Cinema Papers #75 September 1989

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CENTRE SECTION: CINEMA PAPERS READERSHIP QUESTIONNAIRE

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THE TEEN COMMANDMENTS
The Teen Movie Considered

plus

ANIMATION
ED PRESSMAN
SALLY BONGERS
SCORSESE AND SCHRADER
EDENS LOST
MARY LAMBERT

REVIEWED: SWEETIE, GEORGIA,
LOVERBOY, BONZA, BATMAN, NEW YORK TIMES
PLUS: BOOKS, TECHNICALITIES, PROGRAMS
AND CENSORSHIP LISTINGS
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• CENTRE SECTION:
CINEMA PAPERS READERSHIP QUESTIONNAIRE
AUSTRALIAN FILM FINANCE CORPORATION FUNDING DECISIONS

JULY: TELEVISION: JACKAROO Crawford Productions.


SOUTH PACIFIC ADVENTURES Grundy Motion Pictures. Roger Mirams.


Awards and Nominations

BEST FILM
Dead Calm; Evil Angels; Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead; and Island

BEST DIRECTION
Paul Cox (Island); Ben Lewin (Georgia); Phil Noyce (Dead Calm); and Fred Schepisi (Evil Angels)

BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
Paul Cox (Island); Gene Conkie, Evan English, John Hillcoat (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead); Gerard Lee, Jane Campion (Sweetie); and Ben Lewin, Joanna Murray-Smith, Bob Weis (Georgia).

BEST ACTRESS
Judy Davis (Georgia); Genevieve Lemon (Sweetie); Irene Pappas (Island); and Meryl Streep (Evil Angels)

BEST ACTOR
Mike Bishop (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead); John Hargreaves (Emerald City); Chris Haywood (Island); and Sam Neill (Evil Angels)

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS
Dorothy Barry (Sweetie); Maryanne Fahey (Celia); Nicole Kidman (Emerald City); and Victoria Longley (Celia)

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR
Jon Darling (Sweetie); Kim Gyngell (Heaven Tonight); Chris Haywood (Emerald City); and Bogdan Koca (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead)

BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY
Dean Semler (Dead Calm); Paul Murphy (Emerald City); Yuri Sokol (Georgia); and Sally Bongers (Sweetie)

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY
Robert Caswell, Fred Schepisi (Evil Angels); David Williamson (Emerald City); Terry Hayes (Dead Calm); and Abe Pogos (Compo)

BEST ORIGINAL MUSIC SCORE
Graeme Revell (Dead Calm); Nick Cave, Mick Harvey, Blixa Bargeld (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead); Paul Grobowski (Georgia); and Bruce Smeaton (Evil Angels)

BEST PRODUCTION DESIGN
Graham (Grace) Walker (Dead Calm); Jon Dowding (Georgia); Neil Angwin (Island); and Chris Kennedy (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead)

BEST COSTUME DESIGN
 Aphrodite Kondos (Georgia); Karen Everett (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead); Rose Chong (What the Moon Saw); and Gary L. Keady (Sons of Steel)

BEST SOUND
Craig Carter, Terry Rodman, Peter Fenton (Evil Angels); John Phillips, Roger Savage (Georgia); Ben Osmond, Lee Smith, Roger Savage (Dead Calm); and Bronwyn Murphy, Dean Gawn, Rex Watts, Peter Clancy (Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead)

MEMBERS PRIZE FOR EXCELLENCE IN A FEATURE FILM
Celia; Compo, Dead Calm; Evil Angels; Ghosts ... of the Civil Dead; Emerald City; Georgia; Heaven Tonight; Island; Sweetie; Sons of Steel; and What the Moon Saw

KODAK NON-FEATURE NOMINATIONS

BEST DOCUMENTARY
A Little Life; Confessions of a Simple Surgeon; Joe Leahy’s Neighbours; and Philippines, My Philippines

BEST SHORT FICTION FILM
Bonza; The Contract; Crack in the Curtains; and Lover Boy

BEST ANIMATED FILM
Lucky Girl; Rratropolis; The Shadowlands; and Still Flying

BEST EXPERIMENTAL FILM
Shadow Panic; Soul Mate; The Tenth Man; and Valley of Desire

BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY
Vladimir Osherov (The Bear); Nicholas Adler (Hunters); John Whitteron (Philippines, My Philippines); and Sally Bongers (Shadow Panic)

BEST DIRECTION
David Ogilvy (The Contract); David Knaus (Contradictions); Jinks Dulhunty (Crack in the Curtains); and Solrun Hoas (Green Tea and Cherry Ripe)

BEST EDITING
Matthew Tucker (A Day and a Half); Denise Haslem, Tim Litchfield (Australia Daze); Rod Hibberd (Buried Alive: The Story of East Timor); and Linc Hiat (Soul Mate)

BEST SCREENPLAY
David Swann (Bonza); David Ogilvy (The Contract); Steven Faux (No Need to Stand); and Barry Dickens (Ruthven – A Poem of Life and Detto)

BEST SOUND
Tim Chau, Ralph Strasser (The Bear); Liam Egan, Counterpoint Sound (Body Work); Mark Ward, Robert Sullivan, Liam Egan (Crack in the Curtains); and Robin Anderson (Joe Leahy’s Neighbours)

THE DENDY AWARDS FOR AUSTRALIAN SHORT FILMS

GENERAL CATEGORY
An Ordinary Woman (Sue Brooks)

FICTION CATEGORY
Lover Boy (Geoffrey Wright)

YORAM GROSS ANIMATION AWARD
Still Flying (Robert Stephenson)

DOCUMENTARY CATEGORY
Contradictions (David Knaus)

16TH ROUBEN MAMOULIAN AWARD
Contradictions (David Knaus)
John Meillon, who sadly died in August, in one of his finest films, Peter Weir's *The Cars That Ate Paris*.

**38TH MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL SHORT FILM AWARDS**

**THE GRAND PRIX**
*City of Melbourne Award for Best Film*
Twilight City (Reece Auguste), produced by the Black Audio Film Collective, London. $4,000

**THE ERWIN RADO AWARD FOR BEST AUSTRALIAN FILM (SPONSORED BY THE STATE FILM CENTRE AWARD FOR BEST FILM)**
$1,500

**Awards Jointly to**
The Third Wheel (writer-director Adam Bernstein), New York, USA; and Lover Boy (writer-director Geoffrey Wright), Melbourne. $1,500

**CERTIFICATES OF MERIT WERE AWARDED TO**
Kitchen Sink (Alison McLean), New Zealand (Fiction); One Step Beyond (Naoto Yamakawa), Japan (Fiction); Lalaia Human Sex Duo No. 1 (Bernard Herbert), Canada (Experimental); Shadow Panic, (Margot Nash) Australia (Experimental); RARG (Tony Collingwood), U.K. (Animation); Rehearsals For Extinct Anatomies, (Brothers Quay), U.K. (Animation); The World Is Watching (Peter Raymont), Canada (Documentary); A Little Life (Deborah Howlett), Australia (Documentary).

**SIN OF OMISSION**
The production company for the FFC-funded feature *Riders on the Storm*, listed in the July issue of *Cinema Papers*, is Dark Horse Pictures.

**LETTER**

"How have women been represented among the six-guns, the saloons and the sagebrush?" enquires the sub-head on p.43 of *Cinema Papers* for March 1989. The last place you'll find out is in "Women Gone West", the article which follows. To support her assertion that "writing about women in westerns is a little like writing about women in *Moby Dick*", Rose Lucas cites seven films. *Seven*, in a field of cinema which overflows with powerful roles for women. Early serials stars like Ruth Roland and Helen Gibson appeared in scores of western chapter plays. Why no mention of them, nor of Lillian Gish in *The Wind*, Sjostrom's grim picture of a woman destroyed by the monotony and labour of frontier life? (A film, incidentally, scripted by a woman, Frances Marion.)

How is any discussion of women in westerns possible without a mention of Dietrich in *Rancho Notorious* and *Destry Rides Again*? Or Johnny Guitars, with its final gunfight between Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge? What happened to Gene Tierney as the 1941 Belle Starr, Elizabeth Montgomery in the remake, or Ruth Roman as Belle Starr's daughter? Doris Day as Calamity Jane and Jane Alexander in the 1984 revisionist version (written by Suzanne Clauser, by the way). Why no mention of *The Harvey Girls*, with Judy Garland as a frontier waitress and its classic all-woman bar-room brawl? *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, where sexual parity is meticulously observed. How about show-business western heroines? Monroe in *A Ticket To Tomahawk* (and *River Of No Return*, if it comes to that), Annie Oakley played by Betty Hutton in *Annie Get Your Gun* and Geraldine Chaplin in *Buffalo Bill And The Indians*. Sophia Loren in *Heller in Pink Tights*? What about Faye Dunaway as an oilwoman in *Oklahoma Crude*, Fonda as a Forties rancher in *Comes A Horseman*, Raquel Welch in *Hannie Caulder*? Then there's the whole Howard Hawks canon, filled with powerful women who trade wisecracks and punches with the men, and mostly leave them standing: Joanne Dru in *Red River*, Angie Dickinson in *Rio Bravo*, Michelle Carey and others in *El Dorado* - script by (Ms) Leigh Brackett.

Maybe it's hard to find women in *Moby Dick*, but to miss the whale takes real dedication. Maybe Ms Lucas wasn't looking?

Sincerely, JOHN BAXTER
REPORT BY MARY COLEBART

SALLY BONGERS

Particulare

CREATING AN IMPACT is not new to Bongers and Campion. Peel, a superbly crafted film made at the Australian Film, Television and Radio School (AFTRS), won the Palm d’Or for shorts at the 1986 Cannes Festival. And their bold and quirky A Girl’s Own Story was shown the same year in Un Certain Regard (with Passionless Moments and Two Friends). Bongers had already won for A Girl’s Own Australian Film Award for Best Cinematography in the non-features section. This had signalled her first inroad into that male-dominated domain.

Bongers has been nominated again in 1989, this time for Sweetie, which is the first 35 mm Australian feature to have been shot by a woman. Bongers is proud of the nomination because “it sets a precedent”. In an area where females experience great difficulties getting a job, a nomination is a bonus. She is very touched to be up there with the best in the field, but also level-headed. “I’m not the first woman to deserve it. If more women had been given the opportunity, the list would be much longer. But it does register a confirmation that you are really working in the area.”

Bongers’s confidence and determination have paid off. Interviewed about future prospects after graduating from the AFTRS four years ago, Bongers was optimistic: “I’m not worried. If you stick to what you’re doing, you’ll get there. I don’t expect to be employed because I am a woman, but because of the quality of my work. It’s only a matter of time.” She staunchly refused to compromise by working as a camera assistant in the lean times, because “it would have set me back at least five years.”

WHEN THE FILM WAS SELECTED IN COMPETITION AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL THIS YEAR, AND CREATED A CONTROVERSY BY DAZZLING THE CRITICS AND POLARIZING THE AUDIENCE.

Today, Bongers is being acknowledged on her own terms – as one of a new breed of filmmakers determined to change the fabric and horizon of cinema in this country. Along with Jane Campion and John Hillcoat (Ghosts... of the Civil Dead), her work bears the stamp of bold statement. And at barely 30, that is quite an achievement.

Bongers and Campion share a common, and complementary, perception of film strongly influenced by art backgrounds. “Jane and I share the ideal of making the visual side of film as important as other aspects. We have a commitment to push ourselves in new directions.” They are not interested in the big epic, but the little moments which shape lives; the interior which must be expressed through small gestures; the ordinary that becomes the extraordinary. Thus far, the little moments have provided the fabric for their films; stylistically the designs have been bold, confronting.

“I have to be bold about what I do. I don’t mean that the visual has to take over, but that it should enhance the meaning and make it stronger. Film language can express so much and I feel really driven to add that dimension.

“I don’t believe Australian films have visually challenged audiences much in the past; the cinematography is so restrained. The camera is used in a literal way, following actors from point to point (I call it ‘dot-to-dot filmmaking’), tracking (which I love) and panning indiscrimi-
I don't believe Australian films have visually challenged audiences much in the past; the cinematography is so restrained. The camera is used in a literal way, following actors from point to point, tracking and panning indiscriminately. There seems to be little questioning of the reason for a particular shot."

Bongers strongly believes the power of images and the visual awareness of the public are underestimated by most filmmakers. "Exposure to ads and video music clips has sharpened audience's visual responses. They are acutely conscious of visual clues – if not intellectually, then by instinct, and a gut reaction can be very powerful.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with making films for a specific audience. If we had taken the script of Sweetie and shot it conservatively, its original meaning would have been lost. You either make the film you conceived, or you don't. When you start compromising, you lose the essence, but if you make the film honestly, you come up with the most powerful material."

Bongers and Campion were trying to break new ground by moving away from the traditional feature structure. They cut up the predictable shape into small sections of little moments. The focus in the early part is on Kay (Karen Colston), a sombre and introspective bank clerk who enters a new relationship with Louis (Tom Lycos). But this relationship recedes into the background with the visit of her sister, Sweetie (Genevieve Lemon), and the film becomes absorbed with the domestic family fabric.
"We didn’t want our audience to be lulled into a feeling of security. It’s important to place them in different states of mind, to be alert and questioning." Bongers is speaking of Sweetie, but also reflecting her general attitude to filmmaking. Liberation of space and camera appears to be the motto: “You have 360 degrees and you can put the camera anywhere. It’s not that I want to be different for the sake of it, I just don’t feel the need to be constrained by what’s been done in the past.”

A favourite means of changing perspective is shooting high angles downwards. Bongers gives as an example from Sweetie where Kay is lying in bed after having observed Sweetie’s washing their father in the bath. The camera and audience look down on Kay’s face to register her shock and confusion. Had she seen a suggestion of incest or just Sweetie’s naturally exuberant tenderness? “It is by far the most effective angle to convey that ambiguity”, explains Bongers.

Art has played a significant role in moulding her approach and was an integral part of family life, her mother working as a potter. The only subjects Bongers enjoyed at school were art and its components, including still photography and the Super 8 club. “Without those I would never have survived school; they were its only redeeming features. The inspiration to become an artist was my central impulse: it is directly related to my filmmaking. I saw film as a way of incorporating art with earning a living.

“I have always had a way of looking at things that was different. In photography class at school, I always wanted to go to the extreme – print on grade 5 paper, push film through five stops. I wasn’t consciously rebelling, but when I looked at other people’s work it seemed so much tamer. I tended to work from instinct a lot.”

Not surprisingly, Bongers was inspired by such ‘art’ filmmakers as Godard, Tarkovsky and Antonioni, who rebelled against traditional linear formats and sought a deeper level of expression of the inner self through images. She was impressed by their unconventional way of looking at the world; their reversal of relationship between people and subjects; the depersonalized perspective; the radical use of space and time. The early films of Antonioni, especially, influenced Bongers's ideas on framing. From then on, it was a case of exploring her own.

Bongers maintains that the key to cinematography is framing. “There are so many ways you can position or frame a shot to make a difference to meaning. But too many people lose inspiration when faced with the technology of the process.

“I love setting frames and working out where things should be. When I’m composing a frame, I like to start out with it empty and place things in it gradually, building up the layers till eventually it conveys everything the script requires. But it’s important for me to start with that clean slate.”

As much as possible, Bongers likes to create the illusion of depth by lighting deep into the frame and by choreographing the actors to and from the camera. She also loves a dark look and heaps of contrast. “I like using darkness to create a different shape to the frame, cutting it or making a slit down one side to create an irregularity, avoiding the traditional or classic rectangular frame. I don’t want to be afraid to bring in a lot of darkness. So much commercial product is overlit. What are they all afraid of?”

Bongers admits she used to be terrified of lighting in the early days, but on A Girl’s Own Story (made in third year at the AFTRS) she realized that if she seriously wanted to work in cinematography she would have to come to grips with it. Now Bongers finds “painting with light” one of the most tantalizing aspects of her craft. In fact, one avenue of employment between projects is doing the lighting on music clips.

With Sweetie, Bongers’s work has entered a new phase and right now she feels passionate about pushing her cinematography further, especially on features. She loves the stimulation of the collaboration process, with people acting as catalysts for each other, refining and improving ideas. She believes most filmmaking teams could collaborate more strongly. “One of the reasons I love working with Jane is that she responds so well to that process. I believe you make a stronger film that way.” It was the same on Margot Nash’s Shadow Picnic, for which Bongers has been nominated for Best Cinematography in the non-features section.

“I need to be passionate about what I’m doing. It’s easier to give a lot to a film if you can relate strongly to the script. I have a lot to offer and I don’t want to just sit back.”

Bongers would love to collaborate again with Campion, but realizes they both need to expand through separate experiences (Campion is currently in New Zealand directing a mini-series about
Bongers believes the repressive influence of the education system stifles natural creativity and individuality. “We are all entitled to it and have it when we’re born, but it’s beaten out of us along the way. I find individuality sadly lacking today.”

A supportive home environment was crucial to surviving the school years and has played a significant part in her career. “My parents exposed us to the arts, and encouraged independence and self-sufficiency. They gave us the confidence to take on whatever path we chose. I feel privileged to have that home environment.”

Bongers was encouraged to do camera work by a lecturer at the West Australian Institute of Technology, where she studied Art and Design. But at the AFTVS Bongers once more came into contact with institution which she believes attempts to control and mould its students. She admits it provided wonderful opportunities – “fantastic equipment”, etc. – but there was very little encouragement of experi-

mentation. People working in traditional areas, such as commercial films, linear documentaries and predictable formats, were much more valued. “It was disappointing our work was not more appreciated.”

Significantly, it was at the AFTVS that Bongers met a number of people with whom she found an affinity of aesthetics and filmmaking ideals. With some she would form important links, such as Campion. “As soon as Jane showed me the script for _Peel_, I was wrapped in it. It was so succinct, so direct and simple.” They found they shared many ideals – particularly to make films of their own; original, modern films that were relevant to their generation.

When she elected to become a cinematographer, Bongers knew she was opting for a difficult course. But she wasn’t daunted by the male domination, the boys networking or the other obstacles and myths. She believed in her own ability.

Bongers has worked fairly consistently, but many of the opportunities have been provided by networking with other women. “Women open doors to other women. Margaret Fink offered Gill Armstrong her chance to direct a feature; Jane Campion gave me mine to shoot one; and I employed Jane Castle as camera operator. But I didn’t compromise standards to give

Note

1. Jan Kenny shot _Fran_ on 16 mm before it was blown up to 35 mm.
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HERE WAS A MOMENT, earlier this year, when both *Time* magazine and *TV’s Entertainment This Week* leapt breathlessly to the conclusion that — sigh of relief — the decade of the ‘teen movie’ was over. (Of course, teen movies have been around for ages, but the late 1970s began a boom period when the film market was perceived to be predominantly teenage.) Adults were, according to the demographics, starting to go to the theatres again; and mainstream cinema was, accordingly, attempting to ‘grow up’ once more, to reflect ‘mature’ preoccupations. Scarcely two weeks later, however, a *Time* reviewer was singing the praises of *Heathers*, and dutifully noting the existence of Richard Baskin’s musical *Sing!* — the two latest films about teenagers in high school; while Leonard Maltin on ETW was coping, business as usual, with the latest releases featuring Corey Haim, River Phoenix, Winona Ryder and Patrick Dempsey.

The Death of the Teen Movie was, shall we say, rather short-lived — a strange and quickly strangulated critical catchcry prompted, no doubt, by a high degree of wishful thinking on the part of these rather weary ‘adult’ pundits of contemporary cinema, with their often extremely middle-ground ‘liberal’ tastes.

Of course, for fans of the ‘genre’ (a troublesome word, but we’ll stick with it for the time being), the teen movie never died, and is scarcely about to roll over. Sure, the much-hyped ‘brat pack’ of the early- to mid-1980s — the generation of Molly Ringwald, Emilio Estevez, Andrew McCarthy and Ally Sheedy — has moved on, albeit in some cases rather uneasily, to adult parts; but another generation has quickly and unfussily, according to the relentless and implacable logic of the market, taken its place (check out any issue of *Teen Dreams* at your newsagent for quick confirmation of this fact). In fact, there are always new ‘mainstream’ teen movies arriving at the theatres — many of which go completely unreviewed and unnoted by ‘professional’ newspaper film reviewers — including, recently, *Shag*, *Fresh Horses*, *Mystic Pizza*, *Loverboy* and *Some Girls*; not to mention all the usual hybrids of the teen formula with other available genres such as horror, sci fi and action, a territory too vast to cover in this article.

But there’s a lot more to consider than just mainstream releases. We must comprehend the formidable teen movie presence in virtually every other branch of that increasingly complex and diffuse culture industry we call ‘the cinema’. First, how can one ignore, for instance, all the funky ‘arty’ teen movies from Europe and Asia, many of them completely way out, which make it to our more enlightened film festivals or art-house cinemas — Japanese wonders like *The New Morning of Billy the Kid*, *So What?* and *The Typhoon Club*, or Euro-rockers like Chantal Akerman’s *Golden Eighties*, or even Rohmer’s *Boyfriends and Girlfriends*? Such films connect directly, and unashamedly, to the American ‘pop’ zest of any John Hughes or Rob Reiner teen film you care to name. Even the grittier teen ‘issue’ films, more closely resembling the classic festival/art house bill of fare (like *36 Fillette* or Jean-Claude Brisseau’s *The Sound and the Fury*) tend to have a querulous strangeness or a libidinal intensity to them which is endlessly disconcerting to mild-mannered, full-time film reviewers.

Second, how could an observer of local independent film ignore the conspicuous fact that a strikingly predominant number of films are...
teen-oriented? At the recent St Kilda Film Festival, for instance, they ranged all the way from naturalism of *The Invisible Girl* and *Passionata* to the hi-jinx of *Crack in the Curtains* and *Smoke 'Em if You've Got 'Em*, via the minimalism of *After Hours*. Third, there are the would-be 'cult' teen films, those glamorous *films maudits*, which are re-claimed by repertory cinemas shortly after their sadly non-eventful cinema release: Penelope Spheeris' *Dudes*, William Richert’s *A Night In the Life of Jimmy Reardon*, Sidney Lumet’s *Running On Empty*. Fourth - and most abundant of all - there are all those unknown teen wonders which slum into the video store unheralded, undiscovered, unwritten about virtually anywhere: just lately, that list includes *Sweet Lorraine*, *Plain Clothes*, *Permanent Record*, *The In Crowd*, *Aloha Summer*, *Made in USA*, *School Daze*, *Promised Land*, *Doin’ Time on Planet Earth*, *Heartbreak Hotel* and *Three O’clock High*. Not all these films are masterpieces by any means, but all of them are interesting and exciting in myriad ways – and collectively, they suggest that, if young teens are indeed deserting the theatres, they’re probably still getting their youth culture fix on their VCRs. I’d definitely propose that any serious film lover who has not completely rigor-mortised into ‘adulthood’ should be pursuing that fix as well, along all possible lines of film culture.

OK. The time has come, in the name of the teen movie, to overcome a few resistances, and settle a few scores. It’s not just a problem of the newspaper reviewers, on their most visible and influential stratum of the film culture sphere, ignoring the interests and achievements of the teen movie; the problem spreads right through the middle stratum (serious, conscientious magazines with a relatively broad appeal like *American Film*, *Sight & Sound*, *Film Comment*, *Filmnews* and *Cinema Papers*; TV programs like SBS’ *The Movie Show*), all the way to the specialist and academic spheres (magazines like *Framework*, *Movie*, *Camera Obscura* and *Continuum*; critical film programs on public radio). In every case, we will find that the teen movie is regularly either: a. completely ignored (neither *Sight & Sound* nor *Cahiers du Cinema* has devoted a single feature article to the phenomenon of the modern teen movie); or b. rhetorically dumped on as the odious ‘norm’ of contemporary commercial cinema, even 1980s mass culture generally. This position is tacitly reiterated (and never argued) every time a reviewer redeems such-and-such a film (say, Tim Hunter’s *River’s Edge*) as ‘not your average teen movie’, or laments that such-and-such a director (say, Joan Micklin Silver) has plummeted to making – horror of horrors – a ‘teen flick’ (Keith Connolly’s favourite

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*CINEMA PAPERS 75*
term of abuse in the film columns of Melbourne’s The Herald). More elaborately, this position is established when, every few years, a major magazine like Film Comment, Cineaste or even Positif devotes a few smart-ass feature pages to off-handedly dismissing the genre as bad art, and castigating it for its numerous ideological sins (sexism, racism, consumerism, etc).¹

I should clarify two points at this early stage of my polemic. First, I am fully aware that the term ‘teen movie’ stretches a long way – far enough to include a certain kind of teen film which has no problem whatsoever garnering praise from reviewers and audiences of polite middle-ground tastes. If we take ‘teen movie’ to signify any film which deals with the drama or comedy of growing up in a specific social environment, then there are of course a flood of completely ‘respectable’ teen films which come to mind: Summer of 42, My Life as a Dog, Breaking Away, Gregory’s Girl, A Summer Story, Devil in the Flesh... or indeed, just about any Australian teen film (save Young Einstein or Windrider) you care to name. Mull is a paradigm case: like the others mentioned, it is in a realistic or naturalistic mode, with a strongly specific ‘sense of place’; it registers as a distinctive, ‘personal’ film; it has individualized, psychological characters; it is reflective and serious. Making necessary distinctions, we could say that Mull’s ‘world view’, its tone (like that of 36 Fillette), is tough and contemporary, whereas those films in the Summer of 42 vein are more ‘autumnal’, wispy, whimsical, nostalgic; but still, I think, my strategic grouping holds. Tough and tender, here, are two sides of the same naturalistic coin.

The acid test is this: how many people would instantly and unselfconsciously call Mull or My Life as a Dog ‘teen movies’ – let alone ‘teen flicks’? From experience, I know that most people immediately move to separate and distinguish such ‘precious’ films from that hideous, amorphous ‘mass’ of objects branded teen movies. (Own up, all those readers who choked when I cited that oh-so sensitive film Running On Empty above as a teen movie!) Well, that’s the mass I’m talking about: everything from Animal House and Porky’s to License to Drive and One Crazy Summer, all those sadly unloved films like Secret Admirer, Joy of Sex, Just One of the Guys, Willy Milly, Sixteen Candles, The Wookid, Nice Girls Don’t Explode, Tuff Turf, Better Off Dead, The Legend of Billie Jean and several hundred others, all at that video store near you. These are films which are, if not quite ‘disrespectable’ to all classes of viewers, at least conventional and formulaic, standard popular culture entertainment fare: full of familiar plot and situation cliches, unashamed character stereotypes, patently unreal fantasy worlds; and essentially accommodating of the dominant, patriarchal, capitalist ideology.

But I don’t really want to divide and conquer here. River’s Edge is certainly a tough, complex, naturalistic, disturbing film which can – and should – be discussed extensively as a teen movie (Hunter certainly knows two or three things about the form); and Dudes is a flipped-out, intense, thoroughly artificial film bursting with the contradictions of its two dozen borrowed genres, which can also be equally extensively discussed as a teen movie. I’m not resistant to including Mull in my critical system of the teen movie, I’m just heartily sick of all those who can’t, or won’t, include Joy of Sex in theirs.

