a boy of 19 was killed at Altona by a gate-crasher to his party. I have been in two parties invaded by a group of very ugly gate-crashers, one at Woolloomooloo, where two girls finished up in hospital, another in Eltham where one of the invading bikies finished up a complete vegetable: it's two or three years back now, but even Colin Bennett might remember that our one-time Deputy Prime Minister, Dr Cairns, was hit over the head by a bottle in similar circumstances.

The other spot into which our schoolmasters can retire is, of course, specialization. (Instead of going abstract you go concrete.) With this, of course, goes a film jargon of "dolly,"""" and so on, etc, which allows the non-filmmaker to imagine he is entering the filmmaking process. I don't think I can do better here than quote Mr Flaus: Between Wars can boast some remarkable things. The arrival of Schneider and Preanger is marked by the camera on Trenbow, Deborah and Avanti at the wharf, then it comes up to deck-rail on the liner and tracks part of its length, picks up Schneider and moves in tight on him as he approaches the gang-plank, stays tight as he descends, holds back a little as he steps ashore and approaches the waiting group: as they break into greetings the camera cranes up and away centering them in an almost empty dockside as it draws off into a high-angle extreme long shot. The scene has been in all one take. For skill, grace and sheer professionalism it is a shot that Preminger at his peak could not have improved upon.

It is also a shot, alas, which is idiocy to attempt to interpret (or sort of detail) to anyone but the camera operator.

(a) Patrick White in a despairing phrase describes Australia as being a place where the only culture that exists is that of "the schoolmaster and the journalist".

(b) My next suggestion grows out of this last point. The people telling us what we ought to like — these schoolmasters and critics — are not very sure of their responses (they aren't very literate, educated person) so the answer is to retire into abstractions, into ideology. Erect a set of high-falutin' or not-so-high-falutin' rules which you make do with instead of responses. Take Mr Tittensor, another genius from Cinema Papers (this is great stuff).

"All jokes, and especially sexual jokes, are serious and this is precisely why we laugh at them. Where there is no under-deriving seriousness, there can be no real humor and because the progenitors of Alvin Purple have no detectable conception of what makes people laugh at matters sexual they are at no time capable of aiming any higher than the genitals." Q.E.D.: Alvin Purple in all essentials is archetypally anti-sex.

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What is the explanation? To be honest, I don't know. Here are a few suggestions:

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UNDER WESTERN EYES

Notes towards the Australian Cinema

Noel Purdon
Now that Australian cinema has again achieved the status of international acclaim it held before the American takeover, critics are beginning to ask what it is that is specifically Australian about it. And it’s a more difficult question to answer than we might think.

On the one hand the response at Cannes and in London indicates a European celebration of qualities that are reminiscent of U.S. cinema as it used to be. David Robinson’s review of the Cannes screening of Sunday Too Far Away is a model of this particular typology.

“...Sunday Too Far Away can be reckoned among the best films seen so far in the Quinzaine des Réalisateurs. “...you can sense in director Ken Hannam’s work an admiration for Ford and Hawks, and there’s a Fordian quality in the ability to perceive a sort of grandeur in people of the most limited horizon and spirits...” “... elliptical scenes trace the human issues of a strike a lot deeper than most of the earnest, left-wing rehashage of industrial disputes to which we are still subjected.”

On the other hand, we are considered by some to be a developing cinema of the Third World, a cinema of an odd and exotic country, as underdeveloped as India and as sophisticated as Japan. When one looks down the Sydney Film Festival’s checklist of Australian films, the cast of our history unrolls: bushrangers, convicts, squatters, stockaders, sentimental blokes, and women (a genre all to themselves).

What Women Suffer (1911) and Do Men Love Women (1912) suggest the kind of preoccupation that was played upon. Those cosmopolitan Melbourne people, walking their monumental and speculation-based city in the Lumiere newreels, scarcely get a look in after the early 1900s. By the time they return in the films of the McDonagh sisters, they have become the English-American ready-to-wear types of upper class fiction.

Until recently, Australians were interpreted in Europe as little more than ciphers (in spite of their appearances in Dickens, Wilde, Conrad, Butler, and Lawrence). So while the Englishman was typed as a repressed and hypocritical gentleman, and the French as an affected frog, the Australian found his niche in the form of a pedestal labelled “The Wild Colonial Boor.” And in that niche, Bazza, Alvin, and the lads are still cracking tubes, sheilas, and lousy jokes.

However, with Picnic at Hanging Rock, Between Wars and Sunday Too Far Away, one has the three milestones of our new cinema. And seeing them all in one week set me thinking about the way they clarified and brought to a head the specific qualities of Australian cinema.

Australians seem to live on the rim of an apocalypse, just as they circle their lives endlessly on the rim of a desert. The perpetual hope-threat of falling into this apocalypse is what generates much that is peculiar to Australian thought. Every now and then, one of the walkers on the rim gets a look in after the early 1900s. But the obsession is generally not realized at this level, but it pervades Australian culture, including films. And it plays especially strong roles in Between Wars, Sunday Too Far Away and Picnic at Hanging Rock, though both the sexual and political antagonisms are given typically disguised expressions.

These are set in a philosophical awareness of being in a particular place (as in animism), and set in a highly individual light, heat, color range, and landscape, with highly individual birds, animals, reptiles, and plants.

There exist sex and class antagonisms so prolonged and repressed in their operation that they give off a stench which can be mistaken for a metaphysic. Henry James in The Turn of the Screw, and Chabrol in all his films, draw much of their power from this compressed bomb. Nearer home, and set in a visionary space, it is the favorite arena of Patrick White, and of a great deal of the paintings of Nolan and the Boyds. The Australian eroticism — that is all tits, reefs and flowers in Lindsay’s drawings and novels — keeps on appearing in Chauvel’s films, though usually transposed in a rather racist way onto primitive peoples, such as the Tahitians in Wake of the Bounty and the Aboriginals in Jezda. This eroticism has its overt male equivalent in the Lawrentian nudity of Sons of Matthew. Even here, however, it has a certain determined chasteness about it, like a lifesaver giving “R and R” to his best mate.

The attitudes towards class and sex are complicated in Wars, Sunday and Picnic by the awareness of interior and exterior space. These can be discovered as much through a study of location, set and dress-dressing as through narrative. Each is rich enough to yield many systems, and I offer the following as a grid, fully aware that it can provide only notes toward the films, and not comprehensive explanations of them.

This grid is a suggestion for a schematic way of looking at the films on a series of levels, ranging from the latent content of the sexualities, the class struggle which exists on the plot level, to the technical and stylistic meanings, seen with great clarity in the traditional INT/EXT division of the film script.
In contrast with the elliptical linkage of Sunday* and the subconscious symbolism of Picnic, Between Wars operates on a principle almost like collage. Thornhill draws attention to this in the titles, both with the quote of Orson Welles on Scott Fitzgerald and the music, which is an extraordinary medley of jazz, classical, pop and folk.

Thornhill is interested in the social reality, not the natural. And this interest is demonstrated well by the art-deco party, the Sydney University Revue, and the country fete. This also raises the question of the Australian use of location, most notably in the landscape exteriors and in the highly dressed interior sets.

The French trenches of Between Wars are surrounded by trees whose shape and leaf structure mark them immediately as eucalyptus. Similarly with the tall date palms of the ‘British’ hospital, itself too recognisably Melbourne Boom-style. It is possible that Kew or Bournemouth might have such a fine collection of sub-tropical flora in one place, but it is scarcely typical of a British garden, and therefore doesn’t establish the location as British. The result is that there is no distinction in the film between France, Britain and Sydney. St Valentine is merely their convenient patron, Cupid disguised as a Victorian eunuch.

The true presider over their corset-lacing and cheek touching rites is Mamselle (Helen Morse), the lady from Lesbos. She governs their poetry-writing, their hearts and flower sentiment, their deeper psychic passions. She may carry little weight with Ms Appleyard (Rachel Roberts), whose Muse is obviously Ms Dorothea Hemans, guardian of burning-deck-standing boys. The beautiful Mamselle has quite a coterie among the students. Insofar as Sappho receives direct personalization in the film, it is in her flushed cheeks.

There is similarity attention to interior detail in the other films. Compare, for example, the set dressing of Picnic and Sunday.

Picnic looks as if it made off with the entire swag from an exhibition of Victoria’s Jubilee. The camera movements are derived from the artist’s model, a little too proud of this, slowly panning over fin de siecle bric-a-brac and dissolving on expensive prints and photos. But, since this aesthetic insistence is part of the film’s point, the concentration is justifiable.

As for its exteriors, the transformation of Strathalbyn is masterful — red dirt over the main road, stubble poles masked as verandah columns, and mocked up signs in the shopping center give the place a living authenticity. The school, of course, is perfect, and its classical storeys and symmetry provide Weir with some excellent and telling angles.

Strathalbyn has the same subtle task of creating a period which most of us actually remember. It does so with such virtuosity that the camera seldom needs to draw attention to the details that swim before it in brawls and fast trackings: the Craven A packets, the Cooper’s Sparkling Ale, the baggy trousers and checked shirts, the old fivers and the Pan paperbacks. Port Augusta is again well used as the perfect Australian town. (It’s also in Robbery Under Arms, Bitter Springs, The Sundowners and Kangaroo.)

Throughout Picnic, Weir uses the Victorian and South Australian landscapes as a bizarre contrast with the interiors. He does this with another set of Australian-European opposites by borrowing a number of European folk legends and conflating them with St Valentine and transposing them to an Australian February, whose natural message is the end of summer rather than the awakening of spring. The result is an intensification of the emotions of melancholy and dread associated with stirring sexuality.

The structure of Picnic appears to be that of a mystery story, but a mere child could tell you that its true subject is sex. A great premium is placed on physical beauty, with the schoolgirls being divided into “fat girl” and dazzling rest. In this orchard of flowering girls, the young ladies concentrate their erotic energies on each other. St Valentine is merely their convenient patron, Cupid disguised as a Victorian eunuch.

The treasured lives of the upper class adolescents. Sara’s stepfather Albert completes the picture. He has become a son of the Australian bush, outdoor, masculine, an active agent, who refuses to serve the Governor at the European garden party.

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In formularic terms, women are seen as essentially European, interior, civilized, upper class, beautiful and graceful objets d’art. Men are essentially Australian, exterior, pioneering, animal and lower class.

What happens is that this delicate interior female sexuality is violated by some unnamed exterior masculine priapic force in the Australian bush. I say unnamed, and yet, of course, the eponymous Rock is obviously that force. Shot repeatedly low-angle, its phallic and religious suggestions of a sort of prick and balls Golgotha are insisted upon. Its ancient lava breaks whatever civilizing crust is put over it.

There are exceptions. Dominic Guard as Fitzhubert is male and yet not Australian. He is a Pommie, and therefore delicate, upper class and almost feminine. Note that the Rock attacks him in the same way that it got the girls, though there isn’t the same ineradicable insistence on his ‘in­­ness’ and the state of his clothes. His uncle, also European, is clearly dotty — another un­­masculine trait. (Men must be incisive and direct.)

Ms McGrag (Vivean Gray), on the other hand, is specifically mentioned as having a ‘masculine’ intelligence, underlined by her forceful rebuttal of the trap-driver’s opinions on the age of the rock. Nonetheless, the mere fact of her femaleness is evidently enough for the Rock to exercise its Lawrencean mystique on her. And there she goes, ever upwards and without her skirt, to be “raped like a silly schoolgirl”, as Ms Appleyard despairingly remarks — only to fall victim to the
the stage of an ideology, but who is beset by the historical Australian vices of confusion, drunkenness and intermittent enthusiasm. In this sense, the title Between Wars is apposite. What was Australia between the wars? The answer seems to be the same as that given by those of us in our early thirties who remember Australia after the war — Sydney Uni Reviews, heavy police, etc. But Sydney then, while maybe drunkenness and intermittent enthusiasm. In this historical Australian vice of confusion, what a genuine revolution might be depicted a failed or fake revolution (Pontecorvo's Burn) as the keystone of his system. Where is all this in Between Wars? On a blackboard in one scene, and there it is timidly rubbed out by Dr Trenbow (Corin Redgrave). So how is Freudianism seen in the film?

(a) As the fashionable diversion of the middle class ("mother was a Freudian before Freud");
(b) As a threat to the principles of Anglo-Saxon authoritarianism; and
(c) As a non-eventuating and repressed affair with the 'nymphomaniac' Marguerite.

Anyway the term 'nymphomaniac' is both non-

Freudian, over-used and sexist. Unfortunately, it has a very frequent Australian application in describing a woman who shows any sort of active sexual feeling whatsoever. Okay, so it's a big joke, and the part is excellently played. But what, director Mike Thornhill, of Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious? Freud's constant point is that jokes have particular political meanings.

On this count the film's jokes, which form the most important principal of linkage (every scene ends on an up-beat, a quip or an incongruity) need careful examination. Certainly the Adelaide Festival audiences' reaction to the joke about "those bludgers in Canberra" was an unfortunate tapping of anti-socialist feeling, and the sequence of Marguerite's ministerial rebuff to her former therapist did no more than release the sort of antipathy to politically powerful women which has so disgracefully dogged Australian politics.

Other jokes, like the cigarette dropping maid, find a more satisfactory base in the repudiation of class manners, which like the actors, are fundamentally 'English'.

What kind of analysis is the unfortunate woman Marguerite has received I shudder to think. We are given no indication except a sort of Rogerian "uh huh" from the analyst, a sense of boredom from her when she realizes she isn't going to get a fuck out of it, Briseldan patience from his wife Deborah and nasty pouts from his son, who thinks it is all abnormal. Thornhill makes his comment in the careful variation of the tone and style in these scenes. No, this doctor isn't a Freudian, any more than, say, Bogart and Bacall were Marxist-Leninists when they led a protest about the Hollywood witch-hunts.

The point is that, in the falsely 'free' West of the thirties and forties, any humanist attempt to create a dialectic about sex or politics was liable to meet with the same horror accorded to a genuine radical. Many a stately couple from Bellevue Hill and Dover Heights will see themselves frozen in the last tableau — bourgeois to the hilt, cut off from their landscape by their Europeanized culture, and about to suffer the loss of their son to yet another European war. The lights go out on them . . . placed in their harborside living room for eternity, people who had no identifiable part in historical change, but who merely lived between wars.

The superstructure of Sunday is a story about shearing. It's intra-structure is about maleness, that wonderful macho feeling of all 'having balls', and the attendant neurosis of what might happen if you lose them. To possess balls is:
(i) To work.
(ii) To be a good social boozer.
(iii) To beat someone else.
(iv) By bettering their performance in a given activity e.g. shearing more sheep; (b) By knocking the shit out of them.

Much emphasis is laid on the fact that shearing sheep is competitive with all the sweat and sparks of a Royal Easter Show woodchop. The shearers establish their caste by rival tallies and bare knuckle fighting. The clothes washing scene takes its place as another example of competitive rivalry, complete with envy, jealously, rhythmic rubbing and a final comic defusion in the medium-shots of wagging and naked arses.

The most honest expression of this sort of thing is probably a film set in a shearing shed. The most honest expression of this sort of thing is probably a film set in a shearing shed. Mike Thornhill, of Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious? Freud's constant point is that jokes have particular political meanings.

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The have or have-not of balls. Sunday Too Far Away.

Continued on page 286.
Paul Winkler is an independent experimental filmmaker. He was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1939, but emigrated to Australia in 1959 to evade military service.

Winkler is a bricklayer by trade and with few exceptions finances his own films. He travels overseas often, and in the first six months of 1975 went to Canada on a Creative Fellowship Grant. He showed his work to the Film Distribution Center of Toronto University and was offered a teaching fellowship as a result. Winkler refused, however, because he felt morally obliged to the Creative Fellowship Grant, and disliked the idea of lecturing as opposed to filmmaking.

Winkler's films have won numerous awards overseas and have been screened in New York, London, Cracow and Oberhausen. The 1974-75 Fifth Experimental Film Festival at Knokke in Belgium selected “Dark” as the sole Australian film in competition. As well the Festival Archive purchased copies of “Scars” and “Dark” and commissioned Winkler to produce a film of his own choosing.

His films have also met with success in Australia. “Dark” was screened at both the 1973 Perth and Brisbane Film Festivals, won the Allan Stout Award for 1973 and was equal First Prize in the 1974 Greater Union Award. “Scars” was screened at the 1974 Melbourne Film Festival and won a Silver Award in the 1974 AFI Awards.

The following interview was conducted by Norman Ingram at Winkler’s Darlinghurst home.

Which film would you describe as your first?

Well my first films were all on 8mm, very short films exploring textures in close-up. At that time they were still pretty conventional. One was called Fountain. All it showed was a fountain in the middle and action going on around it — kids playing, birds swooping and drinking, and people just looking. I tried to get in between the relationship of the textures — the water, the tiles and so on. It was all more or less intuitive. I did not apply a great deal of thought to it in the way I do nowadays.

Another film, Barkin Avenue, consisted entirely of still shots of the house I lived in — the wrought-iron, the roof tiles, parts of the backyard. Again it was more of a documentary, and like Fountain it had a sort of guitar sound going over it to create a bit of atmosphere.

Then came Moods which completely did away with the conventional type of film. Here I was using a flickering pattern of color to bring out an emotional response. I was by then very much intrigued and influenced by Goethe’s Colour Series, a book in which he describes how people react to color. I worked out a theory of chromatic scales based on his principles. It’s quite a simple thing: like white for purity; red for passion; blue for a mood where you don’t feel too happy, a sort of labyrinth where you’re neither here nor there; bright yellow for happiness, and dirt yellow for cowardice.

Presumably you are familiar with phenomena like the human aura and Kirlian photography ....

Oh yes. Basically it’s connected with something called ‘closed-eye vision’. In other words sometimes when I am shooting I close my eyes...
I want to refine my style to the point where it can contribute something towards the defining of a pure cinematic language, something that others may like to pick up, elaborate on and incorporate in their own films.

Was there a moment when you realized that you were ready to go ahead with more ambitious projects?

Yes. It was at the time I was making *Isolated*, which grew out of a black and white 8mm film. It's a film about spastic people, blind people and handicapped people as such, who sit around the streets selling buttons and asking for small contributions to their cause. There is a constant flow of people walking past them, and they are forever groping in the air. They are awkward, and people find them awkward to look at — in fact they are sometimes quite exciting to look at.

*Isolated* works by simply showing the facts. It is not exactly a straightforward documentary, there was a lot of reference-type editing. It is a film that evokes a lot of emotion in those who see it. It really quite grabs them. But that's mainly by people who cannot come to terms with the films I make now. *Isolated* is history for me now.

Was it a turning point?

In a way, yes. *Isolated* was a very heavy film which is probably why I made *Red and Green* so quickly afterwards. It is a rather funny film. I scratched some lines onto red and green leader, and these lines ran into absurd things like bees going around a flower, or Nuigini aboriginals dancing. The lines were hitting objects that were totally unrelated to anything. It wasn't meant to make sense.

Is that why you work alone?

There is simply nobody else who could do it. In the early days I had someone shoot me a title, but since I found I could do my own I have eliminated even that sort of help.

Can you say who your films are aimed at?

That's always a tricky question. I usually counter it by saying that if I am happy with what I see when it's finished, then as far as I am concerned that's it. If it turns out that my films get liked, I am glad; if they don't it doesn't worry me. If I like them that's enough, anything else is incidental.

I have virtually no connection with it. I have not mentioned this before, but I make my films very cheaply. *Requiem* and *Neurosis* cost only $280 each, *Scars* $500 and *Dark* $800. I use very little film stock in relation to the finished product, and I make my own sound and so on.

Perhaps from the union or industrial point of view this work should be given to a soundman or cameraman, but my argument is that another cameraman cannot do my job, since the way I do it is part of my growth. In fact I have had it said to me that I must ask for more money if I am going to make films under the grant system, because if I make films for such little money it looks bad for those who need a lot.
How do you work out the rhythm? Do you know from experience whether a certain number of frames produces a certain effect?

I think it's the material that imposes itself on you. It's a feeling of excitement in my skin, and when that lapses I say, "Okay, cut!". It's also something to do with Kinetic Vision, and seeing basically immobile shapes like a reflection in a puddle or headlamp take on a momentary life of their own. One also has to be constantly aware. I have sometimes 40 or 50 films going in my head and I have to discipline myself to make a choice, but the worst thing is to force oneself.

Does your political philosophy come into your films deliberately, or as a by-product?

There are political things that come through in my films, but I generally try to make them more on the level of how I react to certain things. Neurosis, for example, was not only against the war in Vietnam, but against war in general. The same with Scars. Trees are not only cut and mutilated in Australia, but all over the world.

There was a very impressive anti-clerical montage sequence in "Neurosis". Can you describe how you did that technically?

I photographed, frame by frame, lots of little cards and things that I had bought in religious shops. I didn't actually splice the shots into the film, I had it all laid out in such a way that it was numbered in sequence and I just had to shoot it. The rhythm was worked out beforehand.

You obviously allow your material to dictate itself to you rather than vice versa.

That's exactly it. I just look at the things I want to film until I get some sort of feedback. Again and again it's the material that imposes itself on me and tells me how long I have to work with it. It even seems to edit itself. I took a sequence out of a black void, from Chants.

Above the Greek orthodox cross moving endlessly, the statement of the film is self-evident — it's to do with the release of emotions.

The latter part of "Requiem" is occupied by frenetic zooming up and down a church spire. Was this phallic symbolism?

Who can say what exactly is involved with these subconscious processes. I was very angry with the Church.

"Neurosis" had a very notable soundtrack. What was it?

The third film, "Neurosis", we covered earlier. The fourth was "Chants", which fairly I found a bit boring.

Well never mind. Again this was simply made by rewinding the camera and making optical effects like simple, plastic gold cross that I bought in a Greek shop. It was a meditative film, soothing images with a Gregorian chant underneath them.
DEVELOPMENT OF FILM STUDY RESOURCES

In a February submission to the National Library, the Film, Radio and Television Board of the Australia Council called for the expansion of the National Film Collection.

At present the collection has some 450 shorts and 200 features, mostly from the silent period. The new intake would comprise more than 1,200 titles, at an estimated cost of $600,000. The Library also appointed Mr Andrew Pike as its consultant on film study resources to ensure a systematic purchasing policy.

The submission stressed that such expansion was vital for film study courses which are now available at tertiary and secondary levels. There are at present 31 courses at tertiary level, with six more in the process of being set up.

The Board’s submission is the result of research into Australian film study resources and needs, by its film consultant, Mr Barrett Hodsdon, and a series of meetings between senior educationists, academics, researchers and representatives of film and television interests in government and private enterprise.

The Council of the National Library which discussed the Board’s submission in April, agreed that the proposal deserved national priority. It voted that since the Federal Government had accepted full financial responsibility for tertiary level education the Library’s long standing role as the major supplier of films to universities and colleges had become one of its major lending functions.

With a view to expanding the collection over three to four years, the Library sought in its annual appropriation for 1975-76 an initial $200,000 for film study purchases. Unfortunately, with present restraints in government expenditure, the planned expansion has been modified.

Although many of the proposed titles for the collection will be from commercial sources, with commercial rights still vested in them, it is not intended that the collection should in any way compete with organizations already offering film study material for rent. The film study collection is designed to supplement existing resources and liaison with these suppliers will be an important part of its development. And it is believed that many of the 1,200 titles listed for priority acquisition would not otherwise be economically viable.

The Library expects that it will obtain prints of a number of the titles from overseas film archives and museums through its membership of the International Federation of Film Archives (FIAF).

While it is intended that access to these resources should be as open as possible, several factors will affect their availability. These are: first, the intended purpose of the enlarged collection to service formal courses; second, the interests of the owner of the rights, and third, the price the owner sets for non-theatrical distribution rights outside that for tertiary level courses. Use of the National Film Collection will be weighted in favor of adult borrower groups, as introduced in 1974, and limits to eight weeks the period which schools may lodge requests in advance. First priority availability will be given to tertiary level film courses, as the submission recognizes that the obligation of meeting curriculum needs of secondary schools belongs to State Departments of Education.

The Library believes that its reputation for providing free services will enable it to obtain many films for limited study purposes at reasonable prices. This does not ignore the need to provide adequate interest to Australian independent filmmakers, but it is possible that a government-funded program be introduced to make periodic payments on a degree-of-use basis analogous to the Public Lending Right fees now paid to Australian authors.

The Library believes that ready availability of Australian films should be an important function of the expanded collection so that the study and production of film in Australia might have a sound national basis. A variety of Australian films — ranging from features by Ken G. Hall and Charles Chauvel to recent experimental work by Arthur Cantrill — is now being considered for loan purposes. The loanable prints of many of these films will be taken, as part of contracts with the filmmakers, from the preservation materials deposited in the historical collection of the National Film Collection.

To encourage the maximum use of the collection, the National Film Collection hopes to develop a series of teaching aids, consisting of detailed, authoritative notes about groups of films. The first of these will be about the Cantrill films. A new list of material in the National Film Collection of film study interest is now in preparation and should be available in October. Updated lists will be issued progressively.

