
CINEMA
REBORN
2–6 May 2019
A Festival of Restored Classics

CINEMA REBORN

A message from the Organising Committee

CINEMA REBORN returns for a second season of classic restorations.

It does so at one of Sydney's great picture palaces the art deco Ritz Cinema in Randwick. The Organising Committee is grateful for the enthusiasm for our project shown by the Ritz proprietors Eddie and Lindy Tamir, their family and their team of professionals for our project.

Once again our program has been developed by a community of cinema enthusiasts working on an entirely voluntary basis. They are experienced programmers, filmmakers, screen historians and critics who come together out of a deep love of the cinema's past and a desire to support and participate in the burgeoning worldwide activity of film restoration and re-presentation of classical cinema.

This year we have selected eleven recent restorations sent to us by some of the world's major film archives, by key studios and by independent producers, all of whom are dedicated to screening both well-known classics and films that have often lain unrecognised since they were first shown. Surprises abound…and thrills …and completely unexpected pleasures.

We are particularly pleased that in our selection we have again been able to include an iconic work of the Australian cinema. Charles Chauvel's Sons of Matthew has been restored by the National Film and Sound Archive of Australia under its 'NFSA Restores' program. This screening will bring back to Sydney one of the major achievements of the Australian cinema made by one of our most legendary film-making figures.

The Organising Committee welcomes in particular the assistance provided by many people both in Australia and overseas who have supported our work entirely as friends. These include those who have written program notes, those who will introduce each of the screenings, those who have provided advice and direction to assist our negotiations to obtain our films, those who have worked on our publications and our media presence, and especially those who have generously made donations to support our work. All help has been provided out of the love of the cinema, the sentiment that ultimately lies behind all the work undertaken to present Cinema Reborn.

It is much appreciated. Without such support this season of films could not take place. We hope you enjoy the results of our work.

A Message from Sue Milliken, Producer and Patron of Cinema Reborn

In 2010, I set out to track down the foreign ownership of Bruce Beresford's masterpiece, *Black Robe*, (1992). I produced the film as a co-production with a Canadian company which later sold their rights and which had since become lost. After a ten year journey, we have an agreement for the National Film & Sound Archive of Australia to digitally remaster this film, ensuring its preservation and availability to new generations of audiences. I consider this one of the most important moments in my film career.

The motion picture is little more than one hundred years old, yet it is an unsurpassed record of human society. However, its physical forms are vulnerable to the passing of time and to neglect, ignorance and degrading of the original masters. So much has already been lost. Preservation of the art of cinema is as important as preserving the Mona Lisa.

The Films

Cover and index page photos: A Matter of Life and Death, courtesy Park Circus

Golden Eighties

Chantal Akerman

Chantal Akerman (1950–2015) was born in Brussels to Holocaust survivors. At age 18, she entered the Belgian national film school but dropped out during her first term and embarked on making a short film *Saute ma ville*; she funded the film's costs by trading diamond shares.

During her career she made forty-two films of varying lengths. Her most notable film is *Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles.*

In Senses of Cinema's Great Directors series, Gwendolyn Audrey Foster summed up an insightful essay with this paragraph:

'Akerman worked on the borders of cinema and video, often in an unsettling manner, occasionally turning to conventional narratives in the hope of funding other projects with a substantial commercial success, but always returning to studies of isolation, alienation, and loss, her true terrain as an artist. Her work is about the burdens of humanity, of liminal existence, and the exilic 'outsiderness' of much of the world's population, existing in a permanent state of exile from their homelands, which they can never truly leave in their heart and imagination.'

The Film

In *Golden Eighties* (1986), Chantal Akerman draws her viewer into the immaculate, fluorescently lit, meticulously constructed and glimmering world of a Parisian shopping mall. Carefully assembled window displays, neon salon signs, artificial plants and elegantly posed mannequins become the backdrop against which the film's brightly clothed cast gossip, flirt, laugh, cry, sing and dance. Akerman constructs a wryly funny, vividly colourful musical-microcosm; one that succeeds in being effervescent and wildly entertaining at the same time as sharply critical in its depiction of love and desire in an era of unbridled consumerism.

Golden Eighties has often been likened to the vibrant romantic musicals of Jacques Demy. Akerman's musical shares the joyously vivid colour palette that is so characteristic of Demy's musical productions; her characters move and dance through the shopping mall with a carefully choreographed precision reminiscent of Demy's *The Young Girls of Rochefort* (1967)*;* Akerman's attention to multiple, intertwined narrative threads that unfold in an everyday setting echoes *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). However, in the adroitly delivered irony and cliché that colour the characters' gestures, actions and dialogue as they navigate love and desire in a time and place where all things (including human emotion) are commodified, the film finds an incisive and contextually specific critical edge.

In the overlapping love stories that form the film's multiple narrative threads, Akerman consistently refers to and toys with clichéd representations of emotion. The stereotypical, commercialised love story is parodied, the tendency to engage formulaic and unambiguous representations of human emotion continually referenced and subverted.

Happiness, regret, sadness, yearning, desire: the shifting emotional states that the film's characters move through appear in their most codified, instantly recognisable form in *Golden Eighties*. As Steven Shaviro has noted, feelings related to love are enacted in the film as though framed by quotation marks. Happiness becomes 'happiness,' not a sincere or naturalistic representation but a carefully articulated performance of the facial expressions, phrases and gestures we have come to identify as stereotypical of this emotional state.*

For example, Jeanne's hyperbolically mournful facial expression as she watches Eli walk away and Eli's dramatically outstretched arms as he reaches for Jeanne across a sea of frantic shoppers emerge as clichéd poses in imitation of what we have come to expect 'yearning' to look like. In the final scene, dressed in a claustrophobically frilly wedding dress, Mado's downturned mouth, her running mascara and her slumped shoulders similarly evoke an imitation of 'sadness' and 'rejection' as they might appear in their most stereotypical evocation. Immediately recognisable, these codified representations of emotion are brought under scrutiny. While we may recognise a set of gestures or string of phrases as indicative of a certain emotional state, Akerman reminds us that these formulaic representations shed little light

* Steven Shaviro (2007) Clichés of Identity: Chantal Akerman's Musicals, *Quarterly Review of Film and Video*, 24:1, 11–17

on the idiosyncrasies and nuances of emotional experience.

While *Golden Eighties*' theatricality and its ebullient song and dance set a vastly different tone to Akerman's *Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles* (1975), or *Je, tu, il, elle* (1974), *Golden Eighties* shares with these earlier films a precise and patient concern for the habitual actions and gestures that take place in the everyday. In Akerman's decision to set the entire film (until the final few minutes) in the enclosed space of the shopping mall, where the backdrops of the store, coffee shop and salon take on an almost homely familiarity as they appear and reappear through the scenes, there are echoes of the extensive focus on interior, domestic space in many of Akerman's other films. In this close, interior space, the details that are amassed by Akerman form an image of daily life that is not a wholly critical one.

While the gestures, phrases and actions that frame the characters' experiences with love often appear as imitations of stereotypes and clichés, Akerman's attention to detail also brings to light a subtle, underlying narrative of community and genuine closeness. This narrative is gestured to as early as the opening credits, where a shot of the tiled floor captures women's feet criss-crossing over its surface, each walk, skip or run leaving its own rhythmic trace. The clicking of heels grows in frequency, eventually three or four sets of feet passing through the frame at a time. A rhythmic layering occurs as the sound of one woman's feet is joined by another, then another. There is a kind of subtle, sonic expression here of the sense of interconnectedness and communality with which the employees of the mall relate to one another in *Golden Eighties*. This sense of connectedness emerges in the comforting bustle of the coffee shop where employees from across the mall meet to chat, share grievances and gossip. It is evident in the familiarity and warmth with which two friends from the beauty salon greet one another before work. It is echoed in the whisperings, giggles and gasps that occur between friends. In these accumulated details, Akerman builds a kind of visual and sonic celebration of everyday human connectedness and community.

Director: Chantal Akerman; Production Controller: La Cecilia, Paradise Films, Limbo Film AG; Producer: Martine Margnac; Screenplay: Pascal Bonitzer, Henry Bean, Jean Gruault, Leora Barish, Chantal Akerman; Director of Photography: Gilberto Azevedo; Editor: Francine Sandberg; Art Director: Serge Marzolff; Sound: Henri Morelle, Miguel Rejas; Music: Marc Hérouet; Costumes: Pierre Albert // Cast: Delphine Seyrig (Jeanne Schwartz); Myriam Boyer (Sylvie); Fanny Cottençon (Lili); Pascale Salkin (Pascale); Lilo (Mado); Charles Denner (M. Schwartz)

France, Belgium, Switzerland | 1986 | 96 minutes | Colour | 2KDCP (originally 35mm) | French with English subtitles | PG

Source: Cinematek, Brussels. 2K restoration by La Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique / Het Koninklijk Belgisch Filmarchief, Brussels.

Notes by Angelica Waite

In A Lonely Place

Nicholas Ray

In a town full of eccentrics, Nicholas Ray blazed a relatively brief yet notably distinctive path through Hollywood. He is remembered, in both his life and in his art, to this day ('Cinema is Nicholas Ray,' proclaimed Jean-Luc Godard in 1957).

He was born Raymond Nicholas Kienzle, Jr. in Galesville, Wisconsin, on August 7, 1911. His high school years were split between nearby La Crosse and Chicago, where he stayed with his older sister. Finishing 152nd out of 153 students (excelling only in English and public speaking), Ray subsequently spent but one semester at the University of Chicago, yet managed in that time to befriend both professor Thornton Wilder and architect Frank Lloyd Wright. After working with folklorist Alan Lomax recording folk and blues musicians for the 'Back Where I Come From' radio program, he worked as Elia Kazan's assistant on the 1944 film *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and subsequently directed his only Broadway show, the Duke Ellington musical 'Beggar's Holiday', two years later.

Shortly thereafter he directed his first picture, the influential *They Live by Night*, which was held up for release until 1949. After nearly a dozen black and white films, including *In A Lonely Place*, Ray in 1954 directed the defiantly uncategorizable Trucolor drama *Johnny Guitar*, which Francois Truffaut described as 'the Beauty and the Beast of westerns'.

The next year, Ray proved himself both a perceptive interpreter of outsider youth and a master of the widescreen Cinemascope frame with *Rebel Without a Cause*, James Dean's final film and the only one in which Dean received top billing.

