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CINEMA Papers

AUGUST 1992 NO. 89 $5

FULL REPORT

CANNES '92

INCLUDING

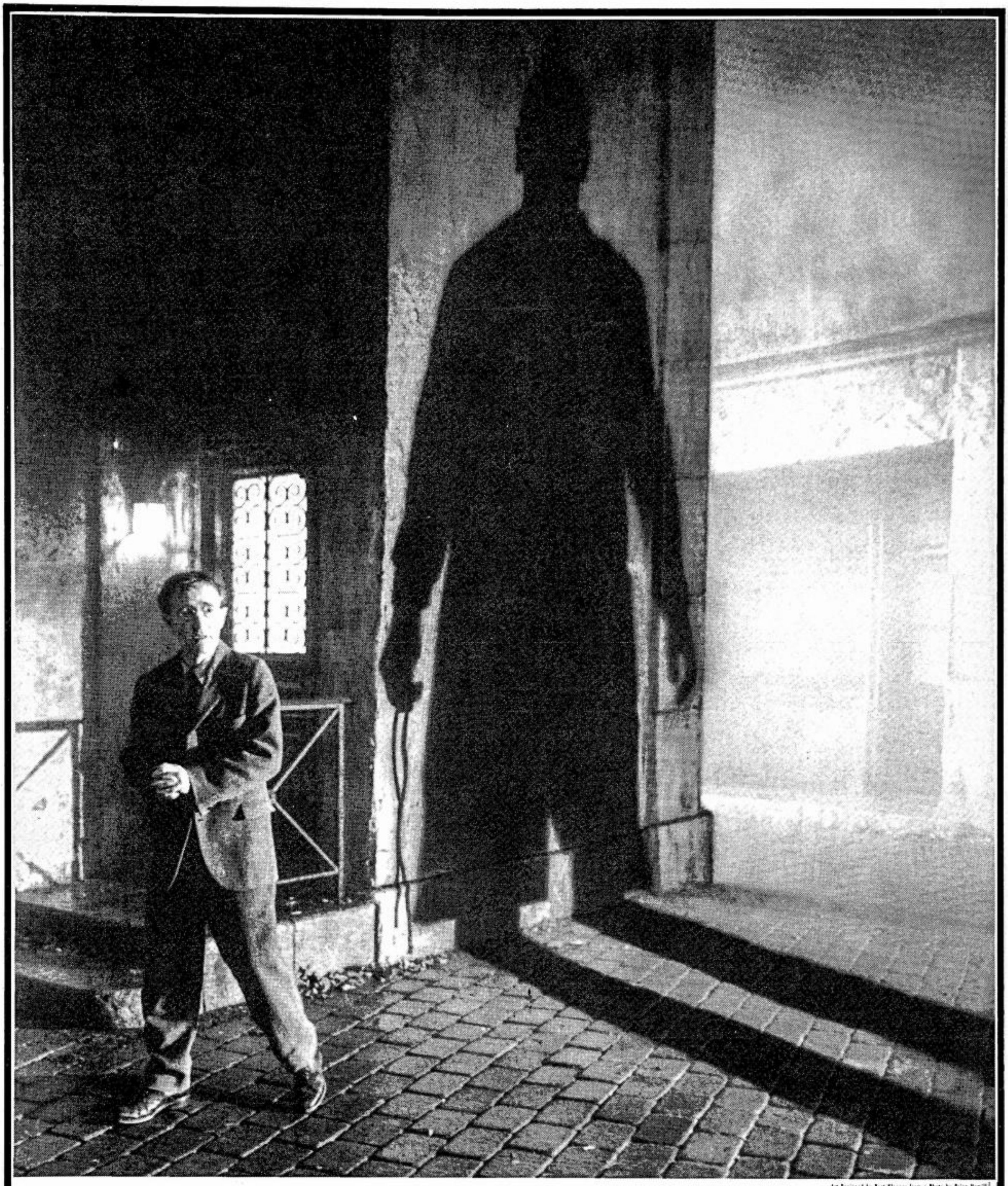
AUSTRALIAN FILMS AT CANNES
DAVID LYNCH PRESS CONFERENCE
VITALI KANIEVSKI INTERVIEW
GIANNI AMELIO INTERVIEW

PLUS

CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT IN 'FORTRESS'
FILM-LITERATURE CONNECTIONS
TEEN MOVIES DEBATE

SHERYL LEE AS LAURA PALMER IN DAVID LYNCH'S *TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME*

WIN A WEEKEND FOR TWO IN THE SNOW! DETAILS INSIDE



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COVER: LAURA PALMER (SHERYL LEE) IN DAVID LYNCH'S *TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME*. SEE ARTICLE P. 26.

CINEMA Papers

(MTV PUBLISHING LIMITED)

AUGUST 1992 NUMBER 89 INCORPORATING *FILMVIEWS*

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CINEMA PAPERS IS PUBLISHED WITH FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE FROM THE AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION AND FILM VICTORIA

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BRIEFLY

Newsreel

JOHN GASCOIGNE

"Nostalgia ain't what it used to be" runs the old joke. But in Australia's cinemas, the "good old days" have begun rolling across the screens *exactly* as they used to be.

Events both momentous and trivial, mostly in the pre-television age (before 1956), are screening as trailers to feature films in Greater Union cinemas in Sydney, Melbourne and Canberra. And the audiences are lapping up memorable moments of the 20th century – such as troops embarking for the world wars, the opening of the Sydney Harbor Bridge and Donald Bradman belting the Poms for yet another hundred.

It is all the result of a $4 million project named Operation Newsreel. (It could as well have been named "Everything Old is New Again", after Peter Allen's song.) The restoration project has been sponsored by Greater Union and Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation.

Kilometres of historic nitrate and acetate film were repaired, copied and given video immortality in backrooms of the National Film and Sound Archives Building in Canberra. The original negatives or copies of 4,000 newsreels, some from the pre-1930 silent era, were lovingly examined, re-spliced and taped back together by four film technicians before being copied on to acetate film stock and videotape.

Nitrate film, which gave way to the more durable acetate in 1951, breaks down to a powder unless storage conditions are perfect. They rarely were, so much of Australia's early newsreel footage has been lost forever. Project overseer Annice Vass says:

> Before the project was launched, many of the newsreels' soundtracks were actually thrown away. No one took them seriously. It was regarded as entertainment. Yet these newsreels show much of our national heritage. ... We're way ahead of target. About 4,000 newsreels have survived. From 1951 to 1970, two newsreels were made per week; then, until 1975, the output dropped to about 60 newsreels a year. Now they're being re-released – in some cases more than 60 years after their first screening.

Operation Newsreel was launched in Sydney and Melbourne with Cinesound's coverage of a week in 1958 showing scenes of devastation from a Sydney chemical blast; the "thrills and spills" of stock-car racing; Norman Hartnell, the Queen's designer, introducing his latest below-the-knee fashions; and the finding in New South Wales, after 27 years, of the missing aircraft, "Southern Cloud".

"The newsreels have gone over marvellously in Sydney and Melbourne", says Vass. "There's obviously a strong element of nostalgia for older audiences, but younger ones, too, seem intrigued by what absorbed their parents and grandparents."

The newsreels began their daily screenings in Sydney and Melbourne last September. In March, Vass added the Canberra cinema of the Greater Union Organisation to the chain of movie houses taking the newsreels. And, in May, the flickering black-and-white dramas began playing to nostalgia-receptive audiences in Perth, Adelaide and Brisbane.

An air of apprehension accompanied the experimental release of the newsreels in the two main cities. There was, perhaps, less risk in conservative Melbourne. But, conforming with an international insatiability for disinterring distant decades, Sydney's Pitt Centre, with its three cinemas, asked in April for a second newsreel copy to be made available for daily screening.

"Our Sydney audiences, particularly the younger element, have been greatly enthusiastic about the newsreels", says Greater Union's national film buyer and programming manager, John Politzer. Sporadic outbursts of stamping and yelling, reminiscent of *Tom and Jerry* days, have accompanied some newsreel opening titles. "I guess you could call it a cult following", adds Politzer.

Vass says:

We are showing.them in no particular order. This year we've started with 1941 Cinesound reel featuring Australia Day footage; Melbourne's Newmarket Handicap, won by All Veil; Melbourne welcoming a new train engine named Heavy Harry; and an incredible item titled *Pulchritude On Parade*, showing mannequins and showgirls exercising at the Sydney Royal Easter Show. The commentary is by Charlie Lawrence, one of Cinesound's most amusing and sexist commentators - and rival to the great radio star Jack Davey, who for 25 years did commentary on the rival Movietone Newsreels.

When I went to the movies, the kangaroo over Cinesound's opening titles revived memories of 30 years ago. The 'roo preceded items whose clichéd and corny commentary seems funny now but was probably less so at the time – 1958 – when the black-and-white drama was riveting "radio news with pictures".

One of Australia's first newsreels was the Sydney-produced *Australasian Gazette*, which ran from 1915 to the mid-'20s, a weekly, sub-titled news-of-the-day bulletin of about 15 minutes. Much of this footage is still held by the Archives, and its producer was the forerunner of film pioneer Ken Hall's Cinesound Productions. Hall's company was owned by Union Theatres, later to become the Greater Union Organisation.

In 1931, Stuart Doyle, managing director of Union Theatres, phoned Hall while he was on location for Cinesound's first feature, *On Our Selection*, and said: "How about we make our own newsreels?"

Back in Sydney, Hall directed the first *Cinesound Review*. It reflected a growing nationalism in response to *Australian Movietone News*, a product of the U.S. company Fox Movietone, which had launched its newsreels two years earlier. (It was the parent company, 20th Century Fox, and its newsreels, that Murdoch bought In 1986. News Corp donated 2,000 newsreels to Operation Newsreel.)

Producing weekly bulletins, each of four to seven items, for 39 years, the two newsreel houses competed to be first on screen with the news of the day. Their battle royal – depicted in the 1978 feature film *Newsfront* – lasted until 1970 when the great rivals amalgamated in a last-ditch stand against the new challenge: nightly television news. It was a phony war, the resistance brief.

Each newsreel took a week of shooting and editing, so the new Cinesound-Movietone Productions churned out documentaries rather than hard-edged news in the five years before it folded.

Now Annice Vass hopes public demand will lead to conversion of the better newsreels to VHS video-cassette. "I hope they'll become available to the public, not just be stock for researchers and libraries." ■

THE 1992 AFI AWARD NOMINATIONS

BEST FEATURE FILM
Black Robe (Robert Lantos, Sue Milliken, Stephane Reichel)
Romper Stomper (Ian Pringle, Daniel Scharf)
Strictly Ballroom (Tristram Miall)
The Last Days of Chez Nous (Jan Chapman)

NEWVISION FILMS AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN DIRECTION
Bruce Beresford (*Black Robe*)
Geoffrey Wright (*Romper Stomper*)
Baz Luhrmann (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Gillian Armstrong (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

CINESURE AWARD FOR BEST SCREENPLAY
Brian Moore (*Black Robe*)
David Caesar (*Greenkeeping*)
Baz Luhrmann, Craig Pearce (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Helen Garner (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS IN A LEADING ROLE
Miranda Otto (*Daydream Believer*)
Claudia Karvan (*Redheads*)
Tara Morice (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Lisa Harrow (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

HOYTS GROUP AWARD FOR BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A LEADING ROLE
Lothaire Bluteau (*Black Robe*)
Russell Crowe (*Romper Stomper*)
Paul Mercurio (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Bruno Ganz (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS IN A SUPPORTING ROLE
Willa O'Neill (*Secrets*)
Gia Carides (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Pat Thomson (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Miranda Otto (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

FOR FFC FUNDING DECISIONS SEE PAGE 57

TELECOM MOBILENET AWARD FOR BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A SUPPORTING ROLE
August Schellenberg (*Black Robe*)
Daniel Pollock (*Romper Stomper*)
Barry Otto (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Bill Hunter (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

SAMUELSON AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT N CINEMATOGRAPHY
Peter James (*Black Robe*)
James Bartle (*Hammers Over the Anvil*)
Steve Mason (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Geoffrey Simpson (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

SPECTRUM FILMS AWARD FOR BEST EDITING
Tim Wellburn (*Black Robe*)
Bill Murphy (*Romper Stomper*)
Jill Bilcock (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Nicholas Beauman (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

BEST ORIGINAL MUSIC SCORE
Georges Delerue (*Black Robe*)
Felicity Foxx (*Redheads*)
John Clifford White (*Romper Stomper*)
Paul Grabowsky (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

FILM SETS AUSTRALIA AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN PRODUCTION DESIGN
David McKay (*Love in Limbo*)
Steven Jones-Evans (*Romper Stomper*)
Catherine Martin (*Strictly Ballroom*)
Janet Patterson (*The Last Days of Chez Nous*)

BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN COSTUME DESIGN
Renee April, John Hay (*Black Robe*)
Clarissa Patterson (*Love in Limbo*)
Anna Borghesi (*Romper Stomper*)
Angus Strathie (*Strictly Ballroom*)

SOUNDFIRM AWARD FOR BEST ACHIEVEMENT IN SOUND
Phil Judd, Penn Robinson, Gary Wilkins (*Black Robe*)
Phil Judd, Guntis Sics, Karin Whittington (*Love in Limbo*)
Steve Burgess, David Lee, Frank Lipson (*Romper Stomper*)
Bruce Brown, Ben Osmo, Roger Savage (*Strictly Ballroom*)

YOUNG ACTOR'S AWARD IN A FEATURE FILM
Alexander Outhred (*Hammers Over the Anvil*)
*On recommendation by the Actors Jury to the AFI Board of Directors

KODAK NON-FEATURE FILM NOMINATIONS

BEST DOCUMENTARY
Black Harvest (Robin Anderson, Bob Connolly)
God's Girls: Stories from an Australian Convent (Cherie Nowlan)
Mr Neal is Entitled to be an Agitator (Daryl Dellora)
The Serpent and the Cross (Chris Hilton)

BEST SHORT ANIMATION
Secrets of the City (Cathy Linsley)
Shelf Life (Andrew Horne)
The Amphibian (Sina Azad, Anthony Lucas)
The Descent (Andrew Schultz)

BEST SHORT FILM
My Tiger's Eyes (Teck Tan)
See You Next Weekend (John Irwin)
The Art of Drowning (Jaems Grant)
The Road to Alice (Stavros Efthymiou)

KODAK NON-FEATURE SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS
Jackie Farkas, in Cinematography and in Direction (*Amelia Rose Towers*)
Sky Wansey, in Acting (*For He and She*)

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- LOVE IN LIMBO
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- STRICTLY BALLROOM

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National du Film de Mémes 1992

SCOTT MURRAY

Cannes 1992

Despite the fine efforts of other festivals, Cannes remains without doubt *the* international film event. There is a real buzz about Cannes when May draws near; and more rumours, deals and stories emanate from it than anywhere else, let alone many of the films that will grab critical attention around the world during the next year or so.

Of course, to those interested only in American mainstream cinema, Cannes may seem a bit off-centred; some Australian newspapers, for example, relishing their rôle at the forefront of an indigenous anti-intellectualism, think the whole thing irrelevant. In fact, one doubts if any other country sends so few of its prominent journalists to Cannes as does Australia. *The Times* in London would never think of not being properly represented, nor would *Le Monde* or *Die Spiegel*, but *The Age*, *The Australian*, et al, bypass the event, not even bothering to fully list those Australian films selected.[1] (Praise, then, for the pioneering efforts of SBS' *The Movie Show.*)

This disinterest by the fourth estate is all the more puzzling if one properly appreciates the importance of Cannes to the Australian film industry. Many of Australia's best directors owe an enormous amount to having been discovered at Cannes (and by Pierre Rissient), be they a Jane Campion, Fred Schepisi or Gillian Armstrong. Cannes has been, and still is, the principal launching pad for much Australian cinema, especially in these days of lower-budget, less Americanized films.

Of course, very few Australian films make it to an official selection, which is cause for real concern. One should also note the increasing importance of the link between Cannes selection and healthy sales. This year, it was reported that every film but one (*Jámon, jámon*) which did solid business in the marché (market) had been selected in an official event. This means the chances of Australian films just going to the marché and making money are lessening; the films must first be good enough for a festival spot.

One organization which is well aware of Cannes' importance, and is doing all it can to turn the industry around in the sales marketplace, is the Australian Film Commission's marketing division. Without the AFC, many an Australian, overawed by the bustle of Cannes, would never emerge from the relative sanctuary of a hotel or Le Petit Carlton bar. Fortunately, the AFC has so successfully held the hands of various producers over the years that today there is a growing number of Australians who know how to work Cannes for all its worth. It is increasingly common to see Australian filmmakers lob in for a day or two and negotiate a deal. That independence and confidence in a world marketplace is essential for a continuing local industry, and it is clear that the AFC's marketing work is paying off.[2]

As most readers now know, the Australian film which did do well at Cannes this year was Baz Luhrmann's *Strictly Ballroom.* Pierre Rissient had astutely suggested it be programmed in a midnight

THE PRIZES

PALME D'OR
Den Gioda Viljan (*The Best Intentions,* Bille August, Sweden)

PRIX DU 45e ANNIVERSAIRE DU FESTIVAL DE CANNES
James Ivory for *Howards End* (U.S.)

GRAND PRIX DU JURY
Gianni Amelio for *Il Ladro di Bambini* (*The Stolen Children,* Italy)

INTERPRÉTATION FÉMININE
Pernilla Ostergren-August for her rôle in *The Best Intentions*

INTERPRÉTATION MASCULINE
Tim Robbins for his rôle in *The Player* (U.S.)

PRIX DU JURY
El Sol del Membrillo (*The Quince Tree Sun,* Victor Erice, Spain)
and
Samostoiatelnaia Jizn (*An Independent Life,* Vitali Kanievski, Russia)

MISE EN SCÈNE
Robert Altman for *The Player*

PALME D'OR DU COURT-MÉNAGE
Omnibus (Francis Sam Karmann)

PRIX DU JURY DU COURT-MÉNAGE
La Sensation (Manuel Poutte, Belgium)

CAMÉRA D'OR
Mac (John Turturro, U.S.)

TECHNIQUE
Fernando Solanas for *El Viaje* (*The Voyage,* Argentina).

BELOW: OPENING NIGHT WITH THE CANNES JURY. JOHN BOORMAN, LEFT, RENE CLEITMAN, JAMIE LEE CURTIS, NANA DJORDJAZE AND PRESIDENT GERARD DEPARDIEU, TOGETHER WITH SHOWGIRLS AND CATHERINE DENEUVE. © IRA RICHOLSON.

LEFT: ROSETTA (VALENTINA SCALICI) AND HER BROTHER LUCIANO (GIUSEPPE IERACITANO). GIANNI AMELIO'S *IL LADRO DI BAMBINI* (*THE STOLEN CHILDREN*).

BELOW: PAINTER ANTONIO LOPEZ AT WORK IN VICTOR ERICE'S *EL SOL DEL MEMBRILLO* (*THE QUINCE TREE SUN*).

screening of Un Certain Regard and news of the aisle-dancing response soon spread. Excellent world sales was the result.

And, as with other Australian films, *Strictly Ballroom* just missed out on the Caméra d'Or for best first feature (on a 4-3 vote), following *Devil in the Flesh* in 1986 (which made the final four) and *Proof* last year (the final two).[3]

The success of *Strictly Ballroom*, plus market interest in Geoffrey Wright's *Romper Stomper*, did much to disguise the fact that 1992 was not a good year for Australian films. Next year, though, looks better. Australia should have Jane Campion's *The Piano Lesson* in Competition, and hopefully Tracey Moffatt's and Laurie McInnes' first features in some event. Let us hope that what looks like a new era in Australian cinema gets the sort of on-the-spot media coverage it deserves and needs. After all, how can one attract Australians back into cinemas to see local films if the fourth estate treats its (and the world's) best products with such disinterest?

THE COMPETITION

As usual, the prizes at Cannes created controversy, this year because they were said to favour old-fashioned, academic film-makers instead of the young and innovative. This critic, for once in accord with the prize giving (save those to *The Player*), would argue awards ought to go to the best-made films, irrespective of the sort of cinema they might be perceived to represent. And there can be little doubt, surely, that Bille August's *The Best Intentions* (Palme d'Or), Gianni Amelio's *The Stolen Children* (Grand Jury Prize) and Victor Erice's *The Quince Tree Sun* (Jury Prize) were the best-made films in Competition, followed by James Ivory's *Howards End* (45th Anniversary Prize). Whether these films represent one's favourite type of cinema isn't the point.

First, then, *The Stolen Children*, which is Gianni Amelio's fourth feature, and comes after the acclaimed *Porte Aperte* (*Open Doors*). Not that it had any need to do so, *The Stolen Children* confirms Amelio's place as one of the most talented and sensitive directors working today.

When the police arrest a woman for prostituting her 11-year-old daughter, Rosetta (Valentina Scalici) and her younger brother, Luciano (Giuseppe Ieracitano), are sent by the court to a church-run orphanage outside Rome. But when taken there by a young and rather simple-souled *carabinieri*, Antonio (Enrico Lo Verso), they are turned away because of the girl's 'past'. Antonio is thus forced to take them to another state home, in Sicily. So begins the long journey south, a journey that for all Italians has enormous social and political implications.

On the way, Antonio is drawn increasingly towards the children. Not only do they inspire a kindly protectiveness, they also liberate the child in him. Quite clearly, Amelio feels that the way society has distanced adults from children not their own has been detrimental for all, a fear of molestation having put up all sorts of physical and emotional barriers.

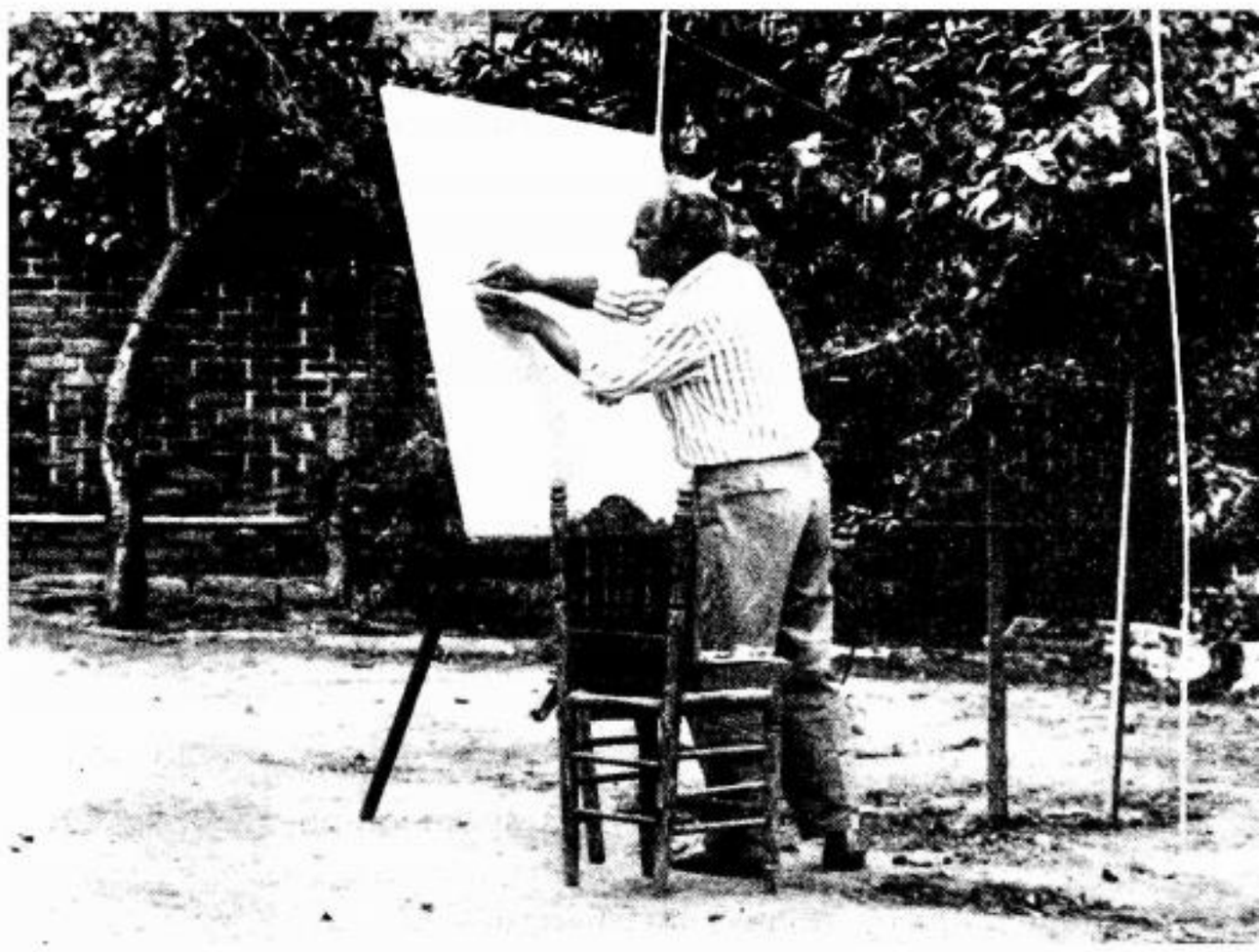
The children are much more reticent to open up emotionally, especially Rosetta, who has a very protective attitude to her brother. Always having been forced to sit outside his mother's flat while Rosetta is with a client, Luciano has no knowledge of his sister's torment. She manages to keep it that way, until Luciano happens to glance at a magazine and reads for himself what has happened. The sadness of his discovery, but more important the way Rosetta is able to suppress her own hurt to help look after someone she so cares for, make for some overpowering scenes.

But, too, there are moments of light, as when Antonio and the children take delight in this magic 'time-off' by lolling on beaches, visiting Antonio's family restaurant in Calabria and walking unconcernedly the streets of Italy. Even an accidental meeting with two young French tourists gives rise to delight, though, even here, the cruelty of the State manages to intervene.

The ending, which is best not revealed here, is profoundly moving. Certainly, there was no finer film at Cannes this year. In Amelio, the cinema has a new master.

As for Victor Erice, he too is one of the cinema's greatest directors, but he has made only two features, *El Espíritu de la colmena* (*The Spirit of the Beehive*, 1973) and *El Sur* (1983). So it was an unexpected delight to find at Cannes a 139-minute documentary by him about the Spanish painter, Antonio López

The Quince Tree Sun begins with López's meticulous assembly of a canvas and ends with his having, at least temporarily (for he



1. David Stratton is published in *The Australian*, but he is a freelancer who goes primarily to Cannes for *Variety* and *The Movie Show*.
2. In the interests of full disclosure, it should be stated that the head of the AFC's marketing branch is Sue Murray, this writer's London-based sister.
3. These at least are the known ones. Up until last year, runners-up were not announced. (The placing of *Devil in the Flesh* was revealed by one of the Caméra d'Or Jury that year.) Whether other Australian films have come close is the subject of great speculation.

LEFT: LEONARD BAST (SAM WEST) AND HELEN SCHLEGEL (HELENA BONHAM CARTER). JAMES IVORY'S *HOWARDS END*. BELOW: THE FINAL SCENE FROM VITALI KANIEVSKI'S *SAMOSTOIATELNAIA JIZN (AN INDEPENDENT LIFE)*, WITH VALERKA (PAVEL NAZAROV) AT RIGHT.

is a perfectionist), finished the painting and subsequent pencil drawing (perhaps the real 'end' product).

Rather like parts of Jacques Rivette's *La Belle Noiseuse*, Erice's film is a precise and intense look at an artist at work. Many of the revelations are strangely exciting: the careful way López positions himself so as to look at the quince tree while painting, marking with metal crosses where the toes of his shoes must always go; the white lines he paints on the fruit and leaves so that he can check against two plumb lines how the tree is altering shape over the months he takes to complete the painting and sketch, the last pencil lines being done as winter encroaches around him.

The film has Erice's typically measured pace, but anything quicker would break the tension between the viewer and an artist painstakingly at work. As Erice says of his experiments in recording López's work:

> One can observe that the artist's work appears as a kind of trance, where feelings of absence and emptiness become key elements in a representation. Surveying the results, one can see how the painter's eye and hand have managed to transcend the limits of representation, to show us finally not a direct testimony of reality but its pure revelation.

The film is packed with detail and insights into López's relationship with art and life. One scene in particular, where a friend visits and a discussion on art ensues, is as humorous and endearing as anything Cannes could offer elsewhere. Occasionally, too, a scene does not work fully or is too long, and those segments shot on Beta video lower the visual tone (especially since Javier Aguirresarobe's and Angel Luis Fernández's 35mm colour photography is so luminous).

But why quibble when so much cinematic talent is on show? If only there could be found someone who can motivate/inspire/fund Erice into making a film more often than once a decade. The present cinema scene is too threadbare to be able to afford his extended absences from it.

In the prize giving, what actually topped both Amelio's and Erice's films was Bille August's *The Best Intentions*, a superbly-crafted film that left many critics emotionally cold but had quite the reverse effect on this one.

Made concurrently with the six-hour television series that was a ratings triumph in Scandinavia, August's 185-minute film is based on Ingmar Bergman's final screenplay. Developing ideas only fragmentally dealt with in his autobiography, *Laterna Magica* (*Magic Lantern*), Bergman takes an unblinking look at ten years in the life of his parents, from when they meet to his birth.

Theirs is a fateful and troubled love: not only is there the vast difference of class between the Åkerbloms and the Bergmans, but Henrik Bergman (Samuel Fröler) is a deeply tortured man, the ways of the flesh and weakness of spirit struggling against a Calvinist nature of fearsome intent. In contrast, Anna Åkerblom (Pernilla Ostergren-August) is a young woman of delicacy and calm, with a delightfully mischievous humour. As well, she has great strength and independence, and a will so determined that nothing (family, self doubts, the harshness of life as a vicar's wife in remote areas) can stop her.

Some may find the negative aspects of character, particularly Henrik's, too powerfully drawn (especially those who prefer American love stories where everyone is perfectly nice), but there is a truth in *The Best Intentions* that is hard and clear.

The film is academic, precise, controlled and refined, but always tinged with sensitivity and feeling. Certainly it is brilliantly acted, by Pernilla Ostergren-August, Samuel Fröler and Max von Sydow (as Anna's father) – to unfairly select a few. Ostergren-August, for one, is a revelation in the subtle way she conveys every nuance of Anna's fateful love for the troubled Henrik.

One should also note the brilliant photography of Jörgen Persson and the understated work of production designer Anna Asp. Certainly, this is near flawless filmmaking of the old school, but since the newer directors could produce nothing near this standard, the Festival Jury was absolutely correct in rewarding it so.

The film most compared to *The Best Intentions* was James Ivory's *Howards End*, which was an early Palme d'Or favourite but had to settle for the specially-created 45th Anniversary Prize. In fact, one of the more melancholic sights at Cannes was the celebratory dinner of the Ivory-Merchant group at La Mere Besson after the closing ceremony. Viewed from the adjacent table, one could see clearly the contrast between the irrepressibly jovial Ismael Merchant and the dour Ivory, who would not have spoken ten words during the meal, eyes staring concentratedly at his food. Maybe he was reflecting on how that elusive Palme d'Or may have slipped away from him for ever.

If that is so, it would be a pity, for Merchant and Ivory have had an extraordinary career in making a successful niche on the edges of mainstream cinema. Despite all the odds facing directors of highly personal and artistic work, especially work so at odds with the nihilistic trendiness of much cinema today, they have kept finding finance and, along the way, made some very fine films.

The plot of *Howards End* need not be summarized here, for most interested readers will have already seen it by now. What should be said is that it is beautifully acted, with ravishing photography (from Tony Pierce-Roberts) and precise direction. Again, Ivory-Merchant has correctly judged what a modern audience will warm to in period drama.

Adapting literature a half-century or so old is a risky task, but it has now become an Ivory speciality. As usual, he comfortably brings certain modern perspectives to a novel very much of and about its time. In particular, as with the more recently set *Mr and Mrs Bridge*, he raises feminist issues in a way no man, however stubborn, could surely resist being seduced by. Ivory also offers a critique of the social stereotyping of male behaviour that is both incisive of its restrictive destructiveness, and understanding of the

way male emotion is suppressed by it. When Mr Wilcox (Anthony Hopkins) breaks down and cries (over the problem of another male, naturally), it is both pathetic and moving.

This is a luscious film to look at, especially in the dusk scenes where the new colour stocks give a richness and detail not dreamt of before. The beginning, with Ruth (Vanessa Redgrave) walking through the long grass at twilight, gives a sensory pleasure too rarely experienced in the compromised age of super-speed lenses.

The precision of Ivory's direction, too, from his composing of figures in varying landscapes to the delicacy of performance from the entire cast, gives great pleasure. The only flaw in the pictorial perfection comes from the typically overly-fussy production design of Luciana Arrighi.

Not that there aren't other, more major, flaws undermining the surface perfection. The character of Helen Schlegel (Helena Bonham Carter), for example, is given equal screen time early on, but is allowed to drift to marginality at the very point she becomes most strident (and interesting). There is also far too little analysis (in a 142-minute film) of how and why she and her sister, Margaret (Emma Thompson), take divergent paths.

Particularly puzzling is why Margaret chooses to marry Mr Wilcox, a most uninteresting and conservative man, especially when she is established as so lively and intelligent a woman. This being an Ivory film, sex (let alone love) is not touted as a possible cause for matrimony. Rather, Ivory seems to conceive of male-female relationships as platonic friendships (or necessary social contracts). When in this film he must grapple with heterosexual sex – the bed scene between Leonard Bast (Sam West) and his wife (Nicola Duffett)) – Ivory makes a woman's healthy sexuality look sluttish. Like too many an Ivory male, Leonard heads towards sex with a woman rather reluctantly, if not squeamishly. Ivory really ought to try to be a little more objective.

An even more major criticism is that the film's resolution goes against much of what one assumes Ivory wishes to argue. For all the film's attempts at social criticism, it ultimately reinforces the English notion that classes should not mix, as the results can be disastrous (especially for the poor). Leonard's sensitivity and striving for æsthetic experience outside that of his working-class origins leads first to poverty and then to death, killed by the sort of books that inspired him in the first place to hope for better things. Surely Ivory can't be serious.

Equally, the film cares too much for the prettiness of the period and too little for the lives of its downtrodden. Sure one is happy Margaret, Helen and the baby have the green-lawned Howards End at film's close, but why is Leonard's widow so conspicuously ignored? Her dramatic purpose served, she is callously tossed aside.

Also from England (and this time with a British director) came Terence Davies' *The Long Day Closes*. For those not won over by his compilation feature of *Distant Voices* and *Still Lives*, his new work may prove a major surprise. The cold tone and heterophobia of the previous work is gone (no more drunken men and sexual violence), and replaced by a warmth toward people that verges on the sentimental. Certainly the boy's love for his mother is in both films, but without the abhored father, and the anger directed at him, love for mother dominates.

This change of tone was greatly welcomed at Cannes, especially by several of the director's friends who have long been advocating Davies put more of his own good humour into his work. Certainly at his press conference, Davies looked and sounded a man totally at ease with his new film and his life.

In *The Long Day Closes*, Davies continues the story from *Still Lives*, again 'recreating' an era through which he, as a boy, passed with stylized images and period songs (mercifully fewer this time).

Some critics were disappointed that Davies has fudged his own homosexuality (all but avoided except for a loving shot of a half-naked labourer and a puzzling scene where the boy washes his brother's back). When questioned about this, Davies argued that he had had no sexual feelings by the age of eleven (the boy's age).

Technically, the film is a dazzling visual triumph of technique and (again) of the new Eastman camera stocks. The compositions are precise, the choreography convincingly stylized (unlike in *Distant Voices*) and the performances precise.

What undermines partially these striking achievements, however, is Davies' preciousness of tone and a sense that it doesn't really add up to all that much beyond picture-perfect nostalgia. Davies is unquestionably courageous in his non-narrative patterning, but it is hard at day's-end to feel he has said much at all. It came as little surprise to hear from Davies that his autobiographical cinema journey is at an end.

Still, the film shows a care and love that makes one warm to it greatly.

Another major contributor of films at Cannes this year was Russia. Both Pavel Louguine and Vitali Kanievski, who had stunned Cannes in 1990 with *Taxi Blues* (Best Director) and *Stop, Die, Rise Again* (Caméra d'Or), were back with new work.

Kanievski's *Samostoiatelnaia Jizn* (*An Independent Life*) continues the largely autobiographical story of Valerka (Pavel Nazarov). There is not a story as such, rather a largely unconnected series of self-contained scenes, mostly concerned with Valerka's coming to terms with his own sexuality and how sex is

treated in society. Everything is feverishly directed and strikingly composed, but the effect is strangely uninvolving; nowhere does Kanievski generate the power of the first film.

Kanievski also suspends belief by bringing back the actress who played Galia, the girl killed at the end of the first film, as Galia's previously unheard-of sister, Valka. Quite clearly, actress Dinara Droukarova is playing the same character and Kanievski is unwise to pretend otherwise. In this most post-modern of worlds, why did he not just re-introduce her? Why should a screen death mean a character can't live on?

Visually, the film is often startling, but too often Kanievski is obsessed with a striking technique when nothing is happening dramatically. It is overkill and numbs the viewer. How many dazzling two-shots of people doing and saying nothing does he really need? There are brief moments of tenderness, as with the separation of Valerka and Valka at the end, but, yet again, Kanievski has a girl die in part for the male to find himself.

As well, Kanievski's concentration on horrific images is unsettling; apart from merely informing the audience of how bad life could be in Russia (and this is hardly news), what is the point if no dramatic energy evolves out of it. Almost as if acknowledging this, Kanievski tries to be even more horrific than before with a particularly bloody abortion, endless scenes of violence and a sequence where Valerka douses rats with fuel and sets them alight. The image of burning rats scampering in terror and agony into the night is unforgettable, but Kanievski evokes nothing more meaningful than audience horror at his staging such a scene.

In *Luna Park*, Pavel Louguine deals with a modern problem: how neo-fascist gangs in cities like Moscow are trying to rid society of "undesirables" (homosexualists, gays, Jews). It is a perverted new form of the 'cleansing' done in more Stalinist times, and the repercussions are frightening. In Kazan, for example, the gangs so totally run the city that it is closed off from the rest of Russia and the world.

Louguine opens boldly with a bloody fight on a mud dune in front of the Moscow parliament: instead of Yeltsin bravely making a career out of crisis, here rage is unleashed in an orgy of physicality. Vehicles inspired by *Mad Max* clash with motor-bikes, spiked tyres and knives ripping into flesh, and blood splattering on the muddy ground.

As in *Taxi Blues*, where Louguine takes a very Dostoevskian view of a shifting 'master and servant' relationship between a taxi driver and his passenger, here he focuses in similar manner (though less precisely) on the relationship between a gang leader and his long-lost father.

Andreï (Andreï Goutine) and Aliona (Natalia Egorova) run a Moscow gang, hanging out at a local amusement park with its scary roller-coaster (a symbol in many ways for Louguine of the path of modern Soviet history). One day, Aliona devastates Andreï by telling him he has a Jewish father. This means immediate expulsion from the group, and a troubled journey for Andreï in locating his father and reconciling his anti-semitic hatred with his own culture.

Andreï's father is Naoum Blumstein (Oleg Borisov), whom Andreï first thinks of killing, but slowly comes to relate to. And out of this confusing, troubled relationship, Andreï emerges with a new sense of identity, even given the 'surprise' events at the end. Just as *Taxi Blues* ended ironically, the 'master' stuck in his inability to change and the 'servant' now the more powerful, here Andreï learns that the decisions taken in life may be mistaken ones, but it is only through individual action does change come – within oneself and in society at large.

Of course, it is impossible not to read this as a political allegory. But what matters most to Louguine is the personal journey forward. Clearly he sees change in Russia coming from a humanist ideology, not from one of the left or right. In that sense, despite the bleak violence of much of his images, the film is a deeply optimistic one. That was missed by the many who were turned off by the film's starkness. Yet here is a film in which the director actually posits a solution, instead of resorting to the ultimate cop-out of "It is not for me to suggest solutions, but to pose questions."

What weakens *Luna Park* as a film, and makes it a somewhat disappointing follow-up to *Taxi Blues*, is the skimpiness of many scenes and a fitfully-progressive structure (the director has admitted the script was rushed). As well, Louguine's obsession with depicting violence (like Australian Geoffrey Wright's in the not dissimilar, but much more regressive, *Romper Stomper*) is off-putting; like Kanievski, one suspects he enjoys the staging of it a tad too much.

From France came three films to the Competition. The finest, though least liked, was Medhi Charef's *Au Pays des Juliets*. It is the story of three women prison inmates sharing, by accident, a 24-hour pass of leave. Brilliantly choreographed, shot and edited, with solid performances from Maria Schneider, Laure Duthilleul and Claire Nebout, the film is infused with unusual sweetness and caring.

FACING PAGE: ANDREÏ (ANDREÏ GOUTINE) AND HIS MOSCOW STREET GANG. PAVEL LOUGUINE'S *LUNA PARK*.
LEFT: GRIFFIN MILL (TIM ROBBINS) AND JUNE GUDMUNDSDOTTIR (GRETA SCACCHI). ROBERT ALTMAN'S *THE PLAYER*.

The film conveys most powerfully the sense of how one misjudgement can mean much of a person's life is effectively over (to paraphrase a line of dialogue). We are all capable of such mistakes and it is hard to think of any other film, not even George Stevens' *A Place in the Sun* (1951), which so tellingly conveys this.

Equally affecting is the gradual development of friendship between these young women. Though their adventures together are necessarily matter-of-fact (waiting for a train, drinking coffee, visiting a nightclub, walking the streets), there evolves a delicate and precious bond that, without a hint of sentimentality, is quietly moving.

Where Charef does makes a misjudgement is in having each character go into confessional mode in the style of 1950s American films ("Suddenly, last summer, ..."). The stories they relate, straight into the lens, are not always riveting (and tended to be lampooned all over Cannes by critics). Neither are these stories necessary, because we know instantly these women are unfortunate victims, typical of anyone who has made a mistake through lapse of judgement, rather than meanspiritedness. Specific explanations are not needed.

That aside, *Au Pays des Juliets* is a small gem. It is hard to explain adequately the joy of seeing a film about *women*, especially after all those films at Cannes about men finding themselves, where women are at best peripheral catalysts.

One such film is Edouard Niermans' *Le Retour de Casanova*, the story of the ageing Casanova (Alain Delon). Barred from returning to his beloved Venice, Casanova hides out in France with his faithful, and sometimes amusing, manservant, Camille (Fabrice Luchini). But even in the provinces of the south, Casanova finds it hard to get away from his 'legendary' sexual status, especially when he has no money and satisfying a female body is often the only way to satisfy an outstanding hotel bill.

The inevitable irony is that Casanova should finally fall in love – and with someone disinterested in him. Marcolina (Elsa) is a modern-minded and spirited girl with an interest in astrology. She lives at her uncle's chateau, where Casanova goes as a privileged guest, having been in a way responsible for the coming together of Olivo (Gilles Arbona) and his wife, Amélie (Delia Boccardo). What Olivo, of course, does not realize is that all that Amélie ever dreams of is once again sleeping with Casanova. But for Casanova the first conquest is all, and returning to the site of previous conquest has no interest for him.

So, the scheming begins, Amélie to bed Casanova, and Casanova to bed Marcolina. In the process, Niermans takes pot-shots at a society ruled by class and notions of approved behaviour. There is, for example, a deliciously wicked scene where an elderly Marquis (Alain Cuny) takes on and destroys at cards Marcolina's parvenu lover, Lorenzi (Wadeck Stanczak).

While the first half of the film resembles a sombre version of *Benjamin* (Michel Deville, 1968), the second has an eerie descent toward darkness as Casanova is allowed to return to Venice on the condition he spy for the State. The cut to a pan along the old buildings of the Grand Canal, and the dramatic positioning of Casanova and his confederates on the gondola, suggest Casanova is heading toward death. In a sense, it is an inevitable fate for one who had to rely on trickery to get his sexual way (he entered Marcolina's dark bedroom disguised as Lorenzi, whom he has just killed, fairly, in a duel).

The film was described by Nick Roddick (in *Moving Pictures International*, the daily bible at Cannes) as a good example of an old-fashioned French film made for a European audience. That it is: competent, colourful, and lifted by the presence of a star (Delon) and by excellent period recreation. Ultimately, though, it is a less-than-timely film and somewhat mysogynistic.

What undermines one's response to the otherwise powerful and moody ending is that the director shows no interest in the fate of Marcolina. Her realization next morning that she has been tricked by Casanova's disguise (and why did not Canasova's inevitably different sexual technique give him away?) is allowed only a brief close-up and a gasp. Then she is seen no more. Despite having been set up as an admirably modern and independent woman, Niermans tosses Marcolina aside, just as Casanova has done with his innumerable other conquests.

The third French film in Competition was *La Sentinelle*, a debut feature from Arnaud Desplechin, who graduated from IDHEC in the same class as Eric Rochant (who has already made two important features, *Une Monde sans Pitié* and *Aux Yeux du Monde*) and Christian Vincent (who directed the acclaimed *La Discréte*, which is yet to be seen in Australia).

Desplechin has all the makings of a wunderkind (*à la* Leos Carax), even if his film is only mildly successful. At its best, his direction is crisp and pointed, though some scenes are rather perfunctorily directed (pans back and forth between necessarily compromised close-ups). He shows evidence of a director who will fashion a strong personal style, and he gets good performances from his largely young cast.

The story is a political tale of skeletons that refuse to be buried (in this case a mummified head). Mathias Barillet (Emmanuel Salinger), the son of a diplomat and brought up in Germany, is harassed on his train journey back to France by a shadowy figure of the political underworld (who plants the head in Mathias' suitcase). A medical student, Mathias spends the rest of the film trying to discover whose head it was and, in the process, the intrigues behind today's post-war politics. The lesson is that cold war game-playing dies hard.

Cannes 1992

BELOW: ARIEL (ERIC THAL) AND EMILY (MELANIE GRIFFITH). SIDNEY LUMET'S *A STRANGER AMONG US*. RIGHT: CAITLAN BOSSLEY AS ANGELA IN ALISON MACLEAN'S *CRUSH*. AND: INES (LORRAINE EVANOFF) AND ANTHONY (JOHN HURT) IN RAUL RUIZ'S *L'OEIL QUI MENT (DARK AT NOON)*.

The film is far too long (145 mins) for its thinly-developed narrative line and, while many scenes are sharply drawn, their relevance is only marginal. One might be tempted to say the film is indulgent, but that would be unfair. This is the work of a talented director finding his feet. His next film should reveal much.

After much brouhaha in the U.S., Robert Altman's *The Player* descended at Cannes. It is not the promised hard-hitting black satire on Hollywood but rather a damp squib of a film which, at its true heart, is more than half in love with what it pretends to criticize.

The Player is a film with very little wit and almost no humour. It is desultorily directed, the acting unconvincing (apart from the ever-reliable Peter Gallagher) and the ad-libbing weaker than usual for Altman (the scene where poor Burt Reynolds tries to sustain a conversation over breakfast is a new low; Reynolds should see his lawyer).

Tim Robbins, winner of Best Actor, is particularly unconvincing as the callous studio executive, Griffin Mill, who fails to divulge his manslaughter of a conscious-pricking writer. (Here Altman whimps out again: why manslaughter and not murder?) As for the bit part star actors, with one or two exceptions near the end, the whole idea is disruptive. How can one fully enjoy a film when audiences sit there going, "Is that Jerry Lewis? ... No, it's Jeff Goldblum."?

Altman's film takes an unpleasantly superior position to mainstream American cinema. What he fails to realize is that his film is rather inferior to much of he would have us believe he is attacking. (It is certainly hard to find a worse shot film.) No, Altman is in love with the bullshit of Hollywood, with the deal and the back-room games (one only had to see him 'work' Cannes), and for him to pretend otherwise is disingenuous.

Sidney Lumet's *A Stranger Among Us* ("Close to Eden" was the preferred title) is, like Peter Weir's *Witness*, to which seemingly every critic compared it unfavourably, the story of a cop who goes and lives among a sheltered religious community. Here, Emily Eden (Melanie Griffith) has to solve a 47th-street disappearance, which soon becomes a murder investigation. Suspecting an inside job among the Jewish diamond trade, she goes in disguise into the Hasidic community (which many critics, mostly Jewish, found unbelievable and led to heated exchanges at the press conference, which the writer, the son of a Rabbi, won on points).

In the Hasidic community, Eden meets and falls in love with Ariel (Eric Thal), the son of the Rebbe. She learns about a culture quite alien to her and about which she is at first dismissive; he is touched by an experience that gives his religious studies and rôle in the community a new and richer perspective. Almost as an irrelevance, Eden solves the crime (with the aid of a sexist cop who, as it turns out, is a good one).

Mostly, *A Stranger Among Us* is an ethnographic study of the Hasidim, told with warmth and a total lack of critical judgement – something rather atypical in Lumet's work. This lack of perspective makes the film look a tad propagandish (a criticism Lumet conspicuously evaded at his press conference).

Still, there is much that is new and interesting to non-Hasidic people and, given no documentary is likely to be made inside the community (they refuse to have anything to do with the cinema, including watching it), one is grateful for the insights given here.

Coupled with the portrait of the Hasidim are two other narrative strands: the police mystery and the love story. The former is perfunctory at best and clearly of only minimal interest to the scriptwriter and director, as can be seen in the amazingly lacklustre scene where Eden cracks the plot (thus trailing the audience by a good 90 mins).

Where *A Stranger Among Us* does work, and work beautifully, is with the love story: this one of the best in years. It is sensitively acted and very moving. Both Griffith and Thal are revelations in these scenes and Lumet proves, yet again, what a superb director he is of actors.

If the critics didn't like the Lumet, mostly they hated the David Lynch. His *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* was easily the most vocally disapproved-of film in Competition, the press booing at the end and also hissing Lynch as he entered the press conference. Two years ago they were cheering him for a film (*Wild at Heart*) that is no better.

Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me is a prequel to the television series and covers the last seven days of Laura Palmer. Some of the same characters appear, if only for a line or two, others (like Audrey) are missing, and there are some new ones, such as the FBI agents played by Kiefer Sutherland and Chris Isaak. David Bowie, despite prominent billing, walks down a corridor and says one or two lines; hardly memorable.

Given that most of the audience already knows the ending (that Laura gets murdered, by whom and arguably why), one may have thought Lynch might try to undermine that expectation with a few post-modernist games. But no, the film leadenly heads to its pre-ordained conclusion without a flicker of invention or interest.

Many critics questioned why Lynch should want to return to what is already stale territory, since it is clear that the television audience is bored with the story. Equally surprising is that Lynch uses the same cheap sets and locations, and even a small aspect ratio, thus making the whole thing look as if it could have been

shot on weekends while the series was in production. There is nothing, except for a bit of sex, that one can't get from the series re-run.

The story as such is very dull, the casting clichéd. Sheryl Lee, of course, has now gone from being cast as a corpse to playing the lead rôle in a feature, so her less-than-riveting performance is arguably not her fault. What is surprising is the way Lynch referred to her at his press conference as a great actress, a great find.

Most critics, in a state of shock at why their idol had fallen so far, concentrated on the violence. Yes, the film is deeply offensive in its lascivious portrayal of violence (thereby matching its attitude to sex and lingerie). But Lynch made no convincing attempt to justify his pornography of violence, arguing instead that as a director he is interested in everything. But his own film contradicts him: the sex and violence sequences are directed with far more attention to detail, number of camera positions and intricacy of movement than anything else. Scenes of a car travelling from X to Y, or one character explaining a plot point to another, are perfunctorily shot, often in a bland single shot.

Take too the sound. When a bullet enters a brain, the sound is a marvel of post-production and synthesization. Lynch makes death sound delicious. No such care or eroticization is accorded footsteps on gravel, et al.

Also in Competition was Hal Hartley's third film, *Simple Men*. It is a very slowly-told tale of two brothers searching for their radical, on-the-run father. Like the work of Jim Jarmusch and Sara Driver, the film has off-beat, fringe-of-society characters, dialogue based on deconstructionist language and with a nihilistic edge, as if western civilization (and cinema) has exhausted itself. All stories have been told, all emotions played out, all moral goodness evaporated. Only the ending contradicts this, which is unconvincingly purloined from Robert Bresson's *Pickpocket*.

The acting is minimalist, the framing precious and the whole tone smug about its own cleverness. This is strictly for Hartley fans.

Then again, just as an early exit looks tempting, one glimpses hints of a technically-interesting style being developed. And behind the veneer there is a tension between the nihilism and a sweetness which suggests a much more interesting filmmaker at work. One will have to wait and see.

Also disappointing was *Crush*, the first feature of New Zealand director Alison Maclean, who made the heralded short film *Kitchen Sink*. *Crush* is a seriously flawed work, typifying too many of the misjudgements of first-up filmmaking.

The story concerns two women, Lane (Marcia Gay Harden) and Christina (Donogh Rees), whose friendship turns to revengeful gameplaying after a careless car accident when Lane is at the wheel. Into their tense world enter an androgynous adolescent girl, Angela (Caitlan Bossley), and her writer father, Colin (William Zappa). As loyalties and sexual desire change, so inevitably does the thin fabric that holds aberrant behaviour in check.

