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Cinema Papers #70 November 1988

Philippa Hawker

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Shame: screenplay inside

Hairspray: from sleaze to tease

Al Clark: the big picture

Wes Craven: the horror, the horror
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The new chief executive of the Australian Film Commission is Daniel Rowland. He has been an executive of Energy Source International, an international film production and finance company, whose projects include *Rainbow Warrior Conspiracy* and *A Star Is Torn*.

In the early 1980s he was chief executive of Metro Television in Sydney and later helped establish the Centre for Technology and Social Change.

**Jenny Sabine**, former manager of the Melbourne base of the Australian Film, Television and Radio School, is the new head of Swinburne’s Film and Television Department.

**Apologies to Bruce Smeaton**, for incorrectly listing him as the composer of *Contagion* in the last issue of *Cinema Papers*.

The winners of the Australian Writers' Guild's 21st Awgies were:

Best script: *Olive* (Anthony Wheeler)

Best original telemovie: *Olive* (Anthony Wheeler)

Best screenplay: *The Year My Voice Broke* (John Duigan) and *Afraid To Dance* (Paul Cockburn)

Best stage play: *Emerald City* (David Williamson)

Best television serial episode: *Licensed To Kill* from *A Country Practice* (Judith Colquhoun)

Best television series episode: *Prejudice And Pride* from *Rafferty’s Rules*

Best television adaptation: *Spit McPhee* (Moya Wood)

Best documentary: *Science And Fraud* (Norman Swan)

Best children’s original: *The Hand On Your Shoulder* from *The Henderson Kids II* (Roger Moulton)

Best children’s adaptation: *Hating Alison Ashley* (Richard Tulloch)

Best TIE/Community Theatre: *Talking To Grandma While The World Goes By* (Richard Tulloch)

Best TV situation comedy: *The Surprise from Mother And Son*

Best comedy revue/sketch: *How Green Was My Cactus II* (Doug Edwards)

Best comedy: *The Butcher’s Son* (Norman Neeson)

Best radio adaptation: *The Feet Of Daniel Mannix* (Barry Oakley)

Best radio original: *The Chronon Separator* (Kevin Nemeth)

Best unpublished script (Monte Miller Award): *Started Out Fine* (Robyn Sinclair)

Dorothy Crawford award: Ray Lawler

Fred Parsons award for outstanding contribution to comedy: Ken Shadie

Special award for services to the Guild: Richard Lane

**The 1988 Australian Teachers of Media (ATOM) Awards went to:**

Animation: *The Wheelie Wonder*

Social issues, children’s: *Live To Ride*

Social issues, general: *Nice Coloured Girls*

Science and nature, general: *Cane Toads - An Unnatural History*

Documentary, general: *Beautiful Lies*

Narrative, children’s: *Double Take*

Narrative, general: *Damsels Be Damned*

Tertiary, childrens: *Looking For Space Things*

Tertiary, general: *Looking For Space Things*

Australian, general: *The Nights Belong To The Novelist*

Jury Prize: *Cane Toads - An Unnatural History*

Highly Commended were:

Animation, general: *Air Pirates Of The Outback*

Narrative, general: *Machinations*

Tertiary, general: *Speed Graphic, Smacks And Kicks*

Social Issues, general: *A New Lease On Life - The Lung Goodbye*

Overseas, children’s: *Left Out*

Innovative, general: *Insatiable, Making Biscuit*

**With this issue, *Cinema Papers* introduces the first of what will be a number of changes to come. We publish part one of Michael Brindley and Beverly Blankenship's screenplay for *Shame*, the Barron Films production, directed by Steve Jodrell, starring Deborra-Lee Furness and Tony Barry. This is a final draft, rather than a release script.**

*Cinema Papers* plans to publish scripts regularly.

The feature on the Film Finance Corporation has been held over until the next issue.
Ten Cinema Papers readers can win a copy of the video Prick Up Your Ears, the story of the life and death of playwright Joe Orton (directed by Stephen Frears and written by Alan Bennett) and a copy of Orton's Complete Plays, courtesy of CEL and Heinemann Australia. The video of Prick Up Your Ears is not available for purchase.

To win the Joe Orton double package, all you have to do is answer one simple question: for what offence did Orton serve a jail sentence? Send your answer to Cinema Papers, 43 Charles Street, Abbotsford, Victoria 3067. The first 10 correct entries will be the lucky ones.

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MIMA IS FUNDED BY THE AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION AND FILM VICTORIA.

EXPERIMENTA IS STAGED WITH ASSISTANCE FROM THE VICTORIAN MINISTRY FOR THE ARTS.
Film Australia is used to change. Its 72-year history has been marked by great fluctuations of fortune as the production house was renamed and shuffled from one government department to another. From 1 July, the addition of "Pty Ltd" to its name heralds a distinctive new phase as a registered Commonwealth-owned company, a separate entity from the Australian Film Commission, under whose mantle it has functioned since 1975.

No longer subject to the financial and staffing restrictions of the Australian public service (designed more for departments dealing with policy rather than projects) the company can now adopt a new focus more closely linked to the film and television industries, hiring most of its creative staff as freelancers on a contract basis.

With support from government in three-yearly contracts at $15 million (for each period) no longer straitjacketed by financial year ramifications, the company will now have greater flexibility to plan long term, encourage other avenues of raising finance and liaise on future co-productions.

"We are now subject to the financial disciplines which follow from company status. It allows us to make much better use of our money and also means for the first time that we have to balance the books," comments Robin Hughes, previously general manager, now managing the company.

The company is to be governed by a Board of Directors under the chairmanship of David Gonski, a corporate lawyer (also a self-confessed film buff who was involved in setting up 10BA tax concessions with the AFC) and managing director of Westfield Capital Corporation.

"We hope to be able to blend business acumen with artistic and creative flair," says Gonski. Selection of board members by Gary Punch, then Minister for the Arts, reflected a balance of these interests: Noni Hazlehurst (actress and director), Suzie Carleton (publican), Bruce Petty (cartoonist and filmmaker), Hilary McPhee (partner of McPhee Gribble publishing house), Mark Burrows (financier), Hal Myers (marketing/PR), and one more staff member to be elected when recruiting is completed.

Hughes is particularly delighted with the addition of 'whiz' Bob Taylor (for 14 years director of finance and corporate services at the Australia Council) as manager of administration and finance. "It's difficult to find someone who could preside over the transfer of an organisation from public service finance system to a commercial one and Bob has had a great deal of experience in both areas," explains Hughes.

The Cinderella-like transformation is a far cry from the uncertain, if not moribund direction in which the facility seemed to be heading three years ago when Hughes undertook what Phillip Adams called "mission impossible". She felt she 'knew what to do with it' and after an initial period of readjustment, the company can now look to the future.

It is anticipated the company will be serviced by 85 permanent staff, with freelancers complementing the total to about 150 staff at any given time. Of course, production schedules will modify these figures somewhat.

The management team which spearheaded Film Australia to its current success will remain basically unchanged. Macek Rubetzki is in policy and production planning. Robyn Watts is head of marketing (with an increased back-up team) and there are four executive producers: Janet Bell, Ron Saunders, Tristram Miall and a more recent addition, Paul Humphress. Though the company still retains responsibility for film and video requests from Commonwealth Departments and agencies, netting it contracts of more than $3 million per year, generally the new focus will be on more commercial markets, especially television. "We will be looking to put much of that work into the industry," adds Hughes.

More involvement will be sought on co-productions domestically, as happened with Transmedia on the successful "Willesee's Australians" and internationally, as was the case with BBC and WGBH Boston on Roads To Xanadu. As a result of successful collaboration on the above project Film Australia has been requested to provide a significant Australian content component on a large-scale environmental series, State Of The World.

One of the major thrusts for new activity is drama, as a means to reach large audiences, raise awareness on matters of social and national significance and place the product in the marketplace. Delighted with the success of Custody, Film Australia is now working on Prejudice, working closely with the Anti-Discrimination Board. A miniseries is also on the drawing board.

Yet documentaries will still retain a significant place in the company's priorities. About to enter production is a series of six half-hour documentary essays on changing attitudes to welfare. The market area the company feels a responsibility to expand. Profits from the more commercially oriented projects will be (as in the past) channelled into experimental and innovative work.

When I interviewed Robin Hughes for this publication 18 months ago, she stated that she would be happy to move on and hand over to someone else once her contract was up in August this year. Now, as this new era begins, having experienced the "labour pains" she feels a compulsion to see the "new baby" onto its feet.
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Gillian Armstrong and three times three

In Bingo, Bridesmaids And Braces, Gillian Armstrong returns to the three women she first filmed 12 years ago for Film Australia in Smokes And Lollies and four years later in 14’s Good, 18’s Better. Is 26 better still? PHILIPPA HAWKER reports.

Josie plays bingo with her daughters as a means of relaxation from the two jobs she holds down. Kerry has to face rituals she never dreamed of when she decides to marry Neil. And at 26, Diana is still wearing braces on her teeth: she had her jaw broken and reset in her quest for dental perfection. Twelve years ago, brash, open, knowing, naïve, they talked about the minutiae about the value of the project. “After the critical time, and Armstrong wanted to find out what it really held for them. After that “I felt it was probably worth doing another part, and I thought that the next age of significance was 25,” she says. The filming of High Tide delayed her by a year, but the wait enabled her to capture the wedding preparations of Kerry, an elaborate and emblematic, if logistically demanding, conclusion to the film.

The obvious comparison for the series is 28-Up, Michael Apted’s famous human chart of the British class system, where 12 children from different social, economic and geographical backgrounds are visited every seven years, their lives examined, and the system that produced them evaluated. Gillian Armstrong has deliberately avoided seeing the series but feels, from what she has heard, that hers has a different outlook.

Certainly Apted has a more defined structure, a tighter framing of his subjects. His approach is sociological mathematical, although the people he films sometimes resist his equations. He also tracks the lives of a group of three friends, but fails to get very far with them. Of all his subjects, they are the most distant, the most resistant to self-analysis; partly, one suspects, because Apted himself does not find the minutiae of their lives interesting and does not succeed in seeing them as individuals. There is something dismissive about his approach to them and they respond with an equal lack of interest.

While the series started as a one-off film, Armstrong now feels strongly about the value of the project. “After the second one I got feedback that it had quite a strong social importance.” She describes a visit to Canberra to lobby for the film industry, where she found politicians like Bill Hayden, Susan Ryan and John Dawkins preferred to quiz her about 14’s Good, 18’s Better. What audiences carry from the film, Armstrong believes, is a picture of three bright but bored girls, and an education system that has failed them. She feels the series has value if it can break down people’s perceptions ‘about other Australians, ‘ordinary’ families ... Seeing people and their lives, the decisions that they’ve made, their hopes and dreams is the most effective kind of lesson.

“It has power as a social and teaching tool ... if it can give insights into who we are and what we think, what it’s like to live in this country. You can see what happens to people through lack of choice, fate, coincidence.”

Picking up the thread after eight years was not easy. The women were reluctant to participate this time around, and they were also, Armstrong says, more aware of the way in which they could be presented, more conscious of the workings of the media in general. In particular, Josie, who at 18 had two children and a failed marriage, did not want to appear again. "But she felt the film had social worth, and she wanted to show people that her life was working out," Armstrong says. Josie’s fatalistic acceptance of misery in earlier years has been replaced by a determination to find happiness and security this time.

Armstrong spent time with them discussing the areas the film would touch on, then shot in November and December last year. The editing took six months. “Documentaries are written afterwards,” Armstrong says. As one would expect, there were sensitive areas that were touched on, and difficult decisions to be made about what to leave in. Diana reluctantly discusses her attitude to abortion, and Armstrong pushes her to explain why it has changed. Diana, put on the spot, evades an answer, but addresses her questioner by name, with exasperation: it is quite clear that she does not want to spell it out on camera. Armstrong thought long and hard about the inclusion of this sequence, she said. This film will be more widely seen than the previous two, and there will be more publicity for the three women than before, something which concerns her a little.

Josie’s father did not want to take part, but finally agreed to appear, briefly, without speaking. When he and Josie parted, they discussed, and it all came pouring out. Ultimately he wanted to have his say about the relationship,” Armstrong says. He and Josie confront each other in a brief but telling evocation of love, frustration, a desire to set the record straight.

Making use of the unexpected is crucial to this kind of documentary. “It’s difficult for someone like me who is used to a lot of visual control,” Armstrong says. "In a documentary you’re in the hands of the camera operator. I spent time finding someone who was sympathetic to the girls and had a good eye - who would pick the same shots I would.”

She shot mostly with a crew of three, some of whom had filmed Josie. Kerry and Diana at 18. Kerry’s Girls Night Out, the “does party” that involved bus trips to five discos in one night, was the major technical problem. A gaffer and a best boy were used in the disco and wedding sequences: the bus was prelit, and the disco scenes involved frantic scrambles to set up, film, then make it to the next venue. The culmination of the night, according to Kerry’s friends, would be a trip down to the beach, where lovingly-prepared buckets of slop would be thrown over her. The crew spent an afternoon on the pre-light, a generator was hired, but Kerry passed out before the last stage of her ordeal. All we see is a brief interview with her girlfriends - beautifully lit.

Armstrong says she would like to continue the project, adding “If we don’t fall out after the film”. She is already thinking ahead. Diana and Josie have daughters, Kerry plans to start a family soon. In Bingo, Bridesmaids And Braces, there is a sequence where Josie’s elder child, Rebecca, watches her mother put on her make-up; it’s an intriguing image of their faces, together in the mirror, looking for differences, looking for similarities, anxious and absorbed. It is also a glimpse forward to the point where Armstrong hopes to end the series - with the daughters, at the age of 14.
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We choose to fly Australian

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Fred Schepisi emphasises that *Evil Angels* is not a 'Movie'. He does a lot with those two syllables: he frames the word in contemptuous inverted commas, then expels it from his mouth with disdain. Despite the film's budget and its scale and its subject matter and its cast, all of which guaranteed it headlines, speculation, gossip and media attention on an unprecedented scale, one of the things he was aiming for, he says, was the feel of a home movie. And there are no inverted commas around that last word.

He wants it to seem like a home movie, he says, "not in the sense of cheap, or corny, or amateur-looking, but for people to have the feeling, 'this is actually happening'. I wanted it to be something you experienced. I wanted the feeling that you were involved in the event."

*FRED SCHEPISI*
Evil Angels takes its name and its origins from John Bryson’s book, which established, with an air of passionate detachment and a fund of exhaustive detail, a convincing case for a miscarriage of justice in the (now quashed) conviction of Lindy Chamberlain for the murder of her baby, Azaria. Bryson showed how the presentation of evidence in court, the interpretation of those proceedings in the media, and an extraordinary surge of collective national superstition and rumour led to a widespread perception of her guilt.

Putting all that on the screen was going to be a different story. Shuttling between Australia and the United States, Schepisi had a passing acquaintance with the case. "But I was astounded by the passion and vehemence with which people held their opinions. Even very intelligent people would have a rational argument, examine the facts, and despite everything would end up saying, 'She did it.'"

Schepisi was approached: he read the book and spoke to producer Verity Lambert several times about directing it, but always said no. "I thought it might be impossible to do the subject justice in a film," he says. "I might in the end be as guilty as the media have to be, in their brevity, of the very things I would be examining. I thought that to do the subject justice it would probably need six hours of television.

"I also thought, it's one thing to discuss a subject like this, it's another thing to present it as a film. What new light am I going to shed on this situation? Trial by media, trial by gossip, miscarriage of justice, we've seen and read many stories like that - does the world really want another one? How could I do it differently? Not just for the sake of it, but why would you want to go and see it?"

"Verity said, 'Oh, you just don't know how to do it, that's the problem, you haven't found a way.' And that was true," Schepisi says, with a smile.

"Bryson's book shows you how a lot of things were coloured by the media. But it doesn't tell you, and it doesn't purport to tell you, anything about the Chamberlains. As it was expressed to me by my composer, Bruce Smeaton, for him, there's a black hole in this book. That is in no way to denigrate it, but I believed that the Chamberlains had to be in the film.

"The film is the book and the private lives of the Chamberlains, so it becomes a film of personal drama. You get involved in their story, in what it must have been like for them; it's saying, 'This could be you.'"

"Here are two people who were, if you like, somehow caught on a railway track, and a train bore down on them. When the smoke and the dust cleared, and the noise died down, you realised that the train had fallen apart, but the people were still standing. That's how I saw the story."
With that in mind, and with Meryl Streep interested, Schepisi took another look at the project and, he says, found another way of doing it. "What it is, basically, is the public perception and the private reality. The whole film is about that, and the whole structure is about that. You get deeply involved with their private lives, and deeply involved with what is happening in the public arena at the same time, and with what the public perception is."

The only way to examine the private lives of the Chamberlains was to go directly to them. "[Screenwriter] Robert Caswell spent a lot of time researching and a lot of time with them personally. Subsequently I met them, and Meryl met them and Sam [Neill] met them and we talked, having done a lot of study and research. We asked questions, and then we asked tougher questions. Then I wrote something for myself, a kind of psychological profile, which they read, although they weren't meant to. It was only a guide for me, a way of sorting something out, but I think it helped them to tell us more."

What they were looking for from the Chamberlains was an account of "those things in private moments that are always surprising, sometimes in their ordinariness, but which always have that little twist ... We didn't badger them and we didn't spend too much time with them, because we had to keep doing it on the basis of the facts."

This does not mean the Dragnet simplicity of a single authorised version. "Their facts, the media's facts, the police facts - we've tried to present it all and let it speak for itself."

The approach is exemplified, he says, by the handling of a speech Michael Chamberlain made on the night Azaria disappeared. "It was a difficult speech, it was religious, and some people found it very cold. Michael had one version of it, Lindy another, the people who were there had another still. Sam and I were trying to sort this out, and he came on and did something I thought was too emotional. Then I realised that every perspective was correct, once you combined them. If someone had lost their baby, and you didn't realise he was a minister of religion and a grief counsellor accustomed to urging people to pray, his speech might seem to you to be an odd one. It was an important thing to establish that reality was a combination of many points of view. We had to be very careful not to go for a specific point of view; this film is not Lindy's point of view".
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Similarly, facts can be set in a new context. Lindy Chamberlain’s inquest wear, a different outfit every day, sent many media commentators into a kind of “Fashion on the Field’ frenzy. It was taken as an indication of her self-centredness and callousness. “All those dresses were borrowed. Use the public perception, use the private reality - that’s what it’s all about.

“We did a lot of additional research, going through the transcripts, etc. We had a team of researchers, and Robert Caswell, who wrote the first draft, spent a lot of time with many different people. I spent time with Barker [the prosecution lawyer] and Kirkham and Phillips [the defence lawyers] so between all of us we managed to talk to a lot of people and get their side of the story.”

Inevitably, recreating events for the film led them all to reassess things they had taken for granted or not thought to question in accounts of what happened on the night of Azaria’s disappearance. Shooting scenes with a dingo, for example, training it with a doll, Schepisi describes how it would “stand there with its neck held up, doing everything it was not supposed to do, carrying what we thought was 10.2 lb, but which was actually 10.2 kg ... And the young actor who was playing [the Chamberlain’s four-year-old son] Reagan, during the scene where Meryl’s rushing in and out of the tent, tearing the place apart, and the camera’s rushing in and out, and it’s complete pandemonium, he fell asleep for about three-quarters of an hour. Just as Reagan was supposed to have. It was one of those things that sounded unlikely, but it happened.”

For those who see the film, the greatest revelation will be the strength of the Chamberlain’s faith, Schepisi believes. “That was the unshakeable thing, their Seventh Day Adventism, the thing they were most criticised for, and it will be the thing that will be most reconsidered,” he says. He was concerned, he adds, to find the best way to portray their religious conviction. "If we did it wrongly it could turn people's stomachs, it could come out cutesie-pie and Disney.

"But people will be astounded by Sam Neill, playing someone who tried to be strong and had a lot of faith and had great emotional difficulty handling the situation - it's a completely different role for him. And Meryl has truly caught what made people react in the way they did to Lindy, yet she shows you what a bad judgment that was and manages to make you understand the real person.”

Schepisi says, more than once, that the film is telling people, “It could happen to you.” Of the Chamberlains, he says that there were things that people “would consider off-centre, like their religion - a respectable, ordinary, decent, middle-class religion, in fact.

"But nobody ever reacts to tragic circumstances and public pressure in the way they would like to think that they would. And we judge people on a 30-second telecast, when they're nervous, or being deluged with questions, or what we're looking at is being manipulated or taken out of context - yet we come to firm conclusions. That sort of thing is so easy to do. The Americans were doing a trailer, and they were using something in a dramatic way, and I said, 'I'm sorry, I'm just not going to let you do that, you cannot take that out of context,' because that is one of the things we are criticising, the use of dramatic licence to pump up a story. That's where the problem started.”

At the same time, Schepisi says, lengthy explication didn't work. "If people explained things to one another, or questioned things, you'd put that in. But what I found was that the more we tried to put those kinds of things in, the more the more rejected them, it looked like we were making excuses.

"You're rooted in reality, every time you try to take flight, your feet are stuck in the mud, You can't take licence because you're dealing with people's lives. It can be difficult to make that live as a film."
The other difficulties included the need to rebuild everything, as the camping areas and motels near Ayers Rock have disappeared, and the courtrooms were in use. Much of the night shooting took place in a huge shed. Schepisi is full of praise for production designers George Liddle and Wendy Dixon, and director of photography Ian Baker for the look of the film, moving between studio and arduous Northern Territory locations, where shooting took place in dust storms and 42 degree heat.

Northern Territory reaction to the filmmaking was, Schepisi says, "wonderfully ambivalent. There was a resentment and suspicion about the subject matter, but on the other hand, it was a 'Movie' - Meryl Streep was in it. You could see people in this terrible quandary. In the end, people were very co-operative, but we felt the most aggravation in Alice Springs."

At this stage, Evil Angels is two hours long. "We arrived at what we thought was it, and then with previews in America and other reactions, we realised that it would delight some people and we wanted it to reach more than that. It forced us to relook at it, to free ourselves from the quantity of facts. I want people to get sucked into a story and then get carried away that's all I want people to do. I want them to get involved and go on that journey... Our best achievement is that it is deceptively simple, and I'm fighting to keep it like that all the way."

A dingo emerges from the Chamberlain tent in the camping ground of Ayres Rock, in 'Evil Angels'.

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Fans of your work know the problems you've had in maintaining control over some of your films, particularly The Hills Have Eyes II. How much say did you have during the making of The Serpent And The Rainbow?

I had a fair amount of control towards the end of the process of writing the script, not a great deal of control initially. When I was hired as a director that was on his second draft. So it was one of those situations where I was hired as a director rather than as a writer-director or as an auteur if you will. On the other hand, as the process wore on, I had more and more of a hand in it. It was a process where I was coming into a larger group of people that normally would not be working with someone from my background. These were mainstream studio people taking a shot on me because they'd seen how well Night had been handled and if they'd seen my Twilight Zone work. But at the same time they were a little bit suspicious and reluctant about giving me too much responsibility over the script. Then as I wrote and they began to see what my abilities were they said 'OK, you can write all the dream hallucination sequences'. It stayed that way for quite a while. The final turning point was just before shooting when the writer came down to Haiti to rewrite major portions of the script and to complete the third act. He ran into a situation where he said a little bit too glibly after interviewing a black musician that he'd like to be initiated into voodoo. The man said 'well, you will be'. In 10 days the writer went to what is operating.