A heavy smoker and fond of drink and drugs, Ray's contrarian instincts made him a tough sell in the 1950s studio system, and despite such remarkable work as *Bigger Than Life* (1956), *Party Girl* (1958) and the 1961 biblical epic *King of Kings* (derisively referred to by some as 'I was a Teenage Jesus'), his career ended abruptly after he collapsed in the midst of the 1963 epic *55 Days at Peking*.

Following that, as the story goes, Ray ran in to Dennis Hopper at a 1970 Grateful Dead concert, and the actor secured him a job teaching filmmaking at the State University of New York in Binghamton. He spent the next two years making the improvisational feature *We Can't Go Home Again* with his students. Shortly after collaborating with Wim Wenders on the 1980 documentary *Lightning Over Water* (aka *Nick's Film*), Nicholas Ray succumbed to lung cancer on June 16, 1979 at the age of 67.

The Times

By 1947, the fiercely liberal Humphrey Bogart had just about had enough of the Hollywood studio system he had worked in steadily since 1930. Never one to suffer fools gladly, Bogart had often clashed with higher-ups over his assigned parts and once advised Robert Mitchum the only way to survive the town was to be an 'against.' *High Sierra*

(his last role as a gangster), *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca* had made him a bona fide star earlier in the decade, and his new contract allowed him to form his own independent production company, which he promptly did with producer Robert Lord right before filming *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* in 1948.

Named after his yacht, Santana Productions, the company got down to business with the Bogart starrers *Knock On Any Door* and *Tokyo Joe* (both 1949). Neither Bogart nor his chosen director, the similarly head-strong Nicholas Ray, were entirely happy with *Knock On Any Door*, but they teamed up again in 1950 to make a film of Dorothy B. Hughes' 1947 novel 'In a Lonely Place'.

The story of hot-headed screenwriter Dixon Steele, who may or may not have murdered a coat check girl, the book was adapted by Edmund H. North and written by Andrew Solt. Bogart loved the script, with critics subsequently theorising it was because it was the one role to date that was the closest to his own personality, warts and all (Steele even eats Bogart's favourite meal, ham and eggs—twice).

Bogart had originally wanted his wife Lauren Bacall to play the female lead, aspiring actress Laurel Gray. The two had met while filming Howard Hawks' *To Have and Have Not* in 1944 (he was 44, she was 19), co-starred once again the following year in *The Big Sleep* and married in May 1945 less than three months after Bogart's divorce. Studio chief Jack Warner put a stop to that idea, almost certainly as revenge for Bogart forming Santana.

Ginger Rogers was considered for the part before Ray persuaded them to hire his then-wife, Gloria Grahame. The pair had married in 1948, but it was a rocky relationship and they divorced in 1952 after Ray found her in bed with his 17-year-old son from his first marriage—whom Grahame later wed herself.

In a Lonely Place is often called a noir,

though the darkness is more in the story than the visuals (note the haunting shot of Bogart's eyes during a key monologue). The film was photographed by Tennessee-born Burnett Guffey, who began as an assistant to John Ford on 1924's western saga *The Iron Horse* and was hired by Columbia Pictures 20 years later. He photographed some 20 films noir (including *Knock On Any Door*), and subsequently won Academy Awards for *From Here to Eternity* (1953) and *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967).

Art Smith, who plays Steele's long-suffering agent Mel Lippman, was a victim of the Hollywood blacklist in 1952 and lost his career, though he went on to originate the role of Doc the soda shop owner in the original Broadway production of 'West Side Story'. As for Bogart, his very next film was *The African Queen*. He sold Santana Productions to Columbia Pictures for a million dollars in 1955 and died of oesophageal cancer at 57 in 1957. With the passage of time, *In A Lonely Place* has emerged as a career highlight for Bogart, Ray and Grahame, and one of the most thought-provoking films noir in that most provocative of genres.

The Film

'Can I have your autograph, mister?' asks a young lad outside Paul's, the favourite Hollywood haunt of screenwriter Dixon Steele (Humphrey Bogart). 'Who am I?' Steele asks. 'I don't know,' says the kid. 'Don't bother, he's nobody,' says a more jaded girl with him. 'She's right,' Steele answers, with apparent sincerity. This exchange comes shortly after the post-credit sequence, when Steele almost gets into a fight with another driver at a traffic light.

Taken together, the two scenes are an effective introduction to the protagonist, a weary curmudgeon with a violent temper who's well-regarded in the industry but hasn't written a hit picture 'since before the war.' At Paul's, Steele's agent Mel Lippman (Art Smith) presses a thick book on him with the promise of a job but, too tired to read it, he persuades the coat check girl, Mildred Atkinson (Martha Stewart), who's devoured it while working, to explain it to him that night in his apartment.

Sending her home with cab fare, he's surprised the next morning when old army buddy turned cop Brub Nicolai (Frank Lovejoy) reveals that Mildred was murdered after leaving Steele's place. Even though new neighbour and aspiring actress Laurel Gray (Gloria Grahame) alibis him, Steele remains a suspect in the crime and the tension affects both his career and growing relationship with Gray. Is Dixon Steele a murderer, or merely cursed with a violent streak that taints his personal and professional relationships?

The Restoration

The new restoration of *In A Lonely Place* premiered at Bologna's Il Cinema Ritrovato in 2018. Introducing the program, Columbia Pictures executive Grover Crisp mentioned that he had never been happy with the previous restoration prepared for the DVD release in 2001. Since that time, the technology had been developed which enabled the damaged Original Camera Negative to be repaired and then used, for the first time, as the material for this stunning 4K digital restoration.

Director: Nicholas Ray; Production Company: Columbia Pictures, Santana Pictures; Producer: Robert Lord; Screenplay: Andrew Solt, Edmund H. North, from the novel by Dorothy B. Hughes; Director of Photography: Burnett Guffey; Editor: Viola Lawrence; Art Director: Robert Peterson; Sound: Howard Fogetti; Music: George Antheil // Cast: Humphrey Bogart (Dixon Steele); Gloria Grahame (Laurel Gray); Frank Lovejoy (Brub Nicolai); Carl Benton Reid (Capt. Lochner); Art Smith (Mel Lippman); Jeff Donnell (Sylvia Nicolai); James Arness (Young Detective)

USA | 1950 | 94 minutes | B&W | English | DCP (originally 35mm) | PG

Source: Park Circus. 4K restoration by Sony Pictures

Notes by Eddie Cockrell

Lucky to be a Woman

Alessandro Blasetti

Blasetti (3 July 1900–1 February 1987) was a key figure in the Italian cinema for forty years. He made his directorial debut with *Sun* (1929). It was well-received and it is reported that Italian Prime Minister Benito Mussolini described it as 'the dawn of the Fascist film'. It is now seen as a pre-cursor to neorealism. Blasetti was a driving force in the revival of the Italian film industry in the 1930s, having lobbied for greater state funding and support. One outcome was the construction of the large Cinecittà studios in Rome. Blasetti worked continuously during his career including throughout the Second World War. During the 50s he made a series of highly popular comedies including a number based on the work of renowned authors including Luigi Pirandello, Alberto Moravia and Cesare Zavattini. *Lucky to be a Woman* (1956) is one of two films Blasetti made with Sophia Loren, the first being *Peccato che sia una canaglia/Too Bad She's Bad*, (1954) based on the story 'Fanatico' from Moravia's 'Roman Tales' and co-starring Vittorio De Sica. The following notes are reprinted by permission from the catalogue of Bologna's Il Cinema Ritrovato where the restored *Lucky to be a Woman* screened in 2018.

The Film

Peccato che sia una canaglia was cute but its quasi sequel *La fortuna di essere donna* had an even better screenplay which was well-crafted, graceful and carefully written with Flaiano. With *Peccato che sia un canaglia* we took our cue from Moravia. With *La fortuna di essere donna* we were inspired by an Ercole Patti story with a girl nicknamed Nerone. Poor Ercole tried to run away from her by going to Sicily, but she would not give him up. When she could not find him, she went to Brancati; and once, in desperation, she even tried seducing him. Vitaliano described the scene hysterically.*

La fortuna di essere donna proceeds according to what was by then a familiar vein […]. Like Angelo Solmi wrote in 'Oggi' on 16 February 1956: 'With *La fortuna di essere donna* Alessandro

* Suso Cecchi D'Amico, *L'avventurosa storia del cinema italiano*, Franca Faldini and Goffredo Fofi (ed.), vol. II, Edizioni Cineteca di Bologna, Bologna, 2011

Blasetti has chosen once again success by making a comedy of manners, a genre in which he had already proven his ability with *Peccato che sia una canaglia* and, even earlier, *Prima comunione* […]'. The world of cinema is depicted in a shrewd point of view: a field of old beauties looking for fresh bodies, cynical agents and dishonest producers, lurking photographers – forerunners of the paparazzi of *La dolce vita* – looking for shameless girls ready to compromise anything for the price of 30,000 lire a day. Sophia Loren is one of them, albeit more adept at managing her stock of sex-appeal by staying on the defensive. […] At her side is a photographer, played by Marcello Mastroianni, who is no longer the naive taxi driver of *Peccato che sia una canaglia* but a confident guy aware of his seductive power as a low-end Don Juan, capable of offering aspiring divas false visions as successful film actresses or models, when he really is only thinking about getting them in bed. Unlike the previous movie, this Mastroianni does not effuse congeniality but is in harmony with the entertainment industry, which can corrupt anyone that enters its domain.*

The Restoration

Lucky to be a Woman was restored by L'Immagine Ritrovato laboratory at the Cineteca di Bologna on behalf of Istituto Luce and Cinecittà.

* Jean A. Gili, in *A. Blasetti: 1900–2000*, Stefano Masi (ed.), published by the Comitato Alessandro Blasetti per il centenario della nascita, Aprilia 2001

Director: Alessandro Blasetti; Production Company: Documento Film, Le Louvre Film; Producer: Raymond Alexandre; Screenplay: Suso Cecchi D'amico, Sandro Continenza, Ennio Flaiano, Alessandro Blasetti; Director of Photography: Otello Martelli; Editor: Mario Serandrei; Art Director: Dario Cecchi; Art Director: Franco Lolli; Costume: Orietta Nasalli-Rocca, Ditta Schubert; Music: Alessandro Cicognini // Cast: Sophia Loren (Antonietta Fallari); Marcello Mastroianni (Corrado Betti); Charles Boyer (Count Sennetti); Elisa Cegani (Elena Sennetti); Titina De Filippo (Antonietta's Father); Nino Besozzi (Paolo Magnano)

Italy | 1956 | 92 minutes | B&W | Italian with English subtitles | 2KDCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: Compass Film, Istituto Luce Cinecittà Restoration by L'Immagine Ritrovata.