Secondly, I am not claiming that no one has ever written enthusi-
A consideration of the critical reception of American teen movies has been intriguing in recent years. The critical consensus can be described as follows: there is generally a disdain for 'mass' or 'anonymous' teen movies, even for those produced by so-called 'special' directors. This is despite the fact that there are still plenty of especially good and interesting teen movies, by buffs political and apolitical, that rise well above that 'norm'.

Many critics, in their attempts to separate the supposedly 'good' from the 'bad', the 'precious' from the 'normal', have failed to go far enough, and deeply enough, into their subject. And this takes us right to the heart of why the teen movie is such a 'problem' for film writing at all levels.

From my observations, teen movie defenders tend to be critics whose critical consciousness was decisively formed either before or after the great explosion of 1970s film theory - writers who, in the words of some, have absorbed some of the fruits of the Seventies theory revolution into their now politicized criticism. Most writers of his period (such as Raymond Bellour or Laura Mulvey) quickly migrated from the messy 'postmodern' to the more familiar and manageable surfaces. Nevertheless, Peter Wollen when, in recently looking back on his 1968 book

(through the official histories and theories of art and aesthetics). This originary impulse is clearly testified to by Pauline Kael.

Wollen, then as now (like so many others), is fooling himself. Most writers of his period (such as Raymond Bellour or Laura Mulvey) quickly migrated from the messiness of cinema to the more familiar and manageable surfaces.

Valuable general theoretical points about cinema and culture were made during the Seventies, but only, primarily, through the study of the preferred auteurs (like Hitchcock), the 'transgressive' films (like Young Mr Lincoln) and the especially glamorous genres (like film noir).

Wollen critic Serge Daney, in the late Seventies, was rather candid about this drift: "We wanted to re-read Ford, not Huston, to dissect Bresson and not Rene Clair, to psychoanalyse Bazin and not Pauline Kael".

This indicates that critics were unconsciously setting ways of separating, once again, the supposedly 'good' from the supposedly 'bad', the 'precious' from the 'normal', and 'us' (intelligent critics) from 'them' (the mass audience)! Even teen movie fans tend to proceed via a put-down of 'the teen movie' as such - the common denominator teen movie, as it were - in order to then establish what rises well above that 'norm'. It is rare - in fact startling - when Denis Wood, almost alone amongst writers on the teen movie, praises a film (in his case, Corvette Summer) precisely because it is 'normal', average, unspecial, because it is, as he puts it, "as sand on the beach".3

It is a little disappointing, really, that film criticism - even practical, fluffy, movie-loving criticism - has got us so little of the way in understanding the entirety of cinema. What especially loses out, of course, is what is known as 'popular' cinema - all that sand on the beach. This is a surprising fate when you consider the strong 'populist' impulse that was doubtless at the origin of so many genre-based and auteurs of the Fifties and Sixties (from Cahiers to Monogram) - the impulse to encounter and understand, in a rush, all the energy and savvy of the popular arts like Hollywood cinema and pop music, forms that were all-pervasive but conspicuously lacking from the official histories and theories of art and aesthetics.

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This originary
The TEEN Movie

rather strict limits – limits deriving, fundamentally, from their ‘taste’ – on what they were willing to find ‘interesting’ enough to spend time analysing.

The same process happens today, and the teen movie is one of its prime victims. Taste, which seeks out the precious, quickly flees the norm. This is why, in many ways, the study of popular cinema (or at least the type of study which starts out from the films themselves) has advanced so little since the Sixties; why, for instance, most academic studies of the horror genre never get past the same shallow pool of ‘great’ filmmakers and ‘special’ titles. Even an exceptional writer like Andrew Britton (from the CineAction/-Movie camp) abandons any potential for a complex and sophisticated ‘populist’, in-depth understanding of commercial cinema when he leaps, every time, for the superior critical ‘value’ of a Hitchcock, Sirk or Minnelli over the run-of-the-mill, convention-bound, ideologically determined Hollywood product.

However, there’s one last option. One might think that all this tasteful ‘selectivity’ on the part of critics has been remedied by the sudden rise to prominence in the Eighties of a certain ‘encyclopaedic’ kind of writing devoted purely to the ‘popular’ genres – fanzines like, locally, Fatal Visions, or books like Kim Newman’s Nightmare Movies (reviewed in Cinema Papers 74), which do not hesitate to cover the whole ground of their chosen topics. But, while the informative value of such work is beyond dispute, one has only to peruse the brutally ‘normative’ judgements of Newman’s book – the all-too-certain identification of all that is apparently self-evidently ‘bad’ in cinema, such as directors who can’t direct, scripts that have no backbone, ideas that just don’t work or films that can’t get themselves together – to know that, for a new generation of B-movie buffs, the definition of ‘criticism’ has sadly shrunken to little more than what it has always been for the worst of the newspaper hacks: an exercise in superiority, the power to bless what is comfortably good and damn what is uncomfortably bad.

What is thereby lost in such criticism is any notion of the cinema – even and especially popular cinema – as a place where risks can be taken, where experiments (sometimes inadvertently) happen, and where thrillingly uncertain encounters between viewers and films should (and do) occur. Again, this is disappointing and surprising in the light of the thought that B-cinema, so often beyond the pale, excessive and surprising, surely demands and inspires a critical approach that can break free from the protocols imposed by the ideal of a ‘norm’.6

Besides, the new wave fanzines are scarcely likely to sustain much contact with the dreaded teen movie. That is because, just as at the academic level, only certain genres are considered suitable material – i.e., acceptable to taste. In the fanzines (see Michael Helms’ report in Cinema Papers 73), it’s only the ‘dirty’ genres which ever really matter. Thus, while it’s par for the course for these streetwise publications to extol the severe, perverse delights of Maniac Cop, The Hidden or Street Trash (and I salute them for it), I can’t imagine that modest, rather wholesome little teen films like Seven Minutes in Heaven, Crazy For Tony or Pretty In Pink are ever quite going to get the same nod of subcultural approval. The teen genre is too ‘clean’ by half – a standard objection echoed on all the critical strata, for instance Positif’s Philippe Royer scoffing that ‘these youths, clean and antiseptic, miraculously untouched by the great crises of contemporary America, are completely ignorant of Watergate and Vietnam’. (This predictable crack at the massive ‘unrealism’ of the teen movie usually hums along with ‘these kids never do any schoolwork’, ‘there are no gays in teen movies’ and ‘all the adults are caricatures’.)

In a nutshell, you could say the form has virtually nothing going for it that would earmark it as worthy of the attention of your average critic. As a type of cinema and a slice of culture, it is largely conservative and conventional, often bears wilfully little direct relation to the real world, and is essentially content to simply amuse its audiences. It is not particularly postmodern (only insofar as everything these days logically must be); in fact, it is unquestionably the daggiest, the nerdiest, the most whimsical of genres. It runs on a reduced ‘utopian’ impulse in comparison with the most florid, and most critically prized, mainstream musicals or melodramas.

So why bother? Here are the reasons why I would choose to study the teen movie, from American Graffiti to Say Anything.

1. It exists; it’s popular. So-called ‘youth culture’, within which the teen movie sits, is a big, important deal. This culture is not just (as it is too often delimited) ‘things (films, records...) pitched at kids’; it’s also Bill Murray and Purple Rain and Pee Wee Herman and rock ’n’ roll – anything that gives you (no matter your actual age) that ‘kick’ which is half ‘craziness’ (rebellion, vulgarity) and half innocence (optimism, idealism). It’s just too easy to score points by diagnosing the progressive ‘juvenilization’ of popular culture (as Thomas Doherty does in his otherwise useful book Teenagers and Teenpics), whilst not grasping that at least half our total culture, now more than ever, is...
necessarily, vitally 'juvenile'. The teen movie, like other youth culture phenomena, is about survival, and a (very small, very fragile) means to survival.

So there's the first noble, necessary task made possible by paying in-depth attention to the teen movie: an understanding of youth culture in all its extensions and implications.

2. More particularly to do with the films themselves, and with the forms of popular cinema, I believe we need to think again, and more comprehensively, about that mysterious thing called 'entertainment'. Most critics seem to assume they know what entertainment is, what it consists of and how it works; critics like Robin Wood, once they've comprehensively, about that mysterious thing called 'entertainment'.

consists of and how it works; critics like Robin Wood, once they've comprehensively, about that mysterious thing called 'entertainment'. To supremely value, when you get that truly in-depth sense of hundreds of films bouncing/feeding/ripping off each other, mutually creating each other in a network. At that moment, all distinctions between good and bad, accomplished and botched, coherent and incoherent movies start to break down — mercy! — or at least become less significant, less telling, less determining of one's critical system. This is reminiscent of what Philip Brophey once said of popular music: "even the fakest, stupidest, most negative example of Rock or Pop does have something to tell us about Rock and Pop in general". Naturally, since we're talking about cultural significance, not cultural 'worth'; and trying to grasp the flows and swirls of culture rather than its qualitative 'milestones'. Out with auteurs and masterpieces then, and while we're at it, out with privileged 'authentic' examples as well (as in: 'Morgan's Cake is a true, real teen movie'); even the fakest, stupidest teen movie can be energetic and sublimely celebratory of its own fakeness.

So that's two more things at stake in a study of the teen movie: a theory of genre in popular film; and a mode, a working method, of non-evaluative criticism, so sorely needed in these sourpuss times.

4. The teen movie has its own wonderful, stylized sense of 'the everyday', and everyday life. Not necessarily your or my everyday life; but, in contrast to other movies and movie-types, a certain loose, tangled weave of characters and events, an attention to incidents and relations of working life, leisure life and family life, an overall texture which registers as everyday-like. Within its fictions, the teen movie has a lot to say about accommodating to the everyday, about making it a tolerable place in which to live. This is certainly part of the genre's "conservatism", but conservatism is itself something worth grappling with non-morallyistically for a change; as Raymond Durgnat suggests, "an important job of art is to register the way people actually experience things, as distinct from how the critic might wish them to do so". This is not to say, however, that the teen movie, with its reduced utopianism, is entirely static and free from complications or crises: on the contrary, the genre is full of fascinating poignancies and stresses, all kinds of quiet, daily palpitations of the personal-social world. That, I suspect, is about half of what makes it popular.

One for the road, then: an immersion in teen movies might sensitize us to all that is modest, fleeting, fragile in popular cinema, and popular culture. Does that sound so uneventful, so unpromising? Not to my ears, at any rate.

I'm well aware that I've been using the teen movie here as a kind of 'case'. One could just as well open up some of the above-marked areas — popular entertainment, genre, fantasy and the everyday — by recourse to some other form; you name it. Or one could as easily pick fights with the going 'schools' and available methodologies of film criticism directly, without the need at all to wrangle over a contested cinematic object, despised by one player, loved and defended by the other. But if the teen movie indeed provides a juicy, opportune case study, it doesn't amount to just simply that: as itself, the teen movie has its own broad specificity, its own 'aesthetic', its own pleasure and its own history. Why bother with the teen movie? It exists, it's popular. What more reason do you need?

These ideas, and others, are developed at length in Adrian Martin's booklet The Teen Movie: An Introduction, to be published by Swinburne Institute of Technology and the Australian Film Commission later this year.

NOTES
1. For typical put-downs of the teen movie, see Armond White, "Kidps", Film Comment, August 1985; Elyse Rapping, "Hollywood's Youth Cult Films", Cinéaste 1/2, 1987/89; and Philippe Royeur, "Coca-Cola Kids", Positif 307/309, September 1986. Defences of the genre are rarer (hence the piece you're reading), but definitely see Denis Wood, "Seeing and Being", Film Quarterly, Spring 1986, an article which looks like it was shoehed into the 'Letters' section for daring to praise The Breakfast Club and Weird Science as truly political films.


AN INTERVIEW WITH CRAIG MONAHAN

CONDUCTED BY PAUL HARRIS, CHRIS BROPHY AND GEOFFREY GARDNER

CRAIG MONAHAN PHOTOGRAPHED BY WENDY MCDougALL
T HE AUSTRALIAN FILM INDUSTRY has for close to two decades occupied a respectable cultural position. Production has become, within certain limits, quite stable. This can hardly be said, however, about the animation sector. Since 1912, when the first Australian animation was done by Harry Julius, through to the present, the animator’s lot has been one of skimpy production however, about the animation sector. Since 1912, when the first Australian animation was done by Harry Julius, through to the present, the animator’s lot has been one of skimpy production standards, overseas domination, lack of audience interest and a failure to have the art of the animated film taken seriously by the wider industry.

There have been some triumphs: Bruce Petty’s Oscar for Leisure, Yoram Gross’s cracking the international market on his own terms and finally getting the Australian fauna up against the Northern Hemisphere rabbits, ducks, mice, dogs and so on; and the Swinburne Film School’s using its ancient steam-powered equipment to churn out a bewildering collection of new faces. But these victories tend to pale away alongside the tales of woe, the aborted projects, the series never taken up and the films that simply never get shown.

Nevertheless, there is a marvellous story to tell about all those who battled away in their poorly equipped studios, or simply on their own. And the threads of this tale have been pieced together by Craig Monahan, a Film, Radio and Television School graduate and former producer of SBS’s Rock Around the World. He spent two years on the research and uncovered people such as the Owen brothers and Harry Julius, who had long been forgotten, and went through to the present where animation is taking on a new lease of life via the computer and variety of styles and subject matter, all of which reflect the many changes in our political and social attitudes.

Despite this, animation is still seen as a bit of a novelty – particularly in Australia, where animation is judged on how it compares to Disney. In Europe and Canada it is considered an art form, and even in America people have broken with the Disney style and been accepted. For example, in cinemas today we are seeing the ‘cartoon movie’. By that I mean the filmmaking quality: Raiders of the Lost Ark, Ghostbusters, Beetlejuice and Batman, which I can’t wait to see.

QUESTION: How did you approach making a film about animation in Australia?

C.M.: I didn’t really want to do a purely archival film, with a presenter. I wanted to try and make a film which was much more layered. I conceived it on three levels. The first was the animation itself. Then come the filmmakers as individuals and, third, the group of animators faced you: the chasing of rights, hunting for footage and so on?

QUESTION: Did you discover much material that you didn’t know existed?

C.M.: Yes. I wasn’t really aware of the Owen Brothers, or of Pat Sullivan’s relationship to Felix the Cat. And I certainly wasn’t aware of Neighbours, Perfect Match, Home and Away and other such programs, which breed so-called normality but really inspire mediocrity.

To the animator and the fan, animation is close to music and poetry. You can do things that you couldn’t possibly get away with in live action, both in style and content. You can comment or satirize without necessarily offending anyone, while at the same time making people more aware. In Animated, for instance, you see an incredible variety of styles and subject matter, all of which reflect the many changes in our political and social attitudes.

I grew up with The Bugs Bunny Show, The Flintstones, The Jetsons and that style of television. I was lucky: imagine growing up today with The Bugs Bunny Show, The Flintstones, The Jetsons and that style of television. I was lucky: imagine growing up today with Neighbours, Perfect Match, Home and Away and other such programs, which breed so-called normality but really inspire mediocrity.

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There is an interesting comment in the film from Ann Jollife, when she says that she has never been in a room with more than three animators. It is a pretty solitary profession fiddling away with drawings, clay, paper or, nowadays, a computer. It was great fun and quite revealing.

QUESTION: Were you at all daunted by the amount of research that faced you: the chasing of rights, hunting for footage and so on?

C.M.: No, because I was very interested in the subject and very keen to make a film. I had been wallowing in music video and commercials for far too long. But every time I tried to get a film off the ground, I didn’t have much success. So, I decided to start doing the research myself. Then other people became interested and the whole thing just gathered momentum.

QUESTION: Did you discover much material that you didn’t know existed?

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Harry Julius or that Lloyd Rees used to work for him.

Bill Collins says in the film that the chances of the early animators’ work being seen or exhibited in a fair and proper manner were very slim. He’s right, because of the exhibition and distribution cartels at the time and the fact that it was basically a hobby for these people. There was no way that anybody could make a living purely from animation. All of them had to do something else. The Owen brothers, for example, did titles for other newsreels or films, and also ran a graphic design studio. More or less it is the same today.

Many of the great artists and illustrators of the time worked for Smith and Julius studios at some stage or other. The Julius studio, for instance, used to do a lot of illustrations for The Bulletin and Smith’s Weekly. And if the people weren’t working directly for the newspaper, they would be working for Julius. He used to do ads for newspapers as well.

I love the way newspaper cartoonists can sum up 1,000 years, or what happened yesterday afternoon, in one drawing and caption. I think that animation on television could be used in the same way. At the end of my film, I raise the question of why animation isn’t used more for analysis on television, like it is with newspapers. Given Bruce Petty’s work, and Rubbery Figures, it is more than possible.

QUESTION: Another discovery for you was Dick Ovenden, who did King Billy.
C.M.: Few people know anything about him. He worked for the Shell Company, and also did the odd illustration. He used to sell his paintings at the horse races on a Saturday morning. Apart from King Billy, the only other animation he did was a couple of shorter things. It was much more of a hobby for him than the Owen brothers and people like them. His style is especially good for Australia at that time (c. 1933).

QUESTION: What was the reaction from the old animators when you begun hunting for this material?
C.M.: Most people thought the film would be a waste of time because they had no idea that there had ever been an animation industry. A few people were very co-operative, but most didn’t know where I could start.

Initially, most of the information came from my interviews with past and present animators. After this, the Australian Film Institute and Australian Film Commission scoured through their lists of films and filmmakers, and I used their information to get hold of newspaper material. Once I put together a coherent list, I contacted the National Film and Sound Archive (NFSA).

The NFSA was able to put me onto some Harry Julius material. It was part of the news-reel of the day, the Australasian Gazette. There are dozens of those in the NFSA, but they have only been able to preserve or copy a few. It’s all nitrate. It was a bit disappointing that the only ones I could get of Harry Julius were the four or five that had been preserved. There are many more waiting to be done, when money becomes available.

QUESTION: Was there any material you couldn’t use because of copyright problems?
C.M.: The Beatles was one. A few of the episodes of the TV series were done in Australia in the early Sixties. But we couldn’t use them because it would have cost too much money. As well, several American series from the Sixties, such as Cool McCool, Beetle Bailey and Krazy Kat, are owned by King Features, which would only let us use stills.

QUESTION: Was a series like The Beatles really Australian?
C.M.: Well, the scripts and voice tracks came from America. But that series, and others like it, did foster and train a new generation of animators.

On the other hand, the introduction of television to Australia saw us start to lose some of our national identity. We were tempted to ignore our own surroundings and there were subtle changes in our lives. I don’t think it is anything new to say that Australian television is a vehicle for cultural imperialism, whatever you may think of the quality of some of it.

Before television, our animators used a tremendous amount of the Australian flora and fauna, even if people followed the Disney style. At least they were drawing wombats, koalas, kangaroos and so on. But after television, when the stations could purchase US and UK product for a fraction of the cost of local material, we had to listen to American rabbits. It wasn’t until Yoram Gross in the 1970s that we got the return of Australian characters.

QUESTION: There is a title at one point which reads ‘Hanna Barbera 1972-1988’.
C.M.: Disney has bought Hanna Barbera Australia. It doesn’t have an animation studio in America. The only one it owns now is here. They are making things like Winnie The Pooh. All the layouts and boarding...
FACING PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: 

Yoram Gross sitting in front of a monitor showing his dot and the bunny. (Photo: Robert Macfarlane).

Harry Julius’s cartoons of the moment (c. 1923) from the Australasian Gazette.

Dick Ovendon’s King Billy’s first car (c. 1953). and Bruce Petty’s Careful Koala (1952), made for the Owen Brothers. (It was his first job.)

are down here, but they are painted and traced in Japan and other places.

Who Framed Roger Rabbit?, for example, was made by the Disney studios, but it was done by freelancers all over the world, though mostly in England. There was an ad in Variety last week trying to get animators to go and live in Ireland to work for Disney.

QUESTION: How does the modern generation of animators compare with their predecessors?

C.M.: The most obvious comparison is that filmmakers and animators continue to experiment and take risks and look for new ways to do things. But people still have to survive. As in the past, they have to do commercials, titles and whatever else. The only alternative is to get a job working for one of the studios doing somebody else’s series or specials.

There was a 10- or 15-year period when for a filmmaker to be making ads or somesuch was regarded as selling out. That’s changing and it is starting to go back the other way. And it’s something that is explored in Animated, because there is an argument about where craft finishes and art begins. I think you have to keep working so that you continue to learn and improve your craft while working towards the chance to do the projects you want to do.

Bruce Currie, whose animated films have received recognition around the world, has been doing openers for SBS. Steve French works on commercials in between producing some of the punchiest and funniest animation around. It is the reality of the animation industry.

I think it important to point out that, in my opinion, the most interesting work in content and style is coming from the Swinburne animation course, or indeed from those who have graduated from it and are now part of the industry. Swinburne is unique in that it offers experience in not only conventional styles of animation—i.e., cell, cut-out—but also claymation and computer animation.

All of these people, including those from Swinburne and in the mainstream, still suffer from not getting their films seen, the same problem Eric Porter and others had 40 years ago.

QUESTION: Do many animators have a great feature somewhere in the back of their minds?

C.M.: Yes. But to make a feature-length animated film is very, very expensive, and it takes at least a couple of years.

QUESTION: One area you raise near the end of Animated is animation in rock videos.

C.M.: For a long time, music videos were seen as silly things by the community and television programmers, whereas young filmmakers knew from the start it was the only place where they could experiment. It is terrific because musicians don’t like to be told what to do, and they are quite happy for you to do whatever you want.

Lucinda Clutterbuck’s and Lyn-Maree Milburn’s work, for example, is light years away from conventional animation. They are two filmmakers in this country whose work in music videos is breaking new ground and is recognized around the world.

Music videos are an outlet for people who were going crazy because they didn’t want film to have rules. Now it’s gone full circle with every advertiser saying, “I want it to look like this music video I saw.” Now they all religiously watch MTV.

I think you can also see the influence of the music video in most areas of cinema, such as editing, lighting and pacing.

QUESTION: Do you see music videos as the new tyranny, with Saturday morning cartoons being replaced by the MTV videos?

C.M.: When I think about the future of animation on TV, I like to think positively. Programmers really have opportunities to use these arts, not just tolerate them on things like MTV. Animation doesn’t have to be seen as something for kids. Animation covers as many ideas and subjects as live action. We should be able to see some of it. I feel that perhaps TV programmers don’t know how to handle it. TV can do anything now, so why not animation.
Review
by
Liz
Jacka

Feast of Edens

EDENS LOST: AN ANTIPODEAN BRIDESHEAD, A BLUE MOUNTAINS DYNASTY, OR ART TELEVISION?

Edens Lost is one of the first of the classy co-produced mini-series to emerge from Sandra Levy’s revamped drama policy at the ABC, although it has a long pre-ABC genesis. The project originated with producer Margaret Fink, and there is the usual story of a long gestation period, difficulty in finding funding, and the ordeal gone through to bring this “masterpiece to the screen” (cf. My Brilliant Career and For Love Alone). It is a co-production between the ABC, Margaret Fink, and Central Independent Television of the UK – for the latter, the first production from its newly formed film arm to reach the screen.

Unlike most Australian mini-series, Edens Lost is carefully positioned at the high cultural end of the market; it deliberately proposes itself as what John Caughie has called “art television” 1. It was publicized both here and in the UK as a prestige production; its subject-matter was described as the “raw-edged” sexual and emotional conflicts of an “elegant” upper-class family, promising beautiful images, stylish settings, lovely clothes and literate dialogue. The quote from Britain’s Time Out magazine, quoted in the ABC’s press kit, is typical: “High-class three-hour British/Australian adaptation of Sumner Locke Elliot’s novel of class, clash and collapse ... Perfectly paced, stunningly shot and consistently compulsive ... mini-series don’t come much better than this.” And as another extract from the press kit reminds us, with its “7.1 million viewers – Brideshead 3.25 million viewers”, comparisons with the landmark production of Waugh’s Brideshead Revisited are inevitable.

There are a number of parallels: both are adaptations of well-regarded novels, both are stories about the privileged classes from the point of view of one from humbler origins, although, unlike the aristocrats of Brideshead, the St. James family is merely well-off upper middle-class. Both are about the elegant facade of a family being broken down and revealing the conflicts, hatred and downright pathology that exists within; both have glacially beautiful matriarchs as central characters, both have rather gormless lower-class male protagonists who provide the voyeuristic identification point for audiences, and who, paradoxically, are the
witnesses and interpreters of the family secrets. Both exploit an audience's fascination for spying on the upper classes and their strange, perverse ways, both offer the delightful pleasure of exploring dark and alluring skeletons in cupboards. And both depend on a nostalgia for the loss of times more leisureed, more elegant, more measured, even if fatally flawed. Everything about the style of both - the legendary languor of Brideshead, the loving preoccupation with decor, settings, clothes, the stately pans and vaguely Debussian music in Edens Lost - is elegiac, has a slightly bitter, yet somehow comfortable, even sentimental sense of mourning for the loss of a past that never quite existed.

Margaret Fink has specialized in bringing Australian classic novels to the screen: first Miles Franklin, then Christina Stead, and her next project is said to be Jessica Anderson's Tirra Lirra By The River. Although a production for television, Edens Lost has a definite cinematic flavour about it. As Caughie defines it, art television is precisely that area of high-quality TV drama in which the visual rhetoric of cinema dominates, rather than the script-dominated rhetoric of television. Edens Lost is certainly unlike any other mini-series made in Australia, both in subject-matter and in style. It does not have the rather literal televsual narrative style that characterizes the mini-series: it resembles art cinema in its held-back emotional tone, its at times somewhat cryptic narrative exposition, the fact that it is entirely an 'internal' piece, based solely on inner psychological exploration (though with the occasional melodramatic dei ex machina to precipitate psychological development, e.g. the killing of Cissie's dog), and with much of the content being conveyed through mise-en-scene devices rather than directly.

The question for a critic than is how to 'read' Edens Lost. Is it art television, is it melodrama, is it high-quality soap? What do we make of this artful production of a story of a spoilt middle-class family and its agonies and tragedies during the years of the Second World War?

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In some ways, the answer to the question must lie in an approach to the novel which is the source material. It is surely interesting to note how often Sumner Locke Elliot has been adapted for the screen, compared with other Australian authors. The current series follows the 1980 mini-series of Elliot's 1977 novel Water Under the Bridge and the 1983 feature version of Careful, He Might Hear You (first published 1963). Edens Lost is in fact considered to be the continuation of the autobiographical themes begun in Careful. In Edens Lost the young P.S. of Careful is replaced by a version of the author's persona in the character of Angus (Bruce Hughes), the young man left friendless and alone after his Aunt's death, and invited with a murmured, “Come to us” into the family by the alluring and mysterious Eve St. James (Julia Blake).
The screen adaptation follows the structure of the novel fairly faithfully; like the novel it is structured into three quasi-autonomous parts, entitled ‘Angus’, ‘Bea’ and ‘Eve’ after the character from whose point of view each is told. However in the novel there are slippages both of viewpoint and thematic incident between parts which give it a slightly eerie feel of echoes and layers of memory. In one part we are given one fragment of an incident: for example, Stevie’s ride on the ‘funicular’ with Angus (in Part 1) whose full import is only revealed when it is re-remembered in Part 3.

