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Entertainment

WEEKLY

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A

Elizabeth Taylor Carol Burnett Taylor Burnett Between Friends



One wants to catch a rich husband
the other to catch up on the sexual revolution.
They have a friendship you'll never forget.

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Kasdan's 'Big Chill' 20



Lawrence Kasdan writes smart movies for kids (*Empire*, *Raiders*, *Jedi*) and for grownups (*Body Heat*). *The Big Chill* may satisfy both groups: it's got sex, drugs, and a fast car; it has much to say about a generation of Americans a little uneasy about taking over. Harlan Jacobson reviews this witty, likable film (page 20), and introduces scenes from the script by Kasdan and Barbara Benedek (page 22).

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For its movies or its turbulent politics, the Far East is making news these days. A Japanese film wins the grand prize at the Cannes Film Festival for only the second time in almost three decades. A Chinese film details corruption and torture in the new Vietnam, and stirs controversy wherever it plays. In the Philippines, the assassination of opposition leader Benigno Aquino sheds a harsh light on the Marcos government's policies toward a fettered film industry. So: Dave Kehr considers the career of prize-winning Japanese director Shohei Imamura (page 32); Harlan Kennedy profiles Hong Kong director Ann Hui and her *Boat People* (page 41); Elliott Stein reports on Filipino cinema (page 48); and Luis H. Francia chronicles the struggles of Asian-Americans to make movies true to two cultures (page 56).

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Never a dull moment with Francis Coppola. He's made blockbuster movies, godfathered a swarm of Hollywood brats, created—and almost demolished—his own studio. His new film, *Rumble Fish*, may be his most rabidly debated; his next one, *Cotton Club*, may signal a return to the Hollywood fold. He talks about all this and more in the *Playboy*. . . oops, FILM COMMENT interview with David Thomson and Lucy Gray.



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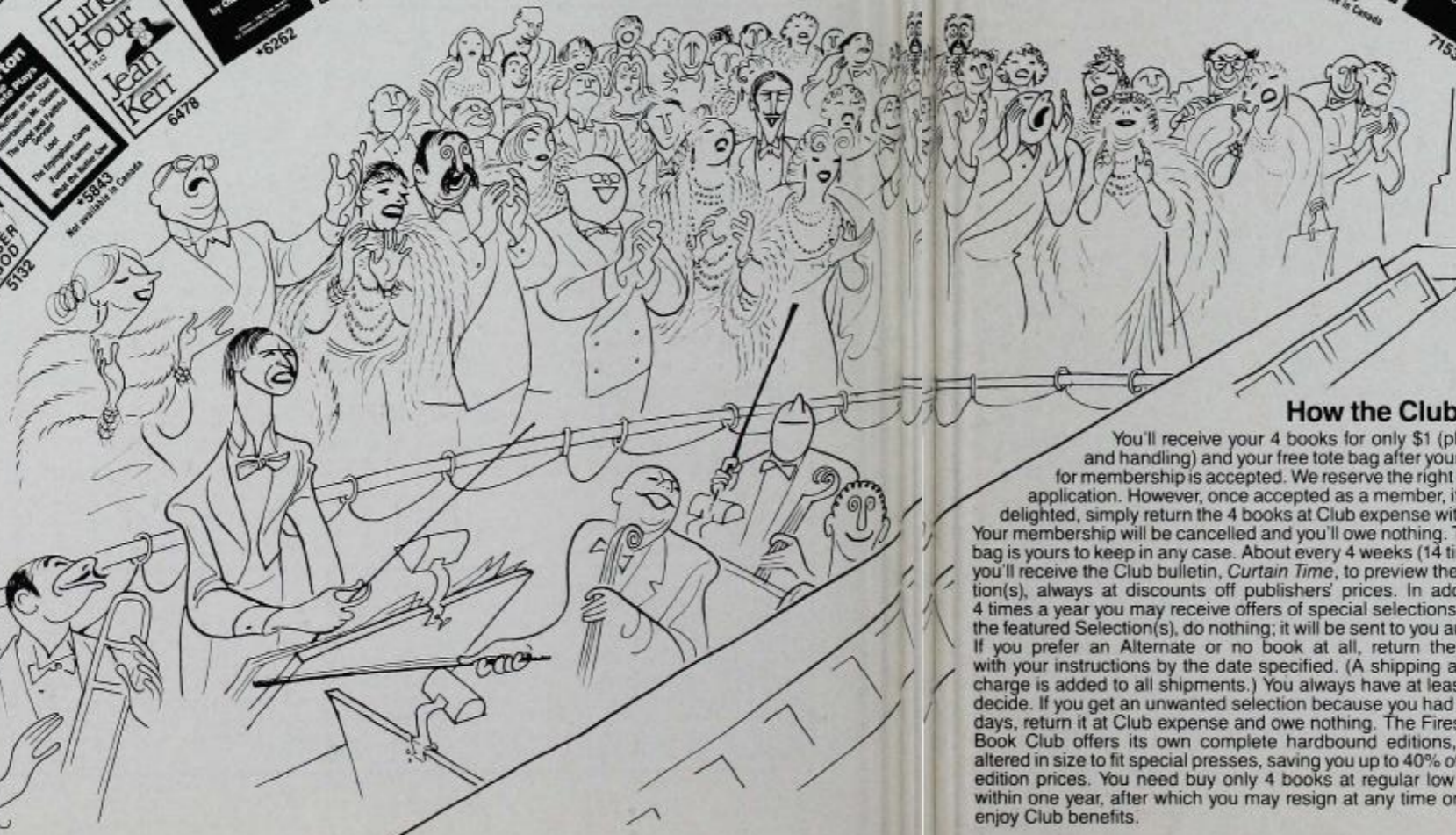
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Manila's Angels



The Manila International Film Festival's palace-cum-mausoleum.

by Elliott Stein

The Film Center is an uninviting edifice, stylistically a mix of brutalist branch-bank Parthenon and Edward Durell Stone embassy. Its harshness jars with its lovely site, for it is perched on a strip of reclaimed land fringing Manila Bay, not far from the Yacht Club and the hydrofoil embarkation for Corregidor, where the view is superb and sunsets are spectacular.

When the American fleet, led by Admiral Dewey, sailed in here in May 1898, it signaled the end of 300 years of Spanish rule. The Spanish-American War was followed by the Philippine-American War (4,000 Americans killed, and more than 200,000 Filipinos, one-thirtieth of the nation), which lasted from 1899 to 1901. The Islands were granted independence from the United States in 1946. This year, a newly negotiated accord was drawn up to reinforce the symbiotic relationship between the two countries: the United States will continue to use the Subic Bay Naval Base, home port of the Seventh Fleet, and Clark Air Base, the largest U.S. Air Force installation in Asia, in return for \$900 million in economic and military aid to the government of President Fer-

dinand E. Marcos. President Reagan supports the agreement, but it is currently receiving opposition from some members of Congress concerned about the human rights record of the Marcos government.

At the Film Center, before the movies and between shows, it is customary to take a stroll around the broad terrace. In addition to its view of the great bay, the terrace offers a wide choice of local food: Kentucky Fried Chicken, Chicken in a Bikini, Orange Julius, McDonalds, and Dunkin' Donuts. The roof of the nearby Holiday Inn glowed this year with a sign announcing that the opening of Sardi's Manila would coincide with the second Manila International Film Festival.

This Film Center is the only *palais du festival* which is also a mass mausoleum. Workers had been manning round-the-clock shifts for several months in order to finish the building in time for the opening of the first MIFF in 1981 when, shortly before 3 A.M. on November 17, the roof collapsed. More than 200 persons were buried under fast-drying cement. A security blanket was immediately imposed; nothing could be done until an official statement, minimizing the accident, had been prepared. Am-

balances were not permitted access to the scene of the disaster until nine hours after the cave-in. (Later, there were bitter accusations from survivors that they had been given little help in digging out co-workers.) Orders were given to slice in half those caught unconscious in the quick-drying porous cement. Had they been dug out or drilled out whole, construction would have been further delayed. This graveyard shift claimed well over a hundred lives.

Weeks later, when the Center was finished, an exorcism ceremony was performed on its steps, presided over by highland priests. A pig was sacrificed. Officials declared that the troubled building was at rest—that an invisible winged angel was now posted on every floor.

Those who attended the gala opening of the 1982 festival were of the opinion that flypaper would have been of more use than the wings of invisible angels. The air at the Film Center was thick with thousands of flies. They buzzed around dignitaries, who were observed by television viewers throughout the land shooing off swarms of miniature *memento mori*.

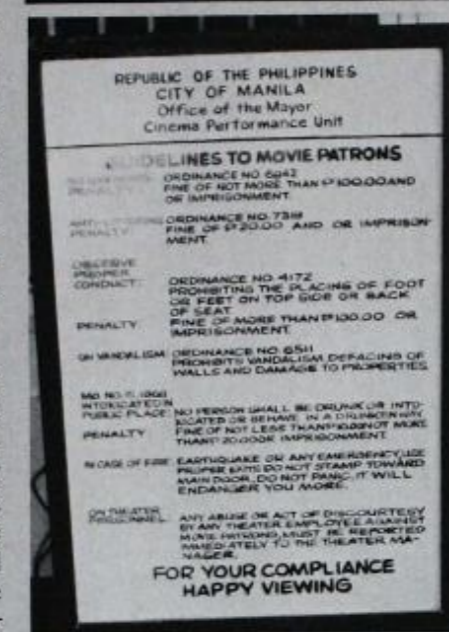
Last year's MIFF had other crosses to bear: a boycott by French film personalities, protesting the human rights record

of the Marcos regime; and bomb threats from the urban guerrilla April 6 Liberation Movement, which caused a few cancellations from invited guests. This year the French were there in force; no bomb threats, but ubiquitous body searches, and a body could get thoroughly felt up a dozen times daily, depending on how many films and parties one attended, how many hotel lobbies one entered. A few guests had reason to believe their phones were tapped.