A Matter of Life and Death

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger

The historic director-writer collaboration of these two great artists began in 1939 with *The Spy in Black* and continued with two more movies set at the beginning of WWII, *Contraband* (1939) and *49th Parallel* in 1940. Powell and Pressburger subsequently formalized their creative partnership as 'The Archers' with their next picture, *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* (1942) and would continue through the fifties and sixties with another 15 films as the most distinctive writer-director team in British cinema.

Their peak period runs from 1943 to 1952 when they were responsible for some of the very greatest British movies ever made, sharing Pantheon status with only a handful of other UK directors, notably Robert Hamer, and Alexander Mackendrick. They seem today like titans of poetic, imaginative cinema, in stark comparison to the relatively prosaic work of the then Academy darlings like David Lean and Carol Reed. Their collaborations temporarily ended in 1960 when Powell made his solo masterpiece, *Peeping Tom*, but were rekindled in the buoyant sunshine and optimism of 60s Australia, of all places, where Powell directed, and Pressburger wrote – pseudonymously as 'Richard Imrie' – *They're a Weird Mob* (1966). Their very last work was the short children's fantasy feature, *The Boy who Turned Yellow* in 1972.

The Film

Powell had made *A Canterbury Tale* in 1944 at the request of the British Ministry of Information which was trying to encourage wartime 'fraternization' between locals and the visiting American servicemen. Frictions and rivalries were running hot.

A Canterbury Tale was contrived to embed the message within a droll mini-adventure about the notorious 'glue man' who is travelling on trains and doing despicable things to girls' hair. Then there is a budding romance between a Yank servicemen and an English girl.

It is instructive to note that Powell had earlier clashed with then PM Churchill in 1943 over a number of scenes to P & P's sublime *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. Churchill insisted on

cutting scenes, some of them read and played by Anton Walbrook as Theo Kretschmar-Schuldorff, because they were seen as too German friendly for a wartime picture.

At this point it's worth noting that Powell has described his own politics as High Tory with a tilt to Labour. It may well have been the dictatorial highhandedness of Churchill which mellowed his tone.

From this movie onwards the duo wrote and directed a series of incomparable films about Britain and the British, as an island, the home of mythical, even magical history and of a primeval past. No more British a director has ever made a career of such a series of love songs to his patrimony and these Archers films, collaborations of Powell and his friend, the Hungarian 'refugee' Emeric are among the greatest in English-language cinema. *Blimp* is the masterpiece in my view but the following half dozen films are so close as to touch its wings.

By the end of 1945, finally free from war and able to get the big Technicolor camera rigs back from Larry Olivier who had been using them to shoot *Henry V*, the partners went to work again, working on an informal suggestion from the Information Ministry to do another picture encouraging fraternization.

The result was *A Matter of Life and Death*. The movie blends a number of binaries. The first is the apparent survival against the odds of a young airman who dives without parachute from his burning plane to land on the coast, still alive, where he is joined by an American girl working at airport control and a local doctor, played by Powell and Pressburger's most commensurate actor, Roger Livesey. The movie's narrative cuts back and forth between 'reality', 'hallucination' and visions including a

representation of what might be some sort of afterlife.

The present day is filmed in literally gorgeous three strip Technicolor by new Director of Photography Jack Cardiff, on his first feature, and in a stroke of genius 'the other side' is filmed in totally desaturated monochrome. Powell's politics are mischievously at play here, with the black and white 'Heaven' designed by Archers' Production Designer Alfred Junge as a Deco-Moderne infinite city in the style of William Cameron Menzies' sets for his 1936 movie of H.G.Wells' *Things to Come*.

This monochrome paradise feels like a kind of near-flawlessly ticking model for a future civil service Britain, one which indeed was to come into being in one way and another with the beginning of ten years of post-war austerity, the redemptive succession of the great Clement Atlee Socialist government in July 1945, and the creation of the British Welfare State and Aneurin Bevan's National Health.

Even an avowed Tory like Powell was content to signal, with the presence of Kathleen Byron as the Head Counter Check-in Angel, that the place couldn't be all that bad.

The movie plays with the idea of a death escaped, perhaps not deserved, and counters it with a death from a civilian that may answer that contention. Or not. There is a key scene to begin the second act of the film in which every aspect of the filmmakers' imagination comes to life. Airman Peter Carter has come to meet June and Doctor Frank at a local hall. The sequence begins with the business of an amateur theatrical company enlisting both US servicemen and local girls and boys who are rehearsing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mendelssohn's incidental music is on the soundtrack. Peter and June sit down, Peter still uneasy from a recent encounter with his heavenly 'visitor'. The score (by house composer for the Archers, Allan Gray) suddenly turns atonal from the Mendelssohn to a solo piano. Powell cuts from the master wide shot of Peter and June to a montage of images in close-up, all dominated by black and white composition, referring to the non-colors of 'heaven': a piano keyboard which begins pounding Gray's four-four 'announcement' score, then a black and white chessboard, then he cuts back to the wide shot with its full colour. Frank asks Peter about his headaches and visions and asks him (and us) to carefully gaze at the back of the hall (and the image).

There, in layers of decor are keynotes of burning red, and orange, the same colours that signalled the impending fiery death of the burning plane at the movie's beginning.

The Restoration

This new digital restoration, supervised by Grover Crisp, was created in 4K resolution at Sony Pictures Entertainment. The original 35mm three-strip Technicolor negatives were scanned at Cineric in New York on the facility's proprietary 4K high-dynamic-range wet-gate film scanner. An earlier photochemical restoration – by Sony Pictures Entertainment, the British Film Institute, and the Academy Film Archive, with the participation of Jack Cardiff – was used as a colour reference. The original monaural soundtrack was remastered from a 35mm nitrate variable-density optical soundtrack print at Deluxe Audio Services in Hollywood, using the iZotope mastering suite in addition to Capstan for music wow.

Directors, Producers, Screenplay: Michael Powell, Emeric Pressburger; Production Controller: The Archers; Director of Photography: Jack Cardiff; Editor: Reginald Mills; Art Director: Alfred Junge; Costumes: Hein Heckroth; Sound: C.C. Stevens; Music: Allen Gray // Cast: David Niven (Peter D. Carter); Kim Hunter (June); Roger Livesey (Dr. Frank Reeves); Marius Goring (Conductor 71); Robert Coote (Bob Trubshaw); Kathleen Byron (Angel); Abraham Sofaer (The Judge); Raymond Massey (Abraham Farlan)

UK | 1946 | 94 minutes | B&W, Colour | English | DCP (originally 35mm) | PG

Source: Park Circus. 4K Restoration by Sony Pictures

Notes by David Hare

Memories of Underdevelopment

Tomás Gutiérrez Alea

Alea directed 13 feature films and 12 shorts in a career spanning nearly 50 years. After the Cuban Revolution in 1959, Alea joined other filmmakers to establish ICAIC (Instituto Cubana del Arte e Industria Cinematograficos), a collective dedicated to making films that aided the revolution. Internationally, his most well-known films are *Death of a Bureaucrat* (1966), *Memories of Underdevelopment* (1968), *The Last Supper* (1976) and *Strawberry and Chocolate* (1993).

The Film

Widely regarded as the greatest achievement in Cuban cinema and one of the best films of the 1960s, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's *tour de force* is bookended by two prominent political events.

The first is the Bay of Pigs in 1961, when a CIA operation recruited more than 1,000 Cuban exiles to invade Cuba and overthrow Fidel Castro's revolutionary government. It was a spectacular failure.[1]

The second event – which ends the film – came a year later with the Cuban Missile Crisis when the island faced nuclear annihilation. A stand-off between the Soviet Union and the USA became the closest the world had come to a nuclear war.[2]

The political trauma of these two events and the USA's fear over a communist country in spitting distance from their mainland, meant *Memories of Underdevelopment* was delayed for release in the United States for nearly five years.

J. Hoberman recalls it screened first in New York in 1972 as part of the Museum of Modern Arts New Directors/New Films season, but '*A month later, the print was seized by federal agents before it could be shown at a festival of new Cuban films…*'

When it finally premiered in a commercial cinema in 1973, *Memories of Underdevelopment* astounded reviewers

– '*clearly a masterpiece*' (*Newsweek*) '*profound, noble…a miracle*' (*New York Times*) '*the most interesting and provocative film you will see all year.*' (*Village Voice*).

Between the Bay of Pigs and the Missile Crisis, *Memories of Underdevelopment* follows Sergio (Sergio Corrieri), a wealthy, misanthropic, bourgeois intellectual who wants to be a writer and aspires to European sensibilities, but instead, is stranded on a tropical island, trying to adjust to his country's two-year old Revolution.

He vacillates between admiring the Castro government for attacking the bourgeoisie, yet remains ambivalent over the new regime's ability to solve economic and cultural underdevelopment.

We first see him at the José Martí airport, as his parents and his wife join the crowds headed into exile in Miami.

'*She'll have to go to work over there… until she finds some dumb guy who'll marry her…I'm the one who's really been stupid. Working so that she could live like someone who had been born in New York or Paris, and not in this underdeveloped island.*'

It's our first insight into this complex man, a privileged Cuban who once inherited a furniture factory and now lives off his proceeds as a landlord. Sergio has chosen to stay in his country and he returns to the airport once again to farewell his friend Pablo and Pablo's wife ('*this revolution is my revenge against the stupid Cuban bourgeoisie. Against idiots like Pablo*').

He watches Havana from his high-rise apartment, often through a telescope, seeing everything from above and at a distance, neither a revolutionary nor a counter-revolutionary, but paralyzed by the Revolution. He's an existential witness to profound historical change in Cuba – so existential, in fact, that Penelope Gilliatt in *The New Yorker* mused: '*Camus's Stranger was engagé by comparison*'.

Sergio ruminates over his wife, believing he transformed her from a 'slovenly Cuban girl' into a European and now she has left him for the developed world. He also thinks of Hannah, a German girl he once loved and lost to New York City.

He has sexual fantasies about his housemaid Noemí, whose Baptist faith he finds oddly erotic; and has an affair with the 16-year-old Elena whom he tries to 'develop' by gifting her his wife's clothes and taking her to museums.

Sergio's story is interspersed with documentary footage of the 'realities' he fails to accept. They include the Bays of Pigs, Guantánamo and the Civil Rights Marches in the USA. At a symposium on 'Literature and Underdevelopment', where Edmundo Desnoes, the writer of *Memories of Underdevelopment* and the book on which it is based *Inconsolable Memories*, talks of the way Latin Americans in the USA are given the status of African–Americans (while a black man serves drinks to him and the other symposium speakers).