It was something said to us hundreds of times by everybody from men like Mozart to little girls selling necklaces. They had this extraordinary habit of saying 'remember my name'. The first thing the Haitians say to you, especially if they're trying to sell you something or if they want to be your guide, is their name, and the funny thing is that they'll make up an American name like Charles. Then for the rest of the day you'll say 'remember my name'. It's very poignant. As we were leaving Haiti for the last time we constantly had people calling after us to remember their names, so when we were making the film I was very careful to have the scene of this man wanting to be remembered. I think the Haitians have a very profound sense that in some way they
are part of some strange twilight zone where they are not really seen. That's why they are allowed to get so poor and so utterly devastated, because nobody really thinks of them that much. The Haitians feel that very acutely and want to be known, as a nation and as a people and as individuals.

The other line Mozart has that's very significant is where he says that it's hard when you can't tell the difference between good and evil anymore; but after a while that's the beginning of real freedom. Many of the people that we met, you could not say 'this is a good man', and you could never say 'this is a bad man'. They were both good and bad. The Haitians in general move very easily back and forth between actions that we consider evil and actions we consider heroic. It's just part of their nature. They don't see things in terms of good and evil, but in terms of a whole.

In sharp contrast to Nightmare On Elm Street, Cathy Tyson as the main female character Marielle has a rather passive position in the action, particularly at the end.

It was a problem for me, and we struggled as much as possible to give her real autonomy in that last act. But it was disappointing to me. Ultimately it was the story of a hero who in this case happened to be male, but as soon as you have that ... I mean for instance nobody would complain about Nightmare On Elm Street that the boyfriend ends being passive, because males are so typically cast as the active. When they're not it doesn't seem like a big deal, because they certainly get their fair shake, whereas with women you feel as if you're slipping back into the old attitude.

Some of that was just beyond my control. We tried in those last few moments to give her some real significant action. When she was standing up and saying 'no', it's the beginning of the change for Dennis. Generally, she is a very powerful woman, constantly telling him what's really going on, she's a Ph.D and she's also voodooan. She has immense strength throughout the film. It's just in those last few moments that she does become passive, and that is unfortunate.

When John Sayles was in Australia publicising Matewan he often tipped his hat to you as a genre craftsman, and cited The Serpent And The Rainbow as a film full of inventive solutions to formal and scripting problems. How important is filmmaking craft to you?

Very much. When I first started learning film, I was studying and working with a man named Roger Murphy who has since left the business. He was highly gifted, and he had a lot of things he would say in the editing room that really have stuck with me my whole career. One thing he told me was that there are no magic solutions; the essence of good editing is beating the shit out of the material. Just keep cutting and cutting it, and cutting it until it works, and never stop trying different solutions. It's not like you go through in one great swoop and make the film fit. Films are like enormous puzzles.

The Serpent and the Rainbow was over three hours long in its first cut, so it had to be completely disassembled and put back together, missing a lot of parts, and restructured. Then there were overlays of sound: three different composers, two different mixes in two different places, and a tremendous amount of changing of where scenes were in the context of the film. The scene in the hotel, for instance, when he finds the pig in the wall was originally much earlier.

One of the most sensitive commentators on your work is Robin Wood, in the articles collected in his book Hollywood From Vietnam To Reagan. Do you think Wood intellectualises your films too much?

Back when I was teaching humanities, it always fascinated me about Shakespeare, in relation to the scholars that wrote during his time. How much they wrote about the same things and how much they provided for the groundlings. I don't mean to say this in a patronising way, but you must be aware that a large part of your support comes from people who are not looking at your films as an intellectual exercise. On the other hand, as an adult and as an artist you should be putting your own highest intelligence into it as well. So that in an ideal piece, whatever it is, it should be accessible on any level. I think Mozart in music is like that. People are starting to hear him as easy listening without any idea of the complexity or brilliance of it. On the other hand, you can study Mozart at genius level for the rest of your life and never quite plumb what he did.

I think it should be the same way with a horror movie. A good horror movie should be a visceral piece of art, and it should have an interior structure that is extremely well thought through. I could write a book about what I feel about Nightmare On Elm Street as a study in consciousness and responsibility. But it should also grab people by the throats and slam them against the wall, if they're there for a rollercoaster ride. That's just my approach; I try to do it an entire thing. It's like voodoo in a way, at one moment entirely visceral down to people drinking blood, dancing in possession, falling down on the ground and rolling in the dust; whilst other aspects of it are ancient and thoroughly thought through, very sophisticated and quite wise. That's what anything you do should be, it should have that depth to it. A good horror movie should stand up for 20 or 30 years by intelligent analysis.

Looking back to the early 1970s, as Wood does, it's possible to see a group of filmmakers with strong affinities: yourself, George Romero, David Cronenberg, Larry Cohen and Brian De Palma. There seemed a shared commitment to existing open all sorts of political and ideological questions - patriarchy, the legacy of Vietnam, and so on. And they all worked in the horror genre. These filmmakers subsequently took all sorts of different trajectories, some right away from that radical beginning. What about you?

Obviously I will answer that question in sympathy to my higher self and say that, of course, I haven't sold out. But I have done things that I didn't attach much importance to at all. In my mind the television movies-of-the-week I did were basically just jobs. I had no intellectual investment in them whatsoever. In retrospect I'm sorry I did them. I didn't realise they were distributed so widely in other countries!

But as far as remaining radical - I would put Nightmare On Elm Street solidly on the cutting edge of the exploration of family relationships and personal responsibility. I think The Serpent And The Rainbow is right out there challenging everything from the role of the United States in the Caribbean to the assumption that western science and religion are considered superior to anything of African origins. So I still feel like I'm out there doing outrageous things. I think I've ever been quite as blashemous again as I was in Last House On The Left, but I feel that doing it again would be exploitational. To depict violence quite that extreme only needs to be done once. In certain cases there needs to be a scream of outrage.

In some cases directors do some really significant works within the horror genre and then, for whatever reasons, care to move on. They shouldn't be obliged to do only the same sorts of works for the rest of their careers. To the directors themselves I think it can become somewhat repetitious. I'm sure De Palma, after doing Body Double and others as part of the genre, wanted to move into more mainstream, socially acceptable things.

But The Untouchables is very much about personal integrity and standing up to entrenched corruption. That's completely legitimate. I'm very suspicious of the academics that think that you always have to be out on the fringes only doing screams of outrage, things that will totally offend the middle class. It's not necessarily the essence of art. It's one of the things that art should do from time to time, but it doesn't have to be the only thing. It certainly is not a test of the validity or lack of validity of an artist.

A final point for the music buffs. Did you pick Diamanda Galas to supply the voices of the dead in The Serpent And The Rainbow?

Yes. My sound editor introduced me to her work, and I said, "If she lives on this planet I want her!" It turns out she's a fan of Nightmare On Elm Street. When she walked into the first recording session she yelled at me: "You gave me nightmares!"
JOHN WATERS: FROM SLEAZE TO TEASE

"I always wanted to sell out. The problem is that nobody wanted to buy me."
That's John Waters' story and he's sticking to it.

KATHY BAIL talks to the filmmaker who put the more in Baltimore and the less in tasteless.

If John Waters has one regret in life, it's that he wasn't a Buddy Deaneer: "Sure. As a teenager I was a guest on this Baltimore show. I even won the twist contest with Mary Lou Raines (one of the queens of The Buddy Deane Show) at a local country club. But I was never a Deaneer. Not a real one. Not one of the Committee members, the ones chosen to be on the show every day - the Baltimore version of the Mousketeers, 'the nicest kids in town', as they were billed. The guys who wore sport coats with belts in the back from Lee's of Broadway (10 per cent discount for Committee members), pegged pants, pointy-toe shoes with the great buckles on the side and 'drape' (greaser) haircuts that my parents would never allow. And the girl Deaneers, God, 'hair-hoppers' as we called them in my neighbourhood, the ones with the Etta gowns, bouffant hairdos and cha-cha heels. These were the first role models I knew. The first stars I could identify with. Arguably the first TV celebrities in Baltimore."

Just one of the many obsessions of filmmaker John Waters, only this one has made it to the screen, in lurid and hilarious detail. *Hairspray* is about the same kind of TV dance party - *The Corny Collins Show* - a forties MGM musical lifted into the early sixties and twisted. All is squeaky clean until one of the show's biggest fans, Tracy Turnblad (Ricki Lake) auditions. She is over-weight, opinionated, always in trouble at school for "hairdo violations" and looks just like her mother, Edna, played by the inimitable Divine. A rebel with a cause, Tracy outmanoeuvres teen queen Amber Von Tussle (Colleen Fitzpatrick) and eventually wins viewers' hearts with her radical social views, her new dances and revolutionary hairdos.

As a commentator on the more bizarre side of lower middle-class America, Waters is notorious. Revelling in the Golden Age of Trash, he has flaunted his taste for junk culture in films like *Mondo Trasho, Pink Flamingos, Female Trouble* and *Polyester* (filmed in "odorama"). But *Hairspray* is the first film he has made that is "literally like a memory", a wildly nostalgic step back to Baltimore, 1962.

The smooth-talking Waters, immaculately dressed with pencil-thin moustache, says the sixties decade is close to his heart. Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, the Supremes, Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon were the rock'n'roll stars of the day; teenagers were dancing the Mashed Potato, the Waddle, the Locomotion, the Bug, the New Continental and the Madison. Waters endearingly recreates the eccentricities and gimmicks of this period - his version of a teen flick, with an historical edge.
Mourning the loss of "shock value", he doesn’t envy John Hughes attempting to speak to today’s generation: "I don’t see today’s kids coming up with anything new. I mean stretch denim! They’re imitating the stuff we did which is so depressing. Why aren’t they shocking us? Why aren’t they getting on their parents’ nerves? They’re straighter than their parents."

Devotees of Waters’ earlier films may even perceive a certain mellowing (Hairspray has already attracted a wider audience) but for Waters it’s part of the movie game. Hairspray almost happened in a Hollywood studio," he explains, with amusement. "It got up two levels and then what always happens is the main head of the studio rents Pink Flamingos, watches it with his wife in a Beverly Hills screening room at 10 in the morning, and ... it’s the worst resume I could have. It gets me in the door and then pushes me out; it’s a Catch 22. As one guy said to me, 'give us a film we can admit we like'. They like them in private but corporately they can’t. I don’t know. Since Hairspray came out, all the studios want to talk."

But why Hairspray? "There’s some differences with my previous films," Waters claims. "The humour is the same though. It’s a comedy about civil rights starring a fat girl, a man playing her mother, Sonny Bono, Debbie Harry, Pia Zadora - not exactly what Hollywood’s going to give me the rubber stamp for. But it’s a personal story with a lot of affection for the characters. I don’t think it is a put-down at all. Polyester was. And that’s why Polyester didn’t work in mid-America because they didn’t think it was funny; they were saving their money to buy that furniture. The response was 'What’s funny about that house!'"
In his home town of Baltimore, Waters has the celebrity status that once belonged to the Buddy Deaners: his "bad taste" is affectionately regarded as good taste. "No, I'm not from Hollywood!" he insists. "Baltimore is where I work. I'm away a lot but it's where my oldest friends are, my apartment, my home. It's a very eccentric city, 60 per cent black, a lot of rednecks, a severe style and a severe sense of humour. Even the mayor has a sense of humour. When *Hairspray* opened in Baltimore he proclaimed it John Waters Week. You have to laugh there. A lot of people have come to Baltimore after seeing my film and say I wasn't exaggerating! I glorify the parts of Baltimore the Chamber of Commerce tries to hide. They don't want tours to go where I want to take them!"

Another Baltimore boy, and Waters' partner-in-crime, was the late Divine. Waters describes him as old friend, business partner, confidant, and co-conspirator: "the best actor I ever worked with; he knew how to say what I wrote." Waters gave him his name and the "glamorous" Jayne Mansfield-type image.

He is credited in most Waters' films: as Jackie Kennedy in *Eat Your Make-Up* (1968); as a hit-and-run driver in *Mondo Trasho* (1969); as Lady Divine in *Multiple Maniacs* (1970); as Babs Johnson in *Pink Flamingos* (1972); as Dawn Davenport and Earl Peterson in *Female Trouble* (1974); and as housewife Francine Fishpaw in *Polyester* (1981).

Divine intervention takes on a different meaning in *Hairspray*; it takes few words, simply a look, from this extraordinary actor for the audience to crack up. Edna's visit to Mr. Pinky's shop for overweight women ("The Hefty Hideaway") with her daughter Tracy is unforgettable.

Aside from a performance by Divine, Waters doesn't believe in a formula for comedy. It's unpredictable, unexpected. "I did four drafts of the script and the final version is almost exactly what the movie is," he says. "When I first put a movie together it is always too long. With comedy I think you need to shoot more because the version is almost exactly what the movie is," he says. "In Baltimore whatever hairdo you had at 17 you wear for the rest of your life. There are still women with those hairdos in Baltimore and they get used to that height. For them, it's the only way to look pretty when it's really a bizarre look. It's uncomfortable. You have to wrap your hair in toilet paper every night. One woman said to me proudly, 'It stays in two weeks.' Two weeks! ... I love it just before they go to the beauty parlour at the end when it's collapsing and you can see it sticking out! ... Debbie Harry was great! She had hairdo injuries in the movie. That wig she wore had metal supports in it. It was so heavy her head was bleeding!"

"It should be added that all this frivolity comes with a 'serious message'. Like its model *The Buddy Deane Show, The Corny Collins Show* is exclusively white. Tracy Turnblad's crusade is for racial integration; inspired by the wonderful Motormouth Maybell (Ruth Brown), she becomes a leader of the movement, her crowning as Miss Auto Show 1963 a symbolic victory for blacks.

"You can't get anybody's attention by preaching. That's the quickest way to get somebody to leave the theatre," says Waters. "If anyone can make me laugh I basically like them and will listen to them. I don't trust anybody who doesn't have a sense of humour about themselves. That and their shoes: that's how I judge people. If they have good shoes and if they can laugh they're OK ..."

"John Waters is quick-witted, always ready with a one-liner (Marshall McLuhan would have appreciated his style). He is obsessive; his obsessions, he says, can change daily: Patty Hearst, teaching in prison, Christmas, the *National Enquirer*, murder trials, Marguerite Duras, *The Buddy Deane Show*. Pia Zadora, William Castle (King of the Gimmicks), Ovaltine, shoes, Hollywood, Lindy Chamberlain (after a taste of the publicity for *Evil Angels* at the Cannes Film Festival) ..."

"He is unashamedly voyeuristic: "I love to watch people, you know. I can be here and look at any person and be curious. What's their sex like? Are they nice to their mother? What are their hidden fears? Do they make money? Anything. It's really none of my business. I'm a very nosy person. But that's how you can write - by basically being curious about things."

The next project, another obsession, is in development. "I'm just thinking it up," says Waters. "I haven't begun to write it yet. It curses a project if you start talking about it before you've done it; I mean you've got to talk about it so much after you do it! It's going to be a comedy. I'd love to have Lana Turner in it. She's the last real movie star. I like movie stars who like to have their picture taken, not the ones who hide from the press. Why did they become movie stars? I don't get it!"

*Crackpot: The Obsessions of John Waters* (Vintage Books)
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R aymond Chandler in Melbourne, in Sydney in Brisbane ... With Al Clark as head of production at the Beyond International Group (BIG), the thriller is a genre certain to be represented on the company's production slate. As author of the book Raymond Chandler In Hollywood, Clark feels that Sydney, at least, has enough back alleys and dimly-lit street corners to be the setting for a good urban thriller. It would need to be done with the meticulous sense of place found in a Peter Corris story, a portrait of a rough, sprawling and bright city. Recent films like Grievious Bodily Harm and Dangerous Game have set out to reinvent the urban landscape, and it is this mythologising of the Australian city that interests Clark.

"I'd like to make movies in Australian cities that are as mysterious and evocative as, say, Chinatown was of LA or Mona Lisa was of London and really explore that fantastic architecture, and the light. To someone from the Northern hemisphere, there's a cleanliness and a brightness about a sunny Australian city that suggests all kinds of extraordinary things. While I think the outback hasn't been portrayed with enough mystery, Australian cities haven't very much either."

Even the most hard-boiled producer cannot fail to be captivated by the country and its unique atmosphere, and it is this rural landscape of Australia has been quite well explored, certainly the desert one has often been done too literally," admits Clark. "It's interesting that the two most evocative films about the outback remain, in 1988, two films made in 1971 by overseas directors: Nicolas Roeg's Walkabout and Ted Kotcheff's Wake In Fright. I would find it exciting to make movies in Australia with directors who are likely to be surprised and inspired by the landscape."

This is the gaze of a producer and a foreigner, an extremely keen observer looking for potential. Clark joined Beyond in February this year, after working for the British film and record production company Virgin, where he held various positions, including director of publicity, creative director, head of production and director of acquisitions. As executive producer of Secret Places, Absolute Beginners, Gothic and Captive, and co-producer of 1984 and Aria, he brings an international perspective characteristic of the expanding Beyond group.

Clark's brief is to establish a feature film division, a relatively new area for the company that has made its name in television, most notably with Beyond 2000, a slick, wide-eyed science and technology program that is now screened in more than 50 countries. While company directors Phil Gerlach and Mikael Borglund have already produced one feature film, Cassandra, in 1986, Clark's appointment was an indication of a more long-term commitment to feature production.

"When I was asked to do the job it was on the understanding that Beyond was going to be as involved in feature films as it is currently in TV," Clark explains. "My function was to find the movies to make and supervise their making. The intention is to make around four films a year, initially with a budget ceiling of US$5 million, simply to spread our risk over as wide a number of films as possible, rather than stake it on a single movie.

"If you're going to start a new division of an already successful company, you want it to prosper. You can't be reliant on a single success. It also gives us an opportunity to vary the rhythm and the scale of the films, vary where they're made. For example, Beyond's films will be made wherever they need to be made - and no less than half of them in Australia."

"We view ourselves as a Sydney-based production company which will function all over the world. Regardless of whether the films are made in Australia or elsewhere, they will be made only when we feel what we're doing can compete with a parallel movie from anywhere in the world. I see no point in making films that either reflect local life back at the people who lead it (this is the function of television) or which concentrate on folksy, middle-of-the-road entertainment which people don't go out to see anymore because they can stay home and see that. What I'd like to do is not allow the barometer to be, 'Is this an Australian movie?'; but rather, 'Is this a movie worth making?'"

In terms of finance, little exists in terms of policy (although at the time of writing, this applies to many production companies awaiting guidelines from the new Film Finance Corporation). Clark says the company can finance films on its own, particularly where a project is developed from an initial three-line idea to the screen. In some cases, he will look to collaborate with another Australian company or an overseas company. "It depends, of course, on..."
the amount of interest in a film," he says. "There may be an occasion when we can sell to a Hollywood major, if it’s a film we’ve taken to a stage where it’s going to be attractive to them."

Clark emphasises the importance of maintaining a presence at overseas markets. He was at Cannes this year (with a bundle of scripts he kept carefully under wraps) and plans to attend the next American Film Market. "You need this sort of focus," he says. "I’ll be going to the AFM regularly, simply because we have an apartment in Los Angeles. Increasingly, a Sydney-based production company has to spend periods of time in LA. There’s no substitute for being there, no matter how sophisticated your office communications system. It’s the same with London and visits to Europe."

The marketing of Australian films has indeed become more sophisticated in the eighties, with the producers targeting sections of a world market rather than banking on the sale of a film because it is ‘Australian’. However, as Clark notes, hitting on the right formula requires delicate negotiation: "I’m not advocating the kind of bogus internationalism which was the hallmark of Lew Grade’s production in the seventies - Raise The Titanic! for example. You can see the strings being pulled: ‘You drag in an American, a French actress, a Dominican director, put it all together like you would in a laboratory.

"I’m not saying that making films isn’t a science as well as an art, but it is not a science upon which you can force elements. There is either a rightness about what you’re doing or a wrongness that no amount of cosmetic attention can put right. I’m advocating getting the right actor for the part, and if they happen to be American then that’s who you should get. I’m very concerned that there should be no confusion between the kind of international filmmaking I’m advocating and the kind that is simply to do with embroidery. The latter doesn’t interest me in the slightest: the former interests me a lot."

Clark argues that the Australian film of the late seventies and eighties that has most affected world cinema is Mad Max. "There have been more rip-offs of this than any other film," he says. "My favourite is Mad Max 2. Mad Max betrayed its low budget and Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome betrayed its excessively high budget. The second one was absolutely perfect. I think it is the only really extraordinary film that Australia has produced: it was so striking, it provided the springboard for countless imitations. That’s the kind of cinema that, when you strike upon it, is the most exciting of all."

"Crocodile Dundee is a good movie because it has half a dozen really good jokes built around a character who is genuinely engaging. That’s another path to follow."

Post-10BA, Clark hopes there will be a "focusing of intention" in the Australian film industry. He says the demise of 10BA was timely, and that its two greatest drawbacks were becoming worse. Firstly, the restrictions placed on a producer in terms of who they could and couldn’t employ lessened the chance of selling internationally or obtaining a high level of presale. Secondly, a system controlled by brokers was likely to lead to too many inferior films that had no reason for existing - not even for a domestic market which was unable to support them.

However, he believes that there have been advantages. "Initially, 10BA created the opportunity for a lot of people to make films and many of them have gone on to make better films,” says Clark. "It hasn’t actually done any individual any harm. The only harm that it has done is that it created a tidal wave of movies where the question, ‘Who is going to see this?’ has not been asked. As a result, it must be replaced with a system of supports that is much more to do with commercial interests, although not a disregard for artistic considerations - it would be really boring if everybody was making half-assed, cut price versions of kung fu movies."

"The cost of a film has to be tailored to who you think is going to see it. There’s no point in making a film unless you are confident that it is as good as its competitors. I’m suggesting a bit of realism, a desire to make the industry prosper, because it doesn’t just revolve around Crocodile Dundee or its biannual counterpart. It revolves around a potency in Australia cinema, a clear notion about what’s going to work."

Clark plans to move firmly for the big screen rather than the small; while the company continues to develop television product, he intends to keep his distance. He has a theory about Australian television which makes him cautious, or perhaps keen to lay new groundwork.

Australian drama, he claims, has been monopolised by the TV miniseries. "The miniseries is so important proportionally in the total amount of drama produced in Australia every year that I think it’s become the yardstick by which everything else is measured. Aesthetically, that’s a problem, because you can’t view a movie as a contracted miniseries. If it is a movie then it has to have speed, shine, mobility, persuasiveness, comprehensibility. If it’s a miniseries it has to work as TV drama, and be full of characters that people want to watch the night after. Although the excellence to which everyone aspires is similar, the actual mechanics of reaching it are different. The benevolent tyranny of the miniseries has created a lack of tension in a lot of Australian films. If you’ve been working on miniseries for a number of years, it’s quite difficult to adjust to the needs of movies."