It is a mixture of realism and a more modernist set of gestures – it has something of the internal monologue structure familiar from Woolf or the Joyce of Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, notably in Eliot’s habit of switching times in mid-sentence as a memory swirls up in the consciousness of the character whose ‘voice’ is currently carrying the narration.

A good deal of the strangeness of the novel has been ironed out by not preserving these startling juxtapositions – only Eve’s culminating narrative (of her falling in love with Heath) is handled in a way that juxtaposes past and present, but this is done by way of the more normal and accustomed flashback technique, with the past being conveniently doubly marked for us by being photographed in the pseudo-antique sepia style of the time.

The first part of Edens Lost tells the story of Angus’s introduction to the St James family, and his infatuation with the cool Eve St James. Eve tells Angus the story of the judge’s disgrace which has led to the family’s isolation in the Blue Mountains and to the judge’s delicate state, where the family humour him by inventing elaborate courtroom and literary games in which Heath (Arthur Dignam) can again play out his kind of parody of his former judicial power. The family members are introduced: Stevie (Lynda Cropper), the eldest daughter, beautiful, spoilt, contemptuous, idle, with a vicious tongue; Bea (Victoria Longley), the second daughter, less beautiful, large, clever and too forthright for her own good; and Tip (Yves Stening), the son, ostensibly courting the unfortunate Lesley-Ann (Melanie Salomon) but also conducting a semi-secret affair with Lisl (Fiona Press), the Austrian maid, and even less reconciled than the others to the family conspiracy to preserve Heath’s illusions. Finally, there are two significant hangers-on: Cissie (Jennifer Claire), Eve’s old friend, the ex-Rexona Girl, who, like all Eve’s other waifs and strays, has been collected and brought into the family, and who is part of a strange reversed relationship whose surface structure conceals who is really dependent on whom; and Marcus (Philip Sayer) the sexually ambiguous and exquisitely sensitive hotel manager, who it turns out (rather implausibly) is Stevie’s true love and the reason neither of her subsequent marriages work.

The structure of Episode 1 is the most melodramatic, Cissie and Angus being the key figures. Like all outsiders in such fictions, Angus becomes the ear to everyone’s secrets, and after Cissie confesses to him that she had a brief but non-sexual liaison with Heath at the time of his disgrace, Angus accidentally lets this information fall in front of Eve. This is the first major crack in the structure; Eve’s life-long work of being the perfect wife, of devoting herself to fulfilling Heath’s every desire, is abruptly called into question, and in revenge Eve sends Cissie’s beloved dog to be put down. Only Angus knows the reason, and it precipitates his disillusionment with the fantasy of the St James family’s perfection and his descent into cynical and sponging mediocrity, although as subsequent parts reveal he can never quite separate himself from the family. Angus starts as the admiring, goggle-eyed voyeur, and ends up in Episode 3 as the witness and interpreter of the final disintegration of the family, or rather of the family romance.

Episode Two is Bea’s story, and occurs in Sydney at the end of the War. Bea is now a successful writer of radio soap opera, pen-name D.K. (for “don’t know”) Durfee. Shattered by a bitter fight with Marcus, she has a brief affair with a visiting US officer, Corey Orcutt (Patrick Quinn), urbane, sensitive and, unfortunately for Bea, mother-fixated. This Episode also updates us on Stevie’s situation: now married to the dull suitor of Episode 1, Bill Seward (Andrew Tighe), conveniently posted overseas, and the mother of a daughter, Stevie is having an affair with a wealthy but boring US army major, Gabriel Imre (Ed Wiley).

We also meet up again with Angus, now pompous and prematurely middle-aged, who has teamed up with Lesley-Ann, and is planning to go mining in the Northern Territory. Again, it is Angus who unwittingly plays his role of shatterer of family illusions, by revealing to Bea the reason why Eve had Cissie’s dog destroyed.

But the episode belongs to Bea. Two major incidents structure it: the first is the phone conversation Bea attempts with Eve after her fight with Marcus, in which Eve does her usual trick of refusing to hear anyone’s (other than Heath’s) need or distress; the second is the night Bea finally spends with her US Captain in which, knowing already it will fall on deaf ears, she declares her love for him, saying: “...nobody around me has ever said exactly what they mean and I’ve never said exactly what I mean and there’s got to be one time when you do, otherwise what’s it all for?” The Episode ends with Bea staggering out of the hotel into the street, with the words of the hotel manageress ringing in her ears, “Don’t ever show you face here again!” , and finding the war has ended and that the street is full of what is for Bea mindless rejoicing, dancing and kissing. Bea lurches up the street, mouth gaping wide, apparently in shared
jubilation, although really, as we know, in wordless grief for this love, and all love, permanently lost. The soundtrack of cheering drowns out any utterance of hers.

If Episode 1 is the most gothic and melodramatic in structure and tone and Episode 2 the most naturalistic, the third is the most concentrated and formally rigorous. Apart from an early passage comprised of a number of quick short scenes which establish the recent history of the main characters, all of it consists of a couple of long sequences, the first of which explores Stevie’s current state of mind, and the second of which is a long monologue in which Eve finally explains her marriage, her family and herself to the ubiquitous witness, Angus. The Episode is set after the war: Heath has died, Stevie has abandoned husband and daughter to marry Gabriel Imre and has taken up residence with him in a stately and luxurious Long Island mansion, where Eve is on a long visit, the purpose of which is undoubtedly to help patch up a failing marriage. Eve, as usual, is too frozen in her own detached self-construction to be any help to anyone. Stevie is depicted as a perennially dissatisfied, petulant child (she calls Gabriel “daddy” just as Eve has previously so addressed Heath), contemptuous and bitchy as ever, until one night during dinner Gabriel explodes, “Stephanie – just tell me what you want?” (shades of Freud’s famous “What do women want?”) and departs the mansion for ever. Eve decides to make a hasty departure now that things have become messy, and when Angus rounds on her and accuses her of being cold and unfeeling, Eve finally insists on telling her story: “I must tell you about Heath St James.”

Sumner Locke Elliot is a strangely anachronistic author. He has lived in New York for more than 40 years: the novel, published from there in 1969 at the height of Black Power, Women’s Liberation, the hippie movement and the “sexual revolution”, has the feel and style of something written much closer to the time of its setting – the 1930s and 1940s. It’s as if Elliot, in writing about a place he has not seen for 20 years, can only conceptualize it as it was then, and oddly the style of writing and tone and sensibility of the novel are fixed in that time too. Since the series is largely such a faithful adaptation of the novel (with a few small but significant differences), it raises the same problem for a critic of how to position oneself vis-a-vis a commentary on it. In some ways it is almost as anachronistic as, say Les Liaisons Dangereuses, which, in its film adaptation, was made so brilliantly, sharply and painfully contemporary, in spite of its exquisitely authentic costumes and settings. Is it appropriate to take Edens Lost similarly seriously as a textual object, or better simply to dismiss it as high-class soap opera, or to read it in the superficial way the critics and publicists did, as being simply a slightly titillating look at upper middle-class perversions (a la the Blue Mountains drawing-room melodramas of the McDonagh sisters).

In spite of the series definitely proposing itself in both of these ways, I believe that on balance, it is possible to see something more interesting and more contemporary than this in it. The following reading of Edens Lost does depend on a supplementation of the television text by a reading of the novel; in the television version certain themes more fully developed in the novel remain latent and barely hinted at, and the complexity of mise-en-scene is not sufficient to fill the gap left by overt narration. This leaves the television text at times rather cryptic and ultimately empty. In particular, Eve’s crucial final monologue has the feeling of anti-climax about it – a feeling in the audience of, “So What?” when it should be both the explanation and the culmination of the tragedy that has gone before.

THE FEMININE / HYSTERIA / SILENCE

Since there is no doubt that hysteria has a strong affinity with femininity, just as obsessive neurosis has with masculinity, it appears probable that, as a determinant of anxiety, loss of love plays much the same part in hysteria as the threat of castration does in phobias and fear of the super-ego in obsessive neurosis.

FREUD, “INHIBITIONS, SYMPTOMS AND ANXIETY”, SE, VOL. XX P. 143 (MY EMPHASIS).

We might say that the Absolute Woman, in culture, the woman who really represents femininity most effectively ... who is closest to femininity as prey to masculinity, is actually the hysterical ... he makes her image for her!... The hysterical is a divine spirit that is always at the edge, the turning point of making. She is one who does not make herself .... The hysterical “makes – believe” the father...
Edens Lost is a women’s picture, in several senses. It is full of women characters: even though Angus is in some sense the central character in a structural sense because of his role as outsider/witness /interpreter the series begins and ends in a circular movement (characteristic of the women’s film), the circle closed by the repetition of Angus’s first meeting with Eve, and her murmured invitation, “Come to us.” But it is the women who are central to the symbolic level of the narrative: pre-eminently Eve, the mother, the archetypal eternal feminine, then the daughters, Stevie and Bea, the all-important Cissie, and Lesley-Ann. Heath, the father, the judge, should be the patriarchal centre of the narrative, and of course hermeneutically he has a primary role, because it is Eve’s originally pathological relationship to Heath that is supposed to explain the family saga, and to account for all the pathology which follows. But like the oddly impotent patriarch of Meet Me in St Louis, Heath is a failed patriarch; he has in some sense lost the power of controlling speech since he has been displaced from his public role as judge, and he is suffering from some sort of mysterious psychotic condition (manic-depression). All the other men in the scenario are either coarse buffoons (Gabriel Imre, Bill Seward) or mother-fixed and thus emotionally crippled (Corey Orcutt) or hidden behind a bisexual mask which distances him from emotional involvement (Marcus).

Edens Lost can be seen as a story of the unsatisfiability of female desire, and the inability of the women ever to articulate this desire. For all three of the central women characters, Eve, Stevie and Bea, there is the problem of being silenced – Eve by Heath’s unspoken prohibitions and desire for a screen on which to project his own desire, Stevie by the fact that she appears to be constantly speaking in a language no one can understand, and Bea by the constraints of the familial and societal bans on honest expression.

Eve can only succeed in her desperate bid to snare Heath for a husband by literally remaining silent. She wins Heath from her rival, the “pretty vivacious girl” by betraying no hint of emotion or demand.

“No: Silence: Silence is the mark of hysteria ... what talks isn’t heard because it’s the body that talks, and man doesn’t hear the body.”

Cixous, OP. CIT, p. 49

Eve’s interpretation of Heath’s desires has made her into a creature of stone, unable to see anybody or anything except her own image which, putting herself in Heath’s place, she constantly adores. In her final monologue Eve explains: “I became neutral by degrees, I became all grey, I watched myself become a periphery around his edges; I sat as cool as stone...” In Episode 3 Eve is constantly shown gazing into mirrors, and admiring herself; there is the extraordinary scene in the aeroplane toilet where she looks in the mirror and laughs almost in ecstasy. In the TV version this is left as an act of pure narcissism; in the film Eve continually attempts both to obtain mothering from Eva and to mother her; when Cissie leaves, Bea says to her mother, “Never mind”, but Eva, with her most impassive look, says, “Never mind what?” And Bea has the misfortune to fall in love with a mother-fixated man, a man so attached to mother that he is unavailable for any other attachment. The less-developed character of Tip, the son, also has a particular relation to the mother. He abandons Lesley-Ann and the family values and snobbery to marry, beneath his class, the perfect Austrian Hausfrau-mother, Liesl, who proceeds to stuff him full of dumplings and strudel. Significantly, Angus is the only character who is motherless (even Lesley-Ann has a mother who, Cissie hints, has a drinking problem); having no mother is not much better than having a bad one. So for Summer Locke Elliot, are the Edens that are lost the perfect union with the mother, ever sought but never found? And what do we make of the tag on the novel (quoted in the TV version):

“Where the apple reddens
Never pry.
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.”

ROBERT BROWNING, A WOMAN’S LAST WORD

NOTES
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REPORT BY JOHN BAXTER

Mary Lambert works out of a retrofitted Twenties building in West Los Angeles called simply O.

MARY LAMBERT

But if the lofty Twenties space suggests anything, it's an art gallery or a renegade ad agency.

Keith Haring and German Expressionist posters decorate the walls. And there's no air conditioning, just a large fan. In the shadows, a cluster of honours, including a Lillian Gish Award in purple perspex and a Golden Lion of Venice with its plaque still unengraved, gather dust.

Glamour is not the point.

LIKE HER OFFICE, Mary Lambert is unexpected: quiet, small, pale, with unsettling light green eyes. Maybe it's the whoosh of the fan, but the southern burr to her voice also seems more pronounced with acquaintance: "I'm" comes out "ahm" and "time" as "tahm". More obvious than these, however, is her steely control. Lambert has directed only two features, Siesta (1987) and Pet Sematary (1989), but, taken with her rock videos, which include Sting's We'll Be Together Tonight, and many for Madonna, including Borderline and this year's Like a Prayer, with its controversial Christian iconography, it's a solid body of work. (She also directed one episode of the TV series Tales From the Crypt, and started work on Under the Cherry Moon, taken over by its star, Prince, with disastrous results.)

Lambert left Helena, Arkansas, for the Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) the year National Guardsmen shot four students at Kent State. "It was a crazy time to be going to college and to art school. There was no discipline on the campus at all. It was all revolution, Power to the People, performance art. You could blow up balloons and let them loose and say it was a painting."

At RISD, David Byrne was creating performance art and forming Talking Heads. (The band's bass and drummer, Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz, are still Lambert's close friends.) Some of the tuition was as radical as the extra-curricular activities. A photography lecturer forbade the use of brand-name chemicals. "He told us Kodak was a corporate pig, teaching us there was only one way to see colour. We processed the film and made the prints, but we used things like piss and Jello. It was a great way to think, though it didn't really help you get a job when you graduated."

Lambert left with a painting degree, a taste for Wenders and Herzog, and an ambition to make short, personal films. She edited for Boston TV station WGBH, then migrated to Los Angeles, joining a friend's special effects company. "I did animation and illustrations for different kinds of film graphics. Then some computer graphic work, a small amount of set design and art department-type things. But I quickly realized I'm too messy."

Looking for film work in Hollywood is never easy. "Sometimes I feel like the Fuller Brush Salesman, pounding the pavement, having meetings. And being a woman didn't help. "I never believed that anything was going to hold me back, and certainly not my gender. I come from a great tradition of southern womanhood: man, those women run the place down there. After the Civil War, the men were all gone; the women just took it on, without apologies and without complaints. I have great role models in my mother and my aunts and my grandmothers. These wonderful women worked hard, loved everybody, didn't complain, had a sense of humour, laughed, made other people happy, did their work."

"Only recently have I begun to feel that sexism does exist, in a big way. Most men really want to give you a chance – as long as you're not in any way threatening them."

Lambert finally got some TV commercials. "It isn't the quick route into directing feature films the way it is in England. The commercials in this country were not sexy, funny, hip little narratives. It was a time of big economic boom. Products were products, and you sold them like products. I'm directing television commercials now again, and it's changed a lot in 12 years. The industry here is so highly evolved, so compartmentalized and unionized, and the big studios have a very specific way they like to make..."
movies, and very specific guidelines for how a movie goes through production and how much money it has to make and what kind of markets it's aimed at. It's all so over-thought-out that they're usually looking for a director who fits a specific profile."

From commercials, it was a short step into music videos. "This was what I'd been doing at art school: little short, kinky films to music. I'd been waiting 10 years for this to happen. I thought that when they came out with laser discs there was going to be a market for the kind of stuff I really enjoyed doing. It didn't happen and nobody wanted short films, so I gave up on it. Then I turned around one day and there they were."

Lambert's first music video was for Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz aka The Tom Tom Club. It was based on *As Above, See Below*, a cut from their *Genius of Love* album. "It used almost documentary-style club footage to tell this slightly mystical story about the LA club scene. I shot in very grainy black and white because I didn't have any money for lights or film. I was met by incredible opposition by managers of the record companies. Everyone thought music videos had to be in lush colour, just like a feature film or a commercial. And now everyone's doing it."

Rock videos pose novel problems. "When you're shooting a narrative film or a commercial, you shoot the footage, then cut it to the rhythm of the images. If it takes so long to walk across a room, and it feels good, you leave it long. When you have a song that you're working with, maybe there's a short musical break - a guitar riff or something - and it's just perfect for that walk across the room. But if the riff is 10 seconds long and she doesn't get to the door until 11.5 seconds, it's awkward. You have to edit it very tightly in your head before you shoot it."

*Like a Prayer* is Lambert's favourite video so far. "It's a combination of everything I've learned about filmmaking, about telling a story. And I really like the song. It said some fairly radical things that were fun to say, and were done in a big, national way, with some money to back it up. There was a lot of controversy: that it was anti-religion, sacrilegious. That made me smile, because I think that was just racism in disguise. What really upset people was the portrayal of a saint as a black man and the sexual thing between a white woman and a black man."

Videos got Lambert into *Under the Cherry Moon*, an unhappy experience from which she emerged with the determination to make her own kind of films. From that came *Siesta*. Shot in Spain, and based on the cryptic novel by Patrice Chaplin, *Siesta* follows professional daredevil Claire (Ellen Barkin) as she flees the biggest stunt of her career, a free dive over Death Valley, to go to Spain, and the lover/mentor she abandoned years before.

The significance of what happens to Claire in Spain isn't immediately clear. She wakes up at the end of an airport runway in a bloodstained red dress, cadges a lift from a priapic cab driver (Alexei Sayle at his weirdest), falls in with a group of mindless trendies, including photographer Kit (Julian Sands) and heiress Nancy (Jodie Foster, with a convincing Knightsbridge accent), and finally tracks down ex-lover Augustine (Gabriel Byrne), only to be stabbed — to death, we assume — by his vengeful wife (Isabella Rossellini).

Lambert fills the film with baroque imagery of Claire fleeing in her red dress through the gaudy Madrid day, coupling with Augustine in the sun-stunned hours of the siesta and falling in dreamy slow motion towards the desert from a plane. As in the video of *Like a Prayer*,
wounds open and close miraculously, churches and angels abound, and there’s a sustained sense of mysticism and transcendence. The film’s dislocated flashback narrative wasn’t to the taste of most critics, but Siesta’s visual power and its punishing sense of obsession transcend the often tortuous narrative.

Lambert found the script by accident in someone’s dressing room and fell in love with it. It came to her when Michelangelo Antonioni pulled out. “I determined that I was going to make a very personal movie in spite of the fact that everybody told me not to do it. I knew there was going to be a limited audience for it and that some of the objectives were going to be very difficult to achieve. But I still wanted to do it and I’m very glad I did. Its failures are the failures of naivete and lack of experience. Nothing in it was done to please somebody else or to seduce an audience. It was an honest effort.

“I do so much enjoy the dream state, and expressionistic ways of conveying an idea. I thought I could tell the story in a non-linear fashion and involve people in their own subconscious feelings, drawing them into the story that way. I wanted to create a dream state within the film that would allow the audience to accept what was happening on the screen and go with it, and learn the story in that way rather than the traditional way. I didn’t realize how hard it would be in a piece that length to fulfill my obligations to the audience. I think there are places where it’s very successful – the scenes between Claire and Nancy, for instance, which are very dreamlike.

“I wanted to do this whole movie from the point of view of the unconscious, of a woman who may or may not be dead. And all the people she meets are basically angels or manifestations of herself. I believe all the people in your dreams are just different aspects of your own personality that you’re attempting to understand.

“One way of looking at Siesta is that it’s the last 10 seconds of her life. It’s the way her life flashes in front of her as she’s dying. Most dreams take 10 or 15 seconds to happen, but I’m sure everyone’s had strangest things – a lot of the time by portraits, particularly those primitive New England creepy pictures where people are very stiff and death-like in their pose. Children are frightened of iconography: inanimate objects that represent animate objects. They’re still trying to figure out why one cat moves and one cat doesn’t.

“I had to think of a way to make that little boy scary when he came back. Because he’s so beautiful and such a precious child I did not want to use a puppet. We did a lot of sketches of what he might look like after the truck had run him over, and he just looked more and more like an old baseball or a watermelon that had been cracked open and badly put back together again. It wasn’t scary; it was just ludicrous. I felt the saddest and most terrifying thing would be to see this little boy come back as a little boy, but with the soul of a monster.”

Pet Sematary was an odd film to follow such a debut, but perhaps inevitable, given Lambert’s preoccupation with dream states and the imagination. One of the best adaptations yet of a Stephen King chiller, it displays the King trademark of horror erupting from the conventional. No dungeons, no clanking chains: just a couple of country houses, one occupied by an old gaffer, Jud (Fred Gwynne), and the other by the family of a young doctor, Louis (Dale Midkiff), and a strip of two-lane blacktop between.

But down the blacktop barrels a succession of oil tankers. Periodically they flatten some dog or cat, which kids bury in the woods, at the end of a narrow path to which the fog always seems to cling: the path to the old pet cemetery. But Jud takes Louis to an even older Indian graveyard further up the hill. If you bury something there, he warns, it comes to life again, and very nastily too, as we find out when first the little boy’s cat is run over, then Gage (Miko Hughes) himself.

“The book’s very frightening and you can’t quite put your finger on why. It’s like a dark, spooky painting. After I’d read the script [by King], I had this strong visualization of it in my mind – of
PURITY, MAN'S WORTH, AND THE FLIGHT FROM THE ALREADY INFAMOUS 'dream' sequence of Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ*, an English-accented nymphet angel/tempter tells Jesus that she doesn't want his blood. He need not suffer any more pain; he has done enough. He need not look back at the others, at that barren place of suffering, of crucifixion, he is being led to a new lush space, a garden of love and domesticity. Earlier in the desert, a woman/tempter/snake had asked him why he was trying to save the world, had told him to save himself and find love. She, the evil one, has signified the amoral, the selfish, the fleshbound. She is all that is opposite to struggle and transcendence. On the one hand, she hasn't a clue why a man endures, indeed embraces, hell to reach some unknown heaven. On the other hand, she will do what she can to stop him from getting there, to keep him in the realm of the sensuous, the perishable. She signifies mortality.

Whatever else it does, *The Last Temptation of Christ* is perhaps most interesting for the image of masculinity it reveals and advocates. It is an image shared and shaped by the film's director, Martin Scorsese, one of its writers, Paul Schrader, and Nikos Kazantzakis, whose book inspired the film. These men's ideas of what it is and what it takes to be a man are inextricable from their conception of what is needed to reach God. Their model of masculinity is embedded in a strong cultural and socio-political edifice. Yet it is always threatening to dissolve, as transparent and fragile as a bubble liable to burst at a touch. It is a dualist model in which fear of women and desire for male purging and purification are fundamental. Though the model is Christian in its origins, comparisons can be made with otherwise alien traditions of beliefs and practices. A thorough anthropological excursion would reveal related preoccupations in a variety of cultures, but perhaps the most illuminating example comes from Melanesia. On the island of Wogeo, as the story is told in Ian Hogbin's *The Island of Menstruating Men*, all males, when they attain maturity, regain their 'purity' by the practice of inducing artificial 'menstruation'. Using the claw of a crayfish or crab, a man will induce an erection by thinking about a desirable woman or by masturbation and then gash his penis to induce profuse bleeding. In many parts of Melanesia, men are thought to have cultural power while women have a more basic, potent and polluting biological capacity. Male bloodletting might be thought of as an expression of menstrual envy, an appropriation, by harsh and dangerous means, of a female function.

*Martin Scorsese* is convinced that there is a desire for blood sacrifice, which is primal and universal (though the anthropological evidence for...
this is more ambiguous than he allows). Blood is the life force, the essence. In civilized religion this sacrifice is represented in the communion. In his own films, culminating in Taxi Driver, he has dealt more with less 'civilized', literal blood sacrifice.

Pauline Kael called her review of Raging Bull (written by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin, who also wrote Mean Streets with Scorsese) "Religious Pulp, or The Incredible Hulk". She complains that Scorsese, a great director when he does not try so hard, has got "movie making and the Church mixed up together; he's trying to be the saint of the cinema". Schrader's Jake La Motta's life, she notes, was a ritual of suffering. He is continually washed in his own blood. Scorsese, a master of movement and energy in cinema, does not care about the fights - it is the punishment, given and received, with which he is obsessed. Scorsese, she suggests, does not want us to like Jake. He wants us to respond, on a higher level, to his energy and pain. "He wants a disreputable lowlife protagonist; then he suggests that this man is close to God, because he is God's animal." The film's brutality, Kael concludes, is mystical, it's "the kind of movie that many men must seriously. He is one of those artists whose work, you feel, reveals so much about himself. Yet he clearly articulates what you think you have uncovered. Again, his predicament is on the surface, in the contradictory, dual texture of his work.
In a 1976 interview with Schrader, Rick Thompson suggested that the asceticism of Taxi Driver was so strong that even Scorsese's busy style did not overcome it. That asceticism, says Schrader, was essentially in the script:

What I think happened was that I wrote an essentially Protestant script, cold and isolated, and Marty directed a very Catholic film. My character wandered in from the snowy wastelands of Michigan to the fetid, overheated atmosphere of Marty's New York. Protestantism has a more individualistic, solipsistic righteous quality. The Catholic thing is more an emotional, communal flurry. When you walk into a Protestant church, you feel as if you've walked into a tomb; in a Catholic church, people are talking, there are priests, candles, a whole different atmosphere. Travis' personality is built as if it were a Protestant church, but everything around him is acting differently. Both Marty and I have very strong religious backgrounds, so I don't think that's an incorrect interpretation.16

Scorsese had wanted to become a priest but also, from early days, loved the cinema. Schrader graduated from Calvin College. His adolescent consciousness, he told Thompson, was defined by the church and family structure. Movies, forbidden when he was younger, were an adult aberration. He grew up, he said, facing questions like the way he wants, getting paid for it, getting respect, having "beaten the system". If, however, he were "everybody's pawn, if I was Travis Bickle, the triumph would have to take another course, probably a violent one."19

As it was, Schrader says he was obsessed with guns for self-destructive reasons:

An interesting thing about guns, which my shrink pointed out to me and which pertains to Taxi Driver, is that all my suicidal fantasies are exactly the same: they all involve shooting myself in the head. I never fantasize about jumping off a building, or taking pills, or using a knife. The shrink pointed out that I believe all the demons are in my head; the fantasy is to get them out of there. I have those evil, bad thoughts in there -- it's my Calvinist background. So when I have fantasies, they're all about my blowing those evil thoughts out of my head, and then I'll be all right. So it isn't even like dying; it's getting that shit out of my head.20

Toward the end of the interview he tells of the 'great fantasies' he had and still maintains about converting the world. When his devout father bemoans his fate, Schrader tells him that he did become an evangelist, just one of a different sort.

By pointing to the articulation of Schrader's concerns, I do not want to lose the feel, the experience of the film Taxi Driver. Here, I think, Schrader and Scorsese create some kind of religious argument about transcendence while conjuring up a very concrete, hyperphysical world. They are rather like the Jesuit priests in James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. They evoke hell for their young male audience precisely by enumerating and magnifying their desires, terrifying them with the promise of eternal punishment involving the very substances of their fleshly longings. The effect of Taxi Driver, like that of a retreat, builds up as it progressively presents further layers of the "open sewer", "full of filth and scum" that Travis inhabits. Sometimes, he tells the presidential candidate, when he travels in his cab, he can hardly take it. He can smell it, he gets headaches it's so bad. We too feel Travis's lonely New York hell. It is fetid, sticky; black youths throw raw eggs over the windscreen of his cab, the slim envelope of protection from the filth. And we know there is no real protection. Travis's cab, his mind, is penetrated, invaded by the filth. People fuck in the back seat; each time he returns the cab to the garage, he says, he has to clean the come off the back seat, some nights he cleans off the blood.

