THE THIRD ECP ANNUAL SHORT FILM FESTIVAL

SHORT FILM COMPETITION

Open to all Filipino citizens who have produced 8mm or 16mm films at least 6 minutes but not more than 60 minutes in length. Films must have been completed not earlier than October 20, 1983.

Contest Categories:

- Documentary
- Animation
- Experimental
- Short Feature

Prizes for each Category:

First Prize — P10,000 plus trophy
Second Prize — 8,000 plus trophy
Third Prize — 6,000 plus trophy

A special prize of P5,000 for "Best Short Film by a Student" will be given. Finalists will receive ECP plaques.

Deadline for submission of entries:
6:00 PM, October 26, 1984

Submit all entries to the Film Education Division, Alternative Cinema Department, ECP, Manila Film Center, CCP Complex, Roxas Blvd., Manila, or at designated regional centers.

For further information, call 831-25-28

SINE MANILA
Maiden Issue
Quarterly Film Journal
P10

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is VILMA SANTOS
an on-the-set coverage
SHORT FILMMAKERS come of age
‘ANG MAGPAKAILANMAN’
the complete screenplay
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SHORT FILMMAKERS PROVIDE ALTERNATIVE CHOICES IN FOREIGN PLACES by Hugo Yonzon III
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ANOTHER FILM JOURNAL

The Experimental Cinema of the Philippines enjoys the dubious distinction of being the best kept secret in the world. Yet it has existed since the '60s, while financial incentives for commercial producers fostered fierce competition during local film festivals almost a decade ago. Also on record is the fact that scriptwriting and film criticism contests were held prior to the passage of Executive Order 770. Workshops and seminars extend way into the prehistory of cinema, with government film production coming a little later. Finally, of course, the organization makes no pretense about the fact that other entities have been (and still are) capable of producing noteworthy projects, alongside the awareness of the near-constant financial risks involved.

Mention a journal on Philippine cinema, and a few eagles will be able to name at least one other title that once laid claim to the function. Insomuch as the ECP is concerned, however, none exists at the moment—a disturbing fact when considering that more people of probably similar tastes are making the most popular local pastime and that, as a more reassuring corollary, although countries make morebabies than we do, no other nation goes to the movies as often.

From the foregoing it might become clear (at least to finance experts who hope so) that a market for a journal on Filipino movies exists, but that, like the above-mentioned areas that the ECP has involved itself in, an official journal would make the undertaking appear more square in the eyes of its potential patrons—namely, the public. Like the organization's approach to its other activities, however, we do not intend to rely on this factor alone. Popularization we do not equate with compromise—in fact, if there is a practical lesson to be learned from the medium the ECP strives its future on, it is the fact that popularization ensures that excellence will redound to the benefit of, well, the populace, instead of the elite that was supposed to be its source (excellence, not popularization).

But enough of defensive imperatives. As in any other ECP endeavor, the output is intended to speak (or, more accurately, appear) for itself. Journal (as opposed to journalistic) details that would matter too specialized audiences (like, for example, opening-date figures, content analyses of dialogues, freight calculations of production items, and frequency of use of beauty products) have been set aside in favor of more pertinent features such as state-of-the-art industry reports, interviews, historical and/or theoretical appraisals, and news updates, aside from the regulation of film critics, citations, and awards. As an asset to the more pragmatic buffs (another contradiction in terms), the journal intends to further distinguish its indispensibility by concentrating future efforts on the acquisition and publication of complete screenplays of significant but already nonexistent Filipino films.

Such responsibilities make the journal staff too busy to rationalize its existence. But if challenges are to be made, we welcome responses in written form (please refer to staff box) and hope that enough reactions, positive or otherwise, will get sent in to help us open a letters section, which we intend to title “Feedback.” Even more propitious would be the receipt of contributions, anything or everything you always wanted to say about Philippine cinema but seemed too serious for existent publications. If not
From the Reality of Life to the Realism of Cinema

Tezza O. Parel

More than anything else, it was the liquid eyes-liner that placed Viva's Alyas Baby Tulah (literally, Alias Chinese Baby) firmly in the 1960s. In the dining area of the recently shut down Cubo restaurant along Tomas Morato ave., half of the extra-playing honeymooners had already been shoehorned into their fitting mini-skirted peas-o-boos and thick-heeled two-inchers while elaborately beehived and multi-looped confessions were written on their heads. But it was the Cleopatra make-up of the aggressively doe-eyed peepers that nearly identified the period.

Inside the manager's office, scriptwriter Ricardo Lee and production assistant Jeffrey Jotisan tried out lines on each other to fill up the script for the nightclub sequence. They were haggled down. What was the word for pashport (passport) in the '60s? One of lead actress Vilma Santos' relatives, a guitar-playing punkster in black shirt and sheet and jelled peppers-and-salt, gladly pitched in as the era's slang consultant. Finally, they decided on the word pahbo, although Ricky felt that it did not have the same kick as pashport. But there wasn't any time to go into that. In half an hour they would be shooting the scene. Vilma had finished with her make-up and was about to step into her costumes, a cute little number in silver, bare-backed except for a bow-tie at the nape.

Next to the brainstorming, Ricky and Jeffrey was a yellow sheet of paper with a list of headlines that appeared during 1969 and 1970. Occasionally, they consulted this list for the possible issues they could insert into the dialogue. The scene was getting more and more impressive.

Marilou Diaz-Abayen entered the room in a trail of成功的 laughter, gracefully describing an Ismael Bernal broiling in the dining area (the scenes having been removed after the piano closed down in June) while directing the nightclub crowd, while she rested her footnotes in the only air-conditioned room in the place. Bernal was there to return a favor. Alyas had assisted him in the filming of Working Girls.

Vilma's make-up artist, entered with her wig, a hair-and-bangs affair straight out of the world of Suzy Wong. Knowing how fans thrill to their idol's every mutation, the Viva publicity machine could latch onto this tribal curiosity and fill up reels and reels of press releases on that wig alone.

Outside, Bernal had already mobilized the extras, rehearsing the touches that would enthrall a scene: Cecille Castillo, playing a hostess, sat on a barstool, holding a mug of beer, while production designer Pio Zabilan encased her legs in fishnet stockings. Nearby, oldies contrivada Zesty Zahala counted the monochromatic paper bills of the 1960s, manufactured by the PD group. Musicians hired for the nightclub sequence played behind the camera to establish the mood, strobe lights flickered every few seconds, and a clock was famished onto camera range to simulate the suffocation of a Dewey bird's nightlife.

Vilma was ready and she toddled onto the set. Another day, another scene, and Alyas Baby Tulah would be that much nearer to leading us through the nether world of prostitutes, gang wars and prison life.

Life, as it's been and more than enough, often imitates art. In the case of Alyas Baby Tulah, life imitated a potboiler, for there is a Baby Tulah with a part that does run along the likes of a cinematic cliché. She is a friend of William Leary, Alyas Santos' manager, who thought her bio sensational enough for the screen. Indeed it was. She was a first-class hostess in the '60s who got involved with gangsters. When she refused to pay protection money to a rival gang, she got embroiled in gang wars. A friend of hers got raped and, in the spirit of vendetta, she and her gang went after the culprits. A war ensued, a leader got killed and she got the blame, spelled out as a death sentence.

In prison she joined the Charismatic movement, and engaged in sports...
and embroidery. She was the prettiest girl in the cell block, their “beauty queen.” She also had a boyfriend who acted as her protector. And over the years, largely by virtue of insufficient evidence and a record for good behavior, she met a man who accepted her past. Together they built an import-export business, had one child, and will be living, so it seems happily ever after. She placed her experience in a philosophical context: “Talanggang ganyan May huray, may gitna, Kalinga madumpsam, sahat ekyam, Kay hindi, magpamahay, ka na lang tay, E, ayaw ngang magpakamatay.”

Leary bought the rights to Baby Tina’s story. On the basis of physical appearance alone, it was perfect casting for his associates. All parties concerned claim that Baby looks very much like Vilma. “Small and white,” said Rickie Lee, “and charming,” said Vilma herself. She is, however, a few years older than the 30-year-old actress, a little rounder in the face, and with a couple of dimples besides. But more than the uncanny physical likenesses was the serenity that belied a past existence that would have been more believable to some. Leary, for example, seems more like the heroine of a kambata (picture-story magazine) serial. For another, it spoke of agony and torment, not exactly the usual Viva formula of a predictable plot with a happy ending. And Marilou was not given any playdate for rookie against. “I think Viva is as aware of the risks as we are,” she said, “but they have a couple of aces up their sleeves. They believe that the title is commercial and it leads you to expect that it’s different from the usual crime story. At the same time there is something sensational about the title that chemically connects with Vilma Santos.” Plus, of course, the sensationalist sequences with Viva that若是 to see the film penetrate, sex and violence, Viva in different wigs and costumes.

“Marilou, of course, hopes to be able to sell Alyas Baby Tina on another angle: the fact that the lead character had to go through such a past. ‘It’s a real hidden. She did not look tormentured at all. She looked like she was in control of herself. That excited me more than the fact that one time she suffered and that she may be suffering up to now. Her spontaneity and casualness in describing her experiences as a hostess in the ’60s and as a prisoner in the ’70s and her appearance and personality now were what inspired me to direct the script. Alyas Baby Tina will illustrate that there’s life after hell. That sounds romantic, but without romanticism, the film would be pointless.’ It was the elements of control and submission that intrigued Marilou and Ricky more than the story of Baby Tina, which was, in fact, quite commonplace. The influence of milion on her was the area that they wished to explore interpretively.

“In the beginning I wanted to have seven sections with seven thematic points that would take a look at different positions in her life. Like I wanted, as a prostitute she was sweet and efficient; that’s movement number one. Number two, there are bigger sharks and smaller sharks in any territory so how does she cope? Number three, violence is commonplace in the streets. Number four, violence is institutionalized in the prison. Number five, whether she struggles with justice, and number seven, justice struggles with morality.” But Ricky Lee, the appointed scriptwriter, felt bogged down by the structure and the more astute William Leary cautioned that the largely experimental approach would be turned off by such an unorthodox approach. After trial and error, “publishing and pulling,” as Marilou described it, she and Ricky finally decided on the structure with which the film is at present shooting. “It’s going to be a very complex sketch,” she said. “It’s going to embody all our own confusions about morality and politics. Baby Tina is intelligent but she has a lot to learn. Combining plot and poetry usually results in a very tormented soul.

You’re continually fighting for a co-existence at the very least. What we’re going to arrive at is the statement that ‘I don’t need very much. I just need the space I stand on. Give me that and don’t trample on me.’ Baby Tina reflects the system and she resists it.”

The problem now is how to temper such a high-falutin’ thesis so that it would fall within the grasp of the pragmatic masses. The Viva publicity machine should have its hands full chopping up the ideas of Marilou and Ricky to make them digestible for the masses.