"My instinct at the moment is that the really good new Australian directors are not going to come from theatre or television, they’re going to come from commercials and pop promos. What this will lead to in some cases is empty-style movies but, on the other hand, it will crank up the flash and self-confidence of these pictures. If you’re dealing with a genre that’s so reliant on these qualities, like the thriller, better to have it directed by a commercials’ director who learns how to get performances than somebody who is only interested in performances and literally points the camera at them. That doesn’t create any fizz."

Absolute Beginners: an earlier big picture from Al Clark
Hogan's Heroics

STEVE J. SPEARS claims to be the only person in Australia who prefers Crocodile Dundee II to its predecessor. Here's why.

I didn't like Croc I very much at all. I mean, I got it ... Tarzan goes to NY; Boy Meets Girl; "Now that's a knife"; Hoges had muscles and looked heroic; Linda had buttocks that were a delight to behold etc ... but even though I got it, it seemed to be a rather long series of sketches - The Paul Hogan Show on wide screen.

I never liked The Paul Hogan Show either. It seemed to be mostly Benny Hill meets Increasingly Exhausted Gag Writers.

And yet, and yet, I like Paul Hogan. I loved his A Current Affair stuff, the Winfield and Fosters stuff later on. I liked his work in Anzacs, I like his interviewee style - laid back and "let's not get too excited fellas". I thought his Academy Award opening speech was a polished gem and I agreed with every word in his 60 Minutes shaft at the media.

Even though I have never met him, I grew up with Hogan and I relish his success. As for shtupping Linda ... wouldn't you. And even if you wouldn't, ain't no one's business but theirs and the family's.

So, it was with apprehension that I went to see Croc II. If the first one left me virtually stone-faced and decidedly un-uplifted, then I'd probably need to arm myself for the sequel (which, to put it mildly, has not been acclaimed as much) with poison pen and a vomit bag.

And guess what? I loved it. I think I'm the only person in Australia who thought that Croc I was a crock and Croc II was a little diamond. Sure, the plot creaks in spots and some of the devices are iffy, but this movie moved me because, unlike most Oz movies, this film is about something. It's a comedy-thriller about love.

Mick and Sue don't actually make love, but oh, boy, when they even look at each other it's damn near pornographic. There's a scene in NY when one of Mick's friends gently hints that Linda might be dead. Mick's face becomes both hard and confused; if the bad guys have killed her, then their other crime is that they have killed love. It's also clear that (a) Mick will avenge this and (b) Paul Hogan's dramatic acting skills have never been sharper.

But it's about another sort of love, too. Mick Dundee is in love with people. And Paul Hogan - as co-writer and executive producer - is in love with Oz blacks.

For all the slamming that it's got from the 'intellectual' cinema press, this is one of the few mainstream Oz movies that doesn't patronise or ennoble blacks. In Mick's world, folks are folks. Near the end of the movie, when he's in trouble, he sends out a distress call to some friends who come along and give him a hand. The friends are black and - it is strongly suggested - his tribal brothers.

Ernie Dingo and his grumpy mate are guarding some bad guys. Ernie's mate pokes one of the villains in the stomach and mutters something. Linda enquires what that was all about. Ernie calmly says that his friend wants to know if he can eat the fat one. Then, with perfect timing, Ernie's face breaks into a big grin, wide as the sky, and he winks slowly. The joke's on you; loosen up, whitey, we're all in this together.

Ernie's disgruntledly mate is chomping on a fried bat. Someone asks him whether he is really enjoying that. "Nah," says the sourpuss, "needs garlic."

There's an earlier scene in New York where Mick's being chased by a drug dealer with a gun. Two Japanese tourists who don't know Mick come to his aid with some high-kicking karate. Why did these men risk their lives to save him? They did it because it's the sort of thing that Mick himself would have done - if someone's in trouble, give 'em a hand.

In the present climate of Asian-bashing, with Howard and the Lib/Nats threatening everything from turning back the yellow hordes to tearing up any treaty that we might eventually (and belatedly) sign with the Oz blacks, this movie is a timely tonic.

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The two NY Japanese tourists decided that Mick Dundee was Clint Eastwood. They're partly right. Mick and Hogan might be too embarrassed to say it, but the message in Croc II was: "Make my day; be kind to one another."

P.S. I laughed a lot.
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BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

7.11 am in Tinseltown. Wake up to the speedy DJ. Play back the messages on the answering machine. Everybody wants something. Jump in the Mercedes coupe. Rodeo Drive and Sunset Boulevard. Michael Jackson and Mickey Mouse in stars on the sidewalk. And the Hollywood sign, up there on the hill, reminding us all where we are.

Tom Garfield (John Waters) has inhabited this world for 10 years, but it hasn't left a trace on his accent. He's a playwright and a screenwriter, with a truckload of awards and the hottest producers in Hollywood hanging on his every word. But at the opening of Boulevard Of Broken Dreams, he's heading back to the country he left a decade ago - back to Melbourne. "I can't keep running away from the past," he says. So, with his Lacoste t-shirt, Gauloises and Vuitton luggage, he heads for the suite with the white piano at the Regent Hotel.

The white piano is one of the many tangible signs of Tom Garfield's success. He's much more sought after than John Garfield, and almost as widely known as Garfield the Cat. His name is familiar to Melbourne taxi drivers. The man at the hotel desk recognises him after a 10-year absence. His play, The Human Heart, is playing to packed houses at the Athenaeum.

So what is he doing back in town? He has come back to reclaim the wife and child he lost three years ago, when his obsession for work and his dependence on alcohol drove them away. But his insistent approach frightens off his wife, Helen (Penelope Stewart). She is involved in what she sees as a 'safe' relationship, and she doesn't want it threatened by his return.

His wife might not want to see him, but the world does. Theatre producer Geoffrey Bormann (Kevin Miles), in an overblown pantomime performance, bails him up and cons him into giving a press conference, where he talks of the playwright as surrogate mother. "I sell my children to strangers," he says, explaining to a hostile fourth estate why he hasn't seen the Broadway production of The Human Heart, and won't be going to the Melbourne one. Then he announces that he has sold his last offspring - he won't be writing any more plays.

But Suzy Daniels (Nicki Pauli), the female lead in The Human Heart, slips under his defences and prevails on him to come to the show. A two-hander with costumes out of Noel Coward and a set out of a Tia Maria ad, if the glimpse we see is anything to go by. The packed house gives it a massive standing ovation, and Garfield slips backstage to tell her that she's a star.

Wife and child are not the only aspects of the past he has to reclaim. There is also Ian McKenzie (Kim Gyngell) best friend and colleague in the salad days of Melbourne alternative theatre - shown in black-and-white flashback, with John Waters in a shaggy Alan Bates wig.

McKenzie is a writer, but he has stayed faithful to the aesthetics of a poor theatre: he's a long way from the suite with the white piano. Gyngell plays him as self-consciously lowlife, jumpy, self-deprecating, but tempted by Garfield's offer: the treatment that Hollywood producers are pressing Garfield to write, McKenzie is to take on instead.

Will success spoil Ian McKenzie? We are not to know. We know, most definitely, what it has done to Tom Garfield. John Waters' performance catches the polished desperation of his character: but the pressures of fame are spelled out with the utmost gravity, and the symbols of success seem, paradoxically, to be advertisements for it.

Philippa Hawker

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

Philip Kaufman is a director without what we have come to recognise (in however woolly a fashion) as 'personality'. He is one of those filmmakers notable not for who he is (an auteur), but rather for something he does. Kaufman is a body snatcher, a simulator. Almost every project he undertakes seems poised ominously in relation to a pre-existing film, filmmaker or film type. Thus he works over an old classic (Invasion Of The Body Snatchers; appropriately enough); a grand, dead genre (The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid); a current sub-genre (The Wanderers); or a cultural sensibility (Hawksian heroics in The Right Stuff). The tone is one neither of rapt homage (Lucas) nor righteous critique (Altman). Instead, a coolness, a steely sense of satisfaction for having reproduced precisely all the right surface moves. No 'soul', perhaps. But something curious and certainly postmodern nonetheless: a nagging sense of the abyss between the original and the copy, an inadvertent exaggeration of all the now/than or here/there differences that undermine the naive gesture of reproduction.

The Unbearable Lightness Of Being is a fake European Art Movie, made by an American. It is a completely monstrous, in fact obscene artefact. One has never seen anything so horrifically obnoxious: the Czech accents, the actors and cinematographer from Ingmar Bergman's troupe, the young Godardian actress who is made up like Anna Karina, the three hours of running time ... and the endless arch gazes under heavy eyebrows, the pithy quotable lines ('Life is rather ... light'), the dreamy autumnal colours, the symbolic inserts, the throwaway moments of 'Bunuelian' humour supplied by Bunuel's scriptwriter. The film is truly an offence to one's memory of The Right Stuff (which was, among other things, a model adaptation, whereas this is a disgraceful one). Yet there is a sense in which this unbearable film, because it is so unnatural, throws into relief that cultural item we call the art house movie, pointing up that in fact it is a cultural item like any other, a genre like any other, an act of 'market exploitation like any other.

I find it hard to experience this film (cringingly) as anything but a relentless procession of art cinema gestures, signs, poses. Young Tereza (Juliette Binoche) who stands for the innocent life force (like the proletarian postie in The Sacrifice); watch her 'unaffectedly' skip, stumble and blush. Passionate Artist Sabina (Lena Olin): a telling moment of pathos as she pauses before her image multiplied and splintered in the broken mirrors of her art. Suave prick Tomas (Daniel Day Lewis): follow him as identification figure from snobbish superiority (Tereza: 'I'm reading Anna Karenina by Tolstoy'; Him: 'Oh, that Anna Karenina') via cool understanding and resistance (politics as individualist ethics) to empathetic lovingness - a voyage from lightness to heaviness, uncompromising commitment, and black roll-neck jumpers to loose-fitting, nature-coloured rural wear. This is an art film where 'the State' is a table-full of old, ugly men; and 'liberation' is expressed in a band switching from the Czech original of 'The Carnival is Over' to a jazz-rock jam. And then there's the 'eroticism'.

When I hear people fresh from this film mention 'eroticism' -- taking the opportunity to hail (as did Time) its miraculous 'return' to cinema - I reach for my revolver. For this is pure coffee table eroticism, of the kind served up by art cinema continuously for three and a bit decades. (Given any chance, I'm sure the film's characters would gladly get down to it on a coffee table, preferably in front of a mirror, and with bowler hats on.) The film's eroticism is equally a matter of gestures, signs and poses - indomitably static and glossy. The much acclaimed scene of Sabina and Tereza's photo session, with its frisson of implied lesbianism, and its right-on assertion of a sisterly vibe which the roll-neck prick will never comprehend, is a veritable locus classicus of deliberately liberal art cinema pussy-footing. No energy or heat here - just choreography.

We have also been hearing, ad nauseam, that Unbearable is a film 'about' that perennial (very real and serious) chestnut of 'the personal and the political' - how (in this case) love and sex interact with/reflect/are determined by larger historical forces and social contexts. The most one could truly say is that the film merely (in George Alexander's memorable phrase) 'fondles the articulation' between the personal and the political, simply issuing a vague wave in the direction of the relevant connections. This, too, is something in which art cinema today (Bliss; Family Viewing, Sammy And Rosie Get Laid) has been trading for three and a bit decades. Gaia reviewers enslaved to the art house ethos tend to fall straight in line, continuing the relay fondling. To do so, they deploy a barrage of smart sounding, charmingly paradoxical x-and-y equations: "a film about the inextricable, unknowable links between love and hate, art and life, rebellion and commitment, the individual and society ... " To say this much and then stop dead is usually bluff enough.

Kaufman himself may have spoken the first and last word on the matter when he disarmingly stated

Sabina (LENA OLIN) in a scene from the film
that "Unbearable" is not a political film. Yet the fact is that the film itself clearly wants to have it both ways - gesturing towards the political context whilst finally elevating the personal above it as the only thing that really matters. Take the whole section concerning Tereza's adventure as a hot political photographer during the street scenes of the Prague Spring. The sound and fury of real history is there all right (in crowded long and mid shots), but over and above it is the celebration of spunky little Tereza herself (in extreme close up): seeing, daring, daring in and out of it all. Her dexterity as metteur en scene seems ominously to echo that of Kaufman himself: look at how artfully he restages famous news photos of the event, spectacularly freezing them in black and white at the moment of truth!

Tereza's photos lead to a grave consequence: they are used within the fiction to identify and imprison political dissidents. Yet this is scarcely rendered significant as a political fact; only an individual moral trauma for Tereza as she reels and faints. Then she wakes up elsewhere - the film is off on a new track, and those prisoners are but a dramatic memory, a temps fort in the flow. The political is consistently reduced to a merely spectacular backdrop. This logic is the mirror inverse of Sammie And Rosie. There, personal exchanges are viewed misanthropically as insignificant, irrelevant fumblings in the midst of state oppression and street resistance; here, the notion that 'love will find a way' through the muck and chaos of the political is validated and valorised (the ending, in particular, is pure Bliss-style middle class escapism). Both versions of the personal/political relation seem to me equally debilitating, conservative and obscene: art cinema in a nutshell.

Adrian Martin


RED SORGHUM

With his directorial debut, Red Sorghum, it looks like Zhang Yimou, who once rode the crest of the Chinese cinema's iconoclastic New Wave, has now coasted safely onto the shores of respectability. Zhang, who previously was best known abroad as the cinematographer for Yellow Earth, is certainly the Chinese film industry's success story of the year. The year began in September 1987, when the Tokyo film festival judges awarded the prize for Best Actor to the 37-year-old filmmaker for his role in Old Well, his first-ever appearance on screen. In February, Red Sorghum had its international premiere at the Berlin film festival, where it captured the top award, the Golden Bear. And now Zhang is a Golden Boy, profiled, written about and praised in strait-laced official forums, such as the People's Daily.

Although critics on China's unchic radical fringe attack the film for straying from the straight and narrow path of socialist realism, most members of the cultural establishment seem to like Red Sorghum well enough. Perhaps one reason is that it is the first major film by China's younger generation of directors which makes no attempt to be provocative or politically controversial. Zhang Yimou freely acknowledges that, unlike Yellow Earth and other films of the Chinese New Wave, Red Sorghum contains no "hidden" messages; there's "not much", he says, to read between the lines.

What Red Sorghum does have is the kind of poor-peasant exotica which seems to titillate the fantasies of ideologically-correct art house audiences the world over, and enough sex and rowdiness to appeal to the ideologically-unconcerned masses in China itself. It features bandits, lepers, sex, drink, Japanese soldiers, violence, bravery, and a lovely new starlet in the lead role. Like Yellow Earth, the story begins with a rural wedding, complete with what since Yellow Earth have become all the usual set pieces: stentorian music, skeins of red cloth and an unhappy bride. There is also some noticeable stylistic continuity with Yellow Earth, for example, the use of direct, close, frontal shots, particularly in scenes involving rituals of some kind; the actors line up and perform for the camera.

The story of Red Sorghum, however, lurches along at an awkward pace, a romance one minute, a bandit tale the next, and, in the end, a propaganda-like tribute to the heroic spirit of the Chinese people. The characters, as in Yellow Earth, tend to be ciphers, rather than well-rounded personalities, although in Red Sorghum they don't seem to stand for anything at all. The men act like rowdy adolescents, and the woman is little more than a male fantasy. A beautiful virgin, she gives herself to a man who has terrorised her by chasing her through the fields with a mask over his head - when he lifts the mask and she sees it's a fellow with whom she once exchanged one or two glances of mutual appreciation, she smiles and sinks to the ground, ready for ravishing. Not long afterwards, this wild young thing turns into the masked man's faithful wife and the mother of his child. When I told Zhang that I found all this a bit distasteful, particularly the egregious elements of rape in the "seduction", he responded by laughing heartily and expressing surprise. "I never thought of that way," he said. "We Chinese men really are chauvinists, aren't we?"

According to Zhang, the whole point of the film is to show what Chinese people could be like if they would stop living in their characteristically repressed fashion, if they followed their natural instincts instead of culturally-programmed conservative mores. In Red Sorghum, he says, "people love, they hate, they live their lives with zest and passion." He confesses that, personally, he doesn't dare do this sort of thing himself because 'society doesn't allow it. If you try to live like that in China, you won't live long. They might not kill you physically, but they'd kill you spiritually. But why shouldn't people enjoy their lives?"

Linda Jaivin

Nothing very much happens in *The Whales of August*, in the way that nothing very much happens in a Chekhov play. That is, the surface of the lives it depicts is disturbed only by the minutiae of everyday living and the deeper currents which threaten crisis are ultimately deflected, leaving the surface nevertheless subtly changed.

In Lindsay Anderson's film, the lives that matter are those of two old sisters, Sarah (Lillian Gish), hopeful and romantic, and Libby (Bette Davis), blind and acerbic, living out their daily rituals on an island off the coast of Maine. Sarah tends the garden and prepares meals and, in the film's "crisis", wonders if she can go on looking after Libby who "was always a difficult woman at the best of times", according to their cheerful, flirtatious neighbour Tisha (Ann Sothern). The crisis passes when Libby gives in to Sarah's yearning for a picture window, a gesture to the future, and two gnarled hands reach out to each other across the screen.

In the superlative last segment of the film, the two old ladies walk slowly down to the point, wondering if the whales have all gone. "You can never tell," is Libby's quietly life-affirmative answer.

If this sounds like sentimentality, that is my fault. Sweetness and strength, not sentimentality, are the film's hallmarks. Anderson, the director of *If...* and *O Lucky Man*, is not interested in a variation of *On Golden Pond*. He offers old age without quavers or quaintness, and without compromise in the sense that there are no young people to offer obvious contrast and no attempt to smarten up the film's pace, which is unhurried but never slow. The pace is mimetic of the lives represented, and pause and stillness are as important as movement.

The film's control of mise-en-scene is masterly, whether of the warm, beautifully lit, pine-panelled interiors or of the serenely lovely exteriors. In the former, the camera moves with unfussy fluency to rest upon the relics of a lifetime; in the latter the moonlight shimmers on and shadows drift across the waters of the bay in ways that are instinct with drama rather than mere pictorialism. The eye is again and again struck by the sheer beauty of the compositions, but it is a beauty that tells us about the lives lived in this place, not just the result of formal virtuosity.

Ann Sothern, Vincent Price, as a Russian emigre of romantic if doubtful provenance, and Ford alumnus, Harry Carey Jr, as a local handyman, provide the most engaging support to the two incomparable performances at the film's core.

From Lillian Gish and Bette Davis, Anderson has wrought performances which miraculously and aptly seem to sum up their whole careers. The fact of their belonging to two different acting generations and traditions - one the greatest silent screen actress, the other arguably the greatest talkies star - is made to work in the film's favour, as are their on- (and off-) screen personae. The endurance and purity one associates with Gish, the tenacity and abrasiveness of Davis, are at the service of roles which draw on both and which extend them in ways that are beautiful to watch. Gish's celebration by candlelight, with a glass of port and rose, of the anniversary of her wedding to her long-dead husband, and Davis's stroking her face with the locket and strand of hair of her late husband are as moving as anything either has ever done.

It is not often the cinema offers actresses in their eighties full-length roles, let alone roles which do them so much honour. Neither has had such an opportunity in nearly 40 years and they rise magnificently to the occasion. Anyone interested in the cinema's acting traditions will want to see *The Whales of August*, so will anyone interested in seeing the spectacle of life subtly transformed into the stuff of drama.

Brian McFarlane
"During the early invasions," writes Barry Barclay, director of Ngati, "there was the musket... And that musket was in the hands of others. Today there is a new musket - the camera... And worldwide, the new musket is controlled by the majority invader culture." Ngati is the first feature film to have been written, directed and co-produced by Maoris - in fact, it's the first such film by an islander group.

There are only three million people in New Zealand and recent estimates put the Maori population at around 10 per cent. It was with some difficulty, then, that Barclay put together not only a predominantly Maori cast, but a technical crew which was not predominantly Pakeha (white). There wasn't a single Maori film editor or camera operator to be found, and the only two sound people who were Maori were tied up in television. In the end, Barclay ran a short course for unemployed Maoris in Hawke's Bay, and trained his own technicians.

It seems like a lot of trouble to go to; it begins to look like a kind of dogmatism, but the backdrop for this film is overtly political, even if the film itself is not.

Ngati, which means "tribe" in Maori, is set in a little East Coast town after the return of the Maori Battalion, about 1848. It's a prodigal son story which takes place during the period of greatest change in Maori lifestyle, perhaps, since the introduction of the musket. Mass migration to the cities, changes in technology, centralisation of industries - in short, modernisation in all its glory, hits the town of Kapua and the conflicts which emerge are not only between Pakeha and Maori but between Maori of one generation and Maori of another.

There are several subplots to the story. The first concerns the arrival of Greg Shaw (Ross Girven) who was born in Kapua and raised in Australia. His father has sent him back for reasons which are not entirely clear to him, although they are no mystery to anyone else in town. Greg's subsequent discovery of his roots and the radical shift in values it precipitates are, while central to the film, among its least convincing aspects.

He arrives as an insensitive, bigoted "typical Aussie loudmouth", with attitudes as inappropriate as his suit and tie. Among his first and most memorable comments is a line about how the "Abos" back in Australia are "thick as fenceposts". But by the time he gets on the bus to leave again he is proclaiming, somewhat piously, "I thought I was sent here to teach the natives something about the outside world. I've been a bit stuck up. I was the pupil."

It's all a bit too gee-gosh simple. But from an abstract point of view the "Maorisation" of the Pakeha - a different kind of assimilation - is an interesting solution to the problem of racial relations.

The other strands of the main narrative - which bear similarly on the issue of culture clash - are more solid. One concerns a little boy who is dying of leukaemia and the question of whether he should be treated traditionally with prayer or dosed with Pakeha medicine in the form of pills. Another has to do with the closure of the local freezing works, which the white masters say they can no longer afford to run, but which Kapua cannot afford to lose.

Wi Kuki Kaa (who played Te Whike's brother in Utu) puts in a tremendous performance as Iwi, father of the dying boy and saviour in the economic crisis. He, like Greg, goes through a softening in the course of the film. We encounter him first as a staunch conservative, whose distrust of the doctor's diagnosis is exceeded only by his distrust of the station manager's word.

Among his biggest problems, however, is his daughter Sally (Connie Pewhairangi) who has moved back to the city with a head full of modern notions and a marked disrespect for the old ways. From Iwi's point of view, Sally represents all that is going wrong with the world; from Sally's perspective, Iwi manifests the kind of narrow-mindedness and superstition that is keeping the Maoris out of the stream of progress. There is no meeting place for those two on the futile battleground of the boy's incurable sickness. But when it comes to Kapua's economic self-determination - Iwi's willingness to work with the Pakeha, Sally's commitment to stay with her people - there is room for reconciliation.
The objective of Barry Barclay and scriptwriter and associate producer Tama Poata was to show Maori life through the eyes of Maoris with as little intervention on the part of the Pakeha as possible. It is worth noting that the film was produced by John O'Shea, who has produced many of Barclay's previous documentaries, including the six-part series Tangata Whenua. And it has been suggested that the New Zealand Film Commission, which partly financed the film, might have been reluctant to commit itself to an all-Maori project without the support of a veteran like O'Shea.