It's one of several reflexive moments in the film. Sergio, the fictional character Desnoes has created for the film we are now watching, is sitting in the audience of a real symposium listening to Desnoes speak. Sergio watches as he lights a cigar

and in voice over:

'*What are you doing up there with that cigar? You must feel pretty important. Here you don't have much competition. Outside of Cuba you'd be a nobody…But here, you are well situated. Who's seen you, and who can see you now, Edmundo Desnoes?*'

Gutiérrez Alea has said of his protagonist:

'*…Sergio represents the ideal of what everyman…with [a bourgeois ideology] would like to have been: rich, good-looking, intelligent, with access to the upper social strata and to beautiful women who are willing to sleep with him…as the film progresses, one begins to perceive not only the vision that Sergio has of himself but also the vision that reality gives to us…This is the reason for the documentary sequences…little by little, the character begins to destroy himself precisely because reality begins to overwhelm him...*'

Julia Levin suggests Alea's own relationship with the Revolution was often ambivalent:

'*An ardent supporter of the revolution that dispatched the despotic Batista and brought Castro to power, Alea nevertheless had an uneasy relationship with the political regime of the revolutionary Cuba under Castro. Repeatedly in his work, the director painted a more complex portrait of Cubans than the rest of the world was able to imagine. He made some gutsy critiques of the socioeconomic and political realities of his land, as he pondered the persistence of a petit bourgeois mentality in a society supposedly dedicated to the plight of the working poor.*'

After its first screenings in New York, Stanley Kauffmann in *The New Republic* hinted at the film's unusual audience accessibility in the USA and called it: '*one of those complex, self-questioning films that occasionally come from police states in their periods of planned relaxation…*', the barbed reference to Cuba as a police state tempered by his admiration for the film's reflexive complexity.

Comparisons were made with the French New Wave, the 'alienated' cinema of Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni, Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and Marcello Mastroianni's work with Fellini. American and European critics went searching through the biographies of Alea and Edmundo Desnoes looking for clues to explain why they were so impressed by the film. Alea, they found to be a graduate of Rome's Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografica and a lover of Italian neo-realism. Desnoes, born in Havana, was partly schooled in the USA and for some of the 1950s lived in New York City.

These biographical details were offered as reasons for a film that some felt questioned the success of the Revolution and saw Sergio as a conflicted, not always admirable protagonist, but an aspiring Eurocentric, marooned in a Caribbean revolution.

While there is probably some truth to these observations, they miss Alea's and Desnoes's underlying motivation – Sergio might consistently rail against the underdevelopment in his country, its revolution, its people, his friends and the lovers he exploits, but it's his ennui and his intellectual alienation that makes him

unable to 'live inside' the Revolution.

Julianne Burton goes further, *'He won't desert his position of critical superiority to participate, to act, to engage himself in the world around him.'*

After discussing Sergio's '*cultural and sexual exploitation of the women in his life*', Burton concludes: *'His memories of underdevelopment provide no refuge. By now, it is abundantly clear…the title of the film refers more pointedly to Sergio's own moral and political underdevelopment'.*

Michael Myerson posits a class struggle concept between workers and capitalists, one that if not sufficiently understood creates a misunderstanding of the film:

'*The middle class, the petit bourgeoisie, is squeezed out in the course of a sharpened class struggle. Composed of small businessmen, professionals, and intellectuals, this stratum (as Marxists see it) is constantly vacillating. It has the option of aligning itself with, and serving, either class.*'

The vigorous and fluid combination of fiction and documentary makes *Memories* arresting – what Burton sees as the film's ability to, '*transcend space and ignore time*', and *'totally confuse the planes of 'fiction' and 'documentary' truth'.*

The roundtable symposium on 'Literature and Underdevelopment' and its aftermath illustrates this. Edmundo Desnoes is a speaker (documentary). Sergio is in the audience (fiction). American playwright Jack Gelber stands and asks:

'Why is it that if the Cuban Revolution is a total revolution, they have to resort to an archaic form of discussion such as the roundtable and treat us to an impotent discussion of issues I'm well informed about, most of the public here are well informed about, when there could be another, more revolutionary way to reach a whole audience like this?' (documentary)

An abrupt cut then shows Sergio walking through an outdoor square. As his voice-over continues, the camera zooms in slowly. Finally, his face fills the frame and all his features dissolve into blobs of filmic grain. (fiction)

I don't understand. The American was right.
Words devour words and they leave you in the clouds.
How does one get rid of underdevelopment?
It marks everything. Everything…
…In underdevelopment nothing has continuity. Everything is forgotten. People aren't consistent.
But you remember many things, you remember too much.
Where's your family, your work, your wife?
You're nothing, you're dead.
Now it begins, Sergio.
Your final destruction.

1 The CIA plot to invade Cuba and overthrow Fidel Castro's two-year old revolutionary government faced such fierce opposition from the Cuban Army, that the invaders surrendered three days later. 1,202 were captured, 1,179 put on trial for treason and 1,113 finally exchanged for $US53 million in food and medicine. It was a political disaster for the United States. *The Irish Times* (18 April 2011) reported that Che Guevara sent President Kennedy a letter: '*Thanks for Playa Girón [the Bay of Pigs]. Before the invasion, the revolution was weak. Now it's stronger than ever.*'

2 The Missile Crisis came a year after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. The Soviet Union agreed to a request from Castro to place nuclear missiles on Cuban soil, thereby deterring any future invasion by the United States. When the nuclear installations were discovered by US spy aircraft, President Kennedy responded with a naval blockade of the island. Daniel Ellsberg in *The Doomsday Machine: Confessions of a Nuclear War Planner*, (Bloomsbury, New York, 2017) states President Kennedy had been told in early 1961 that a nuclear war would likely kill a third of humanity, with most or all of those deaths concentrated in the USA, the USSR, Europe and China. The stand-off between the USA and the USSR eventually ended with Khrushchev agreeing to dismantle the missiles on Cuba in return for the US dismantling its missiles in Turkey and Italy. Kennedy wrote to Khrushchev promising not to invade Cuba again: '*The US will make a statement in the framework of the Security Council in reference to Cuba as follows: it will declare that the United States of America will respect the inviolability of Cuban borders, its sovereignty, that it takes the pledge not to interfere in internal affairs, not to intrude themselves and not to permit our territory to be used as a bridgehead for the invasion of Cuba and will restrain those who would plan to carry an aggression against Cuba, either from US territory or from the territory of other countries neighboring to Cuba…*' (Blight, James G. and Janet M. Lang *The Armageddon Letters: Kennedy, Khrushchev, Castro in the Cuban Missile Crisis*, Lanham, Maryland: Rowman & Limited, 2012).

Sources

J. Hoberman, *The New York Times*, 11 January 2018

Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker*, 23 May 1973

Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, Michael Chanan, Edmundo Desnoes, *Memories of Underdevelopment and Inconsolable Memories*, Rutgers University Press, 1990

Julia Levin, *Senses of Cinema*, October 2005

Stanley Kauffmann, *The New Republic*, 19 May 1972

Julianne Burton, Memories of Underdevelopment in the Land of Overdevelopment, *Cineaste*, No 1 (Summer 1977)

Michael Myerson, *Memories of Underdevelopment The Revolutionary Films of Cuba*, editor, Grossman Publishers, New York 1973

The Restoration

A 4K restoration from Cineteca di Bologna L'Immagine Ritrovata Laboratory in association with ICAIC (Instituto Cubana del Arte e Industria

Cinematograficos) and funded by the George Lucas Family Foundation for the World Cinema Project. A vintage interpositive from the ICAIC was used to replace sections of the original camera negative effected by advanced vinegar syndrome. The mono soundtrack was remastered from the original soundtrack negative.

Director: Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; Production Controller: Cuban State Film, Instituto Cubano del Arte e Industrias Cinematográficos; Producer: Miguel Mendoza; Screenplay: Edmundo Desnoes, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, from Desnoes's novel; Director of Photography: Ramón F. Suárez; Editor: Nelson Rodriguez; Art Director: J-Ulio Matila; Sound: Carlos Fernández, Germinal Hernández, Eugenio Vesa; Music: Leo Brouwer // Cast: Sergio Corrieri ('Sergio Mendoyo'); Daisy Granados ('Elena'); Eslinda Núñez ('Noemi'); Omar Valdés ('Pablo'); René De La Cruz ('Elena's Brother'); Tomás Gutiérrez Alea (Himself); Edmundo Desnoes (Himself); Jack Gelber (himself)

Cuba | 1968 | 97 minutes | B&W | Spanish with English subtitles | DCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: Cineteca di Bologna. Restored by Cineteca di Bologna at L'Immagine Ritrovata laboratory in association with Instituto Cubano del Arte e Industria Cinematográficos (ICAIC). Restoration funded by The George Lucas Family Foundation and The Film Foundation's World Cinema Project

Notes by Rod Bishop

Neapolitan Carousel

Ettore Giannini

Ettore Giannini lived in or near Naples all his life (1913–1990). There are few details of his career available, apart from records of his involvement in a number of films. As an actor in Rossellini's *Europa '51* he played Ingrid Bergman's cousin, taking her to see the 'other Rome'. He was the writer or co-writer on several films. On Luigi Zampa's *The City Stands Trial (Processo alla città*) 1952 he was one of six credited writers. He co-directed two earlier films before his only solo directorial credit, *Neapolitan Carousel* (1954)

The Film

Neapolitan Carousel could be called a history of Naples over several hundred years. But this Naples belongs to the same world as the Venice we see in Powell and Pressburger's *The Tales of Hoffmann* (1951), a place of studio sets, streets smooth enough and wide enough for large dances, and colours as vivid as the imagination. When an itinerant storyteller (Paola Stoppa) sees his sheet music blown around by a wind those songs become the heart and motor of the film.

In 1954 a number of Italian films were released that became classics – Rossellini's *Journey to Italy* and *Fear,* Fellini's *La Strada,* Visconti's *Senso* – and a large number of films directed at the domestic audience with actors like Toto, Alberto Sordi and Gina Lollobrigida. Many of the names are now largely forgotten but not a then 20-year-old Sophia Loren. In that year's output *Neapolitan Carousel* stands out because

it is so hard to classify. It is as lush and as musical and as fantastic as an MGM musical (think, for example, of Minnelli's *The Pirate).*

As the program note for its screening at Il Cinema Ritrovato 2018 noted, 'Through a sort of enormous songbook of unique cultural and emotional intensity, the director follows and reveals the glorious and painful epic tale of the culture, civilization and people of Naples through a phantasmagorical play with lights, sound and aromas.