This bleak film, made with an eye to rendering every location and person as ugly as possible (to sometimes risibly strained effect), stretches its premise to breaking point. The *noir* aspects are not inventively handled (it is all too monotone and obvious), and the drama is devoid of tension. Maclean also does not help her cause with dull performances all round (save the enigmatic Bossley's), very poor post-dubbing and sound mixing, and less-than-commanding photography.

No film in Competition was more poorly reviewed in print and its inclusion was widely seen as testimony to the dire shortage of interesting work by women directors. Still, at least New Zealand got a film in Competition, which is more than Australia could manage.

From Senegal came Djibril Diop Mambéty's *Hyènes*, a retelling of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's play *Der Besuch der alten Dame* (*The Visit*).

Linguère Ramatou (Ami Diakhate), an old woman and now immensely wealthy, returns after twenty years to her native coastal village of Colobane. Seeing the dire poverty all around her, she promises to help, but only if her one-time lover, and the village shopkeeper, Dramaan Drameh (Mansour Diouf), is executed for having declined paternity of her child. The villagers indignantly refuse, but the pressure soon builds.

The film is always allegorical and clearly so at the end where Dramaan's fate is visually linked with that of a modernized Senegal. Well shot and with a particularly likeable cast of characters (save the sinister Ramatou), *Hyènes* is an enjoyable film. From a cinema-poor country, it is also quite remarkable.

By world standards, however, the film lacks a strong narrative drive and the complexity of Dürrenmatt's play is levelled out here to a one-track tone. Still, allegories often need to be simple and the film's social value in Senegal is impossible to judge from here.

Raul Ruiz's Spanish-French *L'Oeil qui Ment* (*Dark at Noon*) is a limp attempt at surrealism that gained few fans (one being David Stratton). An awkwardly bi-lingual co-production, it makes one only too aware the disparity between master (Luis Bunuel) and avowed pupil. Little will be said for it until an Adrian Martin takes up its cause.

Also shown in Competition, but unsighted by this critic, were Gary Sinise's *Of Mice and Men*, which was warmly received but was also accused of being old-fashioned; the acclaimed *Léolo* by Canadian Jean-Claude Lauzon; and Fernando Solanas' *El Viaje* (*The Journey*). Special Screenings included Ron Howard's 65mm *Far and Away*, the restored *Othello* of Orson Welles, Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* and Vincent Ward's work-in-progess, *Map of the Human Heart*.

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Cannes'92

Gianni Amelio's The Stolen Chil

This year at Cannes, Gianni Amelio won the Jury Prize for* Il Ladro di Bambini *(The Stolen Children), the story of an 11-year-old girl who has been forced into prostitution, and the young policeman who escorts her and her brother to a children's home in Sicily. It is a moving plea for a society in which children and adults can once again freely interact.

Gianni Amelio first stunned Australian film lovers with his extraordinarily spare and powerful *Colpire al Cuore* (*Blow to the Heart*), which was shown at the festivals and on SBS. It is an unsettling analysis of terrorism told through the story of a father (Jean-Louis Trintignant) and his teenage son (Fausto Rossi).

The next Amelio seen in Australia was *Porte Aperte* (*Open Doors*), which many critics rightly praised as the best adaptation of a Leonardo Sciascia novel since Francesco Rosi's *Cadaveri Eccellenti* (*Illustrious Corpses/The Context*). Coming from a culture where Sciascia dominated the literary scene in a way no one had since Lampedusa, that was no insignificant achievement.

This year's Cannes festival saw the screening of his latest venture, *The Stolen Children.*

What gave you the idea for *The Stolen Children*?

It came to me three years ago, after seeing a photograph in a newspaper in a horrifying article about a woman who had turned her eight-year-old daughter into a prostitute. And the photo showed the little girl from behind as she walked down the street holding a grown man's hand.

That photo was highly ambiguous, as often occurs with images, whether photographs or television pictures, without words or captions to explain them. But the caption here was: "The girl being taken to a children's home by a policeman."

That was how the film came about, and also because I wanted to tell a story about the things that are happening all round us: a film that shares the discomfort that we are all aware of.

What relationship is there between *The Stolen Children* and your previous films?

Colpire al Cuore, I Ragazzi di Via Panisperna and *Porte Aperte* are strictly "high profile" films, in terms of their contents and the issues they deal with (terrorism, nuclear power, the death penalty). But in *The Stolen Children*, the problem was to find a sort of new purity of language while, at the same time, trying not to make it an Issue, with a capital "I". Even the choice of the hero – a professional policeman – was for simplification, and to wipe out any trace of intellectualism. I tried to avoid any intention to tell a story from the author's point of view, and to recount events directly without trying to demonstrate anything or be metaphorical.

You have stressed the idea of the simplicity of the film but you have also rejected the intention of "authorship". Can you explain exactly what you mean by that?

"Rigour" has ended up by being exhibitionism in many instances. I feel uncomfortable today about what I would call the author's arrogance. I see it as a different kind of mystification. Rossellini used to say, "I don't calculate anything. I know what to say, and I find the most direct way of saying it. That's all. I don't go to enormous lengths. If I say what I want to, it's not important how it is said."

What do you change when you are on the set? For example, how was the shooting of *The Stolen Children*?

Since this was a fairly low-budget film, without using established actors, I was able to treat the screenplay fairly freely, leaving considerable room to improvisation. That is something I always consider to be indispensable. I'm afraid of seeing the script on the screen all over again, even though I know that I wrote it.

On the set of *The Stolen Children*, I wrote the dialogues as we went along, changing the settings as we filmed, bringing in new characters and cutting out others from the script. It's a risky way of working, and demands tremendous freedom of action.

From the point of view of the language, what has changed in your way of making films?

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Today we are being bombarded with far more images than we ever were ten or twenty years ago; you had to go out and look for images in those days, building them up. Today you have to scrap them, keep them at arm's length. The main task now is to retrieve a fragment of an image, and then make it different, detached in one way or another from everything that the people see before their eyes twenty-four hours a day on the television screen. And then you offer them a kind of value-added, a different coefficient. I think that this "extra" something has to be suggested through things, detached from any preconceived ideas or formal constraints.

Does this mean emphasizing the documentary aspect of the cinema?

Renoir once said something quite extraordinary. The reality that we show today with the camera must be protected as far as possible by closing the doors on true reality, but, when it comes to filming, this has to be done by leaving a window ajar by accident, as it were, so that something can come in that will be able to overturn all your plans. The real language of the cinema comes about moment by moment, and it is often things that suggest it to you. That does not change the fact that the main job has to be done in the planning phase, eliminating alternatives rather than accumulating things, sticking to a feeling, an idea, that subsequent contaminations can perhaps enrich, but not wipe out. Directing is like an iceberg: the set, shooting, are only the visible part above the surface.

Your film shows a seriously failing Italy: a ruined environment, degraded human relations.

It shows a country which no longer realizes what is wrong with it. The atmosphere of *The Stolen Children* is quite different from that of the neo-realist films it has sometimes been compared with. People in those films were the post-war Italians, who realized the disaster that had befallen them, and were determined to put it behind them. Today, they belong to an apathetic and blinded Italy, which has given up any desire to live as a civil society, a country where such values as solidarity and dignity survive in the outsiders, the marginalized.

Children and teenagers play an important part in your films.

But the real protagonist is always the adult. The child is often the mask worn by the adult who has not grown up; at all events, harder and more intransigent than the adult; less willing to compromise. Children and teenagers are more like a mirror that gives a distorted reflection of the adult before them – a thorn in his conscience.

How did you work with the two leading child actors and with a young theatre actor like Enrico Lo Verso?

It is important to choose the right actor for whatever rôle. Then you have to work on the actor and not on the character. In other words, always start with the actor and the way he is and does things, and make his character fit him rather than the other way round.

I am sometimes unhappy about too much emphasis being on composition, and so I always try to find something that breaks things down, surprises, and brings something unexpected on to the screen. With children that is easy. They have a devilish innocence. Enrico Lo Verso was able to become an innocent. ■

[Reprinted from the Cannes press book on *The Stolen Children*.]

ABOVE: GIANNI AMELIO, DIRECTOR AND CO-WRITER OF *IL LADRO DI BAMBINI* (*THE STOLEN CHILDREN*). LEFT: ROSETTA (VALENTINA SCALICI) AND ANTONIO (ENRICO LO VERSO) TAKE A PAUSE ON THE JOURNEY SOUTH. BELOW: ANTONIO AND ROSETTA'S BROTHER, LUCIANO (GIUSEPPE IERACITANO). *THE STOLEN CHILDREN*.

Cannes'92

Vitali Kanievski's An Independent

Vitali Kanievski made his first feature at the age of 54. Though having entered the Moscow film school in 1960, his studies were interrupted by eight years of gaol. He finally received his diploma in 1977, but after two shorts was effectively blacklisted as a director in the Soviet Union.

Kanievski did not give up and in 1989 made *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*, which won the Caméra d'Or at Cannes the following year. In 1992 he was back with *Samostoiatelnaia Jizn* (*An Independent Life*), a continuation of the first film's largely autobiographical story.

Eighteen months ago you were all set to make a film about Soviet prisons. Why did you prefer to make *An Independent Life*, the sequel to *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*?

Right after Cannes [1990], I found it very difficult to get back to work. Emotions had been running so high for so long. During the shooting of *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*, I was afraid that I'd never be able to make another movie. I had the impression that I was dying, falling apart. Then the film's reception by the public in the West had a very similar effect on me.

The second film I was planning, which was indeed to be about prisons, needed far too much preparation, and the topic was too far removed from what I was experiencing, so that I decided to shoot the follow-up to *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*. I didn't expect it to be so difficult, in the heart of a country in the middle of immense changes. It's a miracle this film ever saw the light of day – especially when one has to shoot in 60 different locations, in seven different towns, when money is the key to all relationships, when there is a strange sort of friction in the air that doesn't make things any easier.

Why did you choose to film *An Independent Life* in colour?

I don't consider the film to be in colour. The work done on the film itself is very particular. When Stalin died, there was a sort of pink mist in the sky, a blurry smoke; the film is inspired by this basic idea. It is not a technical procedure, it simply meant removing all the colourful elements from the scenery and costumes. Take the opening scene, for instance, of the horse in the snow: looking at it, one doesn't know whether the film is going to be in black and white or in colour.

On the other hand, from time to time I use very strong colours, but then it is to show something unreal – one of the characters' wishes or dreams, as with the folk dancers on the two barges or the blind man crossing the bridge. This play on colours follows the complex narrative pattern of the film.

I think there are a few breaks in the structure that will surprise a little: I have followed the rhythm of my main character who is in a period of his life where he is capable of abrupt and sudden changes of personality. I also echoed visual and sound elements, so that the spectator will bounce back and react to a scene. The film is a lot less naïve than *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*.

***An Independent Life* opens with a voice singing off screen, and a horse moving along in the snow. Then suddenly the voice says, "That's not it..." The film winds back and then starts again. Is this you giving advance warning that the film is shot in the first person singular, that the story will be told from a subjective point of view?**

There is indeed all of that. But, throughout the whole film, there is never a unique interpretation of a given scene; there are many meanings.

The opening scene, for me, is about lies. It says that if you dream about a horse, a big lie awaits you. I say that it is far better to go backwards a little than forwards into error, and that whatever you start, especially life itself, you are bound to come across betrayal of some sort. But you can always get through these lies and betrayals.

Like your previous film, *An Independent Life* is openly autobiographical. Yet you give Galia, who dies at the end of *Don't Move*, a sister called Valka, who is played by the same young actress [Dinara Droukarova]. Did this person really exist?

To be honest, she was a cousin, and she didn't look like her that much. But I was so pleased with my little star that I wanted to use her again.

Also, in the beginning of the film, even though Valerka has grown up, he still needs a guardian angel, represented alternatively by Galia and Valka. You know, *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again* was originally to be called "The Guardian Angel".

t Life

Thus Valerka has grown up, and the story of his "independence" parallels the story of his sexual initiation. The hero discovers sex in all its forms: the soft embrace of love, the violence of rape, the horror of a back-street abortion. The film possesses a crudeness which westerners are no longer used to.

All this is drawn from my own life, and I always try to film it in the most delicate way possible; I try to deal with it artistically. Valerka doesn't know how to go about it; he is completely disarmed. Take for example the scene when his neighbour, Sofia Arkadievna, throws herself at him. If I hadn't cut the dialogue, the scene would have been crude, maybe even vulgar. But in order to keep the feeling of tenderness that I remember of this scene, the sequence had to be silent.

What makes Valerka so seductive?

The fact that boy is independent, that he can look after himself. He is capable of being insolent. The difference between his appearance and his attitudes is what makes him seductive. He also has a certain innocence about him, a pure sort of unawareness that makes him want to seduce girls who are "too good for him", like a little puppy that throws itself at an enormous dog. Sometimes it works.

Throughout the film Valerka is exposed to very extreme violence, yet it doesn't seem to affect him.

He is growing up and, back home, violence is not considered cruel. We beat everyone: husbands beat their wives, wives beat their husbands. Do you know the one about the two Soviet wives? The first one says: "My husband doesn't love me these days." "What makes you think that?", asks the second one. "He doesn't beat me anymore!"

And Valerka is also at an age where he shifts easily from laughter to tears. You can make a child cry and he'll come back laughing a few seconds later. He gets as emotional over the death of his pig as over Galia's death. This is why there are fairly brutal changes of tone throughout the film.

But does this unawareness mean Valerka is innocent, especially concerning Valka's death?

Are we really sure she is dead? Is it really her that fell into the water? Either way, Valka is already dead in Valerka's mind. Is he guilty of having betrayed her? It's human nature: "Out of sight, out of mind".

My own life is filled with mistakes, betrayals, stupid errors I have made. Maybe others live differently. We can always try to foresee everything, but nothing ever turns out the way we would have wanted it to.

What kind of relationship did you have with your two principal actors, Pavel Nazarov and Dinara Droukarova, the same two who starred in your first film, *Don't Move, Die and Rise Again*?

I hear that they enjoy working with me. I know that we now have a very strong bond. Our relationship is based on love, and I sincerely believe that it cannot really go wrong.

In general, how do you direct your actors?

I show them exactly what they are supposed to do. That is to say I act it out for them first; it is not simply showing them, it is really acting. To play a child, I become like a child again. Of course, on the shoot it makes everyone laugh more than anything else but I carry on anyway. And I do the same for every character in the sequence, even for an extra in the far background. Everyone has a precise job to do, a calculated move to make which I block. Normally I only shoot two takes.

Using non-professional actors is very complicated: because one pays them some money, they tend to overact a bit, thinking that they have to earn their money. That's the worst part, once they have delivered their lines they turn straight round to me, as if to ask: "How was I?" One has to be extremely vigilant with details like that.

ABOVE: VALERKA (PAVEL NAZAROV), THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL CHARACTER FROM VITALI KANIEVSKI'S *SAMOSTOIATELNAIA JIZN* (*AN INDEPENDENT LIFE*). LEFT: VALKA (DINARA DROUKAROVA) AND VALERKA. *AN INDEPENDENT LIFE.*

Vitali Kanievski

The end of the film is openly metaphorical. First there is the setting free of the flaming rats, then the strange mausoleum, in which Valerka seems to recover his memories, and finally the couple running naked. It seems as if there is no difference between man and beast. Is that what you were looking for?

Absolutely. It is the triumph of unnatural forces.

The running couple would seem like human beings. But you know, when a child finds himself in a pack of wolves, he starts to run like a wolf.

This is followed by the final monologue which Valerka speaks facing the camera and in which he explains the meaning of the tattoo on his chest. We get the impression that he addresses not only the spectators but that he speaks directly to you, that he is about to step out into liberty. The chapter of memories is concluded, life begins.

I couldn't find another way to end the film. Valerka is also speaking to himself. The two triangles he has tattooed on his chest represent a woman and a man, and, even as he is explaining this, Valerka discovers the simplicity of things, the fact that the masculine and feminine principals are inseparable, yet never become one. He begins to grow up.

One supposes then that there will not be a third film as openly autobiographical.

If you say so! It is true that things are getting more and more difficult. I still have this prison project.

Isn't it a very strange and unique film project to want to tell one's life story in such detail?

But my life resembles millions of Soviet lives. Practically everyone has lived in this kind of atmosphere. And in the four corners of the ex-USSR, even in its most remote provinces, life was the same: the same buildings, the same music, the same mediocrity.

All the same, there are moments of happiness – or episodes that are more beautiful in memory than they were in reality.

Yes, I prefer remembering the jolly moments. Take the drunkard for example: in his own way he is happy in his puddle in Nikolaievsk. You know, every Russian has spent at least a couple of hours of his life in a muddy puddle of water, just like him.

Do you feel you have a calling to serve as witness, as a sort of spokesman?

No, I don't have anything in particular to say. It is simply that I've worked in all sorts of jobs in my life, but never have I felt so much pleasure, such intensity, as in making films ... Well, except maybe when I was a thief... ■

[Reprinted from the Cannes press book.]

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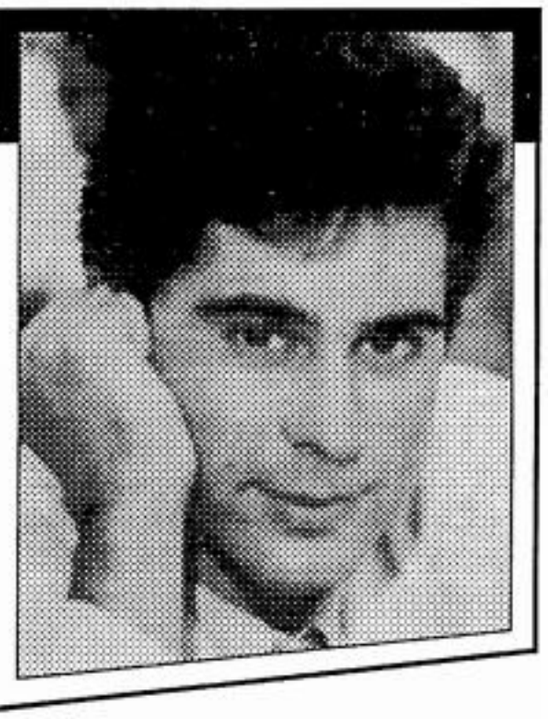

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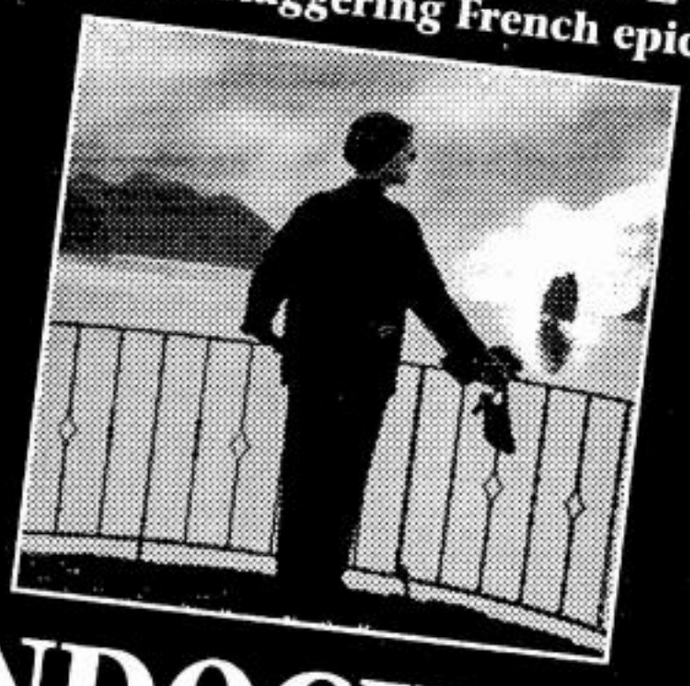

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CANNES
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the DOUBLE LIFE of veronique

a film by KRZYSZTOF KIESLOWSKI
starring IRENE JACOB

WINNER
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Cannes'92

JAN EPSTEIN

Australian Films

Australian films received a mixed reception at Cannes this year. On the one hand, Baz Luhrmann's* Strictly Ballroom *won the kind of acclaim that most first-time directors dream about. Not so the other Australian films that went to Cannes like so many little piggies to market, and came home again, unsold and (one assumes) critically unloved.

At the midnight screening which introduced *Strictly Ballroom* to Cannes, the audience really did dance in the aisles in response to the film's optimism and infectious dance rhythms. And who counts, precisely, the number of minutes that constitute a prolonged ovation? Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes on our feet clapping? It seemed a very long time.

If *Strictly Ballroom* failed to garner the critical reception accorded *Proof* last year, it was nonetheless admired and enjoyed by critics and the general public alike for its energy and originality. Like *Proof*, it narrowly missed winning the Caméra d'Or for best first film by a director, by three votes to four (the award this year being won by John Turturro's *Mac*), and, before Cannes was over, the news was out that *Strictly Ballroom* had been sold worldwide. By any criteria, *Strictly Ballroom* was a success.

But this review of Australian films at Cannes is concerned less with the success or not of Australian films in the marketplace than with noting the further development of an idiosyncratic, vernacular Australian cinema – a cinema which appears especially distinct when viewed against the larger backdrop of world cinema at Cannes. While it would be foolish to deny that in some aspects some of these films are missing the mark, it is to be regretted that because they are not embraced without reservation by the world market (which, in many instances, is parochial: the U.S., France and Italy, for example), we tend to talk these films down, exhibiting in our embarrassment at perceived failure yet another variation of the great Australian cringe.

Strictly Ballroom was a crowd pleaser at Cannes for several reasons. It is a flamboyant and imaginative film, with an upbeat ending that makes people feel good. It also has a ingenue, maverick quality about it which is as engaging and attractive as its young star, Paul Mercurio.

Mercurio plays Scott Hastings, a ballroom champion who flouts convention and brings the wrath of the all-powerful President of the Federation of Ballroom Dancing (Bill Hunter) down on his head when he dares to dance his own steps.

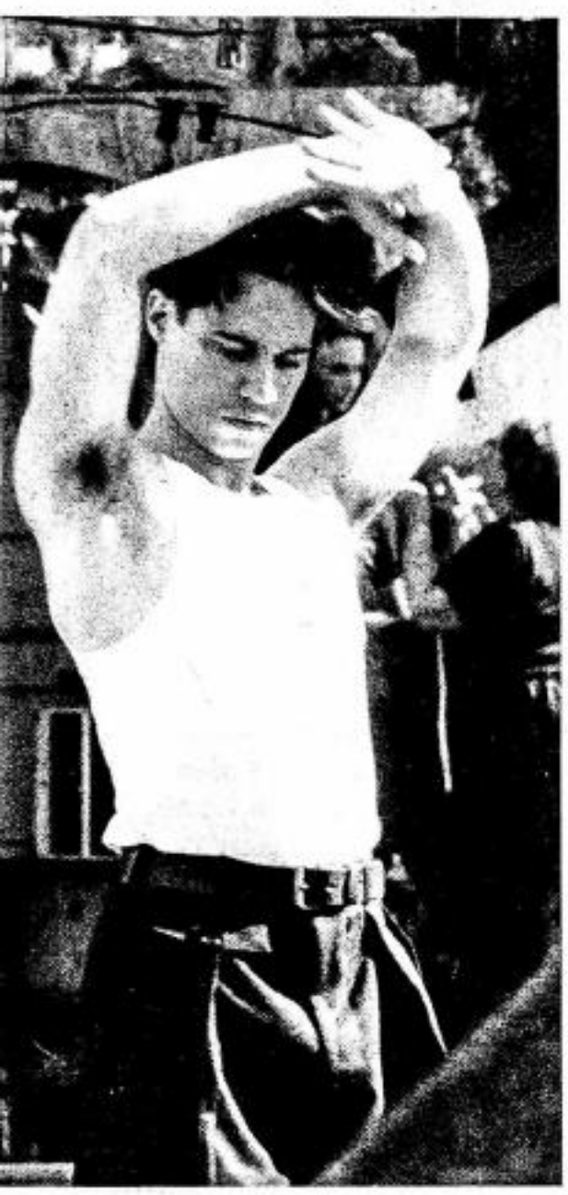
In the 1970s, John Brack captured all the brittle beauty and anachronism of ballroom dancing in a series of surreal paintings which satirized the dancers' grim determination. Director Baz Luhrmann captures this in his film, but carries it a stage further. He uses ballroom dancing as a metaphor for arrested growth, and depicts this stylized dance form, with its strict conventions, as a straitjacket stifling creativity and free expression. He also sees it as a gargantuan struggle between youth and authority.

The optimism which is so appealing in *Strictly Ballroom* comes from the working through of an amalgam of myths and fairytales: David and Goliath, Jack the Giant Killer, Cinderella, even Sleeping Beauty. Goliath is slain when the Federation President is exposed as corrupt and a sham. Cinders, Scott's dancing partner Fran (Tara Morice), is transformed from a nobody into a somebody when she heeds the wise advice of her Spanish grandmother, while the first person wakened from stupefying fear in the Federation is Scott's father, Doug (Barry Otto), who encourages his son to victory.

These fairytale themes give the film its universal appeal, but the European resonances are vehicles only. What gives the film its specific appeal is its Australian content, which it owes to seeing the world through Australian eyes.

Luhrmann, who is a director of theatre and opera, stages his film with all the lavish, gaudy brightness of a Hollywood spectacular. From behind a red curtain bombarded with twinkling Disneyesque stars, dancers are seen in silhouette, striking poses to the strains of "The Blue Danube". The curtains flutter apart to reveal the dancers fantastically garbed and coiffed, and bathed in limelight. The women's heavily made-up faces are wreathed in fixed smiles, while the men, poker straight, look absurdly smug and correct. Any moment one expects to see a grinning Norman Gunston grab the mike. Instead, prissy officialdom is represented by Les Kendall (Peter Whitford) in powder-blue jacket and gleaming white wig, while in the background the President glowers darkly beneath eyebrows as heavily winged as Robert

at Cannes



LEFT: SCOTT HASTINGS (PAUL MERCURIO), RIGHT, PRACTISES WITH RICO (ANTONIO VARGAS). ABOVE: COMPETITORS KEN RAILLINGS (JOHN HANNAN) AND TINA SPARKLE (SONIA KRUGER-TAYLER). BAZ LUHRMANN'S *STRICTLY BALLROOM*. BELOW: LENNY (MARK LITTLE). DAVID CAESAR'S *GREENKEEPING*.

Menzies'. Above all this floats the banner, "WARATAH CHAMPIONSHIPS".

Australians are good at sending themselves up. Social and political satire and theatrical surrealism have become Australian stock in trades, thanks to the talents of humourists such as Barry Humphries, Barry Dickins, John Clarke, Max Gillies and others. This debunking of pretension and ideas, alongside a deeply-embedded mistrust of authority, has been responsible for the emergence in Australian culture of a distinctive style of lampooning and parodying icons. In everyday life, where this impulse to cut down to size is manifested in the tall-poppy syndrome, it can be cruel. In film, it is generally more benign and people-oriented, as in *Strictly Ballroom*, where the bite of satire against authoritarianism, prejudice and stultifying conformity is blunted by the film's good intentions and irrepressible good spirits.

David Caesar's *Greenkeeping* is another film which pokes fun at convention, power and prejudice. This small film has a quirky script and treats some of the major issues confronting a changing Australia – rising debt, declining standards of living and fears about the competitive Japanese – in an amusing way.

Lenny (Mark Little) is a good-natured, not overly bright Aussie battler employed as the greenkeeper at a local bowling club, who discovers one day that the green which he waters religiously, and of which he is very proud, is turning brown in large patches. This isn't his only problem: his listless, bored wife, Sue (Lisa Hensley), who smokes dope and watches television all day in her dressing gown, has mounted a debt of $3000, which unless he repays within three days will result in him forfeiting his recently-purchased and dearly-beloved Holden ute.

Like Australia, Lenny's life is at a crossroads, and much of the pleasure of the film lies in observing the interplay of behaviour between Lenny, struggling to get his act together in difficult times, and his bosses at the club, old RSL members who find the changing face of Australia – in particular, the Asians who play the pokies at the club and win, and Rikyu (Kazuhiro Nuroyama), a Japanese member who mounts a challenge to the bowling supremacy of one old World War II warrior (Sydney Conabere) – difficult to handle.

Greenkeeping has much to offer: the performances of Little and Hensley are engaging and warm (though Max Cullen's Tom falls flat); it has touches of delightful humour (including a divebombing magpie that forces the bowlers to wear plastic basins on their heads); and, with affection for the old guard that it debunks, it succeeds in capturing a moment in time as Australia heads from an Anglo-Celtic past into an uncertain multi-cultural future. What a pity, then, that the film is spoiled by technical faults. Whether by design or errors in the colour grading, indoor sequences in natural colour are at odds with garish outdoor sequences that at times look blurred. This mismatching, deliberate or otherwise, is distracting to an otherwise enjoyable ninety minutes.

Multi-culturalism and racial mix was a theme one way or another in over half of the ten Australian and New Zealand films viewed at Cannes.

Strictly Ballroom uses flamenco and Spanish culture as a yardstick against which to unfavourably measure Australian Anglo-

Australian Films at Cannes

LEFT: NEO-NAZIS AT THE CROSSROADS: DAVEY (DANIEL POLLOCK) AND HANDO (RUSSELL CROWE). ABOVE: GABE (JACQUELINE McKENZIE) AND MARTIN (ALEX SCOTT). GEOFFREY WRIGHT'S *ROMPER STOMPER*. RIGHT: LANE (MARCIA GAY HARDEN) BESIDE THE CRASHED CAR THAT SETS OFF THE DRAMA IN ALISON MACLEAN'S *CRUSH*.

Celtic culture, which is seen within the film's frame of reference as closed and repressive, lacking spontaneity and warmth.

In Gillian Armstrong's *The Last Days of Chez Nous*, the cross-cultural marriage between an Australian writer and an expatriate Frenchman can be seen as a commentary on the tyranny of both geographic and psychological distance. More properly, however, it highlights the difficulty of exploring in an Australian context traditional, European themes such as existentialism and angst, without first transposing them into a convincing Australian vernacular.

Armstrong's film, from an original screenplay by Helen Garner, focuses on Beth (Lisa Harrow), the well-meaning but bossy head of an inner-city family, which includes her husband, Jean-Pierre (Bruno Ganz), who is feeling increasingly displaced in Australia, her sister Vicki (Kerry Fox), who has just returned from an extended stay in Europe, and her teenage daughter, Annie (Miranda Otto). Beth is torn between her needs as a writer and her desire to control the lives of others. She is also trying to work through her relationship with her dominating father (Bill Hunter) at the same time as her marriage to JP is collapsing, and she is surprised when she discovers, on return from an outback holiday with her irascible father, that she has suddenly lost the power to run other people's lives.

The Last Days of Chez Nous is a *roman à clef* which misses the mark. Some of this has to do with patchy acting and a lack of clear definition as to what makes the characters really tick, but much of it is the fault of the script, which feels contrived, despite the story being intrinsically interesting and grounded in real life. *Chez Nous* is a chamber piece about people struggling to make meaning from their lives. The sensibilities of the characters are 'European' and literary, understandably so considering who they are, yet too many scenes in the film, particularly those framed within Beth's dilapidated terrace house – the emblem of her bohemian and artistic self – are hampered by dialogue which sounds self-conscious, artificial and pretentious.

The most successful scenes in the film are those which are more ordinary: for example, the tense family scene at lunch in Beth's parents' home in suburban Sydney, or the long, frequently-amusing outback sequence where the desolate beauty of the landscape is allowed to underline the psychological distance separating father and daughter.

Hunter here plays the quintessential Australian, reticent about articulating ideas when his daughter asks him what he thinks about God and death, and mistrustful of affectation. He replies instead with an ironic, sardonic, contemptuous snort of disbelief or embarrassment, which is eloquent beyond language. It is not that Australians do not think about or discuss at length serious issues, it is simply that we dislike talking about them without first masking our feelings with irony and self-parody. This reticence and suspicion of ideas permeates all social interactions. Films such as *The Last Days of Chez Nous*, which ignore or fail to accommodate this inhibition, do not ring true.

It is worth noting that Ray Argall's *Eight Ball*, though less successful in many ways than his previous film, *Return Home*, demonstrates that contemporary social changes, such as the acceptance of changing sex roles and the softening of Australian machismo, are by no means incompatible with this pervasive and, to most Australian sensibilities, appealing propensity to be suspicious of ideas. The recent prominence of Australian women comedians, almost without exception all feminists, is another reminder of how quickly powerful international cultural shifts can be given an Australian flavour.

Australian culture is not quarantined from what is happening elsewhere. But as Baz Luhrmann commented after the success of his film at Cannes, distance, geographic and cultural, makes us different.

Geoff Wright's *Romper Stomper*, a violent film which depicts a skin-head racist nightmare erupting somewhere in the western suburbs, threatening to overwhelm Australian society as the 'Asian Invasion' continues unabated in recessionary times, is

another Antipodean version of a world-wide preoccupation with the re-emergence of neo-Nazism. This time there is less Australianization, and the arguably civilizing capacity of Australian ironic humour is completely missing. For this reason, the film is frightening. This is not, however, sufficient reason for arguing that the film shouldn't have been made, as one Australian critic, David Stratton, was apparently moved to say.

Romper Stomper is appalling because it is convincing. Wright may well be half in love with the energy and violence he depicts on the screen, but in his development of the narrative and treatment of character it is clear that he is not mounting an argument in favour of anti-social and racist behaviour, as some critics have suggested. Rather, he delineates with great skill the alienation that can trigger explosions of violence among nihilistic, dispossessed and abused youth, and profiles with accuracy the homophobic self-hatred that lies behind the burning desire of many charismatic fascist leaders to destroy the world (Hando, played with repressed power by Russell Crowe).

There is nowhere to be found in *Romper Stomper* the patchiness in acting and directing that has blighted several Australian films recently, and Wright is able to handle rapid mood shifts and complex character development – specifically the relationship between Gabe (Jacqueline McKenzie) and Davey (Daniel Pollock) without jarring the film's relentless rhythm. The film's racism is ugly, and is depicted as being so.

The contention that a film like *Romper Stomper* can incite and encourage violence and racism is a serious one, albeit unproven. This is an important debate, growing in prominence, which deserves serious discussion.

Two films by New Zealanders now based in Australia were screened in the Official Selection at Cannes: Alison MacLean's *Crush*, a dour film about a car crash and the tangled lives of three women and one man, all of them unattractive characters despite the charisma of the film's femme fatale, played by Marcia Gay Harden; and Vincent Ward's *Map of the Human Heart*, a flawed blockbuster about an Inuit Eskimo, Avik (Jason Scott-Lee), whose path in life crosses that of another outcast, a half-Cree Indian girl called Albertine with whom he bonds and meets again years later in London during World War II.

Shown Out of Competition as a "work in progress", *Map of the Human Heart* has some breathtaking moments, including spectacular polar photography by Eduardo Serra, and a searing recreation of the bombing of Dresden. No doubt further editing will trim away some of the more expendable parts of the film's unwieldy plot (the appearance at the end of Avik's daughter, for example), but nothing unfortunately can make up for the miscasting of Anne Parillaud as the adult Albertine, whose empty performance is in stark contrast to the captivating naturalism of the younger Albertine (Annie Galipeau). ■

LEFT: ANNIE (MIRANDA OTTO), VICKI (KERRY FOX), BETH (LISA HARROW) AND JP (BRUNO GANZ.) GILLIAN ARMSTRONG'S *THE LAST DAYS OF CHEZ NOUS*. BELOW: AVIK (JASON SCOTT-LEE) AND ALBERTINE (ANNE PARILLAUD) IN VINCENT WARD'S *MAP OF THE HUMAN HEART*.

Cannes'92

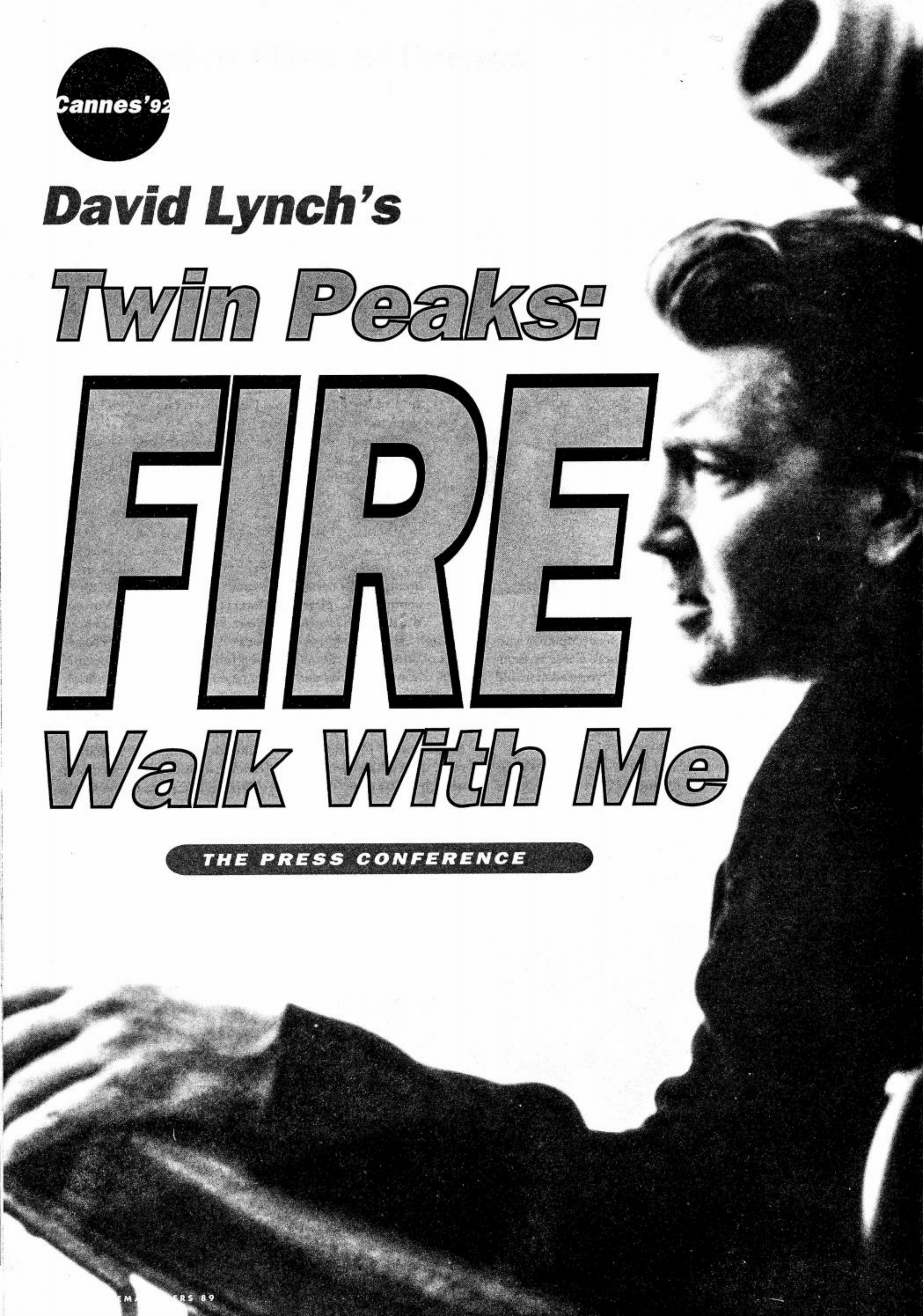
David Lynch's

Twin Peaks:

FIRE

Walk With Me

THE PRESS CONFERENCE



The *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* press conference at Cannes featured director and co-writer David Lynch, co-writer Robert Engels, actor Michael J. Anderson (who plays the Man From Another Place), composer Angelo Badalamenti and French producer Jean-Claude Fleury from CIBY 2000.

As is often the case, the press conference was chaired by Henri Béhar, a French journalist and critic who, apart from his long association with Cannes, has just written (with Cari Beauchamp) a particularly witty and readable book on the Festival, *Hollywood on the Riviera: The Inside Story of the Cannes Film Festival.*

The following transcription follows as closely as possible the actual press conference. Where questions were asked in French, this is noted, but only Henri Béhar's English translation is given. The text has been edited far less than is usual to keep as much of the flavour as possible. Obviously, questions posed by journalists whose first language is not English are not always grammatically straightforward; equally, David Lynch has an unusual way with English.

It is a requirement at all press conference that journalists identify themselves before asking a question, but in many cases names were not given; in others, the names were so mumbled transcription was impossible. Thus, for consistency's sake, all names are deleted. (Incidentally, the Australian journalist referred to at one point is not this writer but from ABC television.)

If David Lynch seems less forthcoming than one might expect, the poor reception (of hissing and booing) when he entered may have been partly to blame. Apparently, though, Lynch was unaware of the negative response his film had just received at the press screening in the Grand Palais.

David Lynch

Mr David Lynch, I have a two-part question to ask you. The first part is: When you started to make the film, what did you really want – need – to add to a series which has been all around the world? The second part is: For those people who did not know anything about *Twin Peaks* the series, do you think the film is understandable? From the beginning, we are supposed to know who the characters are.

LYNCH: I happened to be in love with the world of *Twin Peaks* and the characters that exist there. I wanted to go back into the world before it started on the series and to see what was there, to actually see things that we had [only] heard about.

There is a danger, of course, that the more you know about anything, the more depth of appreciation you can get from it. [sic] But I think, although I have been wrong many times in the past, that someone could get very much from [the film] not having seen anything of the series.

There are things in there that they wouldn't understand as much as some others, who have seen the series. But abstractions are a good thing and they exist all around us anyway. They sometimes can conjure up a thrilling experience within the person.

Mr Lynch, as you are now under contract [to CIBY 2000[1]], I want to know if you feel as free as before *Blue Velvet*? Didn't you have arguments ...?

BÉHAR: Are you asking whether CIBY2000 was a tyrant?

[Audience laughter followed by a conversation in French between the journalist who put the question and Béhar, who then translates the question.]

The question is to messieurs Fleury and Lynch. It is well known that you, Mr Lynch, have signed a contract with CIBY 2000. Do you feel as free under the terms of this contract as you may have been on *Blue Velvet*? And M. Fleury, did you give David Lynch *carte blanche* and a free hand?

[Fleury responds in untranslated French, "Bien sure, ...", the point being that Lynch and all the directors working within CIBY 2000 have a free hand.]

LYNCH: I don't *parlez vous*ing [sic] Français so well, but I feel very free, very free.

Mr David Lynch, many characters from the television series are not in this movie, like Audrey. Why?

LYNCH: There are different reasons. Some scenes were shot and they just didn't sit within the story. And some characters, even in the script, didn't find themselves in the story. It was a little bit of a sadness because I would have liked to have everybody there, but they didn't have a bearing on the life of Laura Palmer so much in her last week.

Mr Lynch, I really loved your film and I would like to ask two questions for you. The first question: What is reality for you?

[Laughter from audience and Lynch.]

BEHAR: In 25 words or less.

LYNCH: I haven't got a clue what is reality. I'm sure I'll be surprised when I learn what it is.

My second question is whether we can consider your film an anti-drugs film?

LYNCH: Well, um, you know, you could look at it that way if you would like to. [Laughter.]

[French] You have a very young following, Mr Lynch. Are you not afraid to make drugs seem desirable? There is a line in the film which says "All young Americans ..."

LYNCH: Half! ... Half! [Laughter.]

"Half of the youth in America are on drugs."

LYNCH: That was a little bit of a joke.

It is very dangerous. If we didn't want to upset anyone, we would make films about sewing, but even that could be dangerous. [Laughter.]

So it's hard to say. But I think, finally, in a film it is how the balance is and the feelings are.

Film exists because we can go and have experiences that would be pretty dangerous or strange for us in real life. We can go into a room and walk into a dream. It doesn't necessarily follow that you are going to go out and start shooting heroin or taking coke. You worry about it. But I think there has to be these contrasts and strong things within a film for the total experience.

I have a question for Mr Lynch, and maybe one for Mr Badalamenti. Congratulations on the film. I had the impression at the end of it that what I had been watching was perhaps an American nightmare, rather than the American dream. Can you comment on that?

LYNCH: That is a good impression that you got. [Laughter.]

The life [?] of the American dream appears always in films. We are very aware of the idea of the this. You are playing with the whole idea of family and social conscience. Are you trying to attack the American dream?

LYNCH: No, I was trying to make the story of Teresa Banks [who is murdered at the start] and the last seven days of Laura Palmer. [Applause.]

Mr Badalamenti, to me this film also has elements of horror, real gothic horror. In your writing of the score, did you consider that as an element of the film?

BADALAMENTI: Actually, I think the scoring is more darkness than horror. We imply power through the darkness of the music. At least, that is what the intention was.

David Lynch, as a filmmaker, do you feel any responsibility for putting such violence in your movies?

LYNCH: That is the same answer I'm going to give you that the other gentleman got into. I think that it is very dangerous [...] that we are attacking films for violence and not doing a whole lot in the world for violence. Film is a

"I think that it is very dangerous [...] that we are attacking films for violence and not doing a whole lot in the world for violence. Film is a safe place to have experiences."
DAVID LYNCH

1. CIBY has a three-picture deal with Lynch (and also financed Jane Campion's *The Piano Lesson*, now in post-production). One must pronounce "2000" of CIBY 2000 in French to get the allusion.

LEFT: LAURA PALMER (SHERYL LEE).
BELOW: LAURA PALMER AND DALE COOPER (KYLE MacLACHLAN). DAVID LYNCH'S *TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME.*

safe place to have experiences. Violence exists; it has a major part in a lot of fantastic stories. If [the film] was championing violence it would be one thing, but I don't think it is.

I believe in very strong films and I don't apologize to them one bit, as long as there is a balance to the thing.

[French] I like the film very much and I haven't seen the television series.

LYNCH: Fantastic. I will have a lunch with you later on. [Laughter.]

[French] Question to the scriptwriter and to Mr David Lynch. What influence did working with familiar characters have on the writing, the scoring and the directing?

ENGELS: Writing for a film as opposed to writing for a television series didn't feel that much different. You're obviously not restrained by an hour and 14 pages to an act. But other than that, it was the same people and you have more time and can be more intense about these people.

BADALAMENTI: Musically speaking, it might be a shade broader and just a little larger than the approach on the television series. But very similar to the characters and the style.

LYNCH: What was the question?

[The question is repeated.]

LYNCH: It didn't affect it so very much at all. There are obviously some things we couldn't do on television that we did in the film, but I was always amazed at how much we could do in television. As well, we were shooting the whole series on film, editing it on film and mixing it just like on film, so the differences were not so great.

Mr Lynch, given [your responses to] some of the other questions this morning, and from talking to you in the past and at other press conferences on other films, I know that when people raise issues about the symbolism that we think we see in your films you like to let things slide. You have glib answers and you're very clever. A couple of examples of that this morning were when the Australian gentleman was asking about whether this was the American nightmare versus the American dream. I personally have great discomfort at the end of the film because of what I see as a sort of puritanical, religious, right-wing attitude to the end of the story. Now, I may be making this up in my own mind. The point is that I feel that we are not allowed to ask you these questions because we won't get answers. And I am wondering if it is because you won't talk about it or you don't want to think about it?

LYNCH: I don't like to give my interpretations because... um, um... because if I wasn't around, you'd have to make up your own interpretations of what you see on the screen. And, ah, I have my own version of everything and when I'm working I answer them myself. But when it's over, you set it free and it's on its own and everyone is allowed to enjoy their own interpretation. And I'm against a kind of film that would make absolutely one interpretation available.

I think it is fair to say that everyone is in love with *Twin Peaks* [the series] except a few select idiots who have Nielson boxes in their homes back home. What can we expect for the future of *Twin Peaks* on television and could you also give us a brief description on what is happening with "Ronnie Rocket" and "One Saliva Bubble"?

LYNCH: I can tell you probably for sure that *Twin Peaks* on television is gone. But, like I said earlier on, I love this world. The jury is out on whether or not we will ever be able to go in there again. But for me there are still open ends and clues, and I'd be excited to try and find out what could be going on.

Now, what was the other question?

What is happening with "Ronnie Rocket" and "One Saliva Bubble"?

LYNCH: I'm not going to do "Ronnie Rocket", or at least I'm not going to do it right away. I think I may be doing "One Saliva Bubble", but I'm not one hundred per cent on that. "One Saliva Bubble" is a very wacko, infantile, bad-humour kind of film.

I would like to hear the normal voice of Mr Anderson. I was also wondering if you could explain the shooting of the dream sequence. The atmosphere of this dream is amazing.

ANDERSON: Well, here's my normal voice. [Laughter.]

What was the second part about? Do you mean technically? We had someone reading the lines offstage frontwards and I would translate them backwards and we would film that backwards. Then, when we showed it forwards two negatives made a positive.

[Anderson then gives example of speaking backwards. Cheers.]

[French] Mr Lynch, by retaking, re-using, characters from series that you have made, is it either a lack of inspiration or you wanted some kind of time-out?

LYNCH: Well, I think that there are some things in there which, in my opinion, are fairly original and, as I said before, I love the characters and the world. When we started writing this thing, we didn't think of it as rehashing some old thing. We thought about going back into a certain world we love and enjoying a story there. It was, for me, an incredible place to be.

David Lynch

Mr Badalamenti, do you think you continue the tradition of Morricone?

BADALAMENTI: That's quite a compliment.

BÉHAR: Are you going to score 90 films a year?

BADALAMENTI: No, I'm not that effusive. I like doing maybe three film scores a year and some television and Broadway. I try to pick my properties very carefully.

But Morricone is great, absolutely.

[Unintelligible question, which begins "Mr Lynch, since micro-cosmos is [?] cosmos, what have you learned from micro-cosmos ..."]

[Lynch looks at Henri Béhar.]

BÉHAR: Don't look at me! [Laughter.]

LYNCH: What was that question once again?

The micro cosmos is [???] cosmos, so what have you learned from this movie for your own [???] cosmos ...

LYNCH: I'm sorry, I can't help you with the answer. [Laughter.]

Another question: How do you choose actors you work with?

LYNCH: Well, when you have a part you picture words said a certain way, you picture a certain look and you enter into a casting session with the idea of finding that person who will fill that rôle. And, little by little by little, the others are weeded out and the right person is right in front of you and away you go.

I don't read people or make them perform anything. I just talk to them. I also work with a person called Johanna Ray who brings me in very good people. It's just common sense of the right person for each rôle.

I am trying to write a thesis about your work and in your movies, except for Teresa Ray [?], the mother is always on [?] the dark side and in *Twin Peaks* it is the father. Is it because he has to draw some sexual relations with Laura or what?

LYNCH: Again, I'll get into it with you some other way.

Which character in *Twin Peaks* is closest to you?

LYNCH: Ah, I don't know ... Gordon Cole [whom Lynch plays in the film].

I don't think you're deaf [like Gordon Cole].

LYNCH: No, but sometimes, like this gentleman said back here, I pretend I'm deaf.

I have another question, about the score. There is a special part in *Twin Peaks* [the sex scene] which is like a part in *Wild at Heart* [the porno movie]. Is it the same?

LYNCH: No.

The guitar?

LYNCH: No.

BÉHAR: How do you score a sex scene, Mr Badalamenti?

BADALAMENTI: With great interest. [Laughter.] I think we just capture the mood of the scene and let the music flow with it.

Mr Lynch, I have two questions. The first is that violent films are becoming more and more a normal thing in Hollywood. I would like to know how you feel about violence, especially in your films where the violence is mostly very explicit and particularly in *Twin Peaks*, I think, because it is shown in a very sadistic way.

LYNCH: Well, I don't know why there is violence in American films; it's probably because there is a lot of violence everywhere in the air. And I think that when people get stories they pick up on whatever is around them and the story starts unfolding in your mind.

Like I said before, I believe in balance. I believe in violence but I don't want to champion violence. I believe that a film should have contrasts, and I believe that a film is a place where you can go and have an experience, like reading a book.

But do you find it in a way sadistic? If you followed the television series, you know what happened to Laura Palmer and all you are waiting for in the film is the murder. That is basically the storyline: when is she going to die.

LYNCH: And a lot of little things along the way, too. But you do know that she is probably going to die, yes.

BOBBY (DANA ASHBROOK) AND LAURA.
TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME.

My other question is: Do you feel inspired by the American B movie generation such as the [???] films and the exploitation films of the 1960s and '70s? I find a lot of your work comes from that. Is that true?

LYNCH: I don't know. I do believe to a certain extent in B films.

Mr Lynch, what do you love in the world of *Twin Peaks*?

LYNCH: I love the mood and the characters. I love the possibilities for stories. There's a magical thing that can take place in my mind in that world. It's inspiring to me.

[French] Mr Lynch, is there an intention of parody in the way the sound effects are used?

LYNCH: Ah, no.

I heard this question asked in Berlin of Mr Scorsese. I would also like your opinion, Mr Lynch. What do you have more pleasure shooting: horror scenes or suspense scenes?

LYNCH: I like to shoot all different kind of scenes and that's part of the thing, the textures and the moods. Almost any kind of scene I just love to fall in there and try to make it as real as possible. I wouldn't choose one particular type of scene over something else. I like pretty much everything.

I would like to follow on from an earlier question about Mr Lynch saying that he loves this world. If this is true, why do most of the characters have such miserable and fucked-up lives?

LYNCH: I think there are opportunities for strange exchanges and interesting human motivations in this world. I would have to sit down maybe with a psychiatrist for a long time to tell you exactly why I like it, but I really do like it.

BÉHAR: Mr Lynch, when you decided to do a long film on Laura Palmer, was it because you felt you owed the actress for having spent the entire series as a corpse?