Travis, himself, says Schrader in his script:

has the smell of sex about him: sick sex, repressed sex, lonely sex, but sex nonetheless. He is a raw male force, driving forward toward what, one cannot tell ...

While Travis moves towards a redemptive violence, he listens impassively to threats a psychotic passenger (played by Scorsese) makes about his wife as he watches her in an apartment he says she shares with a "nigger". He will kill her with a .44 Magnum pistol. The passenger -- "You must think I'm real sick, huh? A real pervert." -- a symptom of the city, responds to his wife's betrayal and miscategorization with the threat of blowing away her "pussy", her defiling, offending part. Travis's vision is broader. "Someday the rain'll come and wash all the scum off the streets"', he says early in his diary. He would rid the city of all pollution.

He begins his transfiguration. He gets in shape. The city has ruined his body. Too much abuse has gone on for too long. His television transmits lies, more pollution. The candidate, Palantine, says the
Travis’s first victim is a black supermarket thief whom he shoots. While we know Travis is mad, we are reminded he is a point of righteous “sanity” in a world without judgement when, in one of the film’s most violent moments, the supermarket owner extracts revenge upon this thief and all others by cold-bloodedly bashing the immobilized youth with an iron bar.

De Niro’s tender, fragile Travis, with his edge of neurotic desperation, becomes a jerky, robot warrior as he kills those who do not deserve to live. The offenders are slaughtered and he is bathed in blood which drips from his hand as he puts his gun to his head in a suicidal gesture when the police arrive. Blood covers the brothel stairs, the walls; Travis has fulfilled his destiny. Earlier, he told Iris (Jodie Foster), the teenage prostitute, that what she is doing is nothing for a person to do. She is part of the filth and must be saved from it.22

And it is with another female, a woman his own age, Betsy (Cybill Shepherd), that he tries to make contact. She was wearing a white dress, he says, and we see, “she appeared like an angel out of this filthy mess. She’s alone, they ... cannot ... touch ... her ...” As Schrader admits, De Niro makes Travis; he brings a character together from his and Scorsese’s related but disparate visions. We believe and empathize with him in his cries for contact. But Betsy is a cool beauty in a hot body. In Travis’s first vision, her loose white dress moves softly, in slow motion. When she goes on their date, as we see her new white outfit, bordered in black, unbuttoned low at the neck and clinging across her body, we can understand why Travis, in his anomic and inept divine foolishness, spoils everything by taking her to “adult” movies. Betsy, like the candidate she works for, is spiritually bland. Insulted by his gesture, she rebuffs him, refusing all contact. In the end, Travis realizes how much she is “like the others ... cold and distant. And many people are like that — women for sure.”23

Schrader’s vision of Los Angeles in American Gigolo is also “excremental”.24 It is marked by a profound dualism. Here the centre of moral value and eventually of spirituality is Julian (Richard Gere), a male prostitute who gives pleasure to older women neglected by their husbands. Unlike those who surround him, Julian knows he is hustling, selling himself for fine clothes, a fine apartment, the appearance of class. In a loveless environment, he gives a facsimile of love. The film’s strongest censure is reserved for Leon, a black gay pimp who dwells in the neon underworld, tries to get Julian to “do kink” (which Julian refuses) and sleeps with young, pale, blond boys. Leon gets what is coming to him. Julian also gets what he deserves: he is redeemed by love, love which has nothing to do with sex, love expressed through the barrier of prison walls — truly spiritual love.25

American Gigolo, if appealing, does not come close to the vibrancy of a Scorsese film. It is more purely a Protestant story with its sensuous charge coming primarily from its music, its photographed beautiful objects, cars, clothes, furnishings, and Julian in his “unwired” beauty. Michelle, with whom Julian finally attains spiritual contact, is played by Lauren Hutton. Hutton used to be the Revlon Ultima II girl — she signifies the cosmetic world. She is now aging, she would soon be like the other neglected, middle-aged matrons if Julian did not save her.

Neil Sinyard has suggested that Schrader’s success is attributable “to the creative use of his critical faculty and a commercial deployment of his Calvinism”.26 When Schrader suggested that Taxi Driver was a rich piece of juvenilia with “no maturity except at the talent level”, he compared it to a rough, first adolescent work of Dostoevsky, A Raw Youth.27 Sinyard suggested Schrader might be called a “Junk food” Dostoevsky.
Like Dostoevsky, he is violent, melodramatic, religious and profoundly conservative. Like the Russian master also, he uses the tawdry formulae of crime fiction to erect massive psychological dramas about self-tormented people who struggle furiously between heaven and hell, and who find redemption through suffering and sacrifice.14

If Schrader has the taint of the market-place about him, Nikos Kazantzakis certainly does not. Kazantzakis, we know, was a spiritual man, quoted by statesmen, emulated by modern young men in their quest for a new spiritual life. For Kazantzakis – indebted to Christ, Buddha, Marx and Nietzsche – Christ was the supreme model of the man who struggles.

Schrader strongly acknowledges his debt to Kazantzakis, for his “neurotic” and “psychotic” Jesus, a Jesus who was more “shocking” but more “accessible” than others, whose human nature did not fully understand the divine role it had to play.29 Kazantzakis desired freedom and sanctity. The hero and the saint were mankind’s supreme model. His own writings, he has said, were only a means to aid his struggle – for deliverance. He invoked “great figures who had successfully undergone the most elevated and difficult of all evils”, wanting “to gain courage by seeing the human soul’s ability to triumph over everything”.30 The inscription on Kazantzakis’s grave reads: “I do not hope for anything. I do not fear anything. I am free.”31 Interestingly, Schrader quoted from Kazantzakis something he had appended to the outline of The Last Temptation of Christ: “Heresy.” Again, he quotes the writer:

This book was written because I wanted to offer a supreme model to the man who struggles; I wanted to show him that he must not fear pain, temptation or death – because all three can be conquered, all three have already been conquered.32

There is something very familiar about the notion of the great figure who is arrogant in the face of the realities of pain and death, proud and joyful, not because of the pleasures of everyday life, but because of his own elevation. The great figure is an ascetic warrior male. If the Nietzschean superman was one crucial model for Kazantzakis (who, his English translator suggests, adopted a series of “saviours” throughout his life quest), Buddha, like Christ, was for Kazantzakis “a superman who had conquered matter”.33 While the conflict between flesh and spirit might last until death, through struggle, men might meet God, “the summit of immateriality”.34 Christ says Kazantzakis, invites us to take his ascent, “following in his bloody tracks”.35

If we are able to follow him we must have a profound knowledge of his conflict, we must relive his anguish; his victory over the blossoming snares of the earth, his sacrifice of the great and small joys of men and his ascent from sacrifice to sacrifice, exploit to exploit, to martyrdom’s summit, the Cross.36

Christ, says Kazantzakis, conquered “the invincible enchantment of simple human pleasures”.37 Women, of course, are a part of the “blossoming snares of the earth”. Translator P. A. Bien notes that during a period of ascetic fervour – as part of Kazantzakis’s uniring search for “his true father, his true saviour” – he stayed in an ancient Macedonian monastery where not only human females but even cows and hens were excluded.38

As Schrader remarked – and his film is true to the idea – Christ’s last temptation was not power or sexuality, but the temptation to give into the human side of his nature and live like us (“us”, in this instance, being patriarchal males, fathers of families). A man who would be a God is not only threatened by the sticky sexuality of women, the involuntary excitement caused by women, a visceral response within himself which he cannot master. Woman – like the sea, fire and the odours of the world – is a constant reminder of human fragility, perishability, decay and death. Domesticity, the passing sensuous and emotional enjoyment of children offering “recompense” and “hope” in the face of human finitude, is also a temptation to the warrior ascetic who would be God. In Scorsese’s film, Christ asks his mother Mary “Who are you?” He has no mother, no family, only a father in Heaven. Belief in a heavenly, super-cultural Father can help us distance ourselves from the knowledge that we are fleshly, finite beings, born, in blood and pain, of other fleshly beings – women. Women remind us that we are human. Scorsese and his brother artists and intellectuals...
are concerned with the immaterial, spiritual father/creator with whom men might be reunited if they suffer enough. The ambiguous power of the excluded female is wholly appropriated.

Richard Corliss, admiring of Scorsese’s “balsy” adaptation of The Last Temptation, suggests that Scorsese knew that Kazantzakis’s story could be the ultimate buddy movie. For 15 years he had been directing secular drafts of it. It is during Jesus’ period of delusion/dream - brought down from his destiny on the cross by the angel/temptress - that he hangs around with women and children. When Mary Magdalene dies, she tells him that “there is only one woman in the world, one woman with many faces. This one falls, the next one rises.” He joins Mary of Bethany and Judas arrives.40 In the Kazantzakis/Scorsese scenario, Judas was a loyal, loving man ordered by Jesus to betray him. Now he is angry. Yet in The Last Temptation Schrader’s and Scorsese’s conglomerate of love” is cold. In earlier Scorsese films, we could feel the exhilaration of the love/hate relationships. Jonathan Rosenbaum argues that the Kazantzakis/Scorsese depiction of Jesus, wrestling with the human side of his nature as he comes to terms with the God within Him:

leaves little room for any developed sense of community, and just as little space for love as anything more than an abstraction.43

I DID NOT MENTION EARLIER that Pauline Kael’s complaint that Raging Bull mixed up the Church and movie-making came after that mixture had, for her, gone sour. In her review of Mean Streets, she says:

In Scorsese’s vision, music and the movies work within us and set the terms in which we perceive ourselves. Music and the movies and the Church: A witches’ brew.44

Her celebration of Mean Streets captures what is great in Scorsese. The film “has its own unsettling, episodic rhythm and a high-charged emotional range that is dizzyingly sensual”.45 Near the beginning of the film when Charlie (Harvey Keitel) goes into the bar, “the camera glides along with him as he’s drawn toward the topless dancers on the barroom stage.” We the audience, says Kael, share his trance. We become participants and it is in a cinema which is refreshingly nervous, impure, dirty and alive - a bit like life. Here we become intoxicated. Cinematography, music and performance all activate Mean Streets:

It’s as if these characters were just naturally part of an opera with pop themes. The music is the electricity in the air of this movie: the music is like an engine that the characters move to. Johnny Boy, the most susceptible, half dances through the movie ... 46

Kael, in her own small masterpiece bouncing off from Scorsese’s, manages to touch on the abandon, the delirium with which De Niro’s Johnny Boy charges the screen. The “intensely appealing De Niro, here a “beautiful nut”47, doesn’t just act, says Kael, “he takes off into the vapors”.48

David Denby also enthused about Scorsese’s “violent sincerity”, his unpatronizing depiction of his characters, life of “crazy restless­ness”. Denby saw Charlie’s and Johnny Boy’s “edgy, murderously unstable love for each other” holding the film in tension.49 The male characters’ energy had no goal or purpose - it was just there, present, like the hypnotic irresistible city to whose “rottenness” we are drawn. Denby speaks about the allowance of space to the Mean Streets characters, the connection between techniques of improvisation and the extension of their expressiveness. The mood of dialogue, he notes, is “almost ecstatically high pitched”.50 Yet he suggests that while

be a bringer of the Word, he has always taken the idea of love very seriously, the idea of creating “a kind of conglomerate of love.”41 He was trying to understand loving and forgiveness. To apply this in his own life was very hard and he thought that, doing The Last Temptation, he could explore this problem through Judas’ eyes with his inability to “turn the other cheek”:

... he’s speaking for a lot of us ... We want to do it but it’s very hard to do and we know that basically in order to live together in this world we’re going to have to learn how to do that ... And so I think to that extent I’ve started to maybe scratch a little of the surface of it. I don’t purport to be able to do it myself, but ... I’m beginning to understand a little more how one should live.42
Scorsese uses improvisation to make his people sound as free as possible, he’s in trouble when he has an actor who can’t pull it off. Amy Robinson, he says, has an impossible role to begin with. She is Charlie’s “adoring epileptic” girl friend Theresa. Her anxiety and self-consciousness in the semi-improvised scenes, he suggests, makes her character seem unnecessarily pathetic—“not even on the same existential plane as the ecstatic male talkers.”

Denby could be speaking of the place of women in Scorsese films generally. They do not share in the networks of ambivalent and amorous emotional affinity. They do not figure in a way we might care for them. Dramatic interest is not bestowed upon them. The films and their fabulous energy belong to the men. By the time of the more static The Last Temptation of Christ, with its heavenly promise, the sweet and lively hell of Mean Streets, with its visceral and immanent ecstasy, is almost lost. I don’t think that Denby or Kael saw the threat that was there even in Mean Streets, the possibility that all that energy might in the end be put at the service of asceticism. Kael says Charlie torments himself like “a fanatic seminarian.” She also suggested Mean Streets had “a thicker textured not and violence than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil.” But she thought that the film was a “blood thriller in the truest sense”, referring to the capacity of film to link itself to “common life”, to go “below the polite surface” which Graham Greene (and Grierson and Tynan) spoke about. Scorsese, however, was concerned with BLOOD, blood sacrifice, blood which signified things above this world. Theresa tells Charlie he should help himself first when he is burdened with her cousin Johnny Boy’s divine and self-destructive foolishness and wants to help him. St Francis of Assissi had it all down, he knew, Charlie tells her. “What’re you talking about?” she asks uncomprehendingly, womanly. “St Francis didn’t run numbers.” And while Charlie can make love to her, can even care, he cannot commit himself to her. He dreams one night he is about to make love to her. He is just about to come. He comes blood. The Heaven/Hell bent hero dreams his masculinity—and there is no space in the dream, in the quest, for intercourse with women.

NOTES
7. ibid., p.80.
8. ibid., p.81.
9. ibid., p.82.
11. I Cannot deal with The Color of Money here but I recommend Jimmy McDonough’s review, “Raging Balls”, in Film Comment, Vol.23. No,3, May/June 1987. He suggests: “Paul Eddie is the most spectacular closet case Scorsese has created to date. Check out his scenes with Vincent, then look at the ones with Janelle; Eddie gets his pool cue up for the kid, but he doesn’t have the balls for his old lady. The heart of Money is a tortured, tentative love story: iceman Eddie and young stud Vincent ... The sexual undertone of Money is truly uncomfortable. It is a world where the men would definitely rather be with the boys — the idea of having a woman is a matter of going better.” Eddie’s and Vincent’s women, McDonough notes. “stand off to the side like props” (p.74).
12. See interview with Corliss, op. cit., p.38.
13. See Michael Henry’s interview with Scorsese in Positif, No.332, October 1988. Here he talks about Kazantzakis, the representation of women and carnal pleasure, and his own and Paul Schrader’s inability to free themselves from associating sexuality with “some kind of use, deonoté, ghignobale” (“something reptilian, shameful, ignoble”) (p.11). In The Last Temptation, the tattooed Mary Magdelene is linked with reptiles and, during Jesus’ temptations in the desert, the serpentsepis with her voice, but Scorsese says that reptiles do not represent woman, they represent carnal pleasure.
16. ibid., p.13.
17. ibid., p.11.
18. ibid., p.9.
19. ibid., p.14. Schrader does not only relate closely to Travis Bickle. In an interview with David Thomson, he says of the John Heard character in Cat People: “I recognized that what I had here was an intellectual, older Travis Bickle. This is me and this is my Calvinistic notion of the postmortem of pleasure and the kind of sanctity of sex where you can really only be in love with something better.” See “Cat: Paul Schrader interviewed by David Thomson”, Film Comment, Vol.18, No.2, March-April 1982, p.51.
21. ibid., p.12.
22. “My concern was to know Iris’s name. Just as “innocently”, he had wanted to know the name of the woman serving candy at the porno movies where he goes on his own. This woman, taking his persistent request as harassment, calls the manager. Much of the character for Iris, Schrader tells Thompson, was rewritten from an underaged, “junkie” prostitute, with “a concentration span of about 20 seconds” whom he had picked up when he was feeling “particularly blue” in a bar in New York (ibid., p.13).
23. Michaei Dempsey suggests that Scorsese and Schrader abandon too easily the possibility of a relationship between Travis and Betsy or any other woman. “For reasons that may be as much intellectual and emotional as commercial, they prefer the certainty of death, of the chance of love.” See his review of Taxi Driver in Film Quarterly, Vol.29 No.4, Summer, 1976. Robin Wood sees Betsy, Travis’s “angel”, as “an ideological construct, a figure of almost total vacuity whose only discernible character trait is opportunism”. (“Hollywood from Vietnam to Reagan, Columbia University Press, New York, 1988,” p.52). In Driver’s cynical coda (a sequel to The King of Comedy), Travis’s fame as a media hero impresses Betsy. She is now interested in him. The interest is not reciprocated.
25. The coda in American Gigolo is a direct tribute to Brando’s Pickpocket.
26. op. cit., p.50.
27. Interview with Thompson, op. cit., p.9.
28. Ninyard says of Scorsese’s angst of prurience and repression. I think that Scorsese shares this in relation to gays, blacks and women. It is at the level of the film, rather than of particular characters, that this is expressed.
29. SBS Interview.
30. Nikos Kazantzakis, quoted in SBS documentary.
31. ibid.
32. Quoted in SBS interview by Schrader, slightly different word order here as in Prologue to The Last Temptation, p.9.
34. Kazantzakis, Prologue, p.8.
35. ibid., p.8.
36. ibid., p.8.
37. ibid., p.9.
38. ibid., p.510.
39. In the interview, Schrader says he does not know if Kazantzakis shared this point of view or whether he wanted to put us on guard against the ruses of Satan (op. cit., p.11).
40. Ian Penman suggests that the disciples “come over like a debating society Wild Bunch”. See “Good Morning Jerusalem”, The Face, October, 1988, p.129.
41. Interview with Corliss, op. cit. p.38.
42. SBS Interview.
43. Rosenbaum also argues that the “use of females throughout The Last Temptation to signify only motherhood and temptation [of the male] suggests that if anyone should be objectifying to this film, it is women of all denominations rather than fundamentalists of both sexes.” See “Raging Metha”, The Last Temptation of Christ, Sight and Sound, Vol.57, No.4, Autumn, 1988.
46. ibid., p.242.
47. ibid., p.238.
48. ibid., p.40.
50. ibid., p.50.
51. ibid., p.50, my italics.
52. op. cit., p.237. Charlie passes his fingers over the flames of Church candles, he puts his finger to a burning match and, finally, appears to plunge his hand into the flame of his uncle’s restaurant stove. Travis, in Taxi Driver , makes a fist over the flame of his stove, readying himself for his vengeance.
53. ibid., p.236.
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QUESTION: You entered the film industry in the 1960s as the Hollywood studio system was in an advanced state of decay, with the traditional power of the producers and studio heads passing into the hands of independent producers. PRESSMAN: At the high school I attended in New York there was a teacher of modern European history, Philip Perlstein, who used films in his classes. We were shown titles like The Blue Angel, Cabinet of Dr. Caligari and Maedchen In Uniform.

A friend of mine, Johnny Olstreicher, indoctrinated me with the films of Ingmar Bergman and the French New Wave, a school of filmmaking I was very attracted to at the time.

When we started out as a filmmaker, my partner, Paul Williams, and I had become friends with Bert Schneider’s group at BBS Productions [Easy Rider,
Arthur Penn.

Fujimoto, Brian's assistant [later to be DOP on several Jonathan
casting Edgar, whom he thought would be good in a part, but he was bypassed in
the decision as to whether I should expand or contract. I must admit

Five Easy Pieces)] which was then making a major impact
on the film community. We all subscribed to the theory that
films could change the world and thus felt that we were in
touch with the currents of the time.

QUESTION: Your first feature film as a producer, Out Of It
(1969), details the high school culture clash between an
intellectual type and a jock, the latter played by Jon Voight.

Why was the film’s release delayed?

PRESSMAN: The film was shot in 1967 and after completion was sold to
United Artists (UA), run at that time by David Picker. Jon Voight had
been cast in Midnight Cowboy, which United Artists felt may be a
winner, so our film was put on hold until after Cowboy's release. Maybe
they felt that our film could hurt Cowboy but that Cowboy could help
ours.

We then made an agreement with UA to make our second feature, The Revolutionary (1970), based on a novel by Hans Königsberger (A Walk With Love And Death), again with Jon Voight. Because it was a
bigger investment on UA's part, they decided it would be better to
release The Revolutionary first, which they did. But by the time they
got round to considering Out Of It, the film had dated and become a
period piece, with the result that it went out on a double bill with The
Christine Jorgensen Story.

After The Revolutionary, Paul was considered one of the brightest,
up-and-coming filmmakers and was even looked up to for a brief
period by Martin Scorsese and Brian De Palma as their mentor. Warner
Brothers offered him any project of his choosing and he elected to go
with Dealing or the Berkeley-to-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues
(1972), but this choice eventually undermined Paul. He was going
through a lot of changes and was always on the crest of the cultural
force of the moment. For example, after The Revolutionary was
completed he visited Eldridge Cleaver in Morocco.

During Dealing he started to experiment with drugs. In casting
sessions people would come in and show how much they knew of this
culture and how well qualified they were to be in the film.

Paul had met a relatively unknown actor named Richard Dreyfuss
whom he thought would be good in a part, but he was bypassed in
favour of an actor who was a bigger name at the time, Robert F. Lyons
(Getting Straight). But he proved inadequate.

When we realized that a mistake had been made, we had the choice
of going to Warners and telling them that we had made a $150,000
error of judgement, and risk losing the whole movie, or ploughing
ahead with what we had. We chose the latter course, which proved to
be a valuable lesson for the future.

QUESTION: How did you become first acquainted with writer-director Terrence Malick?

PRESSMAN: Through Paul Williams, who had gone to Harvard with
Terry and Jacob Brackman. He had been trying to set up Badlands
(1973) for some years and had the full endorsement of people like
Arthur Penn.

After Badlands and Days Of Heaven (1978), Terry spent several
years working on a biographical screenplay about Thomas Edison and
another script about farmers in contemporary Texas which he deliv­
ered to Paramount under a long-term legacy left by the former
company president, the late Charlie Bludhorn. Terry had an aversion
to the social context of Hollywood and wanted no part of it.

QUESTION: Three directors of photography are credited on Badlands,
but the film's visual style is remarkably consistent.

PRESSMAN: The late Brian Probyn established the look of the lighting
and the interiors but was taken ill, exhausted by the heat, the long
hours and Terry's idiosyncrasies. On several occasions I can recall
Brian shooting with the slate upside down as a form of protest in a
disagreement with Terry about methods of orthodox coverage and
matching shots. When Brian left, there was a big crisis on set and Tak
Fujimoto, Brian's assistant [later to be DOP on several Jonathan

Lemmie features including Straw Dogs, Something Wild and
Married To The Mob, and John Hughes' Ferris Bueller's Day Off], took
over on the understanding that he would be working only on an
interim capacity while we searched for a new DOP [Steven Larner].

Amazingly, despite the input of these different hands, the film looks
remarkably seamless.

QUESTION: With the diversity of projects that you produce, how difficult
is it to physically oversee them? Oliver Stone describes you in this
respect as a "hands-off producer".

PRESSMAN: Oliver, at this stage of his career, is at the peak of his game
and is a totally responsible individual who keeps to the schedule and,
in that sense, is a producer's dream. He doesn't waste time, is very
efficient and there is no bullshit.

But going back to our first collaboration, The Hand (1981), I was
very much a hands-on producer. Our relationship has evolved in sub­
sequent years to the point where now he is very experienced. It can be
a problem overseeing films when you have more than one in product­
ation at a given time. When this does occur it is due to factors beyond
my control. Michael Flynn, who has been working with my company
for six years, acts as a right hand. I also employ line producers and this
helps ensure a continuity between projects.

I have reached a critical point in my career where I am faced with
the decision as to whether I should expand or contract. I must admit
that film producing is a very seductive activity in the sense that I can
make films happen that I want to see made.

QUESTION: Is there any method in which you assess properties?

PRESSMAN: It is not very systematic. Normally script departments seem
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<tr>
<td>C) THE BULLETIN</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D) ENCORE</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E) ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS REVIEW</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F) FILM COMMENT</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G) ROLLING STONE</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 10: In an average week about how many hours would you spend watching the following television stations?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>DO NOT WATCH</th>
<th>LESS THAN 2 HOURS</th>
<th>2-6 HOURS</th>
<th>6-10 HOURS</th>
<th>MORE THAN 10 HOURS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SBS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COMMERCIAL TELEVISION</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 11: Would you rent videos of movies regularly occasionally or never?

| Regularly                     | 1 |
| Occasionaly                  | 2 |
| Don't have VCR/never         | 3 |

QUESTION 12: How often would you go to see the following type of films?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Film Type</th>
<th>ONCE A MONTH OR MORE</th>
<th>EVERY 2-3 MONTHS</th>
<th>LESS OFTEN</th>
<th>NEVER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A) 'ART HOUSE' EUROPEAN FILMS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B) AUSTRALIAN FILMS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C) DOCUMENTARIES AND SHORTS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D) FRINGE OR EXPERIMENTAL FILMS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E) MAINSTREAM AMERICAN FILMS</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CINEMA PAPERS READERSHIP QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTION 13: When was the last time you did any of the following?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>In Last Year</th>
<th>More Than 1 Year Ago</th>
<th>Never</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A) Attended a film festival</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B) Traveled interstate</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C) Traveled overseas</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D) Bought a TV, video or stereo</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E) Bought a fridge, stove, washing machine, dryer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F) Bought a computer or fax for use at home or work</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G) Obtained a loan from a bank, building society</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H) Bought a video camera</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I) Bought a Super 8 camera</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 14: Is the car you mainly drive...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Choice</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Australian-Made</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imported</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or, you do not drive a car</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 15: Would you drink any of the following things every week, at least once a month, less often or never?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Beverage</th>
<th>Every Week</th>
<th>At Least Once</th>
<th>Less Often</th>
<th>Never</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A) Drink wine, champagne or port</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B) Drink either local or imported beer</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C) Drink spirits such as scotch, brandy or gin</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 16: Do you smoke cigarettes?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Choice</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 17: Do you currently work full time, part time or not at all?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Option</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Full time</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part time</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not at all</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 18 (a): What is your job title? 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Job Title</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

QUESTION 18 (b): In what field is that?

QUESTION 19: Your age?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Range</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>18 - 24 years</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 - 34 years</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35 - 49 years</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 years or more</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

QUESTION 20: You are?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gender</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Male</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

If you prefer anonymity, it is not necessary to complete your name and address. To qualify to win a prize, however, we will require this information in order to notify the winners. All prizewinners will appear in a future issue of CINEMA PAPERS.

NAME .............................................................................................................
ADDRESS .............................................................................................................
STATE ............................................ POSTCODE ....................................