The filmmaking is a constant source of delight. Like a carousel, it is a non-stop whirl of song and dance, drawing on the rich legacy of Naples' street song tradition. But as the note above suggests it is not just a Broadway revue of big, spectacular and disconnected numbers, although these leave you marvelling at their scope and variety. In a way, it's an early instance of exploring a history through popular culture with the songs capturing the zeitgeist of moments in Naples' past.

The extreme studio-bound production design creates its own reality, just as in *The Tales of Hoffmann* or those glorious MGM Minnelli musicals. Think *Yolanda and the Thief* (1945) or *The Pirate* (1948). And just how many meticulous and colourful period costumes were created for the film? At times you'd like to have another chorus or two of some of the songs, but the pace is non-stop.

Individual numbers are linked through the storyteller and his family, the relationship between performance and representation and the ways the characters' personal and public lives intermix. Especially important is the 'perfect interpreter and mouthpiece for his tale in the mask of Pulcinella.' Léonide Massine plays Pulcinella. He also choreographed the film. Massine also starred in and co-choreographed *The Tales of Hoffmann,* and you can see the similarities.

One of the sequences features a young Sophia Loren, already at twenty a veteran of small roles in many films. In 1954 she appeared in ten films including *Neapolitan Carousel.*

As a city and a community, Naples has had its share of very dark and tragic moments, the film unsurprisingly doesn't explore most of these. World War II, only nine years before, is almost ignored. But it is not setting out to be a neorealist work. It establishes its own format and style that results in what is really a unique piece of filmmaking, a constant joy and delight, with just the right amount of darkness.

The Restoration

Neapolitan Carousel was screened in competition at the Cannes Film Festival in 1954, and was one of nine films awarded the International Prize. It returned to Cannes in 2018 in a new restoration by the Cineteca di Bologna and the Film Foundation at L'immagine Ritrovato, Bologna. In particular, the original Pathécolor is bright, vivid and true. This screening for Cinema Reborn also marks its return to Australia. In the 1950s there were circuits showing popular films (frequently un-subtitled) from Italy and Greece for the large number of migrants then arriving in Australia from those two countries. *Carosello Napoletano* was released in August 1957 on that circuit. *Restored by the Cineteca di Bologna at L'Immagine Ritrovato laboratory and The Film Foundation, with funding provided by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.*

Italy | 1954 | 129 minutes | Colour | DCP (originally35mm) | Italian with English subtitles | U/C15+

Director: Ettore Giannini; Production Company: Lux Films; Producer: Carlo Ponti; Screenplay: Remigio Del Grosso, Giuseppe Marotta, Ettore Giannini; Director of Photography: Piero Portalupi; Editor: Niccolò Lazzari; Art Director: Mario Chiari; Music: Raffaele Gervasio; Costume: Maria De Matteis // Cast: Léonide Massine (Antonio Petito); Sophia Loren (Sisina); Clelia Matnia (Donna Concetta); Maria Fiore (Donna Brigida); Agostino Salvietti (Prompter); Paolo Stoppa (Salvatore Esposito)

Source: Cristaldifilm, Cineteca di Bologna. Restored by the Cineteca di Bologna at L'Immagine Ritrovata laboratory and The Film Foundation, with funding provided by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.

Notes by Peter Hourigan

The Nun / La Religieuse

Jacques Rivette

Rivette (1 March 1928–29 January 2016) was one of the leading figures in French cinema for more than half a century. He was a key figure in the critical debates of the 50s and 60s, writing extensively for and editing *Cahiers du Cinema*. He was the first of the New Wave directors to embark on feature film production but his debut feature was years in production and eventually appeared in 1961, some time after his fellow Cahiers critics Claude Chabrol, Éric Rohmer, Francois Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard had all released at least one feature.

Rivette's second feature was first released as *Suzanne Simonin, la Religieuse de Denis Diderot* but has become known as *La Religieuse/The Nun* since it underwent a restoration and was re-presented at the Cannes Film Festival in 2017.

Rivette completed twenty-nine feature films, the last being *Around a Small Mountain* in 2009.

The following notes have been written for Cinema Reborn by Adrian Martin. They are published by kind permission of the author.

A Difficult Soul: Jacques Rivette's *The Nun*

Jacques Rivette (1928–2016) almost missed out on benefitting from the entire, public phenomenon of the Nouvelle Vague – even though he was, as a core member of the *Cahiers du cinéma* crowd, such an integral part of it. His first feature, *Paris Belongs to Us* (*Paris nous appartient*) began production well before Claude Chabrol's early films, François Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* (1959) and finally Jean-Luc Godard's *À bout de souffle* (1960) pounded this New Wave into the minds of audiences in France and well beyond.

However, due to infernal complications, its completion and release were delayed until the end of 1961. Then his second feature, *The Nun* (or, more properly, *Suzanne Simonin, la Religieuse de Denis Diderot*), went through an even more protracted birth cycle: beginning as a 1960 play (adapted by prime Nouvelle Vague screenwriter Jean Gruault) from Diderot's novel, Rivette directed it first on the stage in early 1963, and then began the long haul of getting the necessary resources together to make it as a film.

This time, alas, finishing the work in 1966 signalled only the start of the real problems faced by Rivette and his adventurous producer, Georges de Beauregard: in the face of well-organised protests from religious quarters, the 'Commission of Cinematic Control' (!) banned the film from both local and overseas exhibition not once but twice – a ban only overturned in 1967. Rivette was duly amazed to see that his rather discreet, chaste – albeit extremely powerful – film could ignite such a scandal in the mid 1960s.

All this is to say that Rivette – like his Nouvelle Vague travelling companion Éric Rohmer, and also like the innovative Jacques Rozier (whose masterpiece *Adieu Philippine* was shot in 1960 and released in 1962) – was a rather *untimely* figure within the French cinema of the early to mid 1960s. He had not only effectively missed the Wave but, when he finally got back on his surfboard, what he delivered to the world was a (to some) puzzlingly old-fashioned, classical film – more like the tragic historical melodramas of Otto Preminger or Kenji Mizoguchi (two directors Rivette had praised as a critic during the 1950s) than anything Jean-Luc Godard was doing in his rambunctious prime. *The Nun* is untimely in another, properly Nietzschean sense, too: it is only now that the film is reborn in a carefully restored version, over fifty years after its sign-off date, that we are able to truly appreciate its greatness.

Rivette was always, in an intuitive and unself-conscious way, the most feminist member of the Nouvelle Vague's all-male auteur crew; that much became patently clear with the release of *Céline and Julie Go Boating* in 1974. But *The Nun* hits with an anti-patriarchal wallop that was launched well before its time, and has waited for our time to really make direct contact: the tale of Suzanne Simenon, this 'difficult soul' (as she is described)

is one long, sustained wail of pain and frustration concerning an endless ordeal of abuse and manipulation. It is not 'men' who are so much the problem (some of the women here are A-grade sadists, too); rather, it is the various institutions (church, law, family, convent) that unfairly position some people with power (when they scarcely deserve it), and others forever without it. Suzanne is a victim of every system going, beginning with a largely unspoken moral-social code that deprives her of money, autonomy and freedom of choice; but she is also someone who never ceases crying out against injustice, revolting with her whole, soulful being against injury and indifference.

This role gave Anna Karina a special opportunity (her hubby of the time, Monsieur Godard, had financed the stage production which also starred her), and she made the absolute most of it. Karina was both blessed and cursed (then as now) with the tag of icon or emblem of the Nouvelle Vague; almost everyone who cast her (including Luchino Visconti, Tony Richardson, even Rivette himself in the wonderful musical *Haut bas fragile* [1995]) exploited that association, and rarely required of her to play an individual character of any depth. *The Nun* is the shining exception to that rule: in every respect, the role shows what she was capable of as an actor.

The 25 year-old Jacques Aumont, writing the rave *Cahiers du cinéma* review for its October '67 issue (no. 194), put the matter of *The Nun*'s aesthetic orientation firmly and correctly: far from opting for 'non-modernity', Rivette had detoured around received wisdom concerning what constitutes cinematic novelty in order to arrive at 'one of the two or three most innovative films' of its time. Crucial to the film's staggering formal coherence is Rivette's approach to the soundtrack: with composer Jean-Claude Éloy and

editor Denise de Casabianca, he went through the entire film and mapped its holistic 'score' for music, direct sound recording of voices, and added noise effects (bells, birds, wind …). The result is a stunning example of what filmmakers now routinely call 'sound design', on par with what only a few truly 'audio-visual' directors (such as Ritwik Ghatak) were doing at the time. The model of serial music (in the Karlheinz Stockhausen tradition), with its intricate interrelation and patterning of parts, informed the film at all its levels: Rivette joked that he conceived it as a 'cellular' movie about people imprisoned in cells.

Rivette would again take up much of the iconography of *The Nun*, and its agonised dance of emotional and sexual relations, years later in *Don't Touch the Axe* (2007), adapted this time from Balzac. But, in the immediate context of the film's release in 1967, Rivette declared he had been 'utterly bored' by the often tedious process of realising such a thoroughly pre-planned project, and had already made a bolder leap into the void: with the long-form, largely improvised, evidently contemporary film-and-theatre game launched in *L'Amour fou* (1967). That particular milestone, which would set the experimental parameters of Rivette's art for the following 15 years, now awaits imminent digital restoration: therefore, it is another must-have for a future iteration of *Cinema Reborn*!

The Restoration

Restored in 4K from the original camera negative by L'Immagine Ritrovata, under the supervision of StudioCanal and Mrs. Véronique Manniez-Rivette, with the support of the Centre National du Cinéma, La Cinématheque Française, and the Franco-American Cultural Fund-DGA-MPA-SACEM-WGAW.