LYNCH: No. Sheryl Lee, who plays Laura Palmer, was hired to be a dead girl laying [sic] on a beach [actually a river bank]. It turns out, at least in my opinion, she's an unbelievable actress and there are things that she's done in this movie that are truly incredible. I haven't seen too many people get into a rôle and give it as much. So, the big news for me was this person hired to be a dead girl turns out to be a great actress and a perfect Laura Palmer.

Mr Lynch, I know obviously you are a

"I'm not a real film buff. Unfortunately, I don't have time. [...] I become very nervous when I go to a film because I worry so much about the director and it is hard for me to digest my popcorn."

DAVID LYNCH

very busy man, but I was wondering if you took time out to see films. What sort of films have you seen lately and have you seen any sort of influence on those films that you consider has possibly come from your films?

LYNCH: I'm not a real film buff. Unfortunately, I don't have time; I just don't go. And I become very nervous when I go to a film because I worry so much about the director and it is hard for me to digest my popcorn. [Laughter.]

So I can't tell you if anyone has been influenced by me.

TRAILOR PARK MANAGER CARL RODD (HARRY DEAN STANTON) WITH AGENT COOPER. *TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME.*

Mr Lynch and Robert Engels, late twentieth-century literacy means that not only are we able to read the written word but also read the screen. We are inundated with screen images and I was wondering if both of you are keenly aware of that fact when you both write and direct?

ENGELS: I'm not sure what you're asking.

Today we are much more image literate than before. There is much more study of form going on. You can happily say that you are going to sit and read a film now without people going, "What's wrong with you?" And you make particularly dense projects. You can sit there and read a David Lynch film. I'm wondering if you come to it from the other end, thinking about this while you're doing it?

LYNCH: There is a language of film which I have always said is the most magical thing. It's this festival which has been keeping this idea of cinema alive for 45 years and that is why it's the best film festival in the world because it gets the language of film and celebrates it.

We heard that the film will be released first in Japan. Did the success of the television series in Japan put ...?

LYNCH: I think Jean-Claude [Fleury] would have to answer that. I know the series is extremely popular in Japan, but it is in other places as well. I don't know why they got it first.

Another question: Why did you decide to shoot the story of Laura Palmer? Do you think that with the shooting of this story as a film it will to a certain extent dismiss the mystery that was aroused around the world during your serial?

LYNCH: I don't think so, no.

[Henri Béhar then asks Fleury in French why the film will open first in Japan. Fleury replies in French that it just happened that way; cinemas were available.]

Mr Lynch, I have read that Kyle MacLachlan was really afraid to be only known by, and only famous for, this character Dale Cooper and that he was not very enthusiastic about playing in the movie. Is that true? And another question: Are you afraid to become known as the *Twin Peaks* master in the future?

LYNCH: It is very tough for an actor, I think, to find a rôle that everyone loves them in and they want to break out and show they can do other things. I think that Kyle is finally realizing that he can do anything else he wants and that people love him as Dale Cooper so much he should be very happy about that.

In the very beginning, he was tired of doing the series, because we'd done 32 hours and he didn't know if he wanted to go in and do it again. But then finally he decided that he would and off he went. He didn't want to do *Blue Velvet*, either. He turned it down, then thought about it and changed his mind a couple of times.

It is a very tough thing to make a decision to buy into something for a year and have to go on the screen and all that. So, he had to think about it some.

[French] Without passing a moral judgement, many would probably define you as a very perverse director. Would you agree?

LYNCH: I think perverse things are interesting and non-perverse things are interesting. I like contrasts, like I said. I like perversity and non-perversity; both things.

Let's say you're the campaign strategist for the Democratic or Republican party. You take the night off and go and see this movie. Would you come out of there thinking this was good for your campaign or bad, which may be another way of asking how you think Americans will see the film in terms of the political and social climate?

LYNCH: Just as you see from this press conference, there have been many different interpretations and feelings about anything we see these days. You can't please all the people and everyone of those Democrats going to see the picture would come out with a different feeling, most likely. It's the same all the world over.

Mr Lynch, I'm interested in the use of dead-pan humour in your work. There seems to be more of it in the series than in the movie. In the series, you encourage a complicity with the audience; they feel like they are in on something. That is part of why it was so popular. So why do you have less of it in the movie? And why is it that you are one of the few directors who wants everyone to have a separate opinion about your work?

LYNCH: It isn't that everyone must have a completely separate one, but they have to have their own opinion.

There is less humour in this film because the story gets heavy after a while. Humour has a place in a picture, but you have to know sort of intuitively where that place is and where it isn't. But Bob and I were laughing while we were writing many times, at various places.

ENGELS: It goes back to the story, I think. You pick out the story you are trying to tell. It's the same with characters that are in the series that aren't in the movie. We chose to tell this story and that's how it comes out.

LYNCH: I think humour is like electricity. You work with it but you don't understand how it works. It's an enigma.

David Lynch, could you tell me the purpose of the dream sequences in the film and in the series?

LYNCH: No, ma'am. [Laughter.]

It is an integral part of the film. Why did you feel you wanted to use a sort of [???] reality?

LYNCH: [Long pause.] Well, for me, and I think for pretty much everybody that's ever been, there's a feeling that there might be something like sub-atomic particles existing that we can't see and x-rays and maybe a few other things out there and that a little opening could exist and we could go somewhere else. And this kind of idea excites me.

BEHAR: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you very much.

LYNCH: Thank you very much.

[Applause. Conference ends.] ■

BRIAN McFARLANE

Literature-Film conne

THREE FILMS REVIEWED

Orson Welles once said, "I believe you must say something new about a book, otherwise it is best not to touch it." The dispiriting talk, at almost every level, about "faithful" adaptations of literature into film suggests that Welles' view is not widely shared.

Again and again one hears a film praised for capturing the "spirit" or "essence" of the novel or play concerned; rarely does one hear of a film's being cheered for its inventiveness in approaching a work of literature. Such approaches are more likely to be regarded as violations of varying degrees of sinisterness. The three reviews which follow (given in the order in which the films were seen and the pieces written) suggest a wide spectrum of literature-film dealings. Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho* extrapolates from Shakespeare in the interests of telling a story of disaffected and rootless contemporary youth. James Ivory's elegant *Howards End* reverently transfers E. M. Forster from page to screen, with, it seems, the minimum directorial intervention. *Edward II* is Derek Jarman's gay-politics version of Marlowe's rarely-seen play.

All three of these films have their considerable virtues, but if the first and third seem infinitely more exciting *as films* it is perhaps because they appear to have sought, in Welles' words, to "say something new" about the original text. It is possible for a film sedulously to retain the key narrative events of its precursor and yet to seem like a "new" work. It is on the level of narration – those strategies by which the narrative events are released, displayed, controlled – that such "newness" is likely to be achieved. It is on this level that Van Sant and Jarman have dared to lead whereas Ivory has been content to follow.

Writing of *Forbidden Planet*, the 1956 science-fiction adventure derived from *The Tempest*, Pauline Kael wrote: "It's a pity the film [...] didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue." Well, Gus Van Sant has done exactly that in *My Own Private Idaho*, his beautiful, melancholy re-working of some of Shakespeare's themes from *Henry IV Part 1* and *Part 2* and the result is to deepen considerably the resonances of his film.

It is not that *My Own Private Idaho* is an adaptation of Shakespeare's history plays. Rather it belongs with those other films which seem to take Shakespeare as a starting point – films as diverse as Joseph Mankiewicz's *House of Strangers* (1949), remade as a Western, Edward Dmytryk's *Broken Lance* (1954), both drawing on *King Lear* in their representation of autocratic fathers in difficult relations with their three children; Basil Dearden's 1961 re-working of *Othello* in *All Night Long*, set in the world of London jazz; and, from *The Tempest* again, Peter Greenaway's 1991 film, *Prospero's Books*, and, possibly, William Wellman's 1948 Western, *Yellow Sky*.

The affiliations of each with the precursor classic vary considerably but none could be described as an adaptation in the strict sense of the word. What they offer, in their diverse modes and to different degrees, is a kind of commentary or reflection upon the relevant play. They have recognized some essence of the original which is adaptable to their purposes, and sometimes, as in *My Own Private Idaho*, they can shock one into a productive re-thinking of the play in question.

It is no doubt possible to enjoy – to respond to – *My Own Private Idaho* without knowing the two *Henry IV* plays (it also draws briefly on Falstaff's death from *Henry V*). However, it will almost certainly be a richer experience for those who do know the plays and perhaps a little puzzling to those who don't. This is partly because it lifts whole stretches of Shakespearean dialogue with only slight accommodation to late twentieth-century idiom. The effect is not one of jarring inconsistency but of reaching across continents and centuries to imply the continuity of human dilemmas. Warmth and tenderness are as likely to be sacrificed to expedience in 1990s Oregon as in the court of Shakespeare's Henry IV.

Narratives do not happen in a vacuum. They are always recalling other stories and there is no reason why a film (or play or novel) should not require its viewers to know something more than just what is set before them. Tom Stoppard's *Travesties* insisted on a background that included James Joyce and *The Importance of Being Earnest* and who knows what *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* means to anyone ignorant of *Hamlet*? Something, certainly, about small lives caught between "mighty opposites", but a great deal more to those who can also see it as a critique of another work which is part of our cultural baggage.

The intertextuality of *My Own Private Idaho* includes not only Shakespeare but Orson Welles' *Chimes at Midnight* which wrought its own changes on the "Henry" plays so as to extract and foreground the story of Falstaff. In doing so, he created some of cinema's abiding images of the melancholy of loss as embodied in the growth of the dissipated Prince Hal as he moves towards his ascension to the throne as Henry V and the inevitable rejection of Falstaff. Before the film is over,

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ABOVET: MIKE WATERS (RIVER PHOENIX) BACKS AWAY FROM A CLIENT, ALENA (GRACE ZABRISKIE), BECAUSE SHE REMINDS HIM OF HIS MOTHER. BELOW: MIKE WATERS, THE YOUNG GAY HUSTLER IN GUS VAN SANT'S *MY PRIVATE IDAHO*.

Hal has lost to death both his actual father, the coldly manipulative King, and his surrogate father, Falstaff. Having been an unsatisfactory son to the former, he ends by abandoning the latter who can have no place in his new life. This is the major narrative line which Van Sant has borrowed, from Shakespeare and Welles: *My Own Private Idaho* is very much a film about young men in search of parental figures.

It is also a film about the search for home, an exploration of the idea of what a good home might be and how it shapes the heart and mind. For Scott (Keanu Reeves), the rich young heir to the Mayor of Parkland, Oregon, home is on the one hand a lavishly-appointed mansion in which the silhouettes of his quarrelling parents are glimpsed behind high curtained windows. On the other hand, home is a derelict hotel in which squat the street hustlers, presided over by the scruffy Falstaff figure, Bob (William Richert), and a Mistress Quickly equivalent called Janet Lightwork (very eloquently played by Sally Curtice). Scott is called back to report to his father and, Hal-like, assures the Mayor, who calls him a "degenerate", "Don't say that father. You'll find this is not true."

At this point, I should make clear that there is another, non-Shakespearean strand to the narrative. Scott's friend and fellow-hustler, Mike (River Phoenix), in some respects fills the rôle of Prince Hal's friend, Poins. In *Henry IV Part 1*, it is Poins who suggests the plot to rob Falstaff and his sidekicks after they have robbed some pilgrims, with the aims of relishing the "monstrous lies" Falstaff will later tell. In *My Own Private Idaho*, the two young men carry out their counter-robbery and Van Sant at this point offers a close reading of the Shakespearean text. "Do you think I would kill the heir apparent?" asks Bob/Falstaff, but follows it with, "Do you think I could turn on you Scott? You're our only ticket out of here." That is, he spells out much more explicitly the opportunist expectations of the Falstaff figure. Mike, however, has other functions to fulfil in the narrative and some may feel that the film's weakness is that it doesn't quite marry the two elements.

For Mike, life as a young gay hustler is not just a matter of the pre-inheritance slumming for money that Scott claims it is for him. Scott insists that "Two guys can't love each other", that "I sell my ass. It's when you start doing things for free" trouble follows. Mike, though, says, "I could love someone if I wasn't paid for it", and indeed loves Scott. There is real tenderness in what amounts to their love scene as they camp by the side of an Idaho road: Scott *is* calculating his chances; he *does* return to his well-heeled, upper-class, heterosexual life; but he does also have real affection for Mike. And it is Mike's story which frames the film.

Mike is narcoleptic: a dictionary extract giving a definition of the word is the first image of the film and the second last image is of Mike in a narcoleptic fit being lifted from an Idaho road into a car by – whom? Scott? Anyone in particular?

And the film ends on this enigmatic note in relation to Mike. Unlike Scott's, Mike's fate is problematic at best. When the narcolepsy seizes him, he has lyrically beautiful but bewildering dreams of his mother and of a shabby frame house in a cornfield. He finds who his father is, but there is no guarantee that he will ever find a home. The streets, a makeshift plastic tent on a Portland apartment rooftop, the rundown hotel: these are where he sleeps; but he is haunted by roads as much as houses. Over an early vista of a road in Idaho his voice is heard saying , "I just know I've been here before ... it's like someone's face. Like a fucked-up face." At the film's end, there is a similar image of the road and Mike's voice-over says, "I'm a connoisseur of roads." The camera pulls up and back to reveal him lying there. A truck stops; two men get out to rob him; "America the Beautiful" is heard on the soundtrack; then a car comes by and he is lifted inside; and the final image is a time-lapse shot of clouds moving behind the frame house.

Mike's uncertain history then flanks the film and he is part of the street scene that Scott has played with. The time comes when Scott will not only reject Bob ("There was a time when I needed to learn from you ... but don't come near me now") but when he will also find Mike a liability both socially and sexually. Scott's two worlds meet in the cemetery: while his father is buried with formal ceremony there is a rowdy wake for the other cast-off father.

The problem is that, structurally, the film seems to insist that this is essentially Mike's story, whereas in terms of narrative articulation it is Scott's situation which holds the attention most closely. Van Sant has not forced us to read the whole film in terms of Shakespeare, but the fact is that the Shakespearean echoes are extraordinarily eloquent, and as they do not centrally involve Mike, as they *do* Scott, his story loses some of its grip. He begins and ends the film; the recurring images of Idaho road and house that haunt the film belong to him; and the pathos of his rootless and directionless life (affections do not guarantee direction) is undeniable; but not even his relationship with Scott is enough to keep him at the centre of the film *with* Scott. There is, for instance, nothing as riveting in Mike's situation as Scott's rejection of Bob: Scott's temporary abandonment of him in Italy ("I'm going to take a little time off. Maybe I'll run into you down the road") works structurally as anticipation of the dismissal of Bob.

However, this is far from being a tidily conventional film and perhaps it would be less interesting if it were. Its coherence is thematic rather than structural: in Shakespearean England, the beauty

of friendship and human warmth must give way to the constraints of "good government"; in America in the 1990s, the beauty of "spacious skies and amber waves of grain" is visually celebrated, and the accompanying losses ironically mourned as the anthem is strummed plangently on the soundtrack. Political expedience on a vast scale has exacted similar sacrifices.

Few films are as puzzling and as exciting, as heedless of mainstream connectedness; it establishes Van Sant in his third film as a major new director with more than a touch of the poet, more interested in truth than realism. He invokes (and pays his dues to) both Shakespeare and Welles and, incidentally, recalls any number of other movies from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Rebel Without a Cause*; but in the end he has made something new, stamping it with the imprint of a director one is anxious to meet again.

It is odd that the most famous utterance from E. M. Forster's *Howards End* – "Only connect!" – should be omitted from the film. Just because it is part of the novel's discursive prose is no reason: so is the famous remark about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and that is simply given to an unbilled guest star to *say*. My point is that the Merchant Ivory film of *Howards End* is in most things so extraordinarily "faithful", not to say literal-minded and reverential, in relation to its precursor text that it comes as a shock to find that anything so famous is omitted.

In his third go at filming E. M. Forster, James Ivory offers what amounts to a scrupulous guided tour of the novel, neglecting virtually no point of interest. It is an adaptation at the other end of the spectrum, in literature-film relations, from such exciting cinematic transactions with literary sources as *Prospero's Books* or *My Own Private Idaho*. It is very much in line with Ivory's *A Room With a View* in its way of taking the novel an episode at a time. The trouble with this approach, as opposed to grasping the novel by the scruff of the neck and shaking new life into it, is that it leads to local and incidental felicities rather than to the creation of a coherent new work.

Superficially, it *looks* as if Ivory's film is after a new coherence. It begins with Mrs Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave) walking meditatively round the twilit garden of Howards End, while a noisy game is being played inside. There is, implicitly, a failure of connection between the conflicting impulses of the solitary woman and the rest of her family.

The film ends with Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), beneficiary of Mrs Wilcox's will in the matter of the house, installed there with her sister Helen (Helena Bonham Carter) and Helen's illegitimate son by the unhappy clerk Leonard Bast (Sam West). Howards End, finally in line with Mrs Wilcox's dying wishes, has moved from being the site of unconnectedness to one of connectedness, in matters of both class and imagination. Margaret has married Ruth's widower (Anthony Hopkins), thus bringing about a union of two ways of thinking, ways of living. Helen's child represents a union across classes. Not that the film, any more than the novel, seems perfectly sure what tone to adopt towards the hapless Leonard, with his aspirations to culture and his "common" wife. From this point of view, the ending is more schematic than organic or felt.

Nevertheless, the *idea* of "only connect" is perhaps borne out by the reshaping of the novel to the extent of allowing Mrs Wilcox's strangely preoccupied walk in the opening sequence in the garden to foreshadow the closing sequence in which nature and human nature are seen to be at one. This idea is articulated, too, in the insistent use of images of telegrams being sent, of train journeys, of letters written and received: all signify the effort towards connectedness. Ruth is worn out by life with the brisk, brusque Wilcoxes, but in the end Margaret, the second Mrs Wilcox, brings health and the spirit of intelligent compromise to the connecting of two worlds.

In between, the film offers "Scenes from Howards End", some realized with wit and precision and feeling. This is particularly true of the scenes between Ruth and Margaret. In their first meeting there is a very clear sense of the opposition of Margaret's healthy vivacity and the older woman's worn quality, as they discuss the idea of nature versus human nature and the "monstrous" idea of one's house being pulled down. The flow of sympathy between the two women in this scene is juxtaposed to the "clever" literary luncheon to which Margaret invites Ruth who finds herself quite at sea. "We never *discuss* at Howards End", she offers poignantly by way of apology.

PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE: HENRY WILCOX (ANTHONY HOPKINS) AND MARGARET SCHLEGEL (EMMA THOMPSON). JAMES IVORY'S *HOWARDS END*.

What such episodes, and there are plenty of them, suggest is the detailed, careful fidelity of the BBC classic serial. So little is left out that this film version of a modest-length book runs to 142 minutes. To be fair, the texture at any given moment is apt to be rich enough for the film not to seem greatly too long, though there are moments of lingering as it succumbs – undramatically – to the beauties of the English countryside.

It is easy to see what attracts the Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala team to Forster's novels. (It is only surprising that David Lean beat them to the draw with *A Passage to India*, the Forster one might have supposed would make the most obvious appeal to the team.) Throughout their *œuvre*, whether in the Indian-set films such as *Autobiography of a Princess* or *Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures* or *Heat and Dust*, or the Henry James adaptations, *The Europeans* and *The Bostonians*, or that witty *jeu d'esprit*, *Jane Austen in Manhattan*, they are fascinated by the clash of markedly different ways of confronting experience. It may take the form of Indian aristocracy confronted by *arriviste* Europeans; it may be Europeanized Americans returning to their New England roots; it may be traditional theatre locked in rivalry with the avant garde; or, as in *Howards End*, it may be the clash of those who justify assorted brutalities as being part of "the battle of life" and those they'd dismiss as displaying "artistic beastliness". Merchant and Ivory have persistently shown themselves sensitive to documenting the two sides of such confrontations, and in *Howards End*, perhaps more markedly than in their earlier films, they work towards a touching sense of reconciliation.

Howards End is a drama of class as well as of imaginative differences. At its best, it enacts these differences through contrasts in *mise-en-scène* – through, for example, the contrasts between the cluttered squalor of the Basts' basement flat and the Schlegels' comfortable upper middle-class Wickham Place house or the semi-rural tranquillities of Howards End. Luciana Arrighi's production design discriminates among these with meticulously detailed care. It is also, this being an English-set drama, a matter of accents and demeanour, and an impeccable cast sees to these. But, as suggested earlier, the Basts seem to be as cruelly treated by the film as by the novel, only the foolish Helen showing them a real sympathy, the validity of which her folly calls into question.

Ivory's taste for the picturesque has been a besetting weakness in his literary adaptations since the time of *The Europeans* (1978). Sometimes the beauty of his images is dramatically justified, as in the forward tracking shots that render Leonard's romantic sortie through bluebell woods at night; sometimes, it seems merely to wallow in the pastoral beauties of Edwardian England for their own sake.

Even at their worst, these films (to take the Forster adaptations alone: *A Room With A View* and *Maurice*) are characterized by graceful camera work and a lyrical sense of frame composition. They are also marked by the pleasures of polished acting, often reflecting the theatrical affiliations of the cast. In the present film, there are outstanding performances from Vanessa Redgrave (her most eloquent film work in years) and Emma Thompson; but right down the line, even smaller rôles such as those played by Prunella Scales (Aunt Julie),

Barbara Hicks (Miss Avery) and Peter Cellier (Colonel Fussell) are made alive to every nuance of dialogue, to their function in the over-all scheme.

If *Howards End*, like all the Ivory adaptations, is denied the highest accolades, it is because of its curious sense of being a secondhand artefact. It is as though the Ivory team is too daunted by the eminence of James or Forster to impose itself on the material. Maybe Ivory is too effacing as a director to do so, but, if so, the result may be that he will never achieve anything comparable with the greatness of Orson Welles' dealings with Shakespeare (as in *Chimes at Midnight*) or Booth Tarkington (*The Magnificent Ambersons*). Tasteful and perceptive as *Howards End* (like its predecessors) is, it seems all too consciously aimed at a middle-class audience which will approve the decorums and the fidelity to the medium it really prefers.

EDWARD II (STEVEN WADDINGTON) AND GAVESTON (ANDREW TIERNAN). DEREK JARMAN'S *EDWARD II*.

In ensuring that his adaptation of Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* is no safe, respectable version of a "classic" (however little read today), Derek Jarman has – unsurprisingly – chosen to foreground the gay relationship at its heart. Jarman's homosexual orientation colours his entire reading of the play.

Edward (Steven Waddington) and his "favourite" or "minion" as the play refers to his low-born lover, Piers Gaveston (Andrew Tiernan), are represented with far more overt and pervasive sympathy than Marlowe accords them. When Edward has been forced to subscribe to Gaveston's exile, the two, pyjama-clad, dance to the tune of Cole Porter's "Every time we say goodbye", sung by Annie Lennox. There is here the pathos of star-crossed lovers that overrides the impression Marlowe suggests of the King's weakness and Gaveston's opportunism.

They are typically presented in a golden light (until fortune has turned wholly against them), whereas the opposition to their affair, in the persons of a "Chorus of Nobility", is made to appear as the forces of darkness. Jarman has said he was drawn to the play's "story of love versus responsibility" and to its dramatizing of the "clash between gay desire and public morality".

He has, that is, established what is for himself the play's core and made his film render that core in terms which stress its contemporary and personal significance. He has re-imagined the original in ways that imply a grasp of the precursor text's conflicts *and* brings it lurching forward four centuries with new – and renewed – power.

Opposition to the central lovers is depicted in almost entirely unsympathetic terms. Edward's queen, Isabella (Tilda Swinton), has a hard ruthlessness of demeanour that denies her the sympathy Marlowe allows her, and her lover, Mortimer (Nigel Terry), is a brutal figure, dressed in commando uniform. The film's satire is directed at a society which sanctions heterosexual infidelity and reserves its obloquy and hatred for the King's obsession with Gaveston. (Jarman has reduced Marlowe's dozen or so ambitious nobles and bishops to an anonymous gaggle of braying predators, including two women.)

The child of Edward and Isabella is finally represented as androgynous. Earlier in the film he has been a little boy playing with a sword as if it were a machine-gun; by the end, on top of the playpen which encloses his mother and her lover, he commands the situation in navy suit, high heels and dangling earrings that recall his mother's. Arbitrary sexual divisions have been elided following the death of the young prince's father as a sexual martyr.

There will probably be criticism that Jarman's reworking of Marlowe is simplistic, and there is some truth in such a view. As the film cuts between Isabella addressing her band of thugs, armed for combat and protected with riot shields, and Edward receiving the support of a militant gay crowd waving banners ("Get Your Filthy Laws Off Our Bodies"), it is easy to feel that the issues have been over-simplified. For instance, in aligning himself so unequivocally with the King and his lover, Jarman risks underestimating the other forces at work, such as those of class and the quest for political ascendancy. However, it is the intense politicization of the sexual drama that makes Jarman's film a genuine *adaptation* of Marlowe. By comparison, Ivory's *Howards End* looks like the cinematic equivalent of painting by numbers.

And it is largely the stress on gay politics – and its place in a wider context of oppression – that allows Jarman's version of a four-hundred-year-old tragedy to seem pertinent today. Neither the spectacle of gay demonstrators nor the sound of a radio voice telling us that "The King's life is drawing rapidly to a close" (recalling the announcement of the death of George V) strikes a discordant note because the film has established its credentials for such cross-centuries allusion.

Costumes, which include dinner jackets and evening gowns, modern combat dress and vaguely Renaissance garb, are part of such credentials. Characters are dressed for psychological associations rather than for realism or for a rigid regard for consistency. This is not a new approach (Michael Bogdanov's brilliant production of *Henry IV*, out here a few years ago, for the English Shakespeare Company invoked such eclecticism to similar dramatic ends) but it is worked out with rigorous care and effect. Settings, similarly, do little to confine the film to a particular time and place. It is mostly set in a strange empty castle, with stony halls and echoing corridors, a place of dangerous corners and threatening shadows, brilliantly lit by cameraman Ian Wilson. The result is a genuine fluidity in the film's dealings with time and space that is at one with its sense of the timeless importance of its conflicts.

More serious than his attractive adaptation of *The Tempest*, Jarman's latest brush with classic drama establishes him as one who can read literature and make "something new", who can respect what he has read without being over-awed by it. At his best, he exhibits a storyteller's drive lit by a poet's daring.

MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO Directed by Gus Van Sant. Producer: Laurie Parker. Executive producers: Allan Mindel, Gus Van Sant. Line producer: Tony Brand. Scriptwriter: Gus Van Sant. Directors of photography: Eris Allan Edwards, John Campbell. Production designer: David Brisbin. Costume designer: Beatrix Aruna. Editor: Curtiss Clayton. Composer: Bill Stafford. Cast: River Phoenix (Mike Waters), Keanu Reeves (Scott Favor), James Russo (Richard Waters), William Richert (Bob Pigeon), Rodney Harvey (Gary), Chiara Caselli (Carmella), Michael Parker (Digger), Jessie Thomas (Denise), Flea (Budd). Fine Line Pictures. Australian distributor: Newvision. 35mm. 105 mins. US. 1991.

HOWARDS END Directed by James Ivory. Producer: Ismail Merchant. Executive producer: Paul Bradley. Scriptwriter: Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Director of photography: Tony Pierce-Roberts. Production designer: Luciana Arrighi. Costume designers: Jenny Bevan, John Bright. Editor: Andrew Marcus. Composer: Richard Robbins. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave (Ruth Wilcox), Anthony Hopkins (Henry Wilcox), Helena Bonham Carter (Helen Schlegel), Emma Thompson (Margaret Schlegel), Prunella Scales (Aunt Julie), Adrian Ross Magenty (Tibby Schlegel), Sam West (Leonard Bast), James Wilby (Charles Wilcox), Jemma Redgrave (Evie Wilcox), Susan Lindeman (Dolly Wilcox), Nicola Duffet (Jacky Bast). Merchant Ivory Film in association with Film Four International. Australian distributor: Hoyts. 35mm. 142 mins. U.K. 1992.

EDWARD II Directed by Derek Jarman. Producers: Steve Clark-Hall, Antony Root. Executive producers: Sarah Radclyffe, Simon Curtis. Scriptwriters: Derek Jarman, Stephen McBride, Ken Butler. Based on the play by Christopher Marlowe. Director of photography: Ian Wilson. Production designer: Christopher Hobbs. Editor: George Akers. Composer: Simon Fisher Turner. Cast: Steven Waddington (King Edward II), Andrew Tiernan (Gaveston), Tilda Swinton (Queen Isabella), Nigel Terry (Mortimer), Kevin Collins (Lightborn), Jerome Flynn (Kent), John Lynch (Spencer), Dudley Sutton (Bishop of Winchester), Jody Graber (Prince Edward), Annie Lennox (Singer). Working Title Production. Australian distributor: Newvision. 35mm. 90 mins. U.K. 1991.

FORTRESS

Fortress is a $14-million futuristic thriller directed by Stuart Gordon. A Village Roadshow Pictures Production, it was shot at the Warners Roadshow Movie World Studios late last year.

The film is set in the U.S. of the near future, when natural resources have been depleted and population growth is out of control. As a result, a new law is created: each woman may give birth to only one child. Captain John Brennick (Christopher Lambert) and his wife, Karen (Loryl Locklin), have broken that law.

For those who transgress, there is the Fortress, run by the giant multinational Men-Tel Corporation. Buried thirty stories into the ground, the Fortress is a high-tech prison where each cell is enclosed by red lasers and where computerized surveillance systems can even 'read' prisoners' dreams.

To its owners, the Fortress is escape-proof. Captain John Brennick plans to put that claim to the test.

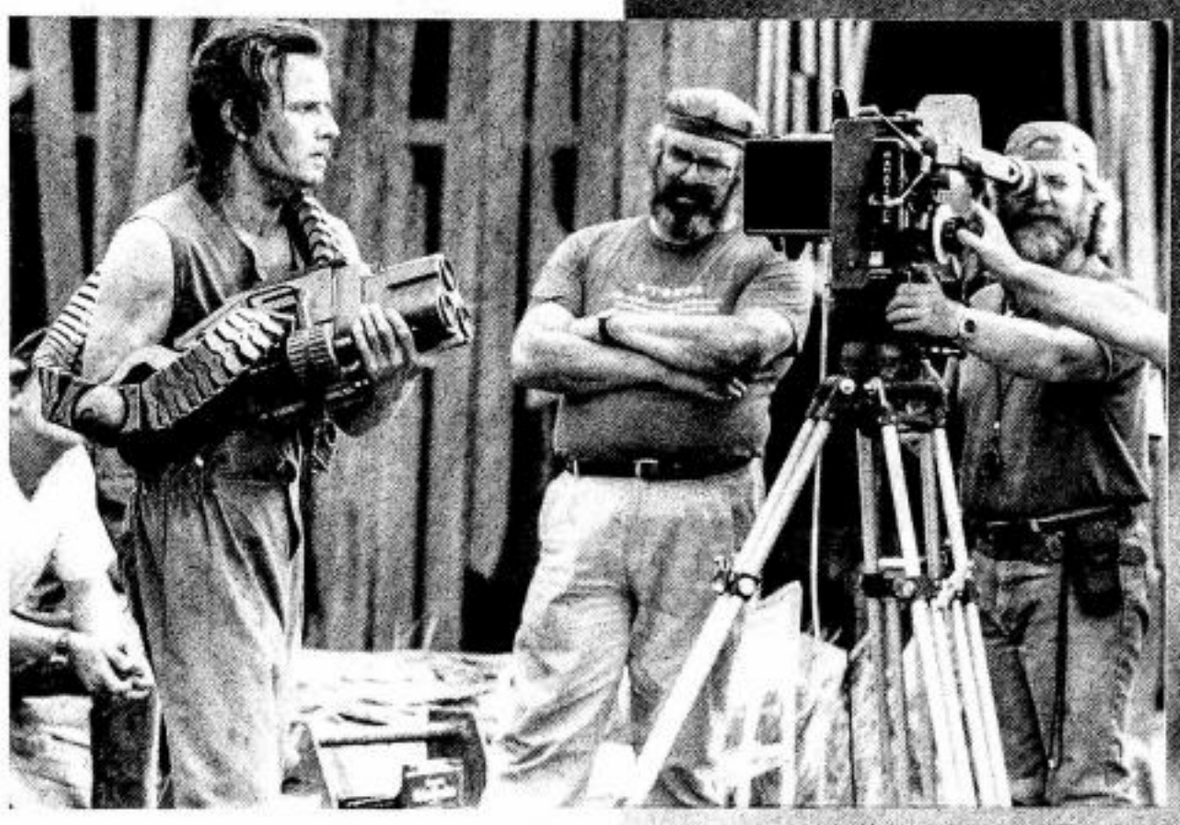
PRODUCER JOHN FLOCK

Interviewed by Marcial Coppolino

CAPTAIN JOHN BRENNICK (CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT) HAS HIS DREAMS 'READ' IN STUART GORDON'S *FORTRESS*. INSET: PRODUCER JOHN FLOCK.

fortress

Fortress



Your producing partner on this project, John Davis, has a multiple-picture deal with Twentieth Century Fox. What is Davis' background and how did you two team up?

John's father is Marvin Davis, who used to own Fox. John used to be an executive there.

After his father sold the studio, John stayed on and had a production deal there. He produced a couple of films with Joel Silver, *Predator* [John McTiernan, 1987] and *Predator 2* [Stephen Hopkins, 1990], and a couple with Larry Gordon. He also did a few films on his own.

John and I met about four years ago when I was working with a company called Film Accord. We put together a project starring Greta Scacchi called *Shattered* [William Peterson, 1991]. It was originally going to be distributed by Fox, but ended up being MGM Pathé.

I then brought John a project called *Storyville* [Mark Frost, 1992], which we did together with distribution through Fox[1], and he brought me *Fortress* – something that he had worked on there.

In a media release for *Fortress* you say, "I had a long relationship with Village Roadshow and I thought that *Fortress* would be a perfect vehicle for them and their studio in Australia." What had you done in Australia prior to *Fortress*?

I helped finance a mini-series called *A Dangerous Life* [Bob Markowitz, 1988]. It was done with HBO in the U.S. and with McElroy & McElroy, the production company, in Australia. That is when I first became familiar with how the movie business worked down here.

Village and I also worked together on the financing of *Turtle Beach* [Stephen Wallace, 1992], which is how I got into business with the Village Roadshow group.

So you've been in and out of Australia for some years now?

I spent quite a bit of time in Australia about four years ago, but I hadn't been here in two years. I've been working with Village Roadshow out of its Los Angeles office.

Whom did you do the deal with at Village Roadshow?

I'd worked very closely with Greg Coote, who is president of Village Roadshow Pictures, which is the production subsidiary for the Village Roadshow group of companies. I've been working out of Greg's office in Los Angeles for the last year and a half on a variety of projects, with them and without them.

When John sent me *Fortress*, we realized it was a very contained production. It didn't require a lot of exterior locations. It was something that was designed to be shot at a movie studio. I knew about this Movie World facility through Greg and thought it would

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1. The film was produced in the U.S. by Australian David Roe and was originally based on a novel by Jack Galbally called *Juryman*. John Davis and John Flock were executive producers.

FAR LEFT: DIRECTOR STUART GORDON, CENTRE, WATCHES ACTOR CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT DURING THE FILMING OF *FORTRESS*. CENTRE: LAMBERT AS BRENNICK. BELOW: INSIDE THE ESCAPE-PROOF FORTRESS, SHOWING THE MASSIVE CELL-BLOCK SET. *FORTRESS*.

just be perfect. You've seen the cell block: it's a massive set. Stage Five was big enough to do it.

As well, Australia has the kind of technicians that you really don't have outside the U.S. They have done a magnificent job. We knew that they could create the *Fortress* set because Warners had the physical plant to do it and Australia had the people capable of executing the plans.

How would you compare studio facilities in the U.S. with what you found here in Australia?

I haven't worked at any Australian studio other than this one. But my understanding is that the facilities in Sydney and Melbourne are older and not really designed for motion pictures. They're warehouses that have been converted to motion picture use.

This one was built by Dino De Laurentiis as a movie studio. The location may not have been ideal at the time, but there's got to a be reason for building it up here. And it's starting to come true for Village and Warners, which now owns it. It's been properly designed. They've even got a tank here that they can utilize.

Stage Five is not a huge warehouse, but a sound stage that's properly rigged. It has all the equipment, either in there or immediately available. It is a world-class facility.

***Fortress* will be sold worldwide by IAC Film Sales. Who is IAC?**

IAC is a sales agent named Guy Collins. Guy handled *Highlander* [Russell Mulcahy, 1986] and *Highlander II: The Reckoning* [Mulcahy, 1991], with Christopher Lambert.[2] Guy seems to be the Christopher Lambert expert in the international marketplace.

Guy works as our agent and I told him, "Christopher is the lead. John and I are producing it. Stuart Gordon will direct it. Village will be the production entity. We'll do it at the Warners studio. The budget is approximately $14 million, Australian. Here's this beautiful poster that we've created for the movie. What do you think we can get for it?"

Guy then went to Cannes, as he's done this for me on other pictures. He came back and said what he thought we were going to get for it, and we closed the deals. He delivered the contract, and I went out and banked it.

So the strategy was first to choose a major movie star, like Christophe Lambert, who had influence and exposure outside of the U.S., in Europe and throughout the world?

Absolutely. This is an independent film production. Fox is an American distributor, but they're not financing the production of the film. And when you're an independent producer, by and large, unless you're extremely well capitalized, and there are fewer and fewer of those, you finance

2. The actor's name is Christophe Lambert, though English-language versions of his films usually opt for the extra "r".

ABOVE: BRENNICK, WIFE KAREN (LORYN LOCKLIN) AND CHILD.
FACING PAGE: BRENNICK IS ARRESTED IN *FORTRESS*.

films by pre-selling them. And in order to pre-sell them in the current marketplace you have to have someone who is a "star". And there's a very shallow group of those. It may run twenty deep in terms of male stars who'll enable you to finance your picture. Some of them are obvious names, some less so, but there are not a lot of them. Christopher happens to fall into that category.

Apart from Christophe Lambert, the film also stars Kirkwood Smith, whose credits include *RoboCop*, *Rambo 3* and *Dead Poets Society*.

We cast Christopher first, because in these sorts of pictures your lead actor is what enables you to raise the financing. With Christopher and Stuart Gordon set, we then went out and started looking to fill the secondary roles, like Karen Brennick, who's played by Loryn Locklin. We were also looking for an archetype villain and Kirk plays these roles a lot. He's a terrific character. I don't know if you've seen him in other projects, but he is a very good bad guy. It was as if he was designed for this rôle.

How did director Stuart Gordon come to your attention?

Stuart has had an interesting reputation in the business since *Re-Animator* [1985], which received enormous critical acclaim for a film that was made on an absolute shoestring budget.

Stuart's been making sci-fi horror films for Empire Pictures for a couple of years, all of which have been extremely clever given virtually no money was available to make them. Stuart did a very good job of making them work within the marketplace that they were intended for.

A lot of people in the industry think that Stuart has the potential to break into mainstream action-adventure, which is how he got involved with Disney on *Honey, I Shrunk The Kids*. Stuart developed the film, but unfortunately had some medical problems that wouldn't allow him to go to Mexico to direct it. So Joe Johnston took over.

Stuart's really needed a project that was close to his roots. In terms of budget and the marrying of action adventure with sci-fi, *Fortress* will enable Stuart to sort of branch out from what he has done previously.

Apparently there have been three writers on the film: Steve Feinberg, Troy Neighbors and Terry Curtis Fox.

Troy and Steve, who are a writing team, were the original writers. We then brought in Terry, who is an experienced television writer. He worked on *Hill Street Blues* and he's also worked with Stuart for years. He came in to do a dialogue polish because he was a little bit more experienced and we were on a very extreme time crunch. Terry's a guy who's used to working under television deadlines, rather than feature-type deadlines. Everyone ended up working pretty well together.

So how will the credits read on the finished product?

That is up to the Screen Writers Guild. My guess is that it will read, "Written by Troy Neighbors and Steve Feinberg and Terry Curtis Fox".

In terms of major Australian crew, your director of photography is David Eggby, who did *Mad Max* [George Miller, 1979] and *Quigley* [Simon Wincer, 1991], and your production designer is David Copping. How did you select them in particular?

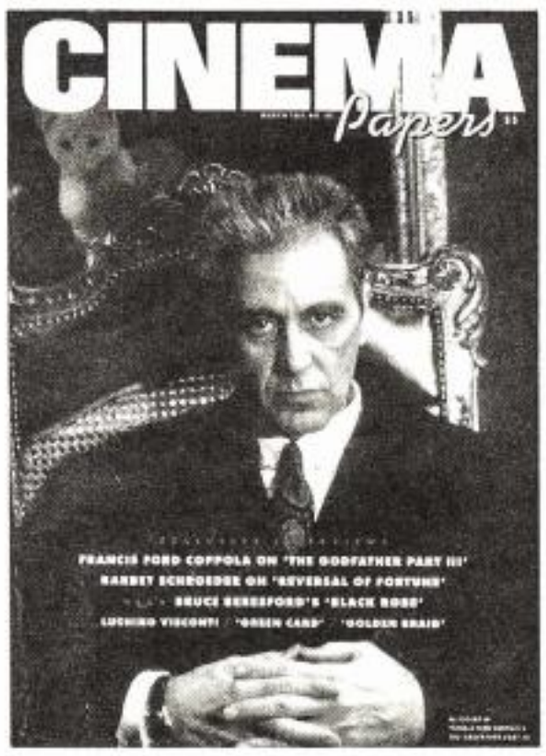
This is where Village Roadshow's expertise in Australia really came into play for us. Compared to the film industry in the U.S., Australia's is relatively small, and everybody knows everybody else. John and I as producers are not really familiar with everybody who works here, but Village is – Greg Coote, in particular, and Michael Lake, who runs the studio facility here. It wasn't even a matter of interviewing people. We just said, "Who are the best people?" They made their recommendations and we were thrilled to death with the people they presented to us.

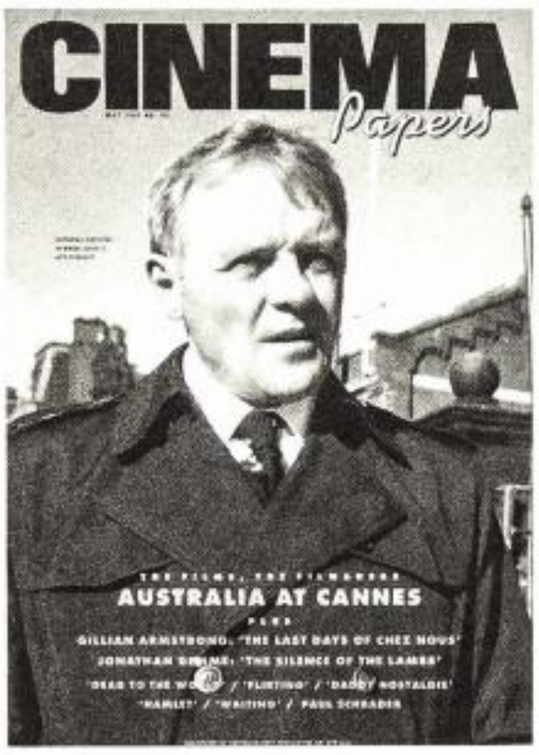
You have non-Australian actors as three of your main stars. How did you negotiate that with Actors Equity?

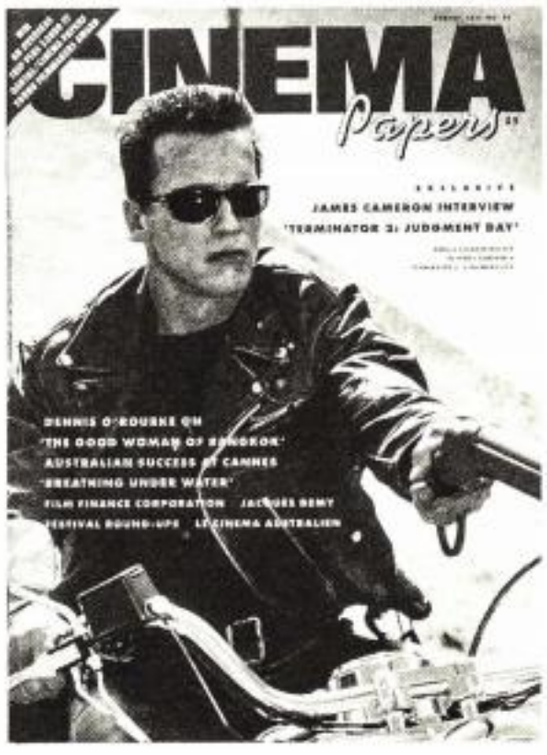
First, a little bit of background. The Australian industry is by and large subsidized by the government, either directly through the Film Finance Corporation and various local organizations like the Queensland Film Development Office, or indirectly through tax offerings like 10BA or Section 51(1). A consequence of this government subsidy is that Actors Equity has had an awful lot to say about whom you could or could not bring into the country. There was a direct relationship between Actors Equity and Australian Immigration, and all of this was really a consequence of the fact that the people of Australia, either directly or indirectly, were supporting the film industry, and there was a feeling that the

BACK ISSUES: CINEMA PAPERS

A GUIDE TO WHAT'S AVAILABLE







NUMBER 1 (JANUARY 1974):
David Williamson, Ray Harryhausen, Peter Weir, Antony Ginnane, Gillian Armstrong, Ken G. Hall, *The Cars that Ate Paris.*

NUMBER 2 (APRIL 1974):
Censorship, Frank Moorhouse, Nicolas Roeg, Sandy Harbutt, Film under Allende, *Between The Wars, Alvin Purple*

NUMBER 3 (JULY 1974):
Richard Brennan, John Papadopolous, Willis O'Brien, William Friedkin, *The True Story Of Eskimo Nell.*

NUMBER 10 (SEPT/OCT 1976)
Nagisa Oshima, Philippe Mora, Krzysztof Zanussi, Marco Ferreri, Marco Bellocchio, gay cinema.

NUMBER 11 (JANUARY 1977)
Emile De Antonio, Jill Robb, Samuel Z. Arkoff, Roman Polanski, Saul Bass, *The Picture Show Man.*

NUMBER 12 (APRIL 1977)
Ken Loach, Tom Haydon, Donald Sutherland, Bert Deling, Piero Tosi, John Dankworth, John Scott, *Days Of Hope, The Getting Of Wisdom.*

NUMBER 13 (JULY 1977)
Louis Malle, Paul Cox, John Power, Jeanine Seawell, Peter Sykes, Bernardo Bertolucci, *In Search Of Anna.*

NUMBER 14 (OCTOBER 1977)
Phil Noyce, Matt Carroll, Eric Rohmer, Terry Jackman, John Huston, *Luke's Kingdom, The Last Wave, Blue Fire Lady.*

NUMBER 15 (JANUARY 1978)
Tom Cowan, Truffaut, John Faulkner, Stephen Wallace, the Taviani brothers, Sri Lankan film, *Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith.*

NUMBER 16 (APRIL-JUNE 1978)
Gunnel Lindblom, John Duigan, Steven Spielberg, Tom Jeffrey, *The Africa Project,* Swedish cinema, *Dawn!, Patrick.*

NUMBER 17 (AUG/SEPT 1978)
Bill Bain, Isabelle Huppert, Brian May, Polish cinema, *Newsfront, The Night The Prowler.*

NUMBER 18 (OCT/NOV 1978)
John Lamond, Sonia Borg, Alain Tanner, Indian cinema, *Dimboola, Cathy's Child.*

NUMBER 19 (JAN/FEB 1979)
Antony Ginnane, Stanley Hawes, Jeremy Thomas, Andrew Sarris, sponsored documentaries, *Blue Fin.*

NUMBER 20 (MARCH-APRIL 1979)
Ken Cameron, Claude Lelouch, Jim Sharman, French film, *My Brilliant Career.*

NUMBER 22 (JULY/AUG 1979)
Bruce Petty, Luciana Arrighi, Albie Thoms, *Stax, Alison's Birthday*

NUMBER 24 (DEC/JAN 1980)
Brian Trenchard-Smith, Ian Holmes, Arthur Hiller, Jerzy Toeplitz, Brazilian cinema, *Harlequin.*

NUMBER 25 (FEB/MARCH 1980)
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NUMBER 26 (APRIL/MAY 1980)
Charles H. Joffe, Jerome Hellman, Malcolm Smith, Australian nationalism, Japanese cinema, Peter Weir, *Water Under The Bridge.*

NUMBER 27 (JUNE-JULY 1980)
Randal Kleiser, Peter Yeldham, Donald Richie, obituary of Hitchcock, NZ film industry, *Grendel Grendel Grendel.*

NUMBER 28 (AUG/SEPT 1980)
Bob Godfrey, Diane Kurys, Tim Burns, John O'Shea, Bruce Beresford, *Bad Timing, Roadgames.*

NUMBER 29 (OCT/NOV 1980)
Bob Ellis, Uri Windt, Edward Woodward, Lino Brocka, Stephen Wallace, Philippine cinema, *Cruising, The Last Outlaw.*

NUMBER 36 (FEBRUARY 1982)
Kevin Dobson, Brian Kearney, Sonia Hofmann, Michael Rubbo, *Blow Out, Breaker Morant, Body Heat, The Man From Snowy River.*

NUMBER 37 (APRIL 1982)
Stephen MacLean, Jacki Weaver, Carlos Saura, Peter Ustinov, women in drama, *Monkey Grip.*

NUMBER 38 (JUNE 1982)
Geoff Burrowes, George Miller, James Ivory, Phil Noyce, Joan Fontaine, Tony Williams, law and insurance, *Far East.*

NUMBER 39 (AUGUST 1982)
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NUMBER 40 (OCTOBER 1982)
Henri Safran, Michael Ritchie, Pauline Kael, Wendy Hughes, Ray Barrett, *My Dinner With Andre, The Return Of Captain Invincible.*

NUMBER 41 (DECEMBER 1982)
Igor Auzins, Paul Schrader, Peter Tammer, Liliana Cavani, Colin Higgins, *The Year Of Living Dangerously.*

NUMBER 42 (MARCH 1983)
Mel Gibson, John Waters, Ian Pringle, Agnes Varda, copyright, *Strikebound, The Man From Snowy River.*

NUMBER 43 (MAY/JUNE 1983)
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Paul Cox, Russell Mulcahy, Alan J. Pakula, Robert Duvall, Jeremy Irons, *Eureka Stockade, Waterfront, The Boy In The Bush, A Woman Suffers, Street Hero.*

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Richard Lowenstein, Wim Wenders, David Bradbury, Sophia Turkiewicz, Hugh Hudson, *Robbery Under Arms.*

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Ken Cameron, Michael Pattinson, Jan Sardi, Yoram Gross, *Bodyline, The Slim Dusty Movie.*

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Alain Resnais, Brian McKenzie, Angela Punch McGregor, Ennio Morricone, Jane Campion, horror films, *Niel Lynne.*

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NUMBER 51 (MAY 1985)
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Angela Carter, Wim Wenders, Jean-Pierre Gorin, Derek Jarman, Gerald L'Ecuyer, Gustav Hasford, AFI Awards, *Poor Man's Orange.*

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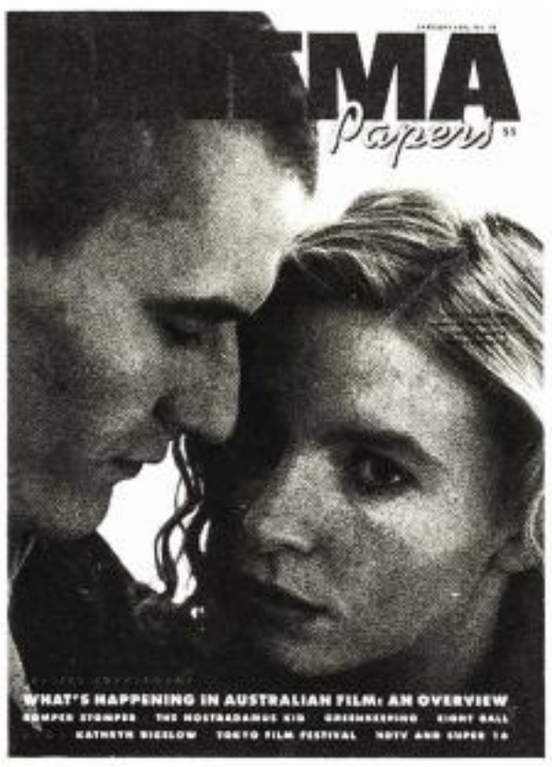

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Australia at Cannes, Gillian Armstrong: *The Last Days at Chez Nous*, Joathan Demme: *The Silence of the Lambs, Flynn, Dead To The World*, Marke Joffe's *Spotswood*, Anthony Hopkins

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James Cameron: *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, Dennis O'Rourke: *The Good Woman of Bangkok*, Susan Dermody: *Breathing Under Water*, Cannes report, FFC.

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Jocelyn Moorhouse: *Proof*, Blake Edwards: *Switch*, Callie Khouri: *Thelma & Louise*, Independent Exhibition and Distribution in Australia, FFC Part II.

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Multi Cultural Cinema, Steven Spielberg and *Hook*, George Negus filming *The Real Unknown*, Richard Lowenstein *Say a Little Prayer*, Jewish Cinema.