If you didn't go to many movies (and many didn't), you might think you were at a giant country club, featuring celebrity sack races, tugs of war, and sundry excursions. Before each screening, a brass band played on the steps of the Center; inside, the lobby resounded with the music of a marvelous 50-piece Singing Bamboo orchestra. Whatever the political undercurrents, the festival was festive and did have style—often gaudy, but also as warm and ingratiating as the average Filipino.

Opening night, Ishmael Bernal's *Himala* was shown out of competition. It was preceded by an *Our Father*, sung by the Philippine Children's Choir and speeches by festival director John Litton and by Jack Valenti, who read a letter of greetings to President and Mrs. Marcos from President Reagan and Nancy. Valenti added his own praise for Mrs. Marcos's "visionary judgment... and intellectual reach." Imelda Romualdez Marcos was dressed in a terno of peacock design, and said, among other things, that "the desert of necessity is transformed into a garden of possibility via cinema." President Marcos, in a brief unprepared address, declared: "We need our artists, poets and filmmakers to remind us, in the words of Adlai Stevenson, 'of the weight of our destiny.'" The First Couple's son, Bongbong Marcos, escorted beautiful fashion model Claudia Bermudez. The recessionary was performed by the Heart Foundation of the Philippines Choir and the Bagong Barrio Children's Choir, which "sang" in sign language.

The Mini Theater B on the top floor of the Film Center was the site of the most poorly attended, most badly projected, and by far the most interesting section of the festival: Focus on Filipino Films (1951-82). It is not likely that a Focus on Filipino Films (1919-44) will be forthcoming. Of the hundreds of pictures made in the Islands during that entire quarter century, *three* have survived. Indeed, anyone researching the



"Happy Viewing".



Corpse in the Film Center's wreckage.

history of Filipino cinema has a steep uphill job; it is rummaging a disaster area. Resources are largely lacking and important dates are still a matter of dispute. War, studio fires, neglect, and stupidity have taken a larger toll here than on most national cinemas.

Films were first shown to a paying audience in Manila in August, 1897,

during the revolution against Spain. The fare was Lumière: a train arriving in La Ciotat station, the Czar's carriage crossing the Place de la Concorde. A few years later, the good people of Manila were viewing Edison films about the Spanish-American War, in which all of the battle scenes "in the Philippines" had been shot in New Jersey.

In the years following World War I, most films made in the Islands were produced by American-owned companies. The first genuine Filipino production company was Malayan Movies, founded by the brothers José and Jesus Nepomuceno. Its inaugural picture, directed by José, *Dalagang Bukid* (*The Country Maiden*, 1919), was based on a popular zarzuela. During showings of this silent musical, live actors sang onstage to accompany the images on the screen.

Hollywood movies were the rage during the Twenties, but in 1926, the Nepomucenos gave the country a jolt with *Tatlong Hambog*, the first locally produced film to offer passionate kissing scenes. Some native stars emerged during the silent era, among them a pretty Muslim girl named Pinagandu Magadi Sinambel Lalibutang, whose screen name, fortunately, was simply Sofia Lotta. The first all-talking film made by Filipinos was José Nepomuceno's *Punyal na Ginto* (*The Golden Dagger*, 1933). At first it had not been clear whether local talkies would do their talking in English, Spanish, or the native Tagalog. When they opted for Tagalog (later called Pilipino) the cinema became an important factor in disseminating Tagalog as a national language.

By the mid-Thirties, five major studios were in operation: Del Monte, Salumbides Bros., x-Otic, Parlatone, and Excelsior Pictures. Busy backlots, patterned after Hollywood, produced musicals, costume epics, and domestic dramas. Rosa Mia, queen of the tear-jerkers, managed to weep at least once in every scene of every film in which she appeared. Filipino cinema of the Thirties was star-centered, and since colonialism had left a legacy of a Caucasian ideal for screen beauty, most of the stars were fair-skinned *mestizos*, a mixture of foreign and indigenous blood. Many scripts were based on "komik" books; most screen comedians had been recruited from the *vodavil* stage.

LVN, founded in 1938, was, to a degree, the Filipino MGM. Its Louis B. Mayer was an extraordinary old lady who looked like an Asian Marjorie Main,



Manuel Conde's *Genghis Khan*.

cussed like a longshoreman, and firmly believed in God, country, and motherhood. Narcisa B. de Leon (usually just called Doña Sisang) was born in 1877; her grandfather had been a Chinese merchant. After her husband's death, she managed real estate and rice plantations. Until she began producing films at 61, she had never seen one. This relentless taskmistress supervised the production of more than 350 films from 1938 to 1961.

LVN was identified with comedy, but Doña Sisang also made rural romances—with *de rigueur* serenades under a mango tree—and escapist costume pictures. Her Herbert Stothart was Juan Silos; he scored dozens of the studio's films and composed the hit song "No Money, No Honey."

Under her tutelage, Lucy May Gritz, a German-Spanish *mestiza*, was transformed into the romantic star Delia Razon; Dorothy Jones, a teenager fresh from convent school, became a leading lady when renamed Nida Blanca. Rogelio dela Rosa, the studio's top male star—(*Prinsipe Amante* (1950)—with dela Rosa and Razon, was LVN's all-time biggest moneyspinner.) was later named Philippine ambassador to The Hague.

Doña Sisang was eager to beat the other studios in the belated race to produce the first Filipino full-color picture. And she did, with *Batalyon 13* (1949). Another LVN scoop was *Tuko sa Madre Kakaw* (1959), the first local film about an atomic monster.

Director Mike de Leon recounts that, after Sunday mass, his grandmother

would lead the entire family from church to a studio screening room so that everyone could see the week's rushes. The company stopped making films in 1961; it still exists as a processing lab and a center for post-production work. Doña Sisang died in 1966.

Little was produced from 1942 to 1945, except for a few propaganda pictures commissioned by the Japanese. After the war there was a boom in big-budget filmmaking. The most striking character of the period was Manuel Conde, a producer-director-writer-star whose mentors seem to have been C.B. De Mille and Sergei Eisenstein. He made swashbucklers and a *Sigfredo* based on Wagner's *Ring*. Conde's magnum opus was indubitably *Genghis Khan* (1950). The film won first prize in the *Philippine Herald* popularity poll; the award included a trip to Hollywood. There, James Agee accepted the task of creating an American version of *Khan*. Agee re-edited the film, made considerable trims, and added a narration in English. UA released the film here and in Europe in 1952; this truncated version occasionally turns up on late-night TV. No prints of the full-length Tagalog original survive. The biggest hit of the period was, however, a small-scale saga of an orphan's tribulations, Sampaguita Studio's *Roberta* (1951), starring the Philippine Shirley Temple, Tessie Agana.

The Sixties saw an increase in production but, with the exception of the work of Gerardo de Leon (generally considered the country's greatest director),

it seems to have been a decade of low quality. Most of the established studios collapsed. The industry began to consist largely of independent producers concerned only with escapist films geared for quick box-office returns. The "bomba" craze—relatively soft-core exploitation films—came and, after President Marcos's declaration of martial law in 1972, went. Soft-core pictures have come back recently; they are now called "bold" films.

A New Wave did finally break on Philippine shores, but not as elsewhere during the late Fifties and Sixties. The *annus mirabilis* of modern Filipino cinema was 1976: the year of Ishmael Bernal's *Nunal sa Tubig* (*Speck in the Water*), of Eddie Romero's *Ganito Kami Noon* (*As We Were*), of Mike de Leon's first feature, *Itim*, and of Lino Brocka's *Insiang*. This breakthrough year was marked by the collaboration of adventurous directors with young writers who were for the most part new to films and unhampered by the clichés of standard commercial production.

Lino Brocka is the major figure in Filipino cinema today. After leaving school, he became a Mormon missionary and was stationed at the leper colony in Molokai. On his return to Manila, he worked as an assistant on Monte Hellman's *Flight to Fury* (1966). He has made more than 40 films of his own since 1970, notably *Tinimbang Ka Ngunit Kulang* (*You Are Weighed in the Balance but Found Wanting*, 1974), *Maynila: Sa Kuko ng Liwanag* (*Manila in the Claws of Neon*, 1975), *Insiang* (1976), *Jaguar* (1979), and *Bona* (1980). His rapport with actors is tremendous—everyone does his or her best work with Brocka. The dramatic vitality of his pictures is usually in the service of an unsettling baroque realism.

Brocka's unpatronizing sympathy for the underclasses has brought him to shoot, time and again, in Tondo, Manila's worst slum. The films made there are on universal themes and are exempt from any facile proletarianism. Tondo has been off-limits for filming since the day in 1981 when Mrs. Marcos summoned members of the Screen Directors Guild and treated them to a speech, the gist of which was: "American films make everyone want to be an American. Filipino films should make us all pleased to be Filipinos, and should only reflect the good, the true, and the beautiful."