Certainly these kinds of concerns are not fantastic. When he was making Tangata Whenua Barclay kept secret his membership in the radical political group Nga Tamatoa, "because it would have been difficult to maintain funding for Tangata Whenua if the television hierarchy had had any inkling that Nga Tamatoa was in any way involved behind the scenes".

It should be stressed, however, that for all the heavy ideology that surrounds this film (Poata describes the script explicitly as "a 'statement' of struggle from the indigenous people of New Zealand") it is not a heavy film. It is a gentle film. When Ngati took first prize at the Taormina Film Festival it was praised for, among other things, "the beauty of its images and the precise description of its characters". While it is undoubtedly lovely to look at, its triumph is surely unfortable beside the casual, off-beat humour of the rest of the script, and the juxtaposition provokes more grittying of teeth than uncontrollable laughter. The same is true of Cheryl (Deborah Force), inhabitor of the Kombi, who continually relives an assortment of past lives.

As Time Goes By

On the release of Rikky And Pete, Nadia Tass and David Parker spoke of their preference for making light films about serious subjects, rather than serious films about light subjects. An admirable sentiment, but one rarely realised effectively. As Time Goes By attempts neither. Barry Peak has made a light film about a very silly subject, and seems to have had a marvellous time doing it. The film throws together aliens and surfers, rednecks and astrophysicists, dust, lice and the ozone layer in a variety of bizarre combinations. A cruel but fair policeman and an independent woman rancher are added as stabilisers, and the whole thing is set in motion by two chucks in a yellow Kombi.

As one of the characters in Kapua says, when asked how they handle trouble in a one-constable town (where the constable doubles as a barman, no less): "We're all related anyway. It's easier to handle family."

Christina Thompson


AS TIME GOES BY

The film tells the story of Mike the Surfer (Nique Needles), summoned to the remote north to keep an appointment with an alien (Max Gillies). On the way he meets the aforementioned policeman and rancher, played by Bruno Lawrence and Marcelle Schmitz (respectively, if not respectfully), and the rest of the narrative is concerned with their unlikely adventures. Perhaps the most curious thing about the film is the way in which its various pieces work together, or fail to work. Its potential is often squandered by poor acting, direction or the weakness of the script.

As the alien, Max Gillies is disappointing: his non-stop, hyped-up Hollywood babble sits uncomfortably beside the casual, off-beat humour of the rest of the script, and the juxtaposition provokes more gritting of teeth than uncontrollable laughter. The same is true of Cheryl (Deborah Force), inhabitor of the Kombi, who continually relives an assortment of past lives.

There is a certain self-reflective quality about the film, a recognition of its own silliness and improbability. This recognition flavoured the whole story, but rarely became obtrusive or self-conscious. It merely invited us to join in the fun.

And fun is what As Time Goes By is all about. It removes itself entirely from anything real, social, political or contentious. Like Joe Bogart's Diner (alias the alien's spaceship) it just sets itself down in the middle of the desert and begins a benevolent manipulation of the local population, initiating loops and chains of action and reaction. Along the way it toys with ideas of science and ignorance, bigotry, reality and time - but these concepts are just toys. They are picked up, rattled around for a few laughs, and then discarded. The film also draws on a variety of genres-Westerns (apple pie and spaghetti), science fiction and common filmic notions of the Australian comedy. It is simply a cheerful, innocent, inoffensive comedy - flawed, certainly, but still funny.

Melinda Houston

There's a precariously shaky but indivisible connection in Colors between sex and police work and professionalism. And it reaches out to the extent that even the very possibility of making a collar or busting street gangs is almost synonymous with sex. The bull story is one example of many, and one which points out two divergent attitudes toward dealing with the LA streetgangs, the Crips and the Bloods. The young bull obviously stands for Danny McGavin (Sean Penn), the brazen new hot-shot of the special LAPD CRASH unit who, with his jumped-up zeal, has a lesson to learn; the papa bull is the older and wiser Bob Hodges (Robert Duvall) who wants to "fuck 'em all".

But in all of this Colors appears to be looking for more. It tends to bring together two distinct practices, not only in the sense of one as metaphor for the other, but as something beyond metaphor because indivisible. As another example, it's not by chance that in one extraordinary sequence involving a drug bust, the sequence opens with McGavin checking on his looks in the rear-vision mirror of the police car, and culminates with his point-of-view shot of a naked woman as she is led away handcuffed. In this sense, police work isn't only like sex, it is sex. So where things appear clearly demarcated, as with the Crips and the Bloods, or the difference between police procedure as espoused by Hodges and McGavin, there is also a lot which comes across in a kind of blur.

One hopes that the reason for this 'blur' is that there's more to Colors than a well-worn police story. But one isn't quite certain what this 'more' might be all about, or where to pin it down exactly. The bull story, for instance, brings Colors full circle when, after Hodges's death in the final stage of the film, McGavin, with his lesson learnt, sees the need to retell the story to his new partner, another recruit with a hot-shot mentality. But this leaves one with neither a sense of finality nor one of change - only an endless return of the same.

It is as though the more the film attempts to isolate matters, the more it tends to blend them. The first indication of this comes with the police chief's speech to the special CRASH unit at the beginning of the film. "They fly their colours, we'll fly ours," he says, referring to the wearing of uniform, implying, however, that organically they are one, as in the relation of the 'parts' to the 'whole'. This is made clearer later in the film when McGavin's unscrupulous treatment of a pusher and his questioning of Hodges's allegiance - "You better decide which side you're on" - is met with the countercharge, "The world's, and I'm in it, and what you're doing in it I don't like."

Yet the same can be said of the other way around. The more the film tends to blend things (essentially through the figure of Hodges and the attempt to circumvent the escalation of violence) the more it pulls them apart. For there is another sense in which Colors comes full circle. The opening credit sequence features a spray-can effect which fills the screen with red and over the top appears the title, Colors. Held for a few split seconds, the red begins to emerge, slowly and effectively, from beneath the title, and it doesn't just sit, it starts to drip, like blood. Put this in a frame with Hodges's death and you discover a similar effect or pattern alongside the spray can. When Hodges is shot in the chest and McGavin rips open Hodges's blue police shirt - his colours apparent - what is revealed is a single red dot against an all white T-shirt - except for the little dot of blood that markedly sits there. But, as the scene continues with Hodges in the throes of death, that little dot of blood also slowly and effectively grows and then starts to drip down his side.

What marks this circle, however, is that where (in the previously mentioned scene) there is a return of the same, this time there is a definite sense of finality; and, once again the (indivisible) sexual element of Colors, though not immediately apparent, plays its part. Hodges's death not only brings us back to the title sequence, but shoots us back to the scene of the police chief's speech to members of the CRASH unit, for when the police chief delivers the line, "There's blood flowing in the streets and we're here to stop up the flow," McGavin's mocking comment is, "We sound like a box of Tampax." A comment which literally (re)produces itself with Hodges's blood flowing from the white T-shirt.

Colors, then, is really all one colour, it's red and it's the colour of blood. But, accordingly, death is not necessarily where contrary relations resolve themselves, it's also where they begin - lines of demarcation are redrawn. All one would have to think of is the eerie smile that emerges on Frog's face as Hodges lies dying: Frog, a gang member who had established a trusting relationship with Hodges.

Paradoxically, things are not what they appear to be, and yet they very much are what they are. I think where Colors can be best summed up perhaps lies with the figure of Luisa (Maria Conchita Alonso), the sweet Chicana homegirl McGavin makes love to. In a scene where McGavin stags off in disbelief after discovering she is selling her sex to the homeboys, she stands firm and calls out after him, "This is me too, McGavin'."

Raffaele Caputo
THE TALE OF RUBY ROSE

At around the time when, according to The Tale Of Ruby Rose, Ruby was meeting and marrying Henry, the first Australian feature film to exploit the beauties of the rugged Tasmanian highlands was being produced - Louise Lovely's Jewelled Nights (1925).

This was a romantic melodrama of a society heiress who ran away from a forced marriage. It was directed by its star, an Australian actress newly returned from success in Hollywood, determined to use her experience as the basis for a career in Australian film production. For the role, Miss Lovely's golden curls were tied severely back and hidden so she could pass as male in the all-male world of the osmiridian miners. In a typically romantic resolution, her disguise (which never fooled the audience for a moment) was eventually penetrated by the man with whom she had fallen in love: he then rescued her from that environment and restored her to her rightful place in society as his wife (and potentially the mother of his children).

Ruby Rose's life in the wilderness is not nearly so simple, nor her problems so easily resolved. She and her husband Henry live with their adopted son Gem in a slab hut under the Walls of Jerusalem, insulated from all but occasional contact with the outside world. Despite the grandeur of their surroundings, they eke out a subsistence livelihood by selling the skins of trapped possums and wallabies. Gem has difficulty coming to terms with Henry's pragmatic philosophy that "things grow and you kill them". Ruby copes well with such realities, but struggles with other demons. The isolation and the privation of living under such extremes of climate and terrain are captured by a spectacular visual style (director of photography Steve Mason), which has been critically acclaimed both within Australia and abroad.

In this primitive environment the naive and barely-literate Ruby has only myth and incantation to protect her against her greatest fear - the dark. The film takes up her story in 1932, at a point where her defences have become inadequate, and traces her journey back to the village of her origins, in a search for the knowledge that will free her from fear.

In Ruby's experience, men have always controlled access to knowledge - and have not necessarily shared it. Henry did earlier teach her to read, but her father withheld knowledge of her mother and grandmother, and even Henry is now withholding information about his past and to return home without fear.

As Ruby, Melita Jurisic's beauty is covered under layers of dirt and home-spun garments - a disguise no more effective than that of Louise Lovely 40 years earlier. The cliche of beauty transcending its surroundings may account for the accusations or sentimentality which have surfaced in some reviews. Other reviewers have reacted positively to the emotional impact of the film. It won four critics prizes at the 1987 Venice Film Festival (including best actress for Melita Jurisic), and in the 1987 AFI Awards it was nominated for Best Film and Best Director and won Best Original Music.

Ideologically, The Tale Of Ruby Rose and Jewelled Nights may be very different, but they are uncomfortably alike in the response they have elicited from major distributors. Louise Lovely hawked her film around before finding a reluctant distributor, lost money on it and retired from production embittered by the experience. Initially, the producers of Ruby Rose were even less successful, as no major distributor was prepared to accept the challenge of marketing it. So they toured Tasmania with the film, and saw it released at the State Film Theatre, Melbourne, and at the Chauvel Cinema, Sydney. The large and appreciative audiences which the film has attracted wherever it has been shown will hopefully make the distributors regret their shortsightedness, and encourage Roger Scholes to continue making films that please audiences.

Ina Bertrand and Jan Chandler

Steve Jodrell, director of *Shame*, talks to BRON SIBREE about the film, his plans for the future, and why he thinks theatre directors make good film directors.

Steve Jodrell, actor/director of both stage and screen, is superstitious about speaking of film projects until they are finished. Not superstitious in a darkly medieval sense, he explains; it's just that he thinks people tend to "mouth off a little too much, too early".

Jodrell admits to more than a sneaking ambition to write his own projects and then call in the 'big men', the 'professionals', to help craft and shape the ideas. But he does not like to be called a writer, although he has done his fair share.

A director remains a director, and cannot always choose his own projects, maintains Jodrell, who would like to initiate his own films, rather than wait for projects to come his way. "It's just that it's important to be in charge of one's own creative destiny," he says. He quotes the dictum, "If you can achieve 60 per cent of your vision, then you should be happy with what you do," adding with disarming candour: "I kind of hover between the 30s, 40s and 50s."

Two years ago, when he felt there was nothing available which interested him, he declared, "I will not touch another project unless it's something I'm proud to be associated with. To make a film takes between six and 18 months of your life, and it takes so much emotional energy - you have to be happy with the project ... *Shame* is a film I am proud of," he says, emphatically but carefully.

Remote rural Western Australia is the setting for *Shame*. A young, self-possessed city barrister, Asta Cadell (Deborra-Lee Furness) rides into the small town of Ginborak, and is forced to stay for a short time, waiting for parts for her damaged motorbike. She discovers the secret which the town does not want revealed: rape is occurring, and no one is prepared to press charges. Asta's anger is provoked, and her sympathy aroused, by the plight of 16-year-old Lizzie (Simone Buchanan).

Talking about the reasons that drew him to the film, Jodrell says, with deliberation: 'I'm very, very anti-institution. I'm against any institutionalised activity which tends to diminish personal responsibility - anything at all that favours a group ethic and negates individuality. My first film, *The Bucks Party*, was, I hope, trying to investigate what happens to a group of Australian men when they are put together - why do they act like that?"

"Without trying to be pretentious about the issue, because I know a lot of bucks' parties are nothing these days: why do normal people with good strong hearts act like animals when they are with a group of men? I suppose when it came to shame, there was a reflection of that: why do people subscribe to community attitudes about rape? Why should the person who is raped immediately be treated with suspicion?"

His preoccupation with themes of individuality remains, and he still adheres to the philosophy of holding out for just the right project. At this stage, he says, he is working on three for Barron Films.

"Ever since I did *Shame* I've been fascinated by bikes, by the power and sensuality seen in bikes." One film is about a man who enters formula bike racing. Tentatively titled *Flick Of The Wrist*, it is only in the early stages, he insists, and is not so much a bike film as an adventure and a romance. He also admits to a burning passion to direct comedy, and there is one in the pipeline, although he will say little more than that.

But the project in the most advanced stages of development is a thriller called *Father*, written by Tony Cavanaugh and Graham Bell. A New South Wales family is shattered when a woman comes into their lives and accuses the elderly father of being a Nazi war criminal.

"It's not so much about Nazi war crimes," Jodrell stresses. "It's to do with a person who may have done something in his past, and whether that person should be accountable for the rest of his life." The other issue that the film deals with, he says, is the ease with which a person's reputation can be tarnished without proof.

Most scripts suffer, he says, "because they never get turned over to the director to be honed and re-honed. That collaborative process is essential. I really believe in working very closely with the writer long before the film goes into pre-production."

"I'm a great believer in writers. I think scriptwriters are highly underestimated in Australia and America. *Shame* is a good film because it is an excellent script."

Jodrell retains a commitment to theatre, a background he believes is helpful to a director. Working (as an actor) with John Duigan on the Kennedy Miller production, *Fragments Of War*, confirmed this for him. The majority of directors, he says, come from a cinematographic background and lack the close experience of handling actors which the theatre gives. "Duigan has that close control because of his background in theatre."

Once described as "fiercely parochial", Jodrell does not share the view that the Western state will become a filmmaker's paradise. He believes that the local industry has survived in spite of itself. "But because of that there is a tenacious attitude filmmakers have there that I find really delightful, and a youthful enthusiasm and love of the industry that I don't find a lot on the East coast."

Despite all advice and inducements to leave Perth, Jodrell has chosen to stay. "I would hate to be cast in heroic terms," he says. "Basically I think I was too scared to leave. Anyway now I think it's become an arrogant thing. Wouldn't it be lovely if the East just came to the West for once."
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CINEMA PAPERS NOVEMBER—33
SYNOPSIS

When her motorcycle is damaged in an almost silly road accident - avoiding a sheep - traveller ASTA CADELL finds herself stuck in a small and isolated country town. The place is pretty normal, although there isn't a lot of work around, except at the local Meatworks ... But ASTA also finds a town where groups of young men terrorise the streets at night - terrorise and worse. The CURTIS family, owners of a small garage where ASTA repairs her motorcycle, have been affected: daughter LIZZIE was raped the night before ASTA's arrival. Well, that's tough, that's sad - but ASTA's position seems to be to mind her own business, get the bike fixed and move on ... ASTA gradually, however, becomes aware of a conspiracy of silence in the town.

It seems a sort of gang rape is a regular thing, but the woman's "shame", the penalties, "legal" and illegal, meted out to those who complain, ensure the safety, even the popularity, of the young men. Meanwhile, a particular group, led by a good-looking bloke, DANNY, finds ASTA, the attractive, lone stranger, an interesting challenge - until they are rebuffed and their interest turns to hate. ASTA, it emerges, is a disillusioned barrister, "burnt-out" and cynical about the Law. What she sees in the town only confirms her cynicism. But ASTA is a fighter - she can't help herself. A real sense of justice and a very short-fuse temper draw her in: she sees some townspeople's unsuccessful attempts to stand up for themselves; she is forced to defend herself.

WAL CUDDY, the local police sergeant, is at first amused, then made anxious by ASTA. And then, despite her disinterested stance, the plight of LIZZIE CURTIS and a plea from LIZZIE's grandmother, NORMA, hold ASTA one more day, even though the motorcycle is fixed and the way out is clear ... LIZZIE is fascinated by ASTA, by her self-possession, her sophistication and her courage. ASTA offers no advice, but LIZZIE watches as ASTA stands up for herself and for LIZZIE. Emboldened by ASTA's example, and in the face of town gossip and her father TIM's indifference, LIZZIE is fascinated byASTA, by her self-possession, her sophistication and her courage. ASTA offers no advice, but LIZZIE watches as ASTA stands up for herself and for LIZZIE. Emboldened by ASTA's example, and in the face of town gossip and her father TIM's indifference, LIZZIE decides to lay charges.

The boys are arrested, but are quickly out on bail. One of the boys is ANDREW RODOLPH, the son of the woman who almost owns the town, the woman who tries to buy LIZZIE off - and fails. Now, a perverse and frightening solidarity has been bred amongst the men of the town. TIM is attacked in the local pub. Threats are made. Women of the town, particularly old NORMA's friends and TIM's girlfriend TINA, watch developments with a heightened anxiety as a long, hot Saturday afternoon moves into the wilds of Saturday night ... ASTA takes out an injunction against the boys, but she knows that may be a futile gesture. Something about ASTA's steel frightens the boys - especially when she tells them calmly that this time they're going to jail ... ASTA and LIZZIE have become a threat, the Enemy and the scapegoats of male resentment. Other girls, knowing what LIZZIE is doing, find the nerve to spurn the boys. By pub closing time, fuelled by a lot of beer, frustration and hate, a drunken mob, led by the very boys LIZZIE charged, is attacking the CURTIS home and garage.

ASTA and LIZZIE manage to break out on ASTA's motorcycle and make it to the Police Station. LIZZIE is left there, to bring the police, while ASTA goes back to help TIM and NORMA. Back at the CURTIS place, the attackers have fled, taking NORMA and the tow truck with them. TIM has been beaten almost insensible. ASTA and TINA take off at once to search for NORMA - and an answering mood of anger has grown amongst the women. The word spreads. There are search parties out ahead of the police. Meanwhile, the Police Station is empty and LIZZIE ventures out onto the street, only to be grabbed by DANNY and ANDREW and driven off into the night. Down by the river, CUDDY arrives on the scene as ASTA, TINA and the enraged townspeople descend on the other boys who've been about to hurt old NORMA. And where is LIZZIE? The police don't know ... It's nearly dawn when DANNY and ANDREW, claiming ignorance and innocence, are driven up to the Police Station. With a huge crowd of townspeople looking on, ASTA loses control and beats the truth out of DANNY. She is the first to find LIZZIE, dead. The town turns out to gawk at the tragedy. NORMA accuses the town, but CUDDY accuses ASTA. Is she satisfied now? A large group of women stands with ASTA and TINA speaks for them. No, they're not satisfied - not by a long way ...

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE FILM

ASTA CADELL - about 30, a criminal lawyer, an idealist.
LIZZIE CURTIS - 16, smart, full of life, a factory worker.
TIM CURTIS - LIZZIE's father, runs a petrol station.
NORMA CURTIS - about 60, TIM's mother, LIZZIE's grandmother; a factory worker.
TINA FARREL - about 35, factory worker.
SEARGEANT WAL CUDDY - about 50, the top policeman in the town.
CONSTABLE GAVIN - about 25, CUDDY's assistant.
DANNY FISKE - about 25.
ANDREW RODOLPH - about 21, University student.
MRS RODOLPH - ANDREW's mother, about 45, town's leading citizen, owns the local Meatworks.
WAYNE MORGAN, ROBERT LAWRENCE, BRUCE SULLIVAN, BRIAN and LITTLE STEVE HEMMINGWAY - all members of DANNY FISKE's bunch.
DULCIE, RITA, BERYL, SHIRL, PATTI, FAY, EILEEN and OTHERS - factory workers.
ROSS - a 'roo shooter, about 35, married to PENNY ROSS - factory worker.
GARRY - TIM CURTIS' mechanic.
MATRON - 45-50, from the local hospital.
VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE: LORNA, SUZIE, MELINA, BETTY THE BARMAYD, DAVE (LORNA'S BROTHER), MR FISKE, MR and MRS HEMMINGWAY, MR MORGAN, MR and MRS SULLIVAN.
SHAME

1. EXT. OPEN ROAD. DAY
A black leather-clad figure on a big motorcycle appears, a dot in the distance of the open road. The figure draws closer. The big engine purrs as ASTA CADELL, but for the moments she is anonymous inside the bike helmet.

The sun is low in the sky. We see the whole township of Ginborak sitting below. On the road to the town, an anti-like figure is accelerating towards it.

2. EXT. GINBORAK / THE TOWN. DAY/DUSK.
The town appears to be not much more than a strip, built either side of the main road. A couple of cars driven by WOMEN (MEATWORKERS) draw to a stop outside the supermarket. DRINKERS move toward the WOMEN and are seen to ask them for money - a transaction performed with bad grace on both sides.

Further down the street, a number of ABORIGINALS lounge in the shade of the Milk Bar's awning.

3. EXT. CURTIS PLACE. PETROL PUMPS. DAY/DUSK
Low angle midshot behind ASTA as she stands by her bike watching LIZZIE, a pretty girl of about 16, filling ASTA's petrol tank. LIZZIE is being very careful as she's obviously dressed to go out - nice frilly dress, high-heeled shoes, some makeup and her hair done. Beyond LIZZIE and ASTA but only glimpsed - the slightly rundown Curtis place. As the camera tracks in tighter:

LIZZIE
Where's the rest of you?

ASTA
Mm?

LIZZIE
Rest of The Pack.

ASTA
There's only me. Sorry.

LIZZIE
(MOCK SYMPATHY) Oh well ... never mind.

ASTA
Look, I can do this if you're worried about your clothes ...

LIZZIE
(JOKEY) Oh, these old things ... it's what all the petrol pump girls' are wearing this year.

ASTA
(LAUGHS) Oh, yeah?

ASTA gets the air pump and begins to check her tyre pressures as:

LIZZIE
Oh yeah. No - I'm off to a dance down the club in a minute. Nothing special, just thought I'd dress up a bit, you know?

ASTA
Uh-huh.

At the same time, a dusty yellow sports car is pulling in off the road. The driver is ANDREW. He waves at LIZZIE.

The camera is pulling back and up as:

LIZZIE
(TO THE CAR) Hey! (TURNS TOWARDS THE HOUSE)
Gran! Gran ... ANDREW
Come on Lizzie!

LIZZIE's grandmother, NORMA, an older biddy in an apron, comes out of the house and across to the pumps. LIZZIE gives her a wave and half runs across to the car.

LIZZIE
See ya.