NUMBER 88 (MAY–JUNE 1992)
Cannes '92, Baz Luhrmann's *Strictly Ballroom*, Ann Turner's *Hammers over the Anvil*, Kathy Mueller's *Daydream Believer*, Wim Wenders' *Until the End of the World*, Satyajit Ray. ■

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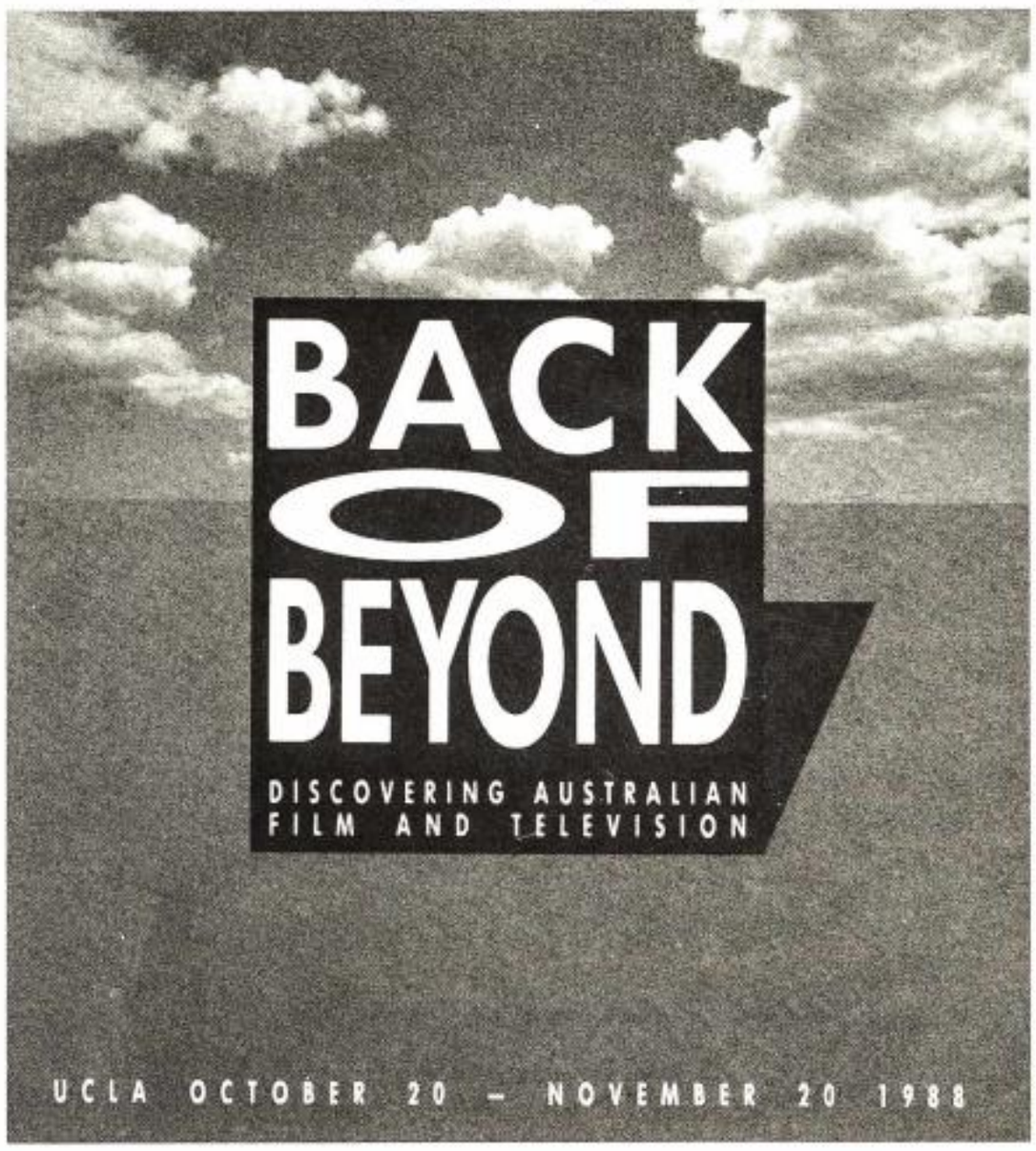

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"By and large, the savings here are in the range of twenty to thirty per cent below the line. Now they're offset a bit by electing to fly in a principal cast and an American director, and by not hiring locals. But filming here still means significant savings."

JOHN FLOCK

money should be going to Australians and not to Americans who want to shoot here.

We financed this film totally outside of the existing [subsidy] structure. This is an independently-financed picture with not a dime of government money in it.

Village Roadshow is a major distributor in this country and they're part of the action. They put up a significant amount of money; they own the Australian rights and are full partners with John Davis and I on the picture. But in terms of anything other than the pre-buying of Australian rights, which is the same as we did in Italy, France, Germany, Japan and everywhere else, *Fortress* is not subsidized at all.

Mike Lake then went to Equity for us and said, "We are producing this film here. We would like to have it certified as an Australian production, so we'll only bring in the three American actors because it's much cheaper for us to work as an Equity-certified film." Equity came back to us and said, "No, you have an American producer and three non-Australian actors, so we're going to treat you as an off-shore company." That meant that all of the Equity people we hired on the picture would be treated as if they were SAG [American Screen Actors Guild] members. Instead of having Equity rates apply, SAG rates would, which are significantly higher.

So, I said, "Well, okay, that's fine. But if that's the case we're not going to agree that this is an Australian production, and I can bring in as many Americans as I want, isn't that correct?" And Equity said, "Yes it is." So we then brought in seven American actors, at which point Equity said, "We had no idea that you were going to bring in that many actors. We're going to take a second look at this." They then really gave us a hard time.

Historically, Equity has had a relationship with Immigration, which is not codified any longer. In the past, Equity had a procedure by which they could recommend whether or not a non-Australian actor can be admitted to this country under a visa to work on a film. And my understanding is that those procedures no longer exist, and haven't for nearly a year. But the people in Immigration are acting as if they still apply. Equity contacted Immigration and said, "We haven't agreed yet to allow all these Americans into the country, don't issue them their visas." There was quite an argument between us and Equity, because they didn't have a right to do that. They are very difficult to deal with.

So what did you do? Did you hire lawyers and go to the Immigration Department to work it out?

It didn't get quite to that point, though we threatened to.

There's a government agency in Canberra called DASETT, which I think is the Department of Arts, Sports, Environment, Tourism and Territory. I called Canberra and spoke with a representative of DASETT who told me that this was absolutely not the way things should operate, that they would support us if it got to the point where we had to take legal action.

But the fact of the matter was that it was a week before we were beginning the shoot. I had to get these people on a plane and so we ended up going to Equity and saying, "What do you want?" We had to capitulate.

That has been the only unpleasantness really in shooting the film here, and only because Equity seems to have a stranglehold on the industry.

Do you think this Equity "stranglehold" is a reason why few American and off-shore independent motion-picture companies come to Australia to use our facilities, technicians, locations and actors? Do they already know they're going to face problems with Equity?

You've asked a couple of different questions. The initial question is: Why don't more American films come to Australia? Yes, I think Equity is one of the contributing factors. Another factor is that the bulk of independent films don't have a sufficient budget to warrant bringing people to Australia to work. As well, the major studios don't want to work here because they have their own facilities.

Okay, so there is a group of independent films that are less modestly budgeted, and *Fortress* would fall into that category, which can choose Australia as a location. But Equity just makes it more difficult. I wouldn't say they are a deciding factor, but they are certainly a very strong factor.

So *Fortress* was a more or less one-off situation; it wasn't because of any changes in policy by Actors Equity or the Immigration Department?

No, and I'm not sufficiently experienced to reply on what Equity will do on other films. But my understanding of what happened on our film is that, because it is not a government-subsidized film in any sense, we are technically able to bring in anybody we want. But as a consequence of bringing in a significant number of American actors, Equity has charged us significantly more money than it would have cost us had we not

brought in the American actors. I had about thirty Equity members working on this film at a far greater cost than it would have been had I not brought in all these American actors.

I also have a complete new set of residual rules that apply to those people working on this film, ones totally different than what normally applies on an Equity-certified picture.

And yet, you have said elsewhere that the film would have cost thirty per cent more if it had been done in the U.S. rather than Australia?

That's correct. I'm describing this problem to you with Equity as it relates to a $14 million film. We're not talking about really significant amounts of money. My problems with Equity are a normal part of doing business. It's an incremental cost.

By and large, the savings here are in the range of twenty to thirty per cent below the line. Now they're offset a bit by electing to fly in a principal cast and an American director, and by not hiring locals. But filming here still means significant savings.

Based on this experience, would you recommend to other independent production companies in the U.S. to come to Australia?

Absolutely. The problems were insignificant in comparison to the benefits. It's just unfortunate that those problems even exist. They're a waste of time, a waste of money. But, on the balance, I'd come back here any time.

What future plans do you have?

John and I have a picture called *The Great Gunman,* which we're doing in Mexico this year and in which Christopher is also going to star. Then Christopher and I have a project together that we will probably end up doing at Village Roadshow called *Hell Drivers,* which I could see us doing here later this year.

So your experience with the technicians, facilities and actors here has been very satisfactory with the exception of one problem?

The short answer is yes, and I don't even want to overstate the problem with Actors Equity. It's more of an annoyance than a problem. It shouldn't deter anybody from coming here. It's just a situation that should be dealt with internally, as it's just not necessary.

There is a perception in the U.S. that Equity is a huge problem and it shouldn't be. The problem really arises because American producers want to come here and get tax benefits and then Equity says, "Great, you can only bring in one actor." Then there's a sense of, "Well, Equity won't let us do this." But of course there are strings attached when you are dealing with government money. It's just unfortunate that it spills over into a project that has no government assistance in it. ■

ACTORS EQUITY REPLIES

Anne Britton of Actors Equity was invited to comment on various comments made by John Flock. Here is her response:

John Flock has made a number of serious allegations about Actors Equity, which in the interests of informed debate should not go unanswered. We thank *Cinema Papers* for the opportunity to make this response.

For over a decade Equity has distinguished between foreign and Australian productions for the purposes of applying our imported artists policy. Put simply, we have always been and will continue to be much tougher on productions subsidized by the public purse. We believe that this area should not represent an 'open door' to foreign artists. We are quite happy to welcome our overseas colleagues but in respectable numbers. This is not empty rhetoric – since mid-1988, 58 foreign artists have worked in government-subsidized film and television productions.

On foreign productions we take an entirely different attitude. While understandably we are keen to maximize employment opportunities for Australian performers, we recognize that foreign casting is a must for so called off-shore productions. Providing a request is reasonable, we raise no objections. Our leniency in this area is a matter of public record: in *Aarons Way*, a pilot, we consented to the importation of an entire cast; we approved seven performers for *Punisher*, and 27 for *Mission: Impossible*.

Flock alleges that Equity gave *Fortress* a "hard time" over his request to bring in seven U.S. performers. We beg to disagree. In August 1991, we were advised that *Fortress* required *three* U.S. performers. On 25 September, we were advised that this number had increased to five. Later, that number increased to seven.

On 3 October, we requested information from the production company on the reason for this incremental increase. In particular, we questioned the rationale for importing two performers who would only be appearing in the opening scenes. This information was provided to us on 10 October and the applications were cleared the next day.

Mr Flock fails to point out that applications on behalf of Messrs Lambert and Gonzales were received on 1 October and cleared the next day. He also fails to point out that the five remaining artists were cleared by Equity within two days of receiving formal documentation.

Mr Flock should also recognize that both the Department of Immigration (DILGEA) and Equity cleared his applications within a very short time-frame. The ten-working-day rule that DILGEA normally requires was waived. We believe that his alleged problems with Equity had more to do with eleventh-hour casting, rather than any mischief on our part.

Mr Flock seems to think that Equity has a "stranglehold" over DILGEA. The not insignificant number of foreign artists that have worked in Australia despite our objection suggests otherwise. Flock is no doubt aware that the Screen Actors Guild also has similar and indeed much stronger control over what Americans describe as "importation of aliens".

As to Flock's alleged threat to hire lawyers, the *Cinema Papers* interview is the first we've heard of it.

Mr Flock's complaint in relation to Equity is not confined to imported artists. He also implies that Equity's requirement that SAG rates and residuals should apply is "outrageous". His comment is,of course, absolutely understandable. Mr Flock is in the business of minimizing budgets. We are in the business of ensuring that Australian performers receive fair wages and conditions. We do not consider Australian minimums (currently $434 per week) "fair" for off-shore features. The Australian acting community may be prepared to accept the lowest rates in the English speaking world (bar New Zealand) for domestic productions, which have historically been unable to secure the lucrative distribution deals available to U.S. films. We are not prepared to extend that subsidy to the U.S. production community.

Mr Flock is quite entitled to disagree with Equity's policy on appropriate rates. However, he is not entitled to imply that this was sprung on him at the last minute. Equity's position has been clearly advertised to the Australian and international production community. We consider that foreign producers are entitled to know of our policy in advance. It is for this reason that we publish a brochure that clearly outlines our policy. This has been distributed to all major U.S. production companies. Mr Flock's representative at our meeting of August 1991 was clearly advised that we require the SAG contract to be used on U.S. productions.

I must say that it is a pity that Equity must partake in a slanging match with a producer, who incidentally we have never had the opportunity to correspond with, let alone meet. Fortunately, our relationships with the overwhelming number of producers who have worked in Australia have been excellent. But that's not as newsworthy as the occasional gripe.

The Troubadour of Scott's, Tom Roberts (1856–1931),
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Noel King

"NOT TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL": ADRIAN MARTIN ON TEEN MOVIES

"I wonder if all criticism is not doomed to analyse its own perception [...] What is essential for the interpreter is an ethics of modesty: that he doesn't consider his own perception as the only one." JULIA KRISTEVA[1]

In a recent review article on popular culture, Simon Frith characterized the peculiar dilemma of the popular cultural critic in the following way:

> Isn't the very act of 'intellectualising' the popular (a close reading of *The Cosby Show* or *Batman* or Madonna) a move away from it, a form of misreading?[2]

Frith went on to conclude that the domain of popular culture, far from constituting a significant political site, more closely resembled a fantasy land where

> the fantasies are those projected onto it by (male) intellectuals themselves: intellectuals longing, daring, fearing to transgress: intellectuals wondering what it would be *not to be an intellectual*. [p. 235]

Martin's article, however admirable its desires and sensible its proposals ... still inhabits a very clear domain of value. It is simply that in this particular domain what gets valued is the expression of the dynamic, the energetic, the volatile rather than something less pulsional, more sedate.

Frith's comments go to the heart of a lot of current writing on popular culture, especially that writing which displays an intensely self-reflexive anxiety (concerning the possibility of producing *unpopular* critical discussions of popular cultural texts) and his remarks connect interestingly with a polemical piece published in *Cinema Papers* a couple of years ago: Adrian Martin's article on "The Teen Movie".[3]

In that article, Martin used the teen pic as an occasion to launch a broadside against the current state of film criticism and film reviewing. He claimed that the teen movie poses a "'problem' for film writing at all levels" (p. 13), particularly for a film criticism deriving from "1970s film theory" (p. 13) and for a film journalism consisting of "mild-mannered, full-time film reviewers" (p. 10), "rather wearily 'adult' pundits of contemporary cinema, with their often extremely middle-ground 'liberal' tastes" (p. 10). So far as Martin was concerned, some of these people were "rigor-mortified into 'adulthood'" (p. 11), so bad and inauthentic a location it had to have inverted commas placed around it. This bunch of Clark Kents and old farts was incapable of dealing with "the querulous strangeness" or "libidinal intensity" (p. 10) of some teen pics. Perhaps unsur-prisingly in an article on such a topic, these figures were cast as the equivalent of Ed Rooney (Jeffrey Jones), Dean of Students in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*: that is, as so many modern versions of an ancient comic persona, the figure of Rule and Authority who blocks the growths and energies of the Young and whose destiny is to be denounced, evaded and, eventually, gulled.

Against this figure comes the figure of Martin, wanting to "overcome a few resistances, and settle a few scores" (p. 11) with various outdated or febrile forms of critical discourse. Now if this is your mission then your *own* critical discourse will need to be quite different from those you are attacking. To some extent, Martin's *is* quite different but in other ways it is quite similar. On the one hand, Martin writes the way Martin Scorsese talks – and it is always exhilarating to be around *that*. And although (Andrew Britton aside) I have no idea of Martin's *approved* critical models (I have some idea of the critical models he doesn't like), implicit in his overall argument seems to be the notion that some forms of film criticism tend to be tedious, heavy, distorting or a little too *stolid* to capture the energies and volatilities of popular film. Such a view is in line with the hope that film criticism somehow could em-

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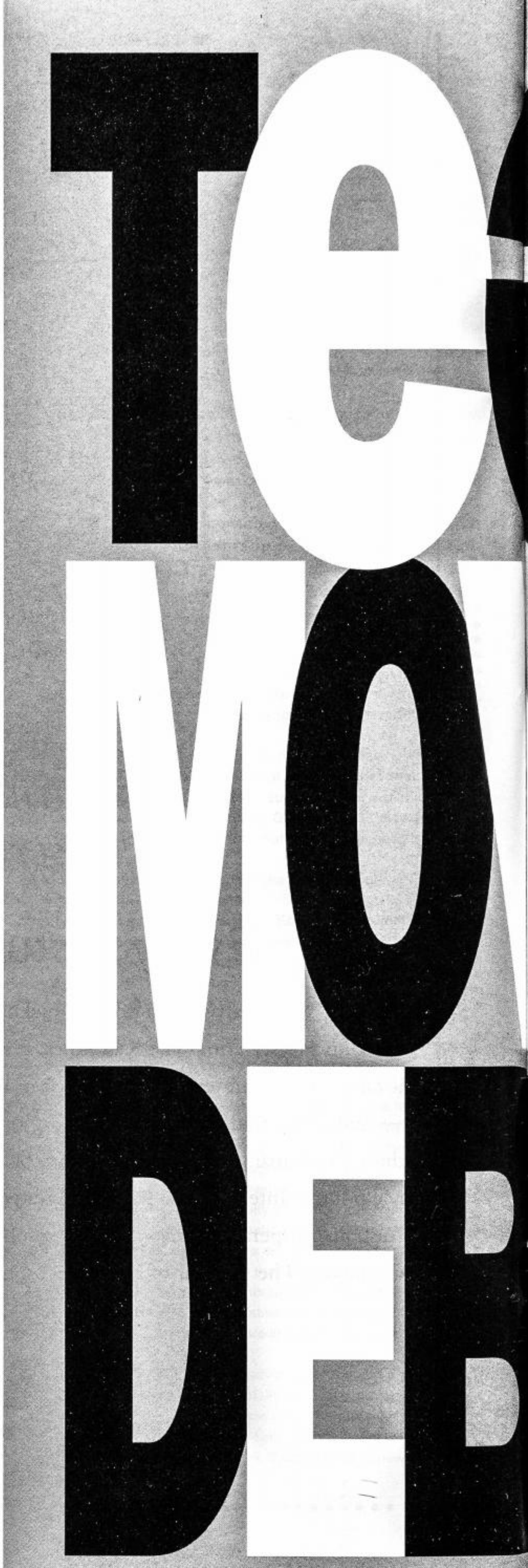

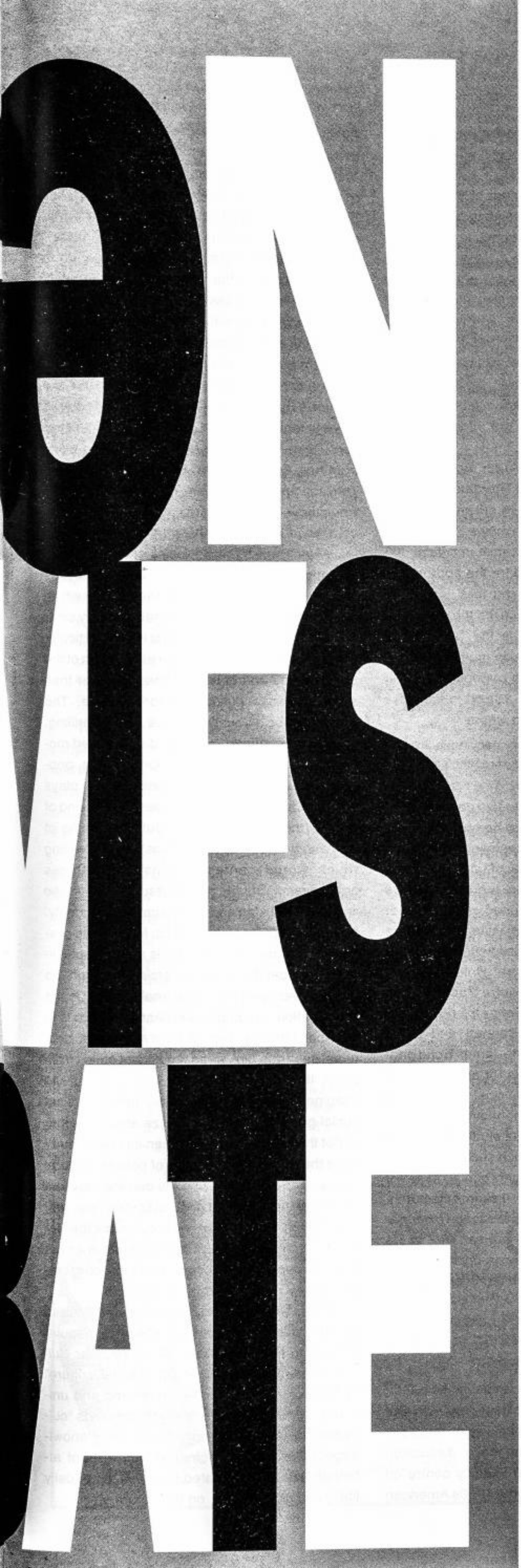

Adrian Martin

MON CAS

Although Noel King sometimes slips between discussing one article and my general practice as a writer, he mostly sticks to addressing the specific rhetoric, style and argumentative strategies of "The Teen Movie: Why Bother?" I intend, in this response, to do much the same. Since I do not take King's contribution as a personal attack but a reasonably respectful critique, I want to use this occasion not merely to defend some of my original positions, but also to critically evaluate my own piece, three years on.

I do not have the space to respond to all of King's points, so I will concentrate on three areas: "the popular", "performative" writing and intellectualism.

"The popular" (specifically, current critical approaches to the popular) is the central topic of King's remarks. One of his concerns in this area is the prevalent dream of a critical writing style which could be popular culture's travelling companion, hopefully pulling off a "mimetic capture of some affective, evanescent dimension of the popular film". King takes a rough, preliminary stab at a genealogy of this kind of writing: Manny Farber, Bob Ellis (!), Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

I don't have much argument with King's brief identikit sketch of this "performative" mode of writing (although, admittedly, the inclusion of a 'lexicon' of my most characteristic keywords reminds me of the appallingly insensitive analytical exercises performed on writing styles by Dugald Williamson in his 1989 booklet, *Authorship and Criticism*). I would certainly profess an intense personal predilection for this style of criticism, although I am far from believing it to be the *only* valuable style. Its genealogy is indeed complex, starting perhaps with Farber (and his influences), branching into the rock criticism of Lester Bangs and Greil Marcus, developing in various ways through the work of Jonathan Rosenbaum, *The Village Voice* contributors (J. Hoberman, Carrie Rickey, Amy Taubin), Richard Jameson, David Thomson and post-Farberians like Ronnie Scheib, Greg Ford and Rick Thompson, with Raymond Durgnat in Britain since the 1950s pursuing a quite different but importantly overlapping path.

I have no wish to hide my "range of education, reading and research", nor do I wish to limit anyone's film-talk ... to expressions of "breathless enthusiasm" without further in-depth analysis ... I think King is making too much of the potential collusion between a certain anti-intellectual attitude and a particular style of writing

What I take issue with in King's account of this style is the welding of it to an exclusive commitment to *popular* film. After all, Farber's greatest gift to the history of criticism (as he passed through *Artforum* as well as high-class journals and film magazines) was the exemplary application of his 'funky' style to avant-garde cinema (Snow, Warhol), French New Wave (Godard) and the emerging experimental narrative practices of the '70s (Duras, Akerman, Fassbinder), at the same time as he kept writing (often querulously rather than in populist celebration) about Hollywood film. This is a critical strategy continued by virtually all the writers cited above, and I'm happy to be with them.

The obsession of writers to align themselves with "the popular" is a relatively recent critical development – one of the markers of the 1980s, in fact. The Edinburgh Festival booklets on Roger Corman and Samuel Fuller in the late '60s-early '70s, for example, make no self-aggrandizing populist claims; while the classic 1975 anthology *Kings of the B's* drew the standard criticism (voiced by Rosenbaum among others) that it was simply not productive to polemically play off a brand of 'popular' cinema (in this case, exploitation movies) against either 'stuffy' art-cinema or the 'wanky' avant-garde.

The self-consciously populist moment in film criticism – the attitude that so-called 'popular film' is the only authentic site worth devoting attention to – is borne aloft by new writers who entered the field in

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Noel King

body, in a performative way, the essential elements of the thing it is discussing, that somehow it could, in the very workings and textures of its own prose, effect a kind of *mimetic capture* of some affective, evanescent dimension of the popular film; could render, with a suitably energized immediacy, the volatility of the film or, at the very least, some crystallizingly expressive detail from it. Only in this way would criticism be able to convey truly the popular aspect of the text in question. A genealogy for such a criticism could be anything from the moment of new journalism (e.g., in Australia, Bob Ellis' *Nation Review* film reviews?) through to Manny Farber's "termite criticism" and even (to name a personal favourite) Fassbinder's wonderfully laconic, *lumpen* descriptions of some of Douglas Sirk's films.

Martin's prose includes terms such as "funky", "flipped-out", "way-out", "savvy", "daggy", "nerdy", "fake", "stupid", "kick", "craziness", "slumming" – a lexicon which works to produce him as a distinctive critical persona. As Meaghan Morris has observed, film reviewers do

> in the reiteration of certain tastes and values or in the repetition over time of certain pet cliches, favoured syntactic structures, rhythms, jokes, didactic obsessions etc, produce an effect of identity which is sometimes taken to be that of an Authorial Voice.[4]

Martin clearly has just such an Identity and he mobilizes it very effectively in defence of a "mass" of films, some of which he finds "sadly unloved" (p. 12) Perhaps it is in a phrase like that last one that you start to get a sense of what it is that Martin wants. He clearly values people who write "enthusiastically or sensitively" (pp. 12-13) about cinema, values a criticism that is *enthusiastic* rather than criticism that is performed as "an exercise in superiority, the power to bless what is comfortably good and damn what is uncomfortably bad" (p. 14). For in this latter mode of criticism

> What is thereby lost [...] is any notion of 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. [p. 14]

This is a conception of film viewing as *cruising*, and perhaps even derives from some of Roland Barthes' writings on the pleasures of the text and a (cinema) lover's discourse.

Martin is annoyed that the "interests and achievements" (p. 11) of the teen movie are being overlooked. The teen movie either is ignored completely or is "rhetorically dumped on as the odious 'norm' of contemporary commercial cinema, even 1980s mass culture generally". (p. 11) Alternatively, particular films (e.g., *River's Edge*) sometimes are separated off from the pack and redeemed as "'not your average teen movie'" (p. 11). Martin is unhappy with such moves to isolate "the precious" from "the norm":

> Is it enough, for instance, to want to seek out (Sixties 'film buff' style) the unsung 'masterpieces' of the genre, the undiscovered auteurs, or the films that display a knowing reverence for traditional Hollywood forms? [p. 13]

For Martin, it is not a matter of "discovering masterpieces or auteurs, isolating 'subversive' or avant garde exemplars" because

> such critical gestures, at some level, [are] fancy 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) [p. 13]

Earlier in his article, after listing an impressively diverse number of teen movies, Martin writes, "Not all these films are masterpieces by any means, but all of them are interesting and exciting in myriad ways" (p. I I).

So, to some extent, Martin works with a category ('masterpiece') he later finds inappropriate for the "non-evaluative criticism" (p. 15) needed to describe the teen movie. This simply goes to show how he is *in between* critical discourses as he casts around for the appropriate terms in which to discuss the teen pic. What Martin wants to put in place of the isolating, evaluative, auteurist gaze is the "amorphous 'mass' of objects branded teen movies" (p. 12). He works with a conception of popular cinema as "sand on the beach" (p. 13) or, in his more vivid description, a situation where

> hundreds of films [are] bouncing/feeding/ripping off each other, mutually creating each other in a network. [p. 15]

In asking for a non-evaluative description of the larger popular cultural system of which the teen movie is a part, and in wanting an account of "the very delicate interplay of *convention* and *invention*" (p. 15) found in the teen pic, Martin's critical orientation seems aligned with such other projects as the Russian Formalists' descriptions of a *literary* system, Bordwell/Thompson/Staiger's account of classical Hollywood cinema, some of the writing of Pierre Macherey and Hans Robert Jauss, Tony Bennett's notion of a "reading formation", and Bennett and Janet Woollacott's discussion of the James Bond phenomenon. There *are* models for an analysis of the teen movie as a broadly social text (and it is interesting that most of them are conducted outside the domain of cinema studies). But I am sceptical of the extent to which such an analysis *could* escape value judgements or discourses of value of one kind or another. It seems clear that, to some extent, Martin wants to escape a normatizing æsthetic discourse – but can he? In his polemic he operates (albeit as a provocation) a *negative* version of just such a process of valuing, when he challenges:

> Own up, all those readers who choked when I cited that oh-so sensitive film *Running on Empty* [...] as a teen movie! [p. 12]

Of course Lumet's film can be called a teen movie (it has also "Fire and Rain" to pull in *The Big Chill* generation of James Taylor fans) but *after* that initial taxonomizing move, discussion *might* quite reasonably and usefully centre on the way the film refigures some 1960s American political issues (Weathermen, etc.) and to that extent the film could be moved into a subset of teen movies that *explicitly* foreground questions of politics and class (*Baby it's You*, *Light of Day*, *Pretty in Pink*, *That was Then, This is Now*). This would not be say that these films are "better" (i.e., to 'redeem' them) but would simply be to notice important differences of emphasis within the "anonymous mass", to recognize some significant deviations within that pulsating system. And I think even Martin, with his heart of populist stone, might have been moved by the wonderfully melodramatic restaurant scene in which the mother (Christine Lahti) re-meets her father in order to make arrangements for the future of her son (River Phoenix), a future to be lived away from her. Even the John Ford of the Ma Joad-Tom Joad parting scene in *The Grapes of Wrath* would have been pushing it to up the schmaltz-poignance quotient of this particular scene.

What I am trying to insist on here is that Martin's article, however admirable its desires and sensible its proposals (for the terms in which to analyse the teen pic), still inhabits a very clear domain of value. It is simply that in this particular domain what gets valued is the expression of the dynamic, the energetic, the volatile rather than something less pulsional, more sedate. The cinema, after all, while a place of the thrilling, uncertain encounter, a place of unguarded moments, is also a place of air-conditioning, popcorn and Mars Bars. Martin's entire article plays with an opposition of a purely descriptive kind of writing (the possibility of a neutral mapping of the 'anonymous mass' of films) and a writing which would confess intense, breathless enthusiasms. But the crucial issue remains *who* is doing the talking and in what capacity: namely, Martin as popular cultural critic. Martin's discussion of teen movies, after all, is a very sophisticated ethical/rhetorical exercise (though he would never call it that), one enabled by a range of education, reading and research. Which is to say that Martin's own distinctive "critical gestures" separate *him*, as an "intelligent critic", from *them*, the "mass audience". It is a fantasy to imagine it could be otherwise. After all, what social group is going to agonize about whether or not the teen pic is being given its critical due? As is the case with a number of popular cultural critics, Martin's writing implies that the very fact of discussing a popular cultural text in a way that is not "high theory" somehow connects the demotic-discoursing critic with that object in a truer way, perhaps even connecting with its consumers (if they also read *Cinema Papers*).

In this sense, Martin on teen movies is not so far removed from Iain Chambers on popular culture. In the introduction to his *Popular Culture*, Chambers refers to an "official culture" "preserved in art galleries, museums and university courses", a culture which demands "cultivated tastes and a formally imparted knowledge". This culture "demands moments of attention that are separated from the run of daily life".[5] Popular Culture, on the contrary,

> mobilizes the tactile, the incidental, the transitory, the expendable, the visceral. It does not involve an abstract aesthetic research amongst privileged objects of attention, but involves mobile orders of sense, taste and desire. [p. 12]

Popular culture is not for "contemplation" but rather is to be approached by way of Walter Benjamin's notion of "distracted reception" (p. 12). Rather than cast a "contemplative stare" which adopts "the authority of the academic mind that seeks to explain an experience that is rarely personal" (p. 13), Chambers opts for "an informal knowledge of the everyday, based on the sensory, the immediate, the pleasurable, the concrete" (p. 13).

Meaghan Morris has indicated the characteristic tropes, severe critical limitations and unwitting self-ironies attaching to projects that conceive of themselves in this way. In so far as these critics make some sort of appeal to a category called "the people", it is always an appeal to "a voice, or a *figure* of a voice, cited in a discourse of exegesis".[6] By thus invoking "the people", the popular cultural critic turns "the people" into "the textually delegated, allegorical emblem of the critic's own activity" (p. 23). Morris describes a procedure whereby

> What takes place is first a citing of popular voices [...], an act of translation and commentary and then a play of *identification* between the knowing subject of cultural studies, and a collective subject, 'the people'. [pp. 22-23]

The outcome of this strategy is that "'the people' are both a source of authority for a text and a figure of its own critical activity" (p. 23) as a result of which "the populist enterprise is not only circular but [...] narcissistic in structure" (p. 23).

Alluding both to Iain Chambers' writing and to the currency of the Stuart Hall-derived term of "cultural dopes"[7] in contemporary cultural studies, Morris dryly observes

> The problem is that in anti-academic pop-theory writing a stylistic enactment of 'the popular' as *essentially* distracted, scanning the surface, and short on attention span performs a retrieval, at the level of *enunciative* practice, of the thesis of 'cultural dopes'. [p. 24]

Morris' casually devastating conclusion is

> if a cultural dopism is being enunciatively performed (and valorised) in a discourse that tries to contest it, then the argument in fact *cannot* move on [p. 24.]

I am not saying that Martin is *totally* involved in this sort of move, only that he is quite close to it. His attempt to constitute an expanded notion of the teen movie via "an understanding of youth culture in all its extensions and implications" (p. 15) no doubt will connect him with the areas of popular music (cf the carefully packaged soundtracks of the early John Hughes films); contemporary American fiction (not only S. E. Hinton but also the currently controversial Brett Easton Ellis and the reprise of F. Scott Fitzgerald and J. D. Salinger contained in the figure of Jay McInerney, whose pre-eminent status as the voice of Manhattan yuppies sees him writing introductions to coffee table books on New York and to a reprinting of Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer*); television sitcoms such as *Family Ties* which provided the teen movie with some of its personnel and perhaps also encouraged its tendency towards homilies and moralizing. (And certainly one of the charges against the teen movie that Martin's proposed book should address is the fact that they often seem to be about rich kids having trouble with their parents.) And while I agree with Martin's desire to "describe the anonymous system" without auteurising it and/or pointing out "a knowing reverence for traditional Hollywood forms" (p. 13), surely the regularity with which later John Hughes films (e.g., *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*) allude to Frank Capra films (displaying a special fondness for *It's a Wonderful Life*) might tell us something about the way Hughes is pitching his stories, the cinematic calculation in which he's involved.

Finally, it is simply not clear to me how Martin's *own* position as a film critic escapes those "limits deriving, fundamentally, from [...] 'taste'" (p. 13) that he finds so disabling for other critics and their criticisms. If the 'taste' of other critics determined what they were "willing to find 'interesting' enough to spend time analysing" (p. 14), and if the consequence of this were that "the despised 'mass' of anonymous teen movies" remains "safely cordoned off" (p. 13), this was only the case until Martin, in his role as popular cultural critic, was willing to find them interesting enough to spend *a lot* of time analysing. And that analysis necessarily displays *his* ability to turn the supposedly low- prestige products of popular cinema into a sort of "æsthetic occasion" in which the display of the critic's response and 'taste' is paramount.

To that extent, Martin's article, whatever its lexicon and tone, remains an instance of "'intellectualising' the popular". And if it is the case that his article causes some readers to say, "I wouldn't have been able to put it like that, get that much out of it, see that much in it", etc., then such a moment of self-deprecation indicates the uneven social distribution of the critical skills exhibited in Martin's writing. Consequently, Martin would do better to practise a version of Kristeva's "ethics of modesty" and acknowledge the constitutive presence of the forms of critical discourse he activates rather than trying to play a populist game in which the critic's cluster of particular discourses is thought to recede in favour of the luminous, pulsating presence of the popular object itself.

NOTES

1. Catherine Francblin, "Interview with Julia Kristeva", *Flashart*, No.126, 1986, pp.139-40.
2. Simon Frith, "Review Article", *Screen*, No. 31, 1990, p. 232. Subsequent references included in the text.
3. Adrian Martin, "The Teen Movie: Why Bother?", *Cinema Papers*, No. 75, September 1989, pp. 10-15. Subsequent references included in the text.
4. Meaghan Morris, "Indigestion: A Rhetoric of Reviewing" in *The Pirate's Fiancée*, Verso, London, 1988, p. 14.
5. Iain Chambers, *Popular Culture*, Methuen, London, 1986, p. 12. Subsequent references included in the text.
6. Meaghan Morris, "Banality in Cultural Studies", in Patricia Mellencamp (ed.), *Logics of Television*, BFI, London, 1990, p. 22. Subsequent references included in the text.
7. The term initially was calculated to avoid those forms of paternalist left critique of popular culture which tended to figure "the people" as perpetually vulnerable to the ruses of a "dominant ideology", as victims in need of the cultural critic's protection. The enthusiastic taking up of Hall's term has resulted in some stunning reversals whereby "the people" are everywhere "empowered", "resistive" and "agentive", triumphantly imposing their own meanings on a range of received social texts. Again it is Meaghan Morris who reins in the more hyperbolic aspects of such visions: "the people 'have no necessary defining characteristics except an indomitable capacity to negotiate' readings, generate new interpretations and remake the materials of culture. This is also, of course, the function of cultural studies itself [...] So against the hegemonic forces of the dominant classes, 'the people' in fact represent the most creative energies and functions of critical reading." [*Banality in Cultural Studies*, op cit., p. 23]

Adrian Martin

the '80s, and their mentors/teachers who have been eager to disavow the radical or avant-garde enthusiasms of the pre-postmodern period. Doubtless, there has been some collusion between this viciously populist attitude and the jazzy, performative critical style described by King – although it's more likely to be encountered in the pages of *The Face* than *Film Comment* or *Cinema Papers*.

Looking back, I concede that the effort to make my teen movie article overwhelmingly persuasive to the average *Cinema Papers* reader (as I constructed him/her in my mind) led to a degree of naïve populism – a line of argument that goes something like "The teen movie is popular, it's loved by the masses, so why won't you [= repressed arthouse filmgoer] love it, too?" I accept completely Meaghan Morris' exposé (glossed by King) of all the contorted cultural delusions, projections and displacements contained in that classically populist appeal. As it happens, I had diagnosed some of these problems myself in an article written two years earlier ("No Flowers for the Cinephile" in Paul Foss' anthology, *Island In the Stream*).

In that 1987 piece, I say what I more exactly believe: that 'writing the popular' as a critic has little or nothing to do with reaching 'the people', as that mob is feverishly imagined by troubled intellectuals, while it has everything to do (and this is what's positive about it) with marking out and travelling down new lines of social exchange, and finding new connections and networks that cut across previous socio-cultural divisions. Writing about popular culture, then, isn't doomed to be merely regressive or circular; it's more like a 'mutant' form of critical activity for a changing cultural terrain.

Is it even correct to call the teen movie an instance of 'popular film' or 'popular culture'? The genre raises (more acutely for me now than in 1989) interesting questions about the too-easy use of such terms. In a broad, loose way, it is probably all right to refer to the teen movie as a popular genre: i.e., one that many people consume with the prior thought in their heads that they are about to watch 'a teen movie' (usually either teen comedy or teen romance, probably not teen drama). But the paradox of thus calling a genre 'popular' – particularly in the home video age – is that many of the specific films within that genre may not be popular (i.e., widely seen and distinctly recognized) at all. (The same goes for horror, action, comedy and many typical video-store genres.) I am quite sure that more people Australia-wide have seen (and appreciated) *Un Chien Andalou* and *Jeanne Dielman* than *Dr. Alien* and *Who Killed Patakango?* (to name only two remarkably strange and interesting recent teen movies released on video).

Thus, in market terms, the teen movie today (in the aftermath of its mid-'80s box-office 'boom') functions rather as it did in its purely B-movie, exploitation days. Slipping *en masse* into video stores (as, in the '60s, they passed through the drive-ins), teen movies are, in this sense, more anonymous and indistinct than ever (which is not to say they are all the *same*). No wonder, then, that some commentators and fans have lately taken to extolling the teen movie not as a 'popular' form, but rather a marginal or subversive one. James Hay in *Cultural Studies* (October 1990) suggests that the teen movie be discussed as 'minor' cinema, in the sense that Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari designate minor literature – subterranean, surprising, half hidden from the glare of official culture, and not entirely shaped to that culture's preferred codes. More fannishly, Brett Garten in *Fatal Visions* (Feb-March 1990) uncovers a subversive political message in the obscure teen-horror video *Zombie High* and semi-seriously exclaims: "The revolution will begin in the video stores of the world!!!!!!!!"

As to King's charge that my deepest populist desire is "not to be an intellectual", I must confess to a certain bemusement, since one of the commonest reactions to my work from *lumpen* film types is that I esoterically 'over-intellectualize' films (particularly teen films) that are intended as 'simple entertainment'. In fact, in writing for *Cinema Papers*, I make it a point to strive for this very reaction, while hopefully not losing the 'average' reader entirely. A certain interplay of intellectualism and funky 'accessibility' is the basis of my *politique* as a critic.

I can imagine many clearer and severer ways not to be an intellectual than writing "The Teen Movie: Why Bother?" in the way that I did – consciously devoting over half of the piece to a discussion of existing critical methodologies, complete with quotations from Durgnat, Brophy, Wood, Routt and *Positif*. I have no wish to hide my "range of education, reading and research", nor do I wish to limit anyone's film-talk (least of all my own) to expressions of "breathless enthusiasm" without further in-depth analysis. Once again, I think King is making too much of the potential collusion between a certain anti-intellectual attitude and a particular style of writing, and, in doing so, he unwittingly limits the possible options for critical practice. Using a term like "flipped-out" once every paragraph does not make one an instant anti-intellectual (Would King ascribe the same intention to Farber, Durgnat and Greil Marcus?), nor does it irremediably denote a "populist game" in which analysis, persuasion and political effect are being sinisterly erased.

King concedes (repeatedly) that my article was a "provocation", a "polemic", but he is sure I would "never call it" a "very sophisticated ethical-rhetorical exercise". Not so. King and I are (I expect) equally conscious of the role of rhetoric in all acts of writing; the difference between us, in our respective critical practices, is that I actively use rhetoric in journalistic or semi-journalistic situations. And rhetoric, there, is never as clean-cut as King possibly wishes it to be. Rhetorical persuasion – particularly pitched to a large and diverse audience – often courts overstatement, binary simplification and self-contradiction; sometimes, it has to.

I bristle at what I perceive as a certain programmatic, prescriptive slant to King's remarks (as in the recent article on criticism by his colleague Stephen Muecke in *Editions 11*, June-July 1991, and the aforementioned *Authorship and Criticism*). King notes the various internal inconsistencies and contradictions of my piece as if – ultimately – he would be happier (and the world of criticism would be better off) if I had not 'committed' them. In a memorable envoi, he suggests I "would do better" to practise a type of criticism he judges superior to the one I practised in 1989 (and probably still do). I'm not projecting onto King a desire for dry, rationalist, 'theoreticist' or politically-correct discourse (his own piece is none of these things), but I do wonder if his preferred critical practice is just a bit too unambiguous and clean, with all the 'right' cultural-political moves carefully pre-programmed. I can fully appreciate 'straight' critical writing (I read and use a lot of it), but I'll also always go out of my way to stick up for criticism which is variously moving, difficult, contradictory and multi-factorial.

In the final rhetorical flourish of my 1989 article, I wrote: "Why bother with the teen movie? It exists, it's popular. What more reason do you need?" Today, I would be happy to change that second last sentence to simply: "Because it exists." King almost seems to imply that the teen movie would hardly matter to anyone unless I had written it into existence, or at least turned it into an "æsthetic occasion" only now worthy of serious critical attention. But, I repeat, the teen movie *exists*, meaning that it exists independently of any 'case' I make about it, or of my proclaimed 'taste' for it.

At the moment of my initial encounter with it, and forever thereafter, the teen movie has remained 'other' to me, something I desire humbly to describe, to bear witness to, knowing at the outset I can never completely experience or capture all its fugitive energies, forms and effects (in individual films, and in the genre at large). In this light, the teen movie is for me more than ever a 'minor' cinema in the sense described above – not something I 'master' or wield, but something which perpetually surprises me, something I must continually discover. Dare I suggest that this is my own "ethic of modesty" as a critic? And that it's Noel King's problem if he finds a necessary contradiction between this approach to cinema and a commitment to "performative", exploratory writing?

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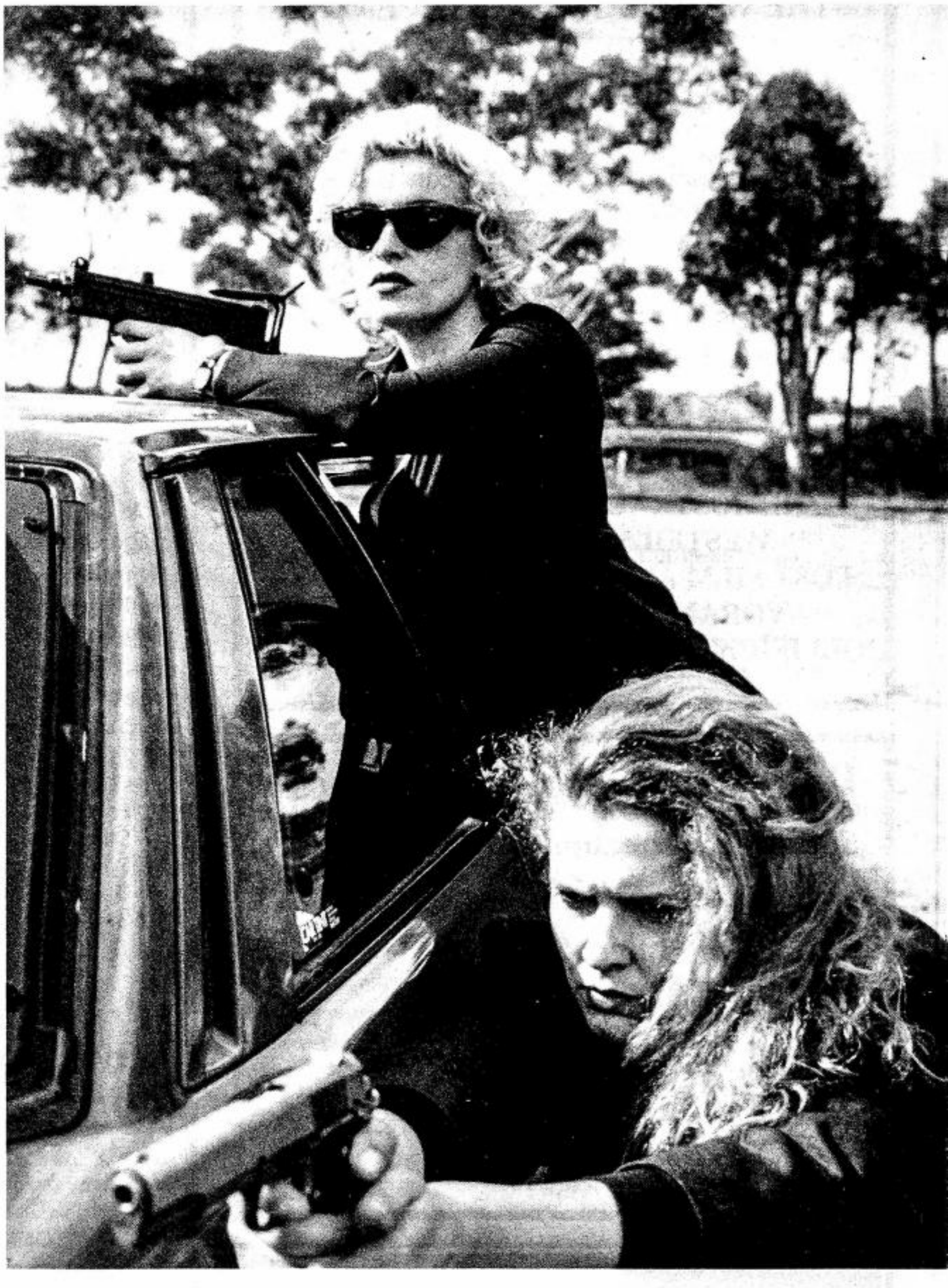
BLOODLUST

KARL QUINN



In order to save time for those readers who primarily seek a recommendation or otherwise from a review, let me state unequivocally that I am glad I did not pay money to see *Bloodlust*. While I am not particularly a fan of splatter movies, and while I find it hard to avoid bringing a certain set of assumptions about politically correct filmmaking to bear on an object which is unashamedly exploitative, I have been known on occasion to suspend whatever critical faculties I may possess and simply revel in the trash and gore; but with *Bloodlust* this was beyond me.

The production notes for *Bloodlust* provide the following synopsis, which while massively inaccurate on all indicators of quality, and even some of narrative, serves well as a starting point for a discussion of the film's concerns: "*Bloodlust* is a stylish and macabre action thriller, with a strong vein of black humour, about three modern-day vampires who rip-off the mob and find themselves pursued into a living hell."

The vampires are Lear (Jane Stuart Wallace), Frank (Kelly Chapman) and Tad (Robert James O'Neill), three ostensibly funky, groovy, inner-city merchants of cool, who unfortunately come across as three of the most boring, vacuous characters imaginable. Sex, drugs and rock and roll have rarely seemed as unenticing a way of spending an evening as it does in the hands of this trio. A trip to hipsville courtesy of Melbourne's The Lounge, ending in an orgy of sex and violence (doesn't it always?) in a vacant warehouse, is realized with as much gusto as if the trio had been playing Monopoly and drinking raspberry cordial.

Likewise with "the mob", a ragtag group of oafs headed by Steig (Paul Moder), who seem to divide their time between supervising a pool hall, playing poker and chasing vampires. Scorsese territory this ain't. Nonetheless, it is Steig who undoubtedly has the best scene in the film, when he comes across the castrated corpse of a petrol station attendant and treats himself to a spot of sodomy for his birthday.

Perverse as that scenario may sound, it represents one of the rare occasions on which *Bloodlust* shows any desire to step wholeheartedly into the realm of the grotesque, the offensive, the shocking. My overriding impression after watching this film was that it would really have loved to be like *Bad Taste*, but its writer-director-producers Richard Wolstencroft and Jon Hewitt didn't have the good sense to realize that, with neither a great script nor a huge budget, the only direction to take was that of parody.

Of course, I could be misreading the film. Maybe it is a parody, and a very successful one at that. After all, there are so many of the essential elements of the shock/splatter film thrown so carelessly into this cauldron that parody must have been the tone aimed for. The adoption of, and frequent slippage from, American accents would also seem to suggest parody, perhaps of the tendency of the more avowedly exploitative Australian films of the l0BA period to brainlessly "internationalize" (i.e., pretend to Americanness), usually to the complete detriment of any indigenous quality – or just quality per se. Perhaps, then, *Bloodlust* is best read in precisely this light: this appalling, plotless, badly directed, scripted and acted film is not so much an attempt at exploitation cinema as a *critique* of it.

Whew! Critics will try anything to snatch a film they like from the jaws of condemnation. But I'm not serious. I don't like *Bloodlust*, and I don't think it is – at least consciously – a critique of anything (even the fact that the vampires' victims are primarily yuppies or religious fanatics indicates not so much a desire to put those value systems up for critique, as a realization that the video rental audience for splatter films consists largely of working-class males who feel less than friendly towards these groups and values). But if the

filmic text refuses such a reading, its production history does not.

At this point, I should confess to a sleight of word; *Bloodlust* is not, strictly speaking, a film – it is a video. Shot on SP Betacam, the fact that the 'film' has received a theatrical release in Melbourne, is of feature length and ostensibly conforms to conventional notions of narrative structure confuses the simple issue of description in a way which is, I believe, quite central to the project of making *Bloodlust*. In a discussion I had with Hewitt, it was clear that he sees the film – in retrospect, and I am well aware of the potential here for a rewriting of motives – as serving the function of an "in-your-face" message to the czars of the institutional sector of the Australian film industry, particularly in a refusal to conform to the rules of the funding game.

Hewitt and Wolstencroft broke many rules in the making of *Bioodlust* in addition to their decision not to seek public sector funding. They did not pay the majority of the people involved, offering instead a points deal which would see all involved reaping a return in the semi-likely event that the film turns a profit. Anybody who wanted to be in the film could be, so long as they did it for free. This of course meant that the film had to be made inconspicuously, for fear of attracting the attention of the various guilds, which would necessarily have bumped the budget well over the $75,000 for which the film was made. Not until the film was in the can (so to speak) did the word of mouth officially begin to spread.