Director: Jacques Rivette; Production Company: Rome Paris Films, Société Nouvelle de Cinématographie; Producer: Georges de Beauregard; Screenplay: Jean Gruault, Jacques Rivette, from the novel by Denis Diderot; Director of Photography: Alain Levant; Editor: Denise De Casabianca; Art Director: Jean-Jacques Fabre, Guy Littaye; Sound: Urbain Loiseau, Guy Villette; Music: Jean-Claude Éloy; Costume: Gitt Magrini // Cast: Anna Karina (Suzanne); Liselotte Pulver (Mme De Chelles); Micheline Presle (Mme de Moni); Francisco Rabal (Dom Morel); Francine Bergé (Soeur Sainte-Christine)

France | 1966 | 135 minutes | Colour | French with English subtitles | 4KDCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: StudioCanal. 4K restoration by StudioCanal at L'Immagine Ritrovata

Notes by Adrian Martin

Sons of Matthew

CHARLES CHAUVEL

Charles Chauvel (1897–1959) is one of the greatest names of the Australian cinema. He made nine feature films between 1926 and 1955. His wife Elsa Chauvel was his key collaborator on all of his films. In the *Oxford Companion to Australian Film* William D Routt noted that 'Charles Chauvel grew up as a privileged member of the landed gentry of south-eastern Queensland; in

some ways the ideas and attitudes of the squattocracy can still be found in the Chauvels' films. Sometimes celebrated or dismissed as little more than an ardent, simple nationalist, Charles Chauvel brought a great passion for Australia, its land, and peoples, to all of his work. Intermixed with the ardour of the films is a sense of history as inexorable change, moving all nations and races towards ends that cannot be foreseen, and mocking all fixed ideals.'

THE FILM

'*Sons of Matthew* is formally, and thematically, one of the most significant films in the history of the Australian film industry, and is the highpoint of the Chauvels' career. The Chauvels' knowledge of classical conventions, combined with melodramatic devices and a heartfelt concern for the film's protagonists and their desires, blend more easily in this film than in any other in their long career.'
– Geoff Mayer, *The Oxford Companion to Australian Film*.

The following notes are edited from *Australian Film 1900–1977* by Andrew Pike and Ross Cooper and are reprinted by permission of the authors.

Sons of Matthew was an epic story of Australian pioneer life, tracing the story of three generations of settlers in rugged frontier land. Matthew and Jane O'Riordan raise a family of five sturdy sons and two daughters on the farm in the valley of Cullenbenbong….

Queensland was Chauvel's home state and he had long been inspired by the life story of the pioneering O'Reilly family who had settled in the mountains of the south-east of the state. Bernard O'Reilly had written two books about his family's life – *Green Mountain* (Brisbane, 1940) and *Cullenbenbong* (Brisbane, 1944). In 1945 Chauvel acquired the screen rights to the books and commissioned Maxwell Dunn and the radio writer, Gwen Meredith, to prepare a screenplay about the O'Reillys and the rescue of survivors from the crash of a Stinson aeroplane in the mountains in February 1937.

Gradually, however, Chauvel turned towards the characters of the O'Reillys themselves, and by the end of 1946 had settled on his own simple story of pioneers in a spectacular new frontier.

The story of making the film was itself a tale of great perserverance in the face of formidable physical odds. Chauvel's usual financial backer, Herc McIntyre of Universal Pictures, succeeded in persuading Norman Rydge of Greater Union (no great advocate of local production) to join him as a partner in financing the film. A crew was assembled with a core of technicians from Cinesound and early in March 1947 the large unit of 70 people, including the cast, set off for the main location site near the town of Beaudesert in the heart of the wild mountain terrain.

Their arrival coincided with one of the worst wet seasons on record and the first three months on location saw scarcely three weeks of weather suitable for filming. This major setback to morale and to the shooting schedule was aggravated when work began in earnest and it became clear that the terrain was far more treacherous than had ever been anticipated. For six months the unit worked under very trying conditions, sometimes travelling by pack-horse and foot to reach remote location sites. Changes to the script also provided unexpected extensions to the shooting schedule, and eventually a second camera unit, under the direction of Carl Kayser, was brought on to the location to accelerate the work. The delays caused anxiety to Chauvel's backers and Rydge and McIntyre both travelled up to the location to inspect progress; Rydge has recounted how he came so close to abandoning the production that he actually tossed a coin to decide whether he would continue to support it….

Shooting was finally completed some eighteen months after it began..

The arduous months of the production revealed more clearly than ever before Chauvel's passionate urge to risk any cost and hazard in expressing his deeply nationalistic vision of a people in their struggle to conquer the most hostile of terrains. His methods were somewhat vindicated, however, by the emotional power of the film's best scenes and by its commercial success.'

THE RESTORATION

Sydney premiere of a 2016 digital restoration by the National Film and Sound Archive of Australia's NFSA Restores program.

Australia | 1949 | 101 mins. B&W | English | DCP (originally35mm) | G

Director: Charles Chauvel; Production Company: Charles Chauvel Productions, Greater Union, Universal Pictures| Producers: Charles Chauvel, Elsa Chauvel ('Associate Producer'); Screenplay: Charles Chauvel , Elsa Chauvel , Maxwell Dunn, from the novel by Bernard O'Reilly; Photo: Carl Kayser , Bert Nicholas; Editor: Terry Banks; Art Design: George Hurst; Sound: Allyn Barnes; Music: Henry Krips; Assist Director: Alec Kellaway // Cast: Michael Pate (Shane O'Riordan); Ken Wayne (Barney O'Riordan); Tommy Burns (Luke O'Riordan); John Unicomb (Terry O'Riordan); John Ewart (Mickey O'Riordan); Wendy Gibb (Cathy McAllister); John O'malley (Matthew O'Riordan); Thelma Scott (Jane O'Riordan)

Source: Umbrella Films.

Le Trou

Jacques Becker

'There are no theories in circulation about Jacques Becker, no scholarly analyses, no theses. Neither he nor his work encourages commentary, and so much the better for that.' Francois Truffaut, *Cahiers du Cinema*, 1954.

Truffaut's remark was written six years before the completion of Becker's last triumphant film *Le Trou* and the director's death before the film was even released.

When New York's Film Forum ran a season devoted to Becker's work the critic Geoffrey O'Brien noted it with a long essay in *The New York Review of Books* and included this biographical background:

'Becker had been a significant figure in French cinema since his early acquaintance with Renoir, who took a liking to the younger man —'he was twenty years old and had a natural elegance'—and relished their shared passion for films. Born in 1906 and raised in a bilingual household, the son of an industrialist who worked for the Fulmen battery company and an Irish-born fashion designer who maintained her own maison de couture in Paris, Becker had been a restlessly curious and playful adolescent and an indifferent student, an enthusiast of cinema and jazz bent on resisting his father's efforts to dragoon him into the world of industrial engineering. Working for a time as a steward for a transatlantic steamship line, he got to know touring American musicians, Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington among them, and met the director King Vidor, who offered him an acting job in Hollywood.

By the early 1930s Becker had formed a working relationship with Renoir that would continue throughout the decade, as he became an increasingly trusted assistant director, technical adviser (by virtue of his mechanical bent), and all-purpose consultant. He wrote and directed a portion of Renoir's 1936 Communist-financed semi-documentary *La vie est à nous* and can be seen in bit roles in *Boudu sauvé des eaux* (1932) and *La grande illusion* (1937), films for which he served as a second-unit director. The friendship was intense, not always tranquil, and for Becker decisive: 'Not even Jean Renoir knows how much his personality and his destiny have influenced mine.

When Renoir fled to America in 1940, Becker remained behind, having been called up at the outbreak of the war. Taken prisoner in 1940, he spent a year or so in a German detention camp in Pomerania before being repatriated for health reasons after successfully faking an epileptic fit. Under the Occupation he made his first feature, the highly entertaining parodic crime film *Dernier atout* (1942), and went on to the more substantial *Goupi mains rouges* (1943), a crime story, set deep in a rural backwater teeming with mania and suspicion, that already shows him in full mastery of his art. His approach from the start involved multiple takes and complex continuity editing, experimenting with variant possibilities to be resolved in the cutting room, and he would work on all but one of his films with Marguerite Renoir—Renoir's editor as well as his companion for most of the 1930s (she took his name although they were unmarried).*

The following notes on *Le Trou* are by Mark Pierce.

The Film

Beyond all its other remarkable qualities, *Le Trou* is an entirely convincing film. The film lacks both pretension and polish; they are sacrificed for realism and precision.

Jacques Becker's last film (1960) is set in a prison, La Santé in Paris, but in a gaol with no gangs, no drugs and no sex. The sole act of violence is a few slaps directed at a plumber's cheeks, while the warders seem like benign buffoons, extras from a Jacques Tati film. Suspense and drama do certainly build, but Becker nonetheless spends time watching the cell mates file bars, fill pots with dirt, smash concrete and walk along dark corridors with a guttering lamp. Becker is quite content to hold a shot, and to oblige his audience to hold its breath.

Romance is completely absent. Having made a wonderful film dominated by a sensual Simone Signoret (*Casque d'Or*, 1952), Becker here includes a woman in one scene alone, as the mercenary half of a distinctly transactional exchange. Stars are absent as well; Becker's prisoners include a number played by non-professional actors, wearing street clothes and happy to act as a well-knit, well-honed ensemble.

Becker's films might seem sandwiched between Jean Renoir, in the 1930s, and the New Wave of the 1960s. Becker looked both forward and back. He worked extensively with Renoir,

* Geoffrey O'Brien, 'Out of Renoir's Shadow', *New York Review of Books*, 25 October 2018

including on *La grande illusion* (1937). Marguerite Renoir is credited for montage in *Le Trou*. The prisoners in *Le Trou* suffer not from any grand illusion but from the petty, personal delusion of escape. Unfortunately for them, they are far less deft at escaping than two other heroes from Becker's 13 features, *Ali Baba and Arsene Lupin*. As did the New Wave, Becker insisted (most of all in *Le Trou)* on gritty realism and close, semi-documentary narration.

In other prison films, particularly *The Shawshank Redemption* and *Stalag 17,* the prison itself becomes a character, a malevolent, brooding presence. Here, Becker's focus was not on a gaol but claustrophobically on one cell alone. We are inducted into a cell fraternity, in which nobody minds if one prisoner wears flash pyjamas, everyone shares food parcels. Vile prison soup (which goes down the toilet) can be supplemented by foie gras and rice pudding. All this hyper-realism profits from the fact that Becker was drawing on a genuine episode at La Santé (in 1947), adapted from a story written by the mastermind behind that escape attempt, Jose Giovanni. Giovanni (a pseudonym) evidently led a life packed with still more intriguing, sometimes horrible, tales.

Le Trou was filmed in black and white, and its subject matter indisputably conforms to 'film noir'. Nonetheless, the dominant colour suffusing the film is grey – the grey monotony of prison life rendered in monochrome, the grey pallor of the inmates, and the grey weather – la grisaille – outside the prison walls. Moreover, all the main characters are subtle and supple enough to avoid any classification into black-and-white stereotypes.