NORMA gets to the pumps, her interest divided between her granddaughter driving off and the customer, ASTA. NORMA peers at the dial of the pump

NORMA
(AFTER LIZZIE) Don't be too late darlin'.

(TO ASTA) That's $5.47. You got that?

ASTA
(SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) Yes

The camera up now, so we see: ASTA by the pumps getting out her money, NORMA watching the sports car drive off down the road.

SCENES 4, 4A DELETED

5. EXT. ROAD WITH BLIND CURVE. NIGHT.
The back of a road train as seen from ASTA's P.O.V. as she catches up to it. The truck is weaving somewhat and throwing up a lot of dust on the unsealed road. The truck carries large cardboard boxes. We can dimly make out the words "KANGA DINNER - PET FOOD" and "RODOLPH MEATWORKS.

ASTA notches down a gear and goes wide, getting past the bulk of the swaying truck in seconds. Now she's ahead of the truck, leaving it behind. She approaches a blind curve. Again she notches down a gear to take the curve. She comes round the curve. There's a sheep standing right in the centre of the road.

ASTA brakes sharply, skids, avoids the sheep and keeps going, straight off the curve. The big bike careers over the rock-strewn ground, with ASTA fighting to stop it and keep it upright. The bike goes over on its side and slides to a stop, the engine stalling. At the same moment the sheep ambles off the road and the truck roars round the curve and disappears off into the night.

ASTA looks after it, her curses and expression of fury hidden by her helmet. She stands a moment, getting her breath, then hauls the bike upright. She gets astride it. She presses the start button - and the bike leaps forward and stalls again. It's jammed in gear. ASTA curses, squeezes at the clutch lever and kicks savagely at the gear lever. There's a sickening crunch and the gear lever bends. ASTA gets off with another curse and pushes the bike over. She kicks it. It lies there.

ASTA, a small figure beside her damaged bike in the moonlight of the wide, indifferent plain.

6. INT. RODOLPH MEAT WORKS. DAY
The machinery of the factory clanks and roars. There are conveyor belts bearing the carcasses of kangaroos - skinned and unskinned - trolleys, huge vats, boning tables. Kangaroos are being skinned, boned and butchered.

7. EXT. RODOLPH MEAT WORKS. DAY
A number of unadorned corrugated iron buildings surrounded by a cyclone wire fence. Over the gate a sign reads: RODOLPH MEAT PROCESSORS PTY LTD. A Positions Vacant board is blank: No vacancies.

It's a still and hot afternoon. A number of MEN, the husbands or boyfriends or fathers of the women meatworkers, hang about near the gates - some on foot, some leaning against the fence or against vehicles or squatting in the dust, talking, looking at newspapers or just staring into space. Some of them just sit in their vehicles. One has a car radio on and the plangent strains of an aching Country'n'Western ballad waft on the hot, still air. Most smoke, a few drink beer and throw the cans into the scrub.

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Now the camera's craning up as the WOMEN start to come out of the factory. Some move to the MEN, others have their own vehicles, such as DULCIE, who climbs into a battered ute, and RITA and FAY who have climbed into RITA's car. SHIRL and PATI move through the gate, then move on. TINA and NORMA watch this, and then move on. TINA curses under her breath. Then as DULCIE's ute moves past them, TINA does a jokey hitch-hiker's gesture and DULCIE, with MEATWORKER #1 already in the cabin, pulls up.

A high-angle wide shot reveals the tiny object of the rider and bike limping across the bridge and into the main street. Towards the end of the main drag is the pub. Across the wide street is a row of old shops, some older ABORIGINALS in the shade of the awnings.

ASTA stands by her machine, her eyes still adjusting to the gloom of the shop. The DRINKERS, nearly all male, look as though they've been there all day. Most of them have. Waiting for a breeze, waiting for anything ...

But now the attention of some of the DRINKERS is caught by some movement down the main street: a motorcycle, its RIDER moving at a slow, deliberate pace. The DRINKERS watch idly. ASTA stretches stiffly. The black helmet is pulled off. And now the whole crowd looks.

From places in the crowd come “well, whadderyerknow?” sort of murmurs. Some younger ones move for a closer look at the bike as we cut to:

10. INT. PUBLIC BAR. AFTERNOON/DAY

ASTA stands at the bar. With a sort of flabbergasted suspicion, BETTY the barmaid puts a tall lemon squash in front of ASTA. ASTA thanks her with a smile and drinks it off in one hit. She smiles in a general, friendly sort of way.

No, thank you.

ASTA

BRAIN

That's right.

ASTA

D'you have rooms here? Not today, sweetheart. Bit late.

BRAIN

No, thank you.

ASTA

You can sleep at my place, love - any time...

BRAIN

Yeah, I heard. It's my way. And as they emerge, CUDDY murmurs to her:

CUDDY

... you wouldn't want to stay in a rough joint like this ... (ASTA LOOKS AT HIM, "OH?") No - it's - uh no place for a - uhh ...

ASTA

Can't miss it?

There are plenty of MEN - including DANNY and his BOYS - listening in. Most of them are rather enjoying ASTA's replies. CUDDY's face loses its 'kindly' smile.

CUDDY

That's right.

ASTA nods "Thanks" and goes down to her bike, puts on her helmet. The MEN and BOYS line the verandah and steps.

And now, unseen by ASTA, SERGEANT CUDDY has entered and is moving through the crowd to the bar.

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ASTA
Oh, hello.

She smiles. He looks back at her: not hostile, just sizing her up.

TIM
Know what you're doing?

ASTA
More or less. . . Yes.

TIM
Hm. All right. Don't make a mess and put things back where you find them.

ASTA
Thanks.

GARRY shrugs. Boss can do what he wants with his tools. ASTA starts to take the luggage paniers off the bike. GARRY just stands there, unashamedly staring at this phenomenon: a woman is gonna work on a bike? TIM still stands there, as if lost in thought. Then he looks at his wrist watch and then out to the street.

TIM
Time you were knocking off, Garry.

GARRY shrugs again. He sneaks a look at TIM and a nasty little smile crosses his face. Then he picks up a little airways bag and goes. WE can tell from the look on her face that she's a little daunted and not looking forward to the task ahead. She looks across to TIM suddenly as the Country'n'Western music stops dead: TIM has switched off the radio. She's stripped down to riding pants and shirt now, has grease to her elbows and on her face. She turns to look at him, but he's looking at the bike and the parts on the ground. He's hovering somehow, looking at the bike and the parts on the ground. He stands in the double doorway and looks up, then down, the quiet street, as if watching.

TIM
(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) Ahh, that's better ...

But now, in the quiet, he doesn't go back to work. He goes and stands in the double doorway and looks up, then down, the quiet street, as if watching.

ASTA crosses to the workbench and the shadow board, carrying her manual. Grimly, she contemplates the range of tools ...

14. EXT. CURTIS PLACE REAR COURTYARD/ SLEEPOUT. EARLY EVENING
Still and quiet in the rear courtyard. The workshop fluoros throw a rectangle of light out the rear door. Crickets off in the scrub. ASTA stands at a pair of old concrete laundry tubs set against the rear wall of the workshop and under a grimy, barred window. She's getting a drink of water and splashing some on her face. She's stripped down to riding pants and shirt now, has grease to her elbows and on her face. She turns from the tubs with a sigh. She wipes the water off her mouth - which only adds a further grease smear. Then she sees a small two-roomed fibro sleepout on the other side of the courtyard: a laundry and a small sleeping area.

She hears the sound of a powerful engine turning into the workshop and powerful headlights beam out the rear door and window into the courtyard. Half hidden by shadow, ASTA looks through the grimy window to:

IS. INT. CURTIS PLACE. THE WORKSHOP. SLEEPOUT/ REAR COURTYARD. NIGHT
ASTA puts down her sleeping bag; helmet and motorcycle paniers. She flits the rolled up mattress, then sinks onto the bed, bounces a couple of times to feel the springs, then bends to pull off her bike boots. She wriggles her toes with pleasure. She reaches out for her jacket and finds a half-eaten packet of peanuts in a pocket. Hungrily, she starts to eat the peanuts.

Then she hears the back door of the house flung open. ASTA leans forward, then stands. Through her doorway, she can see across the
courtyard to the rear of the house - and there's NORMA coming out of the back door, carrying a towel and some bedding. But NORMA pauses and says back into the house:

NORMA
(ANGRILY) Godalmighty, Tim ...!

Then she slams the screen door and comes briskly across the courtyard.

ASTA gets up and grins sheepishly as NORMA enters - standing there in her socks, face covered with grease smears and mouth full of peanuts. NORMA looks ASTA up and down, glaring at her.

NORMA
Oh ...you.

ASTA
Hello.

NORMA
Hmmh. Well, out of the way.

She dumps the bedding onto the mattress, obviously about to make up the bed. ASTA, so hungry that she's now licking the salt out of the bottom of the peanut packet, stops her.

ASTA
I can do that.

NORMA
Hungry, are you? Well, we can't feed you. Sorry but we're too ... busy.

ASTA
It's quite all right. Really. I can ... Anyway thank you.

NORMA
Yeah. Right then. Go easy on the water.

NORMA turns and goes straight out, back to the house, without a backward glance. ASTA slumps onto the bed again and looks out the flyscreened windows. ASTA, bone-weary, makes herself get up. She opens one of her paniers and upends it onto the bed.

17. EXT. GINBORAK MAIN STREET. THE MILK BAR. NIGHT

ASTA rounds a corner into the yellow-lighted main street. She's showered and changed into a fresh T-shirt, jeans and sneakers. Solitary cars and motorbikes cruise up and down, apparently aimlessly, sometimes tooting to each other, sometimes yelling abuse or greetings. ASTA passes a few shops. Normal, country town shops, chemist, drapers, boots and saddles, feed store. Some ABORIGINAL PEOPLE sit along the footpath - some in the gutter, others squatting against the shop fronts. The boom-ba-boom of the milk bar juke box grows louder. Under the milk bar's awning there are a fair number of YOUNG PEOPLE, male and female, hanging about. A line of motorbikes at the kerb, old cars with kids sitting in them or on them, eating, drinking, smoking, talking. Most bluntly interrupt their conversations to stare at the stranger as she enters the milk bar.

18 INT. THE MILK BAR. NIGHT

The interior is hot and brightly lit, well-populated with younger KIDS, quite a number of lounging young MEN, a YOUNG FAMILY and an older MUM and DAD in separate booths. The place is old-fashioned: wood panels, central tables and booths along the walls. There's an old jukebox as well as the newer video games and pinball machines. An elaborately lettered sign over the door at the back reads: "OUR MOTTO: CIVILITY & CLEANLINESS."

ASTA takes the place in. Pretty typical. What used to be called "the Greeks" back in the '50s and into the '60s. But the only Greek in evidence tonight is the teenage girl behind the counter, MELINA, who seems to be running the whole show: dancing up and down in front of the hotplates where a mass of meat patties, eggs, bacon and onions sizzle, trying to keep up with the orders.

The counter already has a line of hungry customers, but ASTA finds a space and has to lean forward and speak distinctly to make herself heard over the din.

ASTA
A hamburger with everything and a chocolate malted - when you can manage it ...  

ASTA gives the kid a smile. MELINA nods and grins back - grateful for the smile, grateful for being spoken to like a human being.

MELINA
Yeah. (SARCASTIC) It's where the elite meet teat.

ASTA grins and leans on the counter - and then finds WAYNE and BOBBY, two of DANNY's boys, either side of her, hassling MELINA. And GARRY, the mechanic, scrubbed up to a slightly less oily state, is right behind her. And another guy, a Ginborak biker, BRIAN, is pushing through as well - after lifting a girl about 14, SUZIE, up to sit on the table. SUZIE watches everything with a wide-eyed giggle, as:

BRIAN
Hey - where's the burgers, Mel? Come on, baby - go, go, go.

WAYNE
And two more with egg to go, Mel.

MELINA goes, flipping patties, slipping buns into the toaster, breaking another couple of eggs onto the hot fat ...

WAYNE, BOBBY, GARRY and BRIAN kill time by staring at ASTA, nudging each other, laughing and whispering comments about ASTA to each other. But it all just looks like chacking - a lot of undirected energy on display. ASTA tries to ignore them. She looks over the other CUSTOMERS in the place.

At a centre table there's a solid young bloke called DAVE, methodically eating his way through a plate of steak, chips and salad. Across from him is his sister, LORNA, a pale girl of about 17 who'd be attractive if she lifted her head and smiled. LORNA's pushed her food away, half-eaten. DAVE and LORNA look as if they're just minding their own business, eating their tea - we mightn't even notice them amongst the others - but we will in a moment.

Meanwhile, ASTA turns back to find BOBBY looking her right in the eye. BOBBY is a bit of a funnyman ...

BOBBY
Guh-day. (A "SUAVE" SMILE)

ASTA
(COLDLY) Hello.

She turns her back on him and watches MELINA.

The BOYS glint at each other a little in response to ASTA's coolness. WAYNE loses interest in ASTA and steps back from the counter.

BRIAN
'Ey - Wayne - you get me burger? Gonna play the machines ...

WAYNE
Sure, mate.

BRIAN wanders off. That leaves WAYNE, BOBBY and GARRY with ASTA. Westay with them.

GARRY
Y'know - I gotta admit - she scrubs up all right ...

WAYNE
For an older chick ...

BOBBY
Looks kinda butch in them trousers, but. Wonder how she'd go in a dress?

BOBBY mimes a woman in a low-cut dress, smoothing it over the hips ...  

BOBBY mimes a woman in a low-cut dress, smoothing it over the hips and so on. Then he leans on the counter, his face close to ASTA's.

BOBBY
Hey, butch - you own a dress?

ASTA
(LOOKS HIM UP AND DOWN COOLLY) Not in your size.

GARRY and WAYNE do "lah-de-dah" expressions at ASTA's educated voice but they're still laughing, like everyone else within hearing. BOBBY scowls at ASTA.

She regards him utterly dead-pan - then turns away as if he's ceased to exist.

But now everyone's attention is drawn elsewhere. That fellow DAVE is on his feet, looking angry and has a handful of BRIAN's shirt. Still seated at the table, LORNA is watching terrified, a hand over her mouth.

BRIAN
Didn't mean to knock your bloody chair.

DAVE
Yeah? Well, you can say you're sorry.
SHAME

BRIAN stays cool - he knows his mates are with him. And indeed, BOBBY and WAYNE are already moving up, as:

BRIAN
Nah - I don't say "sorry", Davey-boy. Sorry. (LOOKS AT LORNA) What's got into him, Lorn? He upset about something?

DAVE
(TWISTING WAYNE'S SHIRT, PUSHING HIM) Shut up!

WAYNE
Jeez, Dave - can't a bloke even talk to your little sister no more?

BRIAN
They're too good for us, Wayne.

BOBBY
(DEEP VOICE, GORILLA IMITATION) Hey, Big Dave ... Uh-uh-uh-uh ...

WAYNE, GARRY and little SUZIE think BOBBY is a scream. The place has gone quiet now: only the saccharin melody from the jukebox plays on. DAVE already knows he's lost - but he turns on BOBBY, face hard, fists clenched.

LORNA
(HALF GETTING UP, A CATCH IN HER VOICE) Dave ...

BRIAN
How are you doing Lorn? Don't see you around much lately ... Doing anything Sat'd'y night, Lorn?

DAVE
swings a clumsy punch at BRIAN and hits him hard in the shoulder. The move brings the fray to within a metre of ASTA.

ASTA
draws back involuntarily. Little SUZIE draws her legs up out of the way and giggles, having a great time.

DAVE
goes to swing another punch, but WAYNE grabs his arm, stopping the blow. BRIAN pushes an open palm into DAVE's face. DAVE staggers back - and in a flash BOBBY grabs him from behind, pinning his arms. DAVE struggles, but he's held.

On ASTA: her fists clench and her jaw sets. For a moment, we almost think she may intervene, but she wills herself to relax - and even deliberately looks away.

Now BOBBY's got DAVE and WAYNE is right beside him. BRIAN steps up close and speaks right into his face.

BRIAN
I could spread you all over this bloody shop, mate.

MELINA
If you dick'eads are gonna fight, will yous do it outside - thank you?

BRIAN
balls a fist - as if he'll punch the helplessly pinioned DAVE right in the gut. LORNA cries out. But instead, BRIAN gives DAVE a "friendly" but hard slap on the cheek. DAVE winces. He'm frightened now - and humiliated. BRIAN steps back, grinning.

BOBBY releases DAVE and pushes him hard toward LORNA, almost knocking him into her, as:

BOBBY
Better take big brother home now, Lorn.

GARRY
Past his bedtime anyway, isn't it?

And amidst laughter, DAVE goes to swing another punch, but WAYNE grabs his arm, stopping the blow. BRIAN pushes an open palm into DAVE's face. DAVE staggers back - and in a flash BOBBY grabs him from behind, pinning his arms. DAVE struggles, but he's held.

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GARRY
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And amidst laughter, DAVE, too ashamed to even lift his eyes, pushes through the crowd and out into the street. LORNA looks back just long enough for us to see the sheer hatred in her eyes - and then she goes after DAVE.

MELINA
Righto - now that's it! Not turning this place into some boxing ring!

No one takes much notice of MELINA. Somehow, in all this, she's managed to wrap more burgers, including ASTA's, and slap them on the counter.

Outside now, seen through the open door, an old Ford Fairlane is backing into the kerb, its powerful V-8 engine throbbing. WAYNE, BOBBY and BRIAN seem to've been waiting for this new arrival. They start to move out ...

BRIAN
Scoops up his and SUZIE's burger and slaps down money as:

WAYNE
(To ASTA) See ya round, Butch

ASTA just looks at him. Not if she can help it ...

BRIAN
grabs SUZIE and moves out with WAYNE, BOBBY and GARRY tagging along. ASTA pays for her food, nods thanks to MELINA - who rolls her eyes to heaven - and moves out too. Out the door to:

19. EXT. THE MILK BAR. THE MAIN STREET. NIGHT
WAYNE, BRIAN, BOBBY, SUZIE are grouped round some new arrivals: DANIEL FISKE, ANDREW RODOLPH, LITTLE STEVE HEMMINGWAY and BRUCE SULLIVAN. GARRY hangs round the edges, not really part of it, but listening in. DANNY and LITTLE STEVE sit up on the boot of the Fairlane. ANDREW stands by DANNY.

We're seeing this with ASTA as she emerges from the Milk Bar. There's talk, with expressive gestures, of what went on inside. ASTA feels herself being looked at again. DANNY laughs.

ASTA steps out of the Milk Bar doorway and moves along the footpath. She sips her milkshake calmly. She stops at the next shop and looks at the window display. She hears footsteps behind her and turns. DANNY stands there. He has a nice friendly smile. Beyond him, the others now seem to be talking among themselves.

ASTA gives him a look of enquiry - "Yes?"

DANNY
Hi.

DANNO
(HELLO) So you found Tim Curtis's all right?

ASTA
Hmm?

DANNO
At the pub - heard Sergeant Cuddy telling you how to get there.

ASTA
Oh. Right. Yes, I found it.

DANNO
Your bike jammed in first, was it?

ASTA
(Second.)

DANNO
Oh, gawd - and the heat like it was today ... (WHISTLES)

ASTA
is puzzled: he seems different from the others. He has a really nice smile. She smiles back, still tentative, but curious.

DANNO
Yeah. Anyway - we're just going down the pub. Wondered if you'd like to join us.

ASTA
Thank you, but no. It has been a very long day and ...

DANNO
Go on. Just a quick one?

ASTA
(POLITE) No, really. Thanks.

DANNO
Just trying to be friendly ...

ASTA
Yes - but - well ... Goodnight. (TURNS TO GO)

DANNO
I'll see you around maybe.

ASTA
Maybe (SMILES) Goodnight.

She walks off, leaving him standing there. She knows he's still looking at her. She keeps walking, sucking on her milkshake. Then behind her, she hears laughter. She can't help glancing back. LITTLE STEVE is walking behind her in a lah-de-dah parody of a 'feminine' walk. Somebody whistles. Then ASTA hears:

DANNO
(OBV)
Righto - cut it out. Leave her alone.

ASTA keeps walking. Behind her, she hears the doors of the Fairlane slam. Its engine starts. It pulls out and comes after her. ASTA quickens her pace. Now she's lit by the car's headlights. With difficulty she stops herself breaking into a run.

She's approaching a corner. She turns the corner. The Fairlane continues on up the main street, towards the pub. ASTA relaxes. For a moment she thought ... She walks on.
SHAME

20. INT/EXT. CURTIS PLACE. SLEEPOUT/REAR COURTYARD. NIGHT

The view out onto the moonlit scrub, seen through the flyscreen windows of the sleepout. The view is ASTA’s. She’s perched on the corner of the little table, chewing at the last of her hamburger - no doubt cold by now. ASTA hasn’t turned the light on - there’s scarcely any need with the brightness of the moon. She sighs, gets off the table, stands there, restless, undecided. The scene at the milk bar has hardly relaxed her, despite the weariness of earlier. Through her open doorway, she can see there’s a light on in the house. So what?

She’s made the bed up. Her few possessions are spread on the floor and little table. With another sigh she stands and takes a step toward the door.

At the same moment, across at the house, the screen door crashes open. ASTA hears footsteps on the house’s back verandah. Then she hears, plainly in the night stillness:

TIM (OSV) Look - maybe she led ‘em on. Everyone knows what goes on at these dances.

TINA (OSV) For God’s sake! She’s your own daughter!

No reply - presumably from TIM. Again, ASTA is caught - eavesdrop or just carry on as if nothing is happening?

ASTA takes the next step and out her doorway. She sees TINA standing at the top of the back steps, glaring down at TIM who’s standing at the bottom, turned away from TINA, his face lost in the shadows. TINA notices ASTA. Their eyes meet across the space of the courtyard. Abruptly TINA turns and goes back inside, slamming the screen door shut behind her.

ASTA looks across at TIM. Then walks briskly to the gate in the courtyard fence and disappears out into the scrub.

A moment’s pause. Then TIM slowly and heavily climbs the steps back up to the back door. He puts his hand on the handle ... but lets it fall. He turns and looks out over the scrub himself, his face still lost in shadow, but his figure, silhouetted against the interior light, shows a man alone with a crushing weight.

The murmur of NORMA’s voice from inside the house - we can’t make out the words. Then, loudly:

LIZZIE (OSV) I can hear every word you’re saying, you know!

The sound of running feet inside the house - and suddenly the screen door bursts open again and LIZZIE herself appears, dressed only in a summer nightie.

NORMA (OSV) Lizzie! Lizz-ie! Sweetheart ...

LIZZIE and TIM look at each other for a moment... But TIM doesn’t reach out to her. He turns his face away from her.

LIZZIE runs - down the steps across the courtyard, through the gate and away into the moonlit scrub. It seems to hurt her to run, but she runs, thudding and crashing through the low brush.

NORMA bursts out of the house and looks at TIM He just stands there.

21. EXT. SCRUB. REAR OF CURTIS HOUSE. NIGHT.

LIZZIE running hard across the flat, which is dotted with abandoned car bodies and low scrub. She is panting and crying, running wildly.