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to act as expensive procedures for turning down screenplays. One ad­
ministrative decision I learnt from De Laurentis is that you don’t need
big story departments because ultimately you have to make decisions
yourself. Ron Shelton [Bull Durham], a bright writer, headed my story
department. He was ideally placed to assess realistic dramas but would
not have been an ideal choice to read a science fiction idea. In some
ways it makes more sense to show a project I have expressed an interest
in to friends like Stone or De Palma, who are filmmakers dealing with
a specific type of genre.

We do employ a fellow in our company who is in charge of creative
affairs, but that is really an administrative position which helps me to
be polite with submissions that are sent in.

I don’t look for scripts that way. In fact, I find it difficult
responding to a screenplay, regardless of the quality, without mentally
placing it in the context of a filmmaker.

If a filmmaker is smart and wants to tackle a specific project, he or
she can convey a valid way to approach the subject. I like to back one
vision and go with it all the way without having to second-guess myself.
My natural inclination is to approach the decision process in the same
manner as I did when I began making films in partnership with Paul
Williams. A true collaboration does not involve making easy divisions
between the creative and the business deci­sions. It can be a really enjoyable process of
learning together.

**QUESTION:** You backed Steve DeJarnatt’s first feature, Cherry 2000 (1988), a futuristic sci­
fi genre piece, which was not released in the US despite the marquee value of Melanie Griffith.

**PRESSMAN:** The head of distribution at Orion, Joel Resnick, really didn’t like the film.
Strangely enough, when we showed Cherry 2000 to people at Universal, they offered to
buy it and screen the film in 800 cinemas. I tried to negotiate a deal between the two
companies, but Orion wanted more money than Universal was willing to pay.

To prove their prophecy was correct, the film was opened in a small Texas town.
It was certainly a playable movie and I fail to
see why it was buried. Australia was one of
the few international markets where the
film received any playdates, but the ad
campaign was dreadful.

**QUESTION:** Do you find that the studios are
still pushing their marketing strategies
towards the so-called ‘youth market’ at the
expense of adult audiences?

**PRESSMAN:** Recently a wave of films has been
released to good figures [Beaches, Cousins,
Bull Durham, Good Morning Vietnam, Dead
Poets Society] that are aimed at a more
mature market, so maybe the distributors
have woken up to the fact that the yuppie audience is ageing. There is
definitely an appreciation for stylistic virtuosity, especially when it can
attract talent as in the case of director, Tim Burton [Beetlejuice, 
Batman].

**QUESTION:** In the continuing battle to raise funds, do you think that
there are now wider options in the area of creative financing, especially
with the emergence of video, cable and record companies into the
business?

**PRESSMAN:** When I was involved with Plenty (1985), I recall that a group
of horse-racing fans from Texas actually provided a letter of credit to
ensure that Fox would not incur any deficit whatsoever in the
advertising. A similar arrangement existed on Half Moon Street (1986).
Financing options are constantly changing and I try to keep ahead of
the game. When German tax shelters were in vogue we managed to use
this avenue for Despair (1978) and Das Boot (1982).

The studios control the video and cable markets, but they are
powerless to prevent globally ambitious companies from getting in on
the act. As an independent, I see an opportunity to align myself with
these international forces, while still working through the studios in
the American market. It doesn’t make sense to compete in the US
theatrical market as Dino, New World and Weintraub have found out
at great cost. I can thus operate through the studios but as an alliance
with these international entities.

**QUESTION:** It seems that you are susceptible to a certain kind of criticism
from critics who attach a moral superiority argument to the intrinsic
worth and integrity of low-budget features as opposed to higher
budget films.

**PRESSMAN:** It’s a kind of reverse snobbery that is manifested when
certain people look down on the popular success and public acceptance
of home-grown hits like the Mad Max series, Crocodile Dundee and 
Young Einstein. These films are not abnormalities but are representa­tive
examples of what original filmmaking can accomplish in the world
market.

**QUESTION:** As an independent producer you
have prided yourself on anticipating trends rather than following them. For example, Conan the Barbarian (1982) ushered in
a sword-and-sorcery cycle that continues to this day, but are you also accused of commer­
cial opportunism yourself by others?

**PRESSMAN:** Badlands was released at a time when 
Thieves Like Us and Sugarland Express 
were coming out. Similarly, The Revolution­
ary was released at the same time that The 
Strawberry Statement was playing. You be­
come a victim of these coincidental circum­
stances and learn to live with it. I am cur­
rently preparing a film version of the futuris­
tic comic strip, Judge Dredd [which has been
in development for more than three years],
just as Batman, Dick Tracy and Watchmen 
are entering the marketplace. I like to think
that Judge Dredd’s sensibility is somewhat
different from that of films like Batman and
more similar to Mad Max or RoboCop.

**QUESTION:** How do you react to the criticism that you are merely a dealmaker?

**PRESSMAN:** To be called a dealmaker implies a
degree of detached, economic motivation.
Many of the projects I have completed are
completely illogical in business terms and
were not what could be classified as sure-fire
business deals. Once again we are faced with
the polarity of art and commerce with the
implication being that you are either in one camp or the other. By its very nature,
filmmaking is a synthesis of both these
elements. It’s a collaborative medium
involving enormous capital and diverse
functions... I don’t enjoy going out and
raising money, and I certainly don’t do it
as my personal kick.

---

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functions... I don’t enjoy going out and

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as my personal kick.
recreating what was in the script. He allowed himself the freedom and the flexibility to play with the material and, in the process of editing, it changed enormously. It was a very exciting intellectual process, totally original and it looked at the medium in a manner that was totally fresh.

QUESTION: Looking to the future, what has happened to your planned collaboration with Kenneth Anger on an adaptation of Hollywood Babylon?

PRESSMAN: Several treatments were written but the main problem here lies in the complex idea of creating a cinematic equivalent to the books that would somehow illustrate the underside of Hollywood's history. We toyed with the idea of recreating scenes, such as the infamous Fatty Arbuckle party, but this could be dubious.

QUESTION: You are also planning a collaboration with Japanese director, Juzo Itami [The Funeral, Tampopo].

PRESSMAN: I am hoping to undertake a project with him that would be shot in America and Japan. It mainly depends on when he is ready as we have been discussing it for two years now.

QUESTION: And what about working with Jean-Jacques Beineix?

PRESSMAN: We have developed a script with him called The Year Of The Gun, which is about the Red Brigades and the kidnapping of Aldo Moro. After spending a lot of money and time with the writer he chose, he decided not to go ahead with the project. The script has now been rewritten and we hope to make the film in conjunction with English producer, Eric Fellner [Sid And Nancy] and are currently looking for a new director. Despite these problems, Beineix is a filmmaker I would very much like to work with.

QUESTION: Kathryn Bigelow just recently directed Blue Steel for your company.

PRESSMAN: Blue Steel is an action thriller with an obsessional undercurrent that owes more to Fatal Attraction than the Dirty Harry movies. Kathryn had previously worked with Oliver Stone on a project about street gangs in East LA which never came to be. One of the main reasons I became involved with Kathryn before the release of her previous feature, Near Dark, was that I had heard from several sources that she was an unusual talent.

QUESTION: Finally, with all this film activity I am surprised to hear that you and Brian De Palma are planning a stage venture together.

PRESSMAN: Brian and I are very keen to stage a version of Phantom Of The Paradise in New York. Paul Williams has composed a special score with a dozen new songs. Brian was all set to go when he was offered the film of The Bonfire of the Vanities. Someday it will happen.

FILMOGRAPHY

1969 Out of It (Paul Williams) — producer
1970 The Revolutionary (Paul Williams) — producer
1972 Dealing (Paul Williams) — producer
1973 Badlands (Terrence Malick) — producer
1973 Sisters (Brian De Palma) — producer
1974 Phantom of the Paradise (Brian De Palma) — producer
1978 Despair (Rainer Werner Fassbinder) — exec. producer
1978 Paradise Alley (Sylvester Stallone) — exec. producer
1979 Old Boyfriends (John Tewkesbury) — producer
1980 Heart Beat (John Byrum) — exec. producer
1980 Victoria (Bo Widerburg) — exec. producer
1981 The Hand (Oliver Stone) — producer
1982 Conan the Barbarian (John Milius) — exec. producer
1982 Das Boot (Wolfgang Petersen) — exec. producer
1983 Pirates of Penace (Wilford Leach) — exec. producer
1985 Plenty (Fred Schepisi) — exec. producer
1986 Crimewave (Sam Raimi) — exec. producer
1986 Half Moon Street (Bob Swaim) — exec. producer
1986 True Stories (David Byrne) — exec. producer
1987 Cherry 2000 (Steve DeJarnatt) — exec. producer
1987 Good Morning, Babylon (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani) — exec. producer
1987 Masters of the Universe (Gary Goddard) — producer
1987 Walker (Alex Cox) — exec. producer
1987 Wall Street (Oliver Stone) — producer
1988 Talk Radio (Oliver Stone) — producer
1989 Paris by Night (David Hare) — exec. producer
1989 Blue Steel (Kathryn Bigelow) — producer

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42 CINEMA PAPERS 75
The Film Development Division of the Australian Film Commission wishes to advise applicants to the Creative Development Fund, Special Production Fund, the Script Unit and the Documentary Development Fund that new application and assessment procedures have recently been introduced and that new guidelines outlining these changes are now available.

The traditional application process for many forms of financial assistance, with cut-off dates for applications, has now been replaced by a more flexible approach to assessment and decision-making. Applicants are now invited to apply at any time for script development, pre-production assistance, production grants and production investment.

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Sydney: 8 West Street, North Sydney NSW 2060
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Fax (02) 922 2264

Melbourne: 185 Bank Street South Melbourne Vic 3205
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Fax (03) 696 1476

INSTITUTE FOR CULTURAL POLICY STUDIES
Division of Humanities, Griffith University
(with the support of the Australia Council and the Australian Film Commission)

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8 – 10 December 1989, Brisbane

The seminar will bring together members of the legal, media and arts communities in discussion of moral rights and royalties. Particular attention will be given to information on the current national and international state of these rights.

Speakers will include

• PROFESSOR JANE GINSBURG, School of Law, Columbia University, New York: on the current situation of moral rights in the U.S. and on the colorisation of black and white films.

• SAM RICKETSON, author of THE BERNE CONVENTION, 1886-1986: on Australia’s international obligations under that treaty

• A member of the working group on U.S. Adherence to the Berne Convention: on the American media industries’ resistance to moral rights protection.

Attendance is limited to 100 participants.
The seminar director is DAVID SAUNDERS.

For information contact Sharon Clifford, Administrative Officer, Institute for Cultural Policy Studies, Griffith University, Nathan, Queensland. 4111.
Telephone: Tuesday – Friday 9.00am to 4.00 pm (07) 275 7772
Fax (07) 275 7730

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Film Matters
The 1989 Sydney Film Festival

FILM FESTIVAL ARTICLES DESERVE A POETIC OPENING, SOME GESTURE TOWARDS DRAWING BACK A VELVETED CURTAIN. THEIR SUBJECTS ARE THE CINEMATIC EQUIVALENTS OF MAGIC ELIXIRS: WE LOOK TO THEM TO CURE OUR MALADIES, AND WEAR THE EXPERIENCE AS AN AMULET TO WARD OFF BANAL VISIONS ON SCREENS LARGE OR SMALL IN THE COMING YEAR. BUT THEN THE POETRY SHOULD BE PUT ASIDE BECAUSE FESTIVALS ALSO DEMAND OUR ATTENTION AS PRINCIPAL FORUMS ON THE CURRENT STATE OF WORLD CINEMA. THEY SHOULD SHOW US VISIONS FROM OTHER CULTURES AND METHODS FROM OTHER PRODUCTION STRUCTURES.

It is difficult to decide if this dichotomy occurred because better quality films were not available (there is, after all, a discernible cycle in which some years produce, by coincidence, a better ‘crop’ than others), or represents poor selection choices. This assessment is made even harder by the fact that Paul Byrnes took up his position only five months ago, limiting the time and scope of the films for selection. Any Festival needs a year to be assembled, and a fairer judgement can be made after next year’s. The best features shared a depth of vision, wit and an exploration of human values. In this category were Someone to Love, Turmoil, The Vanishing, High Hopes, Summer Vacation 1999 and Tabataba.

Henry Jaglom’s Someone to Love is a film about Americans on the make, and Orson Welles holding court. The two threads intertwine as a group of actors gather on St Valentine’s Day in a soon-to-be-demolished LA theatre. Posing as a filmed investigation into their loneliness and the difficulty of keeping any relationship viable, Someone to Love is also concerned with the difficulty of art. Jaglom plays a director who manipulates all for the sake of his film, once turning away from a seemingly sincere moment with his girlfriend to ask the camera operator if the shot was good. On stage the ‘characters’, including Welles’s companion, Oja Kodar, talk about love and life (“life’s never better than Leave It To Beaver”), clearly shows that if a similar meeting were held on his set, the outcome would be radically different. Patiently digging away at Thatcherite Britain, Leigh’s film obviously...
The Festival presented a celebration of French cinema to mark the Bicentenary of the Revolution. Three films (Magali Clement’s Jeanne’s House, Jean-Claude Brisseau’s The Sound and the Fury and Francois Dupeyron’s A Strange Place for a Meeting) were shown on a special ‘tribute’ night, and, along with the opening film, Michel Delville’s La Lectrice, proved that France is quite capable of making films as shallow and trite as any other country. The real tribute was scattered elsewhere in the program and included Bitter Rice confirmed cinema’s concern for the human condition. Marcel Ophuls’s Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie and Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan’s A Tale of the Wind were the most notable. Ophuls’s film was a masterly study of Klaus Barbie largely through the words (excuses) of his American and South American protectors. The film has moments of the most terrible memories, and a dark irony (soon after the war Barbie hid in the house of the Brothers Grimm) which continually asserts the need for filmmakers to continue documenting this history. This need was poignantly shown in Voices from the Attic when Debbie Goldstein returned to Poland from America to revisit her family home, a fresh swastika had been painted on the door.

On other continents, Peter Raymon’s The World is Watching detailed presence of American news crews in Nicaragua and their processing of news for prime-time US television news, exposing the tenuous link those programs have with real events. By contrast, Joris Ivens, who dedicated his life to filming the reality of events, turned to a more poetical vision in A Tale of the Wind, which is a pursuit of the invisible, from Chinese desert to mountain top and film studio. Sadly, this was his last film.

(FRENCH CINEMA)

Away from Los Angeles and Europe, there is another cinema which was sparsely represented this year. The three films of note, from countries as diverse as Japan, India and Madagascar, were impressive for their inventive narrative structures and production values in the face of immense restrictions (Dr Bhabendra Nath Saika’s Turmoil, for example, like last year’s Catastrophe, comes from Assam and represents radical independent filmmaking from that province). Slusuke Kaneko’s Summer Vacation 1999, which has already received the new director award from the Japanese Film-makers’ Union, subverts the traditional gender roles of Japanese theatre, while Raymond Rajaonarivo’s Taketaka was a moving exploration of the anti-colonial revolt in Madagascar in 1947. It shows the effects of the war on villagers rather than events from the front-line: men leave to become heroes, the village suffers from marauding soldiers, propaganda leaflets from each side float down the river.

Jean-Luc Godard’s Keep Your Right Up (in which he asserts that any creation these days is a miracle), Claude Chabrol’s Women’s Business and Rene Clair’s superb 14 July. French cinema has been fundamental to the development of film methods and criticism, and if this Festival had a major flaw in its programming it was the weak and timid tribute to this history. A more rigorous choice from a longer list that might have included Pagnol, Vigo, Renoir, Carne, Demy, Rohmer, Truffaut, Rivette ...

(OUT OF THE PAST, THE FUTURE BRIEFLY)

The Festival continued to show restorations, this year screening John Ford’s She Wore A Yellow Ribbon, D.W. Griffith’s Way Down East, and David Lean’s Lawrence of Arabia, which, to borrow from Rene Clair,
shows how a cinema which “pins down the fleeting aspect of people and things, in the end falls victim to the time it challenged”.

Lean’s film is a handsome anachronism, a study of enigmatic character as hero which details Lawrence’s actions without revealing the strong motivating reasons (political or psychological) for so much beautifully filmed dramatic behaviour. Whatever the motives for re-releasing restored films, their impact on film history will be significant and festivals are likely to be the main venues for presenting such important historical texts.

Briefly, three short films which exemplified the best of a promised future for cinema: Norman Hull’s Out of Town, Alison Maclean’s Kitchen Sink, which was voted Best Short by the Festival audience, and Geoffrey Wright’s Lover Boy. Hull’s film confirms what we learnt in High Hopes, namely that the new Britain can be an unfriendly place where those with their feet caught in holes are more likely to be beaten up than helped. Wright’s featurette, one of the few Australian films of consequence in this Festival, quickly escapes a rather standard opening to develop an imaginative tale of love across the generations. Such films are often the beginnings of careers in features, and are the most difficult to produce and market, especially at the beginning of a professional life. The role of the Australian Film Commission in developing these careers was central to Peter Sainsbury’s presentation of the Ian McPherson Memorial Lecture. While he said that “without the AFC there would not be any real site for the systematic support of new Australian talent or of its skilled personnel, and without that there would be no real industry”, the AFC has been under review for the past six months. In effect, with the massive structural changes in the industry (Film Finance Corporation et al), the AFC is also at the crossroads, and in real need of redesign.

Peter Sainsbury identified some of the bureaucratic obstacles that have clearly hindered creativity (“before too long what you find is that creative endeavour is being administered and managed and it’s not being supported”). The result can be, “with some very notable exceptions, a whole raft of pretty boring movies”. Though the review is still taking place, the way forward seems to be a reduction in the dominating role of policy to allow greater flexibility in the workings of the AFC at all levels. If this can be sustained, then the AFC may be able to resist the noticeable push for conservative cultural consensus rather than diversity.

Last Words

One of the most significant screenings at the Festival was the four hours of advertisements (“La Nuit des Publivores”). The program was sold out, and, if one is looking for cultural indicators for these times, this program, which brought a new audience to the Festival, is important. Sadly, the same enthusiastic response cannot be reported for Australian features which, again, were absent, and clearly one of the new Festival Director’s tasks will be to coax Australian films back to the Festival screen. By building and expanding on a Festival ‘culture’, audiences may also be encouraged to stay longer and view with more cultural tolerance some of the films rashly perceived as ‘difficult’ (Greg Araki’s The Long Weekend, for example). There is a need for more special programs (a retrospective of American avant-garde film, for example); and the near absence of African films was very noticeable, and regrettable, especially after the successful AFI season last year. Lastly, the most fundamental change the Festival needs to make is a closer commitment to Asian and Oriental cinema. The 1986 program convened by Tony Rayns remains one of the most culturally influential events at a recent Sydney Festival. As the industry and film culture enters what might be kindly called a ‘period of readjustment’, the Festival has the opportunity, and challenge, to maintain the breadth and depth of our cinematic experience.

Soigne ta Droite!

Raffaele Caputo

Taking Time Out

38th Melbourne Film Festival 1989

The 38th Melbourne Film Festival - let’s take time out from the Festival proper and begin at a place which could signal traces of an undisclosed characteristic of the Festival; but, because undisclosed, it comes at you as a kind of word or thought in abeyance of another time, a kind of purposeful, residual after-effect.

Among the ensemble of disparate and disconnected images retained from the Festival, one which stands out is of a woman who accentuates a particular pose within a particular setting, and it leads one to affirm a particular position in relation to the Festival. But this image does not belong to that of the moving image, instead it forms part of a photo-collage. The woman situated at the bottom far left of the frame has her arm and hand extended and is gesturing in a somewhat affected manner. She leans back only slightly, and with her face in three-quarter profile she glances off to the left of the frame. Her neck is long; one could say, aristocratic. She wears an evening dress, closely fitted, with a stole draped over her extended arm. Just over to the right and extending across to the edge of the frame, this same image is repeated a number of times along the foreground, except the gesturing arm is cut off. This woman is very familiar, her pose and posture no doubt one has seen before. She is a representation of a representation. She is most likely a model in a pose characteristic of fashion ads of the late Fifties or early Sixties. Yet with her duplicated figure resembles a cut-out, and her image frozen in grey is like a photocopy. All the same, her style of dress, her gesture, her look, her very comportment speaks of good taste, of social grace, of distinction, of gentility. In short, of a lifestyle that is bourgeois.

Forming the background of the collage is a street and building which one cannot specifically place, though one can recognize it in a general sense as “European”. Discernable in places is rubble gathered up against the building; it is reminiscent of images of a war-torn city. The building appears time-worn, decaying and unstable – its architectural lines are mismatched, and part of the building looks as though it is about to crumble. Slightly off centre, and as though it protrudes from the building, is the Astor Theatre’s neon sign, and to the left, as though tenuously suspended, is an acutely ornamental blank screen with the word “coming” displayed at its crest. It too appears as if it is about to topple.

It’s the image on the cover of the Festival program – a photo-collage originally titled “Occidental Tourist” by Melbourne-based photographer Chris Barry. In this case, however, the “Occidental Tourist” is reconstructed in order to line the work directly within the context of the Festival – the neon sign and the blank screen are two of the added, distinctive marks of and for the Film Festival.
If we can speak of an _original_ and an _altered_ work then both compositions are visually striking, and aesthetically pleasing, though this is not our immediate concern; nor is the notion of origin, for the fact of collage already makes the notion of origin irresolute, it is always a work in itself and an altered work at the same time. But, insofar as the “Occidental Tourist” existed prior to the Festival, what becomes important here is not only that a particular image was selected and placed within the Festival context or that the Festival subsumes this work for its own purposes, but also that it was necessary that in some way that the Festival be identified and placed _within_ the work itself.

Certainly, without the distinctive marks one could wonder about the choice of image, although in one respect, the markers function to shift aside any such questioning. It is because of the markers that some kind of conception of the Festival becomes especially anchored, but, on the other hand, there is another time and place, another context, which is that within the frame of the photo-collage. Though, more precisely, one should say time is taken out, there isn’t a sense of an unfolding, but of time in abeyance, and a spatializing effect of drawing back within the frame.

The result is that Barry’s collage curiously invokes and speaks of an amorphous, adjectival, listless, second-hand collection of ideas that the Festival more than often invokes: the unconventional, the new, the cinema of taste and quality, the rediscovered masterwork, and at the heart of these is the unspoken term, “Europe”. That is to say, an idea of Europe, and “Europe” in this context cannot stand for anything other than a bourgeois ideal. In respect of the collage, however, owing to the fact that the Festival needed to be located _within_ it, one could say the Festival no longer forms the context for something else; instead, the photo-collage reverses the order of things and (re)contextualizes the Festival. Thus, what is original is second-hand, what is more is only more of the same, what is new is old and decaying. It’s as if there are two perspectives in agreement with one another, yet one is tending to turn against the other by using the other’s own frame of reference.

**ONE ON ONE FILM FESTIVAL**

This said, one may wonder what film would fit the image of the Festival perfectly. If there were a perfect Festival film this year it would have to be Ian Pringle’s _The Prisoner of St Petersburg_. As the program notes state, _Prisoner_ is “imbued with an unmistakably European sensibility”. But it’s something less than a sensibility. In essence, this film is a garish journey into a kind of metaphysics of how to be a European filmmaker. Though it seems Pringle isn’t interested in being a filmmaker; he wants to be a/the “director”. Quote marks are essential here.

_Prisoner_ concerns the deluded, existential wanderings of a trio of supposed misfits through the after-dark streets of Berlin. At the centre of this trio is Jack (Noah Taylor) whose sense of reality is possessed by 19th-century visions, his mind crazed by the literary imagination of Gogol and Dostoyevsky. With the madman character at its centre, _Prisoner_ is in a way an ode to German expressionism. But it’s an expressionism gone flat, for the sense of madness or alienation that it wants to evoke has to be carried by an oppressive use of black-and-white photography and overdetermined acting gestures. And the problem is that this is all it can ever be – overdetermined and oppressive – for it only calls attention to itself, it’s an exalted rather than an expressive style. It’s a deluded sensibility which believes that a few overdone, basic devices such as shooting at oblique angles in chiaroscuro effect is the hallmark of an expressionist visual style.

On a one-on-one basis, if there were a sort of stab-in-the-back companion piece to _Prisoner of St Petersburg_ I would have to say it would be Bruce Weber’s documentary feature on Chet Baker, _Let’s Get Lost_. Perhaps it’s a superficial comparison, but through Weber’s use of black and white photography in settling the brooding, time-chiselled looks of Baker (dressed mostly in black) in the often cool-white, tilted, oblong compositions, _Let’s Get Lost_ could be retitled _Let’s Go Crazy_.

It’s a documentary, sure, but there’s still every chance of romanticizing Baker in the way that Pringle romanticizes the alienated. Weber’s compositions and style are not affected to the point that they become cliche, but rather form a jagged density of textures by shifting from, say, the glamour shots of an enormously photogenic Baker of the Fifties, to compositions made up of sharp contours and lines, to the smouldering effects of either extreme close-ups or fidgety hand-held shots. There’s a kind of movement of texture replacing texture in this film, and in all this there’s a search for Baker. But it doesn’t seem possible to extricate Baker from it, he forms a part of it, he gets lost within it. Oddly enough, one could probably place it next to Nick Broomfield’s _Driving Me Crazy_ essentially because the kind of madness both these films prevail upon is a genuine, everyday kind.

**HIT AND RUN**

Now, if we could proceed further on a one-on-one basis, matters would be easy, but no such luck. The Festival this year was such a hodge-podge of programming that it seemed to reflect a cultural policy based on a hit-and-run mentality. The retrospectives, for instance, were incredibly varied: the films of Mike Leigh, the restored 1930 sound film _The Bar Whispers_, Fritz Lang’s _The Big Heat_ and Nick Ray’s _In A Lonely Place_, an Indonesian film _The Ronggeng Dancer_, the National Film Board of Canada Tribute, and finally the George Kuchar retrospective.

Programming retrospectives implies that there is an importance in re-calling these films, a significance in looking back at them even if for the first time. Therefore, they should share a special and equal status. Yet, their position in the program suggests otherwise. The Kuchar and Leigh retrospectives were in the companion program at the State Film Centre. The others were all featured as part of the main program, yet there were some significant disparities: the Canada Tribute had a once-only weekday screening, the _Ronggeng Dancer_ a once-only Saturday morning screening, _The Big Heat_ and _In A Lonely Place_ also had a once-only screening, but an evening session where all patrons had to buy separate tickets. But what is the context for having these films as retrospectives? With _The Big Heat_ and _In A Lonely Place_, for instance, what, apart from their being new 35mm prints, is the rationale for their screening and for the way they were screened? It’s a question I cannot begin to answer without being offensive.

However, what’s worse than the inconsistencies of the program is the overall mediocrity of the entire program. Usually in past years there is at least a handful of feature films that makes the event something of an event, though this year there is not one which can be said to eclipse a set of others. Instead, they seem to be all set in one long monotonous strip. (Though in closing, I feel the need to at least nod toward two short documentaries: a student film titled _Life At Ma’s_ and David Caesar’s _Body Work_.) The Festival, despite its complementary and sometime courageous excursions from the main program, will always be something of a white elephant event because it’s so deliberately a showcase for a particular kind of film culture without wanting to be either deliberate or particular about it, and, even more so, because this is seemingly non-ideological.
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• Digital Film Sound at Albert Studios

Bruce Brown and Russell Dunlop have learned their craft from the best film post-production people in the business, such as three-time Academy-Award-winner Mark Berger (Apocalypse Now) and Tomlinson Holman, Chief Audio Engineer at Lucasfilm and Designer of the THX System. Yet, Bruce and Russell still consider themselves at the bottom of the learning curve.