The angel posted on the floor of the

Mini Theater B was out to lunch during this year's festival. Most of the films in the Filipino retrospective had been shot in Academy ratio, but all were shown in wide screen, with heads and/or subtitles lopped off. Reels came on the screen in the wrong order; some of the 16mm prints were so dupey that time spent watching them was as time spent watching a blank bedsheet. The festival spent millions on fripperies, but treated its own national cinema as a poor relation.

One revelation was Dr. Gregorio Fernandez's *Malvarosa* (1959). Fernandez was a movie-fan dentist who broke into films in 1928 as an actor, then started directing in the mid-Thirties. His 1939 musical, *Senorita*, was one of the big hits of that decade. After the war, he signed up with Doña Sisang, but when LVN stopped production in 1961, he retired and spent the rest of his life raising fighting cocks.

The main credit titles of *Malvarosa* announce that "this film is as serialized in *Especial Komiks*." Then, in English, over the first shot, this quotation appears: "How much can the human spirit bear of the muck and mire to which man is heir?—Anonymous."

A drunkard and his wife, a mahjong addict, live near the railway tracks. They have a quarrel. "Mahjong is all you do," he reproaches her, and falls on the tracks. A passing train kills him. His widow continues to spend most of her time playing mahjong or, prostrate on the tracks, talking to her dead husband. (A neighbor enters the family shack to shout at the children: "Don't you people have beds? Your mother's on the railroad tracks again!") Daughter Rosa (Charito Solis) breaks her engagement in order to take care of her brothers. One of them, studying to be a priest, tries to rape a girl, then commits suicide. Another becomes a gangster and is killed. A third one wants the virtuous Rosa to sleep with a rich friend of his. The drunken mother tries to say a prayer, knocks over a candle; the house burns down to the ground. Those of the family still alive at this point decide to muddle through somehow, and *Malvarosa* ends on a note of muted optimism. The film is directed as straightforward neo-realism. Solis was—and still is—a powerful actress. The crazed sincerity of this curious slice-of-life is deeply affecting.

The Filipino section offered two recent films of Mike de Leon: *Kisapmata* (1981) and *Batch '81* (1982). Neither is overtly political; both are covert meta-

phors about fascistic systems which remain in power at least partly because of the passivity of those kept under control.

Batch concerns a group of student pledges undergoing hazing rituals at a fraternity. The movie accompanies one pledge, Sid Lucero (Mark Gil), through a cycle of violent ordeals, nightmarish humiliations, even a session with an electric chair. At the end, he is a proud member of Alpha Kappa Omega, and is last seen preparing to beat up on a batch of new pledges. On paper, this all can be made to sound daring on screen; the thing plods along as a tiresome and repetitious exploitation-cum-message picture, marred by a klutzy musical score. Gil has a good movie face, but there is not one interesting performance in this entire wooden batch.

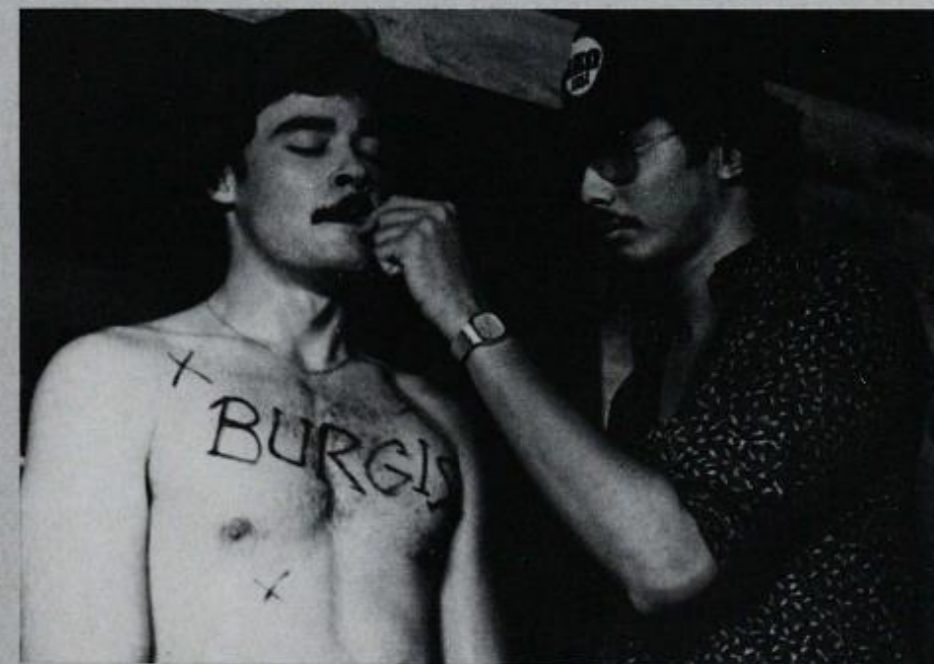
The story of *Kisapmata* (*In the Twinkling of an Eye*) was inspired by a police case which shocked Manila in 1961. The head of a devout Catholic family, Dadong Carandang (Vic Salayan), a retired cop who raises earthworms for fun and profit, harbors incestuous longings for his daughter and attempts to prevent her marriage to an office-mate. The couple manage to wed and briefly achieve some privacy. The bride's mother's feigned illness brings them back to the house, where they are kept prisoner, the daughter is raped by her father, and a bloody final scene is played out.

This is a tighter film than *Batch*, with a memorable brooding performance by Salayan as the psychotic worm-raiser. It has been directed with a heavy hand—

constantly twiddling away with distracting rack-focus effects—and scored by someone with direct access to Bernard Herrmann's wastebasket. Both de Leon films were shown last year at the Cannes Directors' Fortnight, where they were favorably received—perhaps more for their presumed ideological bravado than for their filmic worth.

Eddie Romero's *Ganito Kami Noon, Paano Kayo Ngayon?*—the title literally means *This Is the Way We Were Then, How Are You Now?*—even as shown in wrong ratio at the vile Mini B, was the best film I saw in Manila.

Romero is a veteran director-producer-scenarist who has worked on nearly 70 pictures. He was born on Negros Oriental in 1924; his father was Philippine ambassador to London. He wrote his first screenplay at 17 (for Gerardo de Leon's *Ang Maestra*), directed his first film when he was 23, then spent some time in the West, visiting Hollywood and studying with Roberto Rossellini in Rome. After returning home, he was involved in many co-productions shot in the Philippines for the foreign market. He wrote and directed *The Day of the Trumpet* (1957), a story of the early days of the American occupation of the Philippines, starring Richard Arlen; directed *Man on the Run* (1957) with Burgess Meredith; produced John Cromwell's *The Scavengers* (1958); directed *Raiders of Leyte Gulf* (1962). He later worked for Roger Corman's New World Pictures (*Beast of*



Mike de Leon's *Batch '81*—a fraternity hazing ritual.



Eddie Romero's *This Is the Way We Were Then, How Are You Know*

Blood, 1971) and Sam Arkoff's *AIP (Beyond Atlantis*, 1974). He was production coordinator on *Apocalypse Now*.

Ganito Kami Noon begins shortly before the end of the last century. A nation is being formed, though few are yet aware of it. Kulas, a naive peasant adolescent (Christopher de Leon), has just buried his mother. He goes home to cook supper and manages to burn the house down. The homeless orphan leaves his village, and the rest of the film is the picaresque tale of Kulas's stroll through the Philippine revolution, a witness to the end of Spanish colonial rule and the onset of the American occupation of the Islands.

In this truly Filipino film, dialogue is in Spanish, English, Cantonese Tagalog, and another Filipino language, Visayan. One character—a helpful Chinese merchant—was a novelty in local cinema, apparently the first sympathetic Chinese to appear in a Filipino movie. (Perhaps the last: film distribution in Manila is largely controlled by Chinese. This does not inspire much endearment from filmmakers.)

Christopher de Leon became a major star after this film; it is easy to see why. Gloria Diaz is irresistible as Didin, the cigar-smoking actress of whom Kulas is enamored. Tsing Tong-Tsai is particularly endearing in the small role of the merchant; his death scene is shattering. Lutgado Labad's music is catchy, high-spirited, and eloquent.

This funny, buoyant, well-paced, noble but light-hearted movie is very serious, and sensible enough to couch its seriousness in charm. By the time it was over, I was proud to be a Filipino.

On the whole, the festival's competi-

tion section was dismal. There were three exceptions: two fine new local films and the Japanese entry, *Onimasa*, directed by Hideo Gosha. Manila did score heavily with a formidable information section—300 pictures from 43 countries—varied, well-chosen, with some emphasis (50 films) on Asian cinema. There were even two movies from the normally incommunicado Burmese film industry.

Moral, in competition, the fifth film directed by 27-year-old Marilou Diaz-Abaya, won no award, but was one of the strongest new pictures at Manila. The director studied cinema at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles.

The bright, hard-headed screenplay (dialogue roughly two-thirds in Filipino, one-third in English—an accurate reflection of what would be heard in the milieu of this particular story) is by Ricardo Lee, scenarist of Brocka's great 1979 noir *Jaguar*.