LIZZIE slips behind a car body, hiding, then sinks to the ground, leaning against the tyre, her knees drawn up, gasping for breath. She lifts her head and gasps with fear as she realises someone is standing in the scrub nearby. Then a quiet, reassuring voice comes out of the darkness.

ASTA It’s all right. It’s OK ...

LIZZIE (DRAWN BACK AGAINST THE BANK) I thought ... You’re the ... My name’s,, Tell them to stop .. They just go on and on ...

Lizzie slumps forward and cries. Tentatively, ASTA crouches beside her, then puts an arm around her.

The sound of more running feet and then the beam of a torch hits ASTA and LIZZIE. TIM and TINA stand looking at them. TIM’s embarrassed, TINA suspicious and protective.

2. INT/EXT. CURTIS PLACE.

THE WORKSHOP/PETROL PUMPS. DAY

Next morning. Dazzling sunlight out through the double doors, the heat already like a wall out there. Inside, that Country’n’Western music is playing. The big motorcycle is dismembered: parts and tools are laid out neatly on the piece of sacking.

ASTA is in the doorway of TIM’s little corner office, listening as TIM speaks on the phone.

TIM (INTO PHONE) Well, have you got parts for that model or not? What? Well, that’s why I’m ringing. (ROLLS HIS EYES TO ASTA, MUTTERS) Gawd strike me. (INTO PHONE) Yeah, you check, mate ... Righto ...

TIM waits. ASTA waits - with increasing frustration. The sound of a carhorn as a police car pulls up at the pumps.

TIM Gazza ... Pumps

GARRY Righto, righto ...

GARRY tears himself away from a car engine and goes out to the petrol pumps. Out there, CUDDY has climbed out of the car, stretches and strolls casually towards the workshop.

Meanwhile:

TIM (INTO PHONE) Yeah, I’m here ... You have? Right, now I need ‘em out here mate ... Ginzorak ... Yeah. My customer is in a hurry, yes ... Yeah, yeah. Are you in charge there, son?

CUDDY into the workshop now, nods and smiles “Good morning” to TIM and ASTA.

TIM (INTO PHONE) Well, put me onto your boss .. I will hang on, yes ... (COVERS MOUTHPIECE) G’day, Wal.

TIM’s greeting to CUDDY isn’t friendly, just flat - and he avoids CUDDY’s eye. ASTA wanders away towards her bike. CUDDY on top of everything else ...

CUDDY How you going Tim? How’s the family?

TIM They’re all right. I’m - uh - I’m on the phone, Wal.
CUDDY
Sure. Well that's good to hear. I'll just have a word with the lass.

... And he wanders over to ASTA - who isn't working, just staring at the bike's innards. GARRY leaves the petrol pump running and mooches back to lean in the doorway, watching and listening unashamedly. ASTA glances up at the bulk of CUDDY leaning over her, then back to her engine. CUDDY seems very relaxed: he takes out the makings and rolls a smoke, as:

CUDDY
Tim's looking after you, is he?

ASTA
Yes, thank you.

CUDDY
Yes, well, visitors are always welcome in Ginborak.

ASTA
(A TOUCH OF SARCASM) Well, I'm very relieved to hear that.

ASTA crouches back to the bike as if dismissing him. But he stands there. And at the same time:

TIM
(INTO PHONE) Ah, g'day ... Yeah. I was ringing about ... Ah, he told you ... That's right ...

CUDDY
You must handle that machine pretty well.

ASTA
Hmm

CUDDY
(AFTER A PAUSE) Travelling alone, eh?

ASTA
Apparently.

TIM
(INTO PHONE) On the train tonight? Rightio, then ... Good. Ahm - what'll it cost? Uh-huh ...

CUDDY
Don't yous have people wondering where you are?

ASTA
I know where I am.

CUDDY
(CHUCKLES) 'S'pose you do

TIM

ASTA
I'm lucky you came along. (PAUSE, NO RESPONSE) Yes, that bike was a bit more than I bargained for.

ROSS
(G'day. Hot?)

24. INT/TRAVELLING. ROSS's TRUCK & P.O.V.'s. DAY
The old pushbike rattles around on the tray of the truck. It's a 'roo shooter's truck, still bloodstained from the killing of the night before. There are racks and hooks on a frame for hanging the kangaroo carcasses, spotlights mounted on the cabin and a .303 rifle mounted behind the seat. ASTA relaxes in the passenger seat, glad to be riding. ROSS hums to himself tunelessly. ASTA glances at him, sizing him up. He seems all right. She attempts conversation

ASTA
I'm lucky you came along. (PAUSE, NO RESPONSE) Yes, that bike was a bit more than I bargained for.

ROSS
(A SHORT LAUGH) Looked like it.

Then silence again. ROSS just drives, seeming to have no interest in her at all. But now, calmly, with no change of expression, ROSS takes the truck off the sealed road and onto a dirt track. ASTA sits up straight and looks at him.

ASTA
You are going into town?

ROSS
Eh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah. We'll get there.

ASTA looks back: the sealed road recedes behind them, then disappears. ASTA looks at ROSS: he's humming to himself again. ROSS takes the truck off the sealed road and onto a dirt track. ASTA sits up straight and looks at him.

ASTA
You are going into town?

ROSS
Eh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah. We'll get there.

ASTA looks back: the sealed road recedes behind them, then disappears. ASTA looks at ROSS: he's humming to himself again. ROSS decides to go along with it, but she sits more upright. Now she notices him glancing at her, as if sizing her up, sussing her out.

ROSS
What're you doing out this way? Just sort of looking around?

ASTA
I know where I am.

CUDDY
All fixed up, then? eh? Put a bit of a hole in your holiday, though, eh?

ASTA
Mm.

ROSS pulls his rifle off the rack behind the seat and gets out of the truck.
25. EXT. STAND OF TREES, CROW TRAP. DAY
Carrying his rifle, ROSS goes across to the crow trap. ASTA gets out and checks in other directions: they seem to be quite isolated. ASTA shades her eyes from the sun. At the crown trap, ROSS shoots the crows. ASTA’s face: she doesn’t want to look. ROSS returns to the truck. He looks across to ASTA.

ROSS
(GRIM) Waste of bullets. Bloody pests. They attack the lambs.

He gets back into the cabin and stows the rifle. He starts the engine.

ROSS
You coming or not?

ASTA climbs in too. Behind her head, the muzzle of the rifle. The truck lurches forward.

26. INT/TRAVELLING. ROSS’s TRUCK & P.O.V.’s. DAY
ROSS
Not much to see in Ginborak, is there? The Meatworks ... (PAUSE) My wife - she works at the Meatworks. You work?

ASTA
Yes - sort of an office job.

ROSS
Ah, yeah. (PAUSE) I’m a ‘roo shooter, m’self. (PAUSE) Ah, well - can’t complain. Most blokes round here got nothing.

ASTA
Yes - there seems to be a lot of unemployment.

ROSS
(SUDDENLY ALMOST FIERCE) Well, it’s none of your worry, is it?

ASTA
Erhm - no ... I s’pose ... So - you work at night?

ROSS
Yeah - at night.

He has reached the turnoff onto the sealed road. Now he looks at her with great earnestness. He takes a breath as if about to say something important, then stops.

A car and two bikes sweep past on the main road, distracting his attention.

DANNY’s Fairlane, DANNY at the wheel, LITTLE STEVE beside him, fishing rods and towels tied to the roof rack. After a second two motorcycles follow the Fairlane: WAYNE with BOBBY riding pillion, and on the other BRIAN. ROSS stares grimly at them as he turns onto the sealed road. The two bikes slow right down to keep pace with the truck.

WAYNE looks up to ROSS and ASTA with a friendly grin.

WAYNE
(TO ASTA) G’day Butch!

BOBBY
Hey, Ross. How’s Penny these days?

ROSS
Y’see, she used to go down the Club, when I was working ... Can’t blame her for that much, can you? My Penny, she likes a bit of company, that’s all ... few laughs ... few drinks ... Well, she likes a good time ... why not? Well, they give her that all right... Stupid bitch! ... And then ... and then ... she tries to lay charges ... People said, “Charges? Penny Ross? Everyone knows she ... she ...” Oh, Jesus ... This’s six months ago ... but she still ...We’ll be sitting there having tea and she’ll just ... start cryin’ ... and I tell her, ‘It’s all right, Pen ... it’s all right ... But she ... she ...

27. EXT. ROAD. DAY
ROSS hurls himself at WAYNE and BOBBY. WAYNE is forced to drop his bike to defend himself from ROSS’s flailing blows. In an instant, BRIAN is off his bike and he too joins in.

ROSS
All right - isn’t that enough?

They stop, panting. ROSS got some blows in and the RIDERS show a few signs. As for ROSS himself, he lies on the ground, belly heaving, breakthrough in choking gasps.

BRIAN
(TO DANNY) He’s a bloody madman!

DANNY nods agreement, then shakes his head at the funny things people do. He looks at ASTA, as if to include her in his wonderment, but she ignores him and moves across to ROSS.

DANNY
Yeah - anyway, leave him. Go on - see you in town.

The RIDERS exchange a look and a shrug, then walk to their bikes. As the bikes roar off - LITTLE STEVE giving them a wave - DANNY walks over to ASTA and ROSS. ROSS is in a very bad state: his face cut and bruised, one eye swelling shut, and when ASTA tries to sit him up it seems some ribs may be broken. He looks at her dumbly, a great shame in his eyes.

DANNY crouches by ASTA and ROSS.

DANNY
Better get him home. Come on, mate ...

DANNY reaches out to help ASTA lift ROSS, but ROSS flinches away and glares at DANNY, his good eye blazing. DANNY shakes his head and gives a gesture of helplessness. He grabs LITTLE STEVE and they go to the Fairlane and drive off.

ASTA looks at ROSS. He hangs his head, ashamed. With a lot of effort, she gets him to his feet and helps him to the truck.

Way down the road, now, the Fairlane is a dot in the distance.
ASTA is affected by his emotion, but she sighs and shakes her head.

ROSS
Well, what's a man supposed to do? Blokes look at me in the street, down the Club ... Laughing ...

ASTA
Yeah, yeah ... Where do you live?

ROSS
(SHAKES HIS HEAD) No. Go to the Meatworks. Take a left here. ...

He points. ASTA shrugs: he is a madman. But she takes a left.

29. EXT. RODOLPH MEATWORKS. LOADING BAY. DAY
The rattle and clank of the machinery inside is the only sound in the hot stillness as ROSS's truck squeaks to a stop outside the loading bay of the Meatworks. Some distance away, a yellow sports car is parked by the white Mercedes sedan. As soon as the truck stops, ROSS wrenches open the door and slides to the ground. ASTA gets out on her side and moves straight to the rear of the truck. She grabs the bicycle and begins to haul it off. She looks at ROSS.

He is leaping heavily against the front mudguard of the truck. He's in pain. He lets go of the mudguard and takes a step toward the factory doors. He staggers, almost falls and then stands swaying perilously.

ASTA grimaces, sighs heavily and goes to him. She puts an arm around him and supports him into the factory. He leans on her gratefully.

30. INT. RODOLPH MEATWORKS. DAY
ROSS and ASTA come down the steps to the loading bay and onto the factory floor. This takes them past SHIRL and PATTI, working near the loading bay. They both exchange a look and work slower, keeping an eye on developments.

Now DULCIE sees ROSS and ASTA and moves over to them at a shambling trot. She screws up her face when she sees ROSS's injuries.

DULCIE
God in heaven, Ross - what're you ...?

ROSS
Want my wife, Dulce ...

DULCIE :
(AN ANXIOUS LOOK ROUND FOR THE MAN ON THE CATWALK, THEN) Yeah - all right. Wait here.

DULCIE trots off into the machines. ASTA helps ROSS sit down on the loading bay steps. She looks around. The factory rears on as usual, drowning any awareness yet of ROSS and ASTA's arrival. We make out TINA, BERYL and RITA among the WOMEN. Having taken things in, ASTA decides she can go. She gives ROSS a gesture of farewell and goes to ascend the steps past him. But he reaches up and grabs her hand, looking up at her with his good eye. ROSS has decided ASTA is his "mate".

ASTA grimaces, but she stands there - with ROSS holding her hand like a child.

Then ASTA sees that a well-dressed woman, MRS RODOLPH, and her son, ANDREW, are approaching.

ASTA, the stranger - at least to MRS RODOLPH - gets a curious once-over, then MRS RODOLPH looks to ROSS.

MRS RODOLPH
(CONCERNED) Ross ... goodness me - we have been in the wars ... What happened?

She goes to him, bending over him. ROSS looks at the floor, mumbling:

ROSS
Nuthin' ... I'm all right. Just come to get me wife.

MRS RODOLPH gives ASTA a look of enquiry, but ASTA just shrugs, as if to say, "You heard him, he wants his wife." Now RITA has seen something's up and is drifting closer. MRS RODOLPH sees her.

MRS RODOLPH
Rita, darling? Could you get the first aid box for Ross?

ROSS
Said I'm all right!

MRS RODOLPH flutters a hand at RITA - "Don't worry about that then ... RITA shrugs and looks curiously at ASTA.

At the same time, ANDREW tugs at his mother's sleeve, turning her to him. They're close enough for ASTA to hear:

ANDREW
Mum - I got to go. Money?

ROSS
(ANXIOUSLY)
Tell me, can you do anything about this ... ?

MRS RODOLPH
(RIDICULOUSLY)
What do you want, Ross? First you send us away, and then ... ?

ROSS
(ANGRILY)
What the hell am I supposed to do, Mrs Rodolph? I want my wife!

MRS RODOLPH
(ANXIOUSLY)
But I don't want to see either of them again.

ROSS
I don't want to see either of them again. I'd be very careful what I said, Ross - if I were you.

And she clicks her tongue, having no wish to continue this ridiculous conversation ...

ROSS
(ANOTHER COUPLE OF STEPS) You stop and listen to me, you bitch.

He looks as if he is going to step in front of her, to make her listen ... But now ANDREW punches him in the stomach. ROSS, already weakened, crumples and goes down on the puddled floor ... A scream from PENNY ...

ASTA moves fast, on an instinct of rage ...

And in a blur, before anyone knows what's happening, ASTA whacks ANDREW a stinging blow across the face. He cries out, as much in shock as pain ...

Reactions: TINA - open-mouthed; RITA - fists clenched herself; SHIRL gives PATTI a delighted nudge - "Hit him again ...!"

ANDREW clutches his stinging face. He makes a move toward ASTA, but MRS RODOLPH stills him with a gesture.

MRS RODOLPH looks hard at ASTA.

MRS RODOLPH
Who the hell are you?

But ASTA looks straight back at her - the only woman in this factory who can at this moment. ASTA gives a brief laugh - "Huh" - as if she sees right through MRS RODOLPH (ASTA has met MRS RODOLPHS before). Then she turns on her heel and mounts the loading bay steps to go.

Out there, in the blinding light of the car park, she can be seen angrily hauling the bicycle off the back of the truck as, foreground:

MRS RODOLPH
Dulcie - tell the office that these two (PENNY and ROSS) are to be paid off.

DULCIE
Oh, Mrs Rodolph ... What - now?

MRS RODOLPH
I don't want to see either of them again.

(to be continued)
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SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW?

AFTER THE DUST HAS SETTLED, AND THE PROMOTIONAL HYPE HAS DIED AWAY, WHAT'S REALLY NEW IN THE TECHNICALITIES AREA? FRED HARDEN LOOKS BACK AT SMPTE.

Sound & Vision '88, the third international conference of the Australian section of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers (SMPTE), had a particularly positive air about it, apparent even in a two-day visit. I lost one valuable equipment viewing afternoon as a guest on a long panel discussion at which, considering the disjointed thoughts that I had to offer, I should have been looking and asking questions. The audience would have appreciated it as well!

For this year, Dominic Case from Colorfilm took over the reins of chairman from Peter Bowlay of VTC. Again, the organisation of the conference program and the exhibition went smoothly, with more than 50 conference papers presented and 90 or so companies exhibiting equipment. The atmosphere of uncertainty about the future of the Australian industry was certainly not carried into the show and television equipment, at least, seemed to be selling, judging from the "Purchased by..." stickers. It made me think that the engineers have the easier task. Their research and development will continue to be funded, because all the companies are looking to the future. It's the end-users who have to keep up with the day-to-day realities, such as how to afford things.

In a way, that thought was behind the Sound & Vision '88 theme, 'The challenge of changing technology'. As Dominic Case pointed out, the pushes for higher resolution television and higher quality for film through new formats and faster film frame speeds are now real issues on which decisions must be made. We should thank the Australian section of SMPTE for bringing the discussion to us, as we are normally so isolated from the technical developments.

CONFERENCES AND PAPERS

As always, topics and standards of papers were mixed. The SMPTE is made up of engineers working for companies of very different sizes, and all of them are looking to these events to promote their own products or development path. There were some sessions that provided overviews of development, and were intended to balance the commercial tendency of the fair. The panel on High Definition Television Systems, on which I sat, was an example of this.

This year, the big companies like Sony and Ampex had technical background papers on the development of the digital video systems, particularly the D2 standard (more of this later). A list of all the papers presented and how to get copies of them is available from SMPTE (address below), but here are some that caught my attention.

Among the Australian companies was FilmLab Engineering, with details of their new Colormaster 2000 colour analyser: this is a CCD sensor system on a flatbed film transport table, using an AT computer to process the image colour information digitally. Fairlight Instruments unveiled their MFx audio post-production system. Designed to work in with the big Fairlight III CMI, it has wider application as a totally digital audio post-production system, allowing timecode-based dialogue and effects to be accurately layered.

With the large amounts of RAM and a big hard disk it can handle complete reels of feature audio production with infinite flexibility.

Some of the other local papers were hardly new or exciting: low-budget slide transfers (Digital Imaging Australia), budget Amiga graphics for non-broadcast (E. Stefanou & Assoc.), and the application of motion control software from Apogee in the U.S. by Samuelsons in Sydney, for a computer controlled hot head.

There were a lot of technical papers about satellite broadcasting and distribution systems, using digital processing techniques. Visual presentations included Andrew Mason from Mirage Effects showing the best bits of The Time Guardian - the special effects - and short films that opened each session showing some historical moments of TV, such as the 1938 Movietone newsreel of John Logie Baird in Australia.

One of the gems was paper No.22, 'The Subjective Tests on Tolerable Timing Differences between Picture and Sound in a Television Program'. This explained tests done by the Finnish Broadcasting Co. to work out the extent that a picture and sound could be out of sync, before this became annoying to the observer. The conclusion was that most viewers cannot tell if the sound is behind by 72ms (about 1.8 frames) or ahead by 66ms (1.65 frames). As the paper pointed out, the tests were done in the Finnish language and English might be different. I just thought that you'd like to know.

THE TIME GUARDIAN: special effects on show at SMPTE
I T I E S

The AMPEX D2 digital VTR is being advertised as the tool for perfectionists, pragmatists, over-achievers and visionaries. Add to that list anxious accountants, because the VPR-300 fits immediately into the one-inch edit suite and promises to make all the other machines redundant.

VIDEO EQUIPMENT

We noted in the last SMPTE show the growing involvement of computers in all aspects of film and TV production. At this show the process was carried through to its full conclusion: total digital image processing and recording has become a commercial reality. The buzzword was D2 and the engineers were wearing paths between the Sony and Ampex stands.

Sony sold the first true digital VTRs in Australia. Last year was an impressive event in the development of TV but because the system used the 4:2:2 component standard (it keeps the Red Green Blue signals separate) the Sony DVTR fitted poorly in the general composite analogue production environment. Even at the high price, the video graphic companies were eager to buy because their graphic systems were 4:2:2, but what most facility houses were waiting for was the machine that fitted in with their existing one-inch VTRs, at a comparable price. Surprisingly, it wasn't Sony that did it.

In April this year Ampex used their co-operative patent arrangement with Sony to produce a full featured VTR using the D2 composite standard. Sony did have a D2 machine on show but for some reason had chosen a simpler design, making the Ampex VPR 300 D2 machine the most attractive. Judging from the backlog of orders for the Ampex machine, it may have stolen the march on Sony. At SMPTE the situation was repeated but Sony was quick to point out that the race was not over and their following model will have a lot more of the features that the market asked for.

The biggest advantage of digital VTRs is the quality that is maintained over multiple generations. The D2 standards uses a special cassette similar to the U-matic (the same width tape is used). The big plus for the Ampex VPR 300 machine is the ability to take an oversize three-hour tape.

There were new graphics packages from almost everyone. The traditional hold on the video paint market of Quantel and Ampex has also been challenged by a lot of lower cost models. There has been a lot of squabbling about whether user interfaces (menus, displays etc.) are copyright and Quantel is coming down hard on this issue.

At the low end, there were some good PC-based products. The Neriki Pro Genlock for the Commodore Amiga gives a clean, fully broadcast-compatible video signal from what looks like the best of the cheap graphics-capable computers. The resolution is still chunky but it adds a lot of capacity for little money.

For a bit more money, a Japanese company Yem had a real-time computer graphics-to-video synchroniser, the CVS 950, that was capable of accepting non-interlaced output from computers like the Mac II, up to 1280 x 1024 pixels.

I was looking carefully at the small offline edit controllers because I wanted to buy one, and the choice was wide. Systems like the Mickey, a computer mouse-controlled system, looked to be the right price and, if you later add TBCs, the Mickey can perform a limited-length range of dissolves within the

MOUSEWORK:
The 'Mickey' computer editing system

computer. The Maurice TBC package from the same supplier, Quinto, was also good value for money.

AEC (Automatic Edit Controllers) was showing its tiny two-machine edit controller, the BAT, designed to be a cuts only lower cost controller (with some flexibility). Digiteyes ('I'm not sure if that's a clever name or not) is a Sydney production company which have developed a product called Shotlister. This is an edit list program that tries to be different, with a 'graphic' printout format that lets you see the A and B rolls start and end points in relation to each other and the audio track. It works on an IBM-compatible PC and uses a slot-in timecode capture card to read the timecode from track 2 of the U-matic cassette. The edit decision list software also gives you insert capability. I've used the product on a couple of short offline sessions and, after getting over the steep learning curve (not helped by a poor manual), it seems to do most of what I need an offline for.
To put the overload of new video equipment in perspective, a director friend walked from stand to stand, awed by each new digital device, then said, "The bottom line to all this is, where are the creative applications?" It's now possible to do almost anything to manipulate the image, but even the display material is creatively boring. It seems as if we are waiting for the new breed of 'creators' to take full advantage of the new tools.

**FILM AND POST PRODUCTION**

The Miller Model 80 fluid head, suiting cameras up to 35 kg, was a true production head for the bigger cameras, a tough competitor for the Sachtler studio head.

The features that were attracting attention were the good counterbalance system and multi-step drag adjustment. There are four pre-sets in tilt and three plus free in pan. It will also fit a wide range of tripods and TV studio pedestals. The low Australian dollar has given Miller a big plus in the overseas market and the company is not letting the chance slip away. There was a new, heavy duty, anodised aluminium tripod called the Maxi that will carry up to 45 kg and weighs 6 kg with the built-in above ground spreader.

There was also a lightweight ENG tripod, the Compact II. Weighing in at 3 kg, its very low position of 580mm with the spreader still attached was impressive.