The two would also like to be comprehensible but without resorting to formula kitsch. Ricky’s initial problem was very personal, boredom, in confronting a subject matter that had been hacked a zillion times and in just as many variations. “Here we go again,” was how he felt. Luckily for him that Marilou had other ideas herself. The screenplay went through four drafts before Ricky succeeded in satisfying Viva and herself.

The first draft featured two outlaws of society, a prostitute who goes to jail and her activist-sister who goes under- ground. Viva, an extremely conservative outfit, vetoed the political angle. Ricky got depressed. He thought that the prostitution angle was going to be the inescapable fate of Alyas Baby Tina. “Mag-disco, kanri ni Marilou, and we said na kang gamon kalabas yang kikwento, ito maga-komportante kanri ni hula.” Lee’s development of a completely new story. Ricky threw away the first draft and developed a second. He was not as inspired, partly because he felt he was compromising and partly because of the time pressure. He was disillusioned with the second draft, did a third one which he felt needed a bit more improvement, and promptly went to his other project: a short story about a prostitute. “It’s going to be a very complex sketch,” she said. “It’s going to embody all our own confusions about morality and politics. Baby Tina is intelligent but she has a lot to learn. Combining plot and poetry usually results in a very tormented soul.

From Child Star to Just Plain Actress

I had wanted to write about Vilma Santos’ acting technique, the rehearsals she goes through to give those “extreme” performances, but, amusingly, she said she didn’t have any. “Basta ako, kung ano yang digyari mo ako ng direktor na-lancing, ‘yan ang gisingmo ka,” she said. “Basta ako, natural. Kung ano ‘yan nag-iisip ko ‘lancing, ‘yan lang ako na-acting ko.”

Where did it all come from, then? She had, like the “tangka” in Broken Marriage, the anger of a charismatic but not sinister Stella L. The answer lies in 21 years of constant work and exposure where she absorbed the lessons of her craft. She was a national, a doubt about that, but it needed two decades of omen to turn the profession into an art.

She had amazing hair, hardly quite the awkward periods that

sanasang na. So, nagdedemonstrasyon, ang mga estudyante sa kahalagahan Ng Jesus freaks, ang mga Amerikano naka-lancing sa ating bayan, nag Panagbayan, nag Vine (Philippine Civic Action Group) paanak sa Vietnam; may poverty, high prices, unemployment, and crime and violence. May mga bati, ang mga nag-iisip na may mga gangsters at prostitutes. There was practically no space for everyone.

Marilou and Ricky decided to place Baby Tina in the milieu of that. There would be three acts repre-
displayed the tricks of a conjuror; she could amaze, but she could not enchant. Like a female Eddie Rodriguez she jerked her head in anger, paused not-so-meaningly in moments of sadness and ended her sentences in an irritating whisper.

The misleading 'whirl of the Neer Aaim-Tum Tum Cruz III-Valma Santos-Eduig Meritt em assembly line films only taught her that she was a money-maker, not an actress, the possession of her producers, the automaton of her fans. But just before the end of her term, she struggled for independence. She stormed a battle in Nikala kalayaan (Shameful) and said goodbye to all those swelling roles forever.

Suddenly, in 1979, her career nose-dived. Bolshoi after Bolshoi tumbled the once-reputable track record. But she held on, dyed her hair a tawny blond and bounced back with Susan Kelly, an acting picture, another first for Valma Santos. She also picked up a new and more potent team-mate, Christopher de Leon. This relationship, unlike her teaming with Edgar Mortiz, would mature, and from melodrama hits, the duo would move on to critical hits that would be financially viable as well.

But that development came later. Box-office-wise, Valma Santos was a success. Critically speaking, she was a bore. At the most being equal to her better projects such as Dalawag Pagsal, Isang Bata (Two Birds, One Nest), Bulu Queen, Roksil Serbia, Hawy ay Abak (You Are Mine), and her highly acclaimed production Panagbayan ng Ulap, Panagbayan ng Tagak (When the Crow Turns White and the Ilocos Black). She had become as predictable as her formula films. Her mannered acting obscured the characters she was playing and critics thought she a poor second to the brilliant Neer Aaim. And their lives snapped in and carried on her head. A whopping tax deficit and a troubled

world of fugitives. And Act Three would be about prison life. The last setting would comprise the over-all motif in the three stages, with certain characters repeating themselves in different forms to establish this theme. The film ends with Baby Tita finally breaking the confines of her spiritual prison with her analogous defeat of the maymay, the quasi-police of the cell block who is a repetition of the other forms of captivity in the other acts. And when she defeats this toughie, she defeats in a sense the system of tyranny.

Ricky's role extended far beyond his admission of the final draft.

"We realized that this sort of material becomes better if allowed to grow. We started to experiment with the whole thing," Ricky began revising anew as though the basic structure had already been defined and shooting had already begun.

The new direction of the revisions came after the third act was shot first. This was done because Phillip Salvador, who plays Ricky's boyfriend, was in Cannes Film Festival for the competition screening of Lino Brocka's Bayan Ko/Kapit sa Patalas (My Country/Clutching a Blade). "Nang matapos na ang third act and super good mise en scene nagpasunod, we decided, Nakid, we have to change the first actpal! The first act at first was supposed to show Baby Tita na may alam na sa paglabas sa pagsasalit ng St Philip, tanging callboy-hunter-swindler, was to act as her educator. But she came out so strongly in the second act na matapos na journey kong ating ng pagsasalita ng kalayaan. So we start the film with Baby Tita na matagal na."

Ricky is already used to revising his scripts until the final cut. Brutal, Moral, Karnal, all directed by Marilou incidentally.

underwent revisions while being shot. "All the narrations of the Charito Solis character in Karnal were written before we had watched the interlock and she had decided what she was going to do. In the shopping scene in Moral, Marilou called me up from the set to explain how the script has changed. How do we know, what will we do?" And I said, 'Wait, what would the character be doing then?' So I wrote the dialogue and read it over the phone."
Short Filmmakers Provide Alternative Choices in Foreign Places

HUGO YONZON III

The arrival of 300 rolls of super-8mm film is cause for celebration. To the hungry filmmaker, there is nothing more delectable than to have free Kodak stock for his kind of sorcery.

Raymond Red, a filmmaker-in-residence at the two-pronged Workers Welfare Fund (Mowelfund), a private foundation for both the retired, the dead, and the promising movie workers. As such, he has free access to the office’s full line of film and video equipment, and to the 300 rolls of film which landed on the Mowelfund turf this month.

Red, a quiet kid with an explosive imagination, was last year’s toast in the country’s two major short film festivals: the Manila Short Film Festival of the University of the Philippines, and the Annual Short Film Festival of the Experimental Cinema of the Philippines. He ran away with the major trophies long before the awarding nights. And thus he did with two works of first attempts.

In Ang Makalulupaan (Eternity—see featured screenplay), a 25-minute nowhere tale of a man’s search for the elixir of youth, Red displayed an amazing variety of wins, guts, and sense of humor. He used a perfect cast in a perfect setting, altered speeds and hand-dyed frames, and reversed renditions of Christmas songs. And in a gesture of thorough craftsmanship, he punctuated the audio track with the drones of a drunken harmonica which he himself played.

Established short film-makers come to the festival to check out the new kid on the block. They staggered out of the screening room with genuine, if perhaps guarded, smiles, conceding: “Mataid, pare?” (roughly: Tough, man!). In the land of magic, sorcerers respect fellow sorcerers.

That ECP festival 1983, the young boy’s other film’s second. Kabaka (Enemy) took its rightful claim to second honors. Kabaka is a film of technical polish and flair. It tells about star guardian and star thieves. There was no better filmic foreboding of Red, the enemy.

Red probably represents the tail end of what can be called as the New Wave of Filipino Short Filmmakers. As opposed to the generation of the venerable Lamberto V. Avellan—who once said that he abhors working with super-8mm and 16mm. gauges because it’s like handling puny (Chinese noodles)—the new filmmakers are a daring, experimenting lot.

“You will be amazed at how fast they can learn, and how far they can go,” Surf Reyes, guru of the Mowelfund Film Institute a.k.a. Film Gym, says of his wards. “They have turned the Filmpinoy that the Filipine has been justifying; these kids take as easily to filmmaking as Filipinos do to music.”

Filiberto, maybe. But the way the young filmmakers engage their craft, they might as well be kamikazes. Most works that come out of workshops start with grandiose ideas, always intent on pitting across a lot of content, but falling short of form. Sometimes, they work. But oftentimes, they don’t. These are gestures come to the fore.

Ang Magpakalulupaan, for instance, is technically inferior to Kabaka in terms of image resolution, lighting, camera movements, editing and such. But the charm of the former was the ability to tickle the audience with countless possibilities. Call it the potential factor, if you will.

In a similar vein, Mahahanging Bungong (Perfumed Nightmare) became...
a must item for film societies and museums abroad precisely not only because of its Filipiniana texture but because of its potential factor. Its creator, Eric de Guia a.k.a. Klawat Tobenir (Silent Lightning), even says of his work, "It's everything you can't do in filmmaking" — in obvious reference to the technical flaws of the film.

Mahalambing Barangay tells of a Pinoy, performed by De Guia himself, who takes his艰巨与 him to Europe in search for his idol, actor Walter von Braam. The film won the 1977 Berlin International Film Festival's international film critics' award. It has opened doors for De Guia's other projects.

For the past years, De Guia, teaming up with another filmmaker from Baguio City named Boy Ytugan, has been doing documentaries for German television. De Guia, the crowned head of the new wave, is currently producing and directing an ambitious project called Madgalen, a period fantasy set in the land of the Philippines conqueror.

Using Third World charm and a Wharton (and Tscopes) acquired business acumen, De Guia is selling the unfinished film to financiers around the world. The support is coming in. But De Guia is a rare species of an artist who can take his collection of a cake and sell it too. Other filmmakers can rely only on their school allowances and, occasionally, scholarships.

Red, for one, made his third film Hijak (Yawn) through the prize money he got from the ECP Annual Short Film Festival. Ang Mangguliman is financed by the UP Film Center, and Kabuha by Mowelfund.

The problem, really, is economic. It is perfectly clear: a tall of super-8 film's processing costs something like P400 ($20). In a local situation where P400 can decently feed a family of five for at least two weeks, spending that amount for three minutes of film is a grave sin. Even with a ratio of 1:1.1 which many Pinoy short filmmakers amazingly meet, a workshop exercise can indeed be a luxury.

But art, or its extension, knows no economic constraints. It doesn't even see world wars and ideological barriers as reasons to stop, so why should filmmaking do so?

The UP Film Center will hold its second workshop for the year in Baguio City. And perhaps, as soon as the Film Center's high priestess Virginia Moreno decides that all her flower gardens are in full bloom, the center's tower of bricks will be inaugurated.

The UP Film Center is a project of mid-century societies, and was created probably to give form to visions that perished a thousand times over cups of brewed coffee. In a special university charter which only a Virgie Moreno can wangle, the UP Film Center started in 1976 with regular film showings and with 16mm, productions made mainly by its staff.