An independent committee of film teachers and film specialists has been set up under the auspices of the Film, Radio and Television Board. It will comment on the development of the film study collection and offer advice on purchasing priorities and on the services provided by the Library in this area. The members of the committee are John Flaus, Barrett Hodsdon, Eileen Sharman, Albie Thoms, Prof Jerry Toepnitz and Dr John Tulloch.

The proposed film study collection will make possible the effective teaching of film and television for the first time. It will provide a diversity of film from many nations and from all periods of film history, with samples of all major movements and genres in the development of cinematic art.

E. R. Vallacott.
Chief Film Librarian of the National Library of Australia.

PROPOSAL

The following comments by Barrett Hodsdon are a response to the preceding article and should be read as being independent of National Library policy.

The Core Collection proposal was intended as a working document to assist the National Library in reappraising its existing stock of film study titles, and to encourage the formulation of objectives for future film study acquisition. In the past, the Library’s activity in this area had been saddled by a lack of initiative, and a failure to establish any priorities in acquisition.

The preliminary list of Core Collection titles was in the region of 1,200 to 1,400 titles.* The initial thrust of the program will be to acquire titles in 16mm versions. The Core Collection proposal is a starting point for a rethinking of the National Library’s role in film lending. Although the proposal is wide-ranging in its approach to film history, it emphasized certain moments in this history in order to prompt some initial thinking on the part of priorities required. This does not preclude the possibility of further suggestions for areas of film history currently omitted from the proposal.

Of course, one encounters problems that prevent any definitive formulation of the content of the Core Collection.

In some cases a conflict of acquisition objectives may arise:

(a) The need for research orientation, as well as user orientation, in an acquisition program;
(b) Existing tertiary demand is only at a rudimentary state, given the recent introduction of film study courses (in some instances). This state of affairs is compounded by a substantial lag in the assimilation of the most relevant overseas theoretical work. It is further complicated by the fact that film study can be introduced at a tertiary level under a whole umbrella of disciplines — each with a different emphasis on criteria for course structures; and
(c) Although the history of cinema is some 80 years old, there are many areas and aspects of cinema where research has just begun. Much cinema research thus far has lacked purposeful and rigorous methodology. What are considered vital film titles today, determined by an orthodox descriptive view of film history, may be revised tomorrow as research progresses.

* In terms of what they represented for an overview of film history.

* This figure is purely arbitrary, and is not intended to have some ultimate significance. It is merely a starting point, subject to future revision and expansion.
RATIONAL

The lists of titles for the Core Collection were presented in terms of a four-way classification of film history:

NARRATIVE-FICTION, DOCUMENTARY (non-fiction), Avant-garde, and Animation.

(a) NARRATIVE-FICTION: This film embrace a mimetic view of image organization. Historically its springs are found in the tenets of literary fiction and the realm of the theatrical performance. The early bias of cinema towards storytelling and attendant spectacle, was reinforced by the emerging film industry structure which sought penetration of a mass market. Within the space of 20 years the expositional canons of fiction were set up and accepted. For the next 30 to 40 years (allowing for the introduction of sound), it was purely a question of narrative refinement within the constraints of the commercial industry had set itself.

Causality and plotting, psychological motivation and characterization, dramatization and characterization, linear structure and denouement were all submerged into the elaborate pre-production stages in the evolution of a fiction film. The representation of people and events before the camera in the fictional domain was soon shrouded in a series of non-explicit (or partially) assumptions about the function of cinema. Only in the last decade or so has the narrative-film tradition (Classical Cinema) been subject to vigorous interrogation and rupture; the fluency and linear simplicity of classical narrative have begun to crumble.

(b) DOCUMENTARY: As a term documented has been debased in usage, because it is usually applied. In defining the term I have excluded those films made with a specific instructional (technical) intent, although films of this type cannot be exclusively isolated.

In terms of emphasis for the Core Collection program, the definitional concern here was to emphasize the special relationship between the camera eye and rendering a moment of actuality that finds itself before the camera lens. Yet, the mechanical recording function of the camera cannot be placed in limbo. It has implications (often non-explicit) as to the intervention of the camera-filmmaker into a situation in the reality context where a variety of notions of verisimilitude come into play in the filming process. Unlike the classical cinema of fiction, the function of the image as a form of address lacks the clarity of definition. Documentary filmmaking is less geared to a prior structuring than is the case with fiction films.

The submission placed considerable emphasis on cinema-verite in the history of documentary because of its philosophy in relation to verisimilitude (and its opposition to more manipulative traditions of the documentary). This movement, dating from the early 1960s, has a great deal of relevance for the current use of video. The representation of titles for this crucial era of cinema had been totally inadequate.

(c) AVANT-GARDE: Such filmmaking has always drawn inspiration via its opposition to narrative fiction films. Historically it has aligned itself with painting and the kinetic arts. Thus the avant-garde tends to be scathing of the conventions of story-telling films, preferring an unconstrained approach to image manipulation.

Perhaps the most common approach within the avant-garde movement has been filmmaking as the 'pure' projection of the individual's consciousness. This in turn has channelled through to the autobiographical and diary film forms. Most avant-garde filmmakers believe film should be a vehicle for formal abstraction (the interplay of surfaces, colors, shapes, light, textures and structures). Often they see these as aesthetic goals in themselves. There is also a surrealistic stream to the avant-garde; it revels in the perversity desire of confronting audiences by stripping bare the subconscious.

(d) ANIMATION FILM: In its purest form it does not work with the materials of the observable world; rather it is created frame by frame, a world of hand-made images, graphic designs, cuts-outs and sometimes collage effects.

### BREAKDOWN OF FILM HISTORY FOR ACQUISITION PROGRAM

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Primitive cinema (1895-1914)</td>
<td>Archives</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. Narrative-fiction film (1914-29)</td>
<td>(a) U.S. Archives and distributors</td>
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<td>3. Narrative-film (1929-60)</td>
<td>(a) U.S. Distribution majors</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Narrative cinema (post 1960)</td>
<td>(a) Europe Production companies and agents</td>
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<td>5. Avant-garde filmmaking</td>
<td>(a) French avant-garde (1920s) Archives</td>
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<td>6. Documentary stream</td>
<td>(c) Europe (post 1945) Co-operatives and filmmakers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Animation film</td>
<td>(a) Pioneers (1905-1920) Archives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Animation film</td>
<td>(c) Eastern Europe (1950+) Government agencies</td>
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The history of cinema can be viewed in terms of a pool of self-referential titles. This is not to say that we should study films as hermetically sealed items blocked off from their original context. Yet, the fact remains that at certain levels of analysis the cinema has an internal network of relationships, structures and associations which must be recognized and understood. This concept of film history is certainly crucial to the requirements of formalist analysis. It is true that the idea of the cinema as a closed field of study is more reconcilable in the realm of cinematic fiction, where mostly the final elements for filming have been subject to a highly selective filtering process. This may result in a striking aesthetic unity over-riding the films of a particular director, or a ritualized genre. In the case of the documentary film where the filmmaker is merely the intervening agent in the observable world, the internal structure of a film may be overlooked in favor of a naive extrapolation of the subject matter. Obviously the notion of cinema as a closed system/subject for scholarship should not become a pretext for bypassing the relationship between cinema and its socio-cultural context. On the other hand, in order to open up the domains of the sociology of film, and the ideological functions of film, it is necessary to start from the constituted objects and its description and work outwards. If this methodological position is not recognized, it will be impossible to sort out the network of relationships, both cultural and aesthetic, which converge in a film text. Again this position should not be construed as a rejection of the usefulness of conceptual and analytic apparatus from other disciplines in order to advance our understanding of cinema. The approach I have suggested for the Core Collection is an attempt to give the project some guidelines where it is difficult to define them. The American Film Institute Core list fails to make any clear distinctions or definitions as to its concept of film history. It merely adhers to some cliche of an elite group of film classics in historical chronology. These core titles stand alone as works of art, somehow salvaged from the cultural wreckage.

Points of emphasis in the Proposal

The four classifications of film history embrace the whole gamut of what constitutes film history treated as a closed entity. In the 'Breakdown of Film History' segment, these categories are given a chronological stratification from 1895-1970. The remarks on these categories are intended to be suggestive, rather than definitive statements on complex subjects in their own right.

CHRONOLOGY

(a) The chronological divisions comply with certain crucial points in the 80-year span of cinema history:

(i) 1895-1914—Primitive Cinema — the period before Griffith's Birth of a Nation;
(ii) 1915-29—High water mark of silent fictional cinema;
(iii) 1930-60—The Classical period of sound cinema and the supremacy of Hollywood; and
(iv) Post 1960—The dismantling of the Classical cinema and the re-emergence of the avant-garde.

(b) National Cinemas

The Core Collection was not formulated in terms of a general survey of national cinemas throughout the world. Rather, the presentation framework focuses on crucial areas of filmmaking activity which are manifold in their implications. Obviously the Soviet and German silent cinemas fall into that category. However, not all national cinemas have equal significance throughout film history in terms of the multiple criteria required to set up the network of relationships indicated earlier. There are certain situations that are more appropriate for the interlocking analysis of aesthetics, formalism, production structure and cultural context. Determining what countries and moments in film history to concentrate on is inhibited by a rather superficial historiography of cinema in contradistinction, to a probing historicism. It is the latter which has suffered because it is bound by orthodoxy and non-explicit assumptions. For example, the Soviet cinema of the 1920s must be seen as a unique instance, a period of experiment in the search for a new socialist ideology. This period rapidly receded with the advent of Stalinism. It was a singular isolated period in the history of cinema which has no parallel. The period is pivotal; in the framework of broad survey of national cinemas it recedes into oblivion.

(c) Film History = sum of major artists' works

The Core Collection proposal tended to de-emphasize the notion of the history of cinema as a loose collection of works by major artists. This idea of film history is often cited in academic situations as an implicitly correct approach for study. Because of the state of historiography on cinema, one inevitably falls back on the major artists' criterion. Yet, this is quite reasonable when certain filmmakers have a special significance beyond standard author analysis. Their works may underpin key issues in debates over stylistics and innovation in approaches to filmmaking. Obviously directors such as Renoir, Dreyer, Rossellini, Visconti and Bresson fit into this category.

(d) American Cinema

The American Sound Cinema proved to be a controversial area in preliminary discussions on the proposal. Again, one must recognize the need to build a collection of titles which extends beyond key works of a few major directors. Such an approach contravenes the very basis on which the American Cinema was founded. There are a number of reasons why the Core Collection should in the long term gather together a considerable range of Hollywood output:

(i) Hollywood past and present is still the definitive model of commercial cinema.
(ii) The historical flow of feature films from the U.S. has been the major element in the cultural inheritance of the Australian filmmaker.
(iii) The U.S. cinema raises all the issues pertaining to a popular entertainment cinema — star system, popular culture and genre, production system and ideology, narrative and its conventions, audience response and identification, authorship and artistic vision.

In the outline of the Core Collection proposal here I have tried to indicate what issues are at stake in any acquisition program of this sort. In the preliminary proposal I have been concerned to challenge a conditioned, but nevertheless, atrophied concept of film history.

Barrett Hodsdon.
In allocating finance, the Commission will consider, in addition to a project’s commercial potential, its thematic importance, Australian content, artistic value and the contribution the project will make to the development of the Australian film industry of high international standard.

The forms of financial support will obviously very according to the nature of the project. It appears that the Commission must retain some investment interest, however limited, in any project granted support. It is imperative that the most important decisions be made by the Commission at the first stage of assessment, and the overall selection of projects is based upon the merits of the industry and the individual applicant.

All applicants will have the right to appeal against the decisions of the assessors. All assessors will first be approached by the Commission with the action to produce considerable variance in judgments, assessment by a number of different individuals will doubtless continue to be the most satisfactory in this system. They will be asked to form their own ideas, indicating the kind of analysis and evaluation desired, but to formulate detailed rules for assessment would be inappropriate. Project officers employed by the Commission will be fully capable of making their own written assessments of scripts and of total projects. Only then are they able to assess the work of outside assessors, which is as important as assessing the projects themselves.

Note that the Commission would be prepared to “invest” in a project in its formative stages by assisting the applicant through advice and consultation on those aspects of the project which had not yet reached the financing stage.

Strict standards of selection will apply to applicants for script development money in order to minimise losses, but when costs are relatively small, more risks will be taken.

In engaging outside assessors the Commission has sought those with short experience and current knowledge of film or television, and a knowledge of script construction. The engagement of highly sensitive and skilled persons in this area is important to the proper functioning of the Commission. The Commission is essential in establishing new guidelines for its assessors, indicating the kind of analysis and evaluation desired, but to formulate detailed rules for assessment would be inappropriate. Project officers employed by the Commission will be fully capable of making their own written assessments of scripts and of total projects. Only then are they able to assess the work of outside assessors, which is as important as assessing the projects themselves.

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Note that the Commission would be prepared to “invest” in a project in its formative stages by assisting the applicant through advice and consultation on those aspects of the project which had not yet reached the financing stage.
After 20 years of attending film festivals in this country, I have come to regard them as much a hazard as a matter for celebration. Fortunately my first visit to the Perth Film Festival was a resuscitating experience. The proportion of the program which afforded occasions of surprise and delight — as distinct from interest or polite approbation — was far greater than in any festival of my experience in the eastern capitals.

The Perth festival has an advantage over the two eastern majors, in that it is not constrained by a desire to embrace the widest possible international spread. It can discriminate creatively, sacrificing range for concentration, diversity for quality.

The feature film has reached a crucial stage, perhaps the most crucial stage, of its stylistic development. For more than a decade the illusionist dramatic and linear narrative have been in decline, and we can recognize that the communicative and aesthetic foundations of the feature film are under siege, ready to be transformed.

A significant minority of the international audience are conceding the radical stylists' view of the house of fiction as a moulder edifice. The manifestation of the process in the event is being explored and re-defined. The floors of tradition are dissolving; the boundaries between formal and random, rhetoric and idiom, contrivance and actuality, fantasy and poetic, are being crossed and recrossed by the incursions of the innovators.

Perth 1975 brought together works by Herzog, Eastwoche, Cassavettes, Terayama and Kluge (who looms as the most fundamentally inventive and self-defining talent since Godard), as well as works by filmmakers not previously represented in Australia — all of them contributors to the present crucial changes in cinematic sensibility.

The films of West German Alexander Kluge may be approached alternately or simultaneously as comic-epic-narrative in the historic present tense and/or ironic-policentric reportage in mosaic form. Like their principal protagonists, the films are possessed by a lust to struggle with the history around them; unlike the protagonists, they achieve a valuable measure of insight into the present malaise of capitalism, industrialism and bureaucracy.

Consistent with his view that the dominant elements in society describe themselves and that the suppressed elements that need description, Kluge chooses as principal protagonists women who have shifted their social milieu. In Yesterday Girl (1966), she is a young job drifter who is classified by the authorities as a delinquent; in Artists at the Top of the Big Top: Disoriented (1968), an acrobat who discards her father's dream of radicalizing the circus to join the media rat-race; in Occasional Work of a Woman Slave (1974), a housewife who contributes to the welfare of her children with a back-room abortion practice, then throws herself into naïve political activism.

In The Middle of the Road is a Very Dead End (1975), also known as In Danger and Distress, Compromise Means Death, an epoch-making film superior even to Godard's Two or Three Things I Know About Her, there are two protagonists — a petty criminal who lives by robbing her casual lovers, one of whom is Frankfurt's police chief, and a young spy from East Germany whose reports exasperate her superior by preferring "irrelevant" feelings to "legitimate" facts. The antagonists are mostly men who introduce themselves in terms of their professional definition, and proceed to behave accordingly. The films are about the protagonists, the instinctive battles, differently from the way they are about the antagonists, the complaisant role-players.

Kluge's opening gambit is to gesture in the direction of the career-portrait type of film, in which the subject is a disadvantaged individual caught up in the toils of a system whose institutions are in paroxysms, because they have bitten off more of history than they can chew. The portrait proceeds by truncated narrative along one axis whilst a mosaic of aleatory observations of the current affairs are laid out along another axis.

In the gaps between concrete image and complex idea a number of gnomonic fragments are crammed: snatches of nursery tales, heraldic pronouncements, ironic snatches of music, grotesque or curious glimpses of the material environment, the absurd breaking the pattern of the familiar and tantalizing by its suggestion of an altered reality. What commenced as the case history of an individual emerges as the political and moral diagnosis of the culture.

Kluge's method has some affinity with Brecht's in the deliberate breaking of the dramatic illusion and in the ideological task, and his success is the measure of his historico-socio-political situation they configure. This paradoxical task, and his success is the measure of his import to the cinema, is to probe its surfaces of reality which we can see, in the hope that we will contemplate the reality we cannot see.

An art form may be deemed to have lost ascendency over rival forms when critical discussion turns more upon its past than upon its present. Contemporary cinema is in danger of being relegated to such a status as a "fine art"; the presentation at Perth 1975 has demonstrated that there are still frontiers to be advanced, thresholds to be crossed.
The 1975 Perth Film Festival

Chac (Japan 1974) stands at the intersection of history and myth. Set in a remote mountain village in southern Mexico and enacted by the local inhabitants who had no previous acquaintance with film, Chac presents itself as a dramatized document — both the work of Terayama and of the Autumn festival in southern Mexico, observed without condescension, and for the material. It’s a myth congenial to a ‘primitive’ sensibility, and perhaps it is the best way to engage with the material as a young man. It is a catalogue of paradoxes. It is about an alienated kind of human being, one who has shed the megalophasic role his folks had cast him in, but who is still a part of nature and for that, they possessed some sort of clear purpose that makes it all safe while appearing to offer a challenge. One expresses the other, the rest.

The case of Wokabout Bilong Tonten (Australia 1975) is possibly unique in cinema: a government propaganda film cast in mythic form and assimilated by a population which would find its political message meaningless in verbal form. It’s a myth congenial to a primitive sensibility, but shaped from and transmitted by the technological medium of cinema.

Tonten is a young Nuginian, inhabiting a fishing village on the island of New Guinea, who with his wife Leilani are proudly awaiting their first child. But Leilani’s labor is difficult and Tonten seeks the help of the schoolteacher’s wife. In pursuance of this quest he travels the nation from north to south, meets peoples, learns their customs, is joined by one travelling companion after another, and is eventually swallowed up by the professional spirit-binder, the prodigy of the past, and the person about whom there is a tension between past and present role. His view is in contrast with the acceptance he finds on his voyage when Majoe lost his faith. He didn’t lose his sense of awe, but he admired the things about society that had no previous acquaintance with film, Chac at the intersection of history and myth.

Tonten for non-Nuginians, however, is its level of plausibility. How smoothly the shock of alienation is absorbed when Tonten addresses the audience, because we are well aware that one of the film’s preoccupations is the new realism in the life of the audience. He is the punctor indifferent between the world in the film and the world for whom the film was made. Events coincide with the historically implausible, but mythically necessary ease and frequency that impels the narrative along unconcerned by the demands of realism. In its own distinctive convention it makes the analogy of functions prominent over the mimesis of substance.

Chac. At the intersection of history and myth.

behavior. ‘'The ontology of the motion picture, no less.''

Chac (Japan 1974) stands at the intersection of history and myth. Set in a remote mountain village in southern Mexico and enacted by the local inhabitants who had no previous acquaintance with film, Chac has the strong intrinsic appeal of an exotic land, people and customs, and is unique in the current wave of fashion in the medium as an artist than Fellini, and is able to reserve audience. The comparison is instructive, in view of Fellini’s preoccupation with the problem of the film’s place in the consciousness of social life and its unconscious foundation. He leads the pilgrims into distant and alien parts. Some indigenous groups fear that he is really a witch, lose confidence, and it is the boy who takes the initiative in relating the divine myth as seen through the eyes of one of those cultures that developed away from science, and whose descendants still hold the ancient beliefs.

Initially Chac presents itself as a dramatized documentary; the village is suffering from drought and the appearance of a comet alarms them. The Shaman is made the emissary to the Rain God.

Pastoral Hide-and-Seek and 8% are both the work of magicians: Terayama is the diviner who discerns public anguish through self-examination, and Fellini the chemist who transmutes self-pity into public fantasy.

In the realm of sensibility, Terayama’s self-regard is disciplined and unsurprising, compared to which Fellini’s is exhibitionist, pseudo-masochistic and, ultimately, ob-scurantist. One sees himself in the world, the other rejects the world in himself. Terayama seeks to confront the demonic within himself, to observe his own behavior, to express it. ‘The ontology of the motion picture, no less.’

The Rain God.

The Rain God.

The Rain God.

The Rain God.

Pastoral Hide-and-Seek.

Pastoral Hide-and-Seek.
remains ascendant over considerations of social dynamics, psychological revelation, political implication, moral conflict, spiritual overview, etc. All these themes are present in the story, but as its ingredients not its determinants.

Adelaide Post Office manages to sustain and develop itself without recourse to high drama, narrative complexity or the machinery of evil-transgression-guilt-punishment within which the accidental sensibility is wont to purge itself. Of course, our liberal sentiments will hail the humanitarian spirit of cleverness in the film, but our tendency to regard conflict and laceration as non-commitant with artistic stature will probably cause us to classify this as a good but "minor" film.

In the midst of this extraordinary collection of films which both the present and the future. Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo's Winstanley (Britain 1975) — a film on the doomed experiment of the Levellers to put a democratic ideal into practice in Cromwell's England — stood as a remarkable anachronism.

The efforts of Kluge, Leth, Cassavetes, Herzog, Klein, etc., are revolutionary in a style which has only existed as a theory — Eisenstein's iconic fallacy. The iron sequences are filled with a succession of hollowly impressionistic shots which don't cut together as action and don't flow together as ideas.

The dramatic development within scenes is jerked along by the scrub-of-the-night technique of slamming into images which aspire to more than they can deliver. The relationship between dialogue and image is predominantly at the most elementary stage of mise-en-scene. This essentially authoritarian technique, which allows the audience little or no choice in sorting out its own loci of attention, also assumes a patronising attitude in its audience towards the human subjects of those "significant", expressionless close-ups.

Possibly there was irony in Brownlow's decision to make a film about a persecuted idealist, whose ideas were outmoded in his own time and even less practicable in ours, and emblazon it in a style that has proved to be one of the cinema's monumental dead-ends.

The Werewolf of Washington (U.S. 1974) is an example of contemporary American cinema digging itself deeper into the morass at the end of the road. An ingenuous central motif, clever dialogue, superior color photography and some professional players are not enough to rescue a film which attempts to exploit a traditional genre without respecting the genre, or possibly even understanding it. The grafting of political satire onto the horror film has a tendency to regard conflict and laceration as non-commital aspects of the cinematic process with an expropriation of some of the terrors cinema has by-passed in its heavily rush into populism. Winstanley, an anti-war film which appears to be a classical composition fall hopelessly flat. The death scene, for example, was clearly set up for a tableau-like long-shot, but is awfully contrived and unbalanced.

Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo's film on the doomed experiment by the Levellers to put a democratic ideal into practice in Cromwell's England. Winstanley.

The 1975 Perth Film Festival was a festival of disappointments; the film of Herzog, Malle and Eustache, the non-arrival of Franj's magical Sin of Father Mouret (destroyed by acid in a New York basement) and a cinema of quite inadequate projection.

However, despite these frustrations (due largely to severe cut-backs in funding) the festival did manage to present the world premieres of Louis Malle's Black Moon, Burt Deling's Pure Shit and Gary Patterson's How Willingly You Sing, and provide an opportunity to see films that would not otherwise be released. Unfortunately, there was an annoying sameness about many of the films and I, for one, had to wait till the very last film, Touch of Zen, before discovering a film of any real note (excluding the films of Pialat and Eustache, which I had already seen).

It is to be hoped that with increased funding and a new cinema, Perth can once again equal its extraordinary success of last year.

In 1828 Kasper Hauser was found standing in the village square of Nuremberg with a note to the local military commander requesting that he be cared for. Before this Kasper had spent his entire life locked away in a darkened cell where he met no-one and was kept in solitary confinement. In Werner Herzog's Everyman For Himself and God Against All and (ii) suggests that there exist solutions outside those posited by civilization. The simple and gentle way Herzog raises these issues is part of his greatness, because he never allows jargon to alienate people from the possibilities he suggests. An example of this is the orchard scene.

After having been lectured on the growth of apples, Kasper suggests they stop since the apples must be getting tired. "Apples don't get tired — they don't have a brain," he is told. And to prove this they set about demonstrating man's supremacy. An apple is rolled down the path and the priest told to stop it with his foot. But as the apple nears him it hits a stone and bounces over his shoe. Kasper chases after the apple and, picking it up, exclaims: "Clever apple.

Undaunted the old man turns to Kasper and asks how he has enjoyed his freedom, but Kasper replies that he considers it a fall. Herzog thereby suggesting that man, education, and morality kill off all that is human in man — his spontaneous and instinctual reaction, his inconsistency and his care.

Unfortunately the film tends to oversimplify its case and at times verges on gibberish. Points that have been cleverly alluded to become over-stressed with repetition and unnecessary dialogue. The circus sequence is an example. That the townfolk were exploiting Kasper had already been established during his capture and interrogation.