Moral's time span is 1979-82. It treats of four middle-class women who had been friends at the University of the Philippines. Each is trying to find her own way in an apparently modern, but still fundamentally feudal-colonial society. After a clumsy exposition, it falls into shape beautifully and builds a good deal of earned sympathy for the characters.

The film starts with a wedding ceremony, at which the bride is lectured to obey her husband "as we all obey Jesus Christ." The ambitions of Maritess (Anna Marin) are frustrated by her piggy husband, who rapes her nightly and views her as his private baby-making machine. Kathy (Gina Alajar) is an earnest aspiring singer with a dreadful voice, who finally makes the big time by



Marilou Diaz-Abaya's *Moral*.

sleeping around and through electronic "enhancement." Sylvia (Sandy Andolong) is an attorney whose husband has left her for a male lover; a year later, he calls on his wife to complain of his boyfriend's infidelity. Joey (Lorna Tolentino), the unwanted child of a vain mother, becomes a drug addict. In spite of these rough destinies, the movie is not a downer; all four are survivors, women possessed of great inner strength. The performances are engaging, but Alajar, as the singer, stands out.

Moral charts a brave course of dissident sympathies. At school, Joey, the addict, had been in love with Jerry, a student activist who leaves Manila to join the pro-Communist New People's Army in the mountains. While there, he meets and marries a fellow combatant, Nita, who hates her father, an officer in Marcos's army. Jerry is tortured and killed by government forces. The pregnant Nita visits Joey to tell her of Jerry's death, then returns to have her baby and clandestinely continue the struggle.

It was no small surprise to view such a film in the First Lady's Film Center. As is standard procedure at international festivals, however, all of the films at Manila were shown uncut. When *Moral* was released, all of the scenes with any political content had been removed by the censors. *Moral* was invited to this year's Pesaro Festival. The director arrived. Her film did not.

The special jury prize went to *Oro*, *Plata, Mata (Gold, Silver, Death)*, directed by Peque Gallaga. He is 39, a Spanish *mestizo*, born Maurice Ruiz de Luzuriaga, from Negros Occidental in the south central Philippines. He co-di-



A scene from Peque Gallaga's *Gold, Silver, Death*.

rected a flop film in 1971. *Oro*, his solo directorial debut, is bit of a mess, but it's a stunner.

Oro is an ambitious epic, alternately reminiscent of *Gone With the Wind* and *2,000 Maniacs*, and shot in Gallaga's home province. The director has remarked that the region is Margaret Mitchell-Tennessee Williams gothic territory, with Southern belles, family closets cluttered with incest, poetic young men who return from Harvard to lock themselves up in decaying towers for the rest of their days.

The film begins just before the outbreak of World War II. The Ojedas, a wealthy landed family of *hacendados*, are giving a party to celebrate the debut of their eldest daughter, Maggie. The ball is interrupted by the news that the liner *Corregidor* has been sunk, with the loss of all aboard, including many friends of the Ojedas and their guests. As war approaches, the family moves its entire household to a provincial hacienda, then to a forest lodge, believing it can continue its aristocratic lifestyle in safety. At first, it does appear that some of them will be able to while away the war playing mahjong under mosquito netting.

The plantation foreman turns against his bosses and joins a bandit gang to pillage them. The family cracks. Some are reduced to savagery; others adapt to survive. After the so-called Liberation, when the Americans have driven out the Japanese, a party is again held at the Ojedas, this time to announce Maggie's betrothal. The survivors attempt to continue as in the past, but it is apparent that all have been permanently scarred.

The first-reel ball sequence is excitingly shot in a series of extremely long, sweeping takes. That we are in some

exotic reincarnation of Tara becomes increasingly apparent when, with the arrival of the Japanese, the Ojedas flee their plantation, and the departing family and its retinue, carts, and water buffaloes are starkly silhouetted against the flaming buildings; the tableau is an impressive recall of the burning of Atlanta. There is even an Aunt Pittypat—Viring Ravello (Lorli Villanueva), a garrulous and silly nouveau riche matron, whose fingers are hacked off by the foreman when she refuses to give up her rings.

Gallaga loses control during the long central section, when continuity goes astray and the scenes of violence and sex—some of which are superb—become repetitious. (The film was trimmed of 15 minutes after the festival and now runs three hours.) The splatter and surgical scenes derive from the director's love affair with American exploitation films. Several of these are beautifully accomplished pieces of Grand Guignol. Indeed, much of the film seems the nightmare of a movie addict who has overdosed on Visconti, Selznick, and Herschell Gordon Lewis.

Though most of the film takes place during the war, it is not a war film. Hardly any Japanese soldiers are shown. It is mostly a case of Filipino versus Filipino. Production design by Don Escudero and Rodell Cruz is accomplished and evocative. The cast includes a mustache of talented and attractive young performers: Sandy Andolong (as Maggie), Cherie Gil, Joel Torre. One of the party guests is played by Bo-Peep Golez.

Theaters talk. Playing hooky from the festival, I visited two movie theaters which told different, equally fascinating stories. Few old movie houses remain in

Manila; of those that do, hardly any have been permitted to retain their original structural identities.

The Bellevue—which remains intact and open—is a triumph of 1934 Moorish art deco. The manager, Mr. Daniel Calavaya, showed me around. He runs a good house. It seats 800. The lobby is graced with large gilt statues; the auditorium, which has a wooden barrel-vaulted roof in country church style, is full from 9 A.M. until midnight. Admission is about 35 cents.

The Bellevue shows mainly American action pictures—; a Bronson-Bond audience. Mr. Calavaya was of the opinion that only a dozen or so of the 150 Filipino films made each year are worth anyone's time. In this neighborhood, as elsewhere in the country, the two most popular stars are Vilma Santos and Fernando Poe, Jr. (Poe, Sr., a popular star in his own day, had his career abruptly cut short when he died as the result of a dog bite.) Weng-Weng, the two-foot dwarf star of *For Your Height Only*, is also a big drawing card. Mr. Calavaya recalled The Ideal, a historic movie house, torched in 1978 by the Light the Fire Movement, a small group of dissenters whose insane idea of political action was theater arson.

In general, Filipino audiences are well behaved. No wonder: Large signs in the Bellevue lobby warn that the penalties for littering or "the placing of foot or feet on top, side or back of seat" are a stiff fine and imprisonment.

Another day, another theater—but not just another theater. The following morning, with head corrupted by confused adolescent memories of Elissa Landi in PRC's *Corregidor*, John Wayne in *Back to Bataan*, and Paulette Goddard

and Veronica Lake, those gallant Paramount army nurses of *So Proudly We Hail*, I took the boat to the island fortress at the entrance to Manila Bay where for five months after Pearl Harbor American and Filipino troops held out under siege and daily saturation bombing. General Wainwright surrendered here on May 6, 1942. An old Japanese couple I met on the boat had come from Kyoto to find their grandson's grave.

The jungle has reclaimed most of the tadpole-shaped island. The heavy batteries, the long tunnels which served as hospitals, the ruins of the "mile-long barracks" are still there. And at "Topside" in a clearing on a hill is the shell of a theater with a unique history: the Ciné Corregidor, the local movie house of the island's last-ditch defenders. The last picture show at the Corregidor was *Gone With the Wind*.

It was a "Festival for a Cause." Banners and posters all over town proclaimed it; each film screened was preceded by an announcement informing of the MIFF's benevolence. The "Cause" was that of Mrs. Marcos' favorite charities "for the physically, mentally, and socially disabled." (Filipino journalist Francisco Tatad noted that this "was a description that could include the majority of Filipinos.")

Funds for this largesse were obtained by the suspension, during the festival, of the normally strict censorship laws applied to films shown in public theaters. For twelve days, uncut versions of pictures that had not been released because of their "boldness" were shown in 153 Manila movie houses, from 9 A.M. to midnight, at double the normal admission prices. The hottest tickets were for Filipino soft-core porn films: *Naiibang Hayop* (A Different Creature), *The Virgin People*, and *The Victim*, which contained previously taboo scenes of teenage starlet Pepsi Paloma in the buff. The MIFF collected 65 percent of the take. In spite of the oburgations of Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila, who railed at this "threat to the moral fabric of society," the shows were packed and brought in \$6 million. "Seeing bold movies broadens the perspective of the Filipino audience," Mrs. Marcos declared, in reply to Cardinal Sin. "We just hope they will lift themselves from the physical to the metaphysical."

The moral fiber of the people of Manila seemed to have survived this exposure—in most cases. When Herminigildo Aragon, a taxi driver, arrived

home late for dinner after stopping on the way to see *Naiibang Hayop*, his wife shot him three times. Computer operator Linda Dumlao, to a poll conducted by the tabloid *Tempo*, "Are We Ready for Uncensored Movies?" answered: "No. Bold scenes have adverse effects on teenagers. After watching *Naiibang Hayop* with my husband, he asked me to go to bed with him."

Though it was not bruited in the Filipino press, the cause of the MIFF's becoming a "Festival for a Cause" had involved making a much-publicized virtue of an ill-concealed dire necessity. The country is massively in hock to the West: its foreign debt stands at more than \$17 billion. Last year's lavish MIFF was government-funded. But last fall, A.W. Clausen, president of the World Bank, warned Prime Minister Cesar Virata, who also serves as finance minister, that developing countries "have very little leeway to go into frivolous projects." The International Monetary Fund insisted on a reduction in non-essential budget expenses.