When Bruce and Russell show visitors to Albert Studios their demo reel (with eight inserts of them at work taken on their video 8), you realize that they are learning from these top sound mixers by working backwards; learning from listening and analyzing the work of the best film soundtracks released on VHS. The reel has segments from commercially available surround-encoded tapes of RoboCop and Poltergeist, with examples of their own work that echoes the same technically accomplished mixes. The surround sound loops around the walls of the mixing suite, and the digital audio quality from the big monitor speakers sent shivers through me.

For sometime after leaving, I was juggling the arguments for sprockets versus video and digital, but I am left with the feeling that the changes they are making to the way we are accustomed to work are inevitable. The other feeling I had was that I wanted to write about them because they honestly expressed fun and enthusiasm for creative filmmaking.

BACKGROUND, MUSIC
Russell was the first to joke about it, when I talked about friends I have with home-video sound decoders and surround speaker systems in their living rooms, and of being trapped into sitting for hours listening to the latest features at full volume as they show off the equipment. “I don’t mind, because I can watch movies all day, every day. I have hundreds of them. I sometimes think I’ll end up like Howard Hughes watching Ist Station Zebra. I like pictures, and once I got involved with a few bits and pieces, I started to really analyze things. And you know how that destroys the innocent way of looking at movies. It’s like the joy of just playing music compared to having to record it; something goes out of it.”

Russell had been playing drums in bands for years with people like Renee Geyer. From session playing he decided that he’d try the other side of the microphone with Bruce. They started to produce albums together for Mental as Anything, John English and Kevin Borich, work they modestly call “reasonably successful”. The film’s director, Gary Keady, enjoyed working in an environment familiar to his music background. There is still some scepticism about mixing to video but on the whole the Americans have embraced the idea, Bruce believes. “There is a producer coming out to do a series who wants to work that way, realizing that it’s cheaper and faster. It saves the director driving somewhere to check the music and then driving somewhere else to then hear the effects laid up. He can walk around here and keep his eye on it.”

And it seems to help improve the liaison between the departments.

Russell admits that there is a lot of irrational resistance to the move to mixing to video, going digital and not using sprocketed magnetic tracks. “There’s a bit of the Boogeyman about it all, like when digital came in and people said, ‘I can hear the top end squaring off.’ And in some instances you could, but the new range of equipment is so good you can’t hear it. And you only have to listen to some old analogue stuff to find it sounds like listening through thirty feet of water. The digital clarity is unmistakable, if that’s what you’re after.”

Russell agrees that, “A lot of people are sceptical, until they sit down and see what we’ve done . . . and how rapidly. They seem impressed.

“The other thing they comment on is the avoidance of all the dubbing of the sprockets, and being able to keep it all contained in a
digital format. It is also an advantage to have a minimal amount of people working on their job, instead of the usual cast of thousands working in the sound department. I get stories from blokes that have had to mix in the normal type set-ups where they get it down to as few tracks as they can and yet there is still some mystical aura about the guy who shoves up and down the eight knobs."

I asked if they thought it was just mystique applied to the need to mix in a large theatre environment. Russell answered, "A lot of people think that unless you have a big theatre you'll lose some of that perspective, and they could be right, but if the audio end of the mix is inferior, then you lose what you might pick up. And most of the set-ups in theatres are pretty antiquated anyway."

The process they have followed to make sure that their tracks work in theatres also shows the strange mix of expertise and enthusiasm.

Ted Albert, 'the boss' and owner of the studio, has a theatre underneath his house. It has 35mm CinemaScope, with one of the pioneer multi-track film audio devices, a discrete four-track magnetic unit. He also has prints of significant movies like *Around the World in 80 Days*.

Bruce describes the big theatre as about the same size as Colorfilm's mixing theatre and they used to try out their first mixes in it. But their main experience came "when initially we played videos that have all the encoded material on them and copied the sound. We found movies that had soundtracks we liked and tried to match how they had done them."

**ANALOGUE TO DIGITAL**

Although they have always had Fairlights in the music studios, about a year ago they bought a Series III Fairlight CMI that they found worked well as a sound effect track laying device. It also fitted well into the overall move of the studios towards being fully digital, and it gave them the idea that the facility might be attractive for film people. Having already had experience with sound and picture interlock with commercials, they believed by using video "we didn't need sprockets." When Russell and Bruce mentioned getting a Dolby or UltraStereo encoder unit, Ted Albert agreed. They purchased a Sony video projector and put a rear-projection screen over the window into the main studio. With an UltraStereo unit, they then had the ability to provide full surround sound.

"The UltraStereo", Russell explains, "is a Dolby pinch except you can buy it. It encodes in one signal the four final tracks of the mix. Mainly music/dialogue comes from the centre, then there is centre left and centre right which are used for panning sound. You never get a true stereo image on anything, although it can go from one side of the screen to the other, and at the threshold of the mix it throws the sound to the rear speaker. That's when the chopper goes roaring over your head."

"It's pretty controllable, but there are times when the encoder goes haywire, as when it's writing it down, and suddenly the rear speakers burst into life and everything's pouring out the back." He laughed about "the few frightening moments until you get it set properly."

There is some rivalry between manufacturers of the surround sound system and quite a few recent movies have had UltraStereo mentioned in the credits rather than the familiar Dolby logo. Although Dolby Labs did the early work in designing the system, they lease the units per project and will not sell them.

UltraStereo started in California making units to compete with the Dolby CP50 decoders in theatres, and through their success began to make encoders. Russell explains that theirs is a modified theatre playback system "that fits into a road case and works very well. When we got it I fed tones and pink noise into the different channels and just kept it going round in circles. When I took it to Colorfilm I could see they were impressed by the lack of bleed from front to back and between left and right. I don't know if it's better than the Dolby, but it seemed to be completely compatible. And it saves the five to six thousand dollar licence fee for Dolby, which is probably not a big part of the budget, but it means the producer can spend it elsewhere."

"I don't know how they got around the Dolby patents, but the local Dolby agent was going to leave his DS4 unit in here until his London office heard that we had the UltraStereo and they pulled it out."

**THE HARDWARE**

The desk is a 56 channel SSL standard console that they are having modified to match the one at Lucasfilm for which SSL has designed a special panning system for the surround sound. With the modification, switching it to quad automatically switches all the buses to the correct channels. The output is to one or more of their four Sony PCM 3324 Digital multi-track tape recorders, machines that are building a big following in the industry.

"They're excellent", Russell believes, "but film people say, 'What if you want to slip something a few frames?' Or they want to add or chop something. 'What do you do without sprockets?' they ask. That happened quite a few times with the last film and it is just a simple matter. We can lock any number of the Sony tape machines together via their own CTL (control) track, and, when it is synchronized to the picture, transfer all the sound to a new 24 track tape with the new sequences added or removed." This can be done any number of times without losing quality on successive generations because of the digital format.

Bruce explained the final part of the process, "We transfer the encoded tracks onto a U-matic PCM. Because the 24 track Sony Digital machines are basically video machines, you can put video colour black onto them and they can be phase-locked to the video machine. We cart the machine over to Colorfilm and they feed a Pilotone 50hz signal from a Nagra into the U-matic video input. You hear the U-matic slew and it phase locks, and then they transfer it to mag. You can actually go direct to the neg if you are confident, but they usually like to run it as a double head to check that the transfer is correct."

There was a hint in his voice that there was some resistance to change when he said, "I'm sure that there was more than a little suspicion about these rock and rollers being able to get it right."
SONS OF STEEL
With such a big equipment investment, I asked if they believed that the savings in time made the costs comparable to conventional methods. Bruce offered their work on Sons of Steel as an example. "The final mix on Sons of Steel came from one twenty-four track, and we did the in it about four days because of the pre-mixes. We had actually mixed it once before when they wanted to take it to last year's Cannes Festival. They rushed in and said, 'Let's mix it now.' That was just mayhem because we had two twenty-four tracks running and I just put the limiter on the end and said, 'Here we go.' After Cannes, they came back and we then did it properly."

"As an afterthought, they said that they wanted stereo for the overseas market. They took only three hours to do, because you put the reels up and turn the automation on with the dialogue switched out and just let it run. I'm sure that would have been a bigger drama with film reels."

"Sons of Steel had pop music tracks as well as scored, mainly synthesizer, music. As well there were four sound effects tracks, some incidental stuff and the dialogue tracks. These were all grouped so that you only had to control about four faders, rather than having a monstrous console with four men hanging on it. With automation it is all so controllable, and by only one person. It seems strange to me that so many of the mixing set-ups, even many in the States, don't use automation on their desks. It seems so old world."

DIGITAL, TOTALLY DIGITAL
The time soon came on the production when they moved even further towards the digital. Bruce had begun doing the dialogue replacement with a multi-track synchronized to the video, and quickly discovered that the process 'gave him the horrors'. All synchronizers take some time to lock up and the delay between takes throws the actors' timing off. Bruce's solution was to get a totally digital sampling recorder called AudioFile. Instead of two tape machines having to stabilize, the AudioFile tracks the video constantly.

To use it, Bruce explains, "You just run the video a few times for the actor and then spool the video back a few seconds before the line and run it. The AudioFile will save as many takes as you like and its samples are all time-code related. Before the actor left I'd sit down and edit them all together, stringing the best ones into one complete scene. We might have to go back and record something that wasn't what we wanted or if the sync was a bit out. Usually you would just slip individual words and then lock it up and dump it onto the multi-track."

"Most of the actors in Sons of Steel were amateur but the professional-als that we used were just knocked out by the speed of working that way. While it was hot in their minds they were back at it. I can remember standing once in a big theatre watching post syncing being done to film and thinking how laborious it was. We did stuff where the actor was in and out in half an hour because you could say, 'That was right but you were just a bit early on the whole delivery', and quickly slip just that bit into sync."

"We were just about to buy an AudioFile, but they were in the order of $150,000, so we said hang-on, let's see how the movie thing goes and I'm glad we did. Now there are about five other manufacturers of audio 'work stations' as they're called, all with different software approaches but basically doing the same job. I've kept track of them and when Fairlight said that they were doing a direct-to-disk version, we bought all the hardware for it although we knew that the software needed some work. It cost about $40,000 to upgrade and then they went bankrupt!"

Kym Ryrie and Peter Vogal have managed to resurrect Fairlight, and Bruce, like a lot of other musicians, is glad to hear that they are back. The disk-based post-production system is slated for release at the October AES Show.

"All these manufacturers are pushing them for sound effects. But there are differences between a sampled sound like the Fairlight, which is in RAM, and a direct-to-disk recording where you can't manipulate the disk recording. They can do a few things like fade, and as the SSL has six tracks you can do a bit of a mix. With the sound effects as samples in RAM on the Fairlight, they can be fired off at any point. And you also have all the power of the manipulation. Pitch change, bends on them, and edit them. Russell used it to do footsteps by sampling three or four footsteps, putting them in RAM, copying them and then lay all the steps up in sync, with changes in their pitch and levels. That's something that the disk-based recording machines can't do."

When the studios were busy and Bruce needed to cut dialogue, he used to put the AudioFile in the boot of his car and take it home on the weekend. He said, "I'd sit there with headphones on and actually edit the dialogue and replacement dialogue sequences together, even sampling a bit of ambient sound and laying it up with the new bits. Most times you don't need to see picture because you know it's in sync. I had a Betamax VCR to watch it and the AudioFile just reads code and fires off at the right points. It saves all that laborious splitting up of dialogue tracks on magnetic into separate reels and laying up ambient sound in the gaps. Often the scenes will be replaced later and all you are doing is providing a reference. Of course, on film it's pretty cheap to have a couple of spoons and an Auratone speaker. We are using equipment that costs a couple of hundred grand, but I believe that we do it so much quicker, and only split things when it's necessary."

FACING THE MUSIC
Bruce knows that it is difficult for people to get the feel of the theatre, even when they are mixing in a room that they were happy to use for music. He also tells of some of the mistakes they made at first, by treating the mix like a music session where they would wind up the volume for the bits they liked and then had trouble finding levels. I commented that that seemed to be a common approach to musicians even producing music tracks for TV commercials.

"The fact that Gary Keady also came from a music background meant that we were all in it, so that when a song came on we had it loud and then when the dialogue came in it was dropped back. The first mix we rushed to get the film to Cannes, we didn't see it until there was a print done and it was gone. (Gary was waiting at Colorfilm at six o'clock for the print and was on a plane an hour later with the reels under his arm.)"

"When we heard it later we cracked up, a half dozen of us went to a cinema out at Hornsby and there was the six of us sitting in the middle of the theatre. In the scene where they went into the cave where the monster was, we suddenly had all this water noise coming out of the surround speaker that was so loud that you couldn't hear the dialogue! But we've learnt a lot."

And they are both still optimistic about the future. Bruce believes that, "Our record industry is no different to our movie industry. We are going along in a similar vein and, just as our records have started to take off overseas, so will our movies on a more regular basis. Australians can make a dollar go a lot further than other people. We have to get the result."

"We've just signed for another film that's got a pretty good budget and an American pre-sale. We've sat down with the sound recordist to work out what equipment's compatible and what we can pitch in to make it all work better on-site. Again, it's the difference between the young guys on the way up and those who have been around for years. For those experts, I would never presume to tell them how to do it, but in the end, if we can make the recordist's work sound better, we all look good. And digital is the way to go. I think that having the ability of keeping it alive to the last second is pretty exciting."
UNDERWATER CAMERA HOUSINGS available for rental are not common as most cinematographers who specialize in this work have their own custom-made gear. Locally, I only know of the Al Giddings housing that was made for The Deep, which only takes an Arri IIC and you have to nominate Panavision spherical or anamorphic lenses. Samuelsons has a number of fibreglass cases that have been built with Sammies by local camera people. Most of these are for the ARRI III but are limited to 200 ft magazines. Speed changes also require the camera to come out of the housing and they use the lighter and shorter-life Arri SR batteries. There are some metal casings that allow you to go down to about eight feet, but they seem very clumsy.

Ian Jones, Melbourne Steadicam operator and cameraman, believed that there was an area for developing a commercially acceptable housing that overcame these limitations. The result can be judged from the photos and from its use on Trouble In Paradise and The Hunting.

Ian explained that he wanted to have a video split available. “That caused some problems because I liked the idea of the orientable viewfinder used at 45 degrees instead of having an eyepiece at the rear of the housing. Working that way means you are tucked in closer to the camera, which gives you more control.”

The answer came about six months ago in the new video split that works with the orientable door, and, with the assistance of Camera-quip, Ian was able to include this in the final construction. “Samuelsons has helped me a lot”, Ian said, “as the camera is capable of taking the C series anamorphic lenses from 30mm to 100mm. They used E series lenses on The Hunting and they fitted in”.

Ian felt that Boulevard Films appreciated the video split ability. “Because it was a main unit shoot, I was set up in the pool and they could come across, put their people in the pool, shoot it and walk away. The director and DOP didn’t have to get into the water, which often is the only way to get a feel for it. They could look at the monitor and say, ‘Fine’, and just call for a pan left or right.”

Being able to change the speed control on the Arri III required the ability to move the small knurled knob under the camera. Instead, Ian opted for the electronic speed control but didn’t want to put it underneath as the camera with 400 ft magazine in place already sat up quite high. Any modifications to the device would have taken away its instant compatibility. Ian was on a shoot in the U.S. “when I went to Burns and Sawyer and they had a second-hand variable-speed control unit. It was only crystal at 24 and 25 frames, but for the purpose it was fine. It had a long accessible shaft that we incorporated into the design and it will push the new Arri IIs to 125 fps.”

The weight and displacement was also carefully worked out. “There is no use”, Ian explained, “in having a housing that when the camera is added will sink to the bottom. It has turned out to need about two to three pounds of extra weight to hold it down, and that’s with an anamorphic, two batteries and the variable speed. Each time you change lenses you have to make some adjustment, and I like it to be slightly negatively buoyant.”

There are expensive video connectors available for underwater but Ian was sceptical of fitting something solid to the housing that was to be continually plugged and removed. They came up with the alternative of putting a port in the side with an O-ring and physically running the cable through this with the O-rings and brass fittings. “When you use the cable you put the port on and clamp it, and run the cable up to the surface. There is a dummy port if you don’t need the split. The option we are developing is for the operator to also use a video monitor as a viewfinder.”

As well as all that, it is made to sit on the tripod, has follow focus and iris adjustment, and takes a 9.8 mm Kinoptic lens, which, Ian says, looks terrific and believes is unique in the housings available in Australia.

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- Experience in the development and creation of lively educational AV material would be an advantage
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WAR AND REMEMBRANCE

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CRITICS' CHOICE

SWEETIE

ANNE-MARIE CRAWFORD
AND ADRIAN MARTIN

JANE CAMPION'S Sweetie is an uncommonly haunting Australian feature film. It takes more interesting risks, more consistently, than virtually any other Australian feature of recent memory, even independent-minded ones like Tender Hooks or Mull. Doubtless, what makes it interesting to us is what will damn it in the eyes of some others: a certain all-pervading tone and quality of irresolution, indefiniteness, uncertainty. It's a film that indeed (to use the precious parlance of opinion-mongers) 'doesn't work', doesn't hold together. It's the opposite of the 'organic' film, a work in which style, theme and narrative mutually support and express each other. Sweetie forever multiplies its themes, and drifts in such a way that it constantly displaces its centre of interest. Thus, the film steadfastly resists that brutal condensation, casually performed by reviewers and earnestly recommended by scriptwriting manuals, down into a single, simple, three-sentence 'narrative image' or statement of thematic intent.

Campion's own comments on what the film is 'about', in interviews and elsewhere, are in fact as numerous and diffuse as they are curious. But perhaps one of her remarks provides a general, 'spiritual' orientation: "...felt intuitively that I wanted to do something modern... something about the Eighties" (Cinema Papers, May 1989). As in the works of a recent generation of Americans - Jar-musch, Wang, Cox, Lynch - what seems to matter most to Campion is the successful evocation of a certain contemporary sensibility, a particular tone, relating to the 'feel' of modern life, how individuals perceive it in affective terms. If this sensibility risks courting a fragmentation and wayward drifting at the very heart of the film and its construction, then so be it: how else to portray a world defined, at a fundamentally banal and everyday level, by alienation, irresolution and incohesion?
Sweetie focuses, in a great Australian tradition, on the lives of ‘ordinary’ people, whilst (thankfully) managing to avoid the canonical film-school approach of ‘suburban grotesque’, with its petty, satirical tone of moral superiority. It quizzically weighs up deep, subterranean human (and mystical) impulses against reality. It suggests a system of perception which involves an interest in age old, universally ethereal and sublimated desires, contrasting starkly with the brute force of Sweetie’s presence. We might cautiously hope that this style achieves, however, is certainly rewarding: strange, modern rhythms; a truly unusual tone; and an irregular flow which is both pleasingly calm and even, but full of tiny moment-to-moment surprises. Amidst all of this, there is a hushed, often silent, mysterious soundtrack, where elements such as the a cappella songs come to play an ambiguous, shifting role: perhaps an ironic commentary on events, perhaps expressive of deep yearnings, perhaps just an odd textural, affective touch.

Tellingly, Sweetie has failed to be nominated in either ‘Best Screenplay’ or ‘Best Direction’ categories in this year’s AFI Awards. It thus joins the line of very interesting low-budget features that have attracted general disapproval or indifference from the mainstream of our beloved ‘industry’. Yet it is precisely because these films contradict the industry’s mediocre norms – the liberal notions of worthy content, the hopelessly insufficient understandings of classical form – that they should be highly prized. In a very modest sense these films are ground breaking. The flat and homogeneous landscape of Australian cinema is disturbed by their incongruous presence. We might cautiously hope that this growing body of films, whose only common creed is heterogeneity and difference, might generate some movement in the dried-up mainstream.


DEAD POETS SOCIETY

BRIAN MCFARLANE

THERE IS A LONG AND hoogly competitive tradition of films about the life-enhancing effect of dedicated teachers, stretching back at least 50 years to Goodbye Mr. Chips (1939) and surfacing as recently as Stand and Deliver (1988). Peter Weir’s new film, Dead Poets Society, awakes echoes of many such films, as well as others such as Lindsay Anderson’s If... (1968), Larry Peerce’s A Separate Peace (1973) and Weir’s own Picnic at Hanging Rock (1974) which call into question a whole oppressive system of education. Dead Poets Society is a film with a rich intertextuality: as well as the films and genres already referred to, it includes Weir’s Gallipoli, another study of young lives thwarted and harmed in the process of their being opened up, and Robert Cormier’s threatening novels of teenagers in conflict with the key institutions of their lives, not to mention Dickens’ Hard Times.

My point in invoking these other names is not to suggest that Dead Poets Society lacks a distinctive flavour but that it is textually enriched by the resonances it sets up. In
relation to Weir's own films, there are clear elements of continuity: the romantic and sexual burgeoning at odds with the institutional pressures of the college in Picnic, the pain of innocence betrayed in Gallipoli, in thematic terms; the counterpointing of visual and aural beauty with the threat of events in both and in Witness. Ravishingly lit by John Seale, Weir's most frequent cinematographer, the beauty of the fall shading into winter in Delaware (standing in for Vermont) takes the breath away. But it is not merely beautiful, not merely pictorial: it is part of the film's drama that it should look as it does, for it provides a powerful contrast with the regime associated with Welton Academy where whatever is natural is in the process of being repressed. The image of the boy Todd (Ethan Hawke) vomiting in the snow encapsulates the opposition at the film's heart; so too do those shots of flights of birds in graceful ascent, reinforcing our sense of the constricted lives the school wants to engender.

Where Appleyard College and Hanging Rock signified the two controlling principles at work in Picnic, in Dead Poets Society it is the Academy and the cave, the meeting place for the eponymous society, which symbolize the conflicting responses to life at the film's heart. The banners which are borne into the opening assembly for the autumn term spell out the four watchwords of Welton: tradition, honour, discipline and excellence: and, shortly afterwards, these are good-naturedly parodied in the bedroom of one of the boys. They are more seriously called into question by the arrival of English teacher, John Keating (Robin Williams), a former Honours graduate of the Academy who carries the film's notion that education should change lives. Change and enhances. Keating's credo is: "Carpe diem. Seize the day. Make your lives extraordinary."

Williams, more restrained than usual, projects convincingly the inspired, charismatic image the role needs to account for Keating's effect on the boys. He is entirely acceptable on a personal level, less so on the professional level. That is the fault of the writing (and Tom Schulman's screenplay is often locally very sharp): the notions of life-enriching teaching are more seriously called into question by the principal (Norman Lloyd); the parents too eagerly acquiesce in the Academy's cramming ideals; only Keating, the students' friend, understands.

Then, rather suddenly and unexpectedly, the film's tone deepens and darkens. When Neil Perry (Robert Sean Leonard) tells Keating that he has defied his father's wishes and gone on with his performance of Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream it seems briefly as if the conflict for Neil has been too easily solved, as if Keating's influence has been too clearcut. The play is performed with touching youthfulness and seriousness, the boy's father watches from the back of the theatre, and the outcome is family conflict wrought to tragic pitch.

In the last movement of the film following Neil's death, what Weir (and Schulman) have done is to give melodrama its head in the most gratifying way. Weir has always seemed drawn to the possibilities of melodrama (particularly in The Year of Living Dangerously) but he has never surrendered so whole-heartedly to its lure as he does here. As Academy and parents close ranks looking for a scapegoat, they settle on Keating and his dangerous libertarian values and the film moves towards a powerfully moving climax.

This climax, which resists the more obvious heroically possibilities for Keating, makes exultantly clear the positive influence his catalytic presence has had on the boys. As they farewell him, the frame composition ensures their dwarfing of the impotently bullying principal. It is one of the great melodramatic endings of recent years: not only does it provide a heightened and simplified upsurge of emotion when it is needed, but it insists that we engage with its moral judgments. There is nothing equivocal here. Guilt and innocence have separated themselves out for our scrutiny and our endorsement of the film's recognition of their difference. Keating may be leaving Welton but through him some of the boys have won an important battle and the film concludes on their announcement of victory. Looking back over the film from this vantage point, one can forgive tendencies to dawdle and to over-simplify. The end, literally, justifies the means and one feels that nothing has been wasted, that everything feeds into that triumphantly confident final movement.

It's not necessary to be a card-carrying autist to be interested in the continuities and development of Weir's career as a director. By any criteria, he is one of the most gifted filmmakers thrown up by the new Australian cinema. He has always had a strong visual sense; he has always been responsive to milieu, to atmosphere; and in Dead Poets Society he has strengthened his narrative grasp by trusting the impulse to melodrama. He has unashamedly sought to move and exhilarate his audience and — for at least one of its number — has achieved his purpose.


Production design: Wendy States. Cast: Robin Williams (John Keating), Robert Sean Leonard (Neil Perry), Ethan Hawke (Todd Anderson), Josh Charles (Knox Overstreet), Gale Hansen (Charlie Dalton), Dylan Kussman (Richard Cameron), Allen Ludden (Stevie Meeks), James Waterston (Gerard Pitts), Nancy Lloyd (Mr Nukan) Kurtwood Smith (Mr Perry), Carla Belver (Mrs Perry). Touchstone Pictures in association with Silver Screen Partners IV, in association with Witt-Thomas Productions. Distributor: Roadshow. 35mm. 128 mins. USA. 1989.
TWO NEW Australian films, David Swann’s *Bonza*, and Geoffrey Wright’s *Lover Boy*, are vivid examples of the essential difference between film and current TV drama.

Both films show simple Australian, but universal, themes of family, relationships and the agony of it all. With a lot of subtle innovation, they are perceptive about absolutely normal and accepted social frameworks and behavioural rituals.

*Bonza* is a bizarre vision of family life seen through the eyes of a dog. Its sharp humour viciously pierces the traditional unit with the family dog after taking him on a dinner date, and dad as Nazi dictator (ordering his son to be a dentist). The son sings rock operas (as in *Lover Boy*), and dad as Nazi dictator (ordering his son as an episode of *Neighbours*). The symbolic death of Bonza draws the family together in war then peace around the family dog. Its sharp humour feels no embarrassment about resting on gentle, spare, unsophisticated human exchanges. And both films have used a camera like a weapon or an indigenous tool instead of like a TV or tourist video flatpack, probing instead of panning.

Had these filmmakers exchanged their original material for each other’s, it is alarming to think how they may have flaunted their original styles. More please.

*Bonza* is in action from the beginning and never lets up. It’s the painful impossibility of such a perfectly understandable and perfectly realizable liaison which makes fine drama.

Failing turning such an idea into a blue flick or an episode of *Neighbours*, the film requires deft directorial insights and skilled acting. The supporting cast never fails the leads here. The script puts the sex scenes first and the consequences build the pace thereafter. It is a charming recipe of subplots that never spoil the flavour. Director Geoffrey Wright subtly explores scenes with dramatic angles and lighting that, along with the art direction, always exude a sense of time, place and season, as well as narrative positioning.