I think part of the problem stems from Herzog's obvious uneasiness in making a period film. The setting is quite unconvincing and Herzog's attempts at creating classical compositions fail hopelessly flat. The death scene, for example, was clearly set up for a tableau-like long-shot, but is awfully contrived and unbalanced.
Against these criticisms is the gentleness and purity one remembers from those moments Herzog allows to speak for themselves. Where finding focus and an unusual development in Kasper's brain, the magistrate leaves his...
One of the highlights of this year's Perth Festival was Shuji Terayama's *Pastoral Hide-and-Seek*. In the following article British film critic Jan Dawson talks with Terayama about his work and attitudes to film.

Shuji Terayama was born in Japan in December 1935 and is well known in his native country as an avant-garde poet, playwright, critic, theatre director, film maker, racing tipster and boxing correspondent. He first achieved a degree of international celebrity by winning the top Itala Prize for a radio script in 1964, and consolidated his reputation two years later, when he not only won the prize for a second time but also took his experimental theatre, Tenjojaky, on a tour of European drama festivals.

In 1971 his first feature film, *Throw Away Your Books, Let's Go Into the Streets*, won the Grand Prix of the Bergamo Film Festival in San Remo. Four years later, his second feature, *Pastoral Hide-and-Seek*, was the official Japanese entry at the Cannes Film Festival. However disrespectful his work, Terayama was becoming respected.

The year 1975 also saw him presenting a special program of his films at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts and at the Edinburgh Film Festival. He is scheduled to take his theater laboratory to Amsterdam later in the year and to put in another appearance at the Chicago Film Festival.

His work has been less well known than the response to it. At 39, Terayama is still faithful to his early themes: the torments of adolescence, the obsessive nature of early sexual experience, the tyranny of tradition and family ties. The need to overthrow or discredit all authority figures.

In a 1970 short, *Emperor Tomato Ketchup*, a children's revolution brings about a new totalitarian state in which kids rape their mothers and arbitrarily condemn others to stamping or the firing-squad. The hero of *Pastoral Hide-and-Seek* is obsessed with the difficulty of killing his mother, literally or metaphorically. In Terayama's view, "If Freud had grown up in post-war Japan, he would have been more anxious to murder his mother than to marry her."

What has changed is the extent to which the anarchy of the themes has permeated the forms. The screen itself, once loved by the director, has become another barrier, another authority symbol to be overthrown. In two short films made this year he physically assaults the screen, from which kids emerge literally in the flesh after being stripped and assaulted on celluloid. For film makers, the screen is, often, a metaphor for order and the establishment, and it imposes on us a lot of restrictions...
"I don’t know exactly how to define an art house, but I recognize one when I see it". This anonymous remark by an American distributor pinpoints the problem of identity that faces any theater that tries to lift its programming policy into the lofty plains of quality film.

With the introduction of the ‘R’ certificate and the resulting importation of sexually explicit films, art cinemas have been faced with a declining audience. Now a genuine art cinema is as rare in Australia as it is in many overseas countries like the U.S.

Let’s talk about the creation of the Playbox...

The Playbox was an initiative of the Film and Television Board designed to provide an outlet for those films produced in Australia and to a lesser extent some specialized ones from overseas that were being deprived of a release in this country. At the time the original policy was formulated by Philip Adams most Australian-produced films were being denied a release.

His own troubles with The Adventures of Barry McKenzie, and the obstacles that many other Australian producers had faced in trying to find a release for their films doubtless influenced him. However, by the time the cinema opened in July 1974 there were in fact very few big budget Australian films still in this sort of situation.

Did you have a shortage of product?

Lately the Playbox Cinema, which is administered by the Australian Film Institute and funded by the Film, Radio and Television Board of the Australia Council, has moved into this area.

Antony I. Ginnane and Scott Murray spoke to David Roe, director of the Australian Film Institute and initiator of the Playbox’s new policy, about the difficulties of running an art house in Australia.

Yes, we certainly did. You see not enough thought had been given to formulating precisely what the cinema was to be when it opened, and I think that this has been one valid criticism of the venture. The policy of the Film and TV Board was by any standards inflexible, giving no little opportunity to experiment with...
programming. It had been decided prior to the Australian Film Institute being invited to undertake the administration of the scheme and we in fact been asked, we would not necessarily have expressed the same views as regards exhibition in Australia. In fact we have had rather strong and differing views on it, but I'm pleased to say that after a year of operation the Board has endorsed our policy as their own.

What sort of identity did the AFI or Film and TV Board try to build around the Playbox?

Originally the Board saw it as an Australian film showcase. However, the Board has recently offered the control and operation of the Playbox to the AFI. At this stage we haven't accepted the offer, although we are in reality operating the cinema as if it was under our complete control.

As to the identity the AFI is trying to create, it's no longer appropriate to talk about providing an outlet for Australian films. There have been deprived of release, because most of them are now receiving a release through commercial exhibitors, and it is of course in their interests to negotiate a release with commercial exhibitors.

After all we have only one cinema in one city. We cannot cross advertise with other cinemas and we don't have a drive-in that can subsequently re-release the film. Because film production in Australia is as expensive as it is, it's essential, if Australian producers are to get their money back in this country, to have access to major exhibition sources. But it is something that we cannot provide.

It is, only that, I would argue that it would be inappropriate for us to try. Each cinema in each capital city, and there are exceptions I suppose, has a particular identity: an identity that's been built up over a period of years. The Bercy Theatre in Melbourne, the Mayfair in Sydney and the Rivoli in Melbourne each serve a particular niche: the latter particularly catering for horror. The small by and large, exhibitors tend to avoid complicating the issue by releasing Rollerball at the Rivoli or Scenes From a Marriage at the Mayfair.

And thus you can't really think of the Playbox as an outlet for, on the one hand, Eskimo Nell, secondly Promised Woman, thirdly Sunday Too Far Away, and fourthly Alvin Purple. No commercial exhibitor would pick up, let alone release, four films in a row in any one cinema. For the same reasons, the Playbox and the Melbourne Co-op cinema complement each other.

In other words, the idea of having just one theater screening one particular type of film was misconstrued from the beginning...

Yes. Just as it would be stupid of any commercial exhibitor to open a cinema showing exclusively French or German or Japanese films. What we should be involved in, is providing an outlet for films of quality that are otherwise being deprived a release. And that includes Australian films in the same predication. That is the identity we have been trying to, and to some extent succeeding, in creating.

Was it originally intended that when the theater opened in July 1974 it was to be a commercial venture?

It stands to reason that if a cinema is there primarily to provide an outlet for films that have been denied release by commercial exhibitors and it is to be commercially viable in terms, it therefore has to be something of a commercial outlet. It has to be, in theory, available for producers of films such as The Removables, The Great MacArthur, Promised Woman, The Office Picnic, and be in a position to provide as many of the advantages that would be available to them had they gone through a commercial organization.

But there was something of an inherent contradiction in stating that at the same time the cinema has to be available to groups, such as film societies and other community organizations, that wish to exhibit films that were considered to be of a specialized nature.

Was it ever considered as part of the original programming policy to subsidize films that had absolutely no possibility of taking any money but which should be shown?

That is something that has always been in the back of our minds, and in effect we aim to program the high quality films. If we can't, I don't think it was initially considered by the Board and I still don't think it really understands the crisis that is facing distribution of quality films in Australia. It's a serious problem that Australian producers face even now when trying to find a release for their films.

The fact is that the house expense figures of most commercial cinemas are so excessive (and that's not to say it's entirely their fault), that, quite suddenly, it is no longer profitable for a commercial cinema to distri­ but a film by, say, Eric Rohmer or Jean Eustache.

It is no longer really possible for them to be able to break even on the distribution of such a film — let alone make a profit.

We are concerned that this should be the case, because it has led to a state where in fact significantly fewer films of this nature are being imported into the country. For example, the Rivoli's expense figure ranges between about $3,500 and $4,500 a week. If, say, a film is showing there, it has to be between $2,500 and $3,500 a week — which is about 1,500 people a week. If it is not accepted by us, it is not accepted by the public. And yet, clearly, a substantial number of people are interested in seeing this type of film.

The Playbox expense figure for a week of $3,000 odd, by the same token, is not very different from Rivoli 2...

You must of course bear in mind that the Rivoli only operates about seven sessions per week whilst in most weeks the Playbox operates as many as seven days a week. To reduce the number of sessions to seven would still cost about $2500 a week. Sometimes it is justified, sometimes not — it depends on whether or not a film can attract day trade.

In the end it comes down to the fact that film exhibition is a very expensive business, and there is very little we can do about it. All the money goes on rent and paying award wages.

What I was trying to get on to was whether it might be possible for the Film and TV Board to conceive a subsidy, over and above the actual running expenses, so that although it might cost $3000 to run the theater per week the practical cost might be reduced to say half, say $1500...

To a degree that is what happens at the moment — we can cover losses up to a certain point.

If we were able to provide a cinema in Melbourne, and ones in other capital cities, with a house expense figure of a lot lower, we would be in a much better position to encourage the distribution of quality films.

I don't see anything wrong or improper in encouraging private individuals to import films that are of merit. I consider that a positive and worthwhile thing to do. Unfortunately the Film and TV Board seems to think it is somehow a threat to their commercial policies. It isn't.

That is the case, then we will start to reduce our support. The Board deals with, but it would affect the Playbox, on the other hand, quite substantially. At the moment the Playbox seems likely to be subjected to a cut approaching 45 per cent, which in our view is unfair, given that the cutback to the arts is not anything like that.

Just who in fact is the AFI specifically responsible for the programming policy of the Playbox cinema? Apart from yourself, to what extent are other executives at the AFI, and the manager of the cinema, involved?

The policy was largely re-defined by me, but with a bit of assistance from the AFI executive — particularly Michael Thornhill. The actual programming, particularly over the past three months, was also done by me. I attempted to so actively solicit programs lessens.

What specifically brought about this re-defining in policy?

The cinema has been operating for over a year and I think that the expertise of the Board had been shown not, if not all, at least lacking. We said that the old policy was just unworkable, and finally we were believed.

As far as programming went?

As far as the operation of the cinema was concerned, not just programming.

How much control did the Film and Television Board try to exert over the AFI in terms of programming, finance or management?

In fact, they had all the control, but after they had done their budgeting it was simply that they didn't want to negotiate with commercial distributors. And that effectively eliminated a great number of films that are now available to us.

The success of "I.F. Stone's Weekly" and the need to minimize loss — is there going to be a contradiction developing here between the need to maintain standards and the need to make a profit?

That question is far too simplistic. Who ever would have thought that I. F. Stone's Weekly was going to be the tremendous success that it was. After all the film is a 62-minute black and white documentary about an American journalist, that was in just a matter of weeks. We thought it was fantastic and it was such a success.

In fact we will have saved the Playbox from extinction. For the future we will continue to program according to merit what we can afford to program, and that's what it basically comes down to.

Does that mean in effect that the expense figure will increase?

No, it doesn't mean that the expense figure will increase, it just means that we will be able to stand fewer losses. And that is really where the crunch comes. We will be allowed less freedom than we have been. We will be able to take fewer risks.

You see at the moment if the film falls below the expense figure, we can cover the difference. But if, as is projected, the $3,000 odd that we receive is greatly reduced subsidy, we will have to become more conservative. And if that is the case, then we will start to defeat our aims. We could simply program Enter the Dragon or Blazing Saddles just to keep going. We would rather close down.

Would it be possible to avoid budgeting difficulties at the Playbox by cutting down on other areas of AFI spending?
The Playbox Cinema opened in July 1974 and is currently operating on a weekly house expense figure of $2,100 plus $500 contractual advertising, for 13 sessions. The figure increases slightly when day sessions are included in a season.

The AFI estimates that running costs will increase by approximately 20 per cent over the next 12 months and the figure will probably increase to about $3,100 (including contractual advertising). The AFI says it will be attempting to generate an average weekly gross box-office return of $2,400, which, after allocation of film hire, leaves about $1,560. This means the AFI is seeking a 50 per cent subsidy for the cinema for the next 12 months.

The AFI says the Playbox reached rock bottom during the "silly season" in December 1974 when Private Collection took only $45 in 13 sessions over one week. The highest weekly gross a film has received for the same number of sessions was $4,073 for I.F. Stone's Weekly and Mr Symbol Man. The cinema, however, has grossed in excess of $5,000 a week for the same double bill when day sessions were included.

The Playbox normally offers a producer or distributor a "quarter scale deal" that provides for a minimum film hire of 25 per cent or an 80/20 split after recovery by the AFI of the house expense figure — whichever is the greater. Promotional costs of around $1,000 are normally shared.
After graduating from Belgrade University in psychology, Dusan Makavejev joined Zagreb Studios to produce a series of 31 shorts. He completed his first feature, “Man is Not a Bird” in 1965 and his second, “Diary of a Switchboard Operator”, in 1967. The censorship troubles this latter film encountered established Makavejev as cinema’s most controversial director, an image that somewhat belies the serious intent of most of his films.

In 1968 he discovered and annotated a lost Serbian film by Dragoljub Aleksic and incorporated it into his own film “Innocence Unprotected”. This was followed in 1971 by his greatest critical success, “WR — Mysterries of the Organism”, which also ran foul of the censors, especially in Yugoslavia where the film was quickly suppressed.

Makavejev’s biggest commercial success, however, is his latest film, “Sweet Movie”, which triumphantly emerged during the 1974 Cannes Festival. It was helped greatly, no doubt, by the legal furore over an alleged breach of contract regarding certain nude scenes of the film’s lead actress Carole Laure.

The following interview, conducted by John O’Hara during Makavejev’s brief visit to the 1975 Melbourne and Sydney festivals, concentrates largely on his last two films. It begins with Makavejev discussing the importance of Wilhelm Reich in his film “WR”.

I think that whatever he was saying was normal, but it was triggered by some painful emotional situation, a kind of emotional earthquake. He also felt that he was not accepted in this family of mankind. Yet what we learn from Buckminster Fuller and through seeing men walk on the moon is that we are also spacemen.

We recognize ourselves as people who can walk on another planet, on this space ship earth. But we do not seem to care about this planetary consciousness — and Reich did.

Do you think these feelings of his came from a kind of paranoia?

I just don’t believe in paranoia. I think paranoia is a label invented by those hidden lunatics who call themselves normal just to separate out some sensitive people and put them into prisons and mental hospitals.

But aren’t there some people who feel they’re being persecuted though it’s just a private fantasy?

There is not one mental case that is not transparent, if you take into account social setting. One of the great tricks of our society is to exclude social setting, then discuss the case as sickness. So when you have people who are not able to work, you don’t question what type of work they are doing, you just decide that the person is losing his concentration and becoming depressed.

What sort of social setting did you want to put in “WR” to explain Reich in America?

I did not discuss it enough, but Reich changed five countries before he went to America. America was for him the ultimate freedom, and I think that he just was not able to accept it. Firstly he was disillusioned because his family had been destroyed, and there is some indication that he was functioning as a child. When he was very young he “accidentally” revealed to the father that his mother was having an affair.

Makavejev’s conflict with Freud was not with the father, but with the teacher. Secondly his mother killed herself. His father died in a way too because he was drinking and died two years later. I think Reich was very sure that there was a part of his guilt in that family quarrel.

When you say that he couldn’t cope with this absolute freedom . . .

No I didn’t say he couldn’t cope. What I want to say, however, is that when he was a student in Vienna, he was highly motivated to discover sex — that strange force which makes people forget social conventions.

Reich was brilliant although he was not able to get along with Freud. He went to Germany, and was one of the highly energetic and motivated leaders of the revolutionary movement, but was thrown out and turned up in Scandinavia.

Metaphorically speaking he was like a series of abortions — he was always being rejected. He thought that America was a great chance for him. But the McCarthy period made America a great intra-uterine hell, a kind of self-mutilating gigantic heart — incredibly self-castrating and self-hating. I think it was too much for him. He died because he was afraid of getting out, of being free again in America.

At the kind of “WR” you cut to Milena’s smiling face, then dissolve to Reich’s smiling face . . .

I wanted to keep him alive, and have him forgiving. There is a strong identification in the last two shots between Milena, Reich and myself. It was the only dissolve in the film.

A kind of catharsis?

Yes. Also a kind of loving gesture. It is quite terrifying when the severed head starts talking, but this is another catharsis from the terrible knowledge that so many “crazy people” get killed. One reference is to the millions of people who were killed in Siberian concentration camps. Trotsky was just one of the tens of thousands of good people who were carefully picked out and killed by the movement. Obviously something monstrous had happened in the movement. The movement shaped itself in such a way that whoever was creating had to be killed. It’s quite terrifying, and I think that this terror is still not expressed.

Is that why Milena is killed?

Basically we have this satirical story about two lovers: one militant and romantic and another who is, let’s say, militant and stiff. In a way she created the conditions for her own death by accepting him. So I was probably telling myself never to speak with these kinds of people again. People with good intentions can be very religious, very communist and very militant. But this kind of perfection that Milena has reveals that what they do is mixed up with some kind of deadly and twisted
sex. It's very easy to differentiate between them and the genuine neurotics who are not only changing conditions, but changing themselves. They keep their self-critical attitudes, unlike those perfectionists who are always organizing a kind of endless rape.

There's an interesting cut from Milena speaking on the balcony to Mao and the Chinese communists in Red Square. Then to Stalin. What is behind the two cuts?

There are several possible explanations, so let's be cautious. I'll tell you one of them. Milena did not experience sex and was lonely, and she was pushed into a kind of crisis. Out of desperation she starts making this speech, and everybody starts laughing. Finally it all ends in a great communal ritual, with people dancing and praising love and sex. So obviously you can be deprived of some things yourself and yet still create good things for others.

And then it expands. This group of, let's say, a hundred people explodes into millions in Red Square. I was myself surprised when I brought these two scenes together and by how a very political scene like the meeting in Peking can take on the quality of a pulsating image. I was also using the metaphor of how many lovemakings were necessary to create all these people. I find the Chinese revolution something very alive and moving.

I then cut to Stalin in black and white. The scene is so symmetrical that I feel this juxtaposition reveals immediately which revolution is living and which is dead. I don't want to make the Soviet Embassy unhappy with my statement, because they might try to do something to me, as they do from time to time. But take Red Square with the corpse in the center and this incredible line of people who have kept this corpse preserved. Lenin was very passionate, very alive, so can you do anything worse to him than to turn him into a beautiful corpse, like a piece of pink pastry? It tells something about their relationship to Lenin.

So you're saying that the revolution has gone dead in Russia, but is alive in China . . .

I don't want to say that because I believe it lives in so many different things. Kruschev was a good example of living revolution because he was able in an unfavorable situation to explore a lot of truth. So I don't believe the revolution is dead anywhere, the revolution is always alive.

Was your film banned in Yugoslavia because it was anti-communist, or because it was anti-Stalinist?

I think it was clearly understood as being anti-Stalinist. Basically I think that people thought my questioning of everything was unacceptable. It was not even specifically political or sexual. There is a sentence in Marx where he says that it's very important to practise ruthless criticism on everything that exists. Now this type of thinking was considered by some politicians as not only relativistic but kind of undermining that's not true, because whatever is going to endure does so in spite of being questioned.

How did they actually ban the film?

It was a very elaborate process of social events. The film was never released, although for more than a year it had a censorship licence. This was then challenged by a district attorney who used a paragraph of law that was not applicable. So for some time the film was stopped, but I was still working, still preparing another film.

What happened to you during this period?

I finally moved to Paris and made my film there instead of staying and participating in this kind of irrational dialogue.

Did "Sweet Movie" turn out to be the kind of film you were thinking about making in Yugoslavia?

No, I had wanted to make it much more positive. It was planned as a hilarious comedy, and I believe it would not have been so strong and heavy. When making films I always follow what happens around me, and in this case some doubts kind of crept in and they became heavier and heavier. Then, in the middle of shooting, Solzhenitsyn was thrown out of Russia and I very strongly empathized with him. When they put him on the plane he looked very surprised, and this surprise is expressed in the way we shot the suitcase.

"Sweet Movie" doesn't look on the surface to be as much a political film as "WR" . . .

I think it's important not to be apparently political, because if you believe in a film as a kind of action-created structure, then it has to be as neutral as possible, so that people can be free to accept or refuse ideas. As soon as you start promoting ideas, then you are trying to seduce people to your point of view. If I'm going to seduce people, I want to seduce them for themselves — to do something for them.

But by the way you arrange your clips, you are presenting a very strong, say, anti-Stalinist point of view . . .

Yes, but I believe that even people who don't know who Stalin was can understand that what I am doing is basically anti-authoritarian. It is not specifically against this or that monster, but against anything that is outside our normal sense of what is human.

How did the therapy commune become part of "Sweet Movie"?

Part of the script included a kind of anti-psychiatry mental hospital.

When I met them, I wanted to do part of the film in Vienna, but we brought them to Paris instead.

They are a group called the Therapy Commune. They live on a farm about 30 or 40 miles out of Vienna, with pigs and cows and hens and things. About 50 people, equally men and women. Now they have six babies, and as they all make love together each baby has 25 fathers. They are very nice people. It is the only alternative community that I have met that is not heavily into drugs.

How did they get into a commune to start with?

The main guru is Otto Muehl the painter and organizer, who dropped all his public performances to start the commune. To be normal is to be heavily repressed and very insane, and the only way to become alive and normal again is to forget about
property. So individually they have no money, they share everything. They are just middle class people, very normal, and highly educated people. In the commune they became warm and happy and rid of all their social rigidities.

In the film the scenes of them urinating and vomiting are associated with violent scenes like the knifing in the bed of sugar...

I think it's a very sensual violence, because they don't really do anything. The screams are actually very strong breathing. Once by accident we ran the screams of this man in therapy and we got a baby's cry. Incredible! A baby's cry, but because he's an adult you don't recognize it. It is the basic way of breathing under a stress situation. They do this kind of thing as part of their regular therapy.

It is kind of Janov therapy, like the primal scream...

It's deeper. Janov is a fake. I discovered that when I talked to him and read his books. He is really selling your sufferings — selling your babyhood.

How are these people different?
They get into real regression, but with real mutual support. They are very conscious of what they are going through, and are very often discovering things from their childhood. They experience the basic stresses of facing their mother or father, of reaching their own terror. This gets rid of the main blocks, because terror is a block. They also do it publicly because they know it turns others off, and that's a way for them to defend themselves, because whenever they are nice, people come in flocks. People are very corrupt and as soon as they feel that people are sexually free, they run to them just to profit from sexual freedom, just to steal some sex. You have no idea how nasty we normals are. We are very exploitative and greedy.

The scenes you presented in the film, though, don't appear as much a documentary as a kind of extended fantasy, particularly when associated with the bath of sugar and the girl bathing in liquid chocolate...

I was interested in exploring sensual imagery, which for me was a kind of fantastic imagery. It brought some strength to the film and people are quite shocked. They believe in it — they don't understand that it was staged, though it is very clear that it was. If you watch them carefully you see that they are doing this for the camera.

One of them takes out what looks like his penis, puts it on the table and chops it off. How is the audience supposed to see that as therapy?

This was not done by the group, but by an Argentinian actor I brought into it. So he's part of, let's say, my play. I liked it because it is a kind of self-castration, a very critical macho self-criticism play. There is also the idea that we have enormous cocks. I like this setting because not only am I confronting us with castration periods, but because a second later when we see the real thing it is so vulnerable.

And small...

But still big enough for her. It's a pity we are not able to go further.

Did you choose the dinner table for the central scene because of the suggestion of a family coming together?

I wanted this. We are not conscious of how we are affected by millions of taboos, not only about sex and death, but even about the edges of plates. If you spill food on the table, you are not supposed to eat it. If something falls into a glass of water, you are not supposed to drink it. There is incredible embarrassment when food is spilt. But you can just look around and see how parents are eating their children, and how people are eating each other emotionally.

Really in our society I think people are scared and this reminds them of what happens in families. The whole family represents emotional

Miss Virgin and El Macho (Sami Frey) experience penis captiva on the Eiffel Tower. Sweet Movie.

Yes, I am very happy with it. But I was not conscious of that aspect during shooting.

Why did you start off with the ‘Miss Virgin’ television spectacular?
I think that’s a mistake. The film should start with the boat. This was the very beginning of the film, the dismantling of chronology. Actually there was no boat in the script, there was only a shot of two lovers flying away after she kills him in the sugar. So instead of having a small scene with the boat, the boat became almost the whole film. The fact that the boat is not at the very beginning is a sign that the editing process is not finished. I don’t think it is correct that when films are finished they lose their connection with them.

I also think that with clever distribution I could make different versions for different countries. This means that I could trim the film in some places, and sharpen it in others. I discovered that the French are more concerned with food, the Scandinavians with violence. The Italians are more political so in Italy the film was shown with five titles. Pasolini did one with my approval. It was Infanticide, which was left, and the remaining ones were the Commercial material. Children vomiting the food of their parents, and shifting on the plate of bourgeoisie. The whole commune was seen as a political excurse for a kind of radical mood. These days we have a lot of radical movements, so people understood it. I was asked in Rome if that was my intention and I told them to go away. I never give my definitions to my sequences. But I think that what Pasolini did was right.

What’s “Sweet Movie” done for your commercial reputation?
The great success in Italy was very useful, and Sweet Movie was about 60 per cent more successful in France than W.R. Still, W.R brought me a much better reputation in France than Sweet Movie, which turned some people off. It seems that the better successful, the film does not work for me. Obviously in the sexual sense Sweet Movie is much milder than W.R, though people believe it is stronger because of the food and elimination scenes.