The idea was to encourage and propagate film appreciation and to create a new core of short filmmakers. It initiated super-8mm, handson workshops which were open to all, and sent its own staff to various seminar-workshops abroad, notably the Cinema Directe in Paris, France. An ECP short film festival winner, A Woman in Paris by Ernesto Enriquez, was a workshop project of Cinema Directe.

Mowelfund, on the other hand, had a more specific objective in mind. It sought to create a pool of talents from which the commercial film industry could dig. It started out by sending eight scholars to train as filmmakers in various universities in the United States.

"It was actually impractical," says Surf Reyes. "We were spending at least P10,000 per person per term. When they came back, they couldn't get into the industry. There was resistance from the old workers. And then I thought that it would be better to spend the money here. It would benefit more people. What could be done abroad could be done here. Filmmaking is a matter of practice. To me what is important is to be able to work toward visual literacy, toward democratic filmmaking where more people are involved in the work. In Film's language, so if you make people literate, they can apply filmmaking to everyday activities. Film as art comes next."

At the Experimental Cinema of the Philippines, short filmmaking is considered to be a special, almost personal, project of its director-general Jose Marques. Marites.

Manonette. What is not generally known is that when the ECP launched its first short film festival in 1982, there were no funds to speak of. As in most government entities, art was deemed intangible. And what is intangible and at the same time costly cannot be audited. That which cannot be audited cannot be spent.

Ms. Manonette however is a grand success. Aside from visiting grand entrances, the main grand wishes. Why make the accountant's log spoil the fun? So in that festival, though some short film wizards groused about the minor grand wishes, the small creative cinema had a grand time, and this time, they delightfully prepared for future encounters.

The second ECP Annual Short Film Festival further revealed a crop of teenage filmmakers. At least, their existence has caused the transitional Kodak company in the Philippines to have second thoughts about phasing out its super-8mm processing services.

For a time, industry people and dyed-in-the-wool cineastes were lamenting the pending demise of short film. Both in the realm of art and in the realm of what has been termed as specialized filmmaking. In other words, in other whirls, institutional and/or institutional documentaries.

The prohibitive costs of imported films and equipment had forced local companies to opt for video tape productions for most of their advertising and public relations needs. Instead of the cinema, slide shows with their interchangeable frames became in demand. The National Media Production Center, the biggest single user of 16mm films in fact, suspended its productions long enough for it to close its processing facilities for more than three years.

Dit Trofia, the darling among institutional filmmakers in the early '70s found himself with lesser deadlines. Trofia was probably one of the oldest winners in the first ECP festival. He looked like a high school bully in a party of kindergarten geriatrics. He probably knew it: that there came into being a new sub-culture of filmmakers, kids really, who didn't even know his Bordon. Kids who couldn't care less about precedents.

So, while gentle Ben Puga and company insisted on showing the same old winners about wage-earners and the same old unfinished works about sea gypsies in animal film seminars, mushroom grew at their feet. New guards have declared a cultural revolution!

What is interesting about the new-wave phenomenon though is that it is not. A phenomenon, that is. Most of the outstanding works that were produced in the past seven years are products of film workshops, done in fulfillment of basic courses in film theory.

Few filmmakers are able to finance their own works. Art wants for patrons, filmmaking is no different. Hari (King), a fascinating animation attempt by a young boy who was joined by his parents, brothers and sisters, was submitted to the
While tremendous efforts in the recent five years or so were concentrated on the discovery and nurturing of filmmakers, what seems to have been forgotten were, or are, the film-goers. There are pronounced lulls between festivals. While the filmmakers go back to their coven, splicing together new works, the film-goers go back to TV and commercial features.

The festivals with the appetites of would-be short film followers, then, waylaid them after awards nights. Film showings come far and too irregularly in between. There is nothing much to sustain the festival fever, or to add new faces to the familiar ones that usually attend the competition season.

What could probably be done is to identify a permanent venue and schedule short film screenings in order to establish a condition for consumption in the Philippines without its film-goers? ""It's all a question of marketing,"" says Amable ""Toby"" Aguaz. ""Filmmakers must be able to communicate. They have their obligations to their followers. They must come out with exotic films, or films which only they can understand. That would only isolate them. Short filmmakers could find ways to get into the mainstream, the commercial feature. Then, they could turn to shorts from time to time, because 16mm, and super-8mm, by their technical limitations dictate the message, or the theme of the works."

Aguaz, with his entry Mt. Banahaw: Holy Mountain, won the silver ECP without audio. He had run out of allowance, the boy said. The festival organizers gave him cash to complete his entry, and his entry became a festival favorite.

The indispensability of institutional support cannot be over-emphasized. Indeed. The UP Film Center, later Mowelfund, and then the ECP became ninongs (godfathers) of those who dabbled in the medium. They have been supplying blood to what is considered, even in the West, as an endangered species of art. It would not be exaggerating to say that there would be no movement, no new guards, to speak of, without Virgie, Surf, and Inne.

The ECP, together with Mowelfund, has widened its support by financing worthy short film projects. ECP takes care of the raw stock, the processing, and other production expenses, while Mowelfund provides all the equipment.

At the start, Aguaz hired about five short filmmakers to constitute his core staff. When he had finished shooting the 8th sequence, none of them was left. There were disagreements, they say, on the story treatment, shooting schedules, lighting angles, camera exposures, set design, dialogue, and such. Whatever, these are just indicators of the diversity of opinions, and practices, of Pinoy short filmmakers.

Nore seems to agree, beyond the description of gauges and measure of running time, what a short film should be:

Short film, says Surf Reyes, ""is poetry; because of its short messages, it must be treated differently. A bit impressionistic. Textured. Stylized. The Filipino has a different vision, a different way of looking at images."

Tingan, who has worked with Ilig-ilang (I'm Curious Yellow) and other European producers, distinguishes his works between the commissioned and the personal. ""It's safe to make personal films. You only have yourself as the guideline. You have a wider latitude, and whatever you say is valid."

The ECP draws its lines clearer by declaring that the short filmmaker is a purist. While the ECP has re-categorized its awards since its first festival in a valiant effort to contain the wide variety of entries that knock on its doors, the argument goes on:

"I still say,"" said a bystander confidently, ""that super-8mm is the best medium to make pornography with."" Raymond Red is silently making his fourth film. And the world be damned, come Sabbath day..."
Ang Magpakailanan (Eternity), the first screenplay to be published in Sine-Manila, holds significance insofar as alternative filmmaking in the Philippines is concerned. The movie dominated the short film competitions it joined, and signalled the emergence of a major talent in the person of its maker, Raymond Red, who since has continued to impress film experts and observors with his succeeding output. (see Film News update section).

Ang Magpakailanan, according to Red, was originally intended to be in black and white, but eventually had to be shot entirely on super-8mm. Color film stock (Ektachrome 160), since black-and-white super-8mm film would not really be available and therefore (a historical irony, considering that color film used to be costlier when it first became available) more expensive to purchase and process than color film at present.

A diffusion filter was used by Red instead, to simulate the soft and faded images of silent cinema. The film was shot at a speed of 8-fps, to produce fast jerky movements when projected at the 24-fps, normal speed. Some of the footages were hand-colored to further approximate the appearance of crudeness of old films.

What follows is essentially a shot list of the film, with title cards (with translations in English) indicated by inverse common. Technical descriptions attendant to the shot or sequence involved appear at the right. Ang Magpakailanan won first-prize awards in the experimental category of both the ICP Annual Short Film Festival and the Manila Short Film Festival. It also won for Red the first student-film prize at the former competition. (JD)

CAST
JOSE
MAN IN COAT AND TIE
MAN IN CHURCH AND OFFICE SECRETARY
MANSION GUARD
GUARD
GUARD
GUARD
GUARD
OFFICE GUARD AND FACE IN JOSE’S NIGHTMARE
SIHOUETTE OF GUARD
SIHOUETTE OF GUARD
SIHOUETTE OF GUARD
MAN IN THE STREET
MAN IN THE STREET
MAN ON BIKE
MAN IN TRICYCLE
MAN IN BLACK COAT
BOY AT OFFICE ENTRANCE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
Additional Funding
Mr. and Mrs. RED
BOY LOPEZ
AUGUSTA RED
CAMERAS
RAISSA ROQUE
JOSEPH FORTIN
NONOY DADIVAS
COSTUMES
Mr. and Mrs. RECAÑA
UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES REPERTORY
ADDITIONAL EDITING FACILITIES
MOVIE WORKERS WELFARE FUND
FILM INSTITUTE
SPECIAL THANKS
MINALIN TOWN, Province of Pampanga
AGUINALDO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
in Cubao, Quezon City
NATIONAL ARTS CENTER in Makati, Province of Laguna

PRODUCTION DETAILS
Pre-production (including Scriptwriting)
RAYMOND RED
FEBRUARY to APRIL 1983
Post-production
RAYMOND RED
APRIL TO MAY 1983
Budget Estimate
P5,500
Premiere Date
MAY 14, 1983
Premiere Venue
WILFREDO MA. GUERRERO THEATER
College of Arts and Sciences,
University of the Philippines,
Diliman, Quezon City
ANG MAGPAKAILANMAN

Seq. A. OPENING CREDITS.
1. "PRODUKSYON U.P. FILM CENTER" (A Production of the University of the Philippines Film Center)
2. "PELIKULANG RAYMOND GOTO RED" (A Film by Raymond Goto Red)
3. "ANG MAGPAKAILANMAN" (Eternity)

Seq. B. JOSE'S BEDROOM.
4. "GOTO 3, 2765"
5. "UMAGA, SA ULO NI JOSE..." (One morning, in Jose's head...)
6. "A nightmare: Jose is being nailed to a cross.
7. "Jose wakes up, confused. He rises and walks out of his room.
8. "Jose sits in his study room, staring at the wall. Suddenly he remembers he has to apply for a job."
9. "Jose has dressed up in his barong (native shirt) and checks his appearance in a mirror."

Seq. C. TO THE OFFICE.
10. "Jose appears at the second-story window of his house, disappears, then emerges through the door.
11. "Rays of the sun pierce through the leaves of a tree."
12. "As Jose walks through the streets, he senses a strangeness about him."

Seq. D. AT THE OFFICE.
13. "Jose proceeds through the corridors of a dark office building."

A slide projector is positioned to the side of the camera to project red spots on the actor's face. Sound effects consist of pounding on wood amid a backmasked Christmas carol.

Marching tune on harmonica up to end of next sequence.

Antique house plus actor's appearance contribute to turn-of-the-century atmosphere.

Actor walks at normal speed while other people in the street walk fast in the manner of silent films.

Actor walks in fast motion, while scene is shot right side up, side-ways, upside down, and right side up again, making people walking through corridors appear like insects crawling through woodwork. Backmasked synthesizer music on soundtrack up to end of shot no. 17.

"Gota is a thick spicy soup made from rice and pig entrails. The appellation was bestowed on the filmmaker by his friends, in spite (or probably because) of the fact that he does not particularly relish the dish. (Ed.)