Becker included only one moment of comedy, when one prisoner, with another standing on his shoulders, slowly circles a brick column to evade passing guards. That said, his prisoners were fortunate indeed that one key opened all the gaol locks, that no warder heard the sound of smashing concrete, and that a ledge saved any escapee from actually walking through the sewer.

Becker did well to concentrate his story and his camera on the hole itself, its excavation, its concealment and the hopes embodied in it. The punctuation marks in his and Giovanni's tale are simple but forcefully dramatic. They comprise an inspiration, a bond of trust, a defection and a betrayal. That is enough.

The Restoration

4K Restoration in 2017 by StudioCanal.

Director: Jacques Becker; Production Company: Filmsonor, Play Art, Titanus; Producer: Serge Silberman; Screenplay: Jose Giovanni, Jacques Becker, Jean Aurel; Director of Photography: Ghislain Cloquet; Editor: Marguerite Renoir; Art Director: Rino Mondellini; Music: Philippe Arthuys // Cast: Michel Constantin (Geo Cassine); Jean Keraudy (Roland Darban); Philippe Leroy (Manu Borelli); Marc Michel (Claude Gaspard); Raymond Meunier (Vosselin)

France | 1960 | 131 minutes | B&W | French with English subtitles | 4KDCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: StudioCanal (Thanks Andrew Rolfe)

Notes by Mark Pierce

Wanda

Barbara Loden

Loden was a dancer, TV comedienne and actress. She appeared in the films *Wild River* and *Splendor in the Grass,* both directed by her then husband Elia Kazan.

The story goes that while on safari with Kazan in 1966, a mutual friend, Harry Schuster, offered Loden $100,000 to write her own movie. Encouraged, she wrote the screenplay for *Wanda*. Failing to attract any interest from directors, including Kazan, Loden took on the task of making the film herself. It was completed on the miniscule budget of $115,000. In 1970 *Wanda* was chosen for the 31st Venice Film Festival where it won the Pasinetti Award for Best Foreign Film.

The following notes on the film have been specially written for Cinema Reborn by Cristina Álvarez López & Adrian Martin.

Wanda: Woman in a Landscape

Yes you, who must leave everything that you cannot control

It begins with your family, but soon it comes around to your soul.

– Leonard Cohen, 'Sisters of Mercy' (1967)

Barbara Loden's *Wanda* (1970) has spent far too many years in semi-obscurity; it has frequently found itself written out of cinema histories, even (amazingly) the histories of feminist and radical political filmmaking. Despite several DVD releases – Isabelle Huppert lent her prestige to its distribution in France in 2004 – the most recent and best restoration, by Ross Lipman for the UCLA Film and Television Archive in 2011, has taken 8 years to reach the DVD/Blu-Ray platform, and hence these Cinema Reborn screenings. To hijack the words of Herman G. Weinberg: like many of the best films made by women, *Wanda* has, for much of its existence, sat forlornly in the 'sad twilight of a cult reputation', more whispered about than actually seen and publicly discussed.

Loden herself died from cancer in 1980, leaving behind several tantalising unmade projects. But, finally, the situation is changing for *Wanda*.

Wanda incontestably ranks among the cinema's greatest works. *Positif* magazine recently listed Loden among those special directors who made only one feature film, but indelibly marked cinema history with it: *The Night of the Hunter* (Charles Laughton, 1955), *Espoir: Sierra de Teruel* (André Malraux & Boris Peskine, 1939), *The Honeymoon Killers* (Leonard Kastle, 1970), *The Forbidden Christ* (Curzio Malaparte, 1951) and, most recently, Hu Bo's *An Elephant Sitting Still* (2018). Although sometimes aligned with the work of John Cassavetes and his many flaky imitators, *Wanda* functions as the inverse of films like *A Woman Under the Influence* (1974): where Cassavetes' style is explosive and hysterical, Loden explores a sullen, implosive energy.

The imploding star at the centre of this movie is the character of Wanda, played by Loden herself: a 'floater' (as Loden described her), for all intents and purposes homeless, passive, utterly dependent on the often treacherous favours of random men, and undone by her need to be validated by them. The film poignantly conveys Wanda's helplessness, her lack of initiative. As a character, she in no way conforms to the type of 'positive heroines' that were called for during the 1970s (and again today in the Bechdel Test era). Loden's film is both bleaker and more astonishing than those easy options.

Loden described *Wanda* as being about a woman unable to adapt to her environment. There is never any home or family or community anywhere for her, never any sign of belonging. She fits in nowhere, never understanding the rules of any place or situation: 'Life is a mystery to her'. Thanks to Loden's extraordinary performance (she was a beloved and deeply influential teacher of acting, as made clear by David Krasner's popular textbook, *An Actor's Craft*), Wanda is a presence laid bare on the screen through a superb conjunction of body, behaviour and space; she becomes, for all time, an axiom of cinema.

Loden's performance as Wanda radiates a suppressed intensity through minimal means: her gaze; the forward slump of her body; the turning of her head; her blank, affectless voice; and, above all, the physical prop of her hair, which is constantly arranged into different shapes, and just as constantly gets in Wanda's way – one more part of her world that she cannot control.

Wanda is frequently shown on the move, traversing large distances by bus or car. Yet even when she is actually going somewhere, the film renders her voyaging as an irresolute drift, without clear destination or purpose. She is an estranged body in motion, wandering through city streets; she is glimpsed crossing vast industrial landscapes and barren coal mining fields. Loden often frames her own performance at the very *threshold* of places and spaces, off-centre, waiting at a doorway or in a corner, almost disappearing off the edge; sometimes, even the camera appears to deliberately forget that she's there, somewhere.

Dismissed by some, most egregiously by Pauline Kael, who described the film as 'an extremely drab and limited piece of realism', *Wanda* reveals itself to us today

as a brilliantly directed, highly controlled and expressive work. In *mise en scène* terms, Loden shapes a very precise portrait of a woman who does not *have* any space of her own, and cannot *make* any space her own, either. Wanda often hides in plain sight: surrounded by others, denied any privacy or intimacy. And yet, at the same time, she is usually overlooked, avoided, unacknowledged. Wanda is an invisible woman.

She is also an unusual and ambiguous heroine. Instinctively rejecting dominant values of family and society, Wanda does so without any real consciousness. She is not presented as an anarchist or revolutionary; her rejection of the world entails no possible alternative to it. Loden was working against the positivist *Zeitgeist* of her time and culture – and her gesture of reaction or rejection is still salutary today, in the 'Me Too' context. Wanda, as an exemplary figure, scuttles the clear-cut categories of woman-as-victim and woman-as-survivor.

In its time, *Wanda* escaped any tidy genre classification – which did not help its commercial chances one little bit. It is not a 'criminal couple on the run' movie like Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967) – which Loden regarded as phony and 'idealised – full of beautiful things, beautiful colours, beautiful people'. But nor does *Wanda* play by any of the standard 'indie' templates of our time: it isn't a quirky romance, a story of personal redemption or family reconciliation. We had to wait for certain later films by Chantal Akerman or Kelly Reichardt in order to get back to the profound, disturbing depths that Loden plumbed in her precious, unique gift to us.

Indeed, as Bérénice Reynaud summed it up: '*Wanda* explores the opaque, ambiguous territory of unspoken repression that has so often defined the condition of women'. Not to mention the condition of *Wanda* itself as an unseen and forgotten object. It's time to fully reclaim and redeem this masterpiece.

Note: A 2016 audiovisual essay on *Wanda* by Cristina Álvarez López & Adrian Martin can be viewed at vimeo.com/161556412; and a longer text essay by them, placing Loden in a tradition of female actor-filmmakers, can be consulted on the website of the Spain-based, multilingual journal *Cinema Comparat/ive Cinema*: www.ocec.eu/cinemacomparativecinema/index.php/ca/33-n-8-english/399

The Restoration

Preserved by the UCLA Film & Television Archive with funding by the Film Foundation and Gucci. Laboratory work by Cinetech and Ascent Media Sound Restoration by Audio Mechanics Sound Transfers by NT Picture and Sound.

Director, Screenplay: Barbara Loden; Production Company: Foundation for Filmmakers, Bardene International Films, Inc; Producer: Harry Shuster; Photo, Editor: Nicholas T. Proferes; Sound: Lars Hedman // Cast: Barbara Loden (Wanda); Michael Higgins (Norman Dennis); Jerome Their (John); Dorothy Shupenes (Siste); Peter Shupenes (Brother-In-Law)

USA | 1970 | 102 minutes | Colour | English | DCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: UCLA Film and Television Archive

Notes by Cristina Álvarez López & Adrian Martin, March–April 2016 / January 2019

Yol

Yilmaz Guney

Yılmaz Güney's life (1937–1984) had all the elements of an over-the-top, action-adventure movie with a lot of politics thrown in for good measure. Despite spending a total of twelve years in prison, two in military service, two in enforced internal exile and three years of self-imposed exile in Switzerland and France, he had a prolific film career, acting in 111 films – mainly popular genre movies – and writing/directing twenty films in all, including four that he made from jail by proxy. Filmmaking from jail by proxy? Yes, Güney's contribution to cinema is unique.

When recounting Güney's life it's not easy to separate fact from fiction: megastar, poet, novelist, internationally renowned award-winning film director, militant propagandist, revolutionary democrat, dangerous communist, chardonnay socialist, political prisoner, murderer, exile, traitor – Güney was, or was accused of, all these. When I met him just four weeks before he died to film an interview for the documentary I was making, of one thing I was absolutely certain: Güney was committed to using his film art to oppose political oppression and to further democratic freedoms.

Village Voice critic J. Hoberman grasped the uniqueness of this extraordinary filmmaker when he described him as 'something like Clint Eastwood, James Dean, and Che Guevara combined.' The Greek-American director Elia Kazan lauded him for having revolutionized Turkish cinema and bringing a realism to the Turkish screen that few could match. The Greek-French Costa-Gavras, whose film *Missing* shared the Palme d'Or with Güney's *Yol* in 1982, was such an admirer that he introduced this once banned film at its legal Turkish premiere in 1999. For Austrian auteur Michael Haneke, Güney's films are 'the essence of life.' For the Turkish-German, younger generation director Fatih Akin: 'Güney was a warrior. His movies are full of passion. He had a passion devoid of any compromise: an extraordinary strength. He's a master of 'realist' cinema. Contemporary Turkish cinema is still inspired by his basic dry realism [and] capacity for saying lots of things using just a few scenes.'