**LIGHTING**

Strand Lighting Australia was keen to show off the first products from its R & D program on specific needs for the Australian lighting industry. There were several smaller control boards and dimmer control packs made to suit school or small performance areas such as pubs. These contrasted with the massive new Lightboard M. Computer controlled and with colour VDU, it has the capacity to drive 768 dimmers with 200 recordable memories - all too capacity to drive 768 dimmers with colour VDU, it has the focusable reflector.

Strand's other new products at the show included a new lighter weight lighting grid, the Lightrig, aimed at temporary or smaller video studios, and the ladi, a new fill/cyc light that will take from 200W to 1000W lamps.

Strand also distribute the Rosco products. In the paint range there was a high quality phosphorescent paint and a new TV black and TV white. Black and white paint is hardly new but this is TV white, a neutral grey with 60 per cent reflectance which the TV engineers like to see their peak white sitting at on the waveform. The black has a 3 per cent reflectance suiting minimum brightness. There is also a new flame retardant for muslin backdrops for theatre use, called Roscoflamex, which can now be used for treating synthetics and timber.

Adding to the Rosco Cinegel range is the deep-dyed, fade resistant Cinecolor, on rolls 48 inch wide. There are 56 colours and nine diffusers.

There were a lot of video and ENG lenses, but weighing in at 5.8 kg (nearly 13 lbs) was a 5:1 zoom lens that I wanted immediately. There are some good wide zooms for 16mm but on 35mm we have to go to prime lenses below 20mm wide. The Cooke Varotal is a 14 to 70mm zoom, T3.1, with a 76 degree angular field of view across the horizontal. It has minimal distortion on the wide end and the resolution figures are impressive. It also focuses down to a very useful 70 cm (27 in). I can't wait to use it.

SMP Products had a lot of new tools that I didn't get time to play with, but one of those that caught my eye as I kept passing the stand was the Matthews briefcase dolly, far more sturdy than its size would have you believe and a perfect addition to a video kit. The other item that I want to get my hands on was the Filmsoft Editor's Assistant. This is a hardware and software package designed to attach to any sprocketed device which will convert the footage counter to PAL timecode. Designed to fit onto synchronisers, Pic Syncs and flat bed tables, it makes building up an edit decision list a lot faster.

SMP also had a Panavision-labeled Sharp PC-1360 handheld computer with a special EPROM program that does almost every film calculation you'd need: exposures, depth of field, speeds, diopters, film time/lengths and more. It will even do your accounts and tell you what time the sun comes up.

The other handheld film/video calculator was the one from ACE Edit, using the lower cost Sharp PC-
value for the price. The big plus was the quality of the sound and the built-in equalization for every channel. All the levels and EQs could be set to change on any SMPTE time-code frame, and the video screen display was particularly well designed. It’s worth a look.

As usual, you never get to see all the items that look interesting in the catalog and I’m still catching up with things people have told me about. That’s just part of the excitement of trade shows like SMPTE; it’s all the fun of window shopping but you are encouraged to handle the equipment. Add to that the papers and the discussions; the effect is to send the delegates home feeling positive.

Among the things that I never knew I wanted at SMPTE was Rosco’s Pina Colada-flavoured smoke fluid (one of a range of designer smells available) and come to think of it, they also had the lowest tech giveaway of this high tech show. I’m waiting, heart in mouth, to see the improvements in next year’s model!

High on my wish list is the Mitsubishi video hard copy printer. The black and white model shown here has been around for a while but the colour version gives prints that look as good as Polaroids. It can be yours in black and white for about $2,000 ex tax and in colour for $5,000.
Awards. Diplomatically, one from another source) from the Members' Award seem to have been well received --

"What we are seeing at present," says Vicki Molloy, executive director of the Australian Film Institute, "is an international movement which is questioning the status of the director, the auteur theory, and attempting to upgrade the status of the writer. I think the Awards are providing a forum for acting out, or voicing, some of those broader concerns."

That's certainly a philosophical view of the dispute that saw this year's AFI Awards proceed without the participation of the Australian Writers' Guild, and the elimination of the two writing categories (best screenplay and best screenplay adapted from another source) from the Awards. Diplomatically, one might call it a forum; otherwise, it is better described a boycott.

Though the streamlined voting procedures introduced last year, along with a new AFI Members' Award seem to have been well received -- particularly among industry practitioners who now find it much easier to participate in the Awards -- the annual round of disputes has once again bucked the organisational horse and highlighted several areas of contention concerning the voting procedures and regulations of the AFI Awards.

This year's principle dispute centred on voting accreditation rights. The Australian Writers' Guild was dissatisfied over the fact that while directors were eligible to vote in the screenplay categories, writers are refused the reciprocal right to vote for directors. According to the Guild, which boycotted the Awards, "the AFI's voting accreditation rights downgrade the writer to some sort of junior partner in the filmmaking process."

Tom Hegarty, a spokesperson for the Guild, censures the AFI as "the main film body in Australia" for its inequitable treatment of writers, without whom there would be no film industry. The dispute, he stresses, is not with the directors, but with the AFI, whose present voting procedures, he says, perpetuate an improper perception of the writer's role. (Interestingly, were voting rights reciprocated, writers would outnumber directors by as much as two to one.)

Vicki Molloy maintains that "the AFI is continually receiving representations about amendments desired by different groups, and while we try to accommodate as best we can the interests of special industry groups, we also have a responsibility to maintain a consistent and equitable judging system across the board. The situation at present is that produced directors vote in every category, and beside that there's peer judging. We decided not to make a one-off amendment to that system because we thought that might create other inconsistencies."

The Guild was quick to point out the existence of 'major inconsistencies within the AFI's voting process.'

"That can't be said of writers or actors," said Molloy. "Amongst other things, the granting of reciprocal voting rights for writers would set a precedent that other groups, such as actors, would similarly lay claim to, she maintains. According to Hegarty, the writers recognize the universal role of directors and producers -- who, after all, are responsible for the hiring of the writer -- but merely seek to have the inequity redressed, and would settle on having directors removed from the writing categories."

Molloy says that it is unlikely the AFI will proceed with the Awards next year before receiving the agreement of all groups to abide by the rules and regulations, whatever they may be. Molloy acknowledges that other options are being looked at. One model currently under scrutiny, which mirrors that used by the American Academy, would allow all accredited members to vote in all categories, after films had been pre-selected by peer groups. Such a system, she believes, would satisfy the writers' concerns as no group would be privileged. She hopes that through round table discussions, meetings and negotiations, a system acceptable to all parties can be arrived at.
Contention has also focussed this year on the film *Shame*, which, according to co-producer Paul Barron, was originally entered last year but subsequently withdrawn when Barron Films discovered that the materials supplied for the AFI jury screenings were sub-standard. According to Molloy, the film was indeed entered, judged and rejected by nine different pre-selection panels.

Despite Barron’s claim that ‘no-one at the AFI told us that we would be ineligible this year and common sense would indicate that a producer would have the right to withdraw a film and re-enter it in such circumstances’ it is unequivocally stated on the 1988 entry form that any film entered in 1987 would be ineligible. The film has subsequently been released nationally to general acclaim from both critics and the public. Though the re-inclusion of the film on the grounds of its warm reception would undermine the entire credibility of the Awards, as well as being unconstitutional and totally unethical, the incident does confirm a view that has been voiced on many occasions in the past that the pre-selection process, and consequently the films that do win Awards, favours particular types of the films.

A further hiccup has been caused by uncertainty over the broadcasting of the presentation ceremony which was not televised this year. The ABC, whose live broadcast of last year’s presentation in Melbourne was a marked improvement on past botches, was unable to offer a time-slot for a production suitable to the AFI. Molloy is convinced, however, that there are other ways to achieve the primary aim of the Awards, which is to create public awareness of Australian filmmaking.

At the same time Molloy stresses that the presentation is only one part of the Awards. The films, which represent a large proportion of films produced in that year, are being screened in seven cities, providing members a chance to review that year’s output in films. She believes that this, a forum in the truest sense, is an integral part of the AFI Awards.

Despite the gloom and lean times that have prevailed recently on the Australian film industry, 26 feature films were entered this year, from which 19 were pre-selected to compete in the competition. Screenings have been well attended, according to Molloy, though mixed reactions to many of the nominated films would seem to reflect the current climate. Molloy acknowledges that “there are probably fewer stand-out films this year than I can recall from the past.”

Not unexpectedly, *Crocodile Dundee II*, like its predecessor, is this year’s most notable non-contender; on the other hand, *The Man From Snowy River II* was entered, but only in the technical areas where it received a nomination for sound.

Tom Hegarty promises that the writers will be continuing their campaign though he refused to be drawn to state what action they plan to take. In spirit at least, however, they have been represented at this year’s Awards. Frank Howson’s *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, which scooped six nominations including best film and best director, recounts the fate of a wealthy Australian playwright who, amid the first bites of Hollywood sharks returns home in a desperate bid to be reunited with his family.

Unlike the ‘usual breed of scriptwriter, the under-recognised and downgraded “junior partner” who moonlights between washing dishes and driving taxis, this guy is famous enough to be pictured on the cover of Rolling Stone and be recognised by a local taxi driver. Is it wishful thinking, a sarcastic joke or irony that no writer could have conceived?

### AFI Award Nominations

#### Features

**Best Feature**
- *Boulevard of Broken Dreams* (Grievious Bodly Harm)
- *Mullaway* (The Navigator)

**Best director**
- *Pino Amenta (Boulevard of Broken Dreams)*
- *Craig Laniff (Feaver)*
- *Don Mclean (Mullaway)*
- *Vincent Ward (The Navigator)*

**Best actress**
- *Nadine Garner (Mullaway)*
- *Wendy Hughes (Boundaries Of The Heart)*
- *Rosie Jones (Afraid To Dance)*
- *Jo Kennedy (Tender Hooks)*

**Best actor**
- *Mark Lee (The Everlasting Secret Family)*
- *Hamish McFarlane (The Navigator)*
- *Susan Scottly (Phobia)*
- *John Waters (Boulevard of Broken Dreams)*

**Best supporting actress**
- *Tina Bursill (Jilted)*
- *Mary Coutts (Mullaway)*
- *Sue Jones (Mullaway)*
- *Julie Nihill (Boundaries Of The Heart)*

**Best supporting actor**
- *Kim Gyngell (Boulevard of Broken Dreams)*
- *Bruno Lawrence (Grievious Bodly Harm)*
- *Paul Livingston (The Navigator)*
- *John Macion (The Everlasting Secret Family)*

#### Non-feature Films

**Best original score**
- *Andrew Hagan and Morton Wilson (Where The Outback Ends)*
- *Mario Milo (The Lighthorsemen)*
- *Frank Strangio (Incident At Raven’s Gate)*

**Best costume designer**
- *Jeannie Cameron (Mullaway)*
- *Grieyjs Jackson (The Navigator)*
- *Cheryl McLoud (Boulevard Of Broken Dreams)*

**Best sound**
- *Lloyd Carrick, Craig Carter, Peter Burgess (The Lighthorsemen)*
- *Peter Fenton, Phil Hayward, Martin Oswin (Dangerous Game)*
- *Terry Rodman, David Harrison, Ron Purvis (The Man From Snowy River II)*
- *Roger Savage, Lloyd Carrick, Frank Lipson, Craig Carter (Rikky And Pete)*

#### Television

**Best miniseries**
- *The Alien Years* (Captain James Cook)
- *Poor Man’s Orange* (The True Believers)
- *The Unicorn* (Poor Man’s Orange)

**Best direction in a miniseries**
- *Donald Crombie (The Alien Years)*
- *Peter Fisk (The True Believers)*
- *Lawrence Gordon-Clark (Captain James Cook)*
- *George Whaley (Poor Man’s Orange)*

**Best actress in a miniseries**
- *Simon ChIVERS (The True Believers)*
- *Shane Connor (The True Believers)*
- *Keith Michell (Captain James Cook)*

**Best telefeature**
- *Fragments Of War* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *Sisterly Love - South Of The Border* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *Cane Toads, An Unnatural History* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *The Man From Snowy River II* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *The True Believers* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *The Lizard King* (Matter Of Convenience)

**Best documentary**
- *An Unnatural History* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *Riding The Gale* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *South Of The Border* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *Thanks Girls And Goodbye* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *The Lie* (Matter Of Convenience)
- *Stephen Wallace* (Matter Of Convenience)

**Best direction**
- *Danae Gunn and Jayne Stephenson (The Invisible Girl)*
- *John Hughes (All That Is Solid)*
- *Monica Pellizzari (Rabbit On The Moon)*
- *Hugh Piper (Riding The Gale)*

**Best cinematography**
- *Phil Bulst (South Of The Border)*
- *Jim Frazier, Wayne Taylor (Cane Toads, An Unnatural History)*
- *John Maruff (Green)*
- *Leia Peeters (Smoke ‘Em If You Got ‘Em)*

**Best editing**
- *Lemlee Bennett (A Song Of Air)*
- *Lindsay Frazier (Cane Toads, An Unnatural History)*
- *Denise Hunter (South Of The Border)*
- *Scott Hargraves and Neil Gibbie (Sleepwalker)*

**Best sound**
- *Rodney Simmons, George Hart (Cooee)*
- *Liam Egam, Michelle Cattle, Geoffrey Sitt (Cane)*
- *Philip Brophy, Ian Haig, Philip Samarzis (Salt, Saliva, Sperr And Swear)*
- *John Patterson, Annie Cockshedge, David Bradbury (South Of The Border)*

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**TELEVISION NOMINATIONS**
THE VAMPIRE OF SYDNEY

Producer: Geoff Byng
Assoc. producer: John Gerelli
Prod. management: John Gerelli Associates
Scriptwriter: Geoff Byng
Assistant scriptwriter: Joanne Small
Composers: Paul Prockl
Length: 90 minutes
Gauge: 35mm

Synopsis: The story of a young, unemployed, working-class vampire who conceals his true identity by pretending to be what he is.

THE VERY BEST

Prod. company: Caravan Films
Prod. director: Tony M. Caravan
Prod. manager: Norma Monceau
Scriptwriter: John Harris, Jr
Music: Guy Gross
Length: 90 minutes
Budget: $3 million
Gauge: 35mm

S U R V E Y

FEATURES

S U R V E Y

TECHNOLOGY

Amber

STRENGTHS

STRENGTHS

CINEMA PAPERS

NOVEMBER—
**WHAT THE MOON SAW**

**Casting:***
- Genevieve Lemon (Sweetie), Karen Colvin (Kay), Tom (Louis), J. o. (Clayton), Darling (Gordon), Dorothy Barry (Fio), Michael Lake (Bob), Andre Pascache (Clayton).

**Synopsis:** An ironic look at modern relationships - the confused, the sulking and the banal.

**LUIGI’S LADIES**

**Casting:**
- John Clayton (Max), Rowena Vaillant (Catherine), Jeanne Dryden (Sister), Barry Quinn (Larry), Richie Singer (Boiling), Simon Mathew (Nightingale).

**Synopsis:** A film about five Sydney actors who just happen to be friends! Their ‘ups’ are never more than ‘downs’ and are always low.

**FEATURES**

**POST-PRODUCTION**

**DOCAPCUNNING**

**Casting:**
- John Clayton (Max), Rowena Vaillant (Catherine), Jeanne Dryden (Sister), Barry Quinn (Larry), Richie Singer (Boiling), Simon Mathew (Nightingale).

**Synopsis:** Two well-known on-screen actors take us on a tour of the career path of a real life nurse.

**PROCEED WITH CAUTION II**

**Synopsis:** Sequel to the monster smash, Proceed With Caution.
The image contains a page from a document with various production credits and credits for different film projects. Here is the text in a plain text format:

**THE INVITED**
Production company: Cypher Productions
Director: Lindsay Christopher
Scriptwriter: Lindsay Christopher
Sound recordists: Robert Forbes
Editor: Adam Sanderson
Lab. liaison: Warren Keevers

**LANDSLIDES**
Gauge: Super 8
Length: 16mm

**THE LONELY ONES**
Synopsis: Depicts the history of public
Gauge: Super 8
Length: 16mm

**JUST A GOVERNMENT FILM**
Synopsis: A video which will illustrate
Gauge: Super 8
Length: 16mm

**REVERSE CHARGES**
Prod. company: Zohar Studios
Producers: Daniel Heath, Daniel Heath, Daniel Heath
Sound recordist: Jikou Sugano
Editor: Paula Peterson, Paula Peterson

**50 YEARS OF PUBLIC HOUSING**
Prod. company: Film Australia
Director: Christopher Jolly
Scriptwriter: The Electric Magazine Company Pty. Ltd.
Lab. liaison: Warren Keevers

**OLD PEOPLE’S HOUSING**
Prod. company: Film Australia
Director: Benjamin Heath
Scriptwriter: Richard Keddie
Lab. liaison: Warren Keevers

**UNUNITED LOVE STORY**
Prod. company: Creative Dev. Branch, AFC
Producers: Richard Cooper
Director: Simon Cooper
Scriptwriter: Simon Cooper
Sound recordist: Simon Cooper
Editor: Simon Cooper
Lab. liaison: Bruce Braun

**GOVERNMENT FILM PRODUCTION FILM AUSTRALIA**
CINEMA PAPERS NOVEMBER—55

SYNOPSIS: A promotional video of 5 minutes for the Australian construction services.

MAD IN THE USA

Prod. company.................Film Australia
Prod. manager...............Janet Bell
Director............................Don Murray
Exec. producer..................Ron Saunders
Sound recordist................David Knaus
Editor ...............................John Lowndes
Synopsis: Made In The USA is a documentary covering the U.S. involvement in Nicaragua. Shot during the period of the Iran-Contra hearings and Central American Peace Plan, Made In The USA will cover the contradictions inherent in that involvement.

AUSTRALIA EDUCATION

Prod. company.................Film Australia
Prod. manager...............Janet Bell
Editor.................................John Host
Production manager............Neil Cousins
Synopsis: An anti-nuclear thriller set against the political events in Palau where the people of that tiny island state have stood up against the might of a superpower.

PHOTOGRAPHY

A thriller based on the world of international trade; where we go wrong - the problems and attitudes that have caused the adverse balance of payments; Getting It Right - a priority for all Australians; Looking to the Future - Turning Over a new leaf and maximising our potential for all Australians.

PUBLISHERS

From an original idea by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade.

Production manager...............Neil Cousins
Synopsis: This resource kit will comprise a video and comprehensive teachers' guide. The video will be in 4 parts - Looking Back: A recent history of international trade; getting it right - a priority for all Australians; looking to the Future - turning over a new leaf and maximising potential for all Australians.

PALAU

Prod. company.................Film Australia
Drawing.............................John Host
Production manager............Neil Cousins
Synopsis: A 5-minute drama to let 16-year-olds know they are eligible to give blood in some states in Australia.

PRODUCERS

PRODUCERS

YOUNGBLOOD

Prod. company.................Film Australia
Prod. manager...............Janet Bell
Director............................John Host
Synopsis: A 5-minute drama to let 16-year-olds know they are eligible to give blood in some states in Australia.

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Synopsis: A 5-minute drama to let 16-year-olds know they are eligible to give blood in some states in Australia.
Synopsis: An educational/informational program explaining the activities of the Royal Australian Mint to tourists and school children.

A TRADITION OF QUALITY

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Susan Lambert
Director ..................................................... Ray Quirk
Scriptwriter ................................................ Ray Quirk
Based on the original idea by: Royal Australian Mint
Photography .................................................. Greg Lowe
Sound recordist ............................................. Rod Simmons
Editor .......................................................... Doug Howard
Exec. producer .............................................. Ron Saunders
Prod. manager .............................................. John Davy Tristram
Unit manager ................................................ Peter Brown
Prod. secretary .............................................. Robyn Brains
Prod. accountant .......................................... Geetan Sidhu
Electrician .................................................. Ian Bosman
Mixer ......................................................... Robert Sullivan
Narrator ..................................................... Jim Downes
Animation ..................................................... Don Ezard
Marketing & promotions officer ................. Martin Wood
Length .......................................................... 7 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 35mm
Video .......................................................... Video

Synopsis: A corporate promotional video showing the capacity of the Royal Australian Mint to produce circulation coins, collectors’ coins, medals and medallions.

FITNESS TESTING - A GUIDE

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Paul Humfress
Director ..................................................... John Michael Rodgers
Sound recordist ............................................. Michael Taylor
Based on the guide by Department of Arts, Sport, Environment, Tourism & Territories
Photography .................................................. Greg Lowe
Prod. designer .............................................. Alan Booth
Prod. editor ................................................... Michael Bartley
Exec. producer ............................................. Paul Humfress
Prod. secretary ............................................. Lorane Wallace
Prod. accountant .......................................... Lee Collins
1st assidt manager ................................. Alan Woodford
Marketing/promotions ................. Chris Pip Langley
Length .......................................................... 25 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... Video
Video ......................................................... Betacam
Synopsis: A video to accompany the book produced by the Dept of Arts, Sport, Environment, Tourism and Territories aimed at standardising fitness assessment procedures for those designing physical fitness programs.

WOMEN’S SPORT COMMUNITY SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Susan Lambert
Director ..................................................... Susan Lambert
Scriptwriter ................................................ Susan Lambert
Based on the idea by the Women’s Sports Council and Australia’s sporting commissions
Marketing/promotions .................. Chris Pip Langley
Length .......................................................... 41 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... Video
Synopsis: The advert will encourage women to participate by showing the skill, power, strength and grace of sportswomen as well as the sense of camaraderie and the thrill of achievement associated with playing the game.

WHITE LIGHT

Prod. company .............................................. Riverheath Productions
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Mark Styles
Co-producers .................................................. Chris Hilts
Co-directors ................................................... Glen Singleman
Photography .................................................. Glen Singleman
Sound recordist ............................................. Chris Hilton
Editor .......................................................... Graham Aschel
Exec. producer ............................................. Paul Humfress
Prod. manager .............................................. Ron Hannam
Prod. secretary ............................................. Lorane Wallace
Prod. accountant .......................................... Lea Collins
Marketing/promotions .................. Chris Pip Langley
Length .......................................................... 40 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... Video
Synopsis: Adventure documentary covering an Australian expedition to the Antarctic - the object of which was to climb Mt. Minto which was previously unsealed.

WELFARE

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Director ..................................................... Ian Munro
Sound recordists ........................................... Con Anagnostis
Research ..................................................... Jenny Menzel
Photography .................................................. David Nash
Stunt drivers .............................................. Steve Winstone
Exec. producer ............................................. Paul Humfress
Prod. manager .............................................. Ron Hannam
Sound recordists ........................................... Bronwyn Murphy
Editor .......................................................... Gail O’Neil
Publicist ..................................................... Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions .................. Chris Pip Langley
Length .......................................................... 60 minutes
Synopsis: A proposed series of six programs that would raise issues, increase the awareness of the many welfare problems that exist and suggest alternative systems of dealing with these problems of the underprivileged both within Australia and overseas.