14. "KALAWANG SUBIK..." (Second attempt...)
15. While seated outside an office, Jose notices smoke coming out of the keyhole of the office door.
16. Jose is startled by the appearance of a secretary who, without acknowledging his presence, enters the office and allows him to follow.
17. A man in coat-and-tie reads the idea of Jose, who waits nervously.
18. Quick succession of shots: Jose's face, stern man of man in coat-and-tie, smoke from his cigar, Jose's uneasy foot, his fingers tapping his chair, his face almost pleading.

Seq. E. WANDERING THROUGH TOWN.
20. "HAPON, SA GABAN..." (Afternoon, at right...) (A depiction: Jose slowly walks the streets of an old provincial town. Sitting in a public square, he discovers a wreath in the underarm of his barong and weeps. Townspeople languidly go about their daily routine.

21. "Jose passes by the town church and sees a strange woman staring at him."
22. "All by himself, Jose watches the sunset."

Backmasked sound of sad chanting of women all throughout the sequence. Townspeople are dressed in turn-of-the-century costumes, some of them riding in similarly dated conveyances.

Actor and actress are about the same age. Woman is also in a barong.

Stop-motion photography of the afternoon sun sinking into the horizon until darkness prevails.

Seq. F. JOSE'S BEDROOM.
23. "BAGABAG..." (Anxiety...) (Jose is having another nightmare, which causes him to toss and turn in bed."

24. "Jose's dream: a shot, a basket, a screaming face, a nail. Jesus Christ's visage, a dog, Jose's face, a window, old letters on a page, a Bible, a mirror, a staring face, a hand being crucified, a naked Jose whirling around on his axis."

25. Jose suddenly awakens.

26. "Again Jose stares at the wall of his study room. He decides to apply once more for the job, up and leaves."

Backmasked intense mystical orchestral music until end of next shot list.

Backmasked piano monotone.
Seq. G. AT THE OFFICE.
29. "HULING SUBOK ..." (Last attempt ...)
30. The man in coat-and-tie is seriously reading Jose's ideas once more.
31. Jose nervously awaits the verdict.
32. The man in coat-and-tie pretends to acquit Jose of his ideas, but suddenly he sees Jose's paper and he points toward the door.
33. Mad but scared, Jose weakly pushes the man in coat-and-tie.
34. The man in coat-and-tie proves too strong for Jose and makes a grasp for his neck to strangle him.
35. Now overpowered, the struggling Jose grasps for a weapon on the table in coat-and-tie. He manages to grasp a miniature of the Statue of Liberty and conks it with the head of his oppressor.
36. Jose is tortured by his murder of the man in coat-and-tie. He positions the body as if the man were asleep on his chair, then flees from the place.
37. The secretary enters the office and regards the corpse of her boss carefully. Convicted of his lifelessness after feeling its pulse, she steals the wallet in its vest and likewise flees.

Seq. H. JOSE'S BEDROOM.
38. "ANG TAKOT ..." (The fear ...)
39. An apprehensive Jose peers through the window of his room, then suddenly disappears from view.

Seq. I. AT THE CHURCH.
40. "TSANG PAG-ASA ..." (A glimmer of hope ...)
41. Still guilt-ridden, Jose sneaks into the town church to cleanse his conscience.
42. Jose perceives once more the strange woman he encountered earlier (cf. Seq. E, shot no. 22), this time praying before the altar.
43. Jose looks in the direction of the altar, but when he looks back, the strange woman is gone.
44. Jose searches for the strange woman — among the pews, in the empty niches behind the altar.
45. Jose finds the strange woman kneeling on a pew. She stands up and walks toward the altar.
46. Jose follows the strange woman, but stops every time she turns to face him.
47. When the strange woman reaches the altar, she turns around and stares at Jose, who gets suffused and scared by a mysterious feeling.
48. "HINDI!" (No!)

The interior of the town church is structured around its altar, from which pews seem to radiate. The wall behind said altar is carved with niches, some of which contain images (mostly saints), others of which are empty. The ceiling over the altar is open, allowing sunlight to stream in, while rubble is chiselled on the altar stage itself. Backmasked synthesizer music similar to that of Seq. D plays until right before the title card at the end of the sequence.

Backmasked polyphone piece for piano and violin, searing into backmasked electronic music in rock idiom, providing a mood of suspense and confusion, until the end of shot no. 36.

Seq. J. ON THE WAY HOME.
49. Jose hurries along the streets of the town. On the way he finds a coin and places it in his pocket.

Musical counterpoint provided by casual strumming on ukulele.

Seq. K. JOSE'S BEDROOM.
50. "HULING PAG-ASA ..." (Last hope ...)
51. Jose cowers under his study table. A strong wind blows into his room and opens one of his old books to a predesigned page.
52. Jose approaches the book, and reads about the legend of a catastrophic tone hidden in a sacred mountain.
53. "HANAFIN ANG MAGPAKAILANMAN!" (Search for Eternity!)

Seq. L. THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.
54. Jose stands before a mausoleum hidden at the top of the sacred mountain. He hurriesly sneaks inside through an open window.
55. Jose begins his search for the precious book among several shelves inside the mausoleum.
56. Jose finds the book surrounded with bright light.
57. "ANG MAGPAKAILANMAN!" (Eternity!)
58. Jose scurries away with the book.
59. A mansion guard halts Jose with a spear. Jose becomes furious.
60. "..."
61. The guard has been stabbed with his own spear by Jose, who takes to his heels.

Backmasked orchestral music similar to that of Seq. F.

Backmasked piano monitone until the end of the next sequence.

Guard is garbed in old Filipino work clothes, topped with a plastic or native helmet.
(Uigh-pitched monotone.)

Ambit lush mountain foliage stands an eminence edifice, seemingly tucked away into the features of the natural surroundings. Backmasked piano monitone plays until end of shot no. 61. Spacious room contains shelves aligned in rows. As camera follows actor, shelves make a pattern of vertical lines moving across camera. Horizontal lines move across camera, which finally settles on a book.

Backmasked Christmas card similar to that of Seq. B plays until end of shot no. 78.

Guard is dressed like the mausoleum guard, and moves like Keystone cops through an ancient stone building.
Backmasked color ends, replaced with backmasked piano monotone until end of shot no. 82.

32. One by one the guards rush into Joe’s room and halt before the sight of—
32. Joe, sprawled on the floor, his eyebrows upturned, his breathing ending, foam still pouring out of his mouth.
33. “...ANG TULAY.” (...the bridge.)

Sec. 2. THE REVERSION

45. The guards march, still robot-like across the same field as in shots no. 66, 68, and 70, on their way home.

Sec. P. CLOSING CREDITS (Cast & Production Staff).

MIKE FERIA

T RAGEDY in Filipino film has many guises. It ranges from the noble to the sublime, from the comic to the dramatic. One does not know if it comes from sheer talent; sometimes it gains its roots from what we term as compromise. In common terms, it is what an artist like Lino Brocka does to films like Burgos (Bourgeois) and Strangers in Paradise. Of course, one does not equate anything tragic with great tragedy if he were to consider local movies. There are things more tragic outside the screen which we are more familiar with, and they are considerable. They are great, yes, if ever they get translated to film. But on their way to being seen, they get transposed to shapes and stories inconceivable even to their respective creators. A sad fact indeed, and that is our own great tragedy.

Yet there are some films which seem to spark in sports, that makes us yearn for more. Mel Chionglo’s Dear Mama is one hope, a case of “it should have been.” A minorio. The title itself is a point of compromise because the film had to be a Mother’s Day offering. It is not about a mother, nor her life or her dreams, nor even her reckoning. For the theme can be seen in a larger perspective, distinct from the events surrounding the life of children orphaned by their parents. Apparently caused by a twist of fate. Within this sphere of family drama (akin to the sentimental All Mine To Give), writer Raquel Villavicencio fashioned her own view of human tragedy in daily life: tragedy as social comment. One scene calls to mind this statement. Some young inmates discuss their life and one declares that life outside the prison cell is more evil than inside. She takes the prisoner’s view, in a sense, a family cut off from life’s mainline after the death of the parents, both a result of man’s inhumanity to man. Because of this one has to take either of two courses of action: that of defeatist (an inmate is killed himself) or that of pragmatist (an interesting character, played by Alex La-vista, a drifter who has learned to shide by the hard rules of life. This is an absorbing line of thought, but the writer has to pursue a more popular course. The lead character (Rey “PDI” Abellana) is able to see his family through. Should the writer have taken the more daring stance and pursued her original view to fruition, the film could have been a gem and a rarity.

Although marred by this unfilled promise, Mel Chionglo (Playboy, Sin-ner or Saint) has fortunately made Dear Mama a small triumph. He deliberately halts when scenes become too lachrymose for his bearing. Although the drama looks startlingly real, there seems to be a romanticized feel without the coalescing implications. The dark alleys are not frightening, yet are subtly colored. Sometimes the images do linger, which seems to tell us not to get depressed by the family’s tale of woe, but to think about it. This apparent shift from fiction to reality reminds me of a French film, Diva, made more consistent by a particular subplot. Ms. Villavicencio creates a new dimension to her thesis by showing it in a fanciful, at times eerie version of the unexplored subaltern society peopled by children trained to be petty thieves and delinquents (slaves of Oliver Twist the novel). Admittedly, this is good material which should have served as the centerpiece of the film.

While Dear Mama attempted to experiment with new theme and film treatment, two films chose to take the safer course to box-office success, establishing some continuity of tradition: tragedy as melodrama. It is no coincidence therefore that in these films, two generations of performers are cast. The presence of Chansito Bals and Eddie Rodriguez, erstwhile practitioners of melodramatic acting, lends credence to an uncanny transfer of such dramatic legacy to such younger actors as Alarice Sanz, William Martinez, and Sharon Cuneta. Attempts made to run counter to form, like playing against type (young stars playing bitchy roles, changes of public image, etc.) are proved to be superficial. One would wish to stick to listening to radio dramas serials and reading Komiks (picture-story magazines) where one’s faculty of imagination would have been better employed.
Kaya Kong Aluririn Ang Langit
(I Can Reach Heaven) is nothing more than
an episode of Dallas or Dynasty on televi-
sion that leads us to conclude we are on
our way to creating film characters with
vile and vicious intentions. It is likewise
malicious for a young actress of Maricel
Soriano’s stature and popularity to play the
role, an easy mechanical ploy to captiv-
ate on her supposed real-life persona.
That role of a young woman with the
grand ambition of climbing into society’s
divine, so evil in her machinations that she
wants to destroy people at any cost (even
those who matter to her), is quite impro-
bable, much less impossible. Understand-
ably, Ms. Soriano does not quite perceive
the complexity of such a character so that
Clarin simply falls flat on her face. Of
course, one can always rely on Maryo J.
de Leonor, the director who specializes in
similar improbabilities, like the mother
in Minnan, May Isang Ina (Once, There Was
a Mother). Amid the morass of igno-
rance and incoherence in the movie is Gina
Ahlman, perhaps the only shining point in
the film. As Ms. Soriano’s older sister, she
is the em-
bittered sibling and loving daughter, a role
made reasonable by its humanity.