At first glance, there is much to approve of in such a programme of guerilla filmmaking, especially if one bears in mind the fertile training ground that Roger Corman's New World, a studio with a similar no-frills approach to filmmaking, has proven to be in the U.S. One is tempted to support Hewitt's call for a "sensible filmmaking practice based on commercial principles" as opposed to the State-dependency which tends to limit Australian film production both in terms of style and quantity. Yet, if that approach is dependent upon an undercutting of wages and conditions hard won by the industry guilds and unions, then one must have severe reservations. One must also wonder just who is being exploited when Hewitt can claim that "only certain key personnel were paid", and that the film's main purpose is to serve as a "calling card" for its two writer-director-producers.

I don't mean to trash the intentions of the filmmakers. If they really did set out to challenge the greed and intransigence of the production industry borne of the 10BA period, then top marks for doing so. But the conclusion that a lot more than the audience would be exploited if this became the norm for independent filmmaking in this country is hard to avoid.

Ultimately, though, for people not working in the industry, the only question of any relevance will be, "Is it any good?" Hewitt would answer that he and Wolstencroft never intended *Bloodlust* to be art, it was just meant to be a "freaked-out little cult film". I would suggest (to appropriate a Steve Martin quote from the cover of Carrie Fisher's book *Postcards From the Edge*) that *Bloodlust* is neither art nor cult; it is just a great big dumb film.

BLOODLUST Directed by Richard Wolstencroft, Jon Hewitt. Producers: Richard Wolstencroft, Jon Hewitt. Executive producers: Robert Ruggi, Mark Spratt. Scriptwriters: Richard Wolstencroft, Jon Hewitt. Director of photography: Gary Ravenscroft. Production designer: Nicholas Barclay. Costume designer: Anne Liedel. Editors: Richard Wolstencroft, Jon Hewitt. Composer: Ross Hazeldine. Cast: Jane Stuart Wallace (Lear), Kelly Chapman (Frank), Robert James O'Neill (Tad), Phil Motherwell (Brother Bem); Paul Moder, James Young, Max Crawdaddy, Ian Rilen, John Flaus. Windhover Productions. Australian distributor: Winefarer Productions. SP Betacam. 87 mins. Australia. 1992.

CITY OF JOY

PETER MALONE

First, *The Killing Fields*, then *The Mission*, now director Roland Joffé offers Western audiences another sympathetic portrait of a generally unfamiliar culture, raising consciousness about life and struggle in the Third World. (Joffé was less successful in his drama of the Manhattan Project, *Fat Man and Little Boy*[1].)

Joffé makes smoothly-crafted, tasteful films, which can irritate those who prefer rougher edges and some spontaneity, but which usually ensures that those who wouldn't bother with films in unfamiliar or alienating styles will go to his.

Reports of local hostility were published during the shooting of the film in Calcutta. It was feared that this film would be another example of cinema imperialism and patronizing compassion, with the westerners, especially the Americans, coming into Calcutta, photographing suffering in squalor and parading it around the world's cinemas. Commentators will differ on whether Joffé has successfully overcome these criticisms. I would argue that he has.

The adaptation of Dominique Lapierre's novel by Mark Medoff contributes to the respectful handling of the issues. Medoff wrote *Children of a Lesser God* and was able to make hearing-impaired characters down-to-earth instead of pedestalizing them. His screenplay here achieves a balance between writing the film for the comfortable English-speaking audience to appreciate and be moved by, and injecting ironic comment about the presumptions of American cultural imperialism and affluent 'buying hearts'. Now the whites are able to help in Calcutta, but the era of taking over is really over.

I have not read the novel but understand that in the film a Texas doctor has been substituted as hero for a Polish priest. This is the kind of change that does not endear itself to loyal readers. But taking the film as 'based on' the novel, it seems that change works well. The confrontation between Asian perspectives and those of the U.S. would not be possible with a Polish hero.

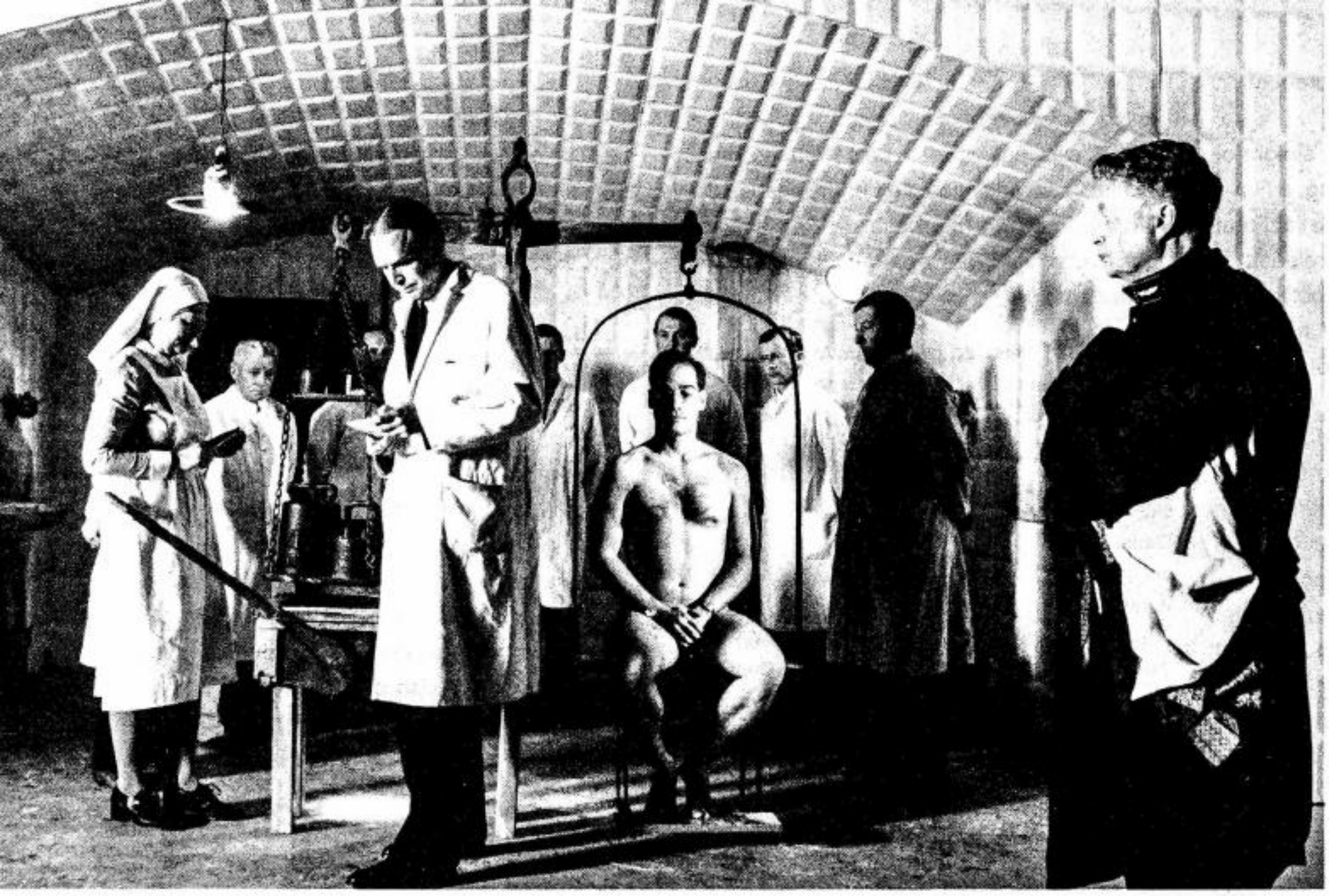
The theme is 'secularized', not dependent on audience response pro and con the work of the Catholic Church charities in India, let alone that of Mother Teresa. And there is no occasion of sin! – whether the celibate will fall in love and ...

And what kind of credible priest would actor Patrick Swayze have made? Presented as a doctor, Max, his performance is quite assured, sometimes abrasive, but far more sympathetic than he usually is. Pauline Collins will also delight her *Shirley Valentine* following as Joan, a chipper and chubby earth mother who chooses to live and work with the city slum people.

The Indian cast is most impressive: believeable, dignified, emotionally compelling. This is true of Om Puri as Hasari, the farmer-turned-rickshaw-runner, and Shabana Azmi as his wife. The children are naturals and the story of the

1. Known in Australia as *The Shadow Makers*.

FACING PAGE: FRANK (KELLY CHAPMAN) AND LEAR (JANE STUART WALLACE) TOOL-UP FOR A SHOWDOWN IN RICHARD WOLSTENCROFT AND JON HEWITT'S *BLOODLUST*.
RIGHT: POOMINA (SUNETTA SENGUPTA) AND MAX (PATRICK SWAYZE) IN ROLAND JOFFE'S *CITY OF JOY*.



LEFT: LARS VON TRIER'S *EUROPA*, RETITLED *ZENTROPA* IN AUSTRALIA.
FACING PAGE: BOYS ON THE ROAD: HARLEY DAVIDSON (MICKEY ROURKE) AND MARLBORO MAN (DON JOHNSON). SIMON WINCER'S *HARLEY DAVIDSON AND THE MARLBORO MAN*.

Indian family is movingly dramatized. Art Malik is once again a villain, weak, arrogant and cruel.

Where *City of Joy* is particularly worth reflecting on is in its signalling of trends in, especially, recent American films.

The moral (and financial) bankruptcy of the Reagan era and of corporate highflyers has ended in their being toppled from the heights of headlines and public awe. It has also ended in worldwide recession and millions of unemployed. Whether the movies shape our consciousness or reflect it, the 1990s have begun with major characters revealing their lives, searching for meaning and change. It was Harrison Ford's character in *Regarding Henry*, Jeff Bridges' in *The Fisher King*, William Hurt's in *The Doctor*, Kelly Lynch's in *Curley Sue* ...

Now it is Patrick Swayze in Calcutta. Max doesn't like his life as a father-dominated surgeon. Indian retreat and meditation have provided no human contact. Navel-gazing is not ultimately redemptive. But human contact, human suffering and empathizing with victims of social oppression can give meaning to empty or cluttered lives. To this extent *City of Joy* is timely.

A surprisingly explicit solution in the same vein to U.S. yuppie self-preoccupation was offered by Woody Allen in *Alice*. Alice (Mia Farrow) and her husband (William Hurt) attend a lecture at their child's school on Mother Teresa and her work. At the end of the film, Alice goes to Calcutta (off-screen) and the experience of working with Mother Teresa changes her life completely. She develops greater self-esteem and becomes satisfied with the ordinariness of life.

City of Joy, like Bruce Beresford's *Black Robe* (which so many commentators have linked to Joffé's *The Mission*), is a 1990s dramatization of the end of all kinds of colonialism. The Americans, with their 'manifest destiny' of world leadership, cannot sustain it. In fact, Max needs the wisdom of India, the human simplicities (as opposed to complexities) and the opportunity to share the experience of being victim. This was what happened to the Jesuits in *The Mission*. This was the meaning of Father Laforgue's physical and spiritual journey in *Black Robe*.

There has been a heritage of dangerous spiritual and theological imperialism that needs to learn from the experience of people in their own cultures. In fact, the appropriate 'buzz word' in recent Catholic theology, especially in the Latin American, Philippine and African experience, is "inculturation". To this extent, *City of Joy* is a long way from the 'usual' American movie. It is definitely mainstream moviemaking, polished and smooth. But it is also relevant, popular moviemaking.

CITY OF JOY Directed by Roland Joffé. Producers: Jake Eberts, Roland Joffé. Co-producer: Iain Smith. Scriptwriter: Mark Medoff, based on Dominique Lapierre's book. Director of photography: Peter Biziou. Production designer: Roy Walker. Costume designer: Judy Moorcroft. Editor: Gerry Hambling. Composer: Ennio Morricone. Cast: Patrick Swayze (Max Lowe), Pauline Collins (Joan Bethel), Om Puri (Hasari Pal), Shabana Azmi (Kamla Pal), Art Malik (Ashoka), Ayesha Dharker (Amrita Pal), Santu Chowdhury (Shambu Pal), Imran Badash Khan (Manooj Pal), Nabil Shaban (Anouar). Lightmotive Productions. Australian distributor: Hoyts. 35mm. 134 mins. British-French. 1992.

EUROPA

[Australian title: **Zentropa**]

RAYMOND YOUNIS

Germany, 1945. The Americans are in the process of "de-Nazifying" and "demilitarizing" Germany. "Werewolves" are about – not of the species *lycanthropus erectus*, but of the species Nazi collaborator. When caught, such "werewolves" are hanged.

Many cities are in ruins after the war. Figures who had been powerful are now forced to collaborate with the Allies if they wish to maintain such a position in German society. They fill in "questionnaires" in which they must reveal any Nazi connections. Control of a company such as Zentropa, a transport firm, requires a 'clean' record, but some exceptions, we learn, are made.

The Americans, such as Colonel Harris (Eddie Constantine), are not without moral blemishes. Indeed, the Colonel makes certain arrangements for his German 'friends' in return for favours.

Then there is Kessler (Jean-Marc Barr), an American with German parents, who returns to Germany to work and help in the task of reconstruction. He is offered a job as a sleeping-car conductor on a train. Through him, we are led on a journey through a post-apocalyptic landscape of shattered cities, ruins, intrigue and desolation.

What is perhaps most striking about this film is the style. Lars Von Trier uses a number of techniques – colour and black-and-white film, superimposition and back projection – to create an intricate pattern of similarities and contrasts. Now the use of black and white as well as colour in the same film is not new. In *Bronenosets Potemkin* (*Battleship Potemkin*, 1925) and part two of *Ivan Grozny* (*Ivan the Terrible*, 1958) Eisenstein used colour to emphasize the ideological foundations of the narrative and to concentrate on psychological states. In *Andrei Rublev* (1966), Tarkovsky employed colour in order to convey the full force of spiritual awakening, artistic growth and revelation. In *Heimat*, Edgar Reitz employed colour to emphasize, distinguish and heighten various levels of meaning, articulation and modes of being, and in last year's *A Nasty Girl* colour was used as well as back projection and superimposition along with different lenses – for example, wide-angle in the foreground and telephoto in the background – to communicate the structural and thematic importance of ambiguity, equivocation and illusion.

Europa (*Zentropa*) recalls these films, but Von Trier has gone a step further. At times, the image consists of three or four (or more) planes and colour is used not just to highlight but also to suggest states of arousal or passion, omens, contrasts, time-shifts, and to act as a structural motif of foreshadowing. Such strategies establish a fundamental system of differences within an image, sometimes a network of tensions, which mirror the gulfs that separate these characters – the thresholds which will not be united on the level of relationships, desires, lives. Indeed, Von Trier's vision is not really an optimistic one, notwithstanding the hypnotic nature of the tale (no pun intended).

Another striking strategy is the use of an omniscient, third-person narrator-hypnotist. This

"character", who is not seen but only heard, guides Kessler into Europa (a land that seems to be Germany but is much wider), and seems to have control over the fate of the character. At least, the narrator seems to have fore-knowledge – an interesting point since it raises the whole question of whether Kessler does have free-will on the train. What Kessler does have – or, rather, what he is faced with – is a number of alternatives, though whether he is freely able to choose between these is another matter altogether. His uncle recommends humility and insists that there is nothing to see outside the train. The colonel recommends caution as there are many "werewolves" on the loose, and Kessler is instructed to report any "sightings".

Max Hartmann (Jorgen Reenberg), the tormented owner of Zentropa, offers Socratic advice: "Do what you think is right." Katharina (Barbara Sukowa), Max's daughter, with whom Kessler falls in love, feels that he ought to support either the "werewolves" or the Americans and that his decision ought to be reflected in action. The priest recommends a suspension of judgement and a tolerance at both levels since "many are confused today" (and so on). Yet the narrator's voice is characterized by certainty and authority. He seems to be infallible. In this way, Von Trier reinforces the sense that Kessler is constantly subject to external forces which he only half-comprehends, if at all. The narrator becomes Kessler's guide, master and fate, as well as an incisive analyst of Kessler's condition. The effect is not only unsettling, but profoundly effective.

The train itself is much more than that, just as the toy train that belongs to Max suggests the importance of the company in Max's life. The journey is clearly symbolic ("transport is sacred") and the job of sleeping-car conductor has "mythological" associations. Indeed, the train and its windows, when open, determine the extent of what Kessler sees of this world. Some of the carriages represent worlds which Kessler never knew existed. The journey, also, though it represents a type of enlightenment, is analogous to Kessler's life in terms of passivity (until the end) and lack of foresight. Moreover, there is no possibility of getting off and Kessler has no idea of where the journey will end (i.e., death). The narrator, though, seems to know. And it is on the train that Kessler learns of the web of commitment, act and betrayal in which he becomes trapped.

In other respects the film is less satisfactory. Katharina, for example, has some stilted and tendentious dialogue, though only on a handful of occasions. One of the central metaphors in the film, the "werewolf", simply cannot bear the burden of meanings that it is intended to bear: the rather simplistic dichotomy that is drawn between the creature of night and the creature of day is really not representative at all of the figure of the werewolf. What is required, of course, is the night of the full moon. Indeed, the type of dichotomy which is drawn in the film seems wilful, to say the least.

Most serious, the film does not attempt to provide any sense of balance or measure in one of the central arguments: much is made of the damaging effects of the American presence in Germany, which seems fair enough, but what of the *beneficial* effects of "de-Nazification" and "demilitarization"? Not much of this is addressed at all. The result, once again, is that there is an element of wilfulness in the reasoning which, ironically, leads to a weakening of the argument. An element of distortion becomes inevitable.

However, the film does have a great deal to offer the viewer. Max Von Sydow's narration is one of the major strengths of the film: portentous, masterfully intoned and utterly authoritative, it is brilliantly conceived and executed. The use of the camera, as stated earlier, is quite innovative and the photography (supervised by Henning Bendtsen, who worked with Carl Dreyer on *Ordet* and *Gertrud*) is masterful, as ever. There are convincing performances by an experienced cast, and Von Trier has a small – and significant – rôle as the Jew who lies to save Max Hartmann's career. But this is a film that is full of significant details and the journey itself, like the art of the hypnotist, is not only revelatory but quite spellbinding.

EUROPA (**ZENTROPA**) Directed by Lars Von Trier. Producer: Peter Aalbeck Jensen. Executive producers: Gerard Mital, Lars Kolvig, Gerard Corbiau, Philippe Guez. Scriptwriters: Lars Von Trier, Niels Vorsel. Directors of photography: Henning Bendtsen, Edward Klosinky, Jean-Paul Meurisse. Production designer: Henning Bahs. Costume designer: Mann Rasmussen. Editor: Herve Schneid. Composer: Joakim Holbek. Cast: Jean-Marc Barr (Leopold Kessler), Barbara Sukowa (Katharina Hartmann), Udo Kier (Lawrence Hartmann), Ernst Hugo (Uncle Kessler), Erik Mork (Jaregard Pater), Jorgen Reenberg (Max), Eddie Constantine (Colonel Harris), Lars Von Trier (Jew), Max Von Sydow (Narrator). Nordisk Film & TV-Gunnar Obel-Gerard Mital Production. Australian distributor: Dendy Films. 35mm. 114 mins. Danish-French-German. 1991.

HARLEY DAVIDSON AND THE MARLBORO MAN

GREG KERR

When a costly, star-studded film slips through the Hollywood distribution network without so much as a promotional whisper, one is entitled to approach its theatrical release with caution. *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* is a film that warrants such caution and, ultimately, more than a little disappointment.

Directed by Australian Simon Wincer, this dull piece of escapism begins and ends like a hackneyed jeans commercial and comes apart at the seams in between. For a while, it shapes up. Less than ten minutes in, Harley Davidson (Mickey Rourke) has emerged from the sack with a woman, flirted with another while in the process of terminating an armed hold-up, then joined in a bar-room brawl involving his old amigo, the Marlboro Man (Don Johnson). The rumble is a fair indication of the tone to follow; it also marks a reunion between the two characters after several years of drifting their own ways.

Wincer stretches the canvas of this film quickly and efficiently, as he does with most of his pictures, and sets the mood for the journey ahead. Marlboro Man and Harley Davidson are cool, colourful and on their way somewhere. The trouble is they end up going nowhere in a shoddily-constructed film that has been put together too easily, too hastily and with too much reliance on studio surface-waxing. It appropriates other sources unashamedly and, aside from a few genuinely entertaining scenes, fails to extract the necessary comic drama to punctuate its flat landscapes. *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* drifts along, losing itself in the shadows of other road films like *Easy Rider* (Dennis Hopper, 1969) and the Western classic *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (George Roy Hill, 1969).

The Butch and Sundance myth is drawn upon with impunity: the pairing of two marketable stars,

a roof-top jump into a Las Vegas swimming pool, even a play on that immortal "Who are those guys" line. Wincer's film, however, lacks the carefree insouciance of *Butch Cassidy*, and its tone develops a dark edge that is generated by lack of forethought as much as by design. The film is dogged by Don Michael Paul's far-fetched, banal script which digresses from a semi-comedy a quarter of the way through to a messy action piece that forgets how not to take itself seriously.

The film is set in the year 1996, and its displaced heroes are quite evidently in the wrong place at the wrong time, which is a point that could have been amply made had it been set in the present day, or the 1950s for that matter. In fact, the near futuristic setting amounts to having no consequence to the look and feel of the storyline whatsoever. One suspects the 1996 perspective was a ploy by the producers to show off a bit of new gadgetry and hardware, and disguise the film's tired Western formula in a form acceptable to today's audiences.

Like Butch (Paul Newman) and Sundance (Robert Redford), Harley and Marlboro do things the old-fashioned cowboy way, cruising around in search of dreams that aren't there, and getting themselves into deep water. In this case, trouble starts when they decide to help out an old friend whose bar is about to be foreclosed by a bunch of crooked creditors. Harley comes up with a scheme to rob a bank, with the assistance of Marlboro and some cronies from the bar. They pull the job off all right but, instead of the $2.5 million required to save the bar, they end up with a cache of a dangerous new recreational drug called crystal dream. Unfortunately, this unlikely twist marks a rapid deterioration into a morass of bullets, smashing windows, illogical plot-turns and corny one-liners as the heroes try to evade a posse of hitmen which has materialized from the pages of a Western script.

Led by a puffy-faced, sneering Daniel Baldwin, the get-Harley-and-Marlboro posse stomps around wearing bullet-proof leather jackets that can only have been conjured by Wincer's knowledge of the Ned Kelly legend. They use machine guns to mow down their victims, and hang on the commands of a slimy-looking drug lord masquerading as a banker (Giancarlo Esposito).

From here on, only two things can save the film: Rourke and Johnson. On the surface, the seasoned actors look good together and handle themselves well during the stunt and action sequences. Both, however, seem unable to harness the freedom or energy to break away from the one-dimensional constraints of their scripted characters. They fight each other and become so well versed in the art of derisive repartee that one wonders whether they do, in fact, hate one another. A few quieter moments during the film are devoted to buddy-melding, but these scenes don't click, even though some gentle instrumental compositions by Basil Poledouris (*The Hunt For Red October*, *Quigley*) would try to convince us that something meaningful is happening.

As the film's action builds, its two stars only retreat further from their audience because we don't know who they are. One must give director Wincer credit for resisting the temptation to categorize his main men as cut-out figures whose principles and motives are never in doubt. By the end, it is true, Harley and Marlboro emerge as haphazard saviours but they are no more familiar or noble to us. Their vulnerability might make them seem more human (and thus deserving of viewer sympathy) but it does not make their personas any more realistic. Neither experiences any real conflict of personality or character, suffice to say that Harley overcomes his inability to use a handgun and Marlboro finally works up the gumption to tell his girlfriend that he cares for her.

Harley and Marlboro, in fact, are nothing much more than confused bums with blurred ideals. At one stage Harley philosophizes, "If there is a heaven and a God I'd like to meet the Dude." Yet the man we thought may have been on a *Blues Brothers*-style path to redemption soon resorts to his true colours: busting payloads, hot-wiring motorbikes and scoring easy lays. Meanwhile, his partner plods along, quoting his deceased father and doing stupid things like shooting his old motorbike (mechanical horse) and strapping his worn-out boots with gaffer tape.

If the film is to be acknowledged for any redeeming features, they belong to specific moments rather than enduring qualities. One calls to mind a few clever sight gags and the occasional surprise, mostly involving Johnson, who seems more at ease with comic delivery than the crusty Rourke. Visually, the film has tried hard to capture the panorama of the West, bathing its frames in washed-out urban wastelands, highways and deserts.

The soundtrack is a mixture of incidental compositions by Basil Poledouris, and songs by performers like Bon Jovi and Vanessa Williams, the latter performing a few numbers by way of a cardboard cameo as a bar singer. A few of the tracks are catchy, but collectively the music does nothing to give this film an edge of its own.

Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man goes down as a film of missed opportunity on all fronts. It is marked by regrettable oddities, from the opening disclaimer that, because of the title, the production has no association with any products or companies, to an ending that, for all intents, is a bourbon commercial. What could have been a daring and entertaining anomaly in today's movie climate is ultimately nothing more than a flimsy comic whose two misdirected heroes certainly beg the question: "Who *are* those guys?"

HARLEY DAVIDSON AND THE MARLBORO MAN
Directed by Simon Wincer. Producer: Jere Henshaw. Co-producer: Don Michael Paul. Associate producer: Missy Alpern. Scriptwriter: Don Michael Paul. Director of photography: David Eggby. Production designer: Paul Peters. Costume designer: Richard Shissler. Editor: Corky Ehlers. Composer: Basil Poledouris. Cast: Mickey Rourke (Harley Davidson), Don Johnson (Marlboro), Chelsea Field (Virginia Slim), Daniel Baldwin (Alexander), Tom Sizemore (Chance Wilder), Vanessa Williams (Lulu Daniels), Robert Ginty (Thom), Tia Carrere (Kimiko), Big John Studd (Jack Daniels). Krisjair-Laredo Production. Australian distributor: UIP. 35mm. 93 mins. US. 1991.

OVER THE HILL

RAYMOND YOUNIS

"Over the Hill": literally too old, seen better days, on the decline or downward bound (with not much hope of ascending again), nearer that threshold where the mind's vitality, the body's conflagrations, weaken and ebb; also that time when, according to Marquez, a person wanders or is supposed to wander around the dusty rooms with heavy, slippered feet, murmuring something about the way things were and having to put up with relatives who only seem to listen or care, until the moment of death when everyone becomes attentive.

Over the Hill, then, is another in what seems to be a series of affirmations which are intended to overthrow the notion that ageing necessarily presupposes the decline of one's passions, desire for adventure and need for genuine companionship. And if the reactions of the audience –

BELOW: ALMA (OLYMPIA DUKAKIS), DUTCH (DEREK FOWLDS) AND MAURIE (BILL KERR). GEORGE MILLER'S *OVER THE HILL*.

mostly older citizens – at the preview are any guide, George Miller's film is a success.

Alma (Olympia Dukakis) is moved by her son into a place with "everything she needs". Apparently, this is also what "father" wanted and Alma will not have "taxes" to pay. But when she opens a window, all she can see is a solid brick wall in front of her. A knife is then pushed into a cake and, suddenly, Alma is on a plane to Australia, where her daughter, Elizabeth (Sigrid Thornton), lives with her husband, a politician with a luxury car and a mansion.

Alma believes that Elizabeth will have more time for her and will be more considerate. Alas, upon arrival, she realizes that her daughter's life is largely shaped by the film and news cameras on her doorstep. Elizabeth is one of Australia's ten best-dressed women and is president of a body devoted to "free trees". When Alma is at the front gate of her daughter's home, she is asked about "free trees" and completely misunderstands. The suggestion is clear: if Elizabeth had been genuine about the tree campaign she would have written about it in one of her letters to Alma.

Elizabeth, it emerges, is preoccupied with the outward appearance, with not causing any public embarrassments and with kowtowing to the cameras. Alma is seen by her daughter as an unnecessary burden. So Elizabeth and her husband decide to "get rid of her" – presumably because she is perceived to be "over the hill", a burden. The film then reveals that this logic is a sham. (It is ironic that this politician should be so indiscreet: Alma overhears Elizabeth and husband discuss the problem and how to get her out of the house.) Consequently, Alma buys a V8 supercharged Chevvy and heads into the bush.

But the film does not only reveal the hypocrisy of the daughter and her enslavement by the media and to the dictates of the public image: Alma, too, was once a pawn of another kind; she too had been crushed in a relationship in ways which are analogous to Elizabeth's enslavement (although Elizabeth claims she is "happy").

Alma's struggle for independence suggests that the title of the film should be read ironically; her attempt at self-fulfilment can only be complete once the demons of the past have been exorcized – revealed and purged. Elizabeth will be the catalyst. Indeed, the film is really concerned with such processes of individuation through recollection and release, on a number of levels. Alma will assert the deceptions and compromises in Elizabeth's life; Elizabeth will recall her mother's subjection and bondage, so to speak; Elizabeth will also be confronted by her daughter (and so on).

The film does not always have a serious tone. There are a few good jokes, such as the one about the ridiculously high prices charged for gruel at bush eateries and for petrol in remote areas. There is also a con-man who uses an ingenious method when fishing: he throws gelignite into the water and then leisurely collects the dead and shell-shocked fish on the surface.

Alma meets a number of other characters such as Maurie (Bill Kerr), the gas-pump owner; Dutch (Derek Fowlds), the semi-retired dentist and middle-class gypsy who listens to *Nessun Dorma* in the bush; the con-man and his partner; and a number of bush hoons whose idea of a good time is to harass older women (and others) at the wheel on the roads.

ABOVE: NESTOR (JIMMY SMITS) AND ISABEL (GRETA SCACCHI) IN GILLIAN ARMSTRONG'S *FIRES WITHIN*.

Alma also meets a number of Aboriginal women who have little to say. But the film leaves us in no doubt that their love of silence and chant, song and ritual, has revelatory effects on Alma, who, it is significant, treats them with respect and deference. The women's gratitude and respect for Alma is made clear in one of the most memorable scenes.

There is much to admire in the film, despite its obvious limitations. It has a number of convincing characters, such as Dutch, whose face clearly mirrors the troubles of the past and whose acts reveal a drive towards reconcilation, Elizabeth and Alma (expertly and sympathetically played by Dukakis), as a woman who is seeking her identity in harsh and alien conditions. In this respect, Dutch is crucial as a catalyst and source of friendship and, ultimately, love.

The relative calm of the Pitjantjatjara people gives them a monumental presence, figures of endurance and sincerity in a world of compromises and deceptions. Admittedly, there are derivative elements, some of the secondary characters are too shadowy and the resolution is a little predictable, but the central argument is put with some subtlety, aplomb and sophistication.

OVER THE HILL Directed by George Miller. Producers: Robert Caswell, Bernard Terry. Executive producers: Graham Burke, Gregory Coote. Line producer: Ross Matthews. Associate producer: Liz Stroud. Scriptwriter: Robert Caswell. Director of photography: David Connell. Production designer: Grace Walker. Costume designer: Terry Ryan. Editor: Henry Dangar. Composer: David McHugh. Cast: Olympia Dukakis (Alma), Sigrid Thornton (Elizabeth), Derek Fowlds (Dutch), Bill Kerr (Maurie), Steve Bisley (Benedict), Andrea Moor (Jan), Pippa Grandison (Margaret), Martin Jacobs (Forbes), Aden Young (Nick). Australian distributor: Village Roadshow. 35mm. 99 mins. Australia. 1992.

VIDEO

FIRES WITHIN

GREG KERR

Should Fidel Castro be a touch sensitive about scathing cinematic studies of his beloved Cuba, he needn't get concerned about *Fires Within*, a film which purports to examine the effects of Cuba's repressive regime on ordinary people.

Directed by Australian Gillian Armstrong, this benign drama skirts around any solid political content, and presents a patchy story about a Cuban counter-revolutionary who becomes reunited with his exiled wife and daughter in Miami after spending eight years in prison. The film's title hints at an exotic love story, the revival of dormant passion, even a flash of blinding melodrama. Unfortunately, *Fires Within* fails to deliver any of these by the time its unusually short duration has passed into oblivion.

The film marks Armstrong's second U.S. filmmaking foray after the modestly successful *Mrs Soffel* in 1984. Presumably, the Sydneysider earned enough points then to be invited back for another bite at the big Hollywood cherry. This time, however, she has been lumped with a lemon of a story that defies all attempts to disguise it as a worthwhile movie.

Within the first five minutes, Armstrong establishes the dramatic nub of her film. A counter-revolutionary, Nestor, (Jimmy Smits), arrives in Florida to an uncertain future and a wife, Isabel (Greta Scacchi), who has hardened toward him because of the dangers his activism has posed to his family. To make things worse, there is another man on the scene, Sam (Vincent Philip D'Onofrio), and Nestor's own daughter (Bertila Damas) no longer recognizes him.

The viewer is invited to stay with Nestor – once a renowned journalist in Cuba – as he broods over his domestic troubles and traipses his way around the Little Havana district where he is regarded as a hero by his compatriots. But half way through the film the protagonist is still traips-

ing. Nothing significant has happened to him, aside from an encounter with the *other* man, and a few overtures by exiled Cuban dissidents to resume the struggle that landed him in prison.

The film's biggest liability is a script by Cynthia Cidre which leaves too many holes unfilled and deprives its three main characters of breathing space. Although it is clear there is some sort of triangular conflict brewing between Nestor, Isabel and Sam, the three players hardly interact. Too much is assumed, rather than said and done; dark lingering stares and silences over dinner tables are supposed to drum up the tension but too many of these scenes bear a phony edge. It is difficult to understand, for instance, why Nestor and his wife hardly say a word to each other after he has been imprisoned for so long. Furthermore, it is hard to fathom Nestor's apparent reluctance to have it out with the wife's possessive, truculent boyfriend when the two men happen to cross paths.

Smits' performance as the laconic Nestor is credible, although the viewer tires of waiting for him to shift out of the sullen, smouldering persona he presents with ease. Scacchi does a nice job of putting on a Cuban accent and seems well in control of her work, which is understandable given that so little is demanded of her. Her character does not give an inch, even to the men who are supposed to be the love interests of her life, and Scacchi herself seems to have been denied the opportunity to do much more than pout, brood and roll in the sack a few times. D'Onofrio is well cast as the man in the middle, although he will be better remembered in much meatier rôles such as the suicidal marine in *Full Metal Jacket* and the handyman with a fix on Julia Roberts' character in *Dying Young*.

While the film makes a poor show of developing dramatic continuity, it tries to bolster its plot with a liberal dosage of flashbacks and Latin-sounding music by Maurice Jarre. The sepia flashbacks do help explain why the main characters behave the way they do, yet ultimately they are disruptive to the structure of the story. One calls to mind a potential watershed moment when Nestor and Isabel seem set for a romantic breakthrough. The viewer eagerly awaits the next move when suddenly the frame is clogged by images of Nestor back in prison.

As the film rolls on to its mellifluous and predictable ending, one is left to ponder whether some vital scenes were left on the cutting room floor, or whether director Armstrong was creatively hamstrung in some way by the badgering of her producers. At least one scene involving a fight at a debutantes' ball has no coherence to the rest of the narrative, and seems to have been left in the final cut just to give the film an obligatory slice of action.

The fact that the film only ran for 86 minutes, and missed out on an extended theatrical release, suggests there were significant production difficulties. Armstrong appears to have tried to give the story some punch, but her authorship over the project is sadly inconspicuous. The camera pan of the face in the airport crowd, the eye contact across the dance floor and the fade out from the final screen kiss are all straight out of the "Hokum Book of 101 Big Picture Techniques".

Even when the film attempts to lighten up with some humour, the desired effect does not come off because the jokes are either banal or out of context. To my recollection, the two main gags of the movie involve readily identifiable symbols of American culture: Spam (ham) and video cameras – products one can hardly expect to inspire belly laughs, let alone chuckles from an audience.

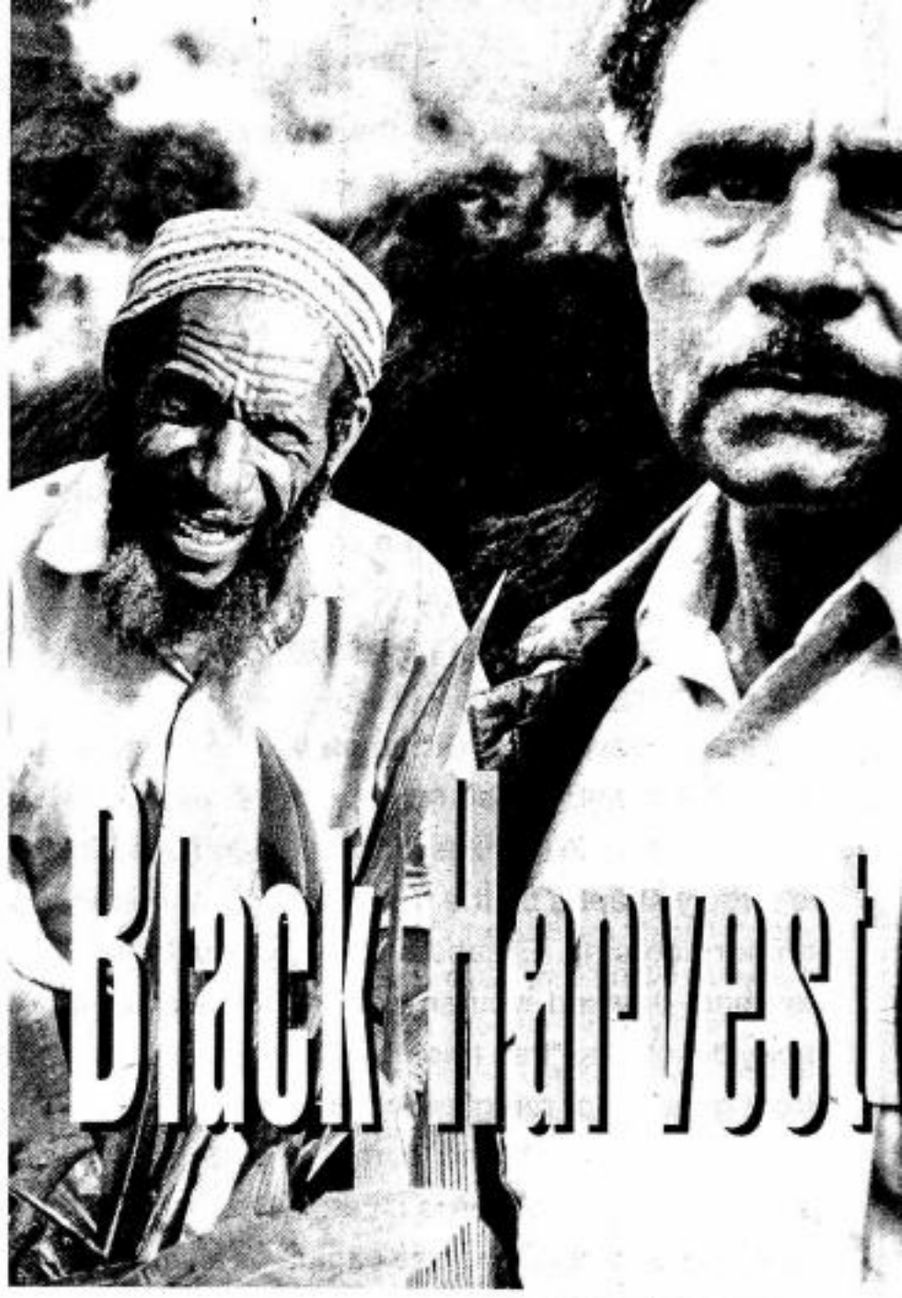
Maurice Jarre's instrumental score has a buoyant Gipsy Kings-style feel which is pleasant enough to listen to, but tends to distract one from the sombre tone of the film. In composing his soundtrack, Jarre seems to have given too much thought to conjuring up an exotic sense of place, as opposed to creating a sound feel for underlying emotions of its characters.

The film is easy to look at, which is jointly attributable to Armstrong's steadiness behind the camera, Robert Ziembicki's production design and Scacchi's photogenic moue. The setting cursorily conveys what it is like to live in the Little Havana quarter of Miami; the cramped dwellings, the prevalent religious symbols and the street cafés. At the end of the film, however, it is hard to say we've actually been there because we don't get to know its inhabitants.

Fires Within makes an effort to address some timely universal themes: the dispossession of people from their homeland, alienation in a foreign land, loyalty to an ideological cause and family disintegration, to name a few. Unfortunately, its treatment of these issues is quite tepid in comparison to *Cry Freedom*, *Mississippi Burning*, *Salvador* and, to a lesser extent, *Scarface*, which are far more convincing portrayals of displaced individuals who have been denied the power and status of their oppressors.

The film's climax has its hero Nestor delivering a token soliloquy on the perils of life in Cuba. "My soul will remain in prison until Cuba is truly free", he says before an adoring crowd. In spite of the ardour, it is hard to buy this attempt at galvanizing Nestor into someone more than a has-been activist who ultimately inspires little more than frustration on the part of the viewer. Perhaps if the tone of *Fires Within* were more closely aligned to the dramatic notion of the fires *without*, we may have had a better movie.

FIRES WITHIN Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Producers: Wallis Nicita, Lauren Lloyd. Executive producer: Jim Bloom. Scriptwriter: Cynthia Cidre. Director of photography: David Gribble. Production designer: Robert Ziembicki. Supervising editor: Lou Lombardo. Editor: John Scott. Composer: Maurice Jarre. Cast: Jimmy Smits (Nestor), Greta Scacchi (Isabel), Vincent Philip D'Onofrio (Sam). A Pathé Entertainment-Metro Goldwyn Mayer release of a Nicita-Lloyd Production. Video distributor: Warner Home Video. 35mm. 86 mins. U.S. 1991.



JOE LEAHY AND POPINA MAI IN THE POSTER FOR BOB CONNOLLY AND ROBIN ANDERSON'S *BLACK HARVEST*.

DOCUMENTARY

BLACK HARVEST

MARCUS BREEN

The opening of *Black Harvest* can be interpreted as either a contextualizing exercise or a poorly-conceived attempt to promote the two previous films by the filmmakers concerned. Short scenes from *First Contact* and *Joe Leahy's Neighbours* suggest that a reworking of old territory is about to be offered up, in yet another documentary that follows a predictable path of Eurocentric logic.

But just as the film looks like reworking this tired methodology, *Black Harvest* moves into its narrative with all the unsteadiness that a hand-held camera can convey. Eurocentric logic starts to disintegrate as ancient traditions meet global economics and the pattern of chaos that Robin Anderson and Bob Connnolly had suggested in those previous films is finally realized.

While *First Contact* and *Joe Leahy's Neighbours* were landmark films in the way they opened up the colonial history of Papua New Guinea to the world's myopic gaze, they used an academic approach to the documentary genre: few risks and too much sense. *Black Harvest* is alive with risks, while its common-sense approach to analysis – implicit in some ruthless editing around Joe Leahy in particular – is intellectually stimulating. Not surprising, as a result, the film shares a lot with narrative constructions of feature films.

For example, it moves uneasily in and out of temporal reality, as the story moves from the abstractions of market economics to tribal warfare and post-colonial exploitation. At 75 minutes, it is also feature-length, and sustains itself well for the duration.

Unashamedly a follow-up to the previous work of Anderson and Connolly, *Black Harvest* is set five years after the events in *Joe Leahy's Neighbours*.

Joe Leahy is the product of an alliance between native women and the first white Australian explorers to the highlands of central New Guinea. His values are those of the racist white settlers, even though his mixed parentage aligns him with his tribal relatives.

He is undoubtedly a wealthy man, with property in Australia and coffee plantations in PNG. His "project", as portrayed in this film, is to join with the Ganiga tribe in planting a coffee plantation, waiting for it to mature and reaping the financial results. But the world market for coffee collapses, just as the coffee is ready to be picked. The consequences are frustrating for Joe and the local natives who had built their dreams on a coffee gold mine.

Simultaneously, the Ganigas wage war with their neighbours, almost, it seems, out of frustration with Joe. From this point, the wonderful ambiguities borne of colliding cultural values and behaviour turn the film into a riveting and tragic document.

In some ways, Anderson and Connolly could well have been overwhelmed with their good fortune, as the ill-fortune of their subjects spun into a disturbing *cinéma verité*, which is the focus of my pleasure.

Meanwhile, the collision of values and cultures is worthy of Shohei Imamura's films on similar transitions and cultural conflicts growing out of rapid modernization in post-World War II Japan.

While I noted that the academic restraints of the previous two films had been removed from this much more active and involved effort, there is no doubt that *Black Harvest* has its own academic appeal. In this case it is a significantly more complicated version of post-colonialism.

While such a topic is bound to excite only a small minority of filmgoers whose interests are likely to be the now somewhat esoteric areas of anthropology and political economy, these are indeed worthy areas of discourse. Threatened in these overly positivist 1990s by the supposedly purer sciences – economics, history and mathematics – anthropology and political economy provide a means of assessing how societies develop, exist and collapse.

In remarkable ways, *Black Harvest* indicates that these critical and highly value-laden social sciences are capable of providing film viewers with a perspective which may not engender an overarching comprehensibility of the state of things, but serves to stir the pot of inquiry and insight. This brilliant, deeply moving and at times tragic documentary stands as an example of how good documentaries can work to enliven and challenge film watchers.

BLACK HARVEST Directed by Robin Anderson, Bob Connolly. Producers: Robin Anderson, Bob Connolly. Associate producer: Chris Owen. Director of photography: Bob Connolly. Editors: Ray Thomas, Bob Connolly. Sound recordists: Robin Anderson, Gethin Creagh. Translators: Maggie Wilson, Ganiga Thomas Taim. Australian Film Commission in association with Broadcasting Commission, La Sept (France), Channel 4 (U.K.), Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies. Australian distributor: Film Australia. 35mm. 75 mins. Australia. 1992.

FILM FINANCE CORPORATION FUNDING DECISIONS

22 April 1992

DOCUMENTARY

THE SHARP END: AUSTRALIAN WITNESSES OF VIETNAM (55 mins) The Notion Picture Company. Executive producer: Max Lloyd. Producer: Robert Reynolds. Consultant producer: John Mabey. Director: Greg Swanborough. Writers: Robert Reynolds, Greg Swanborough. Documentary about what it was actually like to be in the Vietnam War, told through the eyes and voices of Australian servicemen, correspondents, doctors, nurses, helicopter pilots, priests, aid workers, politicians, entertainers and their loved ones at home, as they relive their experiences and emotions.

10 June

TELEVISION

BLACK RIVER (58 minutes) Lucas Produkzions. Producers: Kevin Lucas, Aanya Whitehead. Director: Kevin Lucas. Writers: Andrew Schultz (composer); Julianne Schultz (libretto); Kevin Lucas (adaptation). Music drama based on the award-winning opera, *Black River*, with music recorded by the Metropolitan Opera Company and the Seymour Group. It concerns black deaths in custody and is set in a small outback town in Australia where a young Aboriginal boy is found hanged in the local gaol. A release is planned during the United Nations' International Year of Indigenous Peoples in 1993. *Black River* will feature leading Aboriginal singer-performer Maroochy Barambah and will be shot in the studio and on location in Victoria.

DOCUMENTARIES

KAVISHA AND THE JOYS OF THE WOMEN (television hour) Electric Pictures and Realworld Pictures. Producers: Andrew Ogilvie, Franco di Chiera. Director-writer: Franco di Chiera. West Australian singer-songwriter Kavisha Mazzella sets out to document the popular Italian folk music of the older generation of immigrants who came to Australia in the 1950s. Inspired by the songs her grandmother used to sing, Kavisha has formed a choir called The Joys of The Women. She also traces her cultural roots to the island of Ischia in Italy.

SUCH IS LIFE (television hour) Mayfan. Producers: Graeme Isaac, Graham Chase. Director-writer: Martha Ansara. This film is about tattoos and the people who wear them.

Since the May Board meeting, the FFC also entered into contract negotiations with the producers on the following project:

MINI-SERIES

BLINKY BILL (26 x 24-minutes) Yoram Gross Film Studios. Executive producers: Sandra Gross, Tim Brooke-Hunt. Producer-director: Yoram Gross. Writers: John Palmer, Yoram Gross. This mini-series tells the story of Blinky Bill and his friends rebuilding their village, Greenpatch, after its destruction by humans. In the course of the rehabilitation, there are frequent confrontations between Blinky and the villains, Feral and Dingo and the gang of Hoons, who believe New Greenpatch should be modelled on a high-tech city made of concrete and glass. The main characters, like Blinky, Nutsy and Mrs Koala, are taken directly from the original Dorothy Wall children's stories.

Since the April meeting, the FFC also entered into contract negotiations with the producers on the following project.

MINI-SERIES

STARK (3 x 1 television hour) BBC-Cascade Ash Productions in association with the Australian Broadcasting Corporation. Executive producers: Michael Wearing (UK); Jill Robb (Australia). Producer: Michael Wearing (UK). Co-producers: David Parker, Timothy White (Australia). Associate producer: Eve Ash (Australia). Director: Nadia Tass. Writer: Ben Elton. Eco comedy-thriller based on British comedian Ben Elton's novel, *Stark*, which has sold more than a million copies. Stark is a corrupt consortium of wealthy business entrepreneurs who plan to go to the moon after they poison the earth with toxic waste. Their plan is thwarted when an unlikely bunch of dropouts discover their rocket launch site in Western Australia.

FINAL SELECTION FOR FFC'S THIRD FILM FUND

The projects chosen are:

BEDEVIL Producer: Tony Buckley. Director: Tracey Moffatt. Writer: Tracey Moffatt. A trilogy of "spook" stories based on haunting experiences from Moffatt's life and family background. The events are depicted in a highly-stylized way, using surreal imagery.

GINO Producer: Ross Matthews. Director: Jackie McKimmie. Writers: Vince Sorrenti, Larry Buttrose. Gino wants to be a stand-up comedian, but he is weighed down by the rôle models of his Italian family heritage and his responsibilities to his pregnant girlfriend. *Gino* is a good-hearted comedy with an endearing central character and a strong climax.

SPEED Producer: Daniel Scharf. Director: Geoffrey Wright. Writer: Geoffrey Wright. Psycho Joe is an urban misfit who turns into a psychopath in this gritty mean-streets drama. Joe craves the respect of his peers on the street and the love of a nice girl, Mary, who secretly practises black magic. Tragedy comes inevitably in this powerful story.

The FFC's chief executive, John Morris, said that more than 150 scripts were submitted for the third Film Fund: "The FFC and the fund's distributor, Southern Star, found it extremely difficult to make a final selection of films. We were looking for scripts that could be successfully produced within the tight budget limit of $2.5 million. At the same time, we had to find films with potential for domestic and international theatrical distribution, in keeping with the aim of the Film Fund.

"Our concern has been to maintain the Film Fund's high standard and we feel confident that the films chosen will achieve this. We are very excited about the calibre of scripts and the people associated with the projects."

FRAMING CULTURE: CRITICISM AND POLICY IN AUSTRALIA

Stuart Cunningham, Allen & Unwin, Sydney, 1992, 204 pp., pb, rrp $19.95

ROSS GIBSON

Kenneth Tynan once reviewed a production of *Titus Andronicus*, saying that, no matter how good the presentation, only a surgeon could sincerely call the play a good night out. He then went on to exhort attendance of this blood-drunk anatomizing of passions that are a little hard to confront.

I also have feeble recall of a piece (by Frank Kermode, I think) with a title like "On Poetry and Other Things Hard for Thought" in which the polemicist was resisting the call for everything to be clear and pleasant in the world of ideas. Intellectual culture is valuable, he argued, so long as intellectuals are prepared to hunker down and *work* every now and then. Some things aren't meant to look easy (hearts-and-minds politics, for example); they're not put together that way.

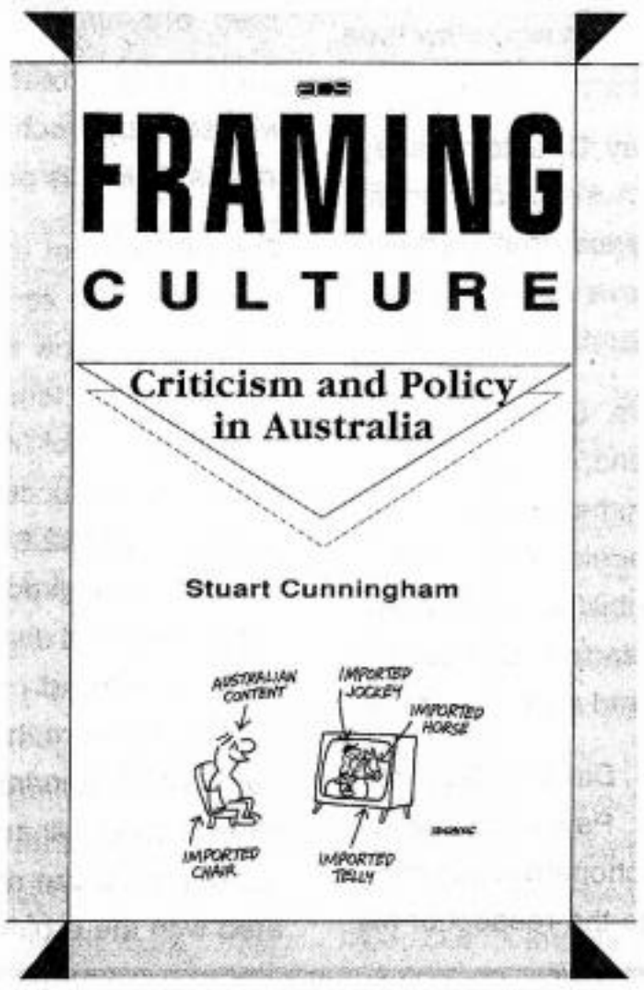
Certainly with regard to Stuart Cunningham's book about the rhetoric of policy-writing and the circulation of power from the Cabinet room through the tally-room to the living-room and back again, no one is going to describe it as a rollicking read. "The bland statemental prose of policy" (p.171) chugs through most of the book and it is fair to say policy has not yet found its poet. (This would be *some poet*, like a hybrid of Emily Dickinson, Martin Ferguson and Luis Bunuel.) In *Framing Culture*, Cunningham's purpose is painstaking, which it must be, as he charts the wax and wane of influence, quantity, quality and efficacy across the seismic tract of economics, æsthetics, party-politics, horse-trading and ethos that is the Australian Media.