They can’t even speak of these taboos; they don’t know how to say shit, they don’t know how to explain why they are disgusted. Actually they are more desperate than disgusted, they are just lost. And this is something unimaginable.

It’s going to make it difficult for you to get money for your next film though if you make a film which turns people off.

Yes, my feeling is that as soon as we discovered how strong this material was, they ignored a lot of material. We had another hour of great material. You can’t stop watching it, it’s so strong. We should make separate films of this material, but for this kind of thing you need a flexible producer. But it was not possible to put all the material in this film.

However, as most people only see a film once, it must be difficult to convey the wealth of imagery that you put in . . .

This is one thing that I don’t know how to handle, how to solve. My films are not for just one viewing. They change the more they are seen.

But as you use stereotypes to a degree in “Sweet Movie”, does this mean that after a couple of viewings the film’s usefulness for discussion diminishes?

My feeling is that I use cliches as bricks, as blocks. They are mostly exposed to critical examination and doubts, so they reveal their real nature, especially if you watch them several times. Then you discover that cliches are disappearing, and they reveal their real soul.

This is again assuming that the audience that makes your film successful is different to the mass audience . . .

I think that if I want to reach large audiences, I have to produce three films a year instead of one Sweet Movie, but with the same actors and the same story. Sweet Movie is like halves — it is so thick and sweet that people cry, and not get over it.

When you talk about freedom, about film as being a guerrilla art, and about yourself as being revolutionary, what precisely do you mean by that?

First I don’t know if I am revolutionary and, secondly what gives me the right to say that? Sometimes I know I am very creative and some of my sequences are brilliant, but I don’t know if it’s right for me to say whether I’m a genius or not.

I think being revolutionary is different to being a genius. I mean, you might be both, but they’re different things . . .

Yes, but it is the same question. So I probably have a talent for some things and a concern for others.

Sometimes I go together, sometimes not. Sometimes I produce difficult things and sometimes I produce socially relevant statements that can hopefully influence social situations. In this sense you can judge whatever is revolutionary or not. Many people judge my work as counter-revolutionary. That I am not extendned by this kind of labelling tells me that I know what I’m doing.

**Filography**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YEAR</th>
<th>FILM</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1953</td>
<td>Jaragana Mala</td>
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<td>1955</td>
<td>The Sex</td>
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<td>Anthony’s Broken Mirror</td>
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<td>1958</td>
<td>Don’t Believe in the Monuments</td>
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<td>1958</td>
<td>Demolished</td>
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<td>1959</td>
<td>Colors are Dreaming</td>
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<td>1962</td>
<td>Myth of the Skin</td>
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<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>What is a Workers’ Council</td>
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<td>1960</td>
<td>1957 Anthony’s Broken Mirror</td>
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<td>1961</td>
<td>1960 One Potato, Two Potato . . .</td>
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<td>1961</td>
<td>Smile</td>
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<td>1961</td>
<td>Miss Vagabonda 62</td>
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<td>1962</td>
<td>Film About the Book</td>
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<td>1963</td>
<td>Down With The Fences</td>
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<td>1964</td>
<td>New Toy</td>
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<td>1964</td>
<td>New Domestic Animal</td>
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<td>1964</td>
<td>Saramago’s Night</td>
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<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td>Sweet Movie</td>
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**Features**

- 1971 *Sweet Movie*
- 1974 *Sweet Movie*
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 light weight (about 7lbs for body and power pack).

The Bolex Shoulder brace provides excellent stability with good weight distribution, and frees the cameraman's hands to operate camera and lens.

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Adapted by Joan Long from the autobiography of the same name, “Caddie” stars Helen Morse and Takis Emmanuel, with Jack Thompson, Jacki Weaver, Melissa Jaffer, Ron Blanchard and Drew Forsythe in the supporting roles.

The screen adaptation begins in 1925 when Caddie and her two small children leave the security of their suburban home after the behavior of her unfaithful and violent husband becomes intolerable. The film then follows the course of her life over the next seven years as she struggles to retain her dignity and keep her family around her. And to this end Caddie is forced to take the only work that will pay enough, that of a barmaid in a tough inner city hotel.

Though the film is essentially an account of the problems and adventures of a woman on her own, it is also a personal account of a place and an era.

Since 1970, when the producer Anthony Buckley bought the book's rights from its British publisher, the film has had a difficult, but not unusual history.

With the aid of a promotional brochure which simplified the ideas and plot of the script, Buckley approached 47 potential investors. These included influential and wealthy women, as it was thought they might have a special interest in its story. Many large companies were also approached, including mining concerns and major distributors. On more than one occasion, however, investment was conditional to a change in Federal Government.

The final budget of $385,000 is made up of the following investments: Australian Film Development Corporation $250,000, Australian Women's Weekly-Channel 9 group $60,000, International Women's Year Secretariat $50,000, Roadshow $25,000. The Women's Year investment is re-circulating in that any returns on its investment are to be used in future projects by or about women.

Sets were built on the old Cinesound stage at Rozelle, though most of the shooting was on locations in and around inner Sydney. Many of these, including the old hotels, were virtually unchanged since the 1930s and required little alteration or dressing. In the use of these, and the employment of nearly 500 extras, Buckley hopes to give his film the expensive look needed for success on a world market.

Directed by Don Crombie, “Caddie” is the first feature produced by Anthony Buckley Productions, and will be released through Roadshow at Easter 1976.
Anthony Buckley is one of the most experienced feature film editors now working in Australia. After an apprenticeship at Cinesound under Ken G. Hall, Tony worked for numerous production houses, both in Australia and overseas. Among the features he has edited are Ted Kotcheff's "Wake in Fright", Michael Powell's "Age of Consent" and Tom Jeffrey's "The Removalists".

It was while awaiting the chance to set up "Caddie", Tony's first attempt at feature film production, that he joined Film Australia. There he produced Peter Weir's "Whatever Happened to Green Valley" and Don Crombie's "The Fifth Facade".

Tony has also directed two films: "Forgotten Cinema", a complete history of the Australian film-industry, and "Snow, Sand and Savages", the story of Frank Hurley's life.

"Caddie" was into its second last week of filming when Gordon Glenn and Scott Murray spoke to Tony at his Rozelle production office.

What made you change from editor to producer?

Well to be quite honest, after Don Quixote there wasn't any work around. I'm not very good at cutting commercials and I wouldn't pretend that I am because some of the commercial editors in Melbourne and Sydney are fantastic. I do feel at home in drama and I feel at home in documentaries. There was nothing in the editing business at all at the time, and Film Australia offered me a job as a contract producer. I must admit I had a lot of qualms about it, but with Don I thought it was the best position in the back of my mind even then, I thought the opportunity a good one. Certainly the experience was invaluable.

My philosophy is that you can't put yourself up on a pedestal in Australia and call yourself something, because there isn't the industry here to do it. When Caddie is finished and launched, and while Donald and I wait to get another one off the ground, Don's got to go back to directing whatever is offered and I to whatever editing is offered me. You have to keep your feet on the ground.

Did you at any stage consider the possibility of editing "Caddie"?

No. In fact a lot of the investors queried why I wasn't editing the film, but the director has the producer over him anyway, without the poor bugger having to go into the cutting room after he's finished shooting and finding the producer sitting there with another hat on, I don't think that would be very fair at all.

Do you then consider yourself a creative producer?

Yes. I have taken the precaution of making sure that not only do we have professionals, but very good people who I can rely on to back me up. And that goes right through this picture office, production accountancy and all. But I'll make the decisions and sometimes they are a bit ruthless, yet I'm still prepared to make them.

What made you select Don Crombie as director?

Well when I was at Film Australia I worked with Don on The Fifth Facade — the Opera House film. I felt he had great potential and was somebody who was not being given a chance.

Basically though, Donald pleases me because he's very balanced and has a good rationalization of things. I think that this time next year we'll all be talking about people like Peter Weir and Donald Crombie which I think is very important. We've still got the problem of finding the directors and getting them up there so that people say, "Yes, you can do it". There is still a shortage of first assistant directors in this country, many who really know how to run a crew, a shortage of production managers who really know how to organize a film and get scripts broken down. If you don't have an efficient production manager and an efficient first assistant director, your film could go hopelessly over schedule and be completely muddled. We are very lucky to have both. At the moment we are still on budget, which is quite a relief.

Was one of the conditions of the Australian Film Development Corporation that you had to get involvement from a major distributor?

Yes. We hawked ourselves around to all the majors and we had the usual reactions: "No, we don't go into this sort of thing — we don't have any autonomy". They were very pleasant and very nice about it, but it was the same old story. And, in fairness to them, they haven't got autonomy. One distributor who was very interested was Columbia Pictures, and I believe that their interest is genuine. I think the position is changing though. The fact that Tim Burstall's got Warner Brothers interested in Mrs Fraser is terrific. Greater Union have always shown Australian films, and are now investing in local films. Roadshow likewise. But what are Hoyts and Twentieth Century-Fox doing?

When you approached the distributors did they respond to "Caddie" as a good story, or as something that fitted a formula?

That's a very interesting point. It varied. Columbia liked the story a lot and thought it was definitely commercial. Michael Tarrant made an interesting comment when he said it was the best script that he had read locally which had an international ingredient. I asked what that was and he replied: "It's about a woman, and there are some very valuable markets for that subject." I think that's something, and Graham Burke of Roadshow would agree with me.

What I'm really asking is whether they saw it as a 'quality film' or as a 'formula'?

I'd leave it for them to say. I'm aiming at a quality commercial film, not an art film. I have nothing against art films, but I'm personally aiming at a quality commercial film.

Would you have got any money without the AFC? Is that really a necessary first stage?

I personally think it is at the moment. Certainly during the last few years no investor would even offer you a cup of coffee unless he knew you already got some money from the government. I think that's changing slowly, I think that people like Tim Burstall and Peter Weir, who have admirable track records, will probably have less difficulty in raising private money, whether they have government money or not.

I still think the government end of it is an essential ingredient. Australian films are going to cost more, whether we like it or not. The AFC has got to be realistic in its approach, because if our films are to reach an international market, they have got to have a look about them that makes them acceptable to that market. And that's why the Man From Hong Kong, which cost a half a million, looks a million dollars on the screen. Now we should be making Caddie on a $450,000 budget, but we haven't got it. We have to take short cuts all the time, and some of these are now dangerous to take.

Can you give any indication of which ones?

Art direction are really having a battle, because we've got $10,000 for construction, $10,000 for props and it's not enough. I mean, you'll never know. You've think it's a million dollars on the screen, but it means they are working long hours and doing all sorts of things to bring it in with that look. Costume and art should be operating on a budget of around $50,000 for a period piece. We've made a rod for our own backs in making a period film, because that's a difficult thing to do in this day and age. You have to decide on which of the two possible types of film you are going to make: either you concentrate on the low budget $250,000-$300,000 film and be very careful with your selection of your subjects so you can get your money back in Australia, or you go for the $400,000-$450,000 type of film. I think to make a quality film for $250,000 is soon going to be pretty
Above: From the happy period of Caddie's life: Caddie and her Greek lover Pete (Takis Emmanuel).  

well impossible. I would say that from next year on, the minimum budget for a quality type of film should be $450,000. Now I know Tim Burstall disagrees with me on this, but if we start limiting our budgets too far and limiting ourselves to a certain type of film, then the industry will go down very rapidly. The costs of production are going up all the time: chemical costs went up three times just between September and now. You go on location and you are up for $60,000 straight away, for crew, per diems and motels.

I also think we have probably got to think from time to time of bringing in an overseas lead if we are aiming at that budget, because they won't back you for $450,000 with just a local cast — not all the time. There was great pressure put on me to bring Sarah Miles or Julie Christie to play Caddie, and I fought that all along the line. Who else could play an Australian barmaid during the Depression, but an Australian? I think that paid off, and we are very pleased about it. We brought in the Greek actor Takis Emmanuel because there was certainly nobody here who could have played that role.

The big argument two years ago was that budgets couldn't be more than $250,000 because on a four to one ratio that meant you required at least one million in box-office. Now when you say $450,000, you are talking about a million and a half or over. Is that possible in Australia?

No, not always. It's a high risk area. Therefore, we have to look more carefully at what we are making and how we are making it, because the market has become such that we cannot just get our money back in this country. We are going to have to sell them overseas, and sell them well. It depends, you can't predict. I think Sunday Too Far Away will probably just skimp its costs back here, while I think its profit will come from overseas. Picnic at Hanging Rock looks as though it has taken off and will get all its money back here.

It's no secret Roadshow and ourselves have got to get a million and a half back on Caddie if we are to get our money back here, but at the same time we are already gearing ourselves up to look very carefully at the overseas market for sales.

Do you think you have a chance of getting it back in Australia?

I'd like to think we have. I've always said we will, provided we go very carefully about it — and that depends on promotion. A producer must get involved and show an interest in how his film is going to be sold, and follow it through. It is no use leaving it to somebody else once you get your answer print. It's up to all of us to work together and make sure the public knows about it. Even
if we produce a failure, we've still got to go out and sell it, because the only way one can survive as a filmmaker is by getting one's money back — at the box-office.

One final question on budgeting — do you think we are underselling our actors and technicians? I'm thinking particularly of Jack Thompson who must have contributed a great deal towards "Sunday" doing so well. Now, he only got a figure of something like $7000.

Basically I think the payments are fair and adequate. Certainly based on the figure you just quoted me, our figures are more than comparable, especially taking into consideration that Caddie is a cameo film. I do believe that your lead star, like Jack Thompson or Helen Morse, should be offered a percentage of the producer's gross. It's an incentive and they become more interested in the film and how it's being sold. For example the amount of time Jack Thompson has given to the promotion of Sunday is really fantastic — and I don't think he is even on a percentage.

It is one area though where we must be careful not to abuse our actors too much. You know you've got Jack in this picture as an SP bookie. Well, he was only here for a week's shooting on the set, but all the girls from the building next door would wait outside all day just to see him. Jack Thompson is certainly becoming a household word.

There is a very strong feeling around at the moment that quality has come back to Australian films — especially with "Sunday" and "Picnic". What are your feelings?

I don't think it's coming for the first time, I think we had it and we lost it. I think some of the overseas cheapies helped us lose it and our sense of values. I think The Sentimental Bloke has enormous quality, as a lot of the early twenties films do. I think Ken Hall tried to put quality into several of his productions and achieved it, but then budgets and time reduced in other areas. Forty office film, and they totally misjudged their audience.

By aiming too low?

Yes, and by putting American B-grade values on Australian A-grade audiences. Don't forget our audiences are paying much more to go to the cinema than they are in America. They made a total misjudgment and that reflects on us too because none of those sort of films have helped us get any sort of image. They are destroying and undoing all the good we have been trying to do.

Fortunately there has been a lapse in that type of production, which has given us a chance to get ahead. I'm all for co-productions when we are ready, but if we go into co-productions willy nilly we will be swamped. We don't want to ever see what happened to Spain and England, where they walked in, bought everyone with inflated salaries and then left them in ruins. We can't afford to have that happen to us. That's why I'm very pleased to see that Warners are talking to Roadshow, and, in particular, Hexagon, about investing in a Tim Burstall film. That's a great breakthrough. If the Sidecar Racers people had thought of that approach, they wouldn't have had the disaster they have on their hands, because I don't believe that any Australian film director would have put his hands to such a terrible script.

Anyway, it's no use, in my mind, making films like Sidecar Racers because they can make them so much better over there. Whereas if we are going to have any breakthrough at all, it's going to be based on the ingredients that are indigenous. If Petersen is taking off well in America, it would be interesting to analyze why. It must be some ingredient that is not apparent in their own films. Now, Picnic is a classy film, and Sunday has marvellous indigenous humor. For example, the rolling the meatballs joke — very corny, very typical, very well done. You don't see it in a British or an American film. I think that's what's important about getting our films on those overseas screens.

The other thing I would say about "Sunday" and "Picnic" is the almost unique way they have used the Australian landscape. They haven't exploited it, they've just understood it. Consequently, the landscape has become a beautiful and haunting quality of these films . . .

I think that's absolutely right. Perhaps that's where we did go wrong in the thirties to a point — with the exception of the comedies, which are the one indigenous thing that has always been successful whether good, bad or indifferent. The Sentimental Bloke exploited the Australian background, as did a lot of other films at the time. The Squatter's Daughter, for example, by today's standards a corny melodrama, has Frank Hurley's lush photography of the Australian landscape. That sent people packing into the cinemas, both here and in England. We lost that, because they went into studio situations and made artificial films.

With Picnic and Sunday it has now come back.
HELEN MORSE / DON CROMBIE
“Caddie” / Director

Helen Morse, one of Australia’s most highly regarded actresses, graduated from N.I.D.A. in 1965. After several roles in television plays and series, she secured the role of the country schoolteacher in Cliff Green’s Marion. Her feature film roles include Stone (1974), Petersen (1974), Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975) and now Caddie.

Don Crombie spent most of last year with the South Australian Film Corporation where he made Who Killed Jenny Langby?, the pilot and one episode of Stacey’s Gym and a couple of documentaries. Before this he had a 10-year stint at Film Australia directing The Fifth Facade, The Choice and Personnel or People, among others. He also spent 1971 in Britain working for the BBC. Caddie is his first feature film.

The following interview was conducted by Gordon Glenn and Scott Murray at the United Sound Theaterette, where the crew had just finished watching the previous day’s rushes.

Is there much of you in Caddie?

Morse: I don’t know, I probably won’t know until I have seen it all together. Sometimes I see something in the rushes, and think, “Shit, that’s not her, that’s me.” It kind of worries me at times because it’s not me up there, it is a totally different person.

Obviously some things of me come through, when an attitude that she has is one I have. But there are also thoughts and experiences she’s had that I haven’t. It is from these that you create a character and make it live.

Do you find it difficult to carry a mood between takes?

Morse: It is always difficult, though it is probably easier if you have a lot of experience. One of the big challenges of film is that it is such a highly technical business that you have to relate to all the other people very closely. For example when Peter James is lighting a scene, part of my job as an actor is to be aware of what he is doing, because he will light me in a certain way to achieve a particular effect. Now if I don’t take any notice I might end up saying my dialogue outside the lighting environment he has created.

Are you conscious of the lenses used?

Morse: Yes, I am. I am very into lenses (giggle).

Are you using rehearsals?

Crombie: No, not really. Our problem is that we are working under great pressure, and we haven’t got time to indulges in a lengthy discussion, a rehearsal, walk through and more discussion again. We have a walk through, the lights are set up and then that is it. We can’t then go back and change our minds, because if we do we could lose a scene a day. It is a terrifically tight schedule.

Morse: What I usually do before a particular scene is read through any notes and bits of information that I think might be useful in terms of the character-attitudes, life history, period details, etc. So by the time we do a walk through I have a basic line on the character.

In the script Caddie has a certain main objective, and I concentrate as much as I can on what that is. My job is to make the moment in the frame come true — without acting it.

Crombie: One of the first things we did was have Helen involved in the final script re-write. She was then able to change some of the dialogue to what she thought would work best for the character.

Then we had a week’s preproduction with various key people like Jacki Weaver and Melissa Jaffa, and discussed in reasonable depth how they would each play their roles. We also brought Takis Emmanuel out from Greece a week early. This was necessary because although Joan had researched the Greek customs and ways of life, she wasn’t absolutely certain of how a Greek would speak in English.

You seem to be using a lot of extras?

Crombie: We went to enormous trouble in the casting of Caddie — I think I interviewed something like 400 actors. So far we have had reasonably good luck, and especially in being able to keep within types.

One thing that would really worry me is if for a tough wharfside pub scene we have a room full of young male models. After all, there is not much point in spending a lot of money on art direction if you ruin it by using the wrong faces.

For the dole queues we have got some young men from an agency in Sydney. They had done a commercial for the army for which they all had short back and sides. By the time we got to them it had all grown back. We gave them haircuts and they really had that lean look you associate with the Kokoda Trail and the films of Damien Parer. It is really good.

We are also grateful to Equity for allowing us to bring in a percentage of “actuals.” This is very important for the future, because one must be allowed to bring in some actuals to get the faces you can’t get from a casting agency.

There is also a documentary feel to the film that we didn’t really expect. A lot of the scenes have been just happening while we record it, rather than the other way around which is the standard feature film technique. All the same, we have not let people just go and grab. In a way it has always been choreographed and rehearsed. So the film should be a mixture of the documentary style, like in the pub scenes, and what are fairly standard dialogue scenes. I hope it will work, but until it is put together we won’t really know.

The kids look good . . .

Crombie: I wish you had seen yesterday’s rushes, because that little girl is really quite phenomenal. We did a scene the other night where Helen comes home and finds bedbugs crawling all over the kids and lifts them out. And, in Take 1 Debie (aged 2) dropped the doll that she was clutching, and said: “Oh mummy I dropped my doll.” She then went back for it which was a lovely piece of natural action. I think Simon then looked at the camera and we had to do another one. Take two, she dropped her doll. She did it again for five takes, dropping her doll at the same point, and repeating the same dialogue. I’d say she performed as well as a seasoned professional actress, as far as timing and movement went.

The rushes seem to have quite a lightness about them in spite of them being set in the depression . . .

Cinema Papers, November-December — 247
Crombie: Well one of the interesting things that happened during shooting was that the film had a lot more humor than we anticipated. It has been fascinating for me because I have always been worried about Caddie being too depressing a story. In the scene I was just describing for example, Caddie has to drag this bug-ridden mattress out of her room and swap it for another. On paper the scene reads rather sadly, but when we shot it it became instantly very funny, because Helen is only 5ft. 3in. and just peers over the top of the mattress.

You are not worried by the fact that it is funny?

Crombie: Not at all, I think it adds to the scene.

Similarly Caddie's relationship with the SP bookie is very straight on paper, but when we got Jack Thompson and Helen together the thing just took off. That is the sort of thing I don't think you know until you actually get the actors together.

And another problem of these low budget films is that you just don't have the time to explore these relationships deeply. We have just got to get in there and shoot.

Some days you have to push against all odds to get your shots done, yet on others it just sort of clicks together. On a number of occasions, we have run out of time or something and just had to go without a rehearsal. We did that on a bar scene, which was planned as five shots. We ended up doing it in one amazing tracking shot where everything happened in front of the camera. That one did work — I will claim that one.

It is the use of time that is of prime importance. If we continue to make these sorts of films for around $400,000, then we have to be disciplined in making sure the money ends up on the screen.

That is why the art department is so important. If you have a hearse in a scene then it can’t be cut out and dropped on the editing floor because it would be a waste of a hundred dollars. Your extras have to be used properly, and you have to shoot your set in such a way that you don’t need reverses because then you only need two walls instead of three.

Given the need to put the money on the screen, is there a risk that this policy could get in the way of the characters?

Crombie: I don’t think so. I think it is a different thing.

Morse: I can only remember it happening once, and that was in the dressing room with the three barmaids. The art department hadn’t been able to get in and do a complete job and I think one wall had still to be finished. But in fact that worked brilliantly, because Don was then forced to shoot into mirrors and he ended up getting a beautiful interplay between the girls. It made that little dressing room come alive.

Crombie: I don’t think it would make much difference if we had a budget of a million dollars, because then we would be sitting here saying: "Oh we’ve only got 10 weeks to shoot it — we need three months. Oh if only we had two million." It is just the same problem on a larger scale. It is interesting talking to people who have made the $20,000 Film and TV Board films. I would think that all these directors are no worse off than me. The fact that my budget is 10 times what theirs is doesn’t mean that I am under 10 times the pressure. I think it’s exactly the same problem. They have two or three weeks to shoot 60 minutes, and I have six weeks to shoot 90. I don’t feel under any greater pressure on this film that I have felt on any other I have made.

How helpful then was the Film Australia experience?

Crombie: The biggest problem with me, and perhaps with other directors in Australia, is that I don’t get much opportunity to work with 35mm. Certainly not in the freelance world of drama, because let’s face it, who can afford it. So I had become unfamiliar with the 1.85 to 1 ratio, and was not used to the camera, the equipment and what it could do. I had spent the last two years working in 16mm for television, and it is hard to suddenly start thinking in terms of the big frame where you can do much more in one shot. I remember Peter Weir saying exactly the same thing when he came back from making The Cars That Ate Paris.

And this is where Film Australia is very, very good. You get an opportunity, and if you fail, it is not instant death. There is a recognition of the need to experiment.

While that is good for directors, what about actresses like you Helen? Do you have a continuity of work that allows you a chance to experiment or practice?

Morse: Well, the continuity of work in films is not over good. There was Marion and Stone, which both taught me a great deal. I have been very lucky this year because I have done Picnic at Hanging Rock and this. I can only just hope it continues.

Do you ever feel that you are acting in a vacuum in Australia?

Morse: No, I feel that I am acting in a very exciting environment. I think it is fantastic. The people I have met and worked with all generate great energy. You could say that I can afford to be positive, because I have been lucky enough to work on good films. But I think that if everybody is a bit more positive, everything is going to get better.

Hopefully, we have got out of that terrible stage of knocking everything that comes along, because we have some very talented people here. I think the Australian film industry
has an awful lot to offer, and an awful lot to teach the rest of the world. I don’t want to be part of the Swedish film industry. I think that is fantastic, but I don’t want to be part of it — I want to be part of the Australian film industry.