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Broken Marriage

JOSELITO B. ZULUETA

Broken Marriage comes as a second wave to the noisy ripple created by Vilma Santos’ award-winning performance in Relasyon (Affair). The Regal people have bungled their bongos so much harder this time that viewers will expect that Ms. Santos’ card for this year’s awards derby will be more than secure. The hint is that Broken Marriage is a Vilma Santos movie. Let us hope the moviegoer expect too much from this year’s quadruple winning best actress, she should be forewarned that the movie is about, well, a broken marriage.

After more than 10 years of marriage, two young persons find each other repugnant. Ellen is a television floor director who hopes from one set to the other shooting sitcoms and soaps. Her husband, Rene, supplements her rapid lifestyle in investigative reporting. The movie commences with Ellen coming home in the morning from overtime with a crew party on the side. Rene greets her with an ugly nay. The house turns topsy-turvy as they proceed to hurl invectives against each other. The exchange is extremely exhausting; and just as the viewer breathes a sigh of relief, another quarrel starts and ensues as if it were the first assault.

Eventually they decide to separate at the cost of their boy’s understanding and their little girl’s distance. Rene moves to a house populated with such absurd characters as an artist who carves sexy sculptures, a friendly bit-part actor, and a gay art director who coquettes the upstart. Ellen meanwhile has to see to it that the children are not left out in their school activities — even standing as an athletic parent during one of her boy’s soccer engagements. She also has to check the advances of her bodyache-complaining producer, to whom she later gives in any way.

Gradually the two people realize the great loss that comes with division. Ellen with the two children is forced to move to her mother’s place after her house is burglarized, thus realizing the difficulty of an unmarried house. Rene substitutes a whore in the absence of his wife’s career.

It is when Rene gets beaten up by a city mayor’s goons for nearly publishing a detrimental article and is constrained to reconcile in his mother-in-law’s house that the couple starts patching up the scars of the rent relationship. The ending is of course happily melodramatic, what else?

Compositions dawn inexorably: how does Broken Marriage fare as a follow-up to the bravura of Relasyon? This is a tough legality. If intentions were to be that starting point, then the new movie is a better achievement. Relasyon, judging from its title, was supposed to be about a man and woman relationship; but the foremost tendencies of our cinema had pinned the movie to a futile draft: the travails of the modern mistress. Broken Marriage never swerves from its goal, from start to finish it is a portrait of two persons and the bond which they discover soothing and soothing.

But the ordinary movie-goer does not assess by artist’s intentions — he does not even care about the artist (I mean here the one behind the work). On one hand, the film in front of him is the present; and, on the other, it is the past. Broken Marriage is made to appear to him as a sequel to Relasyon. The process of integrating the past and the present is a challenge for him. For him are opened two arenas: to start with, past and proceed...
with present; or start with present and proceed with past. If he choose the former, the condemnation for Broken Marriage would drag along with it the negative idea of love. If the latter, the outcome is a laudatory comment.

Nonetheless, one has to prove that the new movie can stand on its own feet. What Reyason sadly lacked (albeit not too sadly) was humor. Broken Marriage has none of it; the master León's solutions, the clunky plotlines - so the audience's conditioned response for a supposedly serious movie shifts irrecoverably to playful irreverence. I'm afraid the result will be like a finally.

It is a masterly stroke - the powerful Bernal's slick-and-haircut at work, this time with more gusto and style. If the hoax was still around, he would be branded and banned never times as a porn star for0 making a marriage go sour into an offbeat freak; suddenly turned sweet - at least, to the viewer's mirth-hungry belly.

But none may claim that Bernal's treatment is not a clever one in favor of the disadvantages of separation. The humor chases the message so that it comes to us shrewd and double-faced, while doing its duty of alleviating an otherwise somber impression which accompanies every disillusioning subject matter.

Now, it is an idea they come through humorously but also simply. Nowhere is the strain which anyone expects from grave subjects present here. It is, if the dreary topic had been handled with such weight that the eyes - and audiences love to be martrys of mankind's existence - becomes, this rare time, light and easy. The scene where René visits his father and finds Bernal and the children agitated by the swift burglary of the house, and the producer wisely comments "Malditos filmas y cantantes" ("It's difficult to have no man in the house") is casual but very biting so that the urgency of the hero returning to the family thinks terribly like a clock.

In the same way, Bernal shows Ellen's retrospective mood minus the conventional flashback; but Ellen, including Bernal, is engaged to be married, and Ellen watches the two lovers running like children, with a bright but painful smile, invoked jealousy, knowing that after the ceremonies, the two will lose the innocence which tradition stirs. This is a repetition of the technique Bernal used in Reyason - the mistress attending the wedding of her cousin - with just the same effect, namely, sympathy.

The screenplay plagues right into the boiling point, the issues hurled to the foreground like machine-gun fire, the familiar scenes of hatred and division treated like aimless confetti so that the audience neither breathes nor is exasperated. It Joins us at the outset and after the terrible whipping, when the squabbles lessen and finally end into peace, we realize that these two hand-some people must have had only one tragic flaw: they did not keep mum for a while.

Mariano Ayaba's cinematography dances with the justly rhytm of the two protagonists. From the clever blocking of the moving jumble scenes to the burned tile of the television studio, Ayaba's camera sweeps wide and flexibly.

In his hands the incessant quarrels of René and Ellen seem like vigorous love-making. The long shots, conversations of a Bernal, are more developed here. Above all, Ayaba's camera has humor and pathos.

The production design never digresses from its limited scope but manages to make poetry out of cluttered rooms and artificial television sets. The clashing of the two characters one feels at the outset of the movie with the couple's discordly room easily renders the hopelessness of the two people's attraction.

The music fills the emotions of the characters with a detached but effective air. Jesus Navarro's votre blowing is a breathless canzone of cosmopolitan atmosphere.

The supporting actors are remarkable. Spaky Munkash as a loopy reporter getting looney every moment must not be noticed alone; see the action who play the sculptor and the gay art director. Lito Pimentel as the gay's ideal is a relaxed performer with a talent for effeminacy.

With this, León outlines the character of Rene with the right sense of machismo and basic weakness. When René is compelled to act masculinely, De Leon's eyes openly turn him on, as if he were a child in the hands of a stern germana.

When Rene finally learns his lesson, De Leon adds a boyish smile as if the lemon were in her mouth. De Leon is quite well entertained: he is never so old as to appear too distant nor he too young as to seem uncouth. Broken Marriage is a gift to this "work" is not provided to be more simply: since his character is made to contribute to a lot of oversights, De Leon doesn't have to put a mask of strength: he just has to be himself and act with ease.

Vilma Santos is not about to be a bride, not this time when the most important female roles are coming her way. A new intelligence she infuses in the character of Ellen. Like De Leon, she turns Ellen into a woman-child, but the stern is hung on her part as she has done similar roles before. Her beautiful face is flush receptive: the quiet moments of just ob-servative presence are transformed into moments of perfect acting. Her body moves with an agility that is both funny and dramatic. Her two monologues - the first with her friends in the cafe when she informs them that she is bored, and the second with Rene when she tells him that they are not children anymore and that they don't need their parents - are her best scene; as she camera lingers upon her counterenance and she enunciates in return with ironic ease. She should want out for next phase - race - there is simply no stopping her at the moment.

Insi sa Magdamag
MA. ANGELA B. URETA
WOMEN in film have always been nothing more than censurables. They are the submissive harras, the streetwise prostitute, the shy schoolgirl, the tempt-ing showgirl... But whatever their role, we can see the same thing, acting with the same accent - an air of mystery. Every woman has a secret deep within her, hidden from the world, known only to herself. In the earliest days of filmmaking, society was highly 

dominates by men, career-wise. Movies, which are reflections of the times, hardly delved on the life of a woman. If they ever did, it was in a seemingly superficial man-ner. Only when men realized the blinding persuasions in the "weaker sex" did they become interested in unveiling the mystique of women. Men may move moun-tains, but women move men. From attach-ments to mothers, to emotional and carnal needs for wives, women have always played a central figure in the life of men. It is now time to unveil that mystery, to liberate them from bondage to domesticity, to prove their true worth, and to unleash that certain power with which they hold men in the palm of their hands.

This is what Ins si sa Magdamag (Heat is the Night) attempts to do. It aims to make its viewers learn the hidden secrets of a woman, in a film written by a woman and directed by a woman. In short, the movie wants to show us the core of a woman from the point of view of women. "Women's life" are quite parallel these days. They show how females react to try-ing circumstances in their life. They dig deep into the way a woman thinks, the way she decides, the way she is affected by her environment and her experiences.

No one can deny that the tech-nical aspects of the film leave much to be desired. The cinematography is most impressive. The interplay of lights and colors adds drama to the scenes. The dark tones hint a sense of secrecy, complementing the major character's state of mind. This and the music, with its melodious though high-energy commercialized theme song, carries the film to a certain level of sensitivity. But we did not come to see an audiosetical presenta-tion. We came to see a movie, which in its very core, is an effort to unveil our inner woman.

As it is, Ins si sa Magdamag rev-olves around the life of a woman who as-sumes different identities to be able to escape her problems. She is Irene to her sugar daddy, Becky to her young executive husband, and Leah to her suitor of a lover. But the movie does not explain why she has to change her name for every relation-ship. It instead offers a number of hints. We can see both her actions and the dia-logue of the characters that her state of mind has been affected by any of the fol-lowings: amnesia, schizophrenia, an attempt to escape a marriage, lines about her hidden desires, a way to forget her dark past.

Let us now examine these su-maries. Amnesia is out of the question. No-where in the story can you find an instance that will convince you that she had am-nesia. Another hitch - how did the Joel Torres character know that his wife had amnesia? Who told him, Becky herself? If she's still in a state of amnesia, how could she relate her troubles as a young girl to her husband? She recalls the way her first mar riage ended when the man she was forced to marry beat her black and blue, causing the miscarriage of her baby; she relates all these when she's not supposed to remember anything. And if she's cured of her am-nesia, why does she continue to hide under another character when she could really reconcile herself with her past? No, it could not be amnesia.

If it's schizophrenia, then she's not supposed to be conscious of her other identities. Irene, Becky, and Leah should be independent of one another because this illness comes with a loosening of associa-tions. At one point, it could be hebephrenic schizophrenia because of her unpredictable speech, silly behavior, and mannerisms (like doodling herself up in a run-inspired manner). But then, she is obviously not an adolescent. Her constant hallucinations of seeing herself in a bar mitzvah may be a fragmen-tary delusion caused by paranoia, but its effect on the film is more of a premoni-tion of what is to come. No, she is not schizophrenic.