When the government prepared to withdraw its backing, the undaunted Mrs. Marcos put together a novel funding strategy: the MIFF would be administered by a new company called Entertainment Philippines (a "private" corporation whose ownership is unclear), which would arrange for the showing of uncut films in theaters outside the festival in order to permit the MIFF to pay its bills and incidentally do something for the disabled.

The tireless First Lady (often referred to in the press simply as FL) is an ex-beauty queen who first gained public attention when, as "The Rose of Taclaban," she won the Muse of Manila contest. She has often stated: "My role is to be both star and slave." Her aides refer to her as "Superma'am"; she has compared herself to Robin Hood. She is the Governor of Metro Manila and heads the Ministry of Human Settlements, which runs a program called Urban Bliss, dedicated to the building of heart-shaped model communities. (Last September, she declared to *Newsweek*: "Yes, the Filipinos are living in slums and hovels. But what counts is the human spirit, and the Filipinos are smiling.") Her Transport Corporation's "Love Buses" provide cheap rides around town. After spending an entire evening escorting visitors to her charities and projects (one of them, the *Tahanang Pilipino*, is a palace made of coconuts), she will dominate a soiree with renditions of

Mairzy Doats and *No One as Fair as Can Compare to the U.S. Infantry*, dance through most of the night with visiting film stars, and still be ready to tackle her variegated projects the next day.

The one official party I attended was a "tribal evening" presented by the FL at the old Spanish Fort Santiago, during the course of which several thousand costumed natives of different regions of the Islands shuffled past the dais and the guests. ("Cute as pickaninnies," remarked a gent from Hollywood, as he proudly smoothed down his embroidered *barong tagalog* shirt, a present from the festival.) The high point was the illumination of a large portrait of Mrs. Marcos by a fireworks display.

Le tout Manila was at Fort Santiago that evening—minus two. Lino Brocka and Mike de Leon were busy preparing a press release, distributed the following day. It said, in part: "We believe that in a Third World country, the ostentation and extravagance accompanying [the MIFF] are unnecessary. The MIFF has misled the public by claiming the movies shown in commercial theaters are Festival films. With two or three exceptions, they are cheap exploitation pictures with little or no artistic merit. Under the guise of fostering artistic freedom and raising funds for the disabled, cynical commercialism is being encouraged."

Brocka's "reservations" had led him to keep his films, old and new, out of the festival. The absence had been felt; with no representation from the country's most prestigious director, there was a black hole at the center of things.

Mid-February. The festival has closed its doors; the guests from all over the world have packed and gone home. Early one morning, police squads arrive at the labs to confiscate negatives. The press reports that producers of "bold" films—the movies whose grosses had bailed out the festival—have been threatened with arrest. The industry is plunged into such a state of confusion that, for several months, hardly any new film projects are initiated.

Far from auguring a relaxation of censorship, the festival had resulted in a heavy backlash. With Executive Order 868, President Marcos strengthened the powers of the censor board and restructured it to include jurisdiction over all live performances, including fashion shows. Producers would be required to relinquish their master negatives of finished films to the board, permanently.



Seeing bold movies broadens the perspective of the Filipino audience

Performers in all the arts (the clause included scriptwriters and directors) would have to be licensed in order to work. The licenses would be renewed yearly, but would be canceled if the "ethics" of the performers did not conform to the standards set by the board. It was generally considered that the licensing regulations were veiled political blackmail: the regime wanted to make sure that performers, especially film stars, were available at all times for appearances at its political campaigns.

During the following weeks, a Free the Artist movement, led by Lino Brocka, organized a series of protest rallies against the Executive Order. Brocka was joined by other directors, opera singers, painters, sculptors, and actors.

March 15, at a ceremony in front of the Film Center, the First Lady, dressed in a red gown, spoke to a crowd of schoolchildren, film personalities, and uniformed street cleaners. The occasion was the donation of festival profits to organizations of the handicapped. Mrs. Marcos, in her speech, responded to her detractors: "They said your First Lady is lavish and extravagant. . . . I have always been lavish and extravagant in showing my love for my people."

The protest movement set in motion by Brocka won a partial victory: the plan for the licensing of artists was shelved. The restructured censor board, however, was endowed with even stricter controls. Brocka, who has the persist-

ence of a terrier, turned up on May 17 for the Filipino Academy Awards ceremony at the Film Center (he is president of the Film Directors Guild) to read the list of nominees for best director. When he turned to face Mrs. Marcos and chief censor Maria Kalaw Katigbak (who is also an ex-beauty queen), it was seen that his shirt was emblazoned with the words: "Ban the Censors." The ceremony was televised live.

Brocka and Mike de Leon, invited to present their films at this June's Pesaro Festival, did not go. They are currently involved in the widening protest movement—one including students, workers, priests, and nuns—against a recent Presidential Commitment Order, which, they claim, is a continuation of martial law. Under this PCO, the military has been given the power to arrest and incarcerate those suspected of being subversive, without any legal machinery for the determination of evidence for the arrest.

Brocka and de Leon's open letter to the Pesaro Festival added: "What is even more alarming to us is the discovery of secret presidential decrees which would impose the penalty of life imprisonment or the death penalty to organizers or even mere participants in public rallies and demonstrations. The decrees have intensified the climate of apprehension which stifles freedom of expression—freedom which in the case of filmmakers is already limited by a re-

strictive and capriciously interpreted film censorship law. . . . This is particularly true when it comes to the presentation of ideas and the depiction of social realities which are not acceptable to the present dispensation."

All reports from Manila since the end of the festival speak of malaise and uncertainty. At no time in the history of Filipino cinema does there seem to have been such total estrangement of the industry from the government. Though a few soft-core quickies began shooting in late spring, nothing at all serious seems to be in the works.

Whenever things get back on keel, I'd like to hope that the inevitable cultural reshuffling will permit the revival of an apparently extinct institution: film criticism. There are some intrepid film historians (of those I've read I was most impressed by the work of Augustin V. Sotto), but there are no practicing movie critics in Manila, not even any bad ones. Magazines and newspapers will not publish a real review; they don't want to risk a potential loss of advertising. Tons of stories on the movies appear daily—all gossip, trivia, and puffery—in the midst of which something memorable does turn up occasionally. One morning, during the MIFF, I read the following item, identically worded, in two different papers: "Manila cinéastes are simply agog at the imminent arrival of Herner Werzog, the Grand Old Man of German cinema."

Made in America



Marc Hayashi and Wood Moy in Wayne Wang's *Chan Is Missing*.

by Luis H. Francia

Asian-American films occupy—if they occupy a place at all—a rather tenuous spot in the minds of the moviegoing public. As it is, the films are often confused with Asian films, rarely with the elegant works of Ray or Kurosawa and more with martial arts quickies or tedious musical melodramas. Anyone seeing Wayne Wang's *Chan Is Missing*, or Mira Nair's diary-like *Jama Masjid Street Journal*, must now recognize that Asian-American films need be reckoned with on their own terms. The danger, of course, is that cultural hyphenation—an idiosyncratic practice of our times—leads to that spurious category, "ethnic."

If Asian-American cinema has a history, it dates to 1919, when Sessue Hayakawa—a Zen and kendo practitioner who was the first Asian matinee idol to emerge from Hollywood's silent era—formed his own production company, Haworth Pictures. Best remembered as the Japanese commander Saito in David Lean's *Bridge on the River Kwai*, Hayakawa wrote, edited, designed and starred in Haworth's features.

The Haworth films emphasized certain themes audiences expected both from Hayakawa and from movies with

an "Oriental" touch: interracial love, revenge, and self sacrifice. Later, such expectations were mistakenly reinterpreted as racial caricatures—vide Charlie Chan and Fu Manchu. Perhaps the best of the Haworth films, because it foregoes these themes, is *The Dragon Painter*. Here, Hayakawa explored in allegory form the relationship between love and art. Playing the role of Tatsumi, a wild mountain man-cum-painter, Hayakawa falls in love with a beautiful maiden (played by his wife, Tsuru Aoke, his usual co-star). Unfortunately, his artistic powers wane as their love waxes. Realizing this, she leaves him so that the painter in him will once more emerge. Shot in Yellowstone National Park, only one print of the film survives and that, subtitled in French.

Discrimination and an attempt on his life forced the Hayakawas to leave Hollywood in 1922, effectively dissolving the company. They were not to return until 1949, when Humphrey Bogart invited Hayakawa to play a small role in *Tokyo Joe*. Asian xenophobia and World War II had disrupted what could have been the seminal tradition of Asian-American filmmaking.

There was, of course, James Wong Howe, the China-born Hollywood cinematographer who won two Academy Awards for *The Rose Tattoo* and *Hud*. His

career spanned six decades, and though he was an innovative cameraman—using deep focus years before Gregg Toland in *Citizen Kane* and experimenting with a hand-held camera in *Body and Soul*—he rarely ventured into making his own films. As an enterprise practiced by more than just a handful of people, Asian-American filmmaking remained dormant till the late Sixties, with that decades twin focus on civil rights and ethnic pride. (The Vietnam War, however, served as a bloody reminder of past injustice suffered by Asians in the U.S.)

Since the Sixties, Asian-American films have mainly centered on assimilation's erosion of traditional group values. Asian-American filmmakers have tried to underline the frustration of their community, one that must warily forge a new identity that threatens group cohesion, yet is mandated by the string of such past labels as "exotic" or "inscrutable" that were a function of isolation.