I would ultimately like to see all the people who are making films getting into a group relationship. I experienced bits of this on Stone, Picnic and Caddie, where we had that ease musicians have when they work that sort of jamming together.

Crombie: Filmmaking is a community enterprise. I don’t think there is in Australia a director who has total artistic control over his film, where everybody is subservient to his wishes. I suppose people like Hitchcock would have such eminence that their operator wouldn’t dare argue with them. But in Australia it is so much a group thing. I am grateful if people tell me if they feel something is not working properly, I won’t get offended. If is better they speak up.

How much importance, in terms of shooting style and pacing, was placed on commercial considerations?

Crombie: Well we are making a commercial film. We feel very strongly about that. If it fails to be commercial it won’t be because we decided to make an art film.

What are we getting into now is the overall politics of the film industry in Australia at the moment. It is extremely important that Picnic at Hanging Rock, Sunday Too Far Away and The Reminiscents succeed, because these are the first films that are not the Bazza McKenzies and Alvin Purples. I can’t help calling them ‘serious’ films because I don’t want to suggest that these others are not.

In other words we are trying to make commercial films out of subjects like Caddie, out of girls disappearing on Hanging Rock. It is important that these films succeed, because we have a tremendous responsibility to say that these sorts of films continue to be made.

You must be heartened though by the way “Picnic” and “Sunday” are doing financially.

Crombie: We are delighted. We who are following can only wish them continued success.

It will be interesting to see how Caddie goes, because it is the second film that has dealt vaguely with this period, and there is a hell of a lot of interest in it among the older generation. It will be interesting to see what the market will be, whether the younger people go, or not. There are two schools of thought, one is that the younger people will be interested in it because they want to see what life was like, while the other is that the oldies will go for the nostalgia.

Do you ever feel caught up in the question of the great Australian film?

Crombie: No. I don’t feel there’s any pressure on me, because quite honestly if we worried about what people thought, as well as the money and hopes that are riding on it, we would go mad. All I will say is that I feel we have got to succeed so others can follow, because if we fail it makes it harder for them. I don’t think it makes it impossible, because let us face it, 75 per cent of all films fail. It is a tough business and a high risk one. I think the pressure is on us, particularly in the current political climate, because if there is a change of government in the next 12 months, we have got to be able to go up to them and say: ‘Look, we are making commercial films for $300,000-$400,000, please let us keep making them.’ We have to keep the Film Commission’s budget up.
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CADDIE

Director: Don Crombie
Producer: Bob Long
Screenplay: Michael Foot
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Cast: Helen Morse, Taltis Emmanuelle, Kellie Nolan, Jacki Weaver, Jack Thompson, Lyn Curran, Melissa Jaffer
Synopsis: Based on the story of a young woman and her two children during the twenties and thirties
Director of Photography: Peter Jackson
Editor: Tim Wellburn
Production Manager: Ross Matthews
Art Director: Antony Buckley
Costume Designer: Helen Rose
Sound Designer: Pat Sherrin
Animators: Don Ezard, Gairden Cooke
Special Photographic Effects: Gary Jackson

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Director: Frederick A. Schepisi
Producer: Frederick A. Schepisi
Screenplay: Frederick A. Schepisi
Production Company: The Film House
Cast: Nick Tate, Arthana Dignam, Charles McCallum, John Flayrew, Jonathan Hardy, Thomas Keneally, Garry Dugan, Peter Coss
Synopsis: The film is about the life of Charles Nacky-Noo, who was exiled to the island of Christmas Island and is the story of his life on the island with a physical disability, which was a difficult period for him.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
Editor: Tony Cochrane
Production Manager: Robin Connolly
Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

MAD DOG

Director: Peter Blaxland
Producer: Bob Long
Screenplay: Bob Long
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Cast: Dennis Hopper, Jack Thompson, Frank Thring, David Gulpilil, Hugh Keays-Byrne, Michael Patte, Wallace Edward
Synopsis: The film is about a man who is exiled to the island of Christmas Island and is the story of his life on the island with a physical disability, which was a difficult period for him.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
Editor: Tony Cochrane
Production Manager: Robin Connolly
Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

THE TRESPASSERS

Director: Gary Jackson
Producer: Gary Jackson
Screenplay: David Gulpilil
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Release Date: April 1976
Synopsis: The film is about a group of business people who are on a business trip to the island of Christmas Island and are involved in a volcanic eruption.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
Editor: Tony Cochrane
Production Manager: Robert Connolly
Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

END PLAY

Director: Tim Burstall
Producer: Tim Burstall
Screenplay: Tim Burstall
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Synopsis: The film is about a group of business people who are on a business trip to the island of Christmas Island and are involved in a volcanic eruption.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
Editor: Tony Cochrane
Production Manager: Robin Connolly
Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

THE BIG FELLOW

(Words: Blackout, Matinee
Producer: Paul Martin
Screenplay: Anthony Buckley
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Synopsis: The film is about a group of business people who are on a business trip to the island of Christmas Island and are involved in a volcanic eruption.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
Editor: Tony Cochrane
Production Manager: Robert Connolly
Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

PRODUCTION SURVEY

35 mm PREPRODUCTION

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Director: Peter Blaxland
Producer: Bob Long
Screenplay: Bob Long
Production Company: Two Little Films Productions Pty Ltd
Cast: Dennis Hopper, Jack Thompson, Frank Thring, David Gulpilil, Hugh Keays-Byrne, Michael Patte, Wallace Edward
Synopsis: The film is about a man who is exiled to the island of Christmas Island and is the story of his life on the island with a physical disability, which was a difficult period for him.
Director of Photography: Ross Matthews
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Editor: Tony Cochrane
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Production Secretary: Tony Cochrane
Sound Editor: Brian Arron

FOR DETAILS OF THE FOLLOWING 35 MM FILMS IN PRODUCTION, SEE PREVIOUS ISSUES:

The Far Out Adventures of Captain Thunderbolt
Barney

Picnic at Hanging Rock
The Man From Hong Kong
The Box
The Reminiscents
Sunday Too Far Away

Cinema Papers, November-December — 251
DELICIOUS DREAMS DESPITE DEPRESSION

Synopsis: A young man's inability to cope with his own sexuality when confronted with it through an unfulfilled relationship with an older man.

Director: Tom McConkey
Screenplay: Tom McConkey
Producer: Tom McConkey
Production Company: Tom McConkey

THE DEVIL'S PARTY

Synopsis: Set somewhere in the 19th century in Scotland, a young man's inability to cope with his own sexuality when confronted with it through an unfulfilled relationship with an older man.

Director: Paul Bugden
Screenplay: Ivan Gaal
Producer: Paul Bugden
Production Company: Paul Bugden

THE DREAM OF LOH

Synopsis: In 1822, between the downfall of the Qing Dynasty and the beginning of the Manchu supremacy, a young Chinese girl experiences her future life in her time warp. Loh, the heroine, meets her former lover with a new face, in a way similar to the situation in 1937 Shanghai. The film, both accidental and modern, is concerned with the relationship between China and the West.

Director: John Sangster
Screenplay: Wolfgang Graesse
Producer: Wolfgang Graesse
Production Company: Wolfgang Graesse

DOWN THE ROAD

Synopsis: Fish-eye lens view of the skateboard phenomenon culled from Eric Clapton song Down the Road We Go.

Director: David Effick
Screenplay: David Effick
Producer: David Effick
Production Company: Voyager Films

EVERYMAN

Synopsis: A young man's inability to cope with his own sexuality when confronted with it through an unfulfilled relationship with an older man.

Director: David G. Westray
Screenplay: Joe Clark
Producer: Joe Clark

FACE II

Synopsis: Fish-eye lens view of the skateboard phenomenon culled from Eric Clapton song Down the Road We Go.

Director: David Effick
Screenplay: David Effick
Producer: David Effick
Production Company: Voyager Films

HEART AND SOUL

Synopsis: Comedy thriller about the undead.

Director: Karen Murray
Screenplay: Karen Murray
Producer: Karen Murray
Production Company: Voyager Films

HARD KNocks

Synopsis: Satire concerning a footballer/politician situation set in an Australian context.

Director: Philip Ball
Screenplay: Philip Ball
Producer: Philip Ball
Production Company: Voyager Films

HIMALAYAN JOURNEY

Synopsis: Eighteen Australians encounter the mountains and people of Nepal, and visit versa.

Director: Michael Dillon
Screenplay: Michael Dillon
Producer: Michael Dillon
Production Company: Voyager Films

THE IMAGINATION CONNECTION

Synopsis: Fish-eye lens view of the skateboard phenomenon culled from Eric Clapton song Down the Road We Go.

Director: David Effick
Screenplay: David Effick
Producer: David Effick
Production Company: Voyager Films
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Cinema Papers, 143 Therry Street, Melbourne, 3000.
Albert Wright was a projectionist in and around Melbourne for more than 57 years. During these years he saw the introduction of sound and the era of the giant cinemas. He also studied the developments in film presentation, including Kinemacolour's early attempts to simulate color with filters.

In this interview, conducted by Melbourne Festival director Erwin Rado, Mr Wright begins with some reminiscences on the early days of cinema in Australia.

The first time I remember seeing a film was at the Richards Opera House, later re-named the Tivoli. It was mentioned in the program with just one word, 'bioscope', and always shown at the end of the show. The projector was in the dress circle — no booth — and operated by a woman.

The thing that struck me then was that there was no take-up drive — the film just went into an open basket. This could not have been nitrate film, as there was in those days a safety film made by Pathé Frères of Paris. It was considered a safe film and was 33mm — not the sub-standard size. Its weakness was that it deteriorated and became very brittle.

Bourke St was the street for entertainment, as it is today. In nearly all the theaters the film went right across the back wall, with no attempt at masking off the image. They usually had one projector with the main feature spooled up on one oversize container. This kind of projector was banned after a while, but as late as 1925 I was still using one, and they were common in the country.

Why was it banned?

Because of the fire risk and the approach of continuous theaters. But at least two city theaters had single machines — Wests and Spencers. When the big spool ran out, a slide was shown which read: "The orchestra will now play a popular chorus".

Although the city was the main cinema center, the pick of the films were screened over Prince's Bridge. Where the YMCA is now, was Wests Pictures, and where the Art Centre is, was the site of Spencers Pictures, formally Wirths Park. Wirths built the circus arena holding about 6000, and later leased it to Spencers on off-seasons.

What kind of screen was used?

I think it was linen, not canvas as one would expect. But that screen had a double purpose. Just before World War I, the prices were two shillings and one shilling, but on Saturday night the place was usually so filled that if you came late you could go around to the back of the screen for sixpence.

Down in front was the sound effects man; he fired off guns, made galloping horse noises, blew whistles and did anything he could think of. He read out the titles since everything was back to front. He also used a megaphone, as the orchestra was in opposition on the other side of the screen.

There is a strange sequel to this, for underneath the circus seats behind the screen were the laboratories belonging to Pathé Frères, of Paris. It was here the newsreels were processed, and when I went to work at Herschells around 1921 I met the man who used to be in charge. He told me that since he would sometimes forget to cover his tanks he would find on Monday mornings peanut shells and 'lolly' papers floating in them.

Some of the early ‘big’ films — the original Quo Vadis made by Cines in Rome and another called Mastide — were shown over the road, at Wests. Bourke St had mostly smaller films.

Were they one or two reels?

A mixed bag, anything from 300 ft (91 m) to 3000 ft (914 m). In early days star value did not count for much. It was possible to show a documentary for a week. I remember seeing the construction and opening of the Panama Canal at Wests. Altogether South with Shackleton photographed by Hurley.

It was a long time before we had extended seasons, mostly a weekly change and a Saturday matinee. A big change came to the film industry when the Phillips Bros came out from America. Their aim was to promote continuous films in Australia. They opened the first theater in Sydney, the Crystal Palace. It was a great success, and a second theater soon followed next door.

The Phillips Bros were also in Bourke St, but their hourly programs were confined to short subjects. An hour’s run would highlight a drama of around 2500 ft (762 m). Along the road, Hoyts rebuilt St George’s Hall and re-named it the Hoyts De Luxe.

Hoyts was Australian owned then?

Yes, there never was a real person called Hoyt. It was controlled by a George Griffity and a dentist named Russell.
How many theaters did Phillips have?

The Melba Britannia, the Palais, and of course Luna Park.

Wasn’t the Palais built in 1927?

The new Palais was, but before when Luna Park had got under way, the Palais de Danse was built across the street. The first war had only started, and after a while complaints were voiced about dancing while our men were overseas fighting for us. Phillips were conscious of this, and as America was not yet very committed to the war, they closed the Danse and re-opened it as Palais Pictures.

Let’s talk about yourself. You started in films in 1912...

Yes, I came from the then little town of Cheltenham where Saturday night was the weekly film night: one shilling adults, sixpence for children. One particular night I happened to be sitting not far from the portable projector room when the operator beckoned me over. He was having take-up trouble, and needed my help to keep the film from running onto the floor. So my introduction to the business was as an extra pair of hands on no pay — only 57 years ago.

The projector was the beater type — the film passed around a hard wooden eccentrum cam that pulled down the exact amount of film with each turn of the beater, and the aperture moved up and down for framing it.

The illuminant was limelight, a poor substitute for what we have now. It consisted of a cylinder of oxygen and a device called a saturator made of six sections of water piping in series, filled with a substance not unlike ‘flock’ in those days. A quantity of ether was poured into one end and given time to allow for the vapors to circulate through the pipes. Inside the lamphouse was a lump of lime, about the size of a brick, and on lighting up, the lime became indescribable. A mirror helped to converge the rays onto condensers, and you had all the light you could expect. A single blade shutter in front gave the maximum light time. You couldn’t afford to turn too slow as the flicker would be too pronounced. Consequently the early film shows were called ‘the flicks’.

How did you get to the Gaiety?

I was working in a department store across the road, near the Theatre Royal when I saw an advertisement in The Age intimating that I could be taught biograph operating if I applied to the Gaiety. I went across at lunch time, saw the chief and was told I could be taught for 10 pounds. I borrowed the money from the local publican and with that I was in the business professionally.

After a while the two chief operators took a lease on a theater in Canterbury — the Maling, the old one next to the station. So with another boy, also an assistant, we opened the Canterbury show. We did everything — swept the theater, collected the programs from the city, delivered handbills within a two mile radius, and pasted up posters — all for $5 a week.

About 12 months later, on my 18th birthday, I enlisted in the Australian Infantry Force, but just as I was about to embark, the war ended. So I was back in Canterbury, but not for long. I had an opportunity to go into the city as an assistant at the Auditorium.

I was fortunate to be working with the projectionist who originally came out from Britain to project Kina-colour. Invented by Chas Urgan, the film was in black and white, but every alternative frame was sensitized photographically. The first orthochromatic, the next pan-chromatic. It was standard 35mm; the projector was a Simplex from Britain. Behind the mechanism was a color filter.

One section was orange-red, the next blue-green. I believe there were four openings. A two-blade shutter in front completed the set-up. In order to get the color effect (and it was only an effect) the projector had to travel twice as fast as normal — 32 frames per second.

For example take the Union Jack. In the first frame the George Cross would be bright allowing the red to predominate, while the blue cross of St Andrew would be dark and the blue filter held back. Then in the next frame the pattern would be reversed — blue filter, bright St Andrew; no red filter, dark George Cross.

It was color certainly, but very hard on the eyes. Unless you joined the film up correctly, you were in trouble. You would have a red sky or green faces. However, this was anticipated, and a clutch was fitted to the shutter shaft that slipped a tooth and brought the film back into register.

What year was that?

About 1918. The only other color at this period was Pathé color from France — quite good, made from a negative that had sections removed by an electric stencil cutter. A frame by frame job. The process resembles batik or silk screen work of today. It was very popular, although it did have a chocolate box look.

We are now approaching the present era, and around the twenties the American influence was being felt. Overseas Paramount was on the march with the De Mille productions. It was the time of the Barrymores, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Bill Hart, and all the great first stars. And the public became aware of personalities.

We had a small advantage at the Auditorium over other shows, inasmuch as to close the first half we would present a vocal or instrumental number — top bracket acts. Then we had what was called an “atmosphere prologue”. A little playlet out in front, all in mime. It put the audience in the mood before the film commenced.

Our little stage show was rounded off with the Melbourne Philharmonic Choir of 60 singing the Hallelujah Chorus.
You then left and went to Herschells . . .

Yes. I'd been projecting for years with a break, so I went to Mildura for a while. Then I joined Herschells Pty Ltd, and managed their cinema division. They represented Pathe Freres and sold machines, cameras and raw stock. They also had a home library of safety films with about 600 titles—a few American products, but mainly French. It was sub-standard, about 26mm, but I have forgotten the exact size. Free time I could project at one night stands.

I also had to lend a hand with photography. Herschells had imported the first ultra rapid camera in Australia—made by Pathé—and what a brute it was. It took two hands to crank it up to speed using maybe 300 ft (91m) of film in the effort. Running at 128 frames per second was eight times slower than normal and we used to film the Melbourne Cup finish, the Head of the River etc., for Paramount News.

To film the finished film at normal speed while the other cameraman did the slow motion. We also filmed Walter Lindrum, the world champion billiardist, and the early fortunes of Gooldiwindi. So work at Herschells was as varied as one could wish.

However, Herschells Pty Ltd were in a parlous position in that their product could not compete with the American style of projector—both in improvements and screen results. I could foresee the closing down of my division, as only India and Australia were buying from the head office.

We are now getting to the time of your involvement with the Phillips Brothers. Was this the time they decided on building the Capitol?

Yes, it's an interesting story. The brothers were always back and forth to the United States when the film world intimately, Adolph Zukor was a personal friend of Leon's and in time Zukor became the head of Paramount Pictures. Soon the better class of theater in the film world, particularly in the United States, decided to move. When The Ten Commandments was made it was decided that a better location was needed for these better films. Herman Phillips was the projector brain. With the other two representatives he formed Central Theatres, and then planned the Capitol. Leon approached Burley Griffin designer of Canberra—and he went to work immediately. When the theater was completed I was offered the position as second chief, but as the shifts were in three-hour rotation—11 until five, until eight, I didn't fancy the broken time. I was quite happy at Herschells, so I stayed there. That was around 1925, or just a bit before.

The Capitol opened for business on November 28, 1925, the very first day. It was nothing to have eight or nine features to choose from. There was no need for seasons.

Did you have extended seasons?

No, the film changed every week. We had an arrangement with Hoyts theater chain. The Capitol opened as an independent. It was nothing to have eight or nine features to choose from. There was no need for seasons.

Did Hoyts have a big suburban theater by now?

Not by Palace standards.

Was the Victory there by then?

Yes, it was owned by a trio, one of whom was a man named Marshall. While I was at Herschells he sold his interest in Hoyts and went into film production on his own. He made a film entitled Environment. He produced, directed and acted in the piece in the piece. It was not a success but there was a talkie and it was long before the Jazz Singer era.

Who had the first sound in Melbourne?

Phillips at the Capitol were waiting to see if the latest venture in sound stock would have legs. They placed an order. The Athenæum and Auditorium were ready, and at last the Capitol signed, via their agents Paramount.

Remember no one theater could now open before the others, so the first two had to wait until the Capitol was wired. This took a little time, and by the first talkie was opened a month after the Warner Brothers in Old Arizona. The two other screened the films already booked. Protection was six months until product and equipment built up.

I was in the Capitol as often as possible to go over the details of learning a new form of projection. It was a large order. A licence was introduced into Victoria, but other states did not bother. The one time 'second job' in the evening became a full time one with emphasis on cleanliness. It gave you no end of trouble. Daily checking of battery banks, cell by cell, and logging these on cards provided by the sound company. Phillips had a nice boss. We had it on lease. A decade later and you had new equipment, easier to handle and you bought it outright.

The Depression came and went and another generation of new seating was affected you much, for people had to have amusement. But a change was on the way, new theaters sprang up in the suburbs and the nearest cinema. They had the same program as you, and comfort and elegance didn't seem to count for much.

The increasing use of the stage caused the word 'pictures' to be deleted from the building and the approach of television was awaited. When it did arrive, the results were felt. The Capitol had for four decades shown to near capacity all the year round to suddenly open to a house of 50 was hard to take. But it did not close. Associated with increased popularity and the film festivals continued to keep things afloat.

After 42 years of service my eyes had started to be affected and I found it hard to focus correctly at 183 ft (56m) projection distance, despite the use of binoculars. So, at 69, I retired. I still help at spotting shows, but primarily in arranging for the collection and assembling of programs, and their subsequent return. It has been a long time since I stood alongside a projector and handled 35mm film. I have been in the business for 57 years, and I can only add that I enjoyed every bit of it.★
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**NIGHT MOVES**

**Jack Clancy**

When academics come to write on the American cinema of the seventies, an obvious subject will be the revival of the private-eye film — a genre, dead, dormant or parodied out of existence in the luxurious sixties. And, naturally available will be Altman, Polanski and Penn, all filmmakers of considerable accomplishment and seriousness of intent. Elliot Gould's Marlowe (The Long Goodbye), Jack Nicholson's Gittes (Chinatown) and Arthur Penn's Harry Moseby (Night Moves) provide a rich basis for an investigation into cross-references, contemporary allusions and fulfillment and seriousness of intent. Elliot Gould's Marlowe asserts itself finally by the most direct act of will — he tracks down the villain, a former friend, and simply shoots him. Nicholson's Gittes is himself the central ironic focus of the film's statement. Described by Dunaway as "an innocent!" he laughs, "That's one thing that no-one has ever accused me of", and yet it is precisely his innocence that is so fatal to the people he is trying to help.

Moseby's case is more complex. For much of the time, he overwhelmingly reminds one of Tom Buchanan in The Great Gatsby. A football star himself, Moseby fits Fitzgerald's description as "one of those men who reach such an acute level of excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax." Perhaps, like Tom, "he would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game", and perhaps his chosen profession is a way of sustaining that wistful dream.

However, Moseby does have intellectual capacities foreign to Tom Buchanan, and equally, a capacity for withdrawal. He regrets the missed perfection of a solution to a chess game played before he was born, and he recalls how he used his professional skills to track down his father, but then refused to contact him.

Moseby's own self-doubt comes out in an answer to the woman who objects to his constant questioning, "I just want you to know I'm here". And a heavy-handed Penn lays his final defeat on us in the last shot — a long receding zoom of a disabled boat turning in an aimless circle, while Moseby lies crippled on board.

Beneath the increasingly fragile persona of toughness, coolness and competence, he is seen as self-doubting, slightly desperate and even unsure of his own identity. Gould's Marlowe, perhaps, is the most direct act of will — he tracks down the villain, a former friend, and simply shoots him. Nicholson's Gittes is himself the central ironic focus of the film's statement. Described by Dunaway as "an innocent!" he laughs, "That's one thing that no-one has ever accused me of", and yet it is precisely his innocence that is so fatal to the people he is trying to help.

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Night Moves has great textural richness and is a film of first-class performances, especially those of Gene Hackman and Jennifer Warren (Paula) — Penn's skill with actors has definitely not diminished in his five-year absence from filmmaking.

At the same time, one is inclined to lament the sense of sour defeatism which pervades the film. Andrew Sarris wrote that Joseph von Sternberg's characters "... retain their civilized graces despite the most desperate struggles for psychic survival, and it is their poise under pressure, their style under stress, that grants them a measure of heroic stature and stoic calm." A touch of those qualities, in heightened, uncertain post-Vietnam, post-Watergate America, would be welcome. After all, is it really necessary to have Moseby, ex-football star, cuckolded by a man who is crippled enough to need a walking stick?

Perhaps the symbolism here, seen in conjunction with Moseby's failure to solve the mystery, works to equate both Moseby and the game itself on a level of futility. But if Moseby the private investigator is an irrelevant anachronism, might not the private eye film be equally irrelevant?

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**THE MAN FROM HONG KONG**

Jim Murphy

Tongue in cheek, knee in groin action is what the Australian-Chinese production The Man From Hong Kong is all about. Like any good (or bad) kung fu film, it is all vastly improbable, in fact, one slashing spree with ex-oriental machete is so garrishly absurd that it invites comparison with the cutting down to size of the Black Knight in Monty Python and the Holy Grail.

Making no apologies for the comic book scenario, writer-director Brian Trenchard Smith has done a first-class job of delivering a product that will delight its target audience. One may moralize on the sadistic nature of the violence — and it is sadistic, with each fight unnecessarily prolonged — but this, apparently, is what Eastern audiences want. Trenchard Smith has not only given it to them in buckets, but has also contrived to make the film entertaining on a simple adventure level to English-speaking audiences with excellent use of locations, a sprinkling of genuine humor and a surreptitious spoofing of Chinese kung fu film prototypes.