If her dilemma is an attempt to escape her marriages or a way to forget her past, it is logical enough. Except for the fact that we are left in a quandary - what causes her illnesses? What is her past? These elements in the story were never liberated from the web of obscurity that enve-loped them. Neither could we clearly dis-tort the true events that elapsed when she shifts from one character to another. How long

OPENs Nov. 9

He taught him the secret to Karate lies in the mind and heart. Not in the hands.

The Karate Kid

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A BOOZE PRODUCTION of a John G. Avildsen Film

"The Karate Kid"

Starring RALPH Macchio a HORTONIY "PAT" MORRIS a ELEGIATH SHEV Music by CONTO Music Supervision BROOKS ARTHUR EXECUTIVE PRODUCER R. J. LOUIS Written by ROBERT MARK KRAMER Produced by JERRY WEINTRAUB

The John G. Avidlsen Film
FERNANDO POE, JR.
ANG PADRINO
CONLEY REYES-MUMAR
Direction:
RONWALDO REYES

was it since she found her sugar daddy dead on the bathroom floor till she met her husband-to-be? How much time had elapsed from the point when she comes home to the province up to the moment when she meets her sadistic lover? And how long was it when she returned to her husband, then back to her lover's arms? There is an inadequate temporal articulation in this aspect. We cannot tell how the present is related to the past in the sense of time involved. We could not determine whether she evolves into a different person over a period of time, or if she does her metamorphosis in the blink of a finger. From what is shown in the movie, her life is not that miserable. Whatever problems she has were of her own doing. She could have suffered a trauma, but of what? What the movie lacks is a strong clinical basis to which we can relate her predicament. In The Three Faces of Eve, for example, the lead character's split personality is visually presented as the result of a childhood trauma when she was made to kiss the deceased body of her grandmother already in a casket. Here in I Love Magdangal we can speculate that the character Lorna Tolentino plays could have suffered her emotional shock when she saw a dead man (her sugar daddy) lying at her feet, or when she had her miscarriage. But this was not clearly seen in the film. And if she's trying to evaue a blackmailer who knows about her past affairs, she could have changed her name without having to change the whole of her person.

Finally, is her manner of assuming different personalities an outlet for her hidden desires? What are her hidden desires? She has an obvious desire for wealth. Her dirty old man was filthy rich. She sticks it out with the young executive because he has strong connections. She bares the cruelty of the jet-setting playboy because he is able to give her the luxuries in life she craves for. How about a desire for sexual pleasure? She begins to turn cold toward her husband's advances because he was too bland compared to the subtle but aggressive seduction of her lover. Maybe, she is masochistic, deriving her greatest pleasure from being hurt. But what are the motivations behind her desires? To desire something implies that you are deprived of it. We can infer from this that she must be insatiable in her needs. What caused her to be such?

There are numerous questions raised by this film regarding its lead character's psychological state, but there is also a constant denial of answering them. We could not exhaust the numerous possibilities that may explain the mystery behind this woman, who could not even decide for herself who she really is. One time she's Irene, then Becky, then Leah, then Becky again. ... Why does she shift from one persona to another? And to think that all her three identities are likewise equally passive. This is quite strange for a person with three personalities. What's the use of splitting up yourself if you want to maintain your own condition? A person faced with the problem of having multiple personalities should have these as contradicting, or even challenging strongly.

In contrast to the lead character's multiple personalities, the two men in her life are one-dimensional characters. Armand, the husband, is the typical underdog character. He pours his attention to his job, noticing his wife only when she is already seeing another man. He takes these in stride and even tries to win her back, but when his patience begins to tilt, he goes berserk. Jaime, the lover in the classic anti-hero, selfish, cruel, and without concern for the life of others, materialistic-a pig. The two look like a couple of flat cards trying to balance a spinning ball.

The atmosphere of the movie is serious because it is dramatic. But it gets to be too cerebral to the point of being esoteric. It borders too much on the mysterious, rendering it obscure. It centers on one character and sacrifices the rest.

The story has a lot of explanations to make, but it does not attempt to make any. In its continuing state, it takes the whole film with it. Even the acting is nonchalant. Lorna Tolentino remains problemmatic. Joel Torre is always intense. Dennis Fernando is always scheming.

One strong point of the film, though, is its skillful handling of its water motif in relation to the woman's psychological condition. Water seems to be present wherever she is on the brink of changing. The moment she leaves the bathtub, she ceases to be Irene. When she learns she is pregnant, she returns to her seaside home. She submerges herself (as Becky) in the sea and in the scene that follows, she emerges as Leah. It appears as if the "drowned" the character of Becky, only to come out in another identity. The character of Leah is also introduced at the beach, where she happens to be modelling. She enters the idea of having an affair with Jaime during a Mullalay Bay cruise. It rains heavily when she decides to return to Armand. On her rendezvous with Jaime, they lounge in a bathtub, and consequently get shot to death. In short, the movie begins in a bathtub and ends in a bathtub. Water is prevalent, and it proves to be of purpose. The presence of water everywhere she leaves one personality and puts on another symbolizes the washing off of her present identity in preparation for inventing another one.

The only clear thing we can surely say about Irene, Becky, or Leah (whichever is which), is that she is a highly dependent woman. She changes her identity whenever she is to embark on a relationship with another man. She molds herself into his lifestyle. The film stresses the point that a woman needs a sense of belonging; that her wholeness is greatly influenced by having a man in her life. She cannot be anything without a man. She adapted well in the film. Her life falls apart in the absence of a man. She was at a loss when her DOM died. She crumbles in insecurity when her husband deserted her. Somehow, she always has to fill a void within her, and only a man can do that. She needs constant reassurance of financial and emotional security. She has to be taken care of. She is hopelessly helpless. And so are the viewers. They are helpless in this quest for the reality behind the lead character's dilemma. After so much effort trying to discern the nature of the conflict in this movie, we are still left at a loss. It's trainer, whether or not there is the mystery behind her past? One tries to find out the solution to this crisis, but never gets to figure it out.

Himala
DANNY ARANETA CABULAY

EXAMINING the movie Himala (1982) reveals that it does not improve the notion that miracles do work in our modern times but will leave enthusiasts' beliefs and ideas about such phenomena hanging in the air as if everything that happened were valid and would largely depend on the individual psyche. A considerable influence on the typical movie-goer's urge to keep himself awake throughout the film is his curiosity about a subject matter which some intellectuals have asserted as the opium of the masses.

The value of a film as important as this is the director's execution of his craft by following a definite formula, which is the case. I also believe, as a director, that I, too, am also as much a part of the film as the actors as well. Director Ishmael Bernal has made his transgression reality to a medium for a target audience, the Filipinos, whose lives have been greatly affected by their religious beliefs. In any case, I do not see any objection to how he manipulates the whole masterpiece, for he is even able to
The production design of the movie makes its setting, the rural Philipino, more credible through the use of native things like nipa huts, trees, dirt roads, bamboo fences, and the abundance of nature as well as the depiction of cultural practices as in the funeral rites and some obvious Filipino values. This is even more intensrified and made useful in the middle part of the film whereas tourists come to the place and the very same nipa huts are transformed into improved hotels and motels to depict the Filipinos’ hospitality and subservience to aliens. Similar proofs are presented to show that progress has come to the community, such as the construction of a raw market, the inclination of tribecycles and a rich man’s car in some scenes, and the commercialization of Eliza’s blessings through T-shirts, miracle water, rosaries, and a lot more to the delight of foreign tourists.

The sound engineering, too, is impressive. The sound of cicadas at night, the sound of chaos which is noted at the climax (Eliza’s murder), the sound of mourning women, and other examples supplement approximately the various scenes the director is essaying.

Bernal has developed the expertise of handing big-crowd scenes. A lot of the scenes in this film exude much aura, an elevation present from film types of inferior grade. Most of the subtle scenes essay the complex relationship between the protagonist and the environment. Eliza’s experience during the eclipse, seeing the Virgin Mary’s apparition, totally changes her life and eventually the lives of the people around her. If one were keen enough, he would note that there is an abrupt change in the relationship between Eliza and the barrio folks. From being regarded as a much-less-than-average lass, she emerges to become the main source of living of the entire barrio, especially the very same people who ostracized her. Because of her newly acquired power to heal, they make a fortune to reckon with and thus, Pulang Lupa becomes progress-stricken. Hence when drought, death and pestilence strike the community, the residents have no other recourse but put the blame on Eliza’s then-falling powers. Such a relationship is deducible to a compound of absolute materialism and relative paranoia.

Let us analyze the personality of Eliza. Though it is explicitly mentioned in the film that she is of no less-than-average or even average intellect, still she is outwitted and treated like someone of lesser human components and characterized by ill callings by the people on the street. As she is better than average, her wishes and needs are no worse than any ordinary human being. Thus she also aspires to be someone of better stature. She also desires the male role of the director was played by a veteran of the stage, Raul Bacalla, who exudes a veteran’s type of acting, raising his so-simple role to a strong one with his presence. If his part were played by a lack of skill, the relationship between Eliza’s personality and that of the director’s (Manikan’s) would not be projected to a satisfactory level. The rest of the actors are generalmente above average insofar as performance is concerned. With this powerhouse of top-caliber artists, I should say that Lee’s script is no lesser than the screen. For no matter how simple it has been, it will always be a potential source of social commentary for all types of people. Without his intuition there wouldn’t be my Himlana. Like the script and the movie, the message of the film is clear and simple. It is explicitly mentioned in the last lines Eliza delivers before a huge crowd only shortly before her demise: “writing himalana? (There is no miracle?), Faith is in the heart of the believer. The energy is from within and not from without. Likewise, a universal truth is evident in its most important element, which is characterization. It is imparted to us that every human being, no matter how simple he may be, needs a sense of belonging. He has to belong to a certain society. It is not enough that he is accepted, for what a person basically needs is to be emancipated. And in being so, he is given the rightful opportunity to be a co-creator of a good society. This is what Eliza needs. And I honestly believe she succeeds in fulfilling it.
**Institutional Features**

**Excerpts from Citations of the Film Ratings Board**

**ADULTERY: AIDA MACARAEG**

CASE NO. 7892 (Regal Films) Rated A

The dramatic which rises and falls within the narrative is judiciously paced. Explosive scenes are wrought out skillfully and with great energy. Even the quiet scenes are endowed with a level of intensity that is generated only by deft directional handling. The cinematography, editing, sound, and production values all reach a creditable high. Particularly worthy of commendation is the haunting theme music.

**SISTER STELLA L. (Regal Films)**

Rated A

To achieve his intentions, (director and co-writer) Nito de Leon employs the direct, non-nonsense style of the documentary film. To begin with, the major characters are active personas almost devoid of psychological historicity. Passively committed, they act out their roles on the stage of life. A simple story told simply, the inciting action of the plot is immediate, the dialogue pared down to the bone and delivered by actors at fever pitch, the pacing breath-taking, and the editing not unlike in the evening news on television. At long last, a Filipino soap opera film done with style and intelligence.