Robert Nakamura, a Los Angeles-based filmmaker and one of the founders of Visual Communications (a West Coast-based film production group) says that such films were "needed—it was a void we had to fill." So too with Asian American literature a few decades earlier, according to Nakamura. His own *Hito Hata*, co-directed with Duane Kubo, focuses on the life of

Japanese immigrants and their descendants seen through the eyes of an elderly retired Japanese worker, Oda (played by Mako). The film mines a familiar premise: the erosion of a community's way of life by such unsettling urban processes as gentrification and street crime, which we do not actually see onscreen. Thus the film regrettably lacks dramatic punch, though it was the first U.S. made feature on Japanese immigrants.

Aesthetically and popularly, Wayne Wang's *Chan Is Missing* is a more significant work. This low-budget (\$20,000), black-and-white picture was the indie sleeper of 1982, receiving enthusiastic reviews both at FILMEX in L.A. and at New Directors in New York, and achieving something rarer—a distributor, New Yorker Films, and a 30-week run at a New Yorker house.

Chan Is Missing spoofs both the private-eye genre and racial stereotypes. Like Godot, Chan never appears. Instead, we see an insider's view of San Francisco's Chinatown (read any big-city Chinatown), where cooks sing American pop songs and the young male lead (played by Marc Hayashi) affects sassy ghetto monologues to underline his street-smartness. The film undermines simplistic media images in a way ten educational films could not.

The Hong Kong-born, 34-year-old Wang was surprised by the film's success "because I thought the film was good, but I never expected that it would take off as much as it did. I thought it was a film limited to a sophisticated Chinese audience, but it turns out that it's not."

Wang, who has formed his own production outfit CIM (an acronym for *Chan Is Missing*) has just finished principal shooting of his next feature *Dim Sum*, this time shot in 35mm and on a budget of "more or less" \$500,000. He describes it as a kind of "Chinese-Ameri-

can *Diner* but set in contemporary times and involving five Chinese-American women and their relationship to one another." Tentatively scheduled for a fall release, *Dim Sum* has a cast including Cora Miao, a Hong Kong actress featured in Ann Hui's *Boat People*—a much discussed film at Cannes—and Joan Chen, currently China's most popular screen actress. "There are other Asian American filmmakers just as talented, and certainly more experienced than me," Wang observed, citing Emiko Omori, Lonie Ding, and Fu-Ding Chen. Fu-Ding Chen is among the more imaginative, if quirky, contemporary, experimental Asian-American filmmakers, who describes his works as "documentaries seen through the screen of imagination." In his latest animated film, *Spirit of the Dream House*, the house anima narrates its life story and the stories of the families that have lived under its roof. The voice is American, but the graphics and colors remind of Chinese-style watercolors. Chen achieves an East-West fusion that, in its casualness, seems utterly mundane.

Probably the preeminent and most political Asian-American documentarist is New York-based Christine Choy. Choy ascribes her political bent to her life in China where she lived until just before the Cultural Revolution. A prolific filmmaker—she's directed and/or produced fifteen films in 14 years—Choy is one of the prime movers behind Third World Newsreel, the oldest, independent, political filmmaking organization in the U.S. Her concerns are with issues and conditions affecting minorities, the working-class, and women. *To Love, Honor, and Obey*, for instance, is an incisive look at wife beating. Wisely avoiding didacticism, Choy devoted most of the film to the victims and their children. She's just finished another

documentary, this time on the Mississippi Delta Chinese.

Earlier this year, as a sort of preliminary to full-length feature making, Choy made *Fei Tien: Goddess in Flight*, a short film based on a Genny Lim play, *Pigeons*. Though well-acted and technically competent, the film suffers from an air of irresolution and detachment from her fictional subject—an old and dying Chinese "bird lady" befriending a modern, neurotic, Chinese-American career woman.

Another fine documentarist contemplating dramatic features is Mira Nair, an India-born, former screen actress. Her black-and-white 1981 film, *Jama Masjid Street Journal*, is a slice of street life in an Indian village: everything (from ear cleaning to haircuts) is done on the street such that only the Muslim women in their chadors seem enigmatic. Nair's narration renders the film less a cut-and-dried documentary than a stream-of-consciousness sketchbook.

In contrast, Nair's latest film, *So Far from India*, is a more formal, straightforward color documentary on the life of a young Indian immigrant in New York

earning a living as a subway newsstand vendor. His family remains in the mother country, he has never seen his baby, and his wife wonders if he will ever send for them. By its lucid examination of a particular Everyman's life, *So Far from India* movingly limns the universality of emigration to strange shores. Nair is now working on the script for her first feature about an educated, Anglicized mail-order bride imported from India into the U.S. by her traditional middle-class India groom, told from the woman's point of view.

Among the filmmakers who debuted at this year's Sixth Annual Asian-American Film Festival in New York, several



Stephen Ning's *Freckled Rice*.



Fu-Ding Chen's *Spirit of the Dream House*.

"A Wise and Stunning Film!"

— Jack Kroll, Newsweek

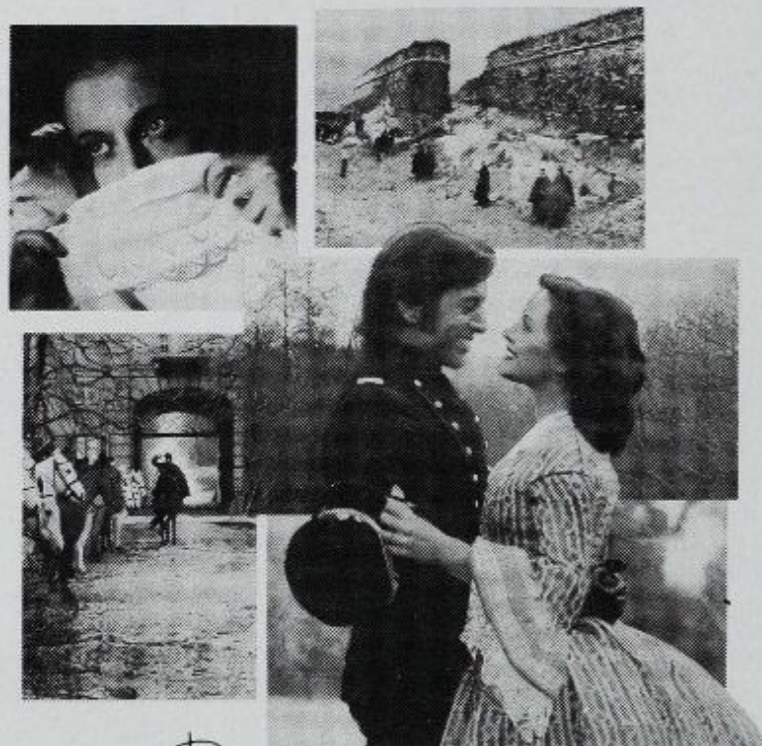
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In particular, Stephen Ning displayed a fine sense of narrative in his *Freckled Rice*, a 48-minute bilingual and semi-autobiographical drama set in the Boston Chinatown of the Sixties. The movie's protagonist is a young boy temporarily alienated from his family when it moves to the more homogenized and WASPier environs of New Hampshire. It's a bright film, from a bright filmmaker.

From San Francisco, there's Ruby Yang, whose *Matrimony*, a short non-linear work, relies on contrasting images—those of a traditional marriage and those of a cynical one between punk rockers—to send up matrimonial rites. Shopworn material perhaps, but the garish colors and Yang's pixilated humorous view vivify the subject. Even the onscreen band, like a New Wave Greek chorus, is right on target despite its off-key (and awful) singing.

Perhaps the most surreal piece at the festival was Ann Yen's *The Last Game*, an allegory on fascism. Yen transforms basketball foul shooting into an apocalyptic key to survival for a group of French resistance fighters about to be shot by Nazis in a locale suspiciously reminiscent of the South Bronx. The Nazi commander offers the group their lives if the unlikely hero, a champion basketballer, can shoot twenty-five baskets in two minutes. He does, but the commander, in an overly melodramatic ending, reneges on his offer.

Peter Chow, executive director of Asian Cine-Vision (the organization behind the Asian-American festival) feels that "it should be possible to go beyond [Asian-American] subject matter into other territory." Presently the sole collective showcase in the U.S. of Asian-American films, the festival is currently on a tour of several U.S. cities and Toronto. Over the past years it has drawn increasingly larger audiences. This past June, for instance, close to 3000 New Yorkers watched festival films spread over four weekend nights. Fewer than a hundred persons turned up in 1977, the festival's initial year.