In *Lover Boy*, as in *Bonza*, the concepts being explored are slight but the execution (of both) charge these with significance. Take something simple like a domestic scene in suburbia, a representative social situation, and bleed it for meaning. *Lover Boy* never sucks itself dry. *Bonza* strikes incessantly like an angry snake.

Where *Bonza* is sort of retro-surrealism with a bit of 1950s (or is it ’70s?) nostalgia and a good, sharp dose of ’80s hit-me-with-the-raw-visual-truth, *Lover Boy* is poignantly reflective in its seductive dissection of characters’ feelings and the inevitability of their situation.

The male/husband figures in *Lover Boy* and *Bonza* fare very badly. It is no accident that these men are thick-set, heavy, dark and thick of thought. The women are allowed some lyrical respite. These films are about the new way; no longer are children seen and only patronizingly heard. In *Bonza*, the son (played flamboyantly by Peter Rowsthorn) and his sister (Susie Dee) are the source of destruction of the great family lie. In *Lover Boy* it is 59 minutes of climax as a teenager braves the zone of adult love and sex with a woman three times his age.

Both films exploit the use of light(ing) and camera direction for atmosphere that speaks. In *Bonza*, our dog’s-eye-view of the situation makes sure we react via the bizarre. In *Lover Boy*, we are invited to see what is going to happen before it does. Gillian Jones’ loving Madonna-whore Sally is always provocatively dressed and we wait for Mick’s reaction, as she does. In this film the love/sex scenes are indeed blue as are the fight scenes at the end. Like the son’s vile nightmare sequence in *Bonza*, there is a sense that the psychological is out of control, as when Mick approaches a night service station to beat his lover’s ex-husband. Mick’s death scene is then drawn out with drips of rain, abstract sharp edges and half frames, and we don’t have to see to know what will probably happen. Sally wakes and goes out to find her young lover, but misses his dying form in the dark and returns inside, allowing us to experience the simplest possible suspense which purely serves to recapture the tragedy of this tiny, fragile relationship. When Bonza dies after swallowing some of mum’s pills (which her traumatized son has stolen for his own use), we’re moved (everything is still too bizarre to be crying), but, most important, from Bonza’s eye view from the coffin, and then from above, we are drawn to assess what we have learnt about the family until now.

Both *Bonza* and *Lover Boy* are tributes to what drama really is — the exploration of conflict. Neither fall into the trap of thoughtless resolution. *Bonza* uses traditional narrative as a source of humour and powerful idiosyncrasy. *Lover Boy* feels no embarrassment about resting on gentle, spare, unsophisticated human exchanges. And both films have used a camera like a weapon or an indigenous tool instead of like a TV or tourist video flatpack, probing instead of panning.

ABOVE: LOVERS MICK (NOAH TAYLOR) AND SALLY (GILLIAN JONES) IN GEOFFREY WRIGHT’S *Lover Boy*. LEFT: BONZA IS THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION AT HER BIRTHDAY PARTY. WITH FATHER (PETER GREENE) AND SON (PETER ROWSTHORN) IN DAVID SWANN’S *Bonza*.
As narrative fantasy, *Batman* has more than its fair share of flaws to detract from its robust achievements: scenes where the action lacks credibility, or the character motivation is strikingly illogical, or the faults in the comic timing unnecessarily slacken the pace.

Tim Burton’s previous films, *Beetlejuice* and *Pee Wee’s Big Adventure*, had similar problems, but his direction is always good enough to regain control over the material.

Sam Hamm and Warren Skaaren’s script is similarly uneven. The promises of psychological expositional characters are overwhelmed by the state-of-art set design and the pyrotechnic effects.

By the time *Batman* reaches its *Vertigo*-inspired conclusion, it has lost much of its initial drive, yet the residual effects of its high points elicit respect and admiration from most of its audience.

As homage it aims way too high, and is unable to match the standards set by similar films like Georges Franju’s *Judex*. But it takes risks and gambles, and that’s more than one can say for *Indiana Jones and The Last Crusade*, *Ghostbusters II* or *Star Trek V*. Tim Burton shows a more daring and confident approach with his ambitious screen version of the Caped, and for most of *Batman* his gamble pays off.

**BATMAN**

**ROD BISHOP**

**THE 12-YEAR-OLD** in front of me in the *Batman* queue is discussing the difference between the Caped Crusader and Superman. “Batman’s rad!”, she declares without hesitation. “He’s got no special powers, he just uses regular stuff to waste The Joker.”

Nobody in this suburban Los Angeles queue is prepared to argue. After all, this *Batman* fan is probably a local crack dealer with an AK47 hidden under her Madonna t-shirt. And, besides, she has a point.

*Batman*’s toys are hardly “regular stuff”, but they are, after all, just cars, aircraft, metal gadgets and trick wires. Superman has the supernatural powers, but keeps trying to make out he’s just a regular guy. Batman, on the other hand, is basically a regular guy trying to make out that he’s supernatural.

Perhaps because of this, *Batman* (Michael Keaton) suffers from angst. His Teutonic posturings and wistful gazes into the heavens are evidently fed by the Prince songs on his ghetto-blast.

Gotham City is portrayed as a vast, expressionist urban jungle, its darkness broken only by pools of light, smoke and mist. Anton Furst’s design is influenced as much by F.W. Murnau as it is by Fritz Lang, the legacy of these German Expressionists evident in the understated, meticulously detailed production sets.

*Batman*’s nemesis is the gangster Jack Napier (Jack Nicholson), whose facial disfigurement turns him into The Joker, a maniac avenging himself on every living person in Gotham City.

Even *Batman*’s love interest, Vicki Vale (Kim Basinger), is incidental to the escalating, head-to-head battle being fought in the streets and airspaces of Gotham by two men aspiring to the stature of legends, or gods.

Michael Keaton plays Bruce Wayne as a vulnerable neurotic, trapped in a world he regards as abnormal, even alien. As *Batman*, Keaton is a solitary introvert haunted by childhood trauma. And in Bargeur, he’s all jerks and stiff-necked poses, his mind tunnel-visioned in its quest to conquer all Evil.

As usual, Nicholson seems to have all the best lines. And he sets a new standard in ‘over-the-top’ performance: prancing, dancing, strutting and posing, his crazed dementia apparently fed by the Prince songs on his ghetto-blast.

Even his kaleidoscopic clothes can’t detract from his finest moment: the gleeul desecration of an art gallery. In the end, The Joker is just plain pissed the Bat has got better toys.

**GEORGIA**

**PAUL KALINA**

*Anybody Who Has Admired the* works of writer and director Ben Lewin will, undoubtedly, be keen to see his first locally-made theatrical feature, *Georgia*, which Lewin directed and co-scripted (with Joanna Murray-Smith and Bob Weis).

Lewin is probably best known for his work in television, in particular for the mini-series *The Dunera Boys*, an ABC tele-feature *A Matter Of Convenience*, three episodes of *The Migrant Experience* and the serial *Rafferty’s Rules*, which he is credited for devising, as well as writing and directing a one-hour pilot. (His filmography also lists *The Mexican Rebels*, a “British cowboy film”, and *The Case of Cruelty*).
A notable trademark of Lewin’s work is his ability to create colourful, quirky, unconventional characters, and to place narrative entirely at their service. With little more than a handful of less-than-glamorous characters and the vivid backdrop of St. Kilda, *A Matter Of Convenience* thrives on modest means as a rollicking, and fairly amoral modern romance. Even in *The Dunera Boys*, based on an extraordinary event of World War II when a shipload of European Jews arrived in Australia but were mistaken as Germans, the broad historical canvas did not overshadow the characterizations. With its cool and detached perspective, it satirized cherished notions of nationalism, in the process pillorying the social and legal institutions the fledgling colony had inherited. In this way, the highly-principled but institutionally constricted judge Michael Rafferty, the principal character of *Rafferty’s Rules*, gives further vent to these notions, the first few seasons of the show, it should be said, a finely-tuned ensemble piece.

These observations, however, are merely to illustrate the unexpected departure Lewin has made with *Georgia*. A mystery-cum-thriller, *Georgia* seems to be not only a strange match of talent to a project, but an uneasy marriage of disparate genres and influences, from *Rashomon* and *Blow Up* to any number of Hitchcock themes.

Nina Bailley (Judy Davis) is on the threshold of a challenging career as an investigating lawyer, when she moves into a new apartment – a fancy, New York-style loft overlooking Port Phillip Bay. On her first night there, she discovers a photograph of a woman holding to the camera a small baby. Later that night, an invitation to a retrospective exhibition of photographs by Georgia White is slipped under her door.

Nina attends the exhibition, where she is intrigued by the photos on show: a murder victim slumped in a blood-splattered bath; a policeman, later identified as Le Mat (Marshall Napier), inspecting the scene; the infamously shady property developer and businessman Karlin (John Bach) trying to shield himself from the photographer, a brooding self-portrait of the photographer.

Nina is confounded, however, when she recognizes her ‘mother’ (Elizabeth (Julia Blake) and Elizabeth’s lover Lazlo (Alex Menglet) in these photos. After confronting Elizabeth, Nina learns that Georgia White was Nina’s mother. Some say Georgia committed suicide; others say she was pushed into the water and drowned.

Nina sets forth to investigate her mother’s death, starting with Elizabeth, then Lazlo, she tracks down Le Mat, who has since been taken off the police force, and finally meets the elusive Karlin. Their stories unfold through flashback sequences, creating a conflicting and contradictory picture of the episodes leading up to the fatal moment of Georgia’s death.

Episodically moving between the cocktail party, where smashingly debonair couples tangled while Georgia drowned, and Nina’s present investigations, the film strives to draw as many parallels as it possibly can between Georgia and Nina. Aside from having the same actress play both parts, visual links are made between the view from Nina’s apartment and that from the house where Georgia died. But the parallel soon becomes strained and, in any case, something of a lost opportunity. Nina’s career, boldly investigating tax fraud, is dropped early in the film, making redundant an obvious similarity between Nina and Georgia as women who knew too much.

The relationships of the characters in that ambiguous past, one quickly learns, were founded upon duplicity, deceit, betrayal, and their corresponding emotions: lust, anger, longing. Twenty years or so later, each shudders at the barest mention of Georgia’s name, guardedly and coyly making their confessions to Nina.

The characters remain shrouded in secrecy, suffocating in the burdens of the past, and little is revealed. Red herrings abound. Might not Karlin, who it is suggested was having an affair with Georgia, be Nina’s father? Did the fact that Georgia met Elizabeth when she snapped a candid shot of Elizabeth kissing her lover Lazlo on the beach (all the while being married to Karlin) have anything to do with taking her in? Much is suggested in *Georgia*, but teasingly left unanswered.

By implication the viewer finds out how Georgia died, but the characters themselves remain sketchy, essentially one-dimensional. The stilted characterizations occasionally veer toward caricature. The pivotal scene where Nina confronts Elizabeth about her mother is cumbersome and overly mannered, particularly when Nina’s dialogue runs along the lines of, “Am I supposed to have an emotional crisis right now? I want to do the right thing.” Neither are the characters particularly engaging, making it difficult to really care about their suffering, or the outcome.

A major sub-plot involves a stalker, presumably the person who planted the photograph and invitation in Nina’s apartment, but possibly also someone associated with the tax fraud cases Nina investigates (though this implication is made redundant when the stalker demands negatives of Georgia’s photographs). The stalker is glimpsed early in the film, peer ing up at Nina’s flat, and, later, behind the wheel of a car in the parking lot where Nina has parked. In one unfortunate scene, however, Lazlo is attacked while he takes a shower (surprise, surprise) by the mystery stalker brandishing a knife and demanding the negatives. The next day, Lazlo tells Nina, who notices the bruises on his face, that he has to go away for a few days. He is dispensed from the film.

The allusion to Hitchcock was apt, though very foreseeable, but Hitchcock wouldn’t have let go quite so easily.

**NEW YORK STORIES**

**RAFFAELE CAPUTO**

**MARTIN SCORSESE’S “Life Lessons”,** the first in the trilogy of mini-features that make up *New York Stories*, employs an iris effect which, because it so consciously highlights the act of looking, underscores the implosive, zeroing-in style that pervades much of Scorsese’s cinema. Like the figure of Lionel Dobie (Nick Nolte), who fetishizes certain parts of the body of his assistant-muse, Paulette (Rosanna Arquette), in particular her ankle, Scorsese is a fetishist of the objects, gestures and overall surfaces of the visual field his camera is trained on.

The iris device can be employed in two ways, either by opening out from a detail, or by closing in on one. In “Life Lessons” it’s put to use in both ways, but at two particular moments in the film (not surprisingly, they are the opening and closing stages of the film), yet with a different function each time.

As the film opens there is a whole series of themes which successively open out from a number of objects: a half-empty bottle of brandy, a set of paint-encrusted brushes, a cassette player that Lionel often zoops-up in a frenzy of activity, a tube of paint that Lionel then accidentally steps on with a force that has its bluey substance shoot out rather than cream. The device functions to isolate these various elements from the rest of the frame.
draws attention to them, makes them central, and thereby asks what is the invisible link between them. Not content-wise, but style-wise, their formal link: a pattern of fragmenting and opening out which creates an emotional or tonal suggestiveness that no dialogue could provide. This pattern permeates the space and character with a sense of nervy, obsessed, bottlenecked energy that's about to open out.

It's in line with the abstract expressionism of Lionel Dobie's art, and in particular the canvas he is working on at the film's start. Life and art get inextricably intermingled at this point - the progression of the painting paralleling the turbulent, obsessive, frustrating (they don't sleep together) relationship Lionel has with Paulette. The final iris effect at the film's close affirms this, because it works as a way of summing up, the iris tunnelling in rather than opening out. At his exhibition opening, the blackness tunnels toward a spot at the far end of the gallery, and isolates Lionel with another Paulette, a young, hopeful artist whom he offers to take on as an assistant while at the same time fetishizing select parts of her body. (It's not an irony that they're standing before the painting he was completing in the final weeks of his relationship with Paulette. Yet, there appears to be a comic sense to all this with the suggestion that the whole process is going to repeat itself. And, without being overly simplistic, it is sexual frustration which is at the heart of Lionel's creative urges, the nature of his violent brushstrokes and colours.)

Perhaps this is expressed with greater intensity in an earlier scene, a scene which has a frontal shot of Lionel, bare chested and spotted with paint, gazing somnambulistically out and over the camera, apparently at the canvas he has been working on throughout the night. But then a cut to a medium-long shot reveals Lionel standing in the centre of the studio, his back to the camera, the canvas to the right of frame, and his body turned to the left standing up at the small loft-within-a-loft where Paulette resides, and where she has just engaged in love play with a talented young painter. He stares up at the small enclosure in the same way that he has been staring at his canvas. This is what was meant by Scorsese's ability to zero-in even at a distance.

It would seem facile to say that Scorsese's musing over the nature of creativity has as much to do with filmmaking as it has with painting, but it seems that Scorsese's manner of enveloping filmmaking with painting tends to point beyond "Life Lessons". Think of the way La Motta pounds the life out of the "pretty boy" in "Raging Bull", and then the image shifts to a slow-motion, point-of-view shot of his wife in the audience. Maybe the way Scorsese cuts and connects different shots - the ring and the audience, for instance - makes him something of a painter: the collision of these contrasting spaces is to a degree pictorial.

In comparison, the other two segments of "New York Stories" pale, especially Coppola's. "Life Without Zoe" is a fluffy, fairy-tale-like adventure that's a modern variation of de Maupassant's "The Necklace". Coppola has oft taken to fairy-tale-like allusions but they have never been so lightweight, and don't seem to coalesce with Coppola's largely theatrical cinematic style. There's always the sense of things being staged in Coppola's films, and it certainly does not seem to suit the condensed form.

Finally, in all fairness, Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is charged with a nervy, frustrated, maddening sensibility. But this is to do with character rather than composition of spatial elements, as it is in "Life Lessons". The tide says it all. It gives Woody direct lineage to Jerry Lewis, if anyone had doubts, though it's without the "vulgarity" - there's no trombone voice about to blast out "M-MA". No, the hammering, retching voice in this little comedy belongs to ma herself. "Oedipus Wrecks" certainly appears as a summation of Allen's comedy, but one couldn't say it's a high point. It's a genuine and modest return to the genre of neurosis and self-pity, and self-pity spells self-parody. And that's a good sign.

**NEW YORK STORIES**

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THE QUESTION of film performance has up to recent times—say, till the end of the Seventies—been marginalized in film theory and criticism. Since then a small analytical literature has been gradually built up around this complex, fascinating problematic. What is clear from this literature is that when we try to theorize in a meaningful general way about performance, we are confronted by many conceptual difficulties. To begin with, when we talk about film acting, does it differ in any significant way across genres? If there are important critical differences to be noted, why is this so? What we can say at this early stage of analysing screen performance is that it needs the same kind of detailed emphasis that questions of film narrative structure have received over the past 20 years. This is absolutely essential before we can make sensible, informed statements about its nature.

Performance is a central part of our appreciation of the many different genre films that constitute American narrative cinema: the western, film noir, melodrama and comedy. When we study genre films, we should consider more than just questions of visual style, thematic oppositions, and narrative structure. We need to explore the reasons why performance is an underdeveloped topic in genre studies. Recent genre commentators have been discussing (albeit in a fleeting manner) the broad generic conventions of performance by looking at the situation of the actor as subject within a film. As Richard De Cordova suggests, it is necessary to concentrate on generating a general understanding of performance apropos of its role within the economy of genre cinema. To come to terms with the complex dynamic nature of film performance in the light of its rich, diverse traditions of radio, vaudeville, theatre, television, popular music and the cinema itself, we have to adopt a more productive comparative approach to the issue of performance and genre. If we are to shift performance from its current status as a "catch-all category", as De Cordova states, to a more desirable status as "an object of theory", then we are obliged to ask more systematic questions about how performance functions across genre.

Someone who has been asking fruitful, open-ended questions about the cultural, historical and theoretical dimensions of film performance has been James Naremore in his immensely readable and suggestive new work titled *Acting in the Cinema* (1988). It is a richly detailed analysis probing the expressive nuances, emotional intensities and socio-cultural determinations of film acting. His criticism is informed by a phenomenological approach which uses the basic concepts of classical and contemporary film theory, as well as the writings of influential non-film theorists like Stanislavsky, Brecht and the 'Chicago School' of social anthropology. In particular, he shows how different approaches to acting have certain ideological implications about art, culture and society. In addition, Naremore is able to demonstrate how screen performance is linked to the presentation of self in society. To do this he adroitly uses Erving Goffman's sociological ideas about personality, self and character being constructed by everyday role-playing. Naremore is refreshingly candid about the conceptual problems facing anyone who wishes to talk about performance in the age of mechanical reproduction. He acknowledges from the outset that movie actors exist as agents of narrative and thus cannot be discussed as if they were operating in a vacuum independent of the many performative traditions and crafts that surround and shape them.
Naremore is keen to show his readers how our experience of watching movie performers depends not only on pleasure that can be obtained from storytelling, but also from the pleasure that comes from watching their bodies and taking delight in expressive movement, obtained from storytelling, but also from the dependence not only on pleasure that can be enjoyed from familiar performing skills and taking delight in expressive movement, obtained from storytelling, but also from the moments, intensities, outside a simple constant unity of the body as a whole; films (contain) bits of bodies, gestures, desirable traces, fetish points — if we take fetishism here as an investment in a bit, a fragment, for its own sake, as the end of the accomplishment of a desire. For Naremore, talking about performance — in terms of passing subtle gestures, fragments of the actor’s costumes in relation to mise-en-scene and the body, shifting vocal inflections and body rhythms — is like “wrestling with Proteus”. For what is at stake here is one of the most crucial problems of contemporary film theory and criticism: how best to talk about the ever-changing visual, psychological and cultural complexities of performance? The attempt to use the right kind of language in describing and analysing these elusive qualities is complicated by the fact, as Naremore points out, that the movements, inflections and gestures of actors in a movie are “presented in gradations of more and less — subtle degrees of ever-changing expression that are easy to comprehend in the context of a given film but difficult to analyse without falling back on unwieldy tables of statistics or fuzzy, adjectival language.” This problem applies to the spectrum of film performance, irrespective of any theoretical emphasis, from the Meyerholdian approach as exemplified by the sublime Buster Keaton — where the body is an instrument for finely modulated acrobatic skills — to the Stanislavskian notion of acting represented by Marlon Brando, where the actor is encouraged to perform more or less naturally, letting facial expression or gesture stem from deeply felt emotion.

What I propose to do at this juncture is to deal with Naremore’s general theoretical framework that is used to analyse film performance in the context of television, everyday life, theatre and popular culture. The author deploys a wide frame of reference in talking about the ideological assumptions involved in certain performances in American mainstream cinema and the movies of European directors like Godard, Bresson and Wenders. In addition, taking my cue from the excellent detailed readings of star performers like Lillian Gish, Charles Chaplin, Marlene Dietrich, James Cagney, Katharine Hepburn, Marlon Brando and Cary Grant that are located in the second section of the book, I wish to talk about Grant’s performance in North By Northwest (1959), stressing his huge importance as one of American cinema’s consummate actors. Grant, like other great stars such as James Cagney (an actor whose acrobatic skills and improvisatory ability to control the screen place him with Grant in the major vaudevillian realist mode of acting), James Stewart, Burt Lancaster, the cool loner Robert Mitchum, the highly gifted but often overlooked Barbara Stanwyck, and the reliably intelligent Robert Ryan, all shared the common capacity to appear both ordinary and extraordinary at the same time. It is interesting to note how all these immaculate performers have contributed in substantial terms to noir acting. As in melodrama, performance in film noir can be seen as the expression of inner emotional states of the characters as represented through elements of the mise-en-scene. All seven performers are notable for their immeasurable, expressive codes and stylized, peculiar movements. Some of them, such as Stewart, Mitchum, Ryan, Lancaster and Stanwyck, have the performative ability to convey disenchantment and vulnerability — two key emotional states for film noir. From Cagney’s white-hot nervous energy and Ryan’s smooth appearances concealing a twisted interior, we can trace a certain trajectory of noir performance that emphasizes a violent psychopathology, it is embodied in the performances of such talented actors as Richard Widmark, Lee J. Cobb and Laird Cregar, for example, and in contemporary performers like Harvey Keitel, the late John Cazale and the impressive James Woods.

For Naremore, film performance consists of “five codes” of performance: (a) the boundary code (this refers to the framing or cueing process that takes place between the performer and his or her audience); (b) the rhetorical code (the rhetorical conventions which control the ostensiveness of the performer, his or her position within the performing space and mode of address to the audience); (c) the expressive code (this denotes a series of expressive techniques that govern things like posture, gesture and voice, and regulates the body as an index to age, gender, class, and ethnicity); (d) the harmonic code (which is a logic of coherence allowing actors to seem more or less in step with changes in the story, more or less in character, and more or less “true to themselves”); and (e) the anthropomorphic code (which is a mise-en-scene that shapes performance through make-up, clothes, and the inanimate objects with which the actor comes into direct contact). These so-called codes have been utilized throughout the book in a flexible non-dogmatic fashion avoiding the reductionist excesses of past film theory in certain quarters of Anglo-American scholarship. Naremore eschews jargon for jargon’s sake and deploys these codes in a creative discursive manner in all four chapters of the book’s first part. Indeed, he applies them when appropriate to the close readings of individual actors that follow in the second part of Acting in the Cinema. More important, Naremore’s systematically productive treatment of film performance is mapped onto history, technology and the politics of spectacle.

The final section, “Film as a Performance Text”, makes rewarding reading as he shows how Rear Window (1954) and The King of Comedy (1983) depend on the theme of performance; utilize complex acting styles, casting techniques and rhetorical strategies; and depend on the audience’s familiarity with the star system. Rear Window is especially interesting in the way Naremore analyses the textual and performative dynamics of the movie in accordance with Hitchcock’s view of the actor as “the man [sic] who can do nothing extremely well”. To test his definition of the screen actor the director had his protagonist (Stewart) immobilized with a broken leg in a wheelchair. Thus Stewart, in his position of voyeuristic impotency, is emblematic of the movie viewer, as well as a metaphor for the film actor.

As to the question “What is acting?”, Naremore, following the ideas of Goffman and Kristeva, sees all forms of human communic-
trait, is the central concept of the star as spectacle. In the overall economy of the movie, we are shown how Grant’s star image is based on his tremendous talent for verbal and physical agility. Grant was cinema’s enduring personification of elegance, wit and sophistication. What we notice in Naremore’s account of Grant’s precisely timed minimalist acting style is the author’s spectacular delight in experiencing the playful self-reflexive dialectic between Grant’s supple body, dapper clothes and his celebrated persona of a Hollywood matinee idol who aged gracefully and was always known for his relaxed assured screen performances. What motivates this particularly fine negotiation of Grant’s dexterous performance in North By Northwest is Naremore’s sharp feel for Grant’s Kuleshovian style of acting. Grant is more concerned with mechanics than with feeling. Everything for this actor depended on athletic skill, timing and the awesome capability of mastering small, isolated reactions. Hitchcock understood this clearly. Grant’s performance is structured on the actor’s unsurpassed ability to comprehend classical film rhetoric. Naremore is especially good on delineating how Grant’s performative skills rely on his ability to run, walk, climb, and execute everyday actions in a graceful manner. Above all, the movie’s visual dynamic, cultural codes and rhythm have been shaped by Grant’s performance of clearly defined and perfectly executed uncomplicated small actions. It is a performance typical of Grant, in that it celebrated a contagious zest for life. You just know that Grant had fun making North By Northwest. It is as clear as the three faces chiselled in the side of Mount Rushmore. The last words shall go to David Thomson: “It is only natural that his very best works - his most complex, amusing, but unsettling pictures - are both studies in Hollywood fun, and in the particular delight there is (or was) in making films.”

NOTES
2. Ibid., p.129.
6. Ibid., p.2.
8. Naremore, ibid., p.23.
ATTITUDE LIKE Masters of Starlight might conjure a book solely devoted to what we have come to think of as Hollywood ‘glamour’ photography: the luminous faces of the great stars, swathed in an ethereal, lyrical abstraction. This book certainly contains some of the finest examples of the glamour genre, but its brief is in fact much wider: “Photographers in Hollywood”, as the sub-title puts it. This means that, although the book’s central emphasis is on portraiture, and its stylistic evolution, there are two other vast, and significant, areas into which the editors stray: the emphasis is on portraiture, and its stylistic evolution, there are two other vast, and significant, areas into which the editors stray: the ‘film still’, and photojournalism.

Masters of Starlight is in many respects one of the finest books of its kind. Photographic specialists and connoisseurs will certainly not be disappointed by it. The images used in the book derive from an exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the result of work undertaken over a six-year period by the Hollywood Photographers Archives. Editors Fahey and Rich, both among the founders of the Archives, ensure not only a decent, representative spread of Hollywood photographers (a truly rare thing in books of this kind); they also uphold the highest standards of photographic reproduction, using only original prints made from the original negative or transparency shot by the photographer.