What else but parody could be intended by Ros Spears' line (as the Australian journalist, gazing at Hong Kong): "It's beautiful, squalid, exhilarating, frightening... all the contradictions of the East in one city"? And the suspension of send-up surrounds the giving of comedy lines to Chinese star Jimmy Wang Yu (who can't speak English and had to be dubbed). In bed with Miss Spears he asks: "Will you review me in your column?" Later, in similar context with Rebecca Gilling, he

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**NIGHT MOVES** Directed by Arthur Penn. Distributed by Columbia-Warner. Produced by Robert M. Shapiro. Screenplay by Alan Sharp. Directed by Photography by Bruce Surtees. Edited by Dede Allen. Music by Michael Small. Production design by George Jenkins. Players: Gene Hackman (Harry Moseby), Jennifer Warren (Paula), Edward Binns (Ziegler), Harris Yulin (Marty Heller), Trenchard Smith has not only given it to them in buckets, but has also contrived to make the film entertaining on a simple adventure level to English-speaking audiences with excellent use of locations, a sprinkling of genuine humor and a surreptitious spoofing of Chinese kung fu film prototypes.

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THE GREAT MACARTHY
Freda Freiberg

The Melbourne cult of Australian Rules football has been celebrated and satirized by several Australian writers. Actor-playwright Alvin Purple kicked off with his play, And the Big Men Fly, which opened at the Russell St Theatre during the height of the 1963 football season. Its ingredients were simple but dramatically effective: a tall story plot, 'strine' dialogue, and caricatures who were all well-known folkloric archetypes — the rustic innocent with all brawn and no brain who becomes a star, the urban tycoon who as president of the club decides all means are justified to bring in his team wins, and the ubiquitous sporting commentators and parasites spawned by the big business interests.

The Great MacArthy, like Hoppood's Achillies Jones, finally rejects the corrupt and all-devouring lifestyle of the Big City and returns to his original rusticity. It was inevitable, given the present boom in the Australian film industry and its dearth of good scripts, that The Great MacArthy would be filmed. And with good business sense David Baker hired just about every star of stage, screen and television, who as president of the club decides all means are justified to bring in his team wins, and the ubiquitous sporting commentators and parasites spawned by the big business interests.

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The story has Inspector Fang, of the Hong Kong Police Special Branch, coming to Australia to extradite a prisoner. After he beats the man senseless in a Sydney prison cell (an example of Chinese interrogation methods) and later losses him to a sniper, he stays on to give the local constabulary a lesson by busting the drug racket of the formidable Mr Big. The format had to allow for all interiors to be done at the Golden Harvest studios in Hong Kong, while nearly all exteriors were shot in Australia. They match well, and the film has a gloss that eludes many Chinese filmmakers, combined with a crack-jack pace that not even Warner Brothers, with their Enter the Dagon, could match.

Recently, some of the action is about 95 per cent of the film, and Trenchard Smith handles it admirably, getting a strong sense of involvement and realism for all its improbability. One might have expected these sequences to be good since they were done in Hong Kong with plenty of good advisers on hand.

It's the Australian-made stunt work and special effects that are eye-openers, however: a fight atop Ayers Rock; a helicopter pursuing a car that rolls and explodes with the mammoth rock as a perfect backdrop; a multi-car chase along bush roads that ends in one vehicle ploughing through a house; superlative aerial sequences of hang-gliding flying over Sydney and Hong Kong; and a climactic blowing up of the Esso Building's top floor.

Russel Boyd's color photography is first-rate. It exploits every scenic location to the fullest and achieving such arresting shots as the one from inside the speeding car as the driver fires at the helicopter which is held in perfect frame by the car window. Noel Quinlan's music is also a useful contribution, and the soundtrack of assorted grunts, thwacks and agonized groans is as expert and effective as it is unattractive.

The Man From Hong Kong is the sort of bread-and-butter film that has always been the backbone of film industries. Entirely without intellectual pretension, and being nothing more than the 1970's counterpart of yesterday's kid-made fare, it ought not to be judged alongside Between Wars or Sunday Too Far Away. But for what it is, and what it set out to be, it is extremely good, better probably than the genre deserves.

THE MAN FROM HONG KONG
businessmen come across as grotesque heavies rather than caricatures, and the intellectual Miss Russell is inappropriately played too close to life. Alternatively the sketches on intellectual life in action in Petersen had much more bite. The English tutorial, for example, is a gem of acute observation, while the English lesson from MacArthy is, in comparison, flat and lifeless. Part of the reason, I suspect, is the miscasting and poor direction of MacArthy. John Jarratt is too urbane, he just does not look out of place in these settings. However, it is not only the characterizations of Miss Russell and MacArthy that are at fault, the eye behind the camera is too bland and indiscriminating.

The football sequences are all blue skies, green grass and undifferentiated movement, and accompanied by a repetitive and romantic theme. It is not as if there is a shortage of competent football reports. In the TV version of And the Big Men Fly, the lethal nature of the game was conveyed by the insertion of a montage of nasty incidents culled from numerous football replays, and the mythic prowess of Achilles Jones was demonstrated by displays of incredible heroics on the ground. Baker does not convince us that MacArthy is a star footballer, for his skill is never demonstrated. More disturbing still is Baker's apparent lack of strong convictions in judgment some day."

Costa-Gavras who hit the jackpot with Z in 1969, has been casting about for another ever since. He followed Z with The Confession in 1970 and State of Siege in 1972 — a succession of films concentrating on state repression and individual resistance to it. He has canvassed Greece, Czechoslovakia, Latin America, and now, with Section Speciale, France during the World War 2.

Costa-Gavras attempts to illustrate the mechanics by which this improper legislation — which punishes men for crimes yet undefined — is rushed through Parliament. He is also concerned with the consciences of those involved, with the ways in which they betray themselves, their professional standing and fellow countrymen.

Section Speciale has the same appearance as the earlier films — although by now it is starting to wear thin — and Costa-Gavras is still tracing out a primitive logic about the misuse of power. He tracks through a state conspiracy, characterizing those who sell their consciences for riches and bourgeois, gross and old and clearly despicable. The bright young freedom fighters, though, sing as they swing along country roads, cheerful, loyal to themselves and their country. The result is a boring and stilling caricature.

Costa-Gavras and fellow scriptwriter Jorge Sempere, hammer out these ideological points, and flatten the characters into awkward cardboard figures. Each side is drawn so sharply, the conflicts presented in such black and white terms, that the film almost immediately loses any pretence of dealing with a real historical situation and the moral and political dilemmas of those who have lived through it.

The dialogue rings like asbestos, with original appeals to patriotism ("Are you a man of stone? Hold back your tears, your tears of pain, woe for your country."); and with severe warnings of a gloomy, but rather vague fate ("The mantle of doom is about to fall on you."). The political opportunists cloak their deceptions in the most transparent words: "Today it is from yourselves that I intend to save you."

The structure of the film falls readily into the form of an illustrated lecture. One can easily imagine Costa-Gavras standing beside the screen with a pointer. There are the formal speeches at the opera and in Parliament, lengthy shots of Cabinet meetings, press conferences, and group discussions among the revolutionaries. These are often shot in extreme close-up, like the opening shots of Z, as though the camera will isolate and interrogate the conspirators.

As in the earlier films, the sense of extreme and superficial contrast is reflected in the cutting: from a violent street demonstration to a peaceful riverside; from an execution to a merry-go-round. As a Minister is preparing to corrupt the Cabinet, his small daughter appears and leads him by the hand to a family breakfast.

Everything is stressed and over-extended. Even the most trivial incident of a German officer being annoyed by a band in a restaurant, requires three separate shots of the band. But the unvarying intention to sentimentalize this series of dramatic incidents and relationships is revealed most clearly in the central scene of the German officer's death. His murder provokes the need for the new legislation and brings about the most complete betrayal by the Vichy government of their country.

The German is shot on a subway train by two youths armed with pistols. As he is shot, his body is photographed falling in slow motion; the scene of the youths appearing to stare at the platform is also in slow motion. Their figures go in and out of focus while the audience is expected to register their deceptions in the most transparent words: "Today it is from yourselves that I intend to save you."

The spirit of this literal filmmaking is betrayed in its own dramatic conventions. There is the indignation of Costa-Gavras in a voice-over: "After the emergency, no serious action was taken against the judge." And then, the comforting hope that "the people of France will sit in judgment some day."

More generally, it is impossible to believe in the basic seriousness and intelligence of Costa-Gavras' leading characters. If corruption is inexcusable because of the stupidity and ambition of the ministers, then their moral scruples become quite uninteresting.

Costa-Gavras-Irons these out like a steamroller. As the Interior Minister says, "We must not allow judicial quibbles to interfere with national security". Or a little later, "It looks like you are a legal and human stand-point, but the state comes first."

Essentially the film allows us no sense of the kind of man that might have influenced Frenchmen to subvert justice as they did. Section Speciale has effectively obliterated any apparent realism by its crude and insistent diagrams of human response.

The second major focus of the film is the long-drawn court room episode. This itself is so farcical that it is difficult for the director to get us to take it seriously. The lawyers and judges are reduced to stark idiots who cannot cope with any interpretation of argument. Shots of the defendants are inter-cut with flashbacks of their past; one peasant is shown dancing with his gun, and as we watch, the young man slowly fades into the figure of the caretown prisoner.

Through this relentless scripting and didactic camerawork, Gosta-Gavras sharpens his film like an over-zealous pencil grinder until the point disintegrates.
PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK

Scott Murray

Peter Weir's Picnic at Hanging Rock is a film of great nuance and subtlety. With finely controlled compositions and pace it holds its audience constantly enchanted. And in its direction and scripting, Picnic is a film of considerable intelligence, a film which for me at least, is certainly the best yet made in Australia.

It opens with a credit sequence that efficiently establishes the nature of the school and its pupils. In finely controlled pastel shades these daughters of the well-to-do are evoked in all their virginal purity. Their physical closeness is nicely set off against their idle and distancing remarks — though their dialogue is as much a trying out process as a means of expression.

However Weir deliberately takes us beyond a mere re-creation of 1900 school life and into the surreal. The richness of the flowers against the rock and its pupils. In finely controlled pastel shades these daughters of the well-to-do are evoked in all their virginal purity. Their physical closeness is nicely set off against their idle and distancing remarks — though their dialogue is as much a trying out process as a means of expression.

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How the scenes of social criticism — the restless bell, the idling and the distorting rhythms of their lives encroach the darkness. The unease this creates in the viewer is readily apparent, and Michael's awkwardness about it, with its womb-like cavities and crevices. And under its spell the girls remove their boots and stockings and proceed barefooted, as if on some sacred pilgrimage. Later we learn that Irma (Jane Vallis), at least, has also removed her corset. So in a threatening monster. And the use of low-angled and incessant panning away to rocky crags only tends to bond them with the rock.

Quite a point is made of this throughout the film, as no-one is able to remember either the girls or Miss McGraw (Vivean Gray) leaving — though, of course, Mamselle (Helen Morse) saw the girls depart. "Don't worry about us, Mamselle dear, we shall only be gone a very little while."

It is, however, during the scene of the girls crossing the creek that the film begins to exert its most powerful spell. As the last girl Miranda (Anne Lambert) takes her turn we see her jump in slow motion. The film then cuts to the observing British aristocrat Michael Fitzhubert (Dominic Guard) and back again to Miranda (still in slow motion).

It could be a romanticized interpretation of Michael's point of view, but it seems unlikely.

Michael then excuses himself from Albert (John Jarrett), but finds the girls already disappeared from view, as if swallowed up by the bush.

Then, as the girls climb higher up the rock, insert of slow motion re-appear and it becomes apparent that the rock is distorting time around them. Not only have all the clocks stopped and the party drifted into a lull, but the barrier to "inside" the rock is like that of a time zone.

The unease this creates in the viewer is beautifully judged — and held.

The rock also has a clearly feminine sexuality about it, with its womb-like cavities and crevices. And under its spell the girls remove their boots and stockings and proceed barefooted, as if on some sacred pilgrimage. Later we learn that Irma (Jane Vallis), at least, has also removed her corset. So in a state of sexual awakening, though metaphorical in that they preserve their in-tactness, they disappear from view.

The school erupts into predictable bedlam: Mrs Appleyard (Rachel Roberts) thinks only of the disruption the tragedy will bring to her school, while the girls feel an increasing despair in their ignorance. Stern 'guidance' fails to revive the school's spirit and so encroaches the darkness.

The film's center of emphasis now changes to that of Michael and his nobly obsessive search for Miranda. Like many past gentlemen of leisure he considers knowledge instinctual. There was no decision made to find her — there was simply no choice. And in his rather childlike sense of urgency he is helped and finally befriended by his uncle's steward, Albert.

The first time we see them together is during the auntie's luncheon at the lower slopes of Hanging Rock. Their class differences are readily apparent, and Michael's awkward attempt at talking with Albert balances nicely on a tens of strength over how a beer bottle is to be returned. Unfortunately the point is belaboured by a quite unnecessary line of dialogue. When Albert remarks that Miranda has fine legs "right up to her bum", he is quickly chastised for being rude. He replies, "I say them, you only think them". That it should strike so discordant a note, however, only demonstrates the remarkably understated way Weir has controlled his film.

Michael returns to the rock in a final, desperate bid to save Miranda, but undergoes the same warping process as the girls and in slow-motion collapses to the ground. Again the feminine sexuality of the rock is stressed. After all it is an unconsummated and heterossexual love that draws him there.

Later, Albert finds him in a state of shock. And, as he is being taken away, Albert grabs his hand in reassurance, only to find on opening his own palm a tattered piece of a once white dress. This fragment is passed from one to another unseen by us, because it is a transference in "bond". He rushes back up the rock and finds the unconscious Irma.

On examination it is found that only her hands and face are bruised, the rest of her body unscathed and intact. Precisely as one would expect since the rock takes it "children" as if to the womb. It can in no way violate their purity, though it can, as seen with Mrs Appleyard, be a catalyst to evil.

Fortunately Mamselle is able to halt the fight and, bewildered by what they have done, the girls leave the room.

Mamselle then finds the neglected Sara (Margaret Nelson) still cruelly strapped to the posture-board. Too often personal nightmares occur at the expense of others — especially if they be authoritarian ones.

Then in a beautifully timed movement the camera settles behind a rail which directly threatens the lens. After all the responsibility is as much on us as them.

It is from here that Weir occasionally lets the otherwise neatly judged pace slip away. The scenes of social criticism — the restless bell and invading tourists — are misjudged and only tend to dissipate the spell the film has so marvellously held. The end also resolves itself untidily and is far less a success than Sara's beautifully handled suicide. The narrator is inappropriate, as are Mrs Appleyard's mourning clothes, though the inevitable slow track forward is most effective. After all, this is where the constantly darkening drama has been resolutely heading.

Well, what of the mystery itself? On the basis of only one viewing I offer three avenues of exploration, though any number could meaningfully exist. The film doesn't seem to posit a solution, which, despite an audience's desire to know what actually happened, is a very intelligent decision. For it is the sheer "impossibility" of finding a solution that makes one want to try.
The dangling rails shift restlessly around Miss Irma (Jane Valls) before the attack. Picnic at Hanging Rock.

1. The Poetic — Miranda as swan. Throughout the film Weir places great emphasis on birds and flight. At the beginning of the picnic he superimposes a flock of parrots over a close-up of Miranda. The connection is clear. Later Michael sees Miranda in the corner of his garden but she turns into a white swan and flies away. Also during his convalescence the swan sits at the end of his bed looking over him.

Apart from these direct references are the allusions, such as the graceful way Miranda turns her head and glides over the creek. Similarly great emphasis is placed on Mamselle’s remark that she is “a Botticelli angel”.

2. The Sci-fi — rock as time zone. Given the rock’s ability to warp time around its perimeters, one can view the monolith as a king of time zone, one that absorbs people into a fourth dimension. Irma’s reappearance can then be explained as a fall from inside the zone, which also neatly accounts for the relatively few bruises on her body.

However, while this analysis is satisfying in “explaining” the mystery, it somewhat jars with the tone of the film. For within this surreal and exaggerated environment one always believes in the reality of an event. Sara’s “journey” to see her brother Albert is totally believable.

3. The Romantic — disappearance as escape. Early in the film, and during the beautiful interchange between Sara and Miranda, Miranda gently suggests: “Sara dear, you must learn to love others apart from me. After all I will not always be around.” This seems to suggest that Miranda is hiding something, a suspicion confirmed much later by Sara’s comment to Mamselle: “Miranda knows things other people don’t know — secrets . . . She knew she was not coming back.” So Miranda either feared an unknown fate or had some plan to escape from Appleyard College. Where is revealed by an earlier remark: “We must come and visit me, Sara dear, in Queensland, on our property.” The why is revealed by Michael’s comment to Irma after their boating trip: “I am going away . . . up north, to Queensland.” It could, of course, be mere coincidence, but I doubt it.

Given that Cliff Green’s script was solely based on Joan Lindsay’s book*, I then read it in the hope of finding support for this interpretation. And it is certainly there. Miranda’s property is referred to as Goonawingi and when Michael tells Albert of his plans to explore Australia he says: “There’s a big cattle station I want to see — away near the border. It’s called Goonawingi.”

So what does all this leave us with in the end? Perhaps an image of Miranda and Michael sharing domestic bliss in northern Queensland. As for Marion and Miss McGraw I cannot guess, though murder I am sure, was not their end. For whatever mystical power the rock may possess it seems largely a poetic ability to conjure images of transmutation and flight. Unknown and unknowable, but certainly not dark. The darkness only comes from within those who confront it.

* Interview with Cliff Green, Cinema Papers, December 1974, p. 311.

She was the first...

Ichthyologist Matt Hooper (Richard Dreyfuss), right and Police Chief Brody (Roy Scheider).

The Mayor of Amity (Murray Hamilton) argues with Brody and Hooper about keeping the beach open.

A shark warning sends bathers frantically rushing for the shoreline.

The second victim...

The harpooned shark drags along the fishing boat. Right: Brody stands alone to face the shark...

Amity, the fourth of July.
NASHVILLE
Ian Stocks

Nashville is Robert Altman's magnum opus, a three-hour epic that stands as a sort of U.S. War and Peace. It is set in the cultural wasteland of U.S. country music, Nashville ("the Athens of the South"), where illusions are re-processed and spewed out in never-ending myths of humble beginnings, thwarted love and grass roots moralizing.

Tyson is also the state which successfully predicts the winning Presidential candidate, and as such it is a political touchstone for the Presidential election.

The beginning of Nashville is slow and ironic. In a studio, Haven Hamilton (Henry Gibson) - one of the grand old men of Grand Old Opry - is recording 200 years, his hymn to the U.S. nation.

Intercut (in Altman's effective mirroring of documentary style), is a scene in Hal Philip Walker's campaign for the Presidency. The unseen Walker is a mystery candidate who is using political gimmicks to speak to Tennessee. He is an antibalistic radical, his political spell promises a complete reformation of the U.S. dream.

So the opening of the film sets up two main complementing themes which are in themselves dialectically opposite. The Dream vs Reality: Individual vs The Mass. The Powerful vs The Powerlessness: Stability vs Change.

With superb orchestration Altman feeds in the subplots and supporting characters: a witty BBC reporter with a permanently dangling tape recorder (Geraldine Chaplin); a Peter, Paul and Mary style pop group; a superstar female country singer (Ronee Blakeley) making a comeback after traumatic injuries in a motel fire; the hangers-on and hustlers; the about-to-make-it and the has-been.

The characters themselves are super-real and satirical. The music and lyrics are a parody in the U.S.'s illusions and beliefs. With horrible sentiments, pathetic sexual posturing, frenetic image building, Altman lards scene after scene with bitter irony.

A retired singer (Lily Tomlin) in a typical U.S. home is using political gimmicks to speak of the lady country star sings from her wheelchair as a sort of broken "Spirit of America". There's a burial, a hospital ward, a four lane car smash, even a political fund raising where a hopeful singer (Gwen Welles) is forced to strip instead. The film is anthropological, with its studying, uniformed characters swimming in their own ego's.

Altman rejects the individual psychological analysis and leads us deeper into the effects of mass conditioning. To do so he makes a shift into the past, the U.S. ten years ago, recreated as an antidote to crisis.

Altman's premise is that they are all going back to Nashville - the hip singers looking for a fresh inspiration; a desperate girl in tatters; a Vietnam veteran with a single dream and his aggression just under control. And finally the mystery man - an "all-American" boy with glasses, short hair, a battered guitar case and a cheap pistol.

But, while Altman ruthlessly attacks the characters he has created, he fails to attack the central problem of the origins of mass conditioning and manipulation. Instead he keeps his camera on the performers and on the gullible hysterical public that feeds off them. Altman, like the manipulator he is, does not accuse the manipulators. If he has an alter-ego in the film, then Altman is the President of the U.S., the party candidate, the breeding unseen presence in a bullet-proof Cadillac.

Perhaps to compensate for this, Altman deliberately uses the documentary form to create a sense of 'reality'. Sloppy camerawork, poor framing, inadequate sound and directionless camera movement reinforce a false sense of familiarity.

Only very rarely does Altman allow expressionism. Once, in the way he photographs the deaf children of the "all-American" mother. Again at the end of the film after the lady country singer, the "Spirit of America" has been shot in a Lee Harvey Oswald type assassination by the "all-American" boy. The political rally is ending in chaos, the Great Country Stars are dead, wounded or running and finally only Lady Pearl is left to sing. She is the torn-stocking deadbeat who has been trying to escape from her Okie husband throughout the film. As she sings I Don't Care the camera moves feelingly over the passive faces of a trusting audience.

But the gesture and the expressionism is empty because Altman himself cannot believe that there is any hope of reversing the conditioning that has shaped the U.S. So in the end, the patient, trusting and lobotomised people are left with nothing except the music. The would-be President ("Some people say he's mad") has left in the bullet-proof limousine. The tattered freaks have had their moment of glory, but the real evil goes unexposed.

For this reason Nashville is an unsatisfying film, the bitter cynicism of the opening has devolved into the easy conceptualizing and saccharine sentimentality of the final scenes.

Nashville becomes a film cliche, a cinema verite feature, as cory in the dress worn by Karen Black, impulse only because the director has the audacity to wear it.

HOW WILLINGLY YOU SING
Jack Clancy

In Gary Patterson's How Willingly You Sing the central character Simon Dore (Gary Patterson) clearly carries a great deal of the film's author with him. He is involved in a kind of search for meaning, enlightenment, and knowledge. As the external world can be hostile, threatening and something to be guarded or turned away from, the search becomes a kind of interior exploration, a seeking for alternatives. All of which can leave the filmmaker open to temptations of self-indulgence, portentousness and obscurantism. Gary Patterson very sensibly, and neatly, avoids these traps, largely through a lively sense of the ridiculous and a very sharp and attractive sense of humor.

His hero Dore is placed nicely in perspective by the closely executed visual conceit which takes us by stages from a view of the world to a view of him in his room — the kind of thing Stephen Dedalus (and many other schoolchildren) worked out in Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man ... Stephen Dedalus, Garry Patterson, Inch Wood College, Sallins, County Kildare, Ireland, Europe, The Universe. So that when he finds himself being followed by a man with a camera and discovers that his dreams are being interfered with, we can take him too seriously, though we can be interested in what happens to him. His sessions with a psychiatrist, who is clearly sane enough to be quite mad, are great fun, and his holiday on the farm has some pleasantly lyrical and funny moments, especially when he plays with children.

(Another element common to this kind of film is the substitution of children for innocence, simple delight, responsiveness etc.)

Dore is sensible enough to take the psychiatrist's instructions literally, so when told to go out and talk to people, he conducts a series of street interviews; told to happy and enjoy himself, he sings Abba Daba Dabba outside the Albion Hotel (a reference to Between Wars), and gets plastered with eggs for his trouble. There is, too, the inevitable, and by now very tired, device of talking about, or referring to, the film within the film. Similarly How Willingly You Sing speculates on, and begins to play games with, the notions of real and cinematic time.

There are lots of funny moments in the film, and even the corny gags have an appropriate kind of charm to them (comparable perhaps with the way The Goon Show cannot get away with but makes capital from monetary puns). At one point a cop picks up a bust of Bach and reads "Back". "That's not the back, it's the front," says he. "Not back, but Bach!" he's told, to which he replies, "It's not bark, it's plastic."

In contrast not all the attempts at seriousness come off. The Vietnam and Nazi footage seems to be inserted out of some vague sense of duty or obligation, and the statements of the old astrologer thud pretty heavily on the film's otherwise light texture.

Still, How Willingly You Sing manages to skate over or slip past its self-created weaknesses and is evidence of a talent at work.
THE VOYAGE

Graham Shirley

It's easy in some ways to see why Vittorio de Sica's last film, The Voyage (1973), has had only a limited release in Australia. It has little of the tautness or the fashionable martyrdom of The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, and at times its plot staggers for want of solid motivation. Yet by three quarters of the way through, it has begun to manifest a frail charm and by story's end one is full of admiration for the tautness or the fashionable martyrdom of the tautness or the fashionable martyrdom of the story's end one is full of admiration for the tautness or the fashionable martyrdom of the story's end one is full of admiration for the tautness or the fashionable martyrdom of the story's end one is full of admiration.

Based on a novella by Luigi Pirandello, the film is set amongst the Sicilian aristocracy of 1904-14. Cesare (Richard Burton) has, in accordance with the will of his late father, to travel on to Venice, but within weeks are being deprived of its telling, for the situations and dialogue are by no means new to romantic films. So while seeming to derive from these traditions, The Voyage creates an anomaly by making its mark in a 'primitive' sense.

Having perfected his craft decades ago, de Sica had by 1973 passed through an age of commercial compromise, to a period where all the fluffier trimmings were unnecessary. A large budget and well-chosen locations ob­viously help, but what sort ofFilm from which de Sica, with more.