I can't see that there is any need to be diffident about taking such pains, but in a strange condescension to their readers Allen & Unwin have chosen to open the book with a few quiet words from a couple of minders: John Fiske and John Tulloch. Maybe in fulfilling their softening-up function, the heavies are meant to behave more like masseurs than enforcers; maybe the little pep-talks that lurk before the contents page are meant to help you limber up before hunkering down. But the encounter feels a bit menacing and it doesn't serve the book well. Once you work into *Framing Culture*, the forewords start to look like an unnecessary, gerry-built appurtenance to a text that is already well bolstered internally with many moments of intellectual and ethical cogency, and with a steadfastness of purpose as it negotiates its area of hard-for-thought analysis.

Cunningham treks across the fields that you may have often thought too boggy. For example, if you ever wanted someone to talk you quickly through the cardinal details of the delivery-systems and programme-options of Pay TV or the power-diffusing circuit-board of federal government decision-making, the book tells what is necessary to know. Moreover, there are chapters that spruce up the overworked fields of advertising analysis and moral panics about screen violence. All this is useful.

Also, in these times of GATT talks and Pacific Rim chauvinisms, Cunningham re-examines the rhetoric of "imagined communities" to remind us that the language of nationalism is a polyvalent force that operates with different degrees of amplitude in different power-grids. We may debunk the assumptions of jingoism and yearn for new national and international imaginations, but if students of culture are to learn how to be *operatives* of culture they must understand the force-fields in which ideas become texts, or buildings, or ministries, or campaigns and events in the dynamic system of a society served by a highly-regulated media conglomeration.

This is where *Framing Culture* is on the way to somewhere important, I think. Cunningham sets out to anatomize "cultural studies". He finds a set of attitudes and methods which he then seeks to reconfigure so that practitioners of this set of peccadilloes might become smarter in terms of *making a difference* in that sector of the world of political power known as "policy analysis". Cunningham describes how in this "zone" plans and scams are made and blocked and bluffed and jammed through governmental power grids. They talk a variety of dialects in there: lobbying, consultation, porkbarreling, enquiry, sincere social envisaging, cynical window dressing. At any one time, any government is chattering with these different tongues and, given that such noise is the soundtrack of gallup-poll democracies, it is part of canny citizenship to become proficient in the analysis and utterance of the dialects.



This would mean that sometimes when you do Cultural Studies you would also be doing Cultural Policy Studies. Not riveted by the idea? Well, I think Cultural Policy Studies is one way to get a small portion of what you want from your national culture in the wintry 1990s. (Let's declare that nations are not going away – they are simply altering.) This save-your-skin approach makes the idea of Cultural Policy Studies a little more compelling, I suspect.

Moreover, as Cunningham implies, Cultural Policy Studies does have its philosophical fascinations. To my mind, it's a curious variant on the Theories of Limits that are striking chords right now: chaos theory, systems analysis, abjection, poetic hijackings of quantum mechanics, and "drift models" of subjectivity. The area Cunningham has anatomized is tuned to the rhythm of the times precisely because the attempt to chart the impact and the constitution of a government policy, to chart it from its conception to its utterance to its implementation, is another version of the attempt to operate in a culture whose co-ordinates and rules are in constant flux. Think of it as trying to understand the weather. Or as Cunningham explains:

> Unintended consequences flow from the implementation of policy. Backroom deal-making and the power and strategising of well-placed lobbyists will consistently outflank considered debate in the public arena. [...] The contingency of the policy process is the result of the interplay of significant social, economic and political power and interests within a putatively democratic polity that will value consensus and compromise, if only at base as an attempt to legitimise the process itself [p.33].

Such unpredictability doesn't mean it's folly to study all these contingencies. Cultural Policy and all its intentions and outcomes are only *like* the weather. We should not despair, for culture and politics are human systems and therefore they have logics that might be glimpsed occasionally. This means nothing more than that the objects we're studying and trying to animate are *complicated*. They are merely hard-for-thought. They are something to work on.

Finally, in the book's boldest set of propositions (well camouflaged by Cunningham's dispassionate style of declamation), we encounter a persuasive justification for doing the work. Cunningham argues that processes of "cultural maintenance and identity" are galvanized through cultural production and in the struggles to control the means of this production. And even in times of economic rationalism such cultural maintenance is precious far in excess of the commodity-value of culture. This is so because the economic and spiritual health of a society such as Austral-

ia's is likely to depend on whether we can nurture a culture which promotes wit and self-determination and the energies and productivities that emanate from such careful freedom:

> What alliances are we forming with cultural activists and producers, and policy agents, and to what extent are we informing ourselves thoroughly about the historical, existing and emergent policy agenda, and identifying where we might fit?
>
> The missing link is a democratic view of citizenship and the trainings necessary to activate and motivate it. A renewed concept of citizenship should become increasingly central to cultural studies as it moves into the 1990s. [p.10]

This is a clever way of talking about the clever country, I think. It is a pragmatic attempt to discuss how to enable people to be trained through their cultures, to be trained to make lives for themselves. It is social democrat without being libertarian. Cunningham does not write in bad faith; he presumes that people study and develop expertise in order to attempt to become experts, in order to engage in *vigilance* and *tutelage.* Within this reformist rather than revolutionary framework, this is how studious people can get down to work. We could think of policy-writers and analysts not as power-brokers but as accountable technicians of social dynamics. Indeed, we could think of doing such social engineering ourselves:

> policy rhetorics may not attract high critical excitement but [they] have been and will remain powerful instruments; their imputed meanings need to be developed and contested vigorously by those attuned to the power of discourse [pp. 171-72].

THE ABC OF DRAMA 1975–1990

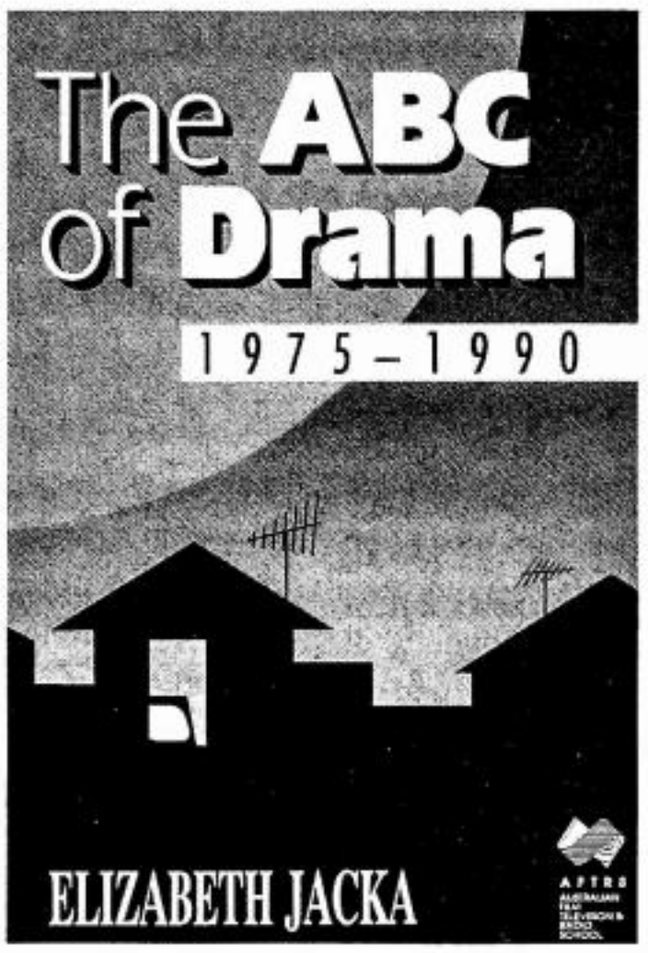
Liz Jacka, Australian Film, Television & Radio School, Sydney, 1991, 147 pp., pb, rrp $19.95.

KEN BERRYMAN

The rôle of the national broadcaster is one topic on which everyone seems to have an opinion – and a different opinion at that. Indeed, ABC Television appears to invite public declarations of support or indignation: witness the durability of *Backchat* and the prolonged "eight cents a day" campaign (now presumably rounded out to ten cents). Seemingly every independent filmmaker has a horror story to tell of their dealings with ABC Programming. The Corporation is also perennially and exhaustively reviewed: the 1981 Dix Inquiry, the 1988 Department of Transport and Communications Policy Review, etc. In addition, the ABC has been extensively chronicled in print, both within (Ken Inglis), and without (Glyn Davis, Geoffrey Whitehead, Clement Semmler, et al).

And it has been conferenced. The Australia's National Broadcasters in the 1990s Conference, held in June 1990 in Sydney, in fact gave rise to media academic Elizabeth Jacka's latest publication, *The ABC of Drama 1975 –1990*, in part based on her address at this gathering. The AFC commissioned the work, recognizing the paucity of historical research on this specific subject. The AFTRS agreed to publish the completed study, as it did Liz Jacka's 1989 collaborative effort, *The Imaginary Industry.* And the ABC Drama Department, which had already begun work on charting its own production history, provided "some staff assistance and information to the author".

At a glance, it is a neat example of hands across the water, more necessary than ever in an age of increasing economic rationalism, you might think. Curious then to note the disclaimer above the ISBN number, opposite the title page: "ABC-TV Drama has subsequently withdrawn from any formal association with this publication based on its concerns about inadequate sampling and research."



The author for her part is quite candid about the limitations of her study. She had only four months in which to research and write the history, could only gain access to and view a proportion of the 233 Australian drama programmes transmitted by the ABC between 1975-1990, and had little opportunity to analyse financial aspects of ABC drama production, audience figures or critical reception in any detailed manner. Jacka also makes It clear that, while she received a lot of information and opinion from past and present ABC staff, the judgments she reached were entirely her own and influenced, in places, by her own tastes and interests as "an Anglo-Celtic female middle-class media academic, one more predisposed towards an *Edens Lost* or a *Dancing Daze* than a *Patrol Boat* or a *Golden Soak*".

On the subject of the disclaimer, the author tactfully regrets "that the ABC does not wish to be formally associated with the final publication".

In this light, the ABC's attitude is puzzling and, as fellow academic Toby Miller and no doubt others have observed, bound to prove "wonderfully counterproductive". That is, rather than look for deficiencies in Jacka's research technique, the reader is more likely to scan the book in order to identify that part (or parts) of her critique which may have offended the Corporation. Letters to *Backchat* on the felicities or indelicacies of *Brides of Christ* are one thing; critical studies of ABC programming by non-aligned academics it would seem are something else.

It would be unfortunate, too, if the disclaimer served to draw attention away from the virtues of Jacka's publication. It is a very even-handed study, charting the development of ABC television drama production from its early Reithian philosophy (offering [civilized English] culture, education, information – and entertainment – to the masses) to the more recent co-production phase, and extending the scope of existing work on this subject by Albert Moran and Mick Counihan. The book also explores the fluctuating fortunes of ABC Drama, in the light of organizational and staffing constraints, and the shifts in perception of the Corporation's charter and its obligations as the national broadcaster, over the fifteen-year period.

Jacka recognizes the fundamentally contradictory nature of this charter – the necessity to compete with the commercial sector – and registers some sympathy for the ABC Heads of Drama and their Department's efforts to monitor or influence the programming policy pendulum swings "from the esoteric to the popular". Other dualities which impinged on the type of product which went to air – Melbourne/Sydney; film unit (Frenchs Forest)/electronic unit ('Dickson Avenue'); in-house/independent production; etc. – are clearly signposted.

For those who thought stripping was confined to *Chances*, Jacka's excursion into television drama terminology is also a revelation. Even readers able to recognize a programme type or category at ten paces might learn something here. Jacka uses a mixture of length and transmission policy to classify and/or distinguish between teleplays and telemovies, series and mini-series, series and serials. Nothing is simple at the ABC.

Jacka also attempts, with reservations, a loose grouping of all post-1975 ABC drama programmes according to theme and genre. Her landscape work in this section, with appropriate references to the "æsthetic force field", is reminiscent of the territory charted (with Susan Dermody) for post-1970 Australian features in the two volumes of *The Screening of Australia* and *The Imaginary Industry.* The difficulty for Jacka here, as for any researcher wishing to do justice to the vast output of the ABC Drama Department, is assigning meaningful classifications to programmes without recourse to comprehensive prior viewing and related documentation. As a result, this is probably the least satisfactory section of the book. In several instances, the distinction between genre and subject matter is hazy at best. Some genres are listed in the text; others are relegated to an Appendix, for reasons not clear to this reader.

More useful is Jacka's annotated list of 45 key productions from the 233 programmes made between 1975 and 1989. As with any personal selection, one could quibble over particular omissions or inclusions (Jacka finds a spot for the much-maligned *Last Resort,* for example), but her comments on the innovative nature or historical significance of each programme are pertinent, and the section as a whole forms a handy reference map to what the ABC Drama Department has achieved over the past fifteen years. Interestingly, Jacka's list includes some of the ABC's most celebrated successes: *Bellbird*, *Certain Women*, *Seven Little Australians*, *Ben Hall*, *Marion* and *Rush* – most of which were produced towards the end of the supposed 'golden era' of ABC Drama production (1968-1975), at a time when the then Commission had this production area almost to itself. Of interest also is Jacka's inclusion, sight unseen, of John Powers'

restrained telemovie *They Don't Clap Losers* (1975). The brief note on this programme again highlights the problem of product accessibility for media researchers.

As well as the key productions list, the book includes 40 pages of appendices: relevant ABC managers (1965-1989); funding and expenditure graphs; first-run Australian drama (1984-1989); alphabetical and chronological lists of all titles, with details of producers, directors and writers (1975-1989); genres not listed in the text; and the ABC Charter of Corporation. Notwithstanding the added detail, this is essentially a no-frills publication, as befits its origins: no illustrations, no index and no bibliography, although several useful references are included in the footnotes.

The problem with publishing a work like *The ABC of Drama 1975 – 1990* is that the title gives no indication of the preliminary nature of the contents. The starting point of 1975 was chosen as the dividing line between black-and-white and colour transmission but, as indicated above, this was somewhat arbitrary as far as continuity of some ABC drama production was concerned. In fact, Jacka devotes several pages to the history of ABC television drama pre-1975, but neither this publication nor Albert Moran's *Images and Industry* (1985) and *Australian Television Drama Series* (1989) cover the entire history of ABC drama production.

As I wrote in reviewing the latter publication for *Cinema Papers* No. 77 (January 1990), one longs for a local equivalent to the three-volume U.S. publication *Encyclopaedia of Television*. Two years on, the need for a text embracing all forms of Australian television production, drama included, over the past 35 years still exists. Liz Jacka hopes that her work will stimulate interest in ABC drama history "and that others continue the work". My fear is that the very existence of this publication might deter others from undertaking a more detailed analysis of this or equivalent subject areas.

This is not to detract from what Jacka has achieved within the four months available to her for preparing this work. Her final chapter on the present and future financing of ABC drama, and on the degree to which the Corporation is fulfilling its charter in this area, is compelling, somewhat sobering reading. Jacka notes the changed production environment without, and the pressure for micro-economic reform within, such government organizations bearing inevitably on the traditional preoccupations and styles of ABC drama, and she poses the questions:

> In such a production, financing and marketing environment, what role is there for the national broadcaster in the drama area? Are the programs that the ABC has made since 1987 under this new regime distinctively different from those of the commercial networks and do they fulfil what are taken to be the aims of national government-funded broadcasting?

Her conclusions? In the best traditions of the serial, read the book and find out.

THE DEVIL'S CANDY: *THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES* GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Julie Salamon, Jonathan Cape, London, 1991, 423 pp., pb, rrp $45.

LOSING THE LIGHT: TERRY GILLIAM & THE *MUNCHAUSEN* SAGA

Andrew Yule, Applause Books, New York, 1991, 247 pp., hb, rrp $39.95.

JONATHAN ROPER

The Devil's Candy and *Losing the Light* are intriguing to read for they speak of movies that were made and that got away; people who intervened or should have; ideas that could have flourished; budgets which took on their own ravishing existence; the realization of dreams – the movie in process. The books are significantly different in approach, style and appeal, and I won't even pretend to hide my feelings behind a mound of fact or analysis.

To put the record straight from the beginning, I confess that I love *The Devil's Candy*; in fact, I love its 'predecessors' as well – the book, and the movie of the book. For me to receive this latest instalment, the book of the movie, was sheer bliss.

Julie Salamon's *The Devil's Candy* is an exposé, of the most sympathetic kind, of the making of the movie *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, based on the book (with the same title) written by Tom Wolfe. Wolfe's book was a bestseller and greeted with overwhelming praise. It is a satiric story of how the mighty can fall – and this is the theme which is replayed in Salamon's account. For the movie, directed by Brian De Palma in 1990, was greeted on release with overwhelming criticism and scorn, and was seen by many, due to its $50 million price tag, to be a case study in excess. The puzzle the book sets out to piece together is just how a film, based on a bestseller, laced with stars and the biggest budget of the year, could sink so miserably and so quickly into the video store morass.

Salamon's self-appointed task was to detail the process by which a 'blockbuster' is made, and to understand how decisions were made and carried out. Her task was made possible with the explicit approval of De Palma, and she was thus able to be present at all stages of the film's life – from the initial casting to the final drowning. She observed and interviewed everybody and anybody to do with the movie.

That a reporter-writer was so intimately involved with the movie and granted such access is, of itself, highly unusual. For it is not since John Huston invited Lillian Ross on to the set of *The Red Badge of Courage* that someone (an outsider to Hollywood) has been allowed to observe the complete evolution of a movie.

Not surprisingly, then, the book has a great sense of authenticity. Normally one would be quite sceptical of a project whereby feelings, emotions, thoughts and inner motivations are freely attributed to various real-life characters. But the reader is encouraged to suspend disbelief when reading the Author's Note: "I was present at auditions, location scouts, strategy sessions, on most film sets [...] the vast majority of dialogue and scenes in this book record what I saw and heard" and on it goes. Impressive qualifications to write the 'real' story.

Whether you are convinced or not does not really matter, for authenticity and veracity are not the central concerns. Portrayal is the key and it is in this light that *The Devil's Candy* truly succeeds.

The characters, and the star of the book – the Hollywood moviemaking process – are vividly represented. From the outset, the reader is aware that the movie dies in the end; the interest is in finding out who, or what, did it. The boredom never sets in, because you are never quite sure what will happen next, or what seed will develop, or what brick will finally topple the movie.

As such, *The Devil's Candy* is a fantastic pulp read, reaching the heights of movie 'infotainment'. It is like reading the "Hot Gossip" movie notes in *Woman's Day*, but only better – better because it is longer, more intimate, more authentic, and does not carry any nasty aftertaste. You feel like you are actually improving yourself by reading the book, which becomes a sort of gossipy correspondence course on the Hollywood process.

The technical descriptions of the various people and processes involved in the movie production are lucid, occasionally dramatic and pleasantly text-bookish. People and jobs and processes are described as they enter, play their part and exit. They are given their own lives, desires and wishes regarding not only the film but themselves. The net effect of the technical descriptions is to make watching the production credits roll a kind of humanizing and 'enriching' experience rather than a feat of endurance.

For example, the steadicam operator Larry McConkey is wonderfully described in detail as he attempts to film the opening shot which takes

Peter Farrow (Bruce Willis) from an underground car-park, via a golf cart ride, to an elevator (and an encounter with smoked salmon and a diplomat's daughter), into a fresh jacket and on to the author's "book award" reception. This shot is an amazing technical feat and McConkey's performance is inspirational.

There is also an impressive parade of people and places in the book. There are scenes of high drama and great cameos. Steven Spielberg makes several appearances as the caring friend of De Palma. Melanie Griffith shows off the full effects of her latest operation. Studio executives reveal their insecurities. And Bruce Willis sulks.

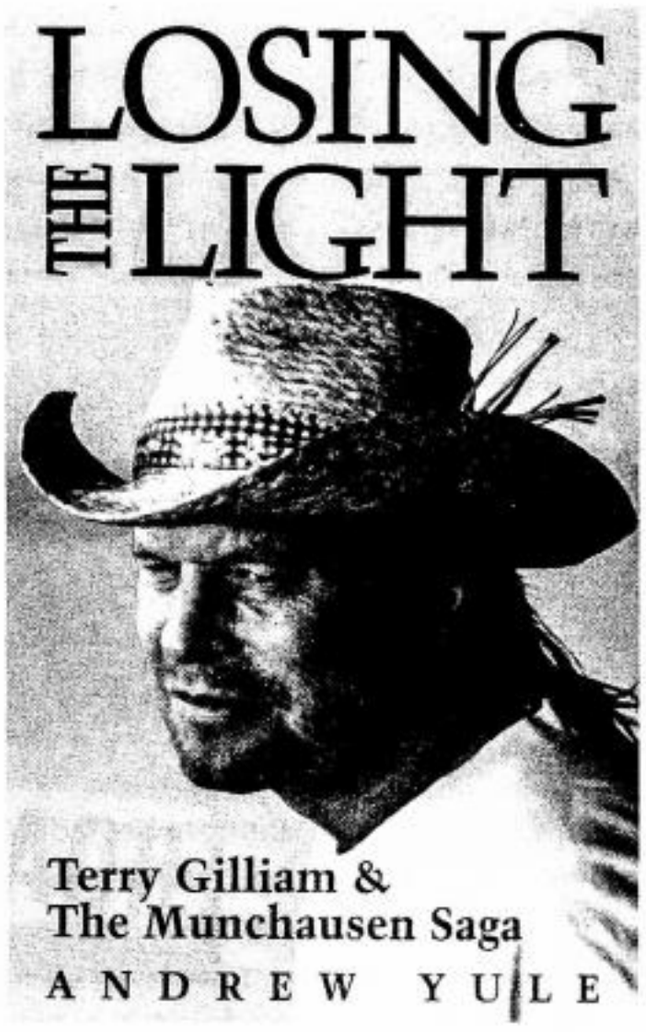
Among the famous, and the wanna-be famous, there is the on-going battle to see who will win the love and approval of De Palma. There are underlings who want to become personal assistants, personal assistants who want to be associate producers, stars who want to be remembered. Everyone is out to impress De Palma.

Eric Schwab (second unit director) tries to impress as he organizes 38 roof-top locations for an opening montage of New York. In the end it was all for naught when, due to budget tightening, the sequence was cancelled. However he still manages to win approval and make his mark in the movie, as well as win a $200 bet with De Palma, with the shot of a Concorde landing, silhouetted against the sun setting over New York. De Palma was in raptures when he viewed the shot. Schwab was equally elated when he returned to his hotel and found a note from De Palma : "You're doing a great job. Brian." This note was the greatest accolade he had ever received from the director in all the years that he had worked for him.

And finally there is De Palma, the beating heart of *The Devil's Candy*. He is haunted by the box-office failure of *Casualties of War*, harassed by the studio, obsessed by his vision, traumatized in relationships and counting calories, still trying to rise above his horror/slasher image, the creature of habit. The book reveres his creative vision and pays him due homage. There is the fear that the failure of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* will spell eternal doom for the director. De Palma does, in fact, hide for months after its release, but rest assured that the sun does indeed rise again.

For many the movie was killed from the outset due to the casting – or rather the miscasting. Fred Caruso (co-producer) defended the movie to the end:

> Tom Hanks was hired before Brian De Palma. Was De Palma going to say, 'No, I'm not going to direct Tom Hanks?' The studio wanted Bruce Willis, not Michael Caine or Daniel Day Lewis or one of those Englishmen. Is Brian going to say, 'No, I don't want Bruce Willis, one of the greatest stars of our time?'



What did eventually cause the movie's downfall? The book does not subscribe to any 'single gun theory'. Instead there are building blocks of vignettes and dramas. We see argument, budget blowouts, misrepresentation, confusion and shortsightedness. The tidal wave does crash, but in the end there is no single reason for the movie's public humiliation. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* was never doomed to failure, it just found it.

The Adventures of Baron Von Munchausen was another $50 million 'failure'. Unlike the movie *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, it was unconnected to a current bestseller and was without the Hollywood megastars. It was, however, based on a well-loved European tale and directed by Terry Gilliam, who had enjoyed critical and some financial success, although slightly belated, with *Brazil* and *Time Bandits*. The movie also showcases the work of arguably the best costume and set designers in the world, as well as the cinematography of Peppino Rotunno.

Losing the Light: Terry Gilliam and the Munchausen Saga, written by Andrew Yule, chronicles the great battle between creative vision and money. Material for the book comes from 33 of the movie's principal players, interviewed after the "turkey had landed". As such, the interviewees had ample opportunity to reflect over the events that took place during and after the making of *The Adventures of Baron Von Munchausen*. The retrospective nature of the book has a critical impact on its feel and content – ultimately to its detriment.

The book follows a fairly strict line: there are those who are for Gilliam (read 'creative vision') and those who are against (read 'money'). The battle lines are drawn. Producer Thomas Schully describes the two sides in his own fashion:

> Steve [Abbot, a partner of Gilliam] and Terry are coming from the same background, the *petite bourgeoisie*. I am from the *big bourgeoisie* [...] The two sides have different life-styles. On the one hand, we have the sensuous Latin style and on the other the stiff Calvanistic Protestant life-style that Terry embodies [...] A screenplay depends on how you sell it, do the backers believe in it, do they believe in you – it's money, business, *corruption* even! When I had the first meeting [...] I forced myself to keep my mouth shut, knowing that once I'd taken over, the production would run as I was used to run a show.

The mystery – Who killed the movie? – never develops, because you find out who did it by page seven. It was Thomas Schully, that wicked and profligate producer, and you'll never get anyone to say different, except for those few who may point the finger at Terry Gilliam. But no one would ever believe that one imbued with the gift 'creative vision' could ever do it. So it all must point to the producer/money.

For me the book really does not progress past this point. Sure you have different scenes, characters popping in and out, the movie process described. But the finger keeps pointing over and over at Schully. And when the story is supposed to be a 'whodunnit' it all gets a little dull. The book has none of the life and vitality of *The Devil's Candy*. Sure it has gossip and occasional rude bits, but the pace is slow and all the while predictable. The book flows a predetermined path and, in terms of sustaining reader interest, cannot compare with the open-ended nature of *The Devil's Candy*.

The Devil's Candy and *Losing the Light* are in a way depressing to read because they speak of loss. The reader and the movie-watcher begins to imagine what could have been. To think of actors who could have moved you, if only they had got the rôle; of scenes that would have enriched the narrative, if only they were given that extra $2 million; of possibilities that never were to be.

And so, as you think about the movies in question, you can feel that the real movie was in fact left unseen. That the public has only seen a corrupted version, and that truth lies somewhere in a pile on the cutting room floor or in a dusty stack of storyboards. And it is at this sad, but somewhat simplistic, level that the books situate themselves.

In both books the directors (read all creative staff) come out, in the final analysis, smelling of roses. This is not surprising since the reader is only given two options. It is the director versus the Hollywood institution, in the battle for the movie. Now this really does not give you much choice about who to barrack for, does it?

As the dust finally settles in the arena, the directors emerge the moral victors, and Hollywood, that great corruptor, gets the movie.

Hollywood is an unwieldy beast, which if tamed can realize the director's vision on screen. But be warned, the beast can turn on you at any moment – and so we are in need of cautionary tales such as these to ensure that all who venture to the Hollywood den will know the beast within. ■

SOUNDTRACKS

IVAN HUTCHINSON

A batch of new CDs featuring music from cinema and television soundtracks of Australian productions has arrived, making it clear that at least some sections of the record industry in this country are aware of the quality of work being done by such musicians as Bruce Smeaton, Brian May and Bruce Rowland, to name just three of those given prominence and permanence.

No less than six soundtracks are the work of Brian May. Some, I suspect, have been issued before on other labels, but ONE M ONE records give good value by allotting two scores to each CD. May's scores come from the late 1970s and early '80s, a prolific time for this arranger-composer whose music propped up a number of films which needed every bit of support they could get.

Divorced now from the films, the soundtracks provide plenty of variety and styles, with a fair number of tracks in which, it must be said, the music simply sounds meaningless without the visuals they obviously too faithfully underlined.

Race for the Yankee Zephyr is a large-scale action-comedy-adventure shot in New Zealand in 1981. Track 1 ("Main Theme") starts off with a rhythmic figure on snares, picked up by the strings and then by the full orchestra. The theme, at first nervy, edgy, angular and strongly accented, is followed by a more playful section led off by piccolo and banjo, and then it is back to full orchestra. Track 2 ("Newsreel Music") is our old friend, "American Patrol", smartly played along Glenn Miller lines. There are three "chase" tracks – tracks 4 ("Gibbie's Hearts and Flowers"/"Helicopter Chase"), 5 ("Tank Chase") and 7 ("Jet Boat Chase") – and May manages to vary the style for each, with track 7 being particularly lively. Track 6 ("General Gibbie") uses the *Hogan's Heroes* theme for some much-needed humour.

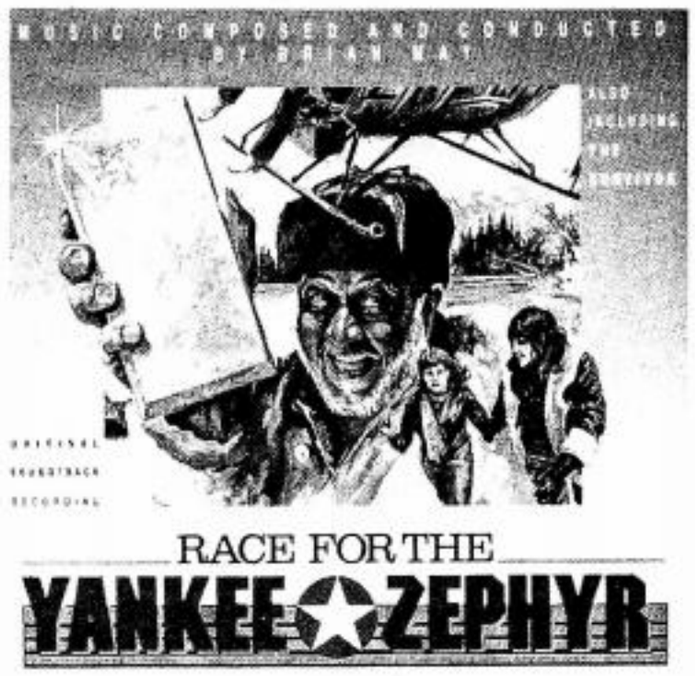
The Survivor, a bit of well-staged hokum based on a book by James Herbert, has a richly-scored first track with more flow and coherence than some of May's extended tracks, and excellent uncredited piano (possibly May himself), but other tracks are less interesting with a rellance on string tremolandos and other over-used devices. (*Race for the Yankee Zephyr* and *The Survivor*, ONE M ONE CD1008).

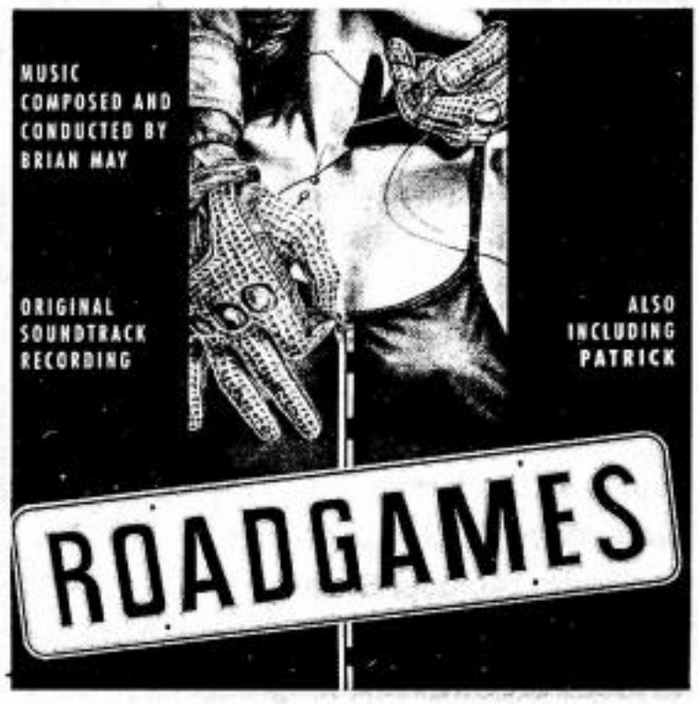
Harlequin, a strange brew of Australian politics and mysticism with Robert Powell playing a sort of latter-day Antipodean Rasputin, is full of short-winded tracks that amount to little without the visuals. *The Day After Halloween* (originally called *Snapshot*), a suspense thriller without much suspense, has an excellent opening titles track with piano featured, its repeated four-note figure to the fore and a strong melodic line on the lower strings, but overall this seems the least interesting of the new May discs. (ONE M ONE CD 1010).

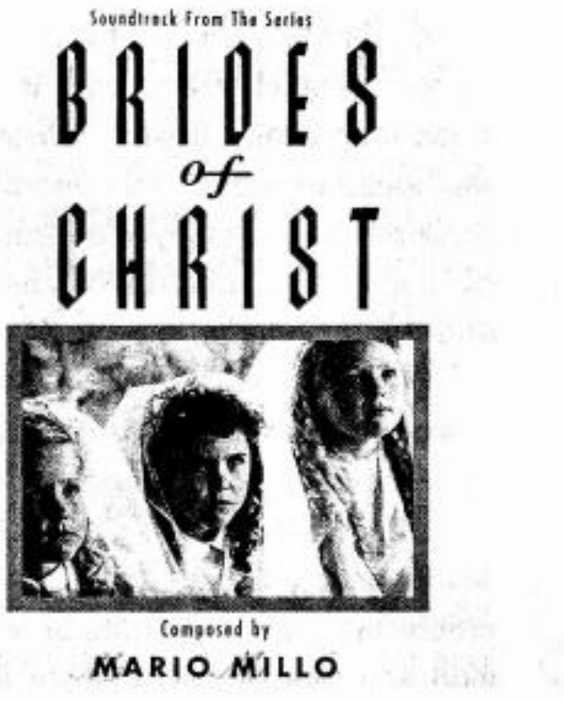
Roadgames and *Patrick* were thrillers, both directed by Richard Franklin, who provides some informative notes on his collaboration with May on these two films. *Roadgames* is particularly good. The 6-minute-plus opening track with its combination of harmonica tune and bolero rhythm is one of May's most effectively scored and played themes and overall this score is one of his most listenable as far as a recording is concerned. I can't agree, however, that this score influenced John Williams music for *Raiders of the Lost Ark* as Franklin suggests. One can discern little thematic or stylistic similarity in the scores at all. *Patrick*, written even earlier, has also some excellent scoring, particularly tracks 21 ("Kathy's Theme") and 30 ("End Title"), where the use of alto flute for the "Kitty" theme is very effective. (ONE M ONE CD 1014)

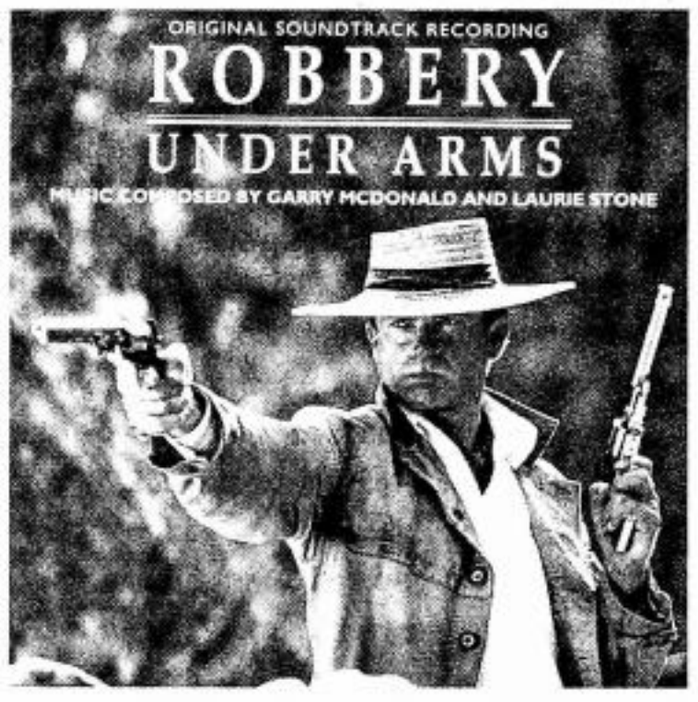
There are definite similarities with Williams' *Raiders* theme in the opening track of the music composed for the 1985 *Robbery Under Arms* by Garry McDonald and Laurie Stone. In the main title music, a march-like rhythm figure on the strings leads to the trumpet theme. Lower strings have a more romantic theme as contrast and, after a series of key changes, it is back to the main theme. The result is rousing and spirited, undeniably Williams-like, but very effective. French horn and cor anglais are featured on "Starlight and Aileen" (track 2). There is an extended version of the main theme given over to strings (track 6: "The Cattle Drive"), a spirited hoe-down (track 8: "Boom Town"), and on tracks 9 ("Gracey Misses the Boat") and 15 ("We're Home"), in particular, there is some lovely harmonica from Horrie Dargie. An enjoyable disc. (ONE M ONE CD1013)

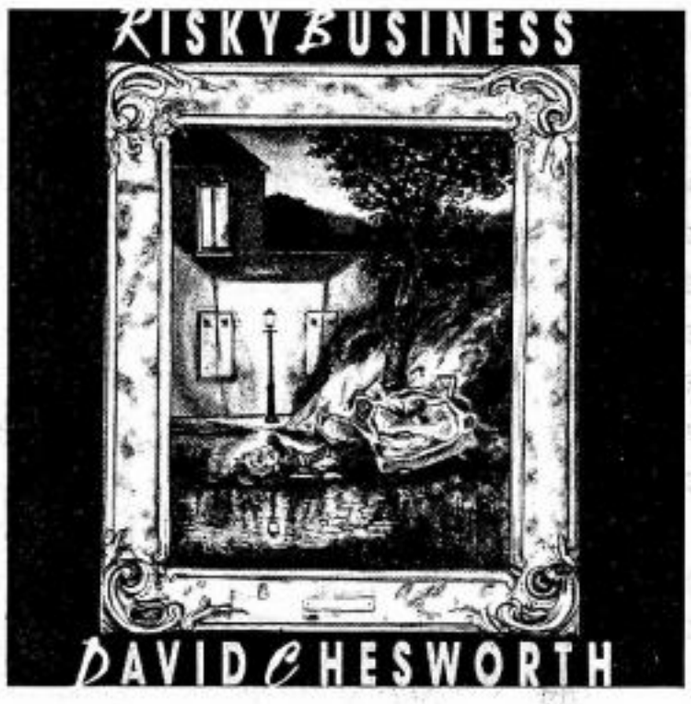
The popular and accomplished television series *Brides Of Christ* has music from Mario











Millo who also, with the aid of the talented Cas Russo, performs the score on a variety of instruments. Guitar, piano, flute, harp, synthesizers and wordless vocals provide plenty of aural variety, but the overall impression left by the disc which has 29 tracks is of a simple, but effective theme used many times. The music worked effectively in context; standing alone, it seems thin. Still, it is an effective memento of one of our more successful television productions (ABC MUSIC 510445-2).

Two discs, both re-issues of film and television themes, showcase the work of Bruce Rowland and Bruce Smeaton. Rowland's great success with the music for *The Man From Snowy River* has probably been a mixed blessing for him. There are five tracks from that soundtrack on this new compact disc, plus music for *Phar Lap*, *All The Rivers Run* and *Now and Forever*. His romantic, expansive style makes much of this music interchangeable, and the disc drifts attractively along with a certain monotony setting in.

One sits up, however, when "Olympic Ballet" (track 15) bursts upon the ear. This is belting, big-band stuff propelled along by drummer Ron Sandilands (incorrectly given as "Sawdilands" on the liner notes). There is some excellent solo work by reed player John Barratt and on the following track ("Taurus I") there is some more strongly rhythmic playing with both bagpies (!) and wild guitar featured at times. These tracks show Bruce Rowland as capable of more than lush sentiment. (ABC SOUNDTRACKS 848 231-2)

There is far more variety, however, in the Smeaton disc (ABC SOUNDTRACKS 836 224-2). Music from *Roxanne*, *A Town Like Alice*, *Seven Little Australians*, *Patrol Boat* and others gives us themes that are martial, jaunty, humorous and original. A particular favourite is track 15 with some fine guitar and flute featured on a version of the love theme from *Roxanne*. Special mention should be made here of the many fine arrangements on the disc by John Shaw.

Dorian Le Gallienne's theme for the Melbourne Film Festival was replaced a couple of years ago by a piece from David Chesworth, a composer of considerable originality who juxtaposes all sorts of sound, musical and otherwise, into soundscapes of varying interest and fascination. The CD called "Risky Business" (N5 531) allows him a fine showcase for his work. "Clockwise", which is the first track on the disc, is the well-named tick-tocking rhythmical piece which all Melbourne Film Festival lovers will recognize. Its sheer familiarity makes it the most easily accessible piece on the disc, and perhaps one you would want to listen to most often.

Fascinating as the sounds often are – and no two tracks are the same – how often is one likely to want to replay them? Le Gallienne is, as Adrian Martin's liner notes state, an "experimental composer in the truest sense", but his aural flights of fancy are not for everyone. Try "Safari With Altitude" (track 10) and "Call of the Wild" (track 13) for starters. It they intrigue, you will probably find the disc worth investing in.

Peter Best's score for *We of the Never Never* has a main theme which well captures the loneliness of its heroine and the vastness of the land in which she finds herself, but it is about the only music of interest in the many tracks allotted to it. Tracks such as "The Muster" (14) and "The Maluka Rides a Horse" (10) are monotonous and repetitive. On track 19 ("The Wagons Arrive") the theme is combined with "Waltzing Matilda".

Devil in the Flesh, Scott Murray's adaptation of Raymond Radiguet's novel, has a score by French composer Phillipe Sarde. Scored by Hubert Bougis, this small selection of themes (5 tracks and about 20 minutes playing time) is a delight. Flute, clarinet and cor anglais play the melancholy, haunting tunes against a constantly changing string backdrop. The result is very French-sounding and very lovely. Track 2 ("Departures") is particularly memorable (*Devil in the Flesh* and *We of the Never Never*, ONE M ONE CD 1012). ■

Technicalities

COMPILED BY FRED HARDEN

Freedom from the Press

The demonstrations of all the film-to-computer-to-film retouching/optical effects systems are another sign of a maturing approach to the importance of film to our mass entertainment. Everyone is struggling to match the quality of film or to improve the traditional weak links of film intermediates in effects work.

And then there are the press releases (or at least from the few companies that take this magazine's place in our industry seriously enough to continue to send them). Despite the on-going requests for new product information, I can almost bet that each time I call into the *Cinema Papers* office or to my mailbox that the lonely large manila envelope will be from Kodak. The material keeps coming when they know that we are being deliberately selective and cannot fit a lot of stuff into the "Technicalities" format and schedule. And what's more pleasing is that it's getting more relevant.

The lead article in this issue is almost straight from press material from Kodak in the U.S. It talks about American cinematographers and American movies, yet this kind of information has few outlets for publication. Take out the more obvious product endorsements and this is the information that you might find printed in trade journals such as *American Cinematographer* (that is if you could find them in among the thinly disguised publicity for the latest mega movie).

I have taken out some of the really crass American stuff, and changed a few things around, but basically what follows is the uncredited press material that comes straight from Rochester. Not surprisingly, the filmstocks mentioned are Kodak stocks, but the real subject is the techniques and practice of an art that's alive, that no longer complains about working around the limitations but talks about photography with the freedom that still photographers have enjoyed for years.

There is one slight regret in giving the space here, and that is that it's not Australian DOPs talking about Australian movies. Maybe it's lazy to wait for it to arrive on the desk and I welcome further article submissions. The interest is there and the evidence was the standing-room-only crowd that Ellery Ryan drew for the Australian Film Television & Radio School sessions in Melbourne recently.

And that says something positive about the changes taking place as well. FRED HARDEN

Redefining the art of Location Cinematography

Michael Watkins, ASC, has earned EMMYs twice during the past two U.S. television seasons for his extraordinary cinematography on the anthology series, *Quantum Leap*. The series is shot at different locations each week and every episode is like a small movie with its own distinctive look.

Watkins talks about how he manipulates the intensity, colour and direction of light to create invisible images in viewers' minds. One example he quoted is:

> Sometimes we use nets to catch a flare to suggest that it's late in the day and the sun is setting. We use purple and red gels, and run dimmers on low intensities while people in the forward are silhouetted. That tells the audience the sun is reaching the horizon without them ever seeing it. It's all part of the grammar of the visual language of cinematography.

Watkins and his peers behind the camera are redefining the grammar of location cinematography in the era of "fast" films and lenses, mobile cameras and compact lighting packages. Watkins, like many other cinematographers, says the advent of high-speed films has added 30 minutes or so to each side of the shooting day, since he can shoot exteriors in dimmer light.

Another incident he recalls was a shot as a taxi pulled up to the kerb and a passenger stepped out. It is dead of night in a seedy part of town. The driver turned on a "for hire" sign on the roof of the cab. The film actually recorded the flicker of yellow light reflecting off the passenger's eyes and cheek. It made him seem a little bit more lonely. If that isn't writing with light, what is?

It was just twenty years ago when Laszlo Kovacs, ASC, went on the road with Peter Fonda to shoot *Easy Rider*. Once the audience got a taste of reality, it whet their appetites for stories that could best be told on location. In some fundamental ways, Hollywood has never been the same. Following in the tracks of *Easy Rider*, there was a well-defined trend toward location photography during the 1970s. But that was just a hint of what was to come. Early in the 1980s, the

industry standard was a l00-speed colour negative film balanced for exposure in 3200 Kelvin light. Good but limiting. The first breakthrough came in 1983 when Kodak introduced a 250-speed film with broad exposure latitude. The impact was immediate. John Alonzo, ASC, was among the first to recognize the possibilities when he shot *Blue Thunder.* The action-adventure story took place mainly at night. It involved extensive use of helicopters as both a practical location and a platform for photography.

Alonzo painted with light, but he used it sparingly. That allowed him to create a starkly realistic look. One popular trade magazine headlined an article about cinematography in *Blue Thunder* as "Life in the 1600 ASA Zone". What it meant was that Alonzo interpreted the possibilities of the new film in ways no one else had anticipated. In doing so, he blazed a path that is now well-travelled.

Dean Cundey, ASC, explored different territory when he filmed *Roadhouse.* The crew and cast had just finished shooting a late-night exterior scene in an expansive open area. The sky was inky black, but Cundey envisioned a way to shoot a sequence in artificial twilight. Usually, that type of scene is shot during the so-called "magic hour", when the sun is setting. The problem is that the magic hour usually lasts around 30 minutes, and it is subject to the vagaries of weather. Cundey reasoned that if he could work in artificial twilight, he could shoot the scene in a day instead of several. That would save time and money, and eliminate concerns about matching footage.

How do you create artificial twilight? He placed a Musco light with 15 "blue" lamps out of sight of the camera lens. The lamps were set to provide an even spread of light over an expansive area. Cundey used several HMI lights in the foreground where the action was occurring. Then he shot with a new 250-speed, daylight-balanced film. It worked like a charm.

The pace of advances in film technology accelerated in 1989, when the first Eastman EXR camera films were unveiled. Other advances in technology are incorporated into the EXR films, but the patented T-Grain emulsion is the foundation it has built on. Conventional silver halide crystals are cubular in shape. T-Grain emulsion crystals are tabular, or flatter. It presents a larger surface, making it a much more efficient gatherer of light. That made it possible to design a wide variety of "faster" and "finer grain" films optimized for exposure in different situations.

Currently, there are camera films with exposure indexes ranging from 50 to 500, and specialized emulsions designed for exposure in tungsten light and daylight. This, coupled with advances in camera, lens, dolly and crane and lighting technologies, has given cinematographers tremendous creative latitude and flexibility for expanding their art form.

Here are some more examples. When he was filming *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Vilmos Zsigmond, ASC, was faced with shooting a location scene in the cavernous interior of a courthouse lobby. Director Brian De Palma wanted an active camera that showed the audience the entire interior with 360-degree moves. That left Zsigmond with no place to hide old-style lights. So he floated a half a dozen weather balloons near the ceiling. Zsigmond used a dozen 2500 watt HMI spots on the ground to bounce light off the white surfaces of the balloons. That gave him the illumination needed to pull realistic-looking deep focuses with the 500-speed Eastman EXR 5296 film.

Zsigmond justified the source light by showing the audience the skylight in the ceiling. It was easy enough to do. Since the balloons were on nearly transparent tethers, he just had to pull them out of the way. Zsigmond also used the balloons to bounce sidelight into the open corridors winding around the walls of the second and third stories of the lobby. Zsigmond first used this technique when he shot *The River* in 1983. The fast film allowed him to use it in a huge and dimly-lit interior.

When he shot *The Doors*, Robert Richardson used four different films with speeds of 50 (daylight), 100 (tungsten), 250 (daylight) and 500 (tungsten). In addition to choosing films that matched specific lighting requirements, he used them to create subtly different looks. It was elegant, almost like a surgeon selecting different

AATON CODE AT LAST

John Bowring used the recent successful ACS/SMPTE joint meeting in Melbourne to announce details of his commitment to providing the first complete film timecode facilities in Australia. Now, John is a modest person and he recognizes that because he has a rental facility and dealership for

Aaton he would seem to be, let's say, "pre-disposed" to the system. But his intense frustration in not being able to convince any of the existing post-production facilities with telecines to offer the considerable advantages of film recorded timecode transfers must have been considerable.

How could he demonstrate the advantages when the key link to video offline editing is not available? The growing list of American and European series that use film timecode is impressive but away from our experience.

John has put his money where his mouth is and installed a telecine demonstration system at Lemac in Melbourne with the hope that he can break the chicken and egg cycle and convince others to offer the service.

The Aaton timecode reader that attaches to any telecine is one of those elegantly simple ideas that computers have made possible. Basically, it is a small video camera that looks at the edge of the film and shows both the Kodak Keycode and the Aaton time code on a monitor. Once the operator sets the focus, the computer looks for and converts the codes back into numbers and the hardware supplies an on-screen superimposed display.

The subject of timecode is worth a full article and, as the first of the local productions are going through, one we will come back to.

Oh, the Lemac telecine set-up is also fully compatible with Super 16 and Aaton is discussing list management and logging with Lightworks and Avid, etc.

Lemac will happily give you more information on timecode and prices on (03) 429 2992.

■

scalpels for different phases of a delicate operation. For example, for the desert sequence and exterior scenes in the earliest period depicted in the story, Richardson used Eastman EXR 5245 film. It's balanced for use in daylight at an exposure index of 50.

"It's the purest, most fluid-looking film available. The colour saturation is also rich," he explains. For a warmer exterior look, he used the 250-speed daylight film which reproduces "truer oranges". His workhorse film for interiors and night exteriors was the 5296 film. He used it in all periods, whenever he needed a deep stop in comparatively dim light. "It dug into the shadows and reproduced the tonal range that was in front of the cameras", he says.

Richardson used the l00-speed 5248 film for shooting most background plates needed for optical composite work. "It reproduces more image details and the grain is finer than the Eastman 5247 film. Any time you are shooting plates, you need the best possible image quality."

Daniel Pearl first attracted attention in 1973, when he shot *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. He was just 23, and only recently had obtained his master's degree in filmmaking from the University of Texas. If you saw this cult film, you know that much of the emotional content came from Pearl's adroit use of camera movement and aggressive composition. The director wanted a hand-held camera to create visual tension. That was long before the Panaflex camera was a gleam in inventor Bob Gottshalk's eyes. So Pearl shot with a hand-held 16mm camera. The 16mm colour negative available at that time was much too grainy. So he used a colour positive film with an exposure index of 25.

Pearl estimates that required 16 times the intensity of light he typically uses for shooting music videos today with the 500-speed EXR film. Pearl is a consummate music video shooter with more than 300 credits and many awards. Pearl says:

> The pace of technology is incredible. I shot a video recently where I used the 5296 film with fast lenses. We used 2K xenons to light the performers, and overexposed other parts of the frame by as much as five stops to get a particular look. The film has incredible latitude. You couldn't do that before, so you didn't think about it.
>
> With today's fast films and lenses, we can use any kind of diffusion – sometimes it's like I'm lighting through a brick wall – at any light level, to get any kind of look. Films balanced for exposure in either natural or artificial daylight and tungsten light each have their own distinctive look and feel. It can be a subtle difference, but it's one of the things you now have to decide before every shoot.
>
> If you are shooting a rock video, there is no point in lighting politely. You use a fast film to save money, and because it doesn't subject the performer(s) to unnecessary heat. It's the look we are after. Overexposure is a great tool. The human eye has incredible capacity for discerning a wide range of contrast. You can have rich blacks, splashes of bright light and underexposed images all on the same frame. I'm not certain I'd do that on a big screen. But it works for music videos.