Although well-known film writer Mitch Tuchman is thanked for providing “critical direction” to the project, the introductory essay by the editors contains very little that resembles film, or photography, criticism. Beyond a very useful outline of the history of the area, Fahey and Rich, as spokespersons for the Archives, are mainly concerned to claim Hollywood photography as ‘art photography’. This they do with no small amount of earnestness and zealotry. For instance, they rewrite the doctrine of auteurism for their own ends, in short, as popular culture. Not primarily a guide through the images themselves, and it is in these images that the fascination of the book truly resides. As well as giving us the ‘greats’ – George Hurrell, Clarence Sinclair Bull, Edward Steichen, etc – Masters of Starlight covers others, further back, like Arthur Rice and Witzel, who receive only the slightly creepy bio-line “birthplace and life dates unknown”!

In keeping with many art-angled histories of the area, the story seems to end in the early 1970s – here represented by Douglas Kirkland’s colour portraits of Jack Nicholson and Dennis Hopper. Fahey and Rich, to their credit, are not as fanatically ‘purist’ as some others are in delimiting their subject (the famed photo-anthologist John Kobal, for example, tends to pour scorn over almost every strain and tendency in Hollywood photography beyond the 1940s). Nonethe- less, in their search for photographic ‘art’ – particularly via ‘star’ portraiture – they pull up shy of a few extremely interesting areas.

I mentioned at the start of this review three large categories of Hollywood photography: glamour, film still, and photojournalism. Masters of Starlight, as can be expected, has no problems accommodating the first category. The genre of glamour portraiture was, after all, a perfectly, elegantly ‘formalist’ paradigm. The technical elaboration of light as the essential basis, the life and death (so to speak) of any limit, this kind of old-fashioned artspeak can only gesture, with a feeble sociological air, towards the ‘spirit’ or the ‘obsessions’ of those two decades of fame. But as we give up the ‘greats’ – George Hurrell, Clarence Sinclair Bull, Edward Steichen, et al – Masters of Starlight covers others, further back, like Arthur Rice and Witzel, who receive only the slightly creepy bio-line “birthplace and life dates unknown”!

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photographic image, still or moving – the subject that so obsessed Josef von Sternberg – marries exactly with Hollywood's transcendent mythology of the 'star' as he or she who attracts light (and adoration), who shines and illuminates the darkness. Such a poetic vision – displayed so well in this volume by Arthur F. Kales' portrait of Thomas Meighan, or Eugene Robert Richee's photo of Tallulah Bankhead – governed not only Hollywood still photography of the 1920s and '30s, but also the more romantic and melancholic modes of cinema during the same period: Borzage, Sternberg, Hathaway's Peter Ibbetson.

The book is rather wary of claiming the film still genre as 'art' in quite the same fashion. This is perhaps because what is known in the industry as 'production stills' – various restagings or distillations of scenes from a film in production – are more nakedly promotional in nature, and more frankly parasitic on moving pictures, than glamour portraits. They are often also, as is their nature, a lot crazier and more vulgarly spectacular – more like popular movie culture – than glamour shots. A whole generation of today's 'post modern' artists, from Cindy Sherman in America to Robyn Stacey locally, has rediscovered, and taken off from, the nameless fictional intrigues and composite stylistic strategies inherent in literally thousands of these film stills. Fahey and Rich touch on this whole area in their selection of wonderful images relating to Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford in Gilda, Broderick Crawford in Down Three Dark Streets and Robert Montgomery in The Earl of Chicago. Yet even here they clearly favour photographic artists (Robert Coburn in the first two instances, Laszlo Willinger in the third) who abstract and purify their material – who make it less like Hollywood and more like art.

Photojournalism – of the sort pioneered and virtually trademarked by LIFE magazine in its heyday – also sits a little uneasily within the terms of this collection. This genre ushered into the domain of Hollywood photography a whole new pictorial texture – contrivedly 'messy' at times, weirdly angular and distorted, full of strange compositional vectors, harping on a certain note of disconnectedness and alienation. Many of the fine 'reportage' photographs in this book – such as those by Phil Stern and John Swope – capture these qualities strikingly. Fahey and Rich tend to thematize such images in the predictable ways – as revealing the 'truth' of actors in their unguarded moments away from the camera, or of the filmmaking process itself, 'behind the scenes' in old Tinseltown. Perhaps attempting to forge a continuous 'tradition' from glamour photography to photojournalism, the book tends to favour the portraiture of this period – with certainly an inordinate amount of shots of Marilyn Monroe, by many different hands. (Some mythologies indeed die hard.) Yet photojournalism, it seems to me, looks away from both the Hollywood cinema of its time, and the strictures of 'Hollywood photography' as suggested by this book. The 'subject matter' of these images is no longer Hollywood (its stars or its world) because, at their strangest, they quietly detonate the whole idea of a 'subject' at their centre of focus. Many of these images, pole vaulting as they do into the heart of the irreality at the tangled phenomenal surface of events, are completely decanted, not only pictorially but 'spiritually', in their mood and tone. They hurl the viewer around, from one border of the frame to the next: just what is it that you are meant to be seeing here?

Of course, in exploring such terrain, Lifestyle photojournalism prefurred new, post-classical forms of cinema, which work through the distended, lazily exploded narratives of the 'road movie', and the pictorial textures of odd actuality: the films of, among others, Monte Hellman, Jean-Pierre Gorin, Jim Jarmusch, Wim Wenders, Robert Frank, who moved from still photography to cinema (most recently Candy Mountain with Tom Waits and Bulle Ogier, as yet unseen here), and Dennis Hopper (see his photographic collection Out of the Sixties). And photojournalism's arrival announced the historical moment at which 'starlight' could no longer be the centrifugal, seductive force holding together an art, a culture, or an industrial dream factory like Hollywood. Perhaps the 'golden years' preceding that break-up were only short lived, almost illusory, anyway. Our nostalgia for that time is rendered rich indeed by a book as sumptuous as Masters of Starlight.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE ACTOR AND HIS TIME
John Gielgud, in collaboration with John Miller and John Powell

CULT MOVIES THREE
Danny Peary
Sidgwick & Jackson, London, 1989, pb, rrp $24.99. A sequel to Peary's two earlier books. There are 50 new titles, ranging from such respectable classics as Dr. Strangelove and Psycho to the X-rated Cafe Flesh.

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Fax (02) 437 5074

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techniques, appropriate to the military circumstances in which they will be applied.

**KAKADU PUPPETS (working title)**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Director Michael Balson
Photography John Hosking
Sound recordist Max Henssler
Editor Michael Balson
Exec. producers Bruce Moir
Tristram Miall
Prod. coordinator Glenda Carpenter
Prod. manager John Russell
Prod. secretary Kathy Grant
Prod. accountant Simon Lenthen
Still photography Carmen Ky
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing Martin Wood
Laboratory Video Film Company
Length 50 mins
Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: A documentary for television illustrating the Marionette Theatre of Australia's innovative puppet play, Kakadu, from first draft to opening night. Inspired by Bill Neidjie's book, Kakadumani, the puppet play, written by Aboriginal playwright Vivian Walker, brings Bill Neidjie's message to the stage in a lively production aimed at a wide family audience.

**LIGHTHOUSES**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Researcher Ian Walker
From an idea by Maritime Operations Division - Department of Transport & Communications
Exec. producer Bruce Moir
Prod. manager John Russell
Prod. secretary Kathy Grant
Prod. accountant Simon Lenthen
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing Martin Wood
Length 20 minutes
Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: Documentary on the Lightstation system, its technology and history.

**MANAGER ON THE CASE**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Director Richard Satler
Scriptwriter Steve Johnson
Prod. designer Louella Hatfield
Exec. producer Janet Bell
Prod. manager Catriona Macmillan
Floor manager Katrina Fanscaldi
Prod. secretary Jane Benson
Prod. accountant Waldemar Ważyński
Prod. assistant/vision switcher Margo Pulsford
Director's assistant Julian Philips
Lighting camera Jonathan Hughes
Make-up Michelle Myers
Wardrobe Juliet Philips
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing John Swindells
Catering The Katering Company
Length 18 minutes
Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: Two 20-minute films designed to instruct those newly assigned to the unit in interviewing and interrogation techniques appropriate to the military circumstances in which they will be applied.

**MORTGAGE**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Director Bill Bennett
Scriptwriter Bill Bennett
Photography Steve Arnold
Sound recordist Max Henssler
Editor Sara Bennett
Exec. producer Bruce Moir
Prod. co-ordinator Jo Anne McGowan
Prod. manager Hilary May
Film Australia prod.
Prod. secretary Kathy Grant
Prod. accountant Elizabeth Anderson
Reel Accountants Nikki Long
Graph Ica Dragicevic

1st asst director
2nd asst director
Continuity
Casting
Lighting camera
Camera assistant
2nd unit photography
Gaffer
Boom operator
Wardrobe
Asst editor
Nég matching
Music composed by
Sound editor
Still photography
Publicity
Marketing

Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: A film for COM CARE which is a humorous look at how the new case manager system will work in Commonwealth agencies to administer rehabilitation programs for injured workers.

**MILITARY POLICE**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Producer Paul Humfress
Scriptwriter Richard Ryan
Exec. producer Paul Humfress
Prod. manager Ron Hannan
Prod. secretary Lori Wallace
Prod. accountant Elizabeth Clarke
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing John Swindells
Length 2 x 20 minutes
Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: Two 20-minute films designed to instruct those newly assigned to the unit in interviewing and interrogation techniques appropriate to the military circumstances in which they will be applied.

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**NATIONAL PARKS (working title)**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Director Mark Gould
Script/research Mark Gould
Exec. producer Bruce Moir
Prod. manager John Russell
Prod. secretary Kathy Grant
Prod. accountant Simon Lenthen
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing Martin Wood
Length 20 minutes
Gauge Betacam
Synopsis: A video showing the types, aims and uses of Australia's National Parks.

**NEIL IN NUGGET END**

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Producer Janet Bell
Director Richard Satler
Scriptwriter Katherine Thomson
Prod. designer Louella Hatfield
Prod. manager Catriona Macmillan
Floor manager Katrina Fanscaldi
Vision mixer Margot Pulford
Prod. secretary Jane Benson
Prod. accountant Waldemar Ważyński

Director's asst
Casting/research
Make-up/Hair
Puppet/set construction

Gauge 16mm
Synopsis: A real-life look at the Australian Dream of home ownership.

**TRANSLATION**

- 40 languages
- Asian and European
- Film and Video

**CINEMA PAPERS 75**
Synopsis: Animated videos featuring Noni Hazlehurst help pre-schoolers cope with health problems.

A SENSE OF IDENTITY

Prod. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Dist. company Film Australia Pty Ltd
Producer Sonia Humphreys
Researcher Tracey Mauner
Exec. producer Paul Humfress
Prod. manager Ron Hannam
Marketing John Swindells
Length 30-40 minutes

Synopsis: The changing role of Aboriginal women and the social developments against which these changes have occurred. The film aims to educate the general public on the important role and community developments that have involved Aboriginal women and to give Aboriginal women a sense of identity.

THE SNOWY - THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE POWER

Prod. company Film Australia
Dist. company Film Australia
Director Stephen Ramsay
Based on book by Siobhan McHugh
Photography Joel Petersen
Sound recordist Robert Stalder
Editor Douglas Howard
Exec. producer Bruce Moir
Assoc. producer Siobhan McHugh
Prod. manager John Russell
Prod. secretary Kathy Grant
Prod. assistant Jean Moyes
Publicity Jane Glen
Marketing Martin Wood
Length 60 minutes
Gauge 35mm

Synopsis: A television documentary which tells the story of the people who built the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme.
**NEW SOUTH WALES FILM AND TELEVISION OFFICE**

**INVESTING IN PEOPLE**

Production co. | Woolloomooloo Productions
---|---
Producers | Peter Cox
Scriptwriter | Corrie Soetbeer
Director | Leslie Hendrix
Pro. manager | Mary-Joy Lu
Editors | Robert Gibson
Stunt coordinator | Stephen Dunn

Cameras | Grant Watson
Sound | Robert Lish
Art direction | Ruth Braege
Post production | Frank Gard
Frame Set & Match | 19 minutes
Length | 25 minutes

Synopsis: The Maritime Services Board of NSW, working closely with the Labor Council of NSW and various unions, has established an injury prevention and rehabilitation program to help injured staff return to normal work as soon as possible. This video outlines the rehabilitation program and shows it in action through examples of injuries which might occur in the workplace.

**NATURE’S SENTINELS**

Production company | Acolade Communications
Producer | Sandra Alexander
Director | Peter Smith
Scriptwriter | Peter Smith
Producer | Mark Logan
Editors | Deborah Reed
Lighting Camera | Stuart Armstrong
Graphics | Martin McGrath
Narrator | Arthur Digman
Length | 22 minutes

Gauge | Betcam to 1/4-

Synopsis: The Lord Howe Island region is a World Heritage area, administered by the Lord Howe Island Board. The island is of great value for nature conservation, education, research and passive recreation. This video shows the special nature of the island as well as its geology and its history.

**WILDLIFE - CORPORATE STRATEGY**

Production company | Tandem Productions
Producer | Marta Scogings
Director | Michael Ewers
Scriptwriters | Ian Charles
Narrator | John Dugan
Length | 17 minutes

Gauge | Betcam to 1/4-

Synopsis: Produced for the National Parks and Wildlife Service of New South Wales to inform staff of the aims and objectives of the Service in the years 1989 to 1991 and provide a history of the service which places it in a wider social context.

**JACKAROO**

Production co. | Crawford Productions
Exec. producer | Jan Bradley
Producer | Yoram Gross
Director | Yoram Gross
Actor/producer | Grahame Pearson
Synopsis: Dot and the Kangaroo, two loveable stars from the famous *Dot and the Kangaroo* feature films, romp through the world and report about the planet we live in. Each program is information, entertainment, live action and fun for kids and adults alike.

**KATIE’S RAINBOW**

Pro. co. | South Australian Film Corp.
Exec. producer | Jock Blair
Producer | Jan Marnell
Supervising producer | Gus Howard
Scriptwriter | Deborah Cox
Director | Peter Gawler
Length | 2x2 hours

Gauge | 16mm

Synopsis: A four-hour mini-series. *Katie’s Rainbow* is the story of a wild Australian stockman, a part-Aboriginal jackaroo whose bitter family struggle for power and land erupts in simmering heat of the West Australian outback.

**THE PRIVATE WAR OF LUCINDA SMITH**

Pro. co. | Resolution Films Pty Limited Dist. company | Revcom Limited
Producers | Geoffrey Daniels
Director | Linda Ray
Scriptwriter | Peter Yeldham
Prod. designer | Dennis Kiely
Prod. manager | Caroline Bester
Prod. secretary | Monika Sims
Prod. accountant | Cynthia Kelly
Asst. accountant | Caitlin Stevens
Casting | Dominic Miller
Location manager | Val Winold
1st assistant director | Phil Rich
2nd assistant director | John Meredith
3rd assistant director | Jennifer Coulston
Editor | Lance Quinlivan
DOP | Peter Hendry
Camera operator | Roger Lanser
Focus puller | Robert Foster
Clapper loader | Philip Murphy
2nd camera op. | Danny Ruhlmann
Key grip | Brett McDowell
Asst. grip | John Tate
Gaffer | Peter O’Brien

**TELEVISION PRE-PRODUCTION**

**ACTION Replay**

Production company | AFTRS
Exec. producer | William Fitzwater
Producer | Sara Houritz
Director | Sara Houritz
Lighting Camera | Fay Weldon
Based on the play by | Fay Weldon
Prod. designer | Trish Ryan
Prod. supervisor | Keiran Usher
Prod. coordinator | Angela Melen
Continuity | Simon Willis
1st assistant director | Denise Ingham
Script assistant | Ken McSwain
Camera operator | Jonathan Ogilive
camera operator | Paul Kohn
Script writer | Dana Rayson
Lighting | Frank Vinhda

**KEY GRIP**

Stewart Green
Trish Ryan
Rachel Pinker
Sara Hourez
Shauna Wolfson
AFTRS
AFTRS
AFTRS
Sue Manger

**TELEVISION PRODUCTION**

**AUSTRALIA’S MOST WANTED**

Exec. producer | Rachel Dixon
Scriptwriter | Gail Sullivan
Length | 30 minutes

Gauge | BVC

Synopsis: This video is concerned with domestic violence, focusing on the legal options available to victims.

**DOMESTIC VIOLENCE & THE LAW**

Exec. producer | Anne Donnatez
Scriptwriter | Tony Wright

Fritz Hammersley
Sue McCauley
Length | 18 minutes

Gauge | BVC

Synopsis: To assist senior citizens to cope with traffic as pedestrians, drivers and users of public transport.

**RIVER MANAGEMENT**

Exec. producer | Rachel Dixon
Scriptwriter | Peter Cox
Length | 20-25 minutes

Gauge | 16 mm/1/4-

Synopsis: To raise the awareness of Victorians to the uses of our rivers and the benefits obtained from them. Also showing what action can be taken to halt degradation of our rivers.

**VEHICLE OCCUPANT SAFETY**

Exec. producer | Rachel Dixon
Scriptwriter | David Talb
Length | 12-15 minutes

Gauge | BVC

Synopsis: To illustrate the ways in which vehicle occupants are at risk, whilst demonstrating the means to increase vehicle occupant safety with emphasis on restraint use.
A COUNTRY PRACTICE

Prod. company: JNP Films Pty. Ltd.
Dist. company: ATV
Producers: Denny Lawrence

Directors: Robert McMillan
Leigh Spence
Paul Maxwell
Chris Martin-Jones
Davina Hallouf

Scriptwriters: Judith Colquhoun
Steve Spears
James Davern
Steve Back
Russell Thompson

Editor: Graeme Andrews

Prod. designer: Mike Perjanik
Exec. producer: Graham Macdonald
Prod. supervisor: David Watts
Prod. coordinator: Barbara Lucas
Unit manager: Margi Cremm

Location manager: Peter Warman
Prod. secretary: Toni Higginbotham
Prod. accountant: Ian Simmons

1st asst directors: Richard McGrath
Mark Moroney
Andrew Turner
Peter Dadin

Karen Willing
Stephanie Richards
Karen Mansfield
Charlotte Alexander

Script assistant: Justine Slater

Production assts: Pip Nackard

Catering: Jan Voet
Ian Simmons

Studio assistants: Andrew Street
Peter Westley
John de Ruvo
David Masala
Mark Mitchell
Murray Hogan
Steve Muir
Rachael Dal Santo
Kim Moore
Joanne Stevens
Vesayn Hirst

Wardrobe: Therese Rendle

Wardrobe assts: Amanda Bloomfield
Meg Hunt

Props buyer: John Paul (Lucini)
Standby props: Dirk Van den Driesen

PUBLICITY

Julia Wyszynski
Margaret Freedman
Catering: ATN Studio "B"

Shooting stock: Kodak

CAST:
Lisa Harrow (Claire Jeffers), Harry Armstrong (Deb Forrest), Rebecca Gibney (Guinea Malone), Gary Sweet (Jack Forrester), Gary Day (Nigel Carstens), Rhys McConnachie (Angus McFarlane), Jay Haynes (Ian Russell).

Synopsis: Sydney 1944: a garrison town in flux tested by the social upheavals of war and the convergence of American forces. In this world of chance and remarkable women, Claire, Deb and Guinea are plying their trades, the lives of the local vet and Park Ranger.

A COUNTRY PRACTICE

Synopsis: Set in the small rural community of "Wandin Valley", the series deals with medical and social issues, through the major characters and the local Bush Nursing Hospital. It also dramatizes the lives of the local vet and Park Ranger.
The page contains a list of credits for a television drama series. It includes names of the cast, crew, producers, directors, and other personnel involved in the production. The text is dense with names and roles, typical of a credits page. There are also mentions of specific production details such as the title of the series, the network it airs on, and various crew members responsible for different aspects of production. The text is formatted in a standard way for a credits page, which is customary in professional media production.
Synopsis: The return of beautiful fashion designer Tessa Clarke to her native Australia is the catalyst for a cocktail of love, jealousy and deceit. A tragic fire, a self-destructive younger sister and two lovers—one a powerful yet mysterious tycoon, the other a handsome but flawed go-getter—cause a cauldron of emotions to erupt into murder.

KABOODLE 2

Prod. co. ACTF Productions Ltd.
Exec. producer Patricia Edgar
Supervising producer Ewan Burnett
Series producer Susie Campbell
Animators Peter Vioka
Paul Williams
Maggie Geddes
Neil Robinson
Richard Chataway
Michael Cusack

Budget $658,000
Length 6 x 24 minutes
Gauge 1 inch video

Synopsis: Six more half-hours of television drama for the under-ten age group, this time all animated and regular characters.
**MAY 1989**

**PG (PARENTAL GUIDANCE)**

- Bachelor's Swan Song. The (main title not shown in English): Bo Ho Films/ Mobile Film Productions, Hong Kong, 95 mins, Chinatown Cinema, O(adult concepts)
- Brenda Starr: M. Hyman, USA, 95 mins, Village Roadshow, L(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- Earth Girls are Easy: T. Garnett, USA, 100 mins, Hoyts, L(i-1-g) O(sexy allusions)
- Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade: R. Wars, USA, 125 mins, UIP, V(f-i-1)
- La Casa de Bernarda Alba: Paraiso/Tvea, Spain, 100 mins, Hoyts, O(adult concepts)
- Lawrence of Arabia: S. Spiegel, USA, 215 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, V(i-m-j)
- Minnamurra (aka Outback): J. Sexton, Australia, 92 mins, John Sexton Productions, V(i-1-j)
- She's Out of Control: S. Deutsch, USA, 95 mins, Hoyts, O(sexy allusions, adult concepts)
- Summer Vacation -1999: Yutaka Okada/ Eiji Kishi, Japan, 88 mins, Ronin, O(adult concepts)
- Young Toscanini: F. Lucisana/T. Am- rentiis, USA, 95 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, L(i-m-g) O(sexy allusions)

**films examined in terms of the customs (cinematograph films) regulations as states' film censorship legislation are listed below.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Explicitness/Intensity</th>
<th>Purpose</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infrequent</td>
<td>Low</td>
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<td>Frequent</td>
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<td>O(adult concepts)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Infrequent</td>
<td>Gratuitous</td>
<td>O(adult concepts)</td>
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</table>

**CENSORSHIP LISTINGS**

**MATURE AUDIENCES**

- 84C Mopic: M. Nolfin, USA, 95 mins, Palace, L(f-m-j) V(i-m-g)
- Blind Fury: D. Gôrecki/T. Matheson, USA, 89 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, L(i-m-g) V(f-m-g)
- Faces: M. McEndree, USA, 126 mins, AFI (Sydney), O(adult concepts)
- Gleaming the Cube: M. Turman/D. Fos­ bert, USA, 86 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, V(i-m-j) O(drug use)
- Gunmen: Isai Hark, Hong Kong, 87 mins, Chinatown Cinema, V(i-m-g)
- In the Shoes of Barry III: S. Shin, Hong Kong, 85 mins, Chinatown Cinema, V(i-m-g) O(drug use)
- Manifesto: M. Golan/Y. Globus, USA, 85 mins, Hoyts, L(i-m-g) O(adult concepts)

**FILMS REFUSED REGISTRATION**

- Christy Canyon Starring in a Gourm et show, V(i-m-j) O(adolescent concepts)
- Golden Eighties: M. Marignac, France, 79 mins, Urban Eye Releasing, L(i-m-g) O(adult concepts)
- Horror Behind the Iron Contra Affair: B. Trent/M. Yamaha, USA, 74 mins, Village Roadshow, O(anti-social behaviour, sexual allusions)
- She's Out of Control: S. Deutsch, USA, 86 mins, Hoyts, V(i-m-j) O(sexy allusions)
- Who's Harry Crumb?: A. Milchan, USA/ English): Bo Ho Films, Hong Kong, 85 mins, Hoyts, V(i-m-j) O(sexy allusions)
- Young Toscanini: F. Lucisana/T. Am­ rentiis, USA, 86 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, L(i-m-g) O(sexy allusions)

**JUNE 1989**

**G (GENERAL EXHIBITION)**

- Green Tea and Cherry Ripe: K. Foley, S. Hoasa, Australia, 55 mins, Ronin

**PG (PARENTAL GUIDANCE)**

- Against the Innocent: R. Jones, Australia, 77 mins, AFI (Melbourne), O(adult concepts)
- Batman: P. Peters/P. Guber, USA/UK, 125 mins, Village Roadshow, V(f-i-1)
- Beloved Son of God: The (main title not shown in English): Movie Impact, Hong Kong, 92 mins, Chinatown Cinema, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- Cannonball Fever: M. Shostak, USA, 94 mins, Village Roadshow, O(anti-social behaviour, sexual allusions)
- Dead Poets Society: S. Haf/ P. Win/T. Thomas, USA, 128 mins, Village Roadshow, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- Golden Eighties: M. Marignac, France, 96 mins, Urban Eye Releasing, L(i-m-g) O(sexy allusions)
- Last Guy, The: P. Webster, UK, 92 mins, Hoyts, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- License to Kill: A. Broccoli/M. Wilson, USA, 132 mins, UIP, V(f-m-g)
- Major League: C. Chesser/I. Smith, USA, 106 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, L(i-m-g)
- Miracle Mile: J. Dale/D. Gibson, USA, 87 mins, Hoyts, V(i-m-j) L(f-m-g)
- Pathfinder: J. Jacobsen, Norway, 86 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, V(i-m-j)
- Romantic Ghost Story: Hong Kong Man Wah Films Company, Hong Kong, 88 mins, Yu Enterprises, O(horror) S(i-m-g)
- The: R. Colosimo, Australia, 92 mins, Fox Columbia-Tri Star, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)

**R (RESTRICTED EXHIBITION)**

- Burning Ambition: Tu F/E. Chan, hong Kong, 97 mins, Yu Enterprises, V(f-m-g)
- Devil In Miss Jones 3 - A New Beginning, The: G. Dark, USA, 55 mins, Hoyts, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde: E. Simons/H. Towers, UK/Hungary, 87 mins, Village Roadshow, S(i-m-g) V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- The: K. McSweeney, USA, 102 mins, UIP, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)
- In the Shoes of Barry III: S. Shin, Hong Kong, 85 mins, Chinatown Cinema, V(i-m-j) O(drug use)
- Star Trek V The Final Frontier: H. Bennett, USA, 106 mins, UIP, V(i-m-j) O(adult concepts)

**disorganized crime:** L. Bigelow, USA, 101 mins, Village Roadshow, L(i-m-g) O(adult concepts)

**white slave trade:** A. Weinstein, USA, 106 mins, UIP, V(f-m-j) L(i-m-j)

**girls go hor**

**Films refused registration**

- Devil In Miss Jones 3 - A New Beginning: G. Dark, USA, 55 mins, A. Newman, S(f-h-g)

**DISORGANIZED CRIME**

- L. Bigelow, USA, 101 mins, Village Roadshow, L(i-m-g) O(adult concepts)

**WHITE SLAVE TRADE**

- A. Weinstein, USA, 106 mins, UIP, V(f-m-j) L(i-m-j)

**FILMS REFUSED REGISTRATION**

- Devil In Miss Jones 3 - A New Beginning: G. Dark, USA, 55 mins, A. Newman, S(f-h-g)
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