The festival also brings Asian-American filmmakers together and generates dialogue essential to the evolution of an unmistakable Asian-American film aesthetic. Broadening that aesthetic mandate needs not just one but several successful features. Otherwise the dark side of American pluralism—assimilation—can erase everything Asian from Asian-Americans. ☸

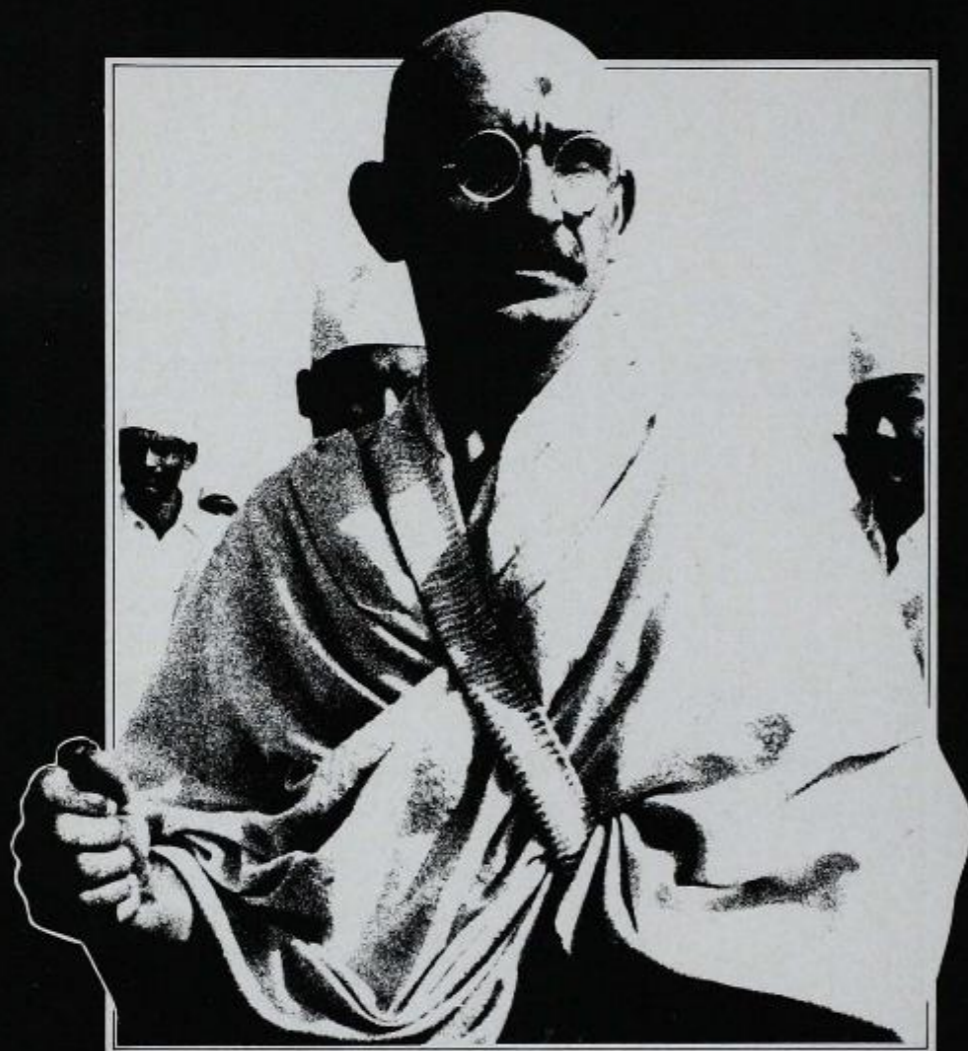
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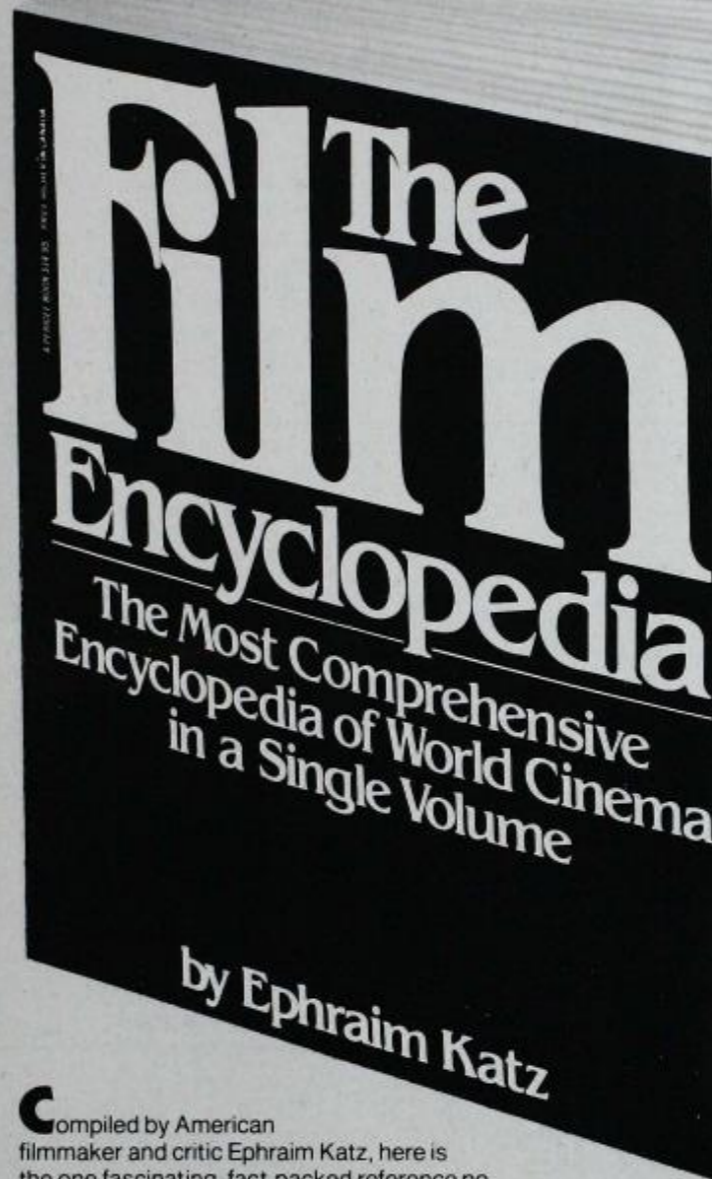
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Back Page

'Help burn my uncle,' Mel cries and whispers

QUIZ #3: Write a sensible paragraph no more than 50 words that contains as many complete movie titles as possible. Feature films only; but TV films count, as do U.S. or British release titles of foreign-language film. Internal punctuation (e.g., apostrophe in *Porky's*) must be included. Scoring: two points for each title (as above: *Help!*, *Burn!*, *My Uncle*, *M*, *El*, *Cries and Whispers*; 12 points), one point subtracted for each word not part of a complete title, or

for any repeated title. High score wins a free year of **FILM COMMENT**. In case of a tie, wit and ingenuity will determine the winner. Address entries to **FILM COMMENT Quiz # 3**, 140 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10023, and get them to us by October 14. Winners announced next issue. Good luck to all!

On **Quiz Number 2**, we received 186 entries from 33 states, the District of Columbia, and four Canadian provinces. Sixty-five entries listed 100 or

more verifiable titles! (Names listed below.) The winner is Carrie W.C. Moore of New York City, with a whopping 255 titles; we're printing her answers in tiny type below. Honorable mentions go to Gary P. Collins of Central Village, Conn., with 210 titles (our favorite: *A Look at LIV* for Roman numeral 54) and to Morton Tankus of New York City (204 titles). Thanks to everyone who took the time to play our game. Boy, are we impressed!
—R.C.

100 OR MORE CORRECT TITLES: Terry Adams, Galatia, Ill.; Ken Anderson, Jefferson City, Mo.; Joyce Backman, Cambridge, Mass.; Richard Barrack, Adelphi, Md.; Aaron Braun, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Frank Bujos, Wallington, N.J.; Michael Calleri, Buffalo, N.Y.; Robert Cowden, Arlesboro, Mass.; Robert C. Cumbow, Seattle, Wash.; Barbara Diehl, Eau Claire, Wis.; Buzz Dixon, Northridge, Cal.; Patricia Dugan, Lakewood, Ohio; Mark Fields, Indianapolis, Ind.; Keven Filipki, Buffalo, N.Y.; Ruben A. Gamba, San Jose Cal.; Jim & Diana Garrity-McConnell, Pomona, Cal.; Richard Gerdau, Chatham, N.Y.; Karen A. Gieske, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Michael Grimes, Columbus, Ohio; Marion Gutmann, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Robert Hickman II, Waynesboro, Va.; Scott

Hoepfner, Vernon Hills, Ill.; Ralph Horak, Edmonton, Alta., Can.; John E. Hornyak, Stamford, Conn.; Wayne Housum, Churchville, Md.; Scott Huguenin, South Amboy, N.J.; Martin Johnson, Bronx, N.Y.; Michael Joura, Staten Island, N.Y.; Daniel M. Kimmel, Boston, Mass.; Roger N. Kirkman, Greensboro, N.C.; Julie Kistler, St. Paul, Minn.; Pam Koopman, Queens, N.Y.; Ronald A. Lee, Knoxville, Tenn.; Richard Maskell, Green Bay, Wis.; Jeffrey N. Massie, Studio City, Cal.; Dennis & Theresa McCormick, Kansas City, Mo.; Richard & Marie McGhee, Manhattan, Kan.; Donald D. McNamara, Columbia, Mo.; Frank M. Miller, Mobile, Ala.; Michael R. Miller, Portland, Ore.; Jeff Mitchell, Baltimore, Md.; Joseph Neblett, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Elizabeth

Pawlisz, Washington, D.C.; Lisa Peavy, Winston, Ga.; Ranae Pierce, Salt Lake City, Utah; James Quandt, Saskatoon, Sask.; Can.; Romeo Ramos, Long Beach, Cal.; Michael Rechtshaffen, Toronto, Ont., Can.; Edith Rey & David Preston, Montreal, Que., Can.; Nancy Roberts & Don Walker, Ottawa, Ont., Can.; John E. Romais, New York, N.Y.; Thomas Sacco, Nutley, N.Y.; Charlotte & Joseph Sanchez, North Babylon, N.Y.; Wendeslaus Schulz, New Orleans, La.; Marc Sigoloff, Springfield, Ill.; Preston Staines, Utica, Mich.; Denise Traynor, Cincinnati, Ohio; Patricia Turpen, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Robert Vider, Fort Washington, Md.; Carole Weisz, New York, N.Y.; Stanley R. Weitz, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dennis L. Wyatt, Park Ridge, Ill.