ROADS TO XANADU

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... John David Lindsay
Director ..................................................... David Roberts
Based on the original idea by ......... Ronald Merson
Photography (China & Japan) ............... Tony Galey
Photography (Europe) ....................... Greg Lowe
Sound recordists ........................................... Rod Simmons
Editors ......................................................... Les McLarin
Composers .................................................. Ray Thomas
Accordian ....................................................... Michael Askili
Exec. producer ............................................. Geoff Barnes
Prod. manager .............................................. John Russell
Prod. secretary ............................................. Lorane Wallace
Camera assistant ......................................... John Russell
Art editors ..................................................... Tania Neitho
Editors ......................................................... Laura Zuster
Neg matching ................................................. Film Australia
Musical directors ............................ Nigel Westlake
Executive producer .................. Michael Askili
Music performance by ...................................... Nigel Westlake
Mixer ............................................................. Michael Askili
Narrator ......................................................... John Merson
Recorded at ................................................. Film Australia Laboratory
C.F.L. (Cinemat)
Lab liaison ..................................................... Mark Foster
Marketing/promotions .................. Film Chris Pip
Length .......................................................... 4 x 54 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Gauge ......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: This four part series for television takes a refreshingly new look at the cultural exchange between Asian and European in the making of the modern world. In the process, the series sheds light on the relationship between science, technology and society which continue to shape our perceptions of progress, and scrutinised and re-evaluated.

EYES OPEN DREAMING

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Paul Humfress
Director ..................................................... Peta Hill
Scriptwriter .................................................. Peta Hill
Based on the original idea by ..................... Peta Hill
Photography .................................................. Peta Hill
Exec. producer ............................................. Paul Humfress
Prod. manager .............................................. Ron Hannam
Prod. secretary ............................................. Lorane Wallace
Prod. accountant .......................................... Lea Collins
Still photography ......................................... Peta Hill
Laboratory ..................................................... Colourfilm
Marketing/promotions .................. Coloufilm
Length .......................................................... 1 hour
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: A TV series of five film short programs focusing on the transition from sleep into waking life through the eyes of a deep dreamer. The series is designed both for Frontline television and also for a series of short film festivals.

STORY MAKERS 1

Prod. company .............................................. Film Australia
Dist. company .............................................. Film Australia
Producer ..................................................... Paul Humfress
Director ..................................................... Aviva Ziegler
Scriptwriter .................................................. Aviva Ziegler
Photography .................................................. David Kraus
Sound recordists ........................................... Rodney Simmons
Editor .......................................................... Toivo Lember
Bronwyn Murphy
Synopsis: This series of documentaries will assess procedures for those working in the film industry.

SYNOPSIS

FILM AUSTRALIA’S AUSTRALIA - ECONOMY

Producer ..................................................... Jan Punch
Exec. producer ............................................. Paul Humfress
Director ..................................................... Judith Adamson
Prod. manager .............................................. Ron Hannam
Photography .................. Ross King (link on request)
Presenter .................. Annette Shun Wah
Length .......................................................... 60 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: An exploration of the economic diversity of Australia in the 1990s.

FILM AUSTRALIA’S AUSTRALIA - THE FUTURE

Producer ..................................................... Jan Punch
Exec. producer ............................................. Gillian Coole
Scriptwriters ............................................. Jan Punch
Prod. manager .............................................. Gillian Coole
Synopsis: The final program in Film Australia’s Australia series. The film will deal with the issue of Australian identity. What is it to be Australian?

HIGHLAND PATH

(work title)

Producer ..................................................... Peter Butt
Exec. producer ............................................. Tristram Hall
Director ..................................................... Peter Butt
Photography .................................................. Phillip Boom
Sound ......................................................... Paul Dayley
Length .......................................................... 50 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: Meg Taylor leads an expedition of 25 into the heartland of Papua New Guinea, retracing the epic Hagen-Sepik patrol led by her father, James Lindsay Taylor, 50 years ago.

GOVERNMENT FILM PRODUCTION NEW SOUTH WALES FILM CORPORATION

APPEARANCES CAN DECEIVE

Prod. company .............................................. Suzanne Baker Productions
Producer ..................................................... Suzanne Baker
Director ..................................................... Bob Kingsbury
Scriptwriter .................................................. Colin Barlow
Editor .......................................................... David Jaeger
Lighting ......................................................... Martin McGrath
Sound ......................................................... Post-production
Post-production.......................... The Editing Machine
Length .......................................................... 30 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: Produced for the Disabilities Co-ordination Unit, NSW Premier’s Department. The video raises awareness of intellectual disability in the criminal justice field. Its audience will be police, magistrates, lawyers, probation and parole officers, welfare workers and custodial officers.

BEHIND THE SUN

Prod. company .............................................. Uniplex Films
Producer ..................................................... J.William Wilson
Exec. producer ............................................. John Davy Tristram
Director ..................................................... John Davy Tristram
Exec. producer ............................................. Peter Dimond
Concept ...................................................... Chris Pip
Prod. manager .............................................. Jannette Greenwood
Editor ......................................................... I.James Wilson
Cinematography .......................................... Garry McQueen
Sound ......................................................... Ralph Steele
Electronic Music .............................................. Mike Gissing
Post-production/lab ...................... Colorfilm
Length .......................................................... 50 minutes
Gauge .......................................................... 16mm
Synopsis: Behind The Sun is a kaleidoscopic impression of the arts in New South Wales. The film surveys the vitality and diversity of the performing and visual arts in the State, demonstrating the creativity and high level of performance which contributes to the quality of life in New South Wales.

56—NOVEMBER CINEMA PAPERS
SYNOPSIS: Designed to be viewed as an introduction to the Australian Museum’s producers (a walk-in diorama) of Campbell title, this short film illustrates the changing environment over the past 200,000 years. Film footage and a fossil skeleton and animation depict the changes from ancient times through the Ice Age to the Bicentennial year and beyond.

GO FOR GOLD, FRED
Prod. company, Paradise Picture Company
Producer .................... Mike Conway
director .................... Rod Stalder
Scriptwriter .................... Rodney Long
Prod. manager ............... Bill Gray
Editor ........................ Mike Conway
Lighting cameraperson .... Peter Davies
Laboratory ....................... CPL
Length ....................... 21 minutes 23 seconds
Gauge ......................... 16mm

SYNOPSIS: This dramatised documentary produced for the New South Wales Department of Motor Transport, shows how Fred, doubting but typical of road safety citizen, is made aware of the benefits of safe driving habits through the Gold five-year photo-license card.

STREET SENSE—CRASH, BANG, BOING AND IT’S SMART TO BE SAFE
Prod. company ................ Quest Films
Producers ....................... David Perry and Peter Campbell
Director ...................... Ian Gilmore
Scriptwriter ..................... Harold Lander
Prod. manager ................. Paul EVS
Lighting cameraperson ....... Peter Campbell
Cameraman ..................... David Perry
and Samantha Brampton
Sound .......................... Rob Stalder
Post-production .............. EVS
Length ......................... (a) 11 minutes 30 seconds (b) 5 minutes 45 seconds
Gauge .......................... 16mm

SYNOPSIS: (a) Devised as a musical quiz show which is designed to provide children aged 7-13 years with educational messages on road safety through dramatic sequences. Children— as pedestrians, passengers or cyclists —are seen doing the right thing or almost doing the wrong thing, and winning or losing a point for their team. Produced for the Traffic Authority of NSW, this video will be given to all State primary schools.

(b) Prior to the class pet show with live pets, the role play or the pets the children have created, the teacher wants to ensure that the children know their ‘road rules’, so she videos them as passengers, pedestrians or cyclists. For 9-12 year olds, this program is entertaining—informative. Produced for the traffic authority of NSW, it will be given to all State primary schools.

THE END OF THE EARTH (ANTARCTICA)
Prod. company ................ Filmworks
Producer ....................... Alec Morgan
Director ....................... Richard Stalder
Scriptwriter ..................... Alec Morgan
Cameraman ..................... Matthew Tucker
Animation ..................... Niki Sini
Laboratory ..................... Colorfilm
Length ......................... 26 minutes

SYNOPSIS: Designed to be viewed as an introduction to the Australian Museum’s producers (a walk-in diorama) of Campbell title, this short film illustrates the changing environment over the past 200,000 years. Film footage and a fossil skeleton and animation depict the changes from ancient times through the Ice Age to the Bicentennial year and beyond.

SYNOPSIS: This video was produced for the Equal Employment Opportunity (EEO) Unit, State Rail, to increase staff understanding of the EEO programs in State Rail and Urban Transit. Staff in a variety of occupations explain how the organisational changes, aimed at eliminating harassment and discriminatory employment practices, are helping them to improve their chances for a better job in the two Authorities.

FLYING WHITE ANT (The Story of the Aboriginal Painter Albert Namatjira)
Prod. company ................ Don Featherstone
Producers ....................... David Perry and Peter Campbell
Director ....................... John Edwards
Scriptwriter ..................... Peter Fisk
Prod. manager ................. Kevin MacAlary
Lighting cameraperson ...... Albert Namatjira
Post-production .............. Betacam
Length ......................... 10 minutes 30 seconds
Gauge .......................... Betacam

SYNOPSIS: The Rocks is the site of Sydney’s first European settlement. The video shows the work of the Sydney Cove Redevelopment Authority in the preservation of the historical aspects and in making a place of a cultural area in which to live, work and enjoy. It was produced for the Sydney Cove Redevelopment Authority.

THE WAY TO GO
Prod. company ................ The Production Team
Postproduction .................... The Rocks
Director ....................... Grant Harris
Scriptwriter ..................... Dick Jarvis
Prod. manager .................. Karen Myers
Lighting cameraperson ....... John Bray
Post-production .............. Betacam

SYNOPSIS: This promotional video, produced for the Traffic Authority of NSW, depicts the wide range of materials available for each age group in the Authority’s new child road safety ‘packages’; storybooks, audio cassettes, posters, workbooks etc. It will be shown to school staff statewide to engender interest in the road safety campaign.

UNDERSTANDING EEO
Prod. company ................ Vision Quest Films
Producer ....................... Cynthia Coppock
Director ....................... Sharon Miller
Scriptwriter ..................... Cynthia Coppock
Prod. manager .................. Karen V屈
Lighting cameraperson ....... Simon Becker
Post-production .............. Kookaburra Productions
Length ......................... 6 minutes 6 seconds
Gauge .......................... Betacam

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TELEVISION PRODUCTION

ABOUT OUR PETS
Prod. company ................ Coral Films
Producer ....................... Richard Rooker
Director ....................... Richard Hart
Scriptwriters ................. Richard Hart
Based on the original idea by Richard Hart Photography .................. Chris Bewley
Editor ........................... Richard Rooker
Prod. designer ................. Richard Rooker
Composer .................... Phil Manning
Exec. producer ................ Richard Rooker
Tech. adviser ................... Graham Weeks
Length ......................... 26 x 30 minutes
Gauge .......................... Video

SYNOPSIS: A funny but informative series presenting a different pet every week.

ALL THE WAY
Prod. company ................. Crawford Productions
Dist. company ................. Crawford Productions
Producers (includes)....... Mandy Smith
Director ....................... Richard Hart
Scriptwriters ................. Pino Amenta
Executive producer ...... Gary Conway
Prod. manager ................. Leon Saunders
Post-production .............. Peter Kinloch
Editor ........................... Shelby Sibley
Location manager ......... Evie Roche

Based on an original idea by Terry Stapleton. Photography ....... Frank Hammond
Sound recordist .......... John Wilkinson
Editors ......................... Lindsay Parker
Prod. designer ............... Aileen Solowiej
Composer ..................... Sally Shepherd
Exec. producer .............. Ashlyn Irving
Prod. supervisor ............. Vince Smits
Producers .................... Kimanne Hameister
Prod. manager ............... Chris Page
Unit manager ............... Colm McLean
Location manager ............ Neil McArt
Prod. secretary .......... Bellinda Proctor
Prod. accountant .......... Jeff Shanker
Prod. assistant ............... Julie Burton
1st assistant directors..... Hamish McSparron
2nd assistant director .... Robbe Visser

NOVEMBER—
• 4 Day Revolution
• Rainbow Warrior
• Defiant
• A Long Way From Home

CINEMA PAPERS NOVEMBER—57

WAREDO • MAKE-UP VANS • CAMERA TRUCKS • CAST VANS • PROPS VANS • UNIT VEHICLES • TRACKING VEHICLES


**Dale Allen Show**

Producer: ANTH Sydney
Director: Kris Noble
Producer: Kristine Jeffries
Director: Kristine Jeffries
Producers: Bridget Zeeber
Script editor: Craig Kowalski
Length: 45 minutes

**Cast**

Dale Allen (Dr. Sydney)

Synopsis: Dale Allen brings his distinctive sense of humour to Australia.

**The Flying Doctors**

Producer: Crawford Productions
Director: Brendan Harker
Producer: Brendan Harker
Director: Brendan Harker

**Cast**

Kevin Mccann

Synopsis: A warm and amusing family drama that follows the lives of Tom and Tingwell (Clarrie).

**Home and Away**

Story editor: Graeme Andrews
Producer: Graeme Andrews
Director: Peter Vincent
Producer: Peter Vincent
Director: Peter Vincent

**Cast**

Sharyn Hodgson (Carly), Helena Bozich

Synopsis: A story of triumph as they search for their place in the sun.

**House Rules**

Producer: ABC
Dist. company: Beyond International Group

**The Real Thing**

Producers: Andrew Strong
Director: Brett Clements
Producer: Brett Clements
Director: Brett Clements

**Synopsis**

The story of an average suburban family whose mother becomes a policewoman by accident.

**Just for the Record**

Producer: A Couple A Cowboys
Dist. company: Beyond International Group

**Synopsis**

Just for the Record was the first series of short films to be produced under the Real Thing banner.

**Synopsis**

Just for the Record was the second series of short films to be produced under the Real Thing banner.
CAST: Anthony Higgins (Sir Laurence Olivier), Valerie Laury (Viven Leigh), and Ralph Richardson (Ralph Richardson) in "A Dangerous Life." Director: Catherine Millar. Based on the novel by Sumner Locke Elliott, the film is set in 1948 and features Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in the roles of the famous actors known for their performances in the 1930s. The story follows the experiences of two fictional characters, Tony O'Neill and Celie Balamo, as they navigate the complexities of life during the war years. Although the cast and crew details are not extensively listed, the film is a historical drama focusing on the lives of the characters during a time of great change.
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WHAT THE MOON SAW: Kim Gyngell and Andrew Shephard

For Pino Amenta, a portable game of Donkey Kong is a vital piece of equipment on set: it's his means of communication with his male lead, who is six years old and needs to be kept busy.

What The Moon Saw is the story of a country kid who goes to the city to stay with his grandmother, a former Tivoli dancer who now works at a theatre box office. Andrew Shephard, who has been in Vicks, Tip Top and Faberge ads, and played Rafferty's son in Rafferty's Rules, takes the part of Steven, who becomes entranced with Sinbad, the pantomime playing at the theatre.

Today, Amenta is shooting at Melbourne's Athenaeum Theatre, where about a third of the film is set. It is the scene where Steven gets his first glimpse of the pantomime, watching an actor rehearse.

Steven is in almost every scene of the film. Producer-director Frank Howson points out that he occupies the screen for about the same time that John Waters did in the previous Howson-American collaboration Boulevard Of Broken Dreams. It is a demanding role for a child and it places demands on director and cast too. "He's good," Amenta says, during a Donkey Kong break. "But you don't know what you're getting to get from him from day to day, and you have to balance his performances with other people's - it puts a lot of pressure on them."

The idea of a film told through the eyes of a child was one of the major attractions for him, however. He talks enthusiastically about memories of his own childhood, and of Lasse Hallstrom's My Life As A Dog, a film he describes as "so good it makes you angry". In shooting, he says, he looked simply for ways to present images with freshness and innocence. "But you can get carried away worrying about style and forget about the story," he says emphatically. For Steven's first glimpse of the world of the theatre, Amenta says, he drew on his own recollections of his relationship, where ego never got in the way, producer-writer is not a conflicting one. "Pino is a veteran on productions like Anzacs, Sword Of Honour, My Brother Tom and Nancy Wake."

Amenta says, during a Donkey Kong break. "But you don't know what you're getting to get from him from day to day, and you have to balance his performances with other people's - it puts a lot of pressure on them."

WHAT THE MOON SAW: Kim Gyngell and Andrew Shephard

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MARCH 1988

Films Registered Without Deletions

G (For General Exhibition)

Adventures Of Pippi Longstocking, The: L.Ji
Garbage Pail Kids Movie, The: L.Ji
The Adventures Of Pippi Longstocking: L.Ji

PG (Parental Guidance)

Au Revoir, Les Enfants: L.Ji
Little Nikita: S(i-m-j)
Les Possedes: S(i-m-j)

Ironweed: M (Mature Audiences)

FILM CENSORSHIP LISTINGS

MAY 1988

G (General Exhibition)

Babettes Gaestebud: D. Dalton
F. Antel, W. Germany, 118 mins, Film Fatale, V(i-m-j) (sexual allusions)

PG (Parental Guidance)

Crocodile Dundee II: J. Cornell/Scott, Australia, 108 mins, Hoyts Distribution, L(i-g) (adulter concepts)

M (Mature Audiences)

Armour Of God: L. Ho/C. Lam, Hong Kong, 85 mins, Village Roadshow, V(i-l-g) (sexual allusions)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td>Movietone News ceases operation in U.S. as an active producer of weekly newsreel programs and becomes archival operation</td>
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<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Groucho Marx (Julius Henry Marx) born, New York City</td>
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<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>Queen Victoria becomes first British monarch to appear in moving pictures when she and the Emperor and Empress of Russia are filmed by the Photographer at Balmoral</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Charlton Heston (John Charlton Carter) born, Evanston, Illinois</td>
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<tr>
<td>1986</td>
<td>Hal B(rent) Wallis, producer (Casablanca, 1942; True Grit, 1969), dies, complications from diabetes, Rancho Mirage, California</td>
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<tr>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Richard Griffith, film historian and critic (The Movies with Arthur Mayer), born, Winchester, Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td>Clarence Muse, black actor seen variously in Uncle Tom and more dignified roles; honoured in Black Filmmakers Hall of Fame, born, Baltimore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1939</td>
<td>Paul Hogan born, Lightning Ridge, NSW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894</td>
<td>Hagop Arakelian, outstanding make-up artist of French cinema, creator of Jean Marais' monstrous face in Cocteau's La Belle Et La Bete (1946), born, Ekaterinodar, Russia</td>
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<tr>
<td>1975</td>
<td>Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton are re-married by a District Commissioner in the middle of the African bush, Kasane, Botswana</td>
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<tr>
<td>1918</td>
<td>Jerome Robbins (Jerome Rabinowitz), choreographer (The King And I, 1956; West Side Story, 1961 - also co-directed), born, Weehawken, New Jersey</td>
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<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>Alexander Korda's The Private Life of Henry VIII opens, Radio City Music Hall, New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>1898</td>
<td>Daisuke Ito(h), pioneer Japanese director noted for violent realism (Zanjin Zamba Ken/Manslaughtering Horse-Piercing Sword, 1929), born, Tokyo</td>
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<tr>
<td>1909</td>
<td>Dorothy Kingsley, screenwriter (Neptune's Daughter, 1949; Seven Brides For Seven Brothers, 1954), born, New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>Pat O'Brien (William Joseph Patrick O'Brien) dies, of heart attack, Santa Monica, California</td>
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<tr>
<td>1986</td>
<td>Hal B(rent) Wallis, producer (Casablanca, 1942; True Grit, 1969), dies, complications from diabetes, Rancho Mirage, California</td>
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<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Claude Binyon, one-time editor of Variety who reputedly wrote famous headline about 1929 stock-market crash 'Wall Street Lays An Egg'; later screenwriter (Rally 'Round The Flag Boys!, 1958; North To Alaska, 1960) and director (Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick, 1952), born, Chicago</td>
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<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>Frederick Hollander, composer (The Blue Angel, 1930; Berlin Express, 1948; Born Yesterday 1951), born, London</td>
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<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>George Wallace (George Stevenson Wallace), comedian star of a number of films for Effer and Cinesound Studios, dies, Sydney</td>
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<tr>
<td>1978</td>
<td>Gig Young and his wife of three weeks found shot to death in their New York apartment, apparently in a murder-suicide</td>
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<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>Esther Ilyanichna Shub, creative editor of compilation films using combination of newsreel and actuality footage (The Russia Of Nicholas II And Leo Tolstoy, 1928), dies, Moscow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Catherine Deneuve (Catherine Dorleac) born, Paris</td>
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<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>Una O'Connor (Agnes Teresa McGlade), actress with ear-piercing scream heard to good effect in several horror films (The Bride Of Frankenstein, 1935); also seen as English maids, spinsters or gossips, born, Belfast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Arthur Edeson, director of photography (All Quiet On The Western Front, 1930; Frankenstein, 1931; The Maltese Falcon, 1941; Casablanca, 1942), born, New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>Abel Gance, director (Napoleon, 1927), born, Paris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1928</td>
<td>Nelson Pereira dos Santos, producer, editor and director, father of 'cinema novo' (Vidas Secas, 1963), born, Sao Paolo, Brazil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Gabriel Scognamiglio, art director (Babes On Broadway, 1941; The Great Caruso, 1951; Strange Lady In Town, 1955), born, New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1982</td>
<td>Igor Auzins' We Of The Never Never premiers, Cinema Centre, Canberra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td>A Senate Select Committee's report, the Vincent Report, recommends Government aid for Australian film industry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Henry Winkler born, New York City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1968</td>
<td>Ramon Novarro (Ramon Samaniegos), leading man of Hollywood silent films and the original screen Ben Hur, found beaten to death by intruders at his home in the Hollywood Hills</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
By virtue of its unique position in the industry, Film Victoria is able to provide many valuable services to all those actively involved in the production of film and television:

**PRODUCTION AND SCRIPT INVESTMENT**
Film Victoria invests in and provides loans and other forms of financial assistance for the development, production and marketing of film and television projects.

**CULTURAL SUPPORT**
Film Victoria supports a wide range of film-related cultural activities in Victoria. They include the Australian Film Institute, the Melbourne Film Festival and a variety of groups and societies that organise exhibitions, publications, Awards and conferences for the enhancement of all aspects of the local industry.

**INDEPENDENT FILMMAKERS' FUND**
The Independent Filmmakers' Fund was established to give Victoria's promising young filmmakers an opportunity to hone and display their talent and skills. It is an important training initiative which is already showing encouraging results.

**PRODUCTION LIAISON**
Experienced staff in the Production Liaison Division will handle your queries regarding financial, legal and production aspects of the industry. In addition to acting as Investor's Representative on projects in which Film Victoria has invested, they will advise you on requirements for investing in film production and assist you market your product overseas.

**LOCATION SURVEY**
Film Victoria has compiled an extensive photographic manual of Victoria's locations. Containing more than 2000 'shootable' locations, including relevant information; the Manual is available, free-of-charge, to anyone considering filming in Victoria.

**DOCUMENTARY DIVISION**
The Government Documentary Division is responsible for the production of films and videos for Victorian Government Departments and Public Authorities. These productions include information, education and training films along with drama and general interest material. The Division is also responsible for the CREATIVE INITIATIVES PROGRAM which aims to promote innovation and excellence in the production of independent documentaries.

Film Victoria is the government film authority for the state of Victoria, Australia, established to encourage, promote and assist in the production and exhibition of film and television.

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