Opinion from inside Turkey was more divided. Both adored and execrated, views about Güney and his films tends to depend on where the admirer or detractor stands politically. For Onat Kutlar, founder of the Turkish Sinematek and life-long opposer of censorship, Güney was 'a symbol of the oppressed – a folk hero, a combination of saintliness and courage.' This clearly was not the opinion of the 1961, 1971 and 1980 military juntas that censored or banned every one of the Güney's films and imprisoned him on charges including criticising the constitution, spreading communist propaganda, harbouring wanted militants, and killing a judge. For his many millions of Turkish and Kurdish fans, however, Güney was the people's artist, an adored hero-legend they called simply *çirkin kral* or the 'ugly king.'

Güney was born to a peasant family in the cotton-growing area of Adana Province in southern Turkey to which his mother's Kurdish family had fled from the Tsarist armies during WW1 and his father, a Zaza Kurd, had found refuge from a family vendetta in central Turkey. In the 1950s, Güney worked for a film distributor to pay for his education and found work with the director Atıf Yılmaz, a significant figure in Turkish cinema, who encouraged his protégé to write and act. After a short stint at Istanbul University studying economics, Güney was imprisoned for spreading communist propaganda in a short story he had previously written while at school. As he explained to me, at the time he literally hadn't known what or where this thing called 'communism' was. But the 1960 military junta, although it would introduce some constitutional democratic rights, was not interested in listening to a young, would-be film actor firebrand.

Throughout the 1960s, Güney's career as a film star hit stratospheric heights: in 1965, he starred in 21 of the 215 films shot in Turkey that year. As he explained, many were Hollywood remakes: 'I played the Marlon Brando role in a re-working of *One-eyed Jacks*, the Jack Palance role in an imitation of *I Died a Thousand Times*, and I starred in several James Bond-type films. I was also in *10 Fearless Men*… yet another variation on *Seven Samurai*, inspired by *The Magnificent Seven*. The others … were not particularly Turkish….but they were the ones that made me a star in my country.'

Like any visitor to Turkey in the 1960s and 1970s, I recall vividly the

impossibility of entering a shop, café, taxi, bus, office, classroom or home without seeing pictures of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk and Yılmaz Güney. More often than not, there were more photos of the *Çirkin Kral* than of the founder of the Republic. Legend – and some legends are too good not to print – has it that at outdoor screenings of films in which an enemy was depicted creeping up behind the Ugly King, audiences would take out their guns and shoot at the enemy, leaving screens all over Turkey shot through with bullet holes.

Güney began directing in the mid-60s, a time of increasing political turbulence culminating in the repressive military coup of 1971 that would reverse previous democratic gains. During this period, he founded his own film company to make films that fused his star appeal with his leftist politics. He was interrupted by two years compulsory military service but in 1970, he wrote, directed and starred in *Umut* (*Hope*) that for many is a social realist masterpiece. This film proved a turning point both for Güney and for Turkish cinema. Drawing on personal experience and demonstrating compassionate political conviction, *Umut* makes a powerful and moving statement about the futility of isolated, individual action and the necessity of group solidarity, a conviction that became the uniting thread of his subsequent films. *Umut* was banned and Güney was sentenced to internal exile. In the next few years, despite spending another two in prison, Güney made several successful films including *Ağıt* (*Elegy*, 1971) and *Arkadaş* (*Friend*, 1974). In 1974, he was arrested and convicted for killing a judge and sentenced to more than 20 years in jail.

Did Güney murder the judge? The many legends don't all agree, convince or align. Some say he did, others say his nephew used his uncle's gun, yet more

leave the verdict open, not least because the prosecution case lacked the forensic evidence to justify the conviction. But, as Güney told me, he was not prepared to discuss the case as this could only implicate friends.

For the next seven years, Güney wrote scripts from prison and supervised their filming: he 'instructed' rather than physically directed *Sürü* (*The Herd*, 1978) and *Düşman* (*Enemy*, 1979), both of which were directed on location by Zeki Ökten. A legend here tells of the rushes for these films smuggled into his prison and projected on his cell walls. A slightly different version claims smuggling was unnecessary because Güney's jailers were big fans who positively welcomed seeing their hero's rushes.

Following the 1980 military coup, the third in as many decades and each more repressive than the previous, Güney was in prison facing the prospect of a further 100 years for charges relating to his political views and writings. The repressive political environment meant that many fans were too frightened to have his photo in their homes and workplaces or even mention his name publicly for fear of persecution. Realising that from now on, every film he ever made would be banned, Güney reportedly said: 'There are only two possibilities: to fight or to give up. I chose to fight.' His last two films, *Yol* and *Duwar* (*The Wall,* 1985) are testimony to this pledge.

This time, many of the legends are undoubtedly true: Güney's filming notes for *Yol* were smuggled out to Şerif Gören who had previously filmed Güney's film *Endişe* (*Anxiety,* 1974) and who had himself just completed a prison sentence on a spurious political charge. After the shoot, the rushes were smuggled out to Switzerland. In the final part of this careful plan, Güney exploited the prison parole system to flee to Switzerland where he edited *Yol.* After *Yol* won the Cannes Grand Prix, Güney was granted political asylum in France and he moved to Paris where he made his last film, *Duvar* (*The Wall,* 1983). His funeral at the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris was attended by thousands of fans, comrades and political supporters. It's unlikely, however, that anyone living in Turkey at the time would have dared travel to Paris to make their farewell: Turkish secret police and informers were doubtless also among the mourners.

Güney's films and writings were immediately banned in Turkey until the late 1990s when the Turkish premiere of *Yol* took place. But even at this screening his most celebrated and courageous film was censored: the shots with the word 'Kurdistan' had to be removed before the authorities would permit the screening.

Yol (1982)

Yol, a bleak, angry, sprawling film, follows the emotional and physical journeys home of a handful of prisoners granted a week's leave from the prison island of Imralı in the Sea of Marmara – the very jail where Güney was imprisoned.* As they travel by bus and train against the ticking clock (they have to be back within the week or else suffer

* Imralı is where Abdullah Öcalan, leader of the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK) has been incarcerated since 1999, much of the time in isolation. It is also the prison from which Bill Hughes, the American author of *Midnight Express*, escaped.

a further sentence), the men discover that they are no more free outside prison than they were inside. Güney's Turkey is one large prison in which the people are oppressed by political tyranny, the ever-present military and by superstition, bigotry, religion and patriarchy. The women, especially, are trapped by traditional values and codes of masculine 'honour' that reduce them to possessions as the men pursue futile vendettas and revenge killings. Şerif Gören who filmed according to Güney's detailed instructions brings his own cinematic skills to the film, capturing a people in brutally beautiful landscapes caught between the destructive forces of modernization and feudalism.

All the prisoners experience sadness, despair and oppression on their journey. The oppression often comes from those who are themselves oppressed – by the military regime, feudal traditions, contemporary capitalism, nationalism, and by religious intolerance. Güney's conviction of the futility of individual action and the need for solidarity and unity in collective action is nowhere more strongly represented than in the story-line of Ömer (Necmettin Çobanoglu), the Kurdish character with whom many think Güney closely identified. To the soundtrack of a haunting Kurdish song, Ömer leaves his family and his village to head across the border to join his fellow Kurdish rebels in Syria. Like Güney, Ömer finds freedom by choosing to fight rather than submit to military or feudal law.

With its inclusion of Kurdish dialogue, music and song, there was little likelihood Güney would be able to oversee the edit and, even had he been able to do so, no likelihood at all that the film would ever be shown in Turkey. 'The Kurdish struggle, as shown in *Yol*,' Güney said later 'is probably the most visible face of the resistance.…If Turkey can achieve a true democracy, then all minorities will have the right to speak up…'

Outside Turkey, Güney's decision to flee and edit *Yol* in voluntary exile so that it could be seen by audiences outside Turkey was rewarded not only by winning the Palme d'Or but also awards from the International Federation of Critics, the Ecumenical Jury, the French Critics', the London Film Critics Circle, and the US National Board of Review. In Turkey, however, the military regime sentenced Güney in absentia to an additional 20 years in prison, revoked his citizenship, and confiscated and banned all his films including those he had directed and scripted and those in which he had acted.

The Restoration

'*Yol* is living proof that it is not a director who makes a film but rather a team. It is a collective work whose spirit reaches from the stormy 1980s right up to the current day with its origin in Yılmaz Güney's life and the script he created.'

– Donat Keusch, Producer of *Yol: The Full Version* (2017)

The restoration for *Yol – The Full Version* (2017) screening at the Cinema Reborn Festival is from the original 35mm negative, the interpositive and positive prints; the new sound mix is from the original digitized tapes. This, however, is only a small part of the restoration story which has created almost as much controversy as did Güney himself for much of his filmmaking life.

For years, *Yol* existed only as poor quality 35mm film prints and illegal digital copies, all made from the1982 Cannes version. According to Donat Keusch of Cactus Films, the Swiss distributor of *Yol* (1982), upon seeing Güney's cut, Cannes Festival President Gilles Jacob insisted that 27 minutes were edited out or he would not consider it for inclusion in competition. A shorter version was completed almost overnight with several voices hurriedly dubbed live by Güney, many female voices supplied by a single actress, and no time to fine edit the sound tracks.

After it was banned in Turkey, the first official screening didn't take place until 1999 when the Swiss distributors were forced to remove the two shots with the word 'Kurdistan' emblazoned on them when Ömer reaches his homelands. Apart from this, nothing else was changed; it was still the hurriedly edited version made for Cannes in 1982. Around this time another version started to circulate illegally in Turkey in which several voices were changed. This is particularly sad because Güney's voice can be heard in the Cannes version: he dubbed the voices of the tooth puller and the old man at the bus stop who asks for a cigarette. The only voice of Güney in this illegal version is that coming from the prison loudspeakers in the opening sequence.

Thirty-five years after *Yol* won the Palme d'Or, and in the year that Yılmaz Güney would have turned eighty, *Yol: The Full Version*, was screened at the Cannes Film Festival. Not everyone is happy with this restored version. Impassioned protestors accuse the Swiss producers of censorship, pointing out discrepancies between the length of the versions that screened at Cannes in 1982 and the 2017. They point out that the 'full version' has six, not five, prisoners travelling back home on their week's leave and are concerned that he is not as sympathetic as the other main characters. Of major concern was the continued absence of the word 'Kurdistan.' However, what the protestors were not party to, and are presumably unaware of, is the much longer version of *Yol* that Güney approved before being compelled to make several hasty edits at