**AKIN ANG IYONG KATAWAN**

(Golden Dragon Films) Rated B

Though drabbing, tacky and uninteresting at first, this movie picks up steam as the plot thickens. It is adequately directed and technically competent. Though it does not stand out as one of (director) Linno Brocka’s finest, its Nevertheless is a well-crafted and slick Filipino version of that familiar sex-stra-thriller formula. Even if it is a copy of a copy, it has considerable merits of its own.

**ANG PAPEL SA DAGAT NG APOY** (Cine Suerte) Rated B

The story of Banglak, a character in ‘Apo by is its lack of cinematic force, and thereby, of emotional impact, despite the obvious attempts, in a number of “big” scenes, to achieve such force, such impact. Perhaps it has to do with the choppy exposition... and the lack of real development attendant to such predictability. Without rendering any judgment on the political stand implicit in the movie, however, one welcomes the new willingness of filmmakers to make a commitment to some conviction other than that they are in the movies to make money.

**EAGETS (Viva Films) Rated B**

Bagao, a bright, fun-filled film by Mayoy J. de los Reyes based on the script of Jake Tordesillas, takes us into the world of a gang of senior high school boys. These kids have no puns with the stigma of social disease stamped on them, but rather, they are pleasantly normal and unashamed by problems that beset them. Except for one instance that the adults close to these kids are a story, the confined parents, brainless teachers, mildly libidinous women of the world, etcetera. Happily, these kids make out all right against all these odds.

**BATUHAN: PASUKUNI SI NAWAY!**

(Vanguard Films) Rated B

Scenes are well-staged on the whole and the dramatic sequence is matter of factly presented. Tying up the elements of filmmaking together to form a more artistically integral whole seems to have been the chief problem with the film. These may be seen as minor issues, however, which attract attention only because the film does address and call for scrutiny. There is highly charged, not fine social realism. The episodes are believable and rise above the mundane exercises commonly passed off as action-thrillers.

**KAYA KONG ABUTIN ANG LANGIT**

(Y.H. Films) Rated B

Jake Tordesillas has infused his script with sparkling witty dialogue, images (e.g. water) that enrich the text, and a conscious economy of scenes so essential in a melodramatic material. He reverses the usual expectations on stock characters. The flow of the story and characterization of Kaya Kong Abutin langit is marred by the protagonist’s reticence at the end. That the protagonist would seek out the forgiveness of his sister is a jolting inability. Mayoy J. de los Reyes directs this melodrama with care, restraint, and sensitivity.

**KUNG MAHANI MAN ANG ULAP**

(Viva Films) Rated B

We may be said to cavil so much, when we could simply grant that the plottings and characterizations do come from comics lore. But it is precisely the level of excellence achieved despite this incredible framework that makes us more sensitive to the need for better material to suit the obvious talents of the personnel involved in this otherwise credible film.

**MACATAGA KA NA SA PINANGGALIANG NIO**

(Day Films) Rated B

Although the gory killings are sometimes incredible, we could nitpick the production for not resorts to the usual outlawish “gimmicks” found in some other action films. However, the brutal and bloody moving down of (lead actor) Andy Poe by officers of the law at the end of the film is excessive and reprehensible. The flow of the story is occasionally erratic. As told, however, the film makes for a natural sense than the usual action caper.
Recent Film Technology

SHOULD local film distri-
distribution ever decide to import the 70mm
and not the 35mm print of Indiana Jones
and the Temple of Doom, the move will
likely introduce to local theaters a re-
volutionary kind of film exhibition.
Indiana Jones, an extra-
dimension-breaking film which was, as a
expected, a blockbuster hit on its coast-
to-coast release in the United States, may
be the first Hollywood film with quality-
controlled presentation, a standard that
could reshape the course of theatrical
exhibition worldwide.

Producer George Lucas, the film maestro who conducted the giant
successes Raiders of the Lost Ark and
Star Wars trilogy, released the film,
through his Lucasfilm Ltd., under the
Theater Alignment Program and equip-
plicated with Lucasfilm's THX Sound Sys-
tem, two elements of an unusual plan to
effects that everything that went into the
movie comes out in theaters.

THX follows what Scenar-
round did in the early 1970s and Daley
Sound in the early 90s. A high-tech
speaker system designed specifically for
movies and the acoustics of an individual
movie theater, the THX Sound System
is feasible only under the TAP, which
was first introduced with Return of the
Jedi and is currently in service on 700
engagements of three non-Lucasfilm pro-
duction: Star Trek: The Search for
Spock, Gremlins, and Streets of Fire.

TAP was conceived as a non-
profit in-house venture of Lucasfilm Ltd.
The program involves detailed tech-
nical advice on projection standards,
including adjustments of equipment for
proper focus and illumination. The prints
themselves have to go through an unpre-
cedented inspection process.

The program, if introduced locally,
may bring about positive changes in
the industry. During the past year,
the movies have gradually gone to living
rooms (through videos and electronic
home entertainment), and the need to
fight the competition may prompt theater
owners to take up high-tech measures
that are beyond the reach of movie en-
tertainment. As movie theaters thus go
high-tech, filmmakers will have a reason
to think of a new sound and visual tech-
niques reserved for special filmmaking.

TATARK MAGNUM (Solar Films) Rated B
This movie delivers triumphantly,
shockingly satisfying action as an action
movie should. It had other unexpected
kicks. The first is a very engaging new action
star, Nelson Anderson. . . . The second
is that it was obviously made with
an overseas market in mind, the filmmakers
succeeded in putting together a no-nonsense
action film that can stand comparison with
similar films on the international market
(except, that is, for its lamentably bad and
careless dubbing).

UHAW SA PAG-IBIG (Regal Films) Rated B
Internationally or not, the movie
was actually divided into three parts and
the way one segment painstakingly flowed into
the other made for a very uneven finished
product instead of what could have been a
more consistently impressive whole. . . .

What separates this drama-crime yarn
from the many prototype whose skin flicks
preceding it was Mario O'Hara's direction.
The cinematography, the well-chosen loca-
tions, the perceiving and believable am-
bience also helped, . . . Claudia Zobel
does well in this her second movie and, in
fact, she has two or three outstanding
scenes. . . . All in all, the positive points of
the movie rose over the negative factors.

Filography of Filipino Releases

January to June 1984

Title of film in boldface (with
English translation in paren-
theses) is preceded by 1984
release date and succeeded by production
details indicated by initials, also in bold-
face. F. for production company, B. for
director, SW for scriptwriter, C. for cast, F
for Film Academy Classification Board
rating, B for Board of Review for Motion
Pictures and Televison rating, and S for
synopses. FACB ratings are "G" for general
patronage, "P" for parental guidance, and
"R" for restricted; BRPMT ratings are
"GP" for general patronage, "PC" for
parental guidance, and "FA" for adults
only up to March 1994, then the same as
that of the FACB up to the present.

Crisda "Ding" Crisostomo, Delfin Fernandez: F. "GP," B: "GP"; S: A
single husband must allow his wife to be
inappropriated by a stranger in order to
account to a foreigner for the woman. He
will flee in love with the stranger, which leads to a series of intrigues and counter-
intrigues.

PUSAKA (Criminal)
S. Dove Films International: D. Eusebio Pratt; SW. Tony Pascual, C. Arce Vergel, Charlie Solis, Kristine Garcia, Angela
Velasco; F: "B"; B: "FA"; S: A boy is trammeled by the dis-
covery that his mother is a prostitute. As he grows older, he becomes a minor crime king who is in constant bloody conflict with gangs that stand in his way.

MAGTAGO KA NA SA PANGALINGAN MO
(Go Back Where You Came From)
S. Day Films; D. Tito Santicci; SW. Tito Santicci; C. Andy Pico, Laus Delalor, F: "GP," B: "FA"; S: A peaceful hunter
from the province goes to the big city in pursuit of the hoodlums who had conspired to bring about the killing of his brother in the tough world of drug addic-
tion.

KUNG MAHALI MAN ANG ULAP
(If the Cloud Be Dispelled)
S. Viva Films: D. Lavonte Gallego; SW. Orlando Naredo and
Lahubil Barcenas, H. Hilda Reondin, Christopher de Leon, Amy
SEX EDUCATION  

P. Selko Films; D. Mike Relikov   

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"

| Aandra, Iviad Raixa, Michael de Mena, Gloria Romero, Yolanda Garcia; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young lady with a red coat and blue dress stands in front of a church, holding a rosary and praying. She is surrounded by other people who are also praying. The sky is cloudy, and the atmosphere is calm and serene. |

FEBRUARY 3  

HATULAN SI TOTOY ANGUSTIA  

(Pronounced as Totoy Angustia)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Twin Dragon Films International; D: Regional King; SW: Roy Makus; TC: Roy Makus, Marlin de la Riva, George Eustaquio, Melvin de la Riva, Michael M. De Jesus; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands on a street corner, holding a newspaper and reading it. The background shows a busy cityscape with buildings and traffic. The man is wearing a suit and tie. |

FEBRUARY 9  

BATAVAS IS PASKUN SI WAWAY!  

(Batavas Capture Waway!)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasko Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, looking out a window. He is holding a gun. The setting is dark and gloomy, with shadows cast on the walls. He is wearing a suit and tie. |

HAWAKAN KO AT PIGLON ANG KAHAPON  

(Stop and Run Away!)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands on a street corner, holding a newspaper and reading it. The background shows a busy cityscape with buildings and traffic. The man is wearing a suit and tie. |

BULONG MO SA PUSO  

(Whisper to the Heart)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, looking out a window. He is holding a gun. The setting is dark and gloomy, with shadows cast on the walls. He is wearing a suit and tie. |

FEBRUARY 16  

DAFAT KANG BA KAHAINUL?  

(Should You Be Loved?)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, looking out a window. He is holding a gun. The setting is dark and gloomy, with shadows cast on the walls. He is wearing a suit and tie. |

MAGADLANA ... BUONG MAGADLANA  

(Magadlana ... All Night)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Baby Pascual Films and Associates; D: Mercu Leyende; SW: Mercy Leyende; TC: Caucasian female standing in a room, wearing a white dress. She is holding a baby in her arms. The background is a white wall. |

FEBRUARY 23  

KUNG TANAGIN SI SYAV! ANIMAL  

(They Call Him Animal)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, looking out a window. He is holding a gun. The setting is dark and gloomy, with shadows cast on the walls. He is wearing a suit and tie. |

MARCH 7  

APOY SA IYONG KANDUNGAN  

(To Your Love)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Amonis Film Production; D: Augusto Buena- 

| veron; SW: Augusto Buena and Jojie Vinay; TC: \n| Vinay Vinay; Marcela Estrella; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, holding a gun. The background is a white wall. |

MARCH 11  

SEGAY NG KATANGANAN  

(City of Jantzer)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, holding a gun. The background is a white wall. |

MARCH 22  

HINTEN KANDILAKANTS  

(Hinten and Kandilakants)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Ebasio Films; D: Danny Zuniga; SW: Danny Zuniga; TC: 'Chiquito' De Leon; F: "PG"; TC: "PG" | A young man stands in a room, holding a gun. The background is a white wall. |

MARCH 29  

ALAS SA PARAISO  

(Shaka In Paradise)  

F: "PG"; TC: "PG"  

| P: Baby Pascual Films and Associates; D: Mercu Leyende; SW: Caucasian female standing in a room, wearing a white dress. She is holding a baby in her arms. The background is a white wall. |
BANGKANG PAPEL SA DAGAT NG APOY

(Faerie that lives in a box of sea)

P. Cine Suerte; D. Edgardo M. Reyes; SW: Edgardo M. Reyes; CR: Jose Ignacio Salonga, Lauretta Ang, Papi Dacun, Douglas Vargas, Richard Guido, Ama VIcó; ED: Violette; RP: " "; SD: " "; S: A fisherman's wife has a magic box that brings her faerie to help her catch fish. She gives the box to her husband so he can catch fish. But the husband loses the box and the faerie stops helping him.