The Voyage's more positive turning points and in terms of its beauty alone, almost justifies de Sica's lesser extent, Chaming's performances. More times than not while playing out long, unbroken scenes within the wide-screen frame, the trio consistently strike sparks off each other.

Beatty especially is remarkably in charge of his role as the irascible, dim-witted Nick, alternating between fits of irrational bad temper and his highest, deepest Depression. His reading of the character (anticipated in its stick-backwalk and tougher-than-thou delivery by some of the earlier scenes in The Fortune) is the pay-off, except to blandly record that it happened. Shots are held on screen long after their content has exhausted, and inexplicably the camera, on two or three occasions, is made to swing round in a slow circle eventually to alight on some piece of action.

One actually senses that The Voyage is the sort of film which de Sica, with more production and story control, might have derived personal satisfaction in the early 1960's.

Oddly, the style of the film seems uncertain up to the death of Antonio. It is hard to accept Burton and Bannen as brothers, or even to believe that Burton could be as passive as the narrative's earlier scenes require. After a while, however, the presence of 'the stars' is submerged below the slow, throned ritual of life in an Italian hill town, with its funerals, sudden rainstorms and gossiping peasants.

Once the action moves to Palermo, tightly choreographed city life pervades and the black garb of the home town gives way to the more cosmopolitan colors of blue and yellow. Here, the constant summer activity of the garden ad­joining the doctor's surgery prompts an awakening which further the voyage.

And, as elsewhere in the film, the settings are just as influential as the people that fill them. One recalls Adriana visibly wailing as she is formally guided for the first time around the museum-like family home. Similarly during mourning for her husband, Adriana waits until the darkened house has emptied, then runs breathlessly up the stairs to fling open the door to the roof terrace. It is there, among the wind-blowen sheets, that Cesare later finds her and makes his first hesi­tant attempt to remove the barriers between them.

This scene is one of The Voyage's more positive turning points and in terms of its beauty alone, almost justifies de Sica's lesser extent, Chaming's performances. More times than not while playing out long, unbroken scenes within the wide-screen frame, the trio consistently strike sparks off each other.

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Cinema Papers, November-December — 269

THE FORTUNE

John C. Murray.

Almost classically The Fortune shows that intelligent acting can overcome the worst ex­cesses of uninspired writing and weak direc­tion. In conception at least, the story had possibilities: two bumbling fortune hunters conniving to get their hands on a wealthy flapper's inheritance, first by an arranged marriage, and then by faking her suicide, but few of these came to anything. Adrien Joyce's script is singularly short on humor both in situation and dialogue, and what potential is left is killed by Mike Nichols' uncertain direc­tion.

The infelicities are legion. At one point, Oscar (Jack Nicholson, looking uncannily like a de-aged Art Garfinkel) goes through the old routine of setting up a deck chair to bask in the Californian sunshine, only to have it collapse as he settles back into it. Properly handled that chestnut could still have generated some laughs, but Nichols mis­calculates right down the line, heavily planting the situation and failing to do anything with the pay-off, except to blandly record that it happened. Shots are held on screen long after their content has exhausted, and inexplicably the camera, on two or three occasions, is made to swing round in a slow circle eventually to alight on some piece of action.

Virtually all of the long, crucial sequence when Oscar and Nick (Warren Beatty) mis­manage the 'suicide' of Freddie (Stockard Channing) and float her trunk-encased body out to sea is so poorly directed and timed that there is only the evidence that Nichols intended it to be amusing to keep alive interest in what he is doing.

But rising above the directorial ineptness (and making The Fortune worth the price of admission) are Beatty's, Nicholson's and, to a lesser extent, Chaming's performances. More times than not while playing out long, unbroken scenes within the wide-screen frame, the trio consistently strike sparks off each other.

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FEAR EATS THE SOUL

Tom Ryan

One of the most prominent characteristics of much of Rainer Werner Fassbinder’s work is the way he is able to draw on what he has learned from the films of Douglas Sirk. For a start, Fear Eats the Soul is a reworking of Sirk’s All That Heaven Allows, though the two films have more in common than simply a narrative similarity. However, it is not my intention to suggest that Fassbinder’s films are merely imitations of those of his revered spiritual mentor. Rather, my concern is with the use he is able to make of some of the thematic and stylistic constructs Sirk had employed to define a perspective more complex than may at first be apparent on those narratives which provided the skeletons for his melodramas about American life.

On one level, it is possible to talk of both Sirk and Fassbinder as social commentators. Hollywood, which was a refuge for numerous human values by forces outside the control of individuals, yet expressed through them. In All That Heaven Allows, Sirk’s subject is the suffering of those who, against a world of seemingly unfeeling, unresponsive, unloveable. In the opening sequence, as Emmy enters the bar where she is soon to meet Ali, Fassbinder cuts between the focus of the bar looking up at the intruder, and Emmy entering, pausing and then taking her seat. He holds each shot considerably longer than required for conventional narrative flow, and, in effect, calls attention to the action itself. This treatment of exchanges is repeated throughout the film: when Emmy calls her children together to tell them of her marriage, when she and Ali become aware of the watching waterers in the open-air restaurant, and when she goes to Ali in the garage where he works and pleads with him to come back.

Ali himself is constantly locked, motionless, within the frame, standing expressionless as people watch him. He is treated by others as an object. To the girls in the bar he represents a symbol of power, of the hidden world of the Id, controlling and directing social behavior. Yet while it is important to view their work within such a context, it would be a gross error of judgment to reduce either Sirk or Fassbinder to Marxist or Freudian schemata. The quality of their work, finally, is in a style which grows out of their subjects. Perhaps the most important feature of this is the visual phrasing that they employ, their insistence on the positioning of the surrounding and in relation to the creation of the film which has brought them into a fictional existence. Fassbinder’s images, like Sirk’s, constantly place objects of decor in the foreground so that the center of our attention, the human drama, has to be viewed through them. The major aspect of this in Fear Eats the Soul is the self-conscious shooting of characters through doorways and windows, having them pursue their “performances” enclosed by framings within the framework of the screen.

This has the effect of creating, on the one hand, a sense of characters being imposed on by their surroundings and, on the other, of setting us at a distance from them, of making them into objects which intrude upon the foreground of our attention, made public her desperate need for Ali. Yet while, he is able to find solace in her comfort, still, for a time, to say nothing of his activities in the theater, is also one of the most impressive. It is to be hoped that Australia’s “alternative cinema” outlets for Tom Ryan’s work is indeed a “uncommercial”, though not uninteresting — will soon offer more of his work.

FEAR EATS THE SOUL


Cinema Papers, November-December — 271
Top right: A Melbourne artist paints nude models who then create his mural in time to classical music.

Far left and left: the sado-masochistic party of Madame Lash.

Center and below left: director John Lammond and cameraman Gary Whapshott film a nude model experiencing the sensations of wet mud.

Below right: the ecologically minded Tina gathers a prize catch in her night.

At Last! the Australia you've always wanted to see but... have never DARED!

AUSTRALIA AFTER DARK

No wardrobe mistress was needed for Australia After Dark, John Lammond's pot-pouri of exotic and erotic happenings. Sequences include a homosexual wedding, a restaurant that serves cooked snake and witchetty grubs, an artist who uses nude models to paint his murals and an orgy where a girl has cream, strawberries and honey eaten off her naked body.
Policy Statements

Continued from page 226

The Commission will assist in efforts to bring cohesion to the industry, particularly by promoting exchange of information, seeking information from the industry, and providing information to the industry.

The Commission will maintain close contact with all sections of the industry. The Commission's policies and any revisions of these policies will be made known to the industry. Advice from the Commission will be made available to all producers, whether financed by the Commission or not.

Project Development

Structure of Project Movement.

(a) All enquiries to the Australian Film Commission regarding funding will be automatically referred to the Project Development Group.

(b) A Project Officer will provide information regarding Commission policies on project support that is available to the applicant in various areas (example: feature film, documentary, short film, TV production, etc.). This paper will be subject to minor alteration based on funds available in any year.

(c) Project Officer sets out basic conditions for application and issues standardized application forms together with comprehensive instructions on how to fill it out. For interstate projects, a Group Officer will visit interstate on a monthly basis to undertake interviews and give assistance in completing and preparing applications. All enquiries to the Australian Film Commission will be responded to and where possible all-applicants will be invited to visit the office of the Commission and fill out their application form with the assistance of a Project Officer.

(d) Application.-All applicants will fill out the simplified application "Form A". This form is designed to include the preliminary information regarding applicant's name, company, type of project, but will not include information on company structure or any corporate intricacies of the subsequent form—Application Form B—which will emerge only when the project has been initially approved by the Australian Film Commission.

2. Completed Application Received "Form A".

(a) Project file opened by Project Officer.

(b) Project Officer makes preliminary assessment. Project Officer evaluates for consideration at weekly project status meeting. His recommendation deliberated upon by Project Development Group; decision reached by group and forwarded (with others decided upon) to appropriate Commissioner.

(c) Rejection of the application subject to the obtaining of Project Officer. Commission and fill out their application form with the assistance of a Project Officer.

(d) The Commissioner's decision is put forward at the weekly full-time Commissioners' meeting. The Commissioners will examine the application and decision and table the documentation for consideration at the monthly meeting of the full Commission.

(e) The Australian Film Commission approves/rejects the proposal for preliminary funding.

A.1. The Director of Project Development may recommend:

(a) Acceptance of the application;

(b) Rejection of the application subject to the obtaining of Project Officer. Commission and fill out their application form with the assistance of a Project Officer.

A.2. (a) In the event of funds having been approved for ad-vancement by the Australian Film Commission, the applicant now receives "Form B", which is submitted to him by the Projects Officer. When completed, the project is submitted to the Director.

(b) The Director evaluates the project and may call for further assessments. At the same time he obtains evaluations from the financial, legal and marketing sections as to the project's viability in those areas.

(c) If the financial and legal sections so recommend, and the Director's evaluation of the assessments so indicates it, the project will be put forward to the monthly meeting of the full Commission. Wherever possible, the Director shall abridge and summarise the information regarding a submission; it shall be his responsibility to reduce the paperwork of the full-time Commission regarding projects which have had approval at all stages of their movement through the organizing to final funding approval by the Commission.

Project Consideration Period

Every effort will be made to ensure that from the initial application the acceptance or rejection of a project must not be more than 60 days (i.e. the application arrives and is considered by the Commission at its meeting in the next calendar month).

Project Assessment

(a) In engaging outside assessors the Commission will look for those with deep understanding and current knowledge of film or television, and a knowledge of script construction.

(b) Project Officers appointed to the Commission will be fully capable of making their own written assessments of scripts and of total projects.

(c) An applicant should have the right to appeal against the appointment of a project to any individual assessor.

(d) The Commission will lay down guidelines for its assessors, indicating the kind of analysis and evaluation desired.

(e) Script assessors will not be asked to make recommendations on the Commission's investments. This will be the function of the Commission's Project Officers, basing their decision on a thorough knowledge of the project, including the assessors' reports, those proposed for command positions, and commercial potential.
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Andrew Johnson
Chris Garner
The 1975 BERLIN AND MOSCOW FILM FESTIVALS

The 1975 Moscow Film Festival opened only two days after the Berlin Film Festival closed, and although it would seem that the two events couldn't have that much in common, they in fact turned out to be all too depressingly similar.

As one would suspect both Festivals were intensely political. The socialist countries of Eastern Europe were competing in Berlin for the first time this year, so it was a foregone conclusion that the jury (headed by British actress Sylvia Syms) would give a major award to the Soviet entry, 100 Days After Childbirth.

The film was a rather feeble piece on young love in a pioneer camp, which won for director, Sergei Soloviov, the prize for Best Direction — a decision somewhat controversial. Too, depressingly similar. Marta Meszaros' sensitive study of the friendship between two women, The Adoption, and winner of this year's Golden Bear (Grand Prix) to the excellent Hungarian entry, The Adoption.

Directed by Marta Meszaros, the former wife of Miklos Jancsoco, The Adoption stars Kata Berek as Kata, a widowed factory worker who has her fortunes, who enjoys an occasionally casual love affair with married Joska. One day she decides she wants a baby, but Joska refuses to father a child, even though Kata assures him she will make no further claims on him. By way of response, he takes her to his home and introduces her to his wife and children without, of course, telling them who she is. Kata is appalled at the condescending way he treats his wife. In the meantime, Kata is approached by Anna, whose parents have sent her to a home for unruly teenagers. Anna wants to use Kata's spare bedroom so she can meet her boyfriend there. Kata refuses, then agrees, though she is at first shaken by the openness of sexuality of the young couple. Gradually, however, she decides to help the young girl. And Anna becomes firm friends and she and Joska decide to have a child.

The other Eastern European films in Berlin were a mixed bag. Best Yugoslav Film was filming

Jarnings' The Bela Game, unfortunately saw the Rumanian film, a comedy by former animator Ion Popescu Gopo, about a spaceship which lands in Bucharest, called (optimistically as it turned out) Quite Fantastic Comeback. German film, Jakob the Liar, was better and won for its leading actor, Vladimir Brodsky, the Best Actor award.

Set in a Jewish ghetto during World War II, it's about an old man who, to keep up the morale of his friends, insists he has hidden away a radio and, from listening to the BBC, knows that the Russians are on the way. This does wonders for morale but Jakob's lying gets more and more complicated as the rescuing Russians never materialize. The film, directed by Frank Beyer, just manages to avoid the pitfalls of sentimentality and becomes genuinely moving at the inevitably tragic conclusion.

High hopes were raised by the announcement that the Czechoslovakian entry, Who Seeks a Handful of Gold, marked the return to the screen of Jiří Menzel who, in the heyday of the New Wave, directed Closely Watched Trains and Capricious Summer. Hopes were quickly dashed, however, for Menzel who, significantly, did not accompany the Czech delegation to Berlin but had found it almost impossible to put any of his unique personality into this, his first film since the banned Larks on a String, six years ago.

The young hero gets a job at a dam construction site to earn quick money and enable him to marry his headstrong girlfriend. Just occasionally, when the weather is fine or the girl's parents' house, there are flashes of the Czech cinema of the sixties: the way people sit, bare their emotions, and aged grandmother watch in-terminable TV programs and chew pretzels. Then, when the tension is shut down, the young man is packed off, only to be shot as a spy. The film is barely entertaining, emotionally involving or even incidentally, interesting.

One of the best films, Abroad, made in Berlin by Iranian director Shahid Saei, was ignored when the prizes were handed out. The film concerns Turkish workers trying to make a decent life for themselves in West Berlin, and, not surprisingly, finding it very tough. Hussein, masterly played by Parviz Sayyed, is a wily bank robber Bruce Dern and win an election in the process.

Anne Heywood as a comely widow enters the competition. She has her first love affair with the similarly-aged son of a man she meets. The youth is played by Kirk Douglas, a long way from his old days in Oliver, and looking acutely embarrassed at the nude love scenes he becomes involved in.

The second Italian film, The Plate is Crying, by Paolo Nuzzi, was better. It is a reawakening comedy set in a small town in the mid-thirties with a bored male chauffeur visiting a deserted sights on a pretty visitor from Milan.

There were echoes of early Truffaut and Godard in Lily, Love Me, the French entry and the debut of Maurice Dewougos, a rather overlong, but perceptively comedy starring Rufus as a man whose friends set about cheering him up when he is deserted by his wife (Zozour).

In theory, one advantage of the Berlin Film Festival is the Forum of Young Cinema. In practice, virtually a separate event and held concurrently with the main competition in another venue. The Forum was set up after 1968 with the aim of showing independent films ignored by the main Festival. It now appears to have become even more moribund than the Festival proper. True, the best film shown in Berlin was in the Forum — this was the Greek director Theodor Angelopoulos's Journey of the Actors (already screened in Cannes).

The film concerns three unemployed men who find themselves in a dreary Greek town. One of them is a Stalinist, another is a visiting writer, and the third is an ex-convict who goes to visit the Siberian girl who corresponded with him in prison. The film is an amusing compendium of the misadventures of the three men as they become involved with his former criminal associates.

For those unexcited by the solid competi tion films, the Tidestack Forum films, there was the retrosp ective of Greta Garbo films, beautiful 35mm prints of every Garbo film still existing, loaned by the Eastman House Archive. About half the films were from the silent period, and the brilliance with which directors like Clarence Brown, Jacques Feyder, Sidney Franklin and others, aided by the outstanding photography of William Daniels, not to mention Garbo herself and a film stock that is fine, created this whole series of memorable films (including one or two masterpieces) staggered the imagination. Looking at most of the new films in Berlin and comparing the inescapable feeling is that somewhere along the film the art of the cinema has almost been lost.

And so to Moscow, which is very much a Third World Festival. The prizes, however, remains much the same. Many of these films are interesting, some very much so. But most of them are not. The Cuban feature, The Other Franciso, directed by Sergio Girul and concerning the horrors of Negro slavery in the 19th century, is a pale shadow of the great Cuban films (Lucia, Memories of Underdeveloped). There was, however, one outstanding...
African film, Ousmane Sembene's Xala, from Senegal. Here Sembene returns to feeling, especially since joint space flights
enough American films. How many Russian films do the Americans buy, I wonder?
American — such is the spirit of detente.

The year is 1905, and a young and rather green Russian officer, together with a small group of men, has been given the assignment of mapping a remote region of Siberia. After making slow progress, they accidentally meet Dersu Uzala, an Asian mountain man of indeterminate age, who agrees to be their guide. He proves to be a loyal friend, and when he and the Captain get lost on a vast frozen river, he saves the young Russian's life. As winter sets in and the Russians return to the city, there is an emotional farewell, but the Captain meets up with the old man again the following year and this time is able to save his life when he falls into a fast-flowing river and is almost swept over a waterfall.

The film's epilogue is autumnal and sad. Happily, Kurosawa was able to overcome the problems inherent in filming in a country other than one's own (especially under circumstances as different as these must have been), and come up with a new masterpiece.

The jury gave three Grand Prizes, a common practice in Moscow. One prize always goes to a Soviet film, another to an American — such is the spirit of detente. However, detente does not seem to have applied through to the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America, whose apparently vindictive head, Jack Valenti, withdrew American participation from the Festival at the last minute, allegedly because the Russians weren't buying enough American films. How many Russian films do the Americans buy, I wonder?

The American mountain man and the young Soviet Captain he guides through remote Siberia in Akira
Kurosawa's Soviet epic Dersu Uzala.

The film's epilogue is autumnal and sad. Happily, Kurosawa was able to overcome the problems inherent in filming in a country other than one's own (especially under circumstances as different as these must have been), and come up with a new masterpiece.

Of the other films not many came near it, and the elaborate wedding ceremony is attended by every member of the Senegalese moneyed class. However, when it comes to his wedding night, El Hadji cannot consummate the marriage — he is suffering from the dreaded salted impotence! In his frenzied efforts to find a cure, the wretched man neglects his business, is drummed out of the Chamber, bankrupted, and finally abandoned by all.

It is a harsh, bitter comedy, but often a very funny one. In his witty observations of how the African rich live and behave, Sembene could almost be called a Third World Bunuel. It is to be hoped that this very clever and accomplished film will be widely seen.

The Italian film, We Loved Each Other So Much, by Ettore Scola, is a filmmaker's delight. Three friends who fought together in the war, separate when all three fall in love with the same girl (Stefania Sandrelli). One, Nino Manfredi, becomes an ambulance driver. Another, Vittorio Gassman, marries into money. The third, Stefano Scola's, is an exciting film critic who, in one hilarious scene, recreates the Odessa Steps sequence from Battleship Potemkin on Rome's Spanish Steps.

In another scene, Scola recreates the shooting of the Trevi Fountain sequence in La Dolce Vita, and has Fellini (playing himself) interrupted during a discussion with Marcello Mastroianni by a breathless fan who has, however, mistaken him for Rossellini. There is also a moving scene involving Vittorio de Sica, to whom the film is dedicated.

Harriet Andersson deservedly won the Best Actress prize for her role as an abandoned wife in Stig Bjorkman's The White Wall, a brief, bleak little drama which says more about its subject in 70 minutes than more portentous films have with far longer running times. The Hungarian film, Zoltan Fabri's The Unfinished Sentence, was an over-exotic, but occasionally successful (yet over-long) saga of a bourgeois family in the thirties whose son (Andras Balint) tries unsuccessfully to make contact with the working class through an affair with a communist girl.

More nostalgia was to be found in Jean Eustache's My Little Loves, another throwback to the nouvelle vague, which seems quite autobiographical in its telling of a lonely boy's life in a small provincial town of the early fifties. Full of charming vignettes (including a half-hearted attempt to pick up a girl during a screening of Pandora and the Flying Dutchman) the film is honest and perceptive enough to offset its rather protracted running time, though it must be counted a disappointment after Eustache's earlier The Mother and the Whore.

The biggest curiosity at Moscow was a florid Argentinian film called Nazareno Cruz and the Wolf, directed in homage to Ken Russell and Alexandre Jodorowsky, by ex-actor Leonardo Favio. Nazareno, doomed to become a werewolf because he is a seventh son, meets a smarmy Devil who wants to go to heaven, several assorted witches who change into various birds and animals at will, and a noble blonde with whom he indulges in some steamy love-making in giant close-up on some very painful-looking rocks, while the soundtrack pounds with a repetitious melody now heard on every jukebox in Europe.

Judging by the films selected by these two big European Festivals, the standard of cinema in 1975 is not too high. But as long as Berlin could honor the film of Marla Mazzaros and Moscow the films of Kurosawa and Wajda, I suppose something is working out right — in spite of all odds. *
Ever since the lamentable demise of the Venice Film Festival, San Sebastian has been fighting to take its place as a major art-film festival. Cannes, of course, is the unchallengable commercial festival, but this year, the 23-year-old San Sebastian Festival achieved its aim — it was undoubtedly the most interesting of the competitive festivals in 1975. The selection was of a high standard, the jury competent and the prizes fairly chosen.

It is all the more puzzling why the Australian Film Commission chooses to enter Australian films only at Cannes. Picnic at Hanging Rock, for instance, would have made a considerable impression at San Sebastian, and could have received a major prize.

Demonstrating against the death sentences on the Basque terrorists, Sweden withdrew its delegation and entry, while the true-to-form chairman designate of the jury, Miklos Jancso, failed to turn up, repeating his non-appearance at this year's Melbourne and Sydney Festivals. Jacques Clouzot, who was honored by a retrospective, pleaded illness and Truffaut was suddenly too exhausted to appear.

The best film in the festival was The Poachers, a Spanish entry by the relatively unknown Jose Luis Borau. Borau produced, directed and starred in the film. The screenplay concerns a young man and his mother who make a comfortable living from poaching in a remote, mountainous area. Their hermetic and incommunicative relationship is disrupted when the young man, Angel, brings home a delinquent girl, rudely tosses his mother from the family bed and invests his love as the ruling mistress of the household. He wants to marry the girl, but after various complications, the girl appears to have run away with her former lover. When Angel discovers the cause of her disappearance he sets out to reap revenge.

One could read the story as a veiled allegory about man's right to live a free, unfettered existence, but one tends to read symbolism into all films from countries in which political censorship exists. The Poachers was held up, in fact, for a whole year by the censors here, mainly on sexual grounds, but the commercially released print is only slightly different from the one presented at the Festival, where all films are uncensored.

Everybody's satisfaction, the film won the Grand Prix. The direction is skilled, the construction solid, and the performances uniformly good. Lola Gaos, a famous Spanish actress, in the role of the widowed mother, is especially impressive.

Volker Schloendorff's The Lost Virtue of Katharina Blum exposes the collusion of the police with the press in West Germany, where — allegedly — it is not the police who leak information to the press, but the press who feed the results of their own investigations to the police.

Katharina Blum picks up a stranger in a nightclub, and takes him home — but he leaves in the early hours. Next morning, the police invade her flat looking for a member of an anarchist gang. She is brutalized by them, the press attacks her, and she receives anonymous telephone calls, all because she is assumed to be an accomplice of the man. A newspaperman pursues her relentlessly by innuendo, fabrications and threats. When the anarchist is finally caught, and the reporter offers her money for an exclusive story of their one night of love, the desperate girl shoots her tormentor. In a satirical postscript, an orator at the reporter's funeral, laments the death of this martyr to the freedom of the press.

Schloendorff based his film on a story by Heinrich Boll. He keeps taut directorial control over the material, and translates the literary work fully cinematic terms. The film is shot in muted, greyish colors, mostly in dramatic close-up; the camerawork is impeccable, and so is the central performance of Angela Winkler in the difficult role of Katharina Blum.

Maximilian Schell's Murder on the Bridge (winner of the Silver Trophy), was based on the Duerrenmatt story, The Judge and his Hangman. It is a disappointing film after the fine The Pedestrian, partly because the main fault is the story, with its intellectual pretensions that are never realized. The direction is also surprisingly tame for an actor-director of Schell's talent. Martin Ritt, though, in the role of the grumpy, beataholic police officer is engaging, but Robert Shaw and Jon Voight are both wooden and ineffective.