While you are pondering that, consider this: the MTV generation that was nurtured on videos is growing up. They make up a considerable chunk of today's visually sophisticated audiences for television and movie fare.

More than a few cinematographers who broke in shooting videos have already migrated to the big screen. Julio Macat estimates that he shot around 100 videos during the 1980s, along with commercials and low-budget features. His first big feature, *Home Alone*, was a run-away hit at the 1990 summer box office. He followed it last summer with *Only the Lonely*, starring John Candy and Ally Sheedy in an unlikely romance. Says Macat:

> A lot of contemporary cinematography is desaturated with nets behind and filters on the lenses. On *Only the Lonely*, [director] Chris [Columbus]

TWICE AS AVID

Frameworks was Sydney's (and Australia's) first company to open an Avid Non-Linear computer off-line editing suite in 1991. It was formed as an off-shoot of Frame Set and Match, which had long championed computer off-line edits on U-matic with EDLs. By using TBCs and a mixer, the pre-views were so good that they ended up doing actual production, which pushed them into an SP Betacam suite and back into off-line with the Avid. Stephen Smith, who managed the Video Paint Brush Company Sydney in its early days, didn't need to see the digital writing on the wall to make a partnership with Richard and Steve in Frameworks an appropriate move.

Well, you may have seen from the advertisements around that Frameworks have just ordered another Avid system, fully optioned to take advantage of the new Level 5 software released at NAB. The PAL version of the new software was beta tested at Frameworks.

It seems that one non-linear system is not enough. Once people have the taste of it they want more. Mike Reed in Melbourne has ordered another, the ABC has a Lightworks and an Avid (or more by the time you read this). Stephen Smith points to the volume of commercials work that they have been cutting as the reason to dedicate another system purely for feature or series work.

Feature projects are both time- and image-storage-space intensive because of the length of the material to which immediate access is required. It has become obvious that, with the storage demands made by the recent upgrades in image quality, it is not really feasible to have a long project using the disc space, even at a reduced resolution, and leave room for an occasional commercial edit where the client wants to see a U-matic quality cut at the end.

Frameworks' decision to set-up the second system for dry-hire feature work appears to be based on their considerable experience and is not a speculative one. Talking with Stephen about the changes that have taken place in attitude by producers to the cost savings that non-linear offers over conventional off-line led to a long list he has of the changes that are still required. Some seem trivial and only require time for adjustment, but others such as the DOP's reluctance to drop the security of workprint are not as easy to change. (For a look at the workprint versus video rushes argument see Dominic Case's piece in the the last issue.) Other issues, such as the shorter time that an editor will be employed on a non-linear edit, brings up a wages and productivity area that opens a new can of worms. Who wants to lose two or three weeks wages?

The superiority of non-linear in allowing directors and editors to quickly try alternatives without searching up and down tapes or through trim bins will eventually win out. In a recent conversation with experienced Melbourne editor Tim Lewis, he felt that now that the hardware was settling down it was time we started to talk about creativity gains. That's going to be the thrust of our upcoming article on non-linear.

If you have a series or feature project, you can gain the benefit of Stephen Smith's experience by calling Frameworks on (02) 954 0904 or call in and see the suite at 2 Ridge St, North Sydney.

■

wanted the audience to see details in the darkest corners. With today's fast films, you can do that with only tiny slivers of light.

Macat used the 5296 film for night and interior scenes, only he rated it for an exposure index of between 400 and 500. By overexposing the film slightly, he got a somewhat fuller negative when the film was processed. How, then, does he decide how to expose the film?

> I trust my eye and do what feels right when I look through the viewfinder. It depends on the scene, the contrast and how gutsy you want the picture to be. The more contrast in the scene, the more latitude you have for under- and over-exposure. The less contrast you have, the more apparent grain will be if you overexpose the film.

In 1991, Mikael Salomon, ASC, made audiences feel the heat with his scorching cinematography in *Backdraft*. The biggest fire scenes were shot on "burn" stages. But, *Backdraft* also served audiences large portions of interesting location photography shot against natural backdrops of contemporary Chicago.

There was a huge funeral parade with 2,000 firemen marching down Madison Avenue. Salomon had two cameras looking down from tall buildings, hand-held cameras in the crowd and a camera on a helicopter hovering overhead. It was a dark, rainy morning, perfect for a funeral. The look was almost the polar opposite of the warm party scene shot on an evening boat ride down the Chicago River. There were coloured party lights on the deck where he shot dialogue and dancing sequences. The audience can see the lights of Chicago twinkling in the background.

Salomon was shooting with three to four footcandles of key light with a wide open "fast" lens. That's the literal equivalent of the light output of three or four candles. That was the only way Salomon could hold the background that director Ron Howard wanted the audience to see while shooting accurate depictions of the scenes on the deck. If he increased the intensity of light on the deck, it would have overwhelmed the background. Salomon says:

> It was a little scary and, at first, I metered very carefully. After a while, I learned to trust my eye. Learning to use a new film such as 5296 is like learning how to speak a new language.
>
> Filming on location can impose limitations, but it can also give you a lot for free. We shot a fire scene in a 5,000 seat theatre that was being renovated. There were other scenes in a building where we could pull back and shoot through doorways and windows of as many as 10 different rooms. That gave us a real sense of depth and a feeling of reality. You can't afford to build those kinds of sets.

This was also the year that *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* lived up to expectations. Most of the media hype focused on the fantastic merging of computer-generated synthetic images with live-action photography. That's what everyone can remember. But it took incredible location photography by Adam Greenberg, ASC, to give the film the look and the feel of reality.

There was a pivotal night exterior car chase that extended over nearly six miles of the Long Beach Freeway. It was made in one continuous shot involving the use of nine cameras. Greenberg used nine generators and every available foot of cable in Hollywood to power several Musco lights, and 10, l00-foot Condor cranes with two 12K HMIs on each of them. Stretching the exposure index to 650, he captured reality with the 5296 film. That allowed him to pull details out of the deepest shadows in a natural-looking way. The black tones held true and there was no tell-tale build-up of grain on the screen.

> I can't tell you why or what happens, but if the light is wrong for a shot, I can feel it. What makes photography interesting is your willingness to take chances. It's easier today. We have a lot of tools that didn't exist before. The lighting units, everything is more compact. Films are faster. You can make better use of natural light.

The closing scene was shot in a dusty, abandoned steel mill. Greenberg brought it back to life with light and colour. The dominant light is the orangish-red characteristic of molten steel. There were two melting pots on the floor. Greenberg placed mini- and maxi-brutes with 300 to 400 bulbs under them. He used three 85 gels on each 3200 Kelvin lamp to create a hot orange glow. Greenberg had the lights on dimmers so he could create a random flickering effect. A sheet of plastic on top of the lights contained water, mixed with white powder and mineral oil, which looked like bubbling, seething molten steel on film.

Allen Daviau, ASC, who earned four Oscar nominations (*E.T: The Extraterrestrial*, *The Color Purple*, *Empire of the Sun* and *Avalon*) during the past 10 years, offers some interesting insights.

> Everyone is feeling financial pressure, even top level producers and directors. So speed has become very important. If you want exotic locations, and you want the vast night shots, you have to move quickly. Otherwise they start asking: Do we really need this shot?

How did he feel that the advances in film technology affected the art form during the 1980s? Daviau says:

> When you go on location, there are givens; things that happen. Maybe you are given great natural light. You take the givens and you add to them. There are a lot more choices today; there are different films with different speeds and other imaging characteristics.
>
> During the glory days of Hollywood, in the 1940s and '50s, every studio had its own signature look. All of their contract cinematographers conformed to those styles of lighting and camerawork. Today, it's an individual art form. No two people work exactly alike. ■

Cannes 1992

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OUTSIDE COMPETITION

Outside Competition, and screening in the marché, was Emidio Grecio's *Una Storia Semplice* (*A Simple Story*), based on the last novel of Leonardo Sciascia.

An old landowner is found dead in his near-deserted villa. The chiefs of the various Sicilian police forces want to call it a suicide, which it is clearly not. An assistant inspector decides to keep investigating, counselled by a typically Sciascian professor (Gian Maria Volonte).

Though little dramatic happens in this procedural which uncovers corruption and cover-up (between the mafia and the church to export stolen art treasures), it moves faster than any other film seen at Cannes. Yet none of the richness of nuance and astuteness one reads in Sciascia is lost, though acquaintance with the works of this Sicilian giant would no doubt add to the pleasure.

Volonte, though in the film hardly 15 minutes, gives a towering performance and one can understand how he won Best Actor at Venice last year.

With glorious but deceptively simple photography from Tonino Delli Colli, and clever and unshowy direction from Grecio, this film makes an invigorating companion piece to Gianni Amelio's masterful *Open Doors*, also from Sciascia.

Pablo Perelman's *Archipielago*, a typically allegorical work from South America (here Chile), intercuts various time frames, some real, others imagined, to detail the moments up to a man's murder at the hands of a fascist death squad.

Perelman links various forms of colonial exploitation and repression: the missionaries and Spaniards who destroyed the world of the natives of the Chilean archipelago; the death squads' similar reign of terror under Pinochet; and the Japanese exploitation of resources under the guise of philanthropy.

The intercutting is rapid, often impressionistic and occasionally startling. But the film comes across more as an intellectual game than a story told with passion, surprising since the director lost several friends to Pinochet's squads.

With *Archipielago* in Semaine de la Critique was Asdis Thoroddsen's film from Iceland, *Ingaló*. This simply-told story is a quite effective drama about the lives of Icelandic fishermen and those rebellious teenagers who flee home to join them. The lead character is an especially fiery young woman, and the film examines her plight from a quietly effective feminist perspective.

André Techine's *Je t'embrasse pas* (marché) caused a minor controversy on its release in France some months ago. It tells of a young stretcher-bearer from the sacred village of Lourdes who leaves his unlovable parents' home for Paris. Finding life very hard there, he resists but finally succumbs to being a rent boy.

The boy's big 'mistake' is a momentary expression of tenderness with a prostitute (Emmanuelle Beart). After her 'mec' brutally rapes him in front of her, the boy resolves to become even tougher and more cold-hearted. A stint of national service helps him out there.

Like most Techine films, it is only partially successful. The plotting is mechanistic and obvious, and the perspective monotone. The film is understandably gritty, though Philippe Noiret as a television celebrity adds some warmth to a world based on sexual sale.

Jacques Doillon, whose work is strangely little seen in Australia, continues apace at a film a year. Last year it was *Le Petit Criminel*, about a boy kidnapping a policeman and his four-wheel drive, which closely resembled Eric Rochant's *Aux Yeux du Monde* (where a schoolbus is kidnapped). This year, Doillon returned (in the marché) with *Amoureuse*, about a triangle involving one girl and two boys (à la *Jules et Jim*). It stars Charlotte Gainsbourg and Yvan Attal (both from *Aux Yeux*), and Thomas Langmann.

Marie lives with Antoine (Langmann) but spends a day with Eric (Attal), parting with a kiss. She wants to stay with Antoine but becomes obsessed with Eric, especially as Antoine doesn't want a child ("Men only want to have a baby out of weakness. A girl needs no reason. That she wants one is enough."). She finally sleeps with Eric, causing Antoine to fuck her passionately in the hope his sperm will defeat Eric's.

As usual for Doillon, it is all talk, the camera merely (and rather dully) recording actors speak. His concentration on close-ups and mid-shots is such that there is barely an establishing wide-shot in the film, and there is no 'redundant' action between dialogue (as is his way).

The style is getting simpler, even purer, but boringly so, especially when the images are so uninventively lit and composed (on what looks like poorly-exposed Super 16). The sound, too, is careless, the sound editor cutting out background noise between words and not laying solid atmospheres. Thus, behind each word is annoying and extraneous noise which is not matched when mouths are closed. It makes listening to the endless dialogue rather trying.

All this is surprising as Doillon, with Michel Deville (in an entirely different field), has been one of cinema's top stylists, his cutting in particular dazzling in its reductionism. Perhaps Doillon is feeling momentarily filmed out.

Deville's new film, *Toutes Peines Confondues*, with the new French star Patrick Bruel, is a real disappointment. The editing is even more daring than usual, the material left out (as in Maurice Pialat's *Van Gogh* and Rivette's *La Belle Noiseuse*) quite daring. But this police drama of corruption in every echelon of socity in the Rhône valley is tedious.

Also in the marché was Jean-Jacques Annaud's adaptation of Marguerite Duras' *L'Amant*. This English-language adaptation (with a 17-year-old British schoolgirl, Jane March, as the girl) is handsomely designed and shot, but dramatically rather flat. Certainly the attempts to capture the voice, the tone, of Duras don't work (the voice-over by Jeanne Moreau is patchily used and hardly evocative). But apart from Duras' *India Song*, what film could be argued to have got that Duras tone correct? Like the novels of Simenon, her work reads as cinematic but really isn't.

L'Amant has been cruelly treated, but it is not without interest, and not only to those who feel eroticism has some place in the modern cinema.

Eroticism of another kind can be found in Abel Ferrara's *The Bad Lieutenant*, which quickly gained the reputation as the festival's toughest film (with Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, produced by Monte Hellman). Shown in Un Certain Regard, it is a bleak portrait of a seedy New York lieutenant (Harvey Keitel) as he descends into a maelstrom of personal corruption and drug addiction. One scene has him masturbating on a New York street, while two young girls he has pulled over for a faulty tail light talk dirty to him. There is also an unblinking medium wide-shot of Keitel being injected by a very blissed-out heroin addict.

The lieutenant supplements his police work with drug deals, extortion and gambling. But when he is called in to investigate the savage rape of a nun, he confronts a living testimony of Christ's forgiveness and, for a moment, redemption may be his.

It is a particularly gruesome film, with an obsession with heroin

and its effects, sexual violence of particularly sordid kinds, sacrilege and as much swearing as an American director can pack into 96 minutes (and which had several American filmmakers in the audience chortling like demented schoolboys: "Wow, man, that Harvey sure knows every way to say 'fuck'.")

All this would be acceptable if it weren't so indulgently handled. Ferrara's increasing descent into the night-time world of the drug sewer has too much false bravado about it and much too little objectivity. Does a shot of someone shooting up really need five minutes of static close-up? Might the audience get the point a little faster?

Worse, for all its obvious excess, the film has no punch at all, which, given the subject, is extraordinary. Ferrara showed great technique in his earlier films (particularly *MS45*), but it isn't evident here.

Finally, the most memorable images at Cannes came not from the big names but from a little-known Indian director, Mehboob [Ramjankhan Mehboobkan]. Excerpts from four of his features were selected by the indefatigable Pierre Rissient for a dazzling 70-minute compilation. Mehboob made some thirty odd features, but according to Rissient they become of greatest interest when he became his own producer.

The sequence everyone came out talking about (from *Humayun*) involves the separation of two lovers for reasons of state. An Indian prince stands on the marble terrace of his opulent palace watching a camel train begin its inexorable journey out across the desert sands. Mehboob builds a hypnotic sequence from the repeated intercutting of only four shots: of the prince, in medium shot and close-up, watching from his terrace; of the caravan train as it curves away to the left across the sand dunes; and of the young woman in close-up, wearing a veil and holding her grief behind an implacable expression, as she rocks back and forth in her compartment on top of a camel.

Even without knowledge of the preceding sections of the film, this is an extremely moving sequence. Visually, it is one of the most striking in cinema.

The other scenes in the compilation include a dramatic rescue among burning haystacks (*Mother India*), and a battle scene (from *Amar*) involving elephants and innumerable extras that puts most Hollywood epics to shame (the cutting is dazzling in its speed and montage effects).

Another special sequence (from *Andaz*) is between three people involved in a sort of love triangle. A now-married woman meets a man with whom she almost had a love relationship some years before. When she meets him again, past feelings well to the surface and she breaks into song. As Rissient has pointed out to this author, in the best Indian musicals the characters, especially women, sing because there is no other way of expressing the emotion they feel. There is not the same distinction between dialogue and song that there is in most Hollywood musicals.

But what makes this sequence most remarkable is how Mehboob uses the device of a flower being passed from woman to 'lover', to husband, to effectively delineate and poeticize the tensions amongst them.

Mehboob is clearly a filmmaker of extraordinary talent. His work would no doubt have passed largely unheard of had it not been for Rissient's unearthing it and presenting this fitting tribute. One hopes the compilation can soon find its way to Australian shores. ■

PRODUCTION SURVEY

INFORMATION IS CORRECT AND ADJUDGED AS OF 26/6/1992

NOTE: Production Survey forms now adhere to a revised format. *Cinema Papers* regrets it cannot accept information received in a different format, as it regretfully does not have the staff to re-process the information.

FEATURES PRE-PRODUCTION

GROSS MISCONDUCT

Prod. company: PRO Films (No.1)

Principal Credits

Director: George Miller
Producers: David Hannay, Richard Sheffield-MacClure
Line producer: David Hannay
Assoc. producer: Gerard Maguire
Exec. producer: Richard Becker
Scriptwriters: Lance Peters, Gerard Maguire
DOP: David Connell
Editor: Henry Dangar
Prod. designer: Jon Dowding
Prod. manager: Brenda Pam

[No other details supplied]

THE KANGAROO KID

Prod. company: Village Roadshow

Principal Credits

Director: Dean Semler
Producer: Robyn Burke
Co-producers: Michael Lake, Doug Yellin
Assoc. producer: Maxwell Grant
Exec. producers: Graham Burke, Gregory Coote
Scriptwriter: Maxwell Grant
DOP: Andrew Lesnie
Prod. designer: Martin O'Neill
Costume designer: Susan Bowden
Composer: David Hirschfelder

[No other details supplied]

MAKE IT QUICK

Prod. company: Visual FX Australia

Principal Credits

Director: Shane Winter
Producers: Joanne George, Shane Winter
Exec. producer: Shane Winter
Scriptwriter: Ian Holder
Gauge: 35 mm

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: The story of Ronald Ryan: the man, his escape, his trial and eventual death by hanging, a death which caused a social and political furore. The execution of Ronald Ryan put an end to hanging in Australia, but even now there are rumours of a conspiracy and the debate still rages.

RED RAIN

Prod. company: Rosa Colosimo Productions
Dist. company: Angelika Films Intl.
Pre-production: May 92 ...
Production: Sept - Oct 92

Principal Credits

Director: Jim Kaufman
Producers: Rosa Colosimo, Will Spencer
Co-producers: Leo Pescarolo, Arthur Syin, Ron Cohen

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: A brilliant young professor and a beautiful, enigmatic woman strike a macabre pact to avenge the deaths of their love partners in this psycho-sexual thriller set against a stylish Italian backdrop.

STRANGERS IN CLOSE PROXIMITY

Prod. company: Blue Goose Films

Principal Credits

Director: David Kersten
Producer: David Kersten
Line producer: Julianne Lawson
Exec, producer: Michael O'Neill
Scriptwriter: David Kersten
DOP: Alex Catchpoole
Sound recordist: Kelly McGrory
Editors: Mark Swan
Art director: Julianne Lawson
Composer: Trojan Theatre

Other Credits

Casting consultants: Jan Uhr
Prod. supervisor: Defrim Isai
Prod. manager: Joy Bloomfield
Prod. assistant: Greg Jackson
Camera operator: Ewen Wallace
Clapper-loader: Simone Blanton
Camera type: Sony 537
Key grip: Ricky Schamburg
Gaffer: Ricky Schamburg
1st asst director: Joy Bloomfield
2nd asst director: Samantha Watson
3rd asst director: Margaret Beattie
Continuity: Simone Blanton
Make-up: Robyn Manogue
Asst hairdresser: Leisa Petersen
Special fx co-ord.: Mark Swan
Special fx asst: James Rogers
Tech. adviser: Mark Swan
Still photography: David Barker
Runner: Phil Holland

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: [No details supplied]

FEATURES PRODUCTION

ALEX

Prod. company: Total Film & Television, Isambard Productions
Dist. company: Total Film & Television

Principal Credits

Director: Megan Simpson
Producer: Tom Parkinson
Line producer: Tamalene Painting
Exec. producer: Philip Gerlach
Scriptwriter: Ken Catran
Based on the novel by: Tessa Duder
DOP: Donald Duncan
Sound recordist: Dave Madigan
Editor: Tony Kavanagh
Prod. designer: Kim Sinclair
Costume designer: Sara Beale

Planning and Development

Script consultant: Tessa Duder
Casting director: Liz Mullane
Dialogue coach: Shirley Duke
Tutor: Linda Thompson

Production Crew

Location manager: Liz DiFiore
Unit manager: Bill Barclay
Unit asst: Edna Stirling
Unit runner: Kent Belcher
Prod. accountant: Sue Terry

Camera Crew

Focus puller: Peter McCaffrey
Clapper-loader: Lee Allison
Key grip: Tony Keddy
Gaffer: Kevin Riley
Best boy: Ed Simms
Generator operator: Neil Taylor

On-set Crew

1st asst director: Simon Ambridge
2nd asst director: Paul Grinder
3rd asst director: Jane Cresswell
Continuity: Alison Middleton
Boom operator: Mike Farmer
Make-up supervisor: Jane Peterson
Make-up: Fran Holley
Unit publicity: Fiona Searson, Dennis Davidson Assoc.

Art Department

Art director: Jill Cormack
Art dept co-ord.: Susan Parker
Art dept asst: Graham Aston
Art dept runner: Amanda Molloy
Art dept trainee: Joanna Duder
Set dresser: Adriana Tuscia
Props buyer: Grant Vesey
Standby props: Caroline Usher

Wardrobe

Wardrobe mistress: Maureen Matthews
Standby wardrobe: Emma Harre
Costume asst: Tracey Collins
Cutter: Erin O'Neill
Machinist: Rosemary Gough

Construction Dept

Construct. manager: Neil Kirkland
Construct. asst: John Hawkins
Carpenter: Mike Maxwell
Length: 90 mins

Cast: Lauren Jackson, Chris Haywood, Cathy Goldbold, Josh Picker, Elizabeth Hawthorn.

Synopsis: A young New Zealand woman's quest, against setbacks, intense rivalry and personal tragedy, to win selection for the 1960 Olympic Games.

BROKEN HIGHWAY

Budget: $1.35 million
Pre-production: 13/4/92 - 22/5/92
Production: 25/5/92 - 10/7/92

Principal Credits

Director: Laurie McInnes
Producer: Dick Mason
Line producer: Julie Forster
Scriptwriter: Laurie McInnes
DOP: Steve Mason
Sound recordist: Paul Brincat
Editor: Gary Hillberg
Prod. designer: Lesley Crawford
Composer: David Faulkner

Planning and Development

Casting consultants: Liz Mullinar

Production Crew

Prod. manager: Julie Forster
Prod. co-ordinator: Jenny Cornwell
Director's asst: Gabrielle Mason
Prod. secretary: Sharon Gerussi
Location manager: Chris Strewe
Unit manager: Gareth Calverley
Prod. assistant: Guy Parmenter
Prod. accountant: Eric Sankey
Insurer: Film Insurance Underwriting
Completion guarantor: First Australian Completion
Legal services: Holmans

Camera Crew

Camera operator: Steve Mason
Focus puller: Mike Kelly
Clapper-loader: Mark Muggeridge
Key grip: Kurt Olsen
Asst grip: Damian Ritchie
Gaffer: Jack Meyerink
Best boy: Ian Mathieson
Generator operator: Paul Klicin

On-set Crew

1st asst director: Bruce Redman
2nd asst director: Gordon Fitch
3rd asst director: Angella McPherson
Continuity: Jenny Quigley
Boom operator: Craig Walmsley
Make-up: Christine Miller
Hairdresser: Christine Miller
Stunts co-ordinator: Danny Baldwin
Still photography: Elise Lockwood
Unit publicist: Meredith King
Catering: Gracie's Catering

Art Department

Art director: Lisa Thompson
Art dept runner: Warren Stewart
Set dresser: Nic Brunner
Props buyer: Emma Rudkin
Standby props: John Anderson

Wardrobe

Wardrobe supervisor: Meg Gordon
Wardrobe asst: Justine Dunn

Construction Dept

Scenic artists: Chris Goddard, Gavin Smith
Construct. manager: Bill Howe
Carpenter: Jamie Howe

Post-production

Asst editor: Leigh Elmes
Sound transfers by: Soundfirm
Laboratory: Atlab
Lab liaison: Bruce Williamson
Film gauge: 35mm
Screen ratio: 9:1
Shooting stock: B&W Anamorphic Kodak 5231 & 5222

Cast: Aden Young (Angel), Dennis Miller (Max), Claudia Karvan (Catherine), Bill Hunter (Wilson), Norman Kaye (Elias Kidd), David Field (Tatts), William McInnes (Roger), Stephen Davies (Jack), Peter Settle (Night Manager), Kris McQuade (Woman).

Synopsis: A young merchant seaman, in fulfilling the dying wish of an old sea friend, finds himself drawn into the unknown territory of the old man's life and embroiled in the dark history of the town. A mystery drama set in a decaying Coastal Queensland.

DAWN OF THE DMF'S

Prod. company: Black on Black
Budget: $30,000

Principal Credits

Director: Chris Summers
Producers: Darrell Martin, Chris Summers
Scriptwriter: Chris Summers
DOP: Darrell Martin
Sound recordist: Rick Chandler
Editor: Chris Summers
Prod. designer: Stephen Radic
Composer: Ian Kitney

Other Credits

Production asst: John Heinz
Unit runner: Syd Manson
Prod. secretaries: Helen Rabel, Sharon Bliss, Grace Piscioneri
Camera operator: Michael Kamperman
Clapper-loader: Michael Kamperman
Grip: Jason Raftopoulos
Gaffer: Jason Raftopoulos
1st asst director: Aaran Creece
Continuity: Keltia Lindsay
Boom operator: Richard Goffin
Make-up: Helena Sawchak, Fiona Adams
Special fx make-up: Adam Szchech
Special fx: Lloyd Finnemore
Wardrobe: Caaren Engelhardt
Gauge: Super 8
Master on video: Beta SP

Cast: Greg Christie (The Soldier), David Whiteley (The Businessman), Chris Summers (The Punk), Bernie Rhodes (Agent No. 1), Sharon Murakami (Madam Director), Martin Egan (Dr Ezakiah Yoyo), Ian Cann (General B Bender), Greg Pryor (Professor H Schraube-Locker), Rick Chandler (Ed Jobber).

Synopsis: 1950s style science fiction, paranoia comedy. Aliens invade planet Earth with the plan of turning the entire population into incoherent, babbling Ediots. A soldier, businessman and punk are set the task of saving the human race from extinction.

RECKLESS KELLY

Prod. company: Serious Entertainment
Dist. company: Village Roadshow (Greater Union Dist.)

Principal Credits

Director: Yahoo Serious
Producers: Warwick Ross, Yahoo Serious
Co-producer: Lulu Serious
Line producer: Tim Sanders
Exec. producer: Graham Burke
Scriptwriter: Yahoo Serious
DOP: Kevin Hayward
Sound recordist: Tim Lloyd
Editor: Robert Gibson
Prod. designer: Graham 'Grace' Walker
Costume designer: Sally Campbell

Planning and Development

Casting co-ord.: Judith Cruden
Casting: Alison Barrett (Australia), Janet Hirschenson, Roger Mussendon Casting (U.S.)
Extras casting: Judith Cruden

Production Crew

Prod. manager: Julia Ritchie
Prod. co-ordinator: Rowena Talacko
Producer's asst: Kerry Sloane
Director's asst: Tanya Jackson
Prod. secretary: Maureen Burns
Location manager: Ken Moffat
Location scout: Michael Davis
Unit manager: Tic Carroll
Unit assts: Will Milne, Alison Robb (Pt Stephens)
Drivers (Sydney): Joe Wilkinson, Jeremy Hutchinson
Production runners: Scott Gray

	Lyn Henderson
Financial controller	Lea Collins
Prod. accountant	Dianne Brown
Accounts asst	Donna Wallace
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	John Mahaffie
Focus puller	Colin Deane
Clapper-loader	Frank Hruby
Camera asst	Tonti Connolly
Video split	Simeon Bryan
Attachment	Simeon Bryan
Key grip	George Tsoutas
Rigging grip	Rourke Crawford-Flett
Grip	Ian McAlpine
Asst grip	Jo Johanson
Gaffer	Craig Bryant
Electricians	Alan Dunstan
	Gary Hill
Asst electrics	Matt Inglis
Generator operator	Tim Slattery
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Keith Haygate
2nd asst director	P J Voeten
3rd asst director	Trudi Latour
Continuity	Alison Goodwin
Boom operator	Mark van Kool
Make-up	Wendy de Waal
	Kirsten Vesey
	Kelly Taylor
Hairdresser	Wendy de Waal
Hair artist	Kirtsen Vesey
Hair attachment	Kelly Taylor
Special fx co-ord	Steve Courtley
Special fx manager	David Roach
Mechanical fx co-ord	Monty Fieguth
FX model co-ord	John Murch
Special fx dept. co-ord	Tom Davies
Pyro fx	Pauline Grebert
	Ray Fowler
Model technician	Pauline Grebert
Mechanical fx	Albie Hastings
	Blair Maxwell
	Rodney Burke
	Keron Hansen
	Conrad Rothman
FX Labour	Stuart McNaughton (Pt Stephens)
FX bike wrangler	Lyall Beckman
FX buyer	Kylie Gaskin
Model maker	Sue Maybury
Cablemaker	Walter van Veenendaal
Stunt co-ordinator	Rocky McDonald
Safety officer	Bernie Ledger
Safety report	Grant Page
Nurse	Annie O'Halloran
Stills photographer	Vivien Zink
Caterers	Kollage Katerers:
	Kerry Fetzer
	Sylvian Vincent
	Jamie de Haan
Art Department	
Art director	Ian Gracie
Asst art director	Michelle McGahey
Art dept co-ord	Brenda Vincent
Art dept administrator	Kevin Wright
Set dressers	Tim Ferrier
	Kerrie Brown
	Michael Tolerton
Props buyers	Faith Robinson
	Andrew Short
Standby props	Colin Gibson
Props asst	Chris Darvall
Armourer	John Bowring
Armourer machinist	Richard Hurst
Vehicle co-ord	Tim Parry
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Margot Wilson
Asst designer	Lisa Meagher
Wardrobe buyer	Lyn Askew
Standby wardrobe	Suzy Carter
	Lyn Askew
Wardrobe asst	Gary Jones
Cutters	Marcia Lidden
	Cheryl Pike
Machinists	Helen Head
	Sally Molineaux
	Celinda Alvarado
Armour maker	Warren Beaton
Asst armourer	Guido Helmstetter
Armour painter	Eric Todd
Animals	
Animal trainer	Evanna Chesson
Animal handler	Cody Harris
Animal wrangler	Murray Chesson
Construction Dept	
Scenic artist	Bill Malcolm
Construct. manager	John Rann
Leading hand	Andrew Chauvel
Carpenters	Mark Oliver
	Cameron Craig
	Jon Stiles
	Errol Glassenbury
	Peter Coy
	Gordon Finney
	Garth Croft
Set finishers	Chris Goddard
	Nick Walker
	Martin Bruveris
Painters	Andrew Mulvey
	Nick Goddard
Construct. runner	Peter Forbes
Greensman	Gregg Thomas
Trades assts	David Sams
	Andy Strutt
Post-production	
Asst editors	Maureen Rodbard-Bean
	Phillipa Harvey
Edge numberer	Maureen Rodbard-Bean
Intl. dist.	Warner Bros

Cast: Yahoo Serious (Ned Kelly), Melora Hardin, Alexei Sayle, Hugo Weaving, Bob Maza, Anthony Ackroyd, Adam Bowen, Russell Cheek, Steve Cox. [No other details supplied]

Synopsis: Adventure comedy based on contemporary issues with Ned Kelly as a modern-day international bank robber who rides a powerful, home-made motorbike.

THE SILVER BRUMBY

Prod. company	Media World Features
Dist. company	Village Roadshow
	Skouras Pictures
Principal Credits	
Director	John Tatoulis
Producers	Colin J. South
	John Tatoulis
Line producer	Brian Burgess
Exec. producer	William T. Marshall
Scriptwriters	John Tatoulis
	Jon Stephens
	Elyne Mitchell
Based on the novel	*The Silver Brumby*
Written by	Elyne Mitchell
DOP	Mark Gilfedder
Prod. designer	Phillip Chambers
Other Credits	
Prod. manager	Yvonne Collins
Prod. accountant	Judy Malmgren
1st asst director	Stephen Saks
Camera operator	Harry Panagiotidis
2nd unit DOP	Peter Zakharov
Horsemaster	Evanne Chesson
Length	90 mins
Gauge	35mm

Cast: Russell Crowe (The Man), Caroline Goodall (Elyne Mitchell), Ami Daemion (Indi).

Synopsis: The story of the trials and triumphs of Thowra, the magnificent silver stallion, as he contends with the alpine elements, the battle for supremacy of the Cascade herd of brumbies, and Man. [No further details supplied]

FEATURES POST-PRODUCTION

BEYOND THE RIM

Prod. company	Pocketmoney Productions
Budget	$20,000
Pre-production	10/3/92 ...
Production	15/4/92 ...
Post-production	22/4/92 - 30/5/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Craig Godfrey
Producer	Craig Godfrey
Co-producer	Mark Tomlinson
Line producer	Scott Goodman
Scriptwriter	Craig Godfrey
DOP	Mark Tomlinson
Sound recordist	Perry Dwyer
Prod. designer	Jon Boling
Composer	Tony Francis
Other Credits	
Casting	Craig Godfrey
Prod. manager	Scott Goodman
Prod. secretary	Janis Lee
Unit manager	Nigel Rowe
Prod. accountant	John Hurd
Insurer	Cinesure
Camera operator	Paul Di Benddetto
Focus puller	Peter Cass
Clapper-loader	Peter Cass
Camera type	SP Betacam
Continuity	Jo
Boom operator	Brendan
Make-up	Liz Goulding
Still photography	Leonie Godfrey
Catering	Drunken Admiral Restaurant

Cast: Bill Conn (Jerome Ryan), Les Windspear (Jack), Kerry Laws (Lisa Ryan), Pamela John (Fenella Bailley), Ken Short (Henry Bourke), Anthony Boden (Dr Courtney Godfrey)

Synopsis: A suicide turns out to be a murder uncovered by unsuspecting hero who has visions through the deceased man's glasses.

BLINKY BILL

[See previous issue for details]

COME BY CHANCE

Prod. company	Self-financed
Budget	$10,000
Pre-production	July 1990 - Aug 1990
Production	Aug 1990 - Mar 1991
Post-production	Apr 1991...
Principal Credits	
Director	Lara Dunston
Producer	Lara Dunston
Co-producer	Terry Carter
Scriptwriter	Lara Dunston
DOP	Lara Dunston
Sound recordist	Terry Carter
Editors	Lara Dunston
	Terry Carter
Composer	Terry Carter
Planning and Development	
Script editor	Terry Carter
Casting	Lara Dunston
Shooting schedule by	Lara Dunston
	Terry Carter
Budgetted by	Lara Dunston
Production Crew	
Prod. supervisor	John Cumming
Prod. manager	Becky Locke
Location managers	Becky Locke
	Lara Dunston
	Tracy Dunston
Transport manager	Raife Stokes
Production runner	Raife Stokes
Prod. accountant	Tracy Dunston
Camera Crew	
Clapper-loader	Kathleen O'Brien
Camera asst	Kathleen O'Brien
Camera type	Arri BL & Bolex
Gaffer	Raife Stokes
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Terry Carter
2nd asst director	Kathleen O'Brien
Script assistant	Becky Locke
Continuity	Sharon Cunniffe
	Becky Locke
Boom operators	Sharon Cunniffe
	Kathleen O'Brien
Make-up	Sharon Cunniffe
Hairdresser	Sharon Cunniffe
Safety officer	Becky Locke
Still photography	Loic Guezzennec
	Terry Carter
Unit publicist	Lara Dunston
Art Department	
Art director	Lara Dunston
Props buyer	Lara Dunston
Standby props	Sharon Cunniffe
Action vehicle co-ords	Terry Carter
	Raife Stokes
	Simon Hann
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Becky Locke
	Sharon Cunnife
Wardrobe buyer	Lara Dunston
Standby wardrobe	Becky Locke
	Sharon Cunniffe
Construction Department	
Drivers	Raife Stokes
	Becky Locke
Post-production	
Post-prod. supervisor	John Cumming
Sound transfers by	Lara Dunston
	UTS Media
Sound editor	Terry Carter
Music performed by	Rachael Beck
	Terry Carter
Opticals	Filmplus
	UTS Media
Titles	Lara Dunston
	UTS Media
Laboratory	Filmplus
Lab liaison	Bill Harrington
Hot splicing	Negthink
Gauge	16 mm (Super 8 & video)
Screen ratio	3:1
Length	90 mins
Shooting stock	Kodak 7276, 7278
Video transfers by	UTS Media
Off-line facilities	UTS Media
Marketing consult.	Annabel Stokes
Publicity	Lara Dunston
Poster design	Terry Carter

Cast: Annabel Stokes (the Girl), Simon Hann (the Boy), John Murphy (as himself), Mick James (as himself), Terry Carter (the stranger, farmer & yobbo), Raife Stokes (the hitchhiker).

Synopsis: A hip, young inner-city couple's latest obsession is country 'n' western music. Yearning to experience the Wild West, they trade in their moped for an old Holden and head west. Along the way they meet some true bush characters and discover what the west is really like. They learn more about each other, and we find that things are not as nice as they appear on the surface.

DE VILS' TAS MANIA

Prod. company	Di Net Films
Budget	$250,000
Pre-production	1991
Production	10/2/91 - 20/3/92
Post-production	Mar - Aug 1992
Principal Credits	
Director	Di Nettlefold
Producer	Di Nettlefold
Scriptwriter advisers	John Honey
	Terry Whitebeach
	Leonie Scrivener
	Neil Luxmore
Based on the novel	*Three Cornered Island*
Written by	Dorothy Halkerston
DOP	Peter Donnelly
Sound recordist	Paul Clark
Editor	Matthew Tucker
Art director	Di Nettlefold
Composer	John Ertler
Planning and Development	
Shooting schedule by	Stephen Ewings
Production Crew	
Prod. supervisor	Chris Gallagher
Prod. manager	Chris Gallagher
Prod. co-ord.	Chris Gallagher
Producer's asst	Chris Gallagher
Prod. secretary	Chris Gallagher
Location manager	Stephen Ewings
Transport manager	Stephen Ewings
Unit manager	Stephen Ewings
Asst unit manager	Brett Blackburn
Prod. assistant	Helen Gallagher
Financial controller	Chris Gallagher
Prod. accountant	Chris Gallagher
Insurer	Steeves Lumley
Legal services	Scott Breheny
Travel co-ord.	Lynne Kay-Hall
	Ansett Australia
Freight co-ord.	Alan Lovell
	Australia Post Express Courier
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Peter Donnelly
Focus puller	Paul di Benedetto
Clapper-loader	Rowena Hall
Camera asst	Paul di Benedetto
Camera type	Arri SR
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Stephen Ewings
Continuity	Audrey Hutchison
Boom operator	Perry Dwyer
Make-up	Ceri Breheny
Safety officer	Steve Lidcombe
	Hobart City Council
Unit nurse	Ceri Breheny
Catering	Roz Bucirde
Asst. caterer	Michael Brown
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Rowena Hall
Construction Department	
Construct. manager	Kornelius Vanderslink
Post-production	
Asst editor	Revbecca May
Edge numberer	Oliver Streeton
Sound transfers by	VFL
Musical director	John Ertler
Laboratory	VFL
Lab liaisons	Mark Freeman
	Loise Cheslett
Grader	Meg Koering
Shooting stock	Eastman Colour

Cast: David Burnett (Jack de Vils), Robyn Murray (Mary), Helen Mutkins (Julia), Same Nettleford (Dale), Charlotte Hurburgh (Eliza), Linzee Arnold (Burgess), Peter Salmon (Mosquito), Philip Sabine (Greenless), Graham Cory (Grandpa), Steve Worley (Uncle Bob).

Synopsis: The fate and adventures of Jack de Vils and his mate Dale, who have escaped from the local prison farm and are determined by Mary, Julia and Eliza. Set on the Eastern coast of Tasmania and combining history and myth to form an adventure in the bush.

EXCHANGE LIFEGUARDS

Prod. company	Tovefelt Avalon Films
Production	10/2/1992 - 13/3/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Maurice Murphy

Producer	Phil Avalon
Assoc. producer	Dennis Kiely
DOP	Martin McGrath
Sound recordist	Bob Clayton
Editor	Allan Trott
Prod. designer	Richard Hobbs
Costume designer	Jenny Campbell
Composer	John Capek
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Michael Davis
Prod. co-ordinator	Glenda Carpenter
Prod. secretary	Susan Johannesen
Location scout	John Meredith
Unit manager	Phil Urquhart
Production runner	Steve Browne
Prod. accountant	Michele D'Arcey
Insurer	Hammond Jewell
Completion guarantor	First Australian Completion Bond Company
Legal services	Martin Cooper
Camera Crew	
Focus puller	Ian Phillips
Clapper-loader	Brett Mathews
2nd unit camera (underwater unit)	Roger Buckingham
Key grip	Brett McDowell
Asst grip	John Tate
Gaffer	David Parkinson
On-set Crew	
1st asst. director	Dennis Kiely
2nd asst. director	Jenny Couston
Continuity	Heather Oxenham
Boom operator	Greg Rossiter
Make-up	Hilary Pearce
Make-up asst	April Wallar
Hairdresser	Hilary Pearce
Safety officer	George Mannix
Still photography	Peter Carette
Catering	Out to Lunch
Art Department	
Art director	Richard Hobbs
Asst art director	Cathy Finlay
Props buyer	Cathy Finlay
Standby props	Murray Gosson
Post-production	
Post-production	Spectrum Film
Asst editor	Julian McDonald
Sound editor	Peter Townend
Mixer	Robert Sullivan
Mixed at	Film Australia
Laboratory	Atlab
Distributor	Beyond Intl. Group
Publicist	Lionel Midford

Cast: [No details supplied]
Synopsis: [No details supplied]

FRAUDS

Prod. company	Latent Image Productions
Principal Credits	
Director	Stephan Elliott
Producers	Andrena Finlay
	Stuart Quin
Exec. producer	Rebel Penfold-Russell
Scriptwriter	Stephan Elliott
DOP	Geoff Burton
Sound recordist	Ross Linton
Editor	Frans Vandenberg
Prod. designer	Brian Thomson
Costume designer	Fiona Spence
Composer	Guy Gross
Planning and Development	
Casting	Alison Barrett Alison Barrett Casting
Dialogue Coach	Carrie Zivetz
Storyboard	Dan Potra
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Sandra Alexander
Prod. co-ordinator	Deborah Samuels
Prod. secretary	Esther Rodewald
Director's asst	Sally Browning
Mr Collins' asst	Danny Gillen
Location managers	David Joyce
	Lori Flekser
Unit manager	Will Milne
Production runner	Grayden Le Breton
Unit runner	Grayden Le Breton
Prod. accountant	Jenny Pawson
Insurer	Jardine's Australia
Completion guarantor	Motion Picture Guarantors
Legal services	Paula Paizes Blake Dawson Waldron
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	David Williamson
Focus puller	Kathryn Milliss
Clapper-loader	Lani Hannah
Camera equipment	Samuelsons
Camera truck	Kathryn Milliss
Key grip	Simon Quaife
Asst grip	Paul Smith
Gaffer	Ian Plummer
Best boy	Grant Atkinson
Generator	Flowers Film Lighting Viking Generators
Gennie operator	Robbie Burr
MU/WR van	Ric Petro
Greenroom Artists' Van	Empire Production Services
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Keith Heygate
2nd asst director	John Martin
Continuity	Sue Wiley
Boom operator	Jack Friedman
Make-up	Wendy Freeman
Make-up asst	Rebecca Simon
Hairdresser	Wendy Freeman
Special fx co-ord	David Young
Stunts co-ordinator	Bernie Ledger
Unit nurse	Sue Andrews
Stills photographer	Jim Townley
Unit publicist	Fiona Searson, DDA
Catering	Marike Janavicius Marikes Catering Co.
Art Department	
Art director	Robert Dein
Asst art director	Angus Tattle
Art dept co-ord	Frances McDonald
Art dept runner	Andrew Howard
Art dept assts	Genevieve Blanchet
	Dan Potra
Set dressers	Ro Bruen-Cook
	Kathy Moyes
Draughtsmen	John Pryce-Jones
	Peter Savage
Standby props	Grant Lee
Armourer	Robert Coleby
Model maker	Carson Andreas
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Kerry Thompson
Standby wardrobe	Mary Lou da Rosa
Animals	
Goose wrangler	Graham Ware
Construction Dept	
Scenic artist	Eric Todd
Painter	Frank Falconer
2nd painter	Greg Commerford
Construct. manager	Danny Burnett
Carpenters	Dean Steiner
	Brad Dunlop
	Nigel Boyle
	Tom Parsons
	John Rega
	Yvonne Gudgeon
Greens dept	Greg Thomas
	Loretia Shelton
Post-production	
Asst editor	Stella Savvas
2nd asst editor	Priscilla Thorley
Editing rooms	Spectrum Films
Studio	Mentmore House
Laboratory	Atlab
Gauge	35mm
Shooting stock	Kodak Eastman Colour
Government Agency Investment	
FFC liaison	Moya Iceton
Marketing	
Intl. sales agent	J & M Films

Cast: Phil Collins, Hugo Weaving, Josephine Byrnes.
Synopsis: A surrealistic black comedy of an insurance investigation that goes haywire. A seemingly defenceless couple are ensnared in a nightmare game of fraud and blackmail by an insurance investigator extraordinaire. The only chance they have to retain their sanity is to fight back, thus beginning a chilling, hair-raising adventure.

FORTRESS

Prod. company	Davis Entertainment Village Roadshow
Dist. company	Greater Union Dist. Twentieth Century Fox (U.S.)
Budget	$15 million
Pre-production	... 20/10/91
Production	21/10/91 ...
Principal Credits	
Director	Stuart Gordon
Producers	John Davis
	John Flock
Co-producers	Neil Nordlinger
	Michael Lake
Line producer	Irene Dobson
Exec. producers	Graham Burke
	Gregory Coote
Scriptwriters	Troy Neighbours
	Steven Feinberg
	Terry Curtis Fox
DOP	David Eggby
Sound recordist	Paul Clark
Editor	Timothy Wellburn
Production designer	David Copping
Costume designer	Terry Ryan
Planning and Development	
Casting director	Maura Fay & Assoc.
Casting	Mike Fenton Casting (U.S.)
Storyboard artists (U.S.)	Tim Burgard
	David Russell
	Chris Buchinsky
Production Crew	
Exec. in charge prod.	Doug Yellin
Prod. co-ord	Sharon Miller
Prod. asst	Justina Cattell
Prod. secretary	Silla Childs
Location manager	Brian Burgess
Unit manager	Neville Mason
Production runner	Todd Fellman
Prod. accountant	Lyn Paetz
Accounts asst	Tricia McInally
Paymaster	FIUA
Completion guarantor	The Completion Bond Co.
Travel co-ord	Show Travel
Freight	Showfreight
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Philip M Cross
Focus pullers	Derry Field
	Laurie Balmer
Clapper Loader	Adrien Seffrin
	Andrew Conder
Key grip	Pat Nash
Asst grips	Mark Abraham
	Gary McNamara
	Cary Vignal
Gaffer	Tony Holtham
Best boy	Trevor Ripper
Electricians	Murray Head
	Ian Mathieson
Camera dept attach	Matthew Meyer
Video split operator	Andrew Conder
Visual consultant	Simon Murton
Camera equipment	Samuelson Film Service
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Charles Rotherham
2nd asst director	Nikki Long
3rd asst director	Adam Spencer
Continuity	Sophie Fabbri Jackson
Boom operator	Craig Walmsley
Cable man	Tim Towers
Make-up supervisor	Karla O'Keefe
Make-up assts	Margaret Archmen
	Carla Vincenzino
Hairdresser	Karla O'Keefe
Prosthetics	Bob Clark
Prosthetics asst	Jason Baird
Special fx supervisors	Tad Pride (Aust)
	Paul Gentry (U.S.)
Special fx co-ord.	Robbie Blalack (U.S.)
Special fx secretary	Trisha Wallace
Special fx technicians	Arthur Spinks Jr
	Kent Miklenda
Mechanical effects	David Pride
Special fx assts	Bob Hicks
	Kevin Bratovic
Pyrotechnics	Alan Maxwell
Pyrotechnics asst	Paul Jennings
Stunts co-ord	Glenn Boswell
Stunts asst	Josef Schwaiger
Safety officer	Johnny Hallyday
Unit nurse	Susan Burke
Unit publicist	Fiona Searson (DDA)
Still photography	Jim Townley
Catering	Kathy Troutt Kaos Katering
Catering asst	Denise Ward Paula Sproul Linda Sproul
Art Department	
Art director	Diaan Wajon
Art dept co-ord	Rosslyn Abernethy
Art dept runner	Lizzi Dulieu
Props buyers	Paul Dulieu Derrick Chetwyn
Standby props	John Daniell
Asst standby props	Michael Iacono
Armourer	Phillip Moritz
Wardrobe	
Costume supervisors	Phil Eagles Peter Bevan
Standby wardrobe	Helen Mather Paul Warren
Wardrobe asst	Sally Marshall
MU/wardrobe vans	Australian Film Sets
Green room/Star van	Orana Film Transport
Construction Dept	
Scenic artist	Michael Chorney
Asst scenic artist	Derek Wyness
Construct. manager	John Parker
2nd in command	Andrew Gardiner
Leading hand	Greg Hajdu
Brush hand	David Duffin
Carpenters	Mark Jones Kim Howard Noel McCartney
Driver	Graydon Le Breton
Labourer	Martin Scurrah
Welders	Wayne Porter Michael Dempsey
Studios	Warner Roadshow Movie World Studios
Post-production	
1st asst editor	Jeanine Chialvo
2nd asst editor	Andreya O'Reilly
Projectionist	Roger Garrod
Laboratory	Atlab
Tape transfers	Hoyts Jumbuck
Video playback	Intercity Hire
Marketing	
Intl. sales agent	IAC Film Sales
Intl. distributor	Twentieth Century Fox
Release publicity	Greater Union Distributors

Cast: Christopher Lambert (John Brennick), Kurtwood Smith (Prison Director Poe), Loryn Locklin (Karen Brennick), Lincoln Kilpatrick (Abraham), Clifton Gonzalez Gonzalez (Nino), Jeffrey Combs (3D-Day), Tom Towles (Stiggs), Vernon Wells (Maddox), Denni Gordon (Lydia), Alan Zitner (Camper).
Synopsis: Set 45 years in the future, humankind's population has increased tenfold. A new law has been created to preserve the stability of society. Anyone who breaks the law will be sent to a remote maximum security prison known as "The Fortress".

LIVING COLOR

Prod. company	Cinergy M.P.E.
Pre-production	11/11/1991 - 5/1/92
Production	5/1/92 - 25/1/92
Post-production	27/1/92 ...
Budget	$2.5 million
Principal Credits	
Director	Neal Taylor
Producer	Rene Nagy
Co-producer	Summer Nicks
Scriptwriter	Neal Taylor
DOP	Nick Paton
Editor	Geoff Lamb
Art director	Kent Sherlock
Composer	Shane Bryzak
Planning and Development	
Casting	Jacqueline Jones
Casting consultants	Sheridan-Champs & Assoc.
Extras casting	Studio-A-Casting
Budgeted by	Rene Nagy Jr
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Kerry Mulgrew
Prod. assistant	Jacqueline Jones
Location manager	Gareth Calverley
Legal services	Naralee Withnal
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Nick Paton
Camera asst	Margaret McClymont
Gaffer	Ian Withnal
Key grip	Geoff Lamb
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Angela McPherson
2nd asst director	Gareth Calverley
Continuity	Cathy Thomas
Make-up	Heidi-Jayne McCann
Hairdresser	Heidi-Jayne McCann
Special fx	Brad Greenwood Adam Head
Special fx make-up	Brad Greenwood Adam Head
Unit publicist	Nicks Publicity & Promotions
Art Department	
Art dept runner	Mel Chavez
Set dresser	Dirk Vanden-Driesen
Standby props	David Bunic
Post-production	
Musical director	Shane Bryzak
Music performed by	Shane Bryzak
Recording studio	Hoyts-Jumbuck
Laboratories	Atlab Cinevex
Gauge	Super 16
Shooting stock	Kodak
Screen ratio	1:1.66
Off-line facilities	Hoyts-Jumbuck
Video special fx	Hoyts-Jumbuck
Video master by	Hoyts-Jumbuck
Marketing	
Publicity	Nicks Publicity & Promotion
Poster design	Michael Simms

Cast: Derek Rucker (Dougle), Kim Denman (Molly), Michael Julian Knowles (Christian), Evelyn Taylor (Rachel), Scott Webb (Doctor), Graham Furness (Policeman).