JOYCE

CAMPUS NAUT

Morning Star Films; D. Emmanuel H. Borja and Ed Palacio; SW: Emmanuel H. Borja; CR: Jon L. De Dios; ED: Violette; RP: " "; SD: " "; S: The story of a college student who goes through the ups and downs of college life.

PETRA, ISKALANG AKLAT

(Poet, the Second Book)

Amalia Films Production; D. Amalia C. Gavino; SW: Amalia C. Gavino; CR: Junie Sison; ED: Violette; RP: " "; SD: " "; S: The story of a poet who struggles with love and art.

ASADILLO

FPJ Production; D. Edgardo M. Reyes; SW: Edgardo M. Reyes; CR: Jon L. De Dios; ED: Violette; RP: " "; SD: " "; S: The story of a group of friends who go on a road trip.

ESCAPE 2000

Starring STEVE RAILSBACK 
OLIVIA HUSSEY

A WORLDWIDE Film Release

4th Floor, Panpísco Bldg., Escolta, Manila
They Refuse to Fade Away

The first half of the year 1984 was a period made unusual by the passing away of a componenzoms of delectables—Lara Marquez, singer and actress. Her death, which was highly anticipated, brought about a profound sense of loss to the entertainment world. Marquez, a professional comes-dramatic actress for 40 years, died of cardiac-pulmonary arrest. Though her dream of being a film star was never fully realized, she was deeply loved by her conservatory friends. After her death, she continued to be a favorite of the Birman film industry.

Marquez, who was the first young woman to make it big in the industry, had a special bond with her fans. She was known for her vibrant personality and her ability to connect with her audience. Her death was a stark reminder of the fragile nature of life and the importance of cherishing each moment.

On Jan 8, just a day before her 60th birthday, Lily Marquez's career continued to flourish. Despite the loss of her close friend, she remained focused on her work and continued to inspire her fans with her performances.

A tribute to Marquez was held at the Jay Anson Auditorium, with many of her former co-stars and friends attending. The event was a celebration of her life and a reminder of the lasting impact she had on the entertainment industry.

by EDILBERTO G. LIM

in Grand Opera House, musical and variety shows staged by the late impresario Lou Salvador Sr. Unfortunately, in later years, his popularity declined due to drug addiction. Surrounded by his determination, he gradually rose from poverty, appeared in numerous films, and later landed a principal role in one of the first local singers on the air. When her engineer husband, Alfredo de la Rosa, decided to leave the industry, she took over and continued to perform, earning a steady income.

Aiding Fernando, 38, poker-faced showman, television...
writer and director, died of a heart attack on Feb. 4. Fernando is perhaps best known to the public as the man responsible for the funny and witty lines heard on his programs--Bubly Artsy (Actor's Life), John en Martha, Chicks to Chicks, and Okey Sia. Yet he was also a performer--being one of four comradely members (the others being Panchito, Bayani Casimiro and Tedy de Guzman) of the Crazy Corporation, a singing group that made unique by Fernando's invariably going off-key toward the end of their songs. In his epitaph, he wrote: "My body lies here in hope. To those who read this to note, I didn't run out of jokes, I only ran out of breath."

The most famous star to die during the period was Claudine Zobel, an extremely looking bronze-skinnedbold actress who would have turned 21 this year. She was killed during a vehicular accident at the foot of the Magallanes interchange in Makati last Feb. 10. This Cebu-born actress left behind a very promising career that reeled off with Shame, a controversial bold flick which catapulted her to instant popularity. After this, she went on to appear in other bold-dramatic films, acquiring a posthumous citation as best actress from the local film critics' circle for Sinner or Sinner. Her success was attributed, it was said, to the strong sex appeal which she projected so well even, last film completed: Lino Brocka's Cannes first film competition entry Bayan Ko/Kapit sa Patalim (My Country/ Catching a Snake). Industry people were also shocked by the Pampanga vehicular accident on April 7, resulting in the death of 45-year-old Tomy Duval of Magna Tech Omni and Adrian Films Exchange. A member of the ECP film ratings board, she also had co-produced several films and was at the time of his death supervising the post-production of Merika, the initial movie venture of Adrian Films which stars Nora Aunor and Bembol Roco.

Newsbriefs

1983 film awards

EVERY year, people in the industry look back at the preceding year in a move to recognize meritorious cinematic achievements. By mid-1984, the five major local award-giving bodies had accomplished the task of giving out trophies to deserving film entities; these were, in chronological order, the Metro Manila Film Festival (Dec. 27, 1983 at the Manila Film Center), the Catholic Mass Media Awards (Feb. 27, 1984 at the Manila Metropolitan Cathedral), the Uran of the Manuel ng Pelikulang Filipino (Filipino Film Critics' Circle, March 26 at Rialto Theater), the Filipino Academy of Movie Arts and Sciences (June 16 at the Metropolitan Theater), and the Film Academy of the Philippines (June 30 at the MFFC).

Karnal (Of the Flesh) won three out of the five best picture awards, with Broken Marriage and Pieta winning the Urian and FAP trophies respectively. Karnal also garnered a grand total of 24 awards, more than twice the number of the next multi award-winner Bagu Kuma- lant and Kamasutra (Benedicto). The only winner to have swept all the awards in his category was Karnal production designer Fiel Zabat, who missed out in the CMAA, which does not have technical categories. The performers who won the most awards were Gabrielle C. Silaban (three as supporting actor) and Chariot Solis (two each for the lead and supporting categories). Lead actors Fernando Poe Jr. and Phillip Salvador also won two awards each for their same respective films.

At a score of winners were Enrileños, indicated in the following chart by asterisks. Only one award—that of the FAP for the lifetime achievement of the late director Gerardo de Leon—was given posthumously. (BAP)
THREE films were cited for best picture by the Manila Film Council (Pilipino Film Critics Circle) for the first half of this year. These were the Experimental Cinema of the Philippines' Soltero, Viva Films' Working Girls, and Rialto Films' Sinners or Saints, with the first two also earning eight other citations and the third six. A complete list of citations, in alphabetical order according to title of film, is as follows:

Adultury — director Lino Brocka, leads performers Phillip Salvador and Vilma San
to, and cinematographer Conrado Baltazar;

Akin at Lang — director Mabilian, with lead performers Luzviminda, and cinematographer Jose Batas; and

Kabataan — director Rico De La Paz, with lead performers Jovito Bascon and cinematographer Rolando Estrella.

Manila, short film competition

THE forthcoming ECP Annual Short Film Festival will be able to realize a strong turnout for its competition categories on the basis of the participation of short filmmakers during the last Manila Short Film Festival, held at the University of the Philippines during the last week of April 1994.

The festival, held under the sponsorship of the UP Film Center, had as judges Noli Almario, Lyra Benitez, and Jose Tato for the animation and documentary categories; Santiago Pillar, Amang Sanchez, and Alfredo Y. Yanson for the experimental category; and holding forth, Abay, Joel David, and Teodora O-Parad for the short feature category. Winners per category were as follows:

**Animation**
- Cine: by Rina Roque and Roque; Anino (Shadow) by Claire Salceda; and Dita (Dance) by Joshua Wilson, starring Mary Ann Abay, and director Eke Jarkal Jr.

**Working Girls** (cited as film)—director Ismael Bernal, screenwriter: Amado Lucero, lead actresses Rina Loyola, Carmi Martin, Gina Pareño, and Chanda Romero, cinematographer: Mariano Abay and editor Ike Jarkal Jr.

Soltero, director: Pio de Castro III, a founding member and former chairman of the Manunuri, went on leave from the group for this year, in accordance with organizational policy regarding involvements by its members in the local film industry.

**Documentary:**
- Sabanag (Dance): by Josephine Iturralde and Fredrick Espiritu, first place. Children of the Lake by Joseph Fontan, second place; and Juan de la Cruz by Juan and Miguel Alcaraz, third place.

**Experimental:**
- Hikab (Yawn): by Rafa Evangelista, first place; Dikil (Dreams): by Pablo Blandian Jr., second place; Ang Gawa (The Deed) by Henry Feng, third place; and Sa Pag-\dahala (Dance): by Dennis Magandio and Timsia Gonzales, third place for honorable mention.

**Short Feature:**
- Ang Tubig sa Binta (The Woman at the Window) by Nore Gonzales, starring Daryn Katigbak, Orland Magno, and Judy Loyola; and Pinagbintangin Nga (Face to Face) by Nore Gonzales, starring Robert Ramirez and Kabasa (Enemy) by Raymond Red and Ian Victoria, for second place; Medya (Midway) by Mac Alejandro, third place; and Kapangyarihan (Power) by E. Oscar Lopez, for honorable mention.

In addition, the judges for the short feature category decided to give special commendations to three entries for their choice of highly politicized subject matter—Hulugan (Escape) by Vicky Sue, Pasi-\ma (Leave-Taking) by Cindy Molina, and Sipag (Stomach) by Jose P. Torres. All the winners were unaccompanied by, yet accept for Ang Tubig sa Binta, which was 16 mm.

Six of the 20 winners had earlier participated in the previous ECP short film contest. Two of the first-place winners in UP were in fact originally second-place winners in ECP: Cine, which tied with the Alcaraz brothers' Halo-Halo, and Subalangin, which tied with Gonzales' Tetay Na, Panny Pa (A Father and a Mother as Well). Medya also placed third in ECP, sharing honors with Torres' Isang Metamorphosis (A Metamorphosis), while Children of the Lake and Sa Pag-\dahala were first, Pauline Tan and Nelson Jesus, which made it finalist in the experimental category. The only crossover case in both competitions was that of Raymond Red, whose Kabasa also placed second, but in the experimental category, in ECP—losing to the same filmmaker's Ang Magkakapatid (Eternity—see cover feature). During the UP award ceremonies, Red was presented by Dr. Wolfgang Langfield, feature film director at the Munich Academy of Film and Television, with a handwritten certificate of commendation and a 15-foot roll of 8mm color film for personal use, plus another 15 rolls for the next Cinema U.P. Workshop of the UP Film Center, to be dispensed with at Red's discretion.