Hungary's entry, With Bandaged Eyes, was directed by Andras Kovacs, who made the impressive Cold Days some years ago. The story, also by Kovacs, centers on an incident during World War 2: a soldier about to be shot for desertion disappears who the reason is shrouded, but the elemental passion of the girl's obsession, the strangers who watch her helplessly and the cold bewilderment of the officer, are faultlessly portrayed. The subtle lighting, with its subdued colors in Canada and frenetic orgy of sunshine and full-blooded colors in Barbados, is impeccable. So is the vital and dramatic performance by Isabelle Adjani in the leading role.

Truffaut's The Story of Adele H was universally and, to me, inexplicably, disliked. Based on the recently published memoirs of Victor Hugo's younger daughter, the story is about a young girl's love for an English officer. They meet at the Channel islands but he rejects her. She follows him to Canada and then to Barbados where she is driven out of her mind by the discovery that he is happily married. Truffaut tells the story in pulsating, significant scenes shot in medium close-up, which are always rich in detail, and firmly placed in their milieu. The film shows the director's exquisite skill in creating period atmosphere and character with just a few deft strokes. The background of the love affair remains shrouded, but the elemental passion of the girl's obsession, the strangers who watch her helplessly and the cold bewilderment of the officer, are faultlessly portrayed. The subtle lighting, with its subdued colors in Canada and frenetic orgy of sunshine and full-blooded colors in Barbados, is impeccable. So is the vital and dramatic performance by Isabelle Adjani in the leading role.

Finally, La Ruible, a splendid little Argentinian film shown only in the market section. This true story of a boyish young delinquent girl was unfortunately replaced as an official entry when Torre Nilsson entered his War of the Pigs. A great pity.
Probably the most beautiful film ever made in Australia

Based on Joan Lindsay's haunting novel, *Picnic at Hanging Rock* is a thriller set in the year 1900, a macabre story of a party of schoolgirls who set out on a picnic.

Some were never to return....

*A Penguin Paperback*
The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock
by Raymond Durgnat: Faber and Faber — Recommended price: $17.00.
Ken Mogg

Some major filmmakers are beginning to attract the level of informed criticism they deserve. Donald Richie’s study of Kurosawa, for example, which because of its discipline and balance, provides a classic model of the ‘descriptive’ approach. In Alfred Hitchcock’s case, the criticism has been of a different, more seductive order. Robin Wood got in first with an only sometimes manipulative analysis of some key films. And now Raymond Durgnat has surveyed the whole of Hitchcock’s output in a galleon prose of rather mixed blessings.

In 400 pages of text Durgnat comes closer than even the perceptive Wood to taking Hitchcock’s measure. But he considerably diminishes the effect with ‘prescriptive’ writing that suggests lack of proper ‘attention’ to the films as public experience.

It is difficult to illustrate my criticism with direct quotation, since it largely derives from a feeling that Durgnat simply doesn’t know when to shut up. When Iris Murdoch used the term ‘attention’ she meant it in the sense of a regard for the reality of things undistorted by wilful imagining; hers was a (moral) emphasis on seeing things whole. Durgnat rushes headlong, time and again, into wishful thinking. His sober judgments, though, are another matter.

‘Hitchcock’s emptiest films move, merely, from a never-never land of plush simplicities to melodramatic bards. But even in the most thoughtful films the experience lies not so much in the vision to which one penetrates, nor indeed in the vision from which one penetrates, as in the sense of a process of penetration.

That is the very best of Durgnat, nailing his dislike of the Selznick Hitchcock (‘as its sub-title claims’), let alone the plain woman’s. It is sometimes abstruse and occasionally turgid. The film stills are groups in a very facile way, a few are mis-captioned. The text, too, has some errors (Durgnat builds a case around the term ‘attention’ she meant it in the sense of a process of penetration).

The Australian scene. The material on copyright, however, needs to be supplemented to equate with local statutory enactments. The book then deals with the basic concept of contractual relationships, the legalities of borrowing money, unions, labor law and worker’s compensation, and privacy and libel laws.

A section on U.S. and foreign copyright provides material from the U.S. Copyright Office, with explanations of differences between statutory and common law copyright. It explains the term ‘publication’, and gives a list of categories for various international copyright conventions.

Only brief reference is made to the law on obscenity and pornography, but there are some interesting observations on the economic techniques of pro-censorship harassers.

On production, the author provides sample forms for actor, producer and writer contracts. But the book’s deficiencies become most apparent when long contracts are reproduced, with little attempt being made to discuss or explain the dangers the unwary may encounter in blindly reproducing them.

The two books are not available in Australia at the moment, but could be obtained direct from the publisher.

BOOKS GIVEN FOR REVIEW


Roger O. Thornhill

Your Introduction to Film and TV Copyright Contracts and Other Law by Johnny Minus and William Storm Hale: 7 Arts Press. Recommended price: $8.00.

These guides to film and television law were originally notes for the production-management law course at Columbia University. Their fictitious authors are in fact pseudonyms used by a leading Hollywood film attorney.

Both books are written in a jocular, breezy style, with liberal use of the question and answer technique, cartoons, tables etc. Most of the material is directly pertinent to the relationship that are important to the budding producer, with special reference to areas where a producer could be deprived of his just return.

The producer-distributor relationship and distributor-exhibitor relationship is also analysed, as well as the concept of sub-distribution. This largely U.S. practice is relatively unknown in Australia, where major distributors and independents license agents in various states to handle films for them for a percentage, removing the need to maintain expensive branch offices. Contracts are used to illustrate, particularly the common rip-offs employed by unscrupulous exhibitors and distributors.

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The book is eminently practical and matters like ‘four-walling’, theatre expenses, franchising, and print and advertising costs are considered.

The two books are not available in Australia at the moment, but could be obtained direct from the publisher.

APOLGY

Mick Counihan’s review of Image and Influence: Studies in the Sociology of Film in the last issue inadvertently contained two diametrically opposed reviews. The editor expresses his regrets to Mr Counihan.

Cinema Papers, November-December — 279
AUSTRALIAN WRITERS' GUILD

The Australian Writers' Guild emerged from its annual general meeting with David Boutland as the new president, and Cliff Green as assistant president. Nan Moloney is continuing as the Guild's general-secretary.

The Guild has also introduced the concept of a voluntary committee. The new members of the committee are Don Catchlove, Bob Caswell, John Dingwall, Art Denton, Brian Faulk, Howard Griffin, Bill Hensley, David How, Brian L. O'Shady, Charles Stamp and Moya Wood.

All we need now is the Government and channel operators for higher Australian content, many TV shows were axed. When writers are out of work, nobody notices for a while. That is because they often prepare scripts up to six months ahead of production dates. But once they stop, it is only a matter of time for directors, actors and technicians involved in the respective shows.

We have members — good professionals who write top series — now out of work. They had served the industry for a decade.

The Guild is at work. While maintaining pressure on the Minister for the Media, Dr Moss Cass, and the channels, the Guild is pressing for an Affiliation meeting in Sydney, in 1976. Representatives of the Australian Writers' Guilds, East and West, the British Guild and ACTRA (the Canadian Guild) will be attending.

There will be a little housing of other states, film or TV material. The National Library's problem of having to wait for the availability and transit of that material will continue.

If the Australian Archives is looking after the ABC, Film Australia and other government-funded history, what about the rest? If a film is prominent perhaps the National Library may ask for a print. But it has no policy of selecting. The first film of an 'unsung genius' may be rejected on the grounds of its style. But there is no recognition in 10 years. In fact, many of today's films are not being stored under conditions that will ensure their preservation.

The archives should not be subordinated to the industry. They should be allowed to stand on their feet as a resource center and a representative for the nation's film and television industries.

The Prime Minister, Mr Gough Whitlam, and the Tasmanian State, Senator Doug McMillan, believe that the State archives should be made to remain. The State government is not being preserved. It will receive information through the public, topical, and interest of the film archive. The film archive will seek to develop the film archive.

The Association's newsletter may be obtained from the Secretary, Association for a National Film and TV Archive, PO Box 137, Gordon, NSW 2072.

Meanwhile, the Association would appreciate foundation sponsorships from the public. A contribution is $10.

NATIONAL FILM COLLECTION ACQUISITIONS

Recent acquisitions in the National Library's National Film Collection include Naglaa Oshima's Shonen (Boy). The feature, made for Japanese television, is based on an incident where a boy is used by his parents in a form of child labor. It was presented at film festivals in Venice, London, New York, Melbourne and Sydney in 1969 and 1970.

The loan collection will have a large group of Third World films, including a Chilean feature, The Promised Land. Directed by Miguel Littin, it is a film in which the people are in a folk tale, with symbolic characters, songs and processes. It was presented at the Cannes and Moscow festivals in 1974.

The Third World collection also has films from Morocco, Mozambique, China, Argentina, Bolivia and minority groups in the U.S. The Australian production additions are films by independent Australian filmmakers, including several by Nigel Buesst, particularly Ben Chapple's playing arts. Dalway. Other acquisitions include Time in Summer, The Set and several shorts from the second Australian film sales.

Along the Singing Trail, a one-reel short from the late 1940s, featuring the Australian "Western" star, Smokey Daw

The historical resources of the National Film Collection have been substantially increased with stills and negatives of the TMA (National Film Theatre) Australia. The NFTA collection includes about 70,000 stills and 6000 negatives. A new acquisition, a one-reel copy of the ABC and Film Australia.

This year we have a woman president, Ms Suzanne Baker, who is a producer at Film Australia. Already we have queries about the Guild, or their eligibility for membership, they may write to the Producers' and Directors' Guide: PO. Box 332, Double Bay, NSW 2028.

THE MELBOURNE FILMMAKERS CO-operative LTD.

Melbourne's Co-op Cinema is finally thriving, justifying the struggle of the last seven years.

The Cinema, which is part of the Melbourne Film In Co-operative, distributes and screens Australian 16mm films made by independent filmmakers and producers.

It also launches controversial overseas films, such as The List, by Bob Last, and Bob at Dimbaza and the Godard season have been recent successes.

In September, crowds queued nightly for Garry Patterson's How Willingly You Sing, which was supported by Peter Tammerry's shorter, Strutting the Nunton, starring Carlton's own Danny Kramer.

Dr Ian Mills study of the alienation of suburban housewife, Solo Flight, screened to enthusiastic audiences in October. As did Steve and Keats' Ottman's The Innermost Limits of Pure Fun.

Forthcoming seasons include Zbigie Bigney's work, The Explosion of Windows and Doors and Rod Bishop's Rainbow Farm, supported by Gordon Grice and Ken Roberts and documentary, On the Track of Unknown Animals.

At the 10 c/o Overseas Session, Dimbaza played to an overflowing theater and the stunning dramas from New Zealand's Aardvark Films were well received.

Our box-office successes are proving to be a landmark in promoting and distributing independent 16mm films, and a major factor in the renewal of the industry. However, it hasn't always been this rosy. A hard core of hardbitten local film-makers and film fans over the years has consistently backed the enterprise. 

We hope to publish a guide to the Sydney's video facilities for independent producers. It will be an ongoing project, aimed at meeting the guidelines for the film market.

The Melbourne Film and TV Archive. The Association is now working on the presentation of its material, which the Library's problem of having to wait for the availability and transit of that material will continue.

The archives should not be subordinated to the industry. They should be allowed to stand on their feet as a resource center and a representative for the nation's film and television industries.

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42 AWARDS:

SOUNDTRACKS

Ivan Hutchinson

Fashions in composers of film music come and go, and are often dictated more by the commercial success of the film than by the intrinsic value of the music itself. Maurice Jarre's score for Lawrence of Arabia, a singularly dull one apart from the appropriately grand main theme, promoted this Frenchman to such international success, that at one stage in the sixties it seemed as if every film was carrying a Jarre score — all of them embarrassingly alike.

Elmer Bernstein, Henry Mancini and Lalo Schifrin, skilful musicians all, have each had their year or two of glory in that same decade. Even songwriters such as Burt Bacharach and Rod McKuen have managed screen credits for themselves, the former winning two Oscars for Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (one quite correctly for the Raindrops song, the other ridiculously for the inest score itself), and the latter having the temerity to accept the scoring of The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, which he then buried in his saccharine inadequacies.

At present the man of Hollywood is undoubtedly John Williams, born in that emerged from 1926 educated musically at the University of California and Juilliard. This talented pianist, arranger and composer has been associated with over 30 major films, but has really come into his own over the past three years. Since The Poseidon Adventure he has become the lucky charm for disaster films: first Earthquake, then The Towering Inferno, and now Jaws. [Williams did not write the melodies or lyrics for the hit songs that emerged from Poseidon and Towering Inferno — these were the works of Al Kasha and Joel Hirschorn.]

John Williams, on the basis of his scores now available on record, is an eclectic professional, capable of providing appropriate music for a wide variety of film assignments. The earliest example of his recorded film music goes back to 1962 (when he was more cheerily billed as Johnny Williams) and Charlton Heston's Diamond Head. With orchestrations by the ubiquitous (and always brilliant) Arthur Morton, and a main theme by Hugo Winterhalter, it is an effectively professional score, but quite indistinguishable from those of a dozen other capable writers. Other early efforts from the sixties include the music from the Hepburn-O'Toole How to Steal a Million, Natalie Wood's trivial Penelope, and Valley of the Dolls, where he primarily worked in the role of a slick and skilful light-weight composer-conductor, on a level, perhaps, with Mancini and Schifrin, but not nearly as interesting as other young Americans, such as Jerry Goldsmith or Jerry Fielding.

Nevertheless, he was rising fast. He received his first Academy nomination (in the Best Scoring category) for 1967's Valley of the Dolls, and his second (for best original score) in 1970 for Steve McQueen's The Thomas Crown Affair. By this time, 'Johnny' had been replaced by 'John' on the credits, and he was beginning to make his mark on the music world as well. His score for The Reivers (CBS-BSP-21766) was spirited, open-air music, splendidly written for strings, and strongly American-flavored in its hoe-down style and folk-like themes.

The same year he went to Britain, and in October recorded the music for the George C. Scott-Susannah York Jane Eyre, originally made for American television, but released elsewhere in cinemas. Here was another side to Williams, a score which revealed hitherto unsuspected capabilities. The film's bland treatment of the Bronte book did not inspire anything like the brooding and compelling score Bernard Herrmann provided for the Fox version of 1944; but using harpsichord, oboes and other devices to advantage, Williams fashioned a romantic score in the classic mould. It had a lovely romantic theme, some chilling effects in the mad scene, and some compositional techniques and devices of great assurance. The score (Capitol SW-749) lacks romantic fervor, but it was a good start.

In 1972 he won his first Academy Award for his adaptation of the Broadway success Fiddler on the Roof that didn't have much to beat in that year. [Walter Scharf's Willy Wonka and Kostol's Bedknobs and Broomsticks, for example], but it was the real beginning. He was nominated twice in the following year for his original score for Robert Altman's fascinating Images, and The Poseidon Adventure. [This was the year Hollywood tried to assuage its collective conscience and gave the music award to Charles Chaplin for Limelight — an entirely unwarranted award. The career of John Williams at this time could hardly be brighter. ★]

John Williams, the composer of music for Poseidon, Towering Inferno, and Jaws, is undoubtedly the most successful film composer of our time. His music, which is often described as "romantic" and "lyric," is characterized by its use of soaring melodies, powerful harmonies, and rich orchestration. Williams' music has been used in a variety of films, including Lawrence of Arabia, Star Wars, and Jaws.

Paul Winkler

Continued from Page 222

The next film, "Sears," ends with a convoy chug which looks as if it's vomiting mixed foliage into the audience. Was that intentional?

Yes. I was living in Paddington when I watched them cut down trees and put them into this "convenience machine," and I thought it a rather strange ending for a tree. So the idea grew that if trees could react, if they could scream or something, what would it be like?

I stood watching and felt the vibrations of the machinery coming through the soil and I felt that if I could show this turmoil coming through my lenses it would be the perfect vehicle to carry the scream of the trees. Then I hit on the idea of using slow speed film and manipulating the zoom lens, which I had modified a little. It couldn't have been shot in any other way.

The response I needed from the trees was screaming through the machinery that was destroying them.

And your next film, "Dark"...

I felt some identification with the Aboriginals. I knew that what those people go through is far worse than the things I do. I can't tell you why, but with any account of this fact. Bricks are, after all, a very common type of material that we come every day into contact with.

What about the soundtrack to "Dark"?

It was a recording of a rig at a rig running on two tracks, one always to maintain an echo.

"Brick Wall" was the last. Do you want to add to what you have already said?

Well, to me it's one of my most satisfying films in terms of pure cinema. I chose the subject not only because I am closely related to it, but because we all live within brick walls and house in small rooms. That is the predominant life of most of us.

I wanted to show that they can be quite beautiful, and there comes some satisfaction from the fact that after seeing the film you may change your attitude and take a different look at a brick wall the next time you pass one. ★

FILMOGRAPHY (Incomplete)

All films listed are produced, directed, photographed and edited by Winkler.

1964 Mood
1966 Isolated Red and Green
1971 Requiem No 1
1972 The Reivers
1972 Sears
1973 Dark
1974 The Towering Inferno
1974 Brick Wall

282 — Cinema Papers, November-December
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How has it developed since then to the form that it is in now? I take it that you are planning to direct it.

What happened was that when I read the first draft of *Apocalypse*, I really thought in many ways it was the perfect film story, the metaphor of greed and money and how it’s used. It’s based on Joseph Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness*. In fact my script which I am re-writing from the original is based on it to an even greater extent. The original novel was very interesting and unusual. I thought in many ways it was interesting and unusual. The original script was profoundly interesting, and made a really interesting and unusual statement about the war, that was not political in a very short or myopic sense, but in a big sense was really political.

I tried to get George to do it, but he was always too busy. Then, as we were selling our upcoming films to various foreign markets in advance, they were selling our upcoming films to various foreign markets in advance, were selling our upcoming films to various foreign markets in advance. The studios make it so attractive for foreign markets to see them. However, when I arrived in Australia the attitudes were a little different. I don’t mean to be negative at all, but I became exposed to the more practical kind of Australian thinking that goes: “We don’t know that we want a great big American film in Australia. What’s in it for us?” So we were caught a little short. After all, first reception had been so great. Our company has never really been exploited in the places we have gone. We only bring in small groups and always employ larger groups of people, rather than just laborers and stuff. At any rate it became clear that there would have to be much more than that. So we met with the relevant unions and I found out the project was possible. If it wasn’t we could always make it in the Philippines.

What is the outcome, up to this point?

The outcome is that generally everyone has now put their stamp of approval on the project, the exception of Actors’ Equity. They have a young kind of Marxist labor supervisor who has got a little bit of the anti-big business thing. He is quite right, I guess, and he is being very tough. But negotiations have gone back and forth and we think we have come upon some sort of compromise that might be workable.

Specifically, as far as cast and crew are concerned, what sort of percentage does this mean?

I think in terms of crew there would be about six or seven Italians, Vittorio Stararo and his crew, and there will be about 15 to 18 Americans — technicians, producers, myself and so on. American actors will probably be in the 10 to 12 range. It won’t be like it would be on a co-production. The Australian company is a technicality, in the sense that when you come into a locality you want to abide by the laws and routines of that area. Many contributions have to be made, even after the company has ceased filming health, welfare and so on. It tends to be more practical to work hand in hand with an Australian company, even though they are not really the co-producers.

The budget is being mooted at over $10 million, is that correct?

That’s correct. With names like Steve McQueen being suggested it seems that in the wake of “Godfather II” you have, at least for the moment, set your sights fairly strongly on big multi-million dollar production r-type, the small-scale “Conv.-sation” type production.

Right, I felt this could be a worthwhile film and a very unusual one. It could make money for all our foreign distributors and earn such an enormous amount of money for our company that we could use as a fund to do everything that we want to do for the next 10 years. So we felt what not.

You said, I think, in an interview in Film Comment, that you did “The Godfather” because you were broke and in debt; “The Rain People” and “Conversation” because you wanted more than anything else to be a writer. You also said that you would never do another big film again unless you had some special point to make. What do you think is the special point about “Apocalypse Now?”

One is the area of the film itself, thematically what it says, and how it says it, and secondly the fact that it seemed to be the cornerstone on a business future; that this kind of film could solidify the things that we want to do in the future possible.

Thematically I would say just go back to *Heart of Darkness*, especially in the light of the Vietnamese war. It will be a real experience to see if it works as I see it. This is a really big film and I think we can do it pretty well. It will make $100 million. It is certainly the most ambitious film I have ever tried.

At Cannes this year you did a lot of pre-sales and you got so many dollars in advances. Are those advances so structured that in the event of this, or some subsequent film, not performing well, then some of these monies will elicit the effect eventuate, or will be refunded.

No, those advances are firm advances. *Apocalypse* had in a sense almost already made $30 million before it was made. It is already in profit. It can’t lose. The only way it can lose is if halfway through it something happens and we don’t make it.
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TRACKS
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Finding it mystifying, oppressive and exclusive. There is the disconnecting experience of happily reading a review written in the conventional chaty, maudlin or sarcastic mode, and then suddenly stumbling across a stray ‘syntagma’ or ‘diegesis’. This is usually put there to let one know what the reviewer’s been reading lately, or as an indication that he or she would rather have the whole thing a different way but wasn’t quite game.

The word ‘structure’ in these efforts is often used as though it had haloes twining smokily in between the letters. There is, as well, the total futility of writing articles on women and film in such a way that it would take most people years of research to understand your first paragraph.

But semiotics basically offers us a way of understanding how meaning functions and how it is created. This is the kind of knowledge we need to know how meanings about ‘woman’ work, how they get into our minds, how they stay there and how they can be broken down. In this we have to guard against calls for the ‘obvious’ and for ‘common sense’ — because women more than any other group should be aware that commonsense is often a far more powerful agent of mass social control than the obscure discourse of academics. It is not a question of ‘men’ having the power to decide which kinds of stories we are to believe. If they have any children, and commonsense that the female should be feminine.

Finding out about film language is one thing, making that kind of research accessible to other people, is quite another. You can’t just use your knowledge of the most difficult task we face. Professional and political specialists are not obliged to worry about that. We as feminists are. You cannot commit yourself to a catechism approach to explain why films should establish a relationship between films and general questions like what is the difference between pornography and eroticism in film; when is portrayal of female sexuality and sexual experience in all its illicitedness and exploitative titillation and when is it ‘serious social comment’? What is the difference between a realistic and critical portrayal of existing social conditions and a purely sensationalization?

Similarly, we need to find a convincing way of establishing a relationship between films and history. One of the most interesting parts of Molly Haskell’s book is the way she studies the effects of the Production Code on the changing representation of women in U.S. films and the specific way it developed.

Too often feminists have used a simple catechism approach to explain why films should go one way rather than another. If there were such interesting women in the films of the forties. Because there was a war on. Why are women so maltreated in current films? Because there is a backlash against any women’s movement. This does not get you very far; and it is partly a function of feminism, through its stress on stereotypes, re-inventing the old-fashioned ‘mirror’ approach to art. It is a method which has never worked very well for anyone else in the past, and I don’t see why it will work for us now.

One positive suggestion is that feminists could profitably explore the possibilities offered by semiotics — the study of film language. I know this is not a popular suggestion, and there are a lot of good reasons for opposing it. There are some poor ones too — intellectuals often show their integrity and are accepted socially by proclaiming loyalty to their old masters and anything much and don’t like ‘ideas’. This is very odd; a photographer would scarcely be praised for boasting that she did not know one end of a camera from the other.

But reasons to be wary can be more justifiable than that. Feminists have learned a great deal about the mystifying powers of language, the oppressive function of much so-called ‘objectivity’, and the distancing function of the language of these sciences can function to simply exclude women not in control of them, and give them a proper sense of their inferiority. On the other hand, many women have learned only too well how easy it is to be beastly much earlier, that women by definition cannot think.

Finding that encounters most women who read about film tend to have with studies of film language would certainly predispose them to

**FOOTNOTES**
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382 Lygon St., Carlton 3053
VIC. Tel: 347 2984

SOUTH AUST. MEDIA RESOURCE CENTRE
P.O. Box 33, Rundle St., Adelaide 5000 S.A.
Tel: 223 1600

BRISBANE FILMMAKERS CO-OPERATIVE
105 Edward St., Brisbane 4000
QLD. Tel: 21 0987

PERTH FILMMAKERS CO-OPERATIVE
70 East St., Fremantle 6160
W.A. Tel: 35 1055

HOBART FILMMAKERS CO-OPERATIVE
P.O. Box 1, Kempton 7409
TAS.
APPLICATIONS TO THE NEXT ASSESSMENT FOR CREATIVE PRODUCTION FUNDS WILL CLOSE ABOUT MARCH 1976. FULL DETAILS WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER.
OUR ASIAN NEIGHBOURS SERIES

TEN FILMS PRODUCED BY FILM AUSTRALIA

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. These films are made so as to stimulate interest in and to promote a greater understanding of our Asian neighbours.

The stories are told with visual impact and the music is, in most cases, the actual sounds recorded on location; the actors are the people themselves who live, work and play in this absorbing and fascinating region.

FILM AUSTRALIA
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(PO Box 46 Lindfield)
NSW 2070 Australia
Telephone 463241
Telegrams 'Filmaust' Sydney
Telex 22734

British and U.S. enquiries through Australian Government Film Representatives:
Canberra House,
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