Synopsis: Cat-and-mouse game between Molly, the young wife of Dougie who is still mourning the sickness of her new-born baby, and their neighbour, Christian, a deranged killer out to be rid of all women because of his beliefs.

MAP OF THE HUMAN HEART

[See issue 86 for details]

NO WORRIES

Prod. company	Palm Beach Pictures
	Initial Film & Television
Dist. company	Southern Star Group
	Channel Four
Pre-production	6/1/92 - 15/2/92
Production	17/2/92 - 16/4/92
Post-production	21/4/92 - 18/11/92
Principal Credits	
Director	David Elfick
Producers	David Elfick
	Eric Fellner
Line producer	John Winter
Exec. producer	Kim Williams
Assoc. producer	Nina Stevenson
Scriptwriter	David Holman
Based on the novel	*No Worries*
Written by	David Holman
DOP	Steve Windon
Sound recordist	Guntis Sics
Editor	Louise Innes
Prod. designer	Michael Bridges
Costume designer	Clarrissa Patterson
Planning and Development	
Casting	Christine King
Extras casting	Lucy Goodman
Dialogue coach	Dean Carey
Storyboard artist	Robert Alcock
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Anne Bruning
Prod. co-ordinators	Basia Plachecki
	Julie Sims
Producer's asst	Lucy Chapman
Location manager	Maude Heath
Unit manager	Will Matthews
Asst unit manager	Dennis Huim
Unit assts	Noelene Maxwell
	Russell Jeutral
Production runner	Simon Cox
Prod. accountant	Lyn Jones
Accounts asst	Lyndal Magnusseson
Insurer	Hammond Jewell
Completion guarantor	Film Finances
Legal services	Allen, Allen & Hemsley
Base-office liaison	Elli Bradbury
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Mark Spicer
Focus puller	Steve McDonald
Clapper-loader	Annie Benzie
Key grip	Ray Brown
Asst grips	Ian Bird
	Warren Grieef
Gaffer	Ken Pettigrew
Best boy	Gary Hill
Electrician	Jonathan Hughes
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Chris Webb
2nd asst director	Maria Phillips
3rd asst director	Geoffrey Guiffre
Continuity	Daphne Paris
Boom operator	Fiona McBain
Make-up	Lesley Rouvray
Hairdresser	Jan Zeigenbein
Special fx co-ord	Steve Courtley
Special fx	Allied Explosive Technology
Stunts co-ordinator	Zev Eleptheriou
Safety officer	Zev Eleptheriou
Unit nurse	Jacquie Ramsay
Stills photographer	Brian McKenzie
Unit publicist	Victoria Buchan
Catering	Kollage Katering
Art Department	
Art director	Jenny Carseldine
Art dept co-ord	Amanda Selling
Art dept runner	Tim Disney
Set dresser	Mark Dawson
Props buyers	Bill Booth
	Mark Dawson
Standby props	James Cox
Armourer	Robert Colby
Action vehicle co-ord	Peter Cashman
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Jane Johnson
Standby wardrobe	Gabrielle Dunn
Wardrobe asst	Jacqueline Saaine
Animals	
Animal handler	Stephen Bilson
	Noonbarra Kelpie Stud
Animal wrangler	Evanne Cheeson
Construction Dept	
Scenic artist	Richard Baldwin
Construct. manager	Bob Paton
Carpenters	Brett Bartlett
	Alan Armytage
Post-production	
Asst editors	David Gurosvin
	Andrew Upton
Sound editor	Karen Whittington
Lab liaison	Ian Russell
Gauge	35mm
Screen ratio	185.
Shooting stock	Kodak
Government Agency Investment	
Development	AFC

Cast: Amy Terelinck (Matilda), Geoff Morrell (Ben Bell), Susan Lyons (Ellen Bell), Geraldine James (Ann Marie O'Dwyer), John Hargreaves (Clive Ryan), Steven Vidler (Gary Hay), Bob Baines (Mr Drew), Ray Barrett (Old Burkey), Harold Hopkins (John Burke), Judy McIntosh (Mrs Gregg).

Synopsis: In the midst of the drought and recession of 1992, 10-year-old Matilda and her family are forced off their property in Western New South Wales, and move to Sydney. There they are 'foreigners'.

THE NUN AND THE BANDIT

[See previous issue for details]

PIANO LESSON

Director	Jane Campion
Producer	Jan Chapman
Scriptwriter	Jane Campion

Cast: Holly Hunter, Sam Neill.

Synopsis: A mute woman's love for her piano and another man provokes the jealousy of her husband. Set in Victorian times on a remote part of New Zealand's coastline.

[No further details supplied.]

SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

Prod. company	Flying Films
Production	14/10/91 ...
Dist. company	Beyond Intl. Group
Principal Credits	
Director	Richard Lowenstein
Producer	Carol Hughes
Scriptwriter	Richard Lowenstein
DOP	Graeme Wood
Sound recordist	Lloyd Carrick
Editor	Jill Bilcock
Production designer	Chris Kennedy
Costume designer	Lynn-Maree Milburn
Planning and Development	
Casting consultants	Liz Mullinar Casting
Extras casting	Kelly O'Shea
Drama coach	Kaarin Fairfax
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Catherine "Tatts" Bishop
Prod. co-ord	Jackie Mann
Prod. accountant	Juanita Parker
Location manager	Michael McIntyre
Unit manager	Simon Hawkins
Unit asst	Phil Taylor
Production runner	Carl Conti
Insurer	Steeves Lumley
Completion guarantor	Film Finances
Legal services	Philip Luca
Travel co-ord.	Set in Motion
Camera Crew	
Steadicam operator	Harry Panagiotidis
Steadicam asst	David Lindsay
Focus puller	Robin Plunkett
Clapper loader	Bryn Whitie
Camera equipment	Samuelson
Key grip	Ian "Pear Head" Benallack
Grip	Arthur Manousakis
Gaffer	Rory Timoney
2nd electrics	Steve Price
3rd electrics	Battista Remati
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Toby Pease
2nd asst director	Emma Schofield
3rd asst director	Mathew Bennett
Continuity	Jan Plantoni
Boom operator	Craig Beggs
Make-up	Vivienne MacGillicuddy
	Neill Timms
Hairdresser	Vivienne MacGillicuddy
Stunts co-ord	Mark Hennessy
Safety officer	Eddie McShortall
Still photography	Jennifer Mitchell
Tutor	Lynne Klugman
Catering	Sweet Seduction
Traffic stopper	Warwick Fry
M/U-W/R vehicle	Empire
Tutor vehicle	Reel Wheels
Unit publicist	Fiona Searson (DDA)
Art Department	
Art director	Hugh Bateman
Art dept co-ord	Victoria Hobday
Art dept runner	Paul Macek
Art dept trainee	Rebecca O'Brien
Props buyers	Georgina Campbell
	Murray Gossan
Props dresser	Georgina Campbell
Standby props	Murray Gossan
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Jacqui Everett
Standby wardrobe	Cathy Hereen
Cutter	Catriona Brennan
Construction Dept	
Construct. manager	Walter Sperl
Carpenter	Robin "Syd" Hartley
Post-production	
Asst editors	Jane Moran
	Nick Cole
Sound transfer	Soundfirm
Laboratory	Vic Film Lab
Stock	Kodak
Rushes screening	Film Soundtrack
Stills processing	Color Factory (col)
	Di Keller (b&w)
Polaroid stock	Vanbar Photographics
Publicity	DDA
Finance	FFC
Intl. sales	Beyond Films

Cast: Fiona Rutelle, Sudi de Winter. [No other details supplied]

Synopsis: A skinny, introverted eleven-year-old meets the young effervescent but drug-addicted Angie and enters her fantasy world. It is a relationship that offers strength to each, and through the highs and lows of a long hot summer they both gradually learn to face the truth about each other and themselves.

SHOTGUN WEDDING

[See previous issue for details]

RECENTLY COMPLETED
See previous issues for details on:
DAY OF THE DOG
HAMMERS OVER THE ANVIL
THE NOSTRADAMUS KID
REDHEADS
ROMPER STOMPER

DOCUMENTARIES

ONE WAY STREET

Production company	John Hughes
Production	April 1992
Post-production	May-July 1992
Principal Credits	
Director	John Hughes
Producer	John Hughes
Scriptwriters	Paul Davies
	John Hughes
DOPs	Nicolette Friedman
	Erica Addis
Sound recordists	Lloyd Carrick
	Gretchen Thornburn
Editor	Uri Mizrami
Art director	Laurel Frank
Composer	Martin Friedel
Other Credits	
Script editor	Ross Gibson
Prod. manager	Fiona Eagger
Prod. assistant	Tabitha Davies
Production runner	Tao Weiss
Legal services	Bryce Menzies
Focus puller	Robin Plunkett
Key grip	Adrian Kortus
Gaffer	Steve Price
1st asst director	Susan Weis
Make-up	Lloyd James
Still photography	Marcus Struzina
Catering	Geoffrey Swanston
Runner	Tao Weis
Asst art director	Wain Fimeri
Laboratory	Cinevex
Video transfer by	AAV
Development	AFC
Production	AFC

Cast: Nick Lathouris (Walter Benjamin), with Mark Rogers, Louise Smith, Margaret Cameron.

Synopsis: *One Way Street* approaches the life and work of German-Jewish philosopher Walter Benjamin (1892 - 1940) from the perspective of the present. It provides an introduction to the work and the historical context from which it emerged and moments of the life Walter Benjamin lived.

THE TENTH DANCER

Prod. company	Singing Nomads
	Productions
Production	3/4/92 - 10/5/92
Post-production	11/5/92 - Nov 1992
Principal Credits	
Director	Sally Ingleton
Producer	Sally Ingleton
Exec. producers	Denise Patience
	Harry Bardwell
	Alan Bookbinder
DOP	Jenni Meaney
Sound recordist	Paul Finlay
Editor	Ken Sallows
Other Credits	
Prod. manager	Lucy MacLaren
Asst editor	Ronnie Reinhard
Sound editor	Dean Gawen
Still photography	Ponch Hawkes
Legal services	Bryce Menzies, Roth Warren
Laboratory	Cinevex
Shooting stock	Kodak
Edge numbering	Oliver Streeton
Sound transfers	Eugene Wilson
Pre-sale	ABC
	BBC
Length	52 mins
Gauge	16mm
Government Agency Investment	
Development	AFC
	Film Victoria
Production	FFC

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: Ninety percent of Cambodia's artists were killed during the Pol Pot regime. This is the story of the rebuilding of the Cambodian Royal Ballet told by a teacher and her pupil.

TREASURE - THE GULF OF THAILAND INCIDENT

Prod. companies	B.E.S.T Communications
	Swartzman Pictures
Production	Jan 1992
Post-production	Mar-Apr 1992
Principal Credits	
Director	Craige Cronin
Producer	Gary Glossop
Assoc. producer	Nigel Oorloff
Written by	Craige Cronin
DOP	Nigel Oorloff
Editor	David Halliday
Prod. facilities	A & M Wareham Facilities
Recording studio	Willowtree Recorders
On-line facilities	Pro-Cam Studios Brisbane
Video gauge	Betacam SP
Off-line facilities	David Halliday
On-line editor	Geoff Gatward

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: Mike Hatcher led a salvage team into the wreckage of a sunken Chinese junk in the Gulf of Thailand to recover its 800 year old cargo of beautiful ceramics. But it was all too easy. The arrival of a Thai fishing boat curious about the haul eventually led to a full scale naval confrontation, and the seizure of $4 million worth of treasure.

WILD

[see previous issue]

SHORTS

HEAD ABOVE WATER

Prod. company	Black Productions
Pre-production	May 92
Production	28/5/92 - 1/6/92
Post-production	July - Aug 92
Principal Credits	
Director	Alan White
Producer	Annette Patterson
Exec. producer	Andrew McPhail
Scriptwriter	Alan White
DOP	John Swaffield
Sound recordist	Phil Keros
Editor	Michael Beauman
Prod. designer	Alan White
Planning and Development	
Casting	Liz Mullinar
Shooting schedule by	Alan White
Budgeted by	Annette Patterson
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Julianne Shelton
Location manager	Hugh Johnston
Prod. accountant	Valerie Williams
Insurer	Cinesure
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Robert Agganis
Focus puller	Tonti Connolly
Clapper-loader	Gerard Marr
Key grip	Terry Jacklin
Asst grips	Ted Williams
	Steve Monk
Gaffer	Geoff Maine
Asst electrics	Ted Williams

	Steve Monk
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Hugh Johnson
2nd asst director	Adam Blaiklock
Make-up	Annabel Barton
Hairdresser	Annabel Barton
Catering	Charlie's Kitchen
Art Department	
Set builder	The Set Building Co.
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe person	Kerry Evans
Post-production	
Asst editor	Carolyn Rowlands
Laboratory	Atlab
Film gauge	35mm
Screen ratio	1:85:1
Shooting stock	Kodak 5296, 5248

Cast: Mark Seymour (Jack), Felix Williamson (Lenny), Allan McGuinness (Security guard), Wilson Alcorn (The Drunk), Alasdair McDonald (Pick-pocketer), Dibbs Mather (The Priest), John Andrews (Police Officer), Tim Valka (Young Boy), Louis Westgarth (Young Boy), Anthony Johnsen (Officer Worker 1), David Attrill (Office Worker 2), Mary-Anne Vale (Office Worker 3), Imogen Annesley (The Grifter), Karen Day (The Secretary), Bogdan Koca (The Boss).

Synopsis: The story of a man, who in order to keep his head above water is forced to desperate measures.

HOT CURRY COWBOY

Prod. company	VCA Film & Television School
Budget	$9.600
Principal Credits	
Director	Justin Hutchison
DOP	David Pollack
Sound recordist	Liz Patrick
Other Credits	
Prod. manager	Jane Christiansen
Camera asst	Joel Anderson
Gaffer	Taras Mohamod
Asst director	Spiro Economopolous
Costume	Emily Steele
Make-up	Emily Steele
Construction	Emily Steele
Still photography	Liz Hoyle

Cast: Vejay Shamugam (Billy 'Butch' Bathshebas), Patricia Ferrard (Sophia Costellos), Kirk Alexander (Clancy 'OK' Coyote), Peter Mendoza (Stanley).

Synopsis: Billy 'Butch' Bathshebas is an Indian actor passionate about cowboy movies. He migrates to the wide open plains of Australia to find fame and fortune. Billy gets a lucky break in a television commercial and finds himself struggling to reach fame in a character he believes he was born to play - the cowboy.

THE KISS

Prod. company	Black Productions
Pre-production	May 92
Production	28 & 29 May 92
Post-production	15/6/92 - 15/7/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Jeff Darling
Producer	Peter Kearney
Exec. producer	Andrew McPhail
Scriptwriter	Jeff Darling
DOP	Jeff Darling
Editor	Bernad Garry
Other Credits	
Casting	Lucy Goodman
	Judith Cruden
	Faith Martin
Prod. manager	Michael Davis
Prod. assistant	Belinda Mravivic
Camera asst	Barry Idoine
Clapper-loader	Frank Flick
Grips	Ray Brown
	Paul "Sweet Pea" Smith
1st asst director	Peter Kearney
Make-up	Nicholas Morley
Hairdresser	Nicholas Morley
Wardrobe	Susan Bowden
Still photography	Hugh Hamilton
Laboratory	Atlab
Lab liaison	Bruce Williamson
Opticals	Roger Cowland
Editing suite	Karl Marks
Supervising editor	Karl Sodersten
Post-production co-ord.	Jackie Allison
Asst editor	Charles Ivory
Film gauge	35mm
Shooting stock	Kodak Plus X

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: A portrait study exploring the moral line society inflicts on relationships.

NICE GUY ... BUT

Prod. company	Nice Guy Productions
	Qld College of Art
Pre-production	2/4/92 - 11/5/92
Production	11/5/92 - 29/5/92
Post-production	1/6/92 - 18/9/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Priscilla Cameron
Exec. producer	Anne Smallwood
Scriptwriter	Priscilla Cameron
DOP	David Barker
Sound recordist	Jeff Graham
Editor	Julie Sommerfeldt
Prod. designer	Jo Miller
Planning and Development	
Shooting schedule by	Tony de Pasquale
	Michelle Warner
Budgeted by	Tony de Pasquale
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Tony de Pasquale
Location manager	Reza Borhani-Shidani
Prod. assistant	Ellen Foley
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Mark Buckley
Clapper-loader	David Cordell
Camera assistant	Fiona Gunn
Camera type	Arriflex 16BL
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Michelle Warner
Continuity	Brett Barton
Boom operator	James Lees
Still photography	Rowena Mollica
Catering	Tony de Pasquale
Post-production	
Asst editor	Rowena Zande
Laboratory	VFL
Shooting stock	Kodak Eastmancolor

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: Your mother has always told you to go out with nice guys, right? She was wrong. When Monnie agrees to have dinner with nice guy Ross, she finds that all her preconceptions about him are really misconceptions. *Nice Guy ... But* is a quirky, brutally honest look at the mating game.

PALE BLACK

Budget	$26,306
Post-production	1/6/92 - 10/8/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Marie Craven
Producer	Marie Craven
Scriptwriter	Marie Craven
DOP	Marie Craven
Editors	Chris Windmill
	Marie Craven
Other Credits	
Script editor	Adrian Martin
Insurer	Hammond Jewell
Legal services	Andrew Sullivan
	Minter Ellison
Titles	Terence Hogan
	Cinevex
Laboratories	Film Plus (Super 8)
	Interformat, USA (Blowup)
	VFL (16mm)
Lab liaison	Michael Hinton, Interformat
	Mark Freeman, VFL
Gauge	Super 8 & 16mm
Government Agency Investment	
Production	AFC
Marketing	AFC

Cast: Louise Fox (The Voice).

Synopsis: An invisible woman examines the lurid and mundane spaces of her interior world.

SWEETBREEZE

Prod. company	Sweetbreeze Films
Principal Credits	
Director	Malla C. Nunn
Producer	Mark Lazarus
Scriptwriter	Malla C. Nunn
DOP	Stephen G. Scott
Sound recordist	Doug Hampton
Editor	Aubrey L.C. Tredget
Art directors	Lucy Oliver
	Clayton Jauncey
Composer	Mark Lazarus
Other Credits	
Script editor	Pieter Aquilia
Prod. manager	Mark Lazarus
Prod. assistants	Justine Smith
	Tara McGovern
Camera asst	Andrew Thorn
Camera trainee	Brenda
Gaffer	Guy Bessel-Browne
Best boy	David Carroll
1st asst director	Claire Calzoni
2nd asst director	Giancarlo Mazzella
Continuity	Kim Dunstan
Boom operator	David Lynn
Make-up	Megan Jackson
Still photography	Enver Samuel
	Jan Bidas
First aid	Giancarlo Mazzella
Catering	Emma Nicholson
Art dept asst	Fran Tinley
Wardrobe person	Megan Jackson
Editing asst	Toni Raynes
Laboratory	Cinevex
Film gauge	16mm
Screen ratio	1:1.85
Shooting stock	Kodak 7296

Cast: Emily Bott (Antonella), David Vallon (Mr Langley), Elwyn Edwards (Stuart Manley), Craig Williams (Danny), Tiffany Evans (Mrs Manley), Lionel Farrell (Preacher), Dave Burly, Angelique Malcolm, Lile Hammond (Models), Marlon Forrester (Sweetbreeze Jackson).

Synopsis: Antonella toils unhappily as a make-up artist in a funeral home while she dreams of plying her trade in the glamorous world of international modelling. Just when her life seems stuck in a rut, she receives a visitation from one of her "clients", who has a burning love for the blues and an extremely strange request that only Antonella can grant.

URBAN MYTH

Prod. company	Swinburne Institute
Dist. company	AFI
Budget	$12,500
Principal Credits	
Director	Angelo Salamanca
Producer	Scottie Walker
Exec. producer	Peter Tammer
Assoc. producer	Jenny Sabine
Scriptwriter	Angelo Salamanca
DOP	Stephen Amis
Sound recordists	Andrew Ferguson
	Anny Mokotow
Editor	Piero Colli
Prod. designer	Paul Carland
Composer	Janine De Lorenzo
Planning and Development	
Script editors	Peter Tammer
	Jenny Sabine
Casting	Australian Cinema Ensemble
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Scottie Walker
Prod. adviser	Rosa Colosimo
Prod. runner	Ingrid Wilkie
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Stephen Amis
Camera assistant	Joanne Donahoe
Camera type	ARRI SR
Camera maintenance	Swinburne Institute
Key grips	Dean Stevenson
	Luis Da Silva
	Liam O'Hara
Gaffers	Christine Rogers
	Luis Da Silva
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Steve Middleton
Continuity	Jacinthe Springer
Boom operator	Andrew Ferguson
Make-up	Gina Weidemann
Hairdresser	Gina Weidemann
Still photography	Kym Schreiber
	Paul Walker
Catering	Veronica Stute
Art Department	
Art director	Paul Carland
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Paul Carland
Post-production	
Asst editor	Angelo Salamanca
Sound transfers	Piero Colli
Sound editor	Piero Colli
Asst sound editor	Angelo Salamanca
Music performed by	Janine De Lorenzo
Mixer	Peter Frost
Music mixer	Al Mullins
Mixed at	Film Soundtrack
Opticals	Cinevex
Titles	Zoe Chan
Laboratory	Cinevex
Lab liaison	Ian Anderson
Neg matching	Meg Koernig
Grader	Tim Morgan
Gauge	16 mm
Screen ratio	1:1.85
Shooting stock	7245; 7292
Government Agency Investment	
Production	Film Victoria

Cast: Suzy Cato (Bea), Joseph Spano (Eric), Peter Stratford (Spencer).

Synopsis: Bea finds herself pregnant for the first time at the age of forty-four; she does not know whether her husband or lover has fathered the child she is carrying. Bea has important decisions to make.

WATER

Prod. company	Water Productions
	Qld College of Art
Pre-production	2/4/92 - 1/6/92
Production	1/6/92 - 20/6/92
Post-production	20/6/92 - 18/9/92
Principal Credits	
Director	Ellen Foley
Exec. producer	Anne Smallwood
Scriptwriter	Jeff Graham
DOP	David Cordell
Sound recordist	Jeff Graham
Editor	Fiona Gunn
Prod. designer	Brett Barton
Other Credits	
Casting	Sue Manger Casting
Shooting schedule by	James Lees
	Rowena Zande
Budgeted by	Rowena Zande
Prod. manager	Rowena Zande
Location manager	Tony de Pasquale
Prod. assistant	Michelle Warner
Camera operator	Reza Borhani-Shidani
Clapper-loader	Julie Sommerfeldt
Camera asst	Mark Buckley
Camera type	Arriflex 16BL
1st asst director	James Lees
Continuity	David Barker
Boom operator	Priscilla Cameron
Still photography	Glenn Campbell
Catering	Tony de Pasquale
Runner	Jo Miller
Laboratory	VFL
Lab liaison	Louise
Shooting stock	Kodak Eastmancolor 7296

Cast: [No details supplied]

Synopsis: Amongst the noise of the city, Luke meets Katrina and succumbs to her mercurial moods. An exploration of first love with a twist.

For details of following see previous issue:
ANTONIO'S ANGEL
CRIMINAL DUES
SOMETHING WICKED

AUSTRALIAN FILM TELEVISION & RADIO SCHOOL

DEAR MARY

Prod. company	AFTRS
Dist. company	AFTRS
Principal Credits	
Director	Virginia Murray
Producer	Tom Van Donkelaar
Assoc. producer	Ian MacArthur
Scriptwriter	Virginia Murray
DOP	Josie Keys
Sound recordist	Leonie Dickinson
Editor	Kevin Collar
Prod. designer	Tamara Hammond
Planning and Development	
Casting consultant	Joy Sargant
Shooting schedule by	Tom Van Donkelaar
Budgeted by	Tom Van Donkelaar
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Tom Van Donkelaar
Producer's asst	Julian Capmeil
Prod. assistant	Lisa Wood
Prod. accountant	Alison Baillache
Camera Crew	
Camera operator	Josie Keys
Camera assistant	Michelle Duval
Asst grips	Clifford Lord
Gaffer	Tony Mandel
On-set Crew	
1st asst director	Tom Van Donkelaar
2nd asst director	Karen Borger
Continuity	Cindy Mikul
Playback operator	Ian Anderson
Boom operator	Leonie Dickinson
Make-up	Lynda West
Tech. advisor	Rod Bower
Catering	Corner Kitchen
Art Department	
Standby props	Bruno
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisor	Tamara Hammond
Post-production	
Sound editor	Alicia Slusarski
Mixer	Alicia Slusarski
Mixed at	AFTRS
Film gauge	SP Betacam
Shooting stock	Fuji

Cast: Ben Gabriel (Jim), Maree D'Arcy (Mary), Andrew McDonnell (Harvey).
Synopsis: It is almost too late for Mary to start a new life. She has cared for her decrepit father for too many years. He is trapped by his age and she is trapped by his selfishness. Mary finds an unusual way of escape.

FILM AUSTRALIA

For details of the following see previous issues:
THE COLOURED CAMPAIGN
DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
ON THE NOSE

NSW FILM & TELEVISION OFFICE

CITY WEST

Prod. company	Slack and Boon
Director	Louis Byrne-Smith
Producer	Michael Boon
Scriptwriter	Tony Peterson
DOP	Bruce Hogan
Editor	Louis Byrne-Smith
Music	Library
Graphics-animation	Graphic program
Post-production lab.	VideoLab
Length	4:36 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Dept of Planning

Cast: Peter Gwynne (Narrator).
Synopsis: Promotional video outlining the aims of the City West Planning project.

DEFENSIVE DRIVING

Prod. company	Effective Productions
Director	Richard Jeffery
Producer	Richard Jeffery
Scriptwriter	Nick Frazer
DOP	Gary Maunder
Sound recordist	Philip Purcell
Editor	Paul Rudd
Prod. manager	Diane Jeffery
Graphics-animation	Extro Design
Post-production lab.	Streamline
Length	7 x 50 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Roads & Traffic Authority

Cast: [Not applicable]
Synopsis: A seven part training programme designed to improve driving skills.

DISABILITY AWARENESS TRIGGERS

Prod. company	Catch 95 Productions
Director	Mark Wallage
Producer	Mark Wallage
Scriptwriter	Mark Stiles
DOP	Robin Probyn
Sound recordist	Victor Gentile
Music	Tim Gaze
	Moore Park Studios
Prod. manager	Lisa Harrison
Post-production lab.	Post Production Services
Length	10 x 15 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Health and Community Services, Office on Disabilities

Cast: Danny Adcock, David Baldwin, Sue Bloor, Jefferson Browne, Annie Burrows, Brendan Crumpton, Libby Harricks, Nick Morozoff, Gennie Nevinson, Sally Phillips, Rebecca Saunders, Barry Shephard, Darren Watzinger, Christopher Widows.
Synopsis: Ten short trigger videos designed to increase awareness of the rights of people with disabilities.

EEO FREE FOR ALL FORUM

Prod. company	That Film Company
Director	Tony Wellington
Producer	Judy Ditter
Scriptwriter	Thrilling & Willing
DOP	Jamie Egan
Sound recordist	Don Connelly
Editor	David Tindale
Prod. manager	Judy Ditter
Post-production lab.	Frame, Set & Match
Length	18:30 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Roads & Traffic Authority

Cast: Terry Brady, Tina Bursill, Max Cullen, Ned Manning, Grace Parr, Greig Pickhaver.
Synopsis: This video is designed to encourage middle management to implement the principles of Equal Employment Opportunity (EEO) within their organizations for the benefit of both employers and employees. Made in the style of a sports-oriented television panel discussion, the EEO rules and the benefits of the implementation of EEO are discussed.

HOUSING FOR ALL

Prod. company	Richard Bradley Productions
Director	Richard Bradley
Producer	Richard Bradley
Scriptwriter	Angela Webber
DOP	Frank Biffone
Sound recordist	Lindsay Day
Editor	Rick Schwiekart
Prod. manager	Belinda Mravicic
Post-production lab.	Frame, Set & Match
Length	8:20 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Dept of Planning

Cast: Bob Hughes (Narrator).
Synopsis: Provides an overview of the need for urban consolidation in the Sydney region. While urban consolidation will not solve Sydney's serious space and pollution problems it will make more effective use of land designated for housing and reduce pollution by increasing residency in areas where services such as sewerage, transport, schools and hospitals already exist.

PROCEDURES IN RELATION TO BRIBES

Prod. company	New Image Productions
Director	Keith Salvat
Producer	Keith Salvat
Scriptwriter	Rodney Long
DOP	Mal Hamilton
Editor	Rick Schweikert
Music	Library
Prod. manager	Kay Flannery
Graphics-animation	Laughing Zebras
Post-production lab.	Frame, Set & Match
Length	9 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Roads & Traffic Authority

Cast: Bill McClurg (Narrator), Carlo Bianchino, Peter Gow, Domenic Pompeii, Emma Toomey, Joyce Hopgood.
Synopsis: The programme is designed for driver examiners, showing what to do if they are offered a bribe. Various scenarios showing RTA driver examiners being offered bribes by would-be licence holders during driving tests.

ROAD SAFETY: CORRECT USE OF INFANT AND CHILD RESTRAINTS

Prod. company	Tandem Productions
Director	Jill Moonie
Producer	Marta Sengers
Scriptwriter	Angela Webber
DOP	Preston Clothier
Sound recordist	Graham Wyse
Editor	Frame, Set & Match
Prod. manager	Marta Sengers
Post-production lab.	Frame, Set & Match
Length	10 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Roads & Traffic Authority

Cast: Anna Hruby (Narrator).
Synopsis: Shows the correct procedures for installing and using child restraints with an emphasis on infants. Shows different brands of restraints and the disastrous effects of not using a restraint.

TWO WAY TRAFFIC

Prod. company	Business Video Productions
Director	Ron Way
Producer	Peter Houghton
Scriptwriter	Thrilling and Willing
DOP	Martin Lee
Sound recordist	Ken Fryer
Editor	Brad Christensen
Prod. manager	Meryl Jackson
Post-production lab.	R & B Productions VideoPak
Length	9 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Roads & Traffic Authority

Cast: Lee Lin Chin (Narrator), Chris Galletti, John Ling, Gary Cooper, Yapulma, Joe Rankin.
Synopsis: Demonstrates just how easy it is to put the Ethnic Affairs Policy Statement into action. A training resource for both government and the private sector.

URGENT ASSISTANCE REQUIRED

Prod. company	Shot Productions
Director	Shaun Farrington
Producer	Scott Bradley
Scriptwriter	David Barbour
DOP	Mal Hamilton
Sound recordist	Andrew Moylan
Editor	David Barbour (Off-line) John Agapedios (On-line)
Prod. manager	Kriselle Baker
Graphics-animation	Conja Graphics
Post-production lab.	Acme Photo Video
Length	8:30 mins
Gauge	Betacam SP
Sponsor	Police Service

Cast: Mike Drayson (Narrator).
Synopsis: Designed to encourage government to upgrade Police Officers accommodation.

TELEVISION PRODUCTION

CLUEDO (series)

Prod. company	Crawfords Australia
Production	June-Aug 92
Principal Credits	
Directors	Paul Maloney
	Oscar Whitbread
Producer	John Taft
Line producer	David Taft
Exec. producer	Terry Ohlsson
Develop. producer	Don Samulenok
Art director	Andrew Reese
Prod. manager	Geoff Morrow
Publicity	Susan Elizabeth Wood
	Lyn Elford

[No further details supplied]
Cast: Jane Badler, George Mallaby, Peter Sumner, Nicola Paull, Joy Westmore, Lyn Elford, Andrew Daddo, Frank Gallacher, Ian McFadyen.
Synopsis: *Cluedo* combines the drama and deadly intrigue of a murder mystery with the humour and excitement of a game show.

HALFWAY ACROSS THE GALAXY AND TURN LEFT (series)

Prod. company	Crawfords Australia
Production	9/9/91 – 28/2/92
Principal Credits	
Directors	Rod Hardy
	Paul Moloney
Producer	Jan Marnell
Exec. producer	Terry Ohlsson
Develop. producer	Peter Herbert
Scriptwriter	John Reeves
Based on the novel	*Halfway Across the Galaxy and Turn Left*
Written by	Robin Klein
DOP	David Connell
Sound recordists	John Phillips
	Andrew Ramage
Editor	Denise Haratzis
Prod. designer	Dale Duguid
Costume designer	Sally Grigsby
Planning and Development	
Script editor	Graeme Farmer
Casting	Jan Pontifex
Production Crew	
Prod. manager	Pam Tummel
Prod. co-ord.	Wendy Walker
Prod. secretary	Sandi Revelins
Location manager	Maurice Burns
Transport manager	Peter Allen
Unit manager	Tim Scott
Production runner	Justin Hughes
Prod. accountant	Patti Pulbrook
Camera Crew	
Clapper-loader	Peter Stott
Camera assistant	Greg Ryan
Key grip	Warren Grieef
Asst grips	Aaron Walker
	Paul Smith
Gaffer	Dick Tummel
Best boy	Darryl Pearson
Generator operator	Adam Williams
	On-set Crew
1st asst directors	Stuart Wood
	Phil Jones
2nd asst director	Christian Robinson
3rd asst director	Damien Grant
Continuity	Anne West
Boom operator	Stephen Vaughan
Make-up/Hair	Amanda Rowbottom
	Zelja Stanin
Make-up asst	Peta Hastings
Stunts co-ord.	New Generation Stunts
Art Department	
Art director	Ken James
Set dresser	Denise Goudy
Props buyer	Darryl Mills
Standby props	Marcus Erasmus
Standby dresser	Richie Dean
Wardrobe	
Wardrobe supervisors	Rachel Nott
	Kelly Ellis
Standby wardrobe	Gabriel Dunn
Wardrobe asst	Clair Smith
Seamstress	Gloria Allen
Construction	
Construct. manager	Peter McNee
Post-production	
Post-prod. supervisor	Alan Ryan
Marketing	
Publicity	Susan Elizabeth Wood

Cast: [No details supplied]
Synopsis: After winning the government lottery for the 27th time in a row, Father finds questions being asked of his honesty. What to do? Escape, of course, and so begins the story of this strange little family from the planet Zyrgon as they travel halfway across the galaxy, turn left and land on earth.

LATE FOR SCHOOL (series)

[See previous issue for details]

LIFT OFF (series)

Prod. company	Australian Children's Television Foundation
Budget	$10.3 million
Production	... 27/3/92
Post-production	30/3/92-12/7/92
Principal Credits	
Directors	Steve Jodrell
	Mario Andreaachio
	Mandy Smith
	Colin Budds
	Paul Nichola
Producer	Patricia Edgar
Exec. producer	Patricia Edgar
Line producers	Margot McDonald
	Rob Pemberton (ABC)
Assoc. producers	Ewan Burnett
	Susie Campbell (Animation)
DOP	Jaems Grant
Sound recordist	Ian Cregan
Editors	Tim Lewis
	Edward McQueen- Mason
Prod. designer	Tel Stolfo
Costume designer	Rose Chong
Planning and Development	
Senior script consultant	Jeff Peck
Casting	Liz Mullinar Casting
Extras casting	Camilla Gold
Dialogue coaches	Julie Forsyth
	Josi Robson
Production Crew	
Prod. managers	Yvonne Collins
	Mervyn Magee (ABC)
Prod. co-ords	Amanda Crittenden
	Serena Gattuso
Prod. secretaries	Liz Grant
	Claire Walsh
Location manager	Neil McCart
Location searcher	John Wild
Unit manager	Leigh Ammitzboll
Production runner	Steph Stewart
Prod. accountants	Moneypenny Services
	Sophie Siomos
Insurer	Steeves Lumley
Completion guarantor	Film Finances
Driver	Craig Lambert (ABC)
Camera Crew	
Camera operators	Roger McAlpine
	Greg Wilden
	Karen Johnson
	Andrew Schmidt
Camera asst	Peter Falk
Technical producers	Michael Bramley
	Peter Simondson
Technical director	Campbell Miller
Technical asst	Max Gaffney
2nd unit DOP	Ian Warburton
2nd unit camera asst	Peter Nearhos
Key grip	Peter De Haan
Asst grip	Tim Porter
Rigger	Max Gaffney
Gaffer	Andrew Topp
Best boy	Darryn Fox
Lighting directors	Michael Bramley
	Graham Brumley
Lighting assts	Mick Cleary
	Kevin Pearce
Electrician	Mick Cleary
On-set Crew	
1st asst directors	Paul Healey
	John Wild
	Phil Jones
	Ross Allsop
	David Clarke
2nd asst directors	Marcus Hunt
	Martin Green (ABC)
3rd asst director	Andrew Power
Continuity	Carmel Torcasio
	Karinda Parkinson
	Aideen Stevenson (ABC)
	Andrea Fitzpatrick (ABC)
Vision operator	Eric Burt

Vision mixer	Chris Edwards
Tape operator	John May
Boom operators	Tony Dickinson (ABC)
	Graham Cornish (ABC)
Audio operators	John Beanland (ABC)
	Chris Doyle
Audio assts	Neville Kelly (ABC)
	Catrina McDonald (ABC)
Make-up	Nik Dorning
	Anna Karpinski
Hairdressers	Nik Dorning
	Anna Karpinski
Asst hairdresser	Laura Morris
Special fx	Peter Stubbs
Nurse/chaperone	Glad Fish
Still photography	Greg Noakes
Unit publicity	Howie & Taylor
Catering	Keith Fish
	Sheila Buzza
Director's attachment	Megan Manning

Art Department

Art directors	Bernie Wynack
	Dale Mark
Art dept co-ord	Rob Walters
Art dept runner	Michelle Venutti
Set dressers	Marita Mussett
	Phil Chambers
	Michael Keane (ABC)
	Mark Reynolds (ABC)
Props buyers	Murray Kelly
	Kris Kozlovic (ABC)
Standby props	Fiona Greville
	Brian Lang
	Alf Camilieri
Head puppeteer	Peter Wilson
Puppet builder	Rod Primrose
Puppet makers	Rob Matson
	Richard Mueck
Add. puppet maker	Michael Logan
Puppet maintenance	Rob Matson
	Richard Mueck
Puppet doctor	Paul Myers

Wardrobe

Wardrobe supervisor	Concetta Raff
Standby wardrobe	Rachel Nott
	Bernice Devereaux
Wardrobe assts	Monica O'Brien
	Gail Mayes
	Dalys Lamson
Wardrobe runner	Cappi Ireland
Machinists	Blair Broadhurst
	Maureen Ryan

Post-production

Post-prod. co-ord	Ken Tyler (ABC)
Supervising editor	Ralph Strasser
Asst editor	Christina de Podolinsky
Stock footage co-ord.	Christina de Podolinsky
Editing facilities	The Joinery
Sound mixers	Steve Witherow (ABC)
	Ian Battersby (ABC)
	John Wilkinson (ABC)
Music consultant	Chris Neal
Music educationalist	Christoph Maubach
Music co-ord	David Chesire
Visual fx director	Paul Nichola
Visual fx prod. man.	Peter Bain-Hogg
Vis. fx 'EC'fantasies art.	Maree Woolley
'Lotis' interior fx co-ord	Michael Bladen
'Patches' animator	Glenn Mellenhorst
Visual fx runner	Julian Dimsey
Animation consultant	Peter Viska

Cast: Mark Mitchell (Mr Fish), Paul Cheyne (Nipper), Erin Pratten (Poss), Maria Nguyen (Kim), Madeline Blackwell (Jenny), David Sandford (Ted), Heber Yerien (Turbo), Robert Peschel (Max), Aru Kadogo (Swap), Aku Bielicki (Little Aku).

Synopsis: *Lift Off* is a children's television programme aimed at three to eight year-olds. It will consist of 26 one-hour programmes which can be split into half-hour episodes, and will be screened weekly during and after school on the ABC from May 1992. It will use actors, puppets and animation and each episode will be based around a broad theme.

THE MIRACULOUS MELLOPS - SEQUEL (mini-series)

Prod. company	Millenium Pictures
Dist. company	Film Australia
Budget	$3.19 million

Principal Credits

Director	Karl Zwicky
Producer	Posie Graeme-Evans
Co-producer	Andrew Blaxland
Line producer	Terrie Vincent
Exec. producer	Ian Fairweather
Scriptwriters	Anthony Ellis
	Ray Harding
	John Hugginson
	Peter Kinloch
	Maureen Ann Moran
	Sharyn Rosenberg
	Alister Webb
DOP	David Scandol
Prod. designer	Andrew Blaxland
Costume designer	Margarite Tassone

Other Credits

Script editor	Greg Haddrick
Accountant	Jill Coverdale
Art director	John Pryce-Jones
Finance	FFC
Presale	Network 10
Dist. guarantee	Film Finances
Gauge	SP Betacam
Length	10 x 30 mins
Studio	Hoyts Television Studios

Cast: Sally Warwick, Troy Beckwith, Davud Walters, Bill Conn, Julie Godfrey, Max Phipps, Kim Walsh, Drew Forsythe.

Synopsis: Miracles and mayhem continue.

NEIGHBOURS (serial)
[See issue 84 for details]

TELEVISION POST-PRODUCTION

THE BOYS FROM THE BUSH (series II)

Prod. companies	Entertainment Media
	Cinema Verity

Principal Credits

Directors	Shirley Barrett
	Robert Marchand
Exec. producers	Peter Beilby
	Robert Le Tet
Scriptwriters	Douglas Livingstone
	Bill Garner

Cast: Chris Haywood (Dennis), Tim Healy (Reg), Pat Thomson (Doris), Nadine Garner (Arlene), Mark Haddigan (Leslie).

Synopsis: In Series II, Reg is again surprised by a visit from his ingenue English nephew, Leslie. This time, Leslie arrives to find Melbourne is even more surprising than your average kangaroo. Arlene is engaged to a millionaire's son and "Melbourne Confidential" get involved with some very big players indeed.

KELLY 2 (mini-series)

Prod. company	Westbridge Prods
Dist. companies	Tele Images
	Atlantis Releasing
	Westbridge Entertainment
Budget	$3.5 million
Pre-production	19/8/91 – 14/10/91
Production	14/10/91 – 24/1/92
Post-production	14/10/91 – 29/6/92

Principal Credits

Directors	Chris Langman
	Mike Smith
Line producer	Ray Hennessy
Exec. producer	Jonathan M. Shiff
Scriptwriters	David Phillips
	Peter Hepworth
	Peter Kinloch
	Alison Nisselle
	Shane Brennan
	Shiela Sibley
	Denise Morgan
	Judith Colquhoun
DOP	Brett Anderson
Sound recordist	John Wilkinson
Editors	Ray Daley
	Philip Watts
Prod. designer	Georgie Greenhill
Composers	Garry McDonald
	Laurie Stone

Planning and Development

Story editor	Galia Hardy
Script editor	Jenny Sharp
Casting	Jo Rippon

Production Crew

Prod. manager	Gina Black
Prod. co-ord.	Susie Evans
Producer's asst	Coyla Hegarty
Prod. secretary	Helen Boicovitis
Location manager	Greg Ellis
Transport managers	Reel Wheels
	Conte Movie Trailers
Unit manager	Steve Brett
Financial controller	Jennifer Clevers
Insurer	Hammond Jewell
Completion guarantor	Film Finances
Legal services	Barker Gosling

Camera Crew

Focus puller	Terry Howells
Clapper-loader	Warik Lawrance
2nd unit focus	Gary Bottomley
Camera type	Arri SR
Key grip	Joel Witherden
Asst grips	Craig Dusting
Gaffer	Laurie Fish
Best boy	Roy Pritchett
Electrician	Michael Hughes

On-set Crew

1st asst directors	Robert Kewley
	Richard Clendinnen
2nd asst directors	Maria Phillips
	Rosemary Morton
3rd asst director	Gene Van Dam
Continuity	Kay Hennessy
	Paul "Crusty" Kiely
Boom operator	Ray Phillips
Make-up	Angela Conte
Make-up asst	Michelle Johnstone
Special fx	Film Trix
Stunts co-ord.	New Generation Stunts
Stunts	Chris Peters
	Chris Anderson
Safety officer	Chris Peters
Still photography	Ponch Hawkes
Unit publicist	Anthea Collin
Catering	Band Aide

Art Department

Art dept runner	Peter Ramsey
Set dressers	Adele Flere
	Guy Cottrell
Props buyer	Angela Christa
Standby props	Chris James

Wardrobe

Wardrobe supervisor	Marion Boyce
Standby wardrobe	Mandy Sedawie

Animals

Animal trainers	Michael Garcia
	Paul Van Vliet

Post-production

Post-prod. supervisor	Ray Daley
Edge numberer	Post
Sound transfers by	Post
Recording studio	The Music Department
Laboratory	Cinevex
Film gauge	16 mm
Shooting stock	Kodak
Off-line facilities	Post

Government Agency Investment

Development	Film Victoria
Production	FFC

Marketing

Intl. dist.	Tele Images
	Atlantis Releasing
	Westbridge Entertainment

Cast: Max the dog (Kelly the dog), Charmaine Gorman (Jo Patterson), Alexander Kemp (Danny Foster), Anthony Hawkins (Mike Patterson), Gil Tucker (Frank Patterson), Ailsa Piper (Maggie Patterson), Katy Brinson (Dr Robyn Foster), Matthew Ketteringham (Chris Patterson), Mickey (Junior), Jo Spano (Brian Horton).

Synopsis: The continuing story of three young children growing up in Fern Cove and their adventures with a retired police dog. An action, adventure romp.

MASTERPIECE PROFILES (series)

Prod. company	SBS Television
	Don Featherstone Productions

Episode 1. Eric Rolls

Director	Don Featherstone
Producer	Don Featherstone
Exec. producer	Barbara Mariotti (SBS)
Researcher	Steve Warne
Scriptwriter	Steve Warne
DOP	Preston Clothier
Sound recordist	Dave Glasser
Editor	Denise Hunter
Prod. manager	Denise Hume
Gauge	SP Betacam

Cast: [Not applicable].

Synopsis: A farmer, writer and historian whose books cover a whole range of issues from the environment to the human spirit. His latest book, due to be published soon, is the first major history of the Chinese in Australia.

Episode 2. Ernie Dingo

Director	Don Featherstone
Producer	Don Featherstone
Exec. producer	Barbara Mariotti (SBS)
Researcher	Steve Warne
Scriptwriter	Steve Warne
DOP	Pieter de Vries
Sound recordist	Graham Wyse
Editor	Melanie Stanford
Prod. manager	Denise Hume
Gauge	SP Betacam

Cast: [Not applicable].

Synopsis: The actor/performer who has had an immense impact in the arts and significant cross-cultural impact on the whole community.

Episode 3. Robert Klippel

Director	Don Featherstone
Producer	Don Featherstone
Exec. producer	Barbara Mariotti (SBS)
Researcher	Steve Warne
Scriptwriter	Steve Warne
DOP	Steve Newman
Editor	Melanie Sandford
Prod. manager	Denise Hume
Gauge	SP Betacam

Cast: [Not applicable].

Synopsis: Undoubtedly the most significant sculptor in Australia. He pioneered the theory of 'inner structure' in sculpture.

Episode 4. Fred Schepisi

Director	Don Featherstone
Producer	Don Featherstone
Exec. producer	Barbara Mariotti (SBS)
Researcher	Steve Warne
Scriptwriter	Steve Warne
DOP	Steve Newman
Prod. manager	Denise Hume
Gauge	SP Betacam

Cast: [Not applicable].

Synopsis: One of Australia's leading feature filmmakers over the past couple of decades.

SEE JACK RUN (tele-feature)

Prod. company	A.F.M.S. Productions
Budget	$97,000
Pre-production	2/8/91 ...
Production	6/8/91 ...
Post-production	15/4/92 ...

Principal Credits

Director	Stephen Amis
Producer	Roger Gough
Line producer	Christine Collins
Assoc. producers	Darrel Stokes
	Martin Hunter
	Christopher Hewitt
Scriptwriters	Stephen Amis
	Robert Gough
Based on the play	*Who Cares*
Written by	Gillian Wadds
DOP	Darrel Stokes
Sound recordist	Penny Gutteridge
Editor	Robert Murphy
Prod. designers	Kim Bounds
	Sally Shepherd
Composer	Barry Campbell

Planning and Development

Script editor	Gene Geoffrey

Production Crew

Producer's asst	David Barrington
Prod. assistant	Matt Carneron
Insurer	B.R.A Insurance
Legal services	Sophie Siomos
	Golvan Arts Management

Camera Crew

Camera assistant	Joanne Donahoe
Aerial photography	Daniel Webb
Key grip	Dean Stevenson
Asst grips	Tony Love
	Ben Milward Bason
Gaffers	Andrew Davis
	Luis Da Silva
Best boy	Chris Gutteridge

On-set Crew

1st asst director	Gene Geoffrey
2nd asst director	Martin Hunter
Boom operator	Terry Mackerall
Make-up	Fionna Munday
	Lisa Baxter
Tech. advisers	Peter Tammer
	Mark Davis

Post-production

Asst editor	Aubrey Trudget
Music performed by	The Combustion Sound Firm
Mixed at	SP Betacam
Gauge	Interscreen
Video transfers by	Open Channel
Off-line facilities	

Cast: Trent Mooney (Brian), Molly Brumm (Jan), Ellis Ebell (Colin), Elissa Holloway (Karen), Peter Docker (Steven), Kathy Thomaidis (Maria), John McCullough (Moss), Barbera Hughes (Desmond), John Flaus (Mr Greeves), and Ezme Melville.

Synopsis: Urban teenage drama dealing with illiteracy, poverty and romance on both sides of the tracks.

See previous issues for details on:
THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Eight Critics' Best and Worst

EIDOLOCASTIC EIGHT

A PANEL OF EIGHT FILM REVIEWERS HAS RATED A SELECTION OF THE LATEST RELEASES ON A SCALE OF 0 TO 10, THE LATTER BEING THE OPTIMUM RATING (A DASH MEANS NOT SEEN). THE CRITICS ARE: BILL COLLINS (CHANNEL 10; *THE DAILY MIRROR*, SYDNEY); SANDRA HALL (*THE BULLETIN*, SYDNEY); IVAN HUTCHINSON (SEVEN NETWORK; *HERALD-SUN*, MELBOURNE); STAN JAMES (*THE ADELAIDE ADVERTISER*); NEIL JILLET (*THE AGE*); ADRIAN MARTIN (*BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY*; "SCREEN", 3RN); TOM RYAN (3LO; *THE SUNDAY AGE*, MELBOURNE); AND EVAN WILLIAMS (*THE AUSTRALIAN*, SYDNEY).

FILM TITLE Director	BILL COLLINS	SANDRA HALL	IVAN HUTCHINSON	STAN JAMES	NEIL JILLETT	ADRIAN MARTIN	TOM RYAN	EVAN WILLIAMS	AVERAGE
ALIEN 3 David Fincher	7	8	6	6	3	–	6	7	6
AUNT JULIA AND THE SCRIPTWRITER Jon Amiel	8	8	6	–	6	3	5	–	4.3
BASIC INSTINCT Paul Verhöven	7	1	4	6	3	2	7	–	4.1
BATMAN RETURNS Tim Burton	7	5	6	5	1	–	1	4	3.6
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	9	6	7	8	4	–	7	7	6.9
BILLY BATHGATE Robert Benton	8	5	7	5	7	–	6	–	6.3
BLACK HARVEST Robin Anderson, Bob Connolly	–	9	–	–	10	–	8	–	9
CITY OF HOPE John Sayles	–	7	9	–	8	–	8	7	7.8
CITY OF JOY Roland Joffé	–	4	6	5	3	–	–	5	4.6
EUROPA [ZENTROPA] Agnieszka Holland	9	7	–	9	4	–	6	8	7.2
FAR AND AWAY Ron Howard	6	–	5	5	5	–	1	–	4.4
THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE Curtis Hanson	6	–	7	6	7	–	–	6	6.4
HENRY: PORTRAIT OF A SERIAL KILLER John McNaughton	–	5	6	6	8	6	8	7	6.6
HOWARDS END James Ivory	8	8	9	8	9	–	–	9	8.5
IN THE SHADOWS OF THE STARS Irving Saraf, Allie Light	–	–	8	–	7	–	6	7	7
JULIA HAS TWO LOVER Bashar Shbib	–	4	3	–	2	2	4	5	3.3
THE LAWNMOWER MAN Brett Leonard	–	–	4	3	6	–	2	–	3.8
THE MAMBO KINGS Arne Glimcher	7	6	7	8	6	–	4	–	6.3
MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN John Carpenter	7	–	4	3	–	–	4	?	4.5
NAKED LUNCH David Cronenberg	7	7	5	7	2	7	5	7	5.9
PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS Wes Craven	–	–	3	5	2	–	6	–	4
THE PLAYER Robert Altman	–	8	9	–	9	8	8	9	8.5
SHINING THROUGH David Seltzer	–	3	4	3	3	–	0	4	2.8

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dean semler on film:

acs

"I don't totally create the look of the films I shoot. That's a collaboration of everyone's efforts. I work from the gut rather than by the book. Every film has its own heart and soul, and has to be approached differently, and I am constantly stretching and breaking the rules and learning how to create new ones. There needs to be a plan, but I don't like to impose unnecessary restrictions on the cast and director because great things can happen spontaneously, and my job is to capture those moments on film."

Dean Semler

Semler's credits include "Road Warrior," "Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome," "K-9," "The Young Guns," "The Young Guns II," "Dead Calm," and "Dances With Wolves."

Photo: Bill Dow

Kodak

Eastman
Motion Picture Films