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35, 50. New Line Cinema: p.10. Omni Zoetrope: p.84. Orion Pictures: p.83 (1). Paramount Pictures: p.78 (2). Courtesy Samson Raphaelson: p.26. Photos by Elliott Stein: p.48, 49 (1), 55. Courtesy Elliott Stein: p.50, 51, 52 (2), 53. 20th Century-Fox: p.9, 16, 17, 83 (1). Universal: p.4, 62, 63, 78 (1). Nancy Wong: p.56.

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Code Name: Minus One. *Germany, Year Zero*. *The Chia Story: One Fourth of Humanity*. *Colt 45*. *Die Enze Klingelt um 12.8* (W. Ger., 1968). *Schusse in 34 Takt* (W. Ger., 1965). *The Big Red One*. *La Cage aux Folles II*. *A Letter to Three Wives*. *Merchants of the Four Seasons*. *Utamaro and His Five Women*. *D-Day the 6th of June*. *The Magnificent 7* (G. B., 1968). *Return of the Secaucus 7*. *Phenomena 7.7* (U.S., 1965). *Butterfield 8*. *Fellini 8 1/2*. *Agent 894*. *Plan Nine from Outer Space*. *Bluebeard's 10 Honeymoons*. *Ocean's Eleven*. *Beneath the 12 Mile Reef*. *Dementia 13*. *The Rise of Louis XIV*. *X-15*. *The Night of January 16th*. *Number Seventeen*. *The Patient in Room 18*. *Montparnasse 19* (Fr., 1957). *Bar 20 Rides Again*. *L'Assassin habite au 21*. *Catch 22*. *Pier 23*. *Hill 24 Doesn't Answer*. *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*. *Or: How I Flew from London to Paris in 25 Hours and 11 Minutes*. *The Woman and Officer 26*. (G. B., 1920). *Creature from Galaxy 27*. *Tunnel 28*. *U-Boat 29* (G. B., 1939). *The Man With 30 Soas*. *Adalen 31*. *Killer Calibro 32* (It., 1967). *Dies 33* (Fr., 1963). *Miracle on 34th Street*. *The Log of the U-Boat 35* (Ger., c. 1916). *Private Hell 36*. *China 9*. *Liberty 37*. *Only 38*. *Mademoiselle*. *Age 39* (G., 1956). *All Baba and the Forty Thieves*. *Lieutenant Darling and the Mystery of Room 41* (G. B., 1913). *The Phantom of 42nd Street*. *La Lunga Notte del '43* (It., 1960). *Class of '44*. *Murder at 45*. *RPM*. *Memories: Psalm 46* (G. B., 1927). *The Loyal 47 Ronin*. *California in '49*. *Attack of the 50 Ft. Woman*. *Dossier 51*. *Bombers B-52*. *Scampolo '53* (It., 1954). *Agent Z 55*. *Missions Disperato* (It., 1965). *House on 56th Street*. *Grabbarna 57* (Sw., 1935). *Cuba 58*. *Psyche 59*. *Gone in 60 Seconds*. *Private Detective 62*. *Moral 63* (W. Ger., 1963). *Scandal '64*. *Love 65* (Sw., 1965). *Lottery Ticket No. 66* (G. B., 1911). *Bolshoi Ballet 67*. *Gold Rush '68*. *Hell's Angels '69*. *The Fighting 69th* (U.S., 1941). *Boccaccio '70*. *Dracula '71*. *Love in '72*. *Winchester 73*. *Attila 74* (Gk., c. 1975). *Jill Johnston*. *October '75* (Can., c. 1976). *Deadwood '76*. *The Concorde—Airport '79*. *Around the World in 80 Days*. *MMM82*. *D III 88*. *The New German Air Force* (Ger., 1939). *Junker 89*. *Liberxina 90*. *Exploits of Private 91*. *Karlson* (Sw., 1951). *The House on 92nd Street*. *Workhouse Granny Age 93* (G. B., 1906). *No. 96*. *Trail of 98*. *F.B.I. 99*. *The Man With 100 Faces*. *Pickup on 101*. *PT 109*. *Across 110th Street*. *In Room 111* (Hung., c. 1937). *File 113*. *O.S.S. 117—Mission for a Killer*. *The Stranger—Psalm 119* (G. B., 1927). *Salo, or: The 120 Days of Sodom*. *The Unfinished Sentence in 141 Minutes* (Hung., 1975). *Paragraph 182: Minderjahrig* (Ger., 1927). *Salary*. *200 a Month* (Hung., 1936). *Longing 202* (Ger., c. 1932). *Pawn Ticket 210*. *Tokyo File 212*. *Dark Dreams 213*. *Girl No. 217* (U.S.S.R., 1944). *Corvette K 225*. *Pacific 231*. *U-238* & *The Witch Doctor*. *Highway 301*. *Station 307* (Fr., 1955). *The Girl in 313*. *Production 337: You're Lying!* (Swed., 1970). *Stop Train 349*. *Police Python 357* (Fr., 1976). *Badge 373*. *Hell's 400*. *The Ghost of Flight 401*. *The Disappearance of Flight 412*. *The Girl in 419*. *Shiri 420* (India, 1955). *Officer 444*. *Fahrenheit 451*. *Fireball 500*. *Murder on Flight 502*. *Female Spy 503* (Den., 1959). *Park Plaza 605* (G. B., 1953). *Taskege Subject #626* (U.S., 1975). *Code 645*. *State Department File 649*. *Fall X-701* (G. B., 1964). *Call Northside 777*. *Mister 880*. *Polizeiakte 909* (Ger., 1934). *Danger Flight 931* (Fr., 1958). *Squadron 992* (G. B., 1940). *Convict 993*. *Dial 999*. *Ann of the Thousand Days*. *Tales of the 1000 Nights*. *Jeanne Dielmann*. *23 Quai du Commerce*. *1080 Bruxelles*. *Police 1111* (Ger., 1916). *Dial 1119*. *THX-1138*. *Corps No. 1346*. *Stefan cel mare-naslui 1475* (Rum., 1975). *Conductor 1492*. *Anno Domini 1573* (Yug., 1976). *Rembrandt Fecit 1669* (Neth., 1977). *Invasion 1770* (It., 1965). *A Mother & Sons of 1776* (G. B., 1912). *Syskonbudd 1782/My Sister My Love*. *The War of 1812*. *The Revolutionary War of 1848* (Czech., 1949). *Year 1863* (Pol., 1922). *Frau Blackburn*, born 5 Jan. 1872. *Is Filmed* (Ger., 1967). *Fighting Thru*. *Or: California in 1878*. *Paulina 1880* (Fr., 1972). *Perrimon Wins the Derby of 1896 for Edward*. *Prince of Wales*. *Paris 1900*. *The Workhouse as the Inmates Expect It in 1907* (G. 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World Cup 1966*. *Survival 1967*. *The Making of the President 1968*. *"O" Girls*. *1969*. *Frankenstein 1970*. *Journeys from Berlin 1971* (U.S., 1980). *Dracula A.D. 1972*. *Don Juan 1973* (Fr., 1973). *Betsy Boop Scandals of 1974*. *Airport 1975*. *Jalousie 1976* (Fr., 1976). *Asian Summit 1977*. *Colossus 1980*. *The Forbin Project*. *Class of 1984*. *Kamikaze 1989*. *Montezumien 1995* (Sw., 1975). *Catastrophe 1999* (Jap., 1974). *Death Race 2000*. *In the Year 2014* (U.S., 1914). *Evridiki B.A. 2037* (Gk., 1975). *Earth Year 2069*. *Cyborg 2087*. *Daleks: Invasion Earth 2150 A.D.* *Cell 2455*. *Death Row*. *Year 2889*. *Wer Fuhr IIA 2922* (Ger., 1939). *Harvest: 3000 Years* (Ethiopia, 1975). *The year 3003* (Yug., 1962). *Terror from the Year 5000*. *Red Line 7000*. *Detroit 9000*. *The Life and Death of 9413*. *a Hollywood Extra*. *Phantom from 10,000 Leagues*. *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*. *Wavell's 30,000* (G. B., 1942). *Horror at 37,000 Feet*. *Mayday at 40,000 Feet*. *Bailout at 43,000*. *For 250,000* (G. B., 1915). *Destination 60,000*. *The Boy Who Found \$100,000*. *The Legacy of the 500,000* (Jap., 1964). *The Beast With a Million Eyes*. *Symphony of Six Million*. *Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000*. *What 80 Million Women Want* (U.S., 1912). *Objective: 500 Million/They Came to Rob Las Vegas* (Fr., 1966). *The War of the 600 Million People* (China, 1958). *Mr. Billion*. *We'll Blow Three Times \$27 Billion on a Destroyer* (W. Ger., 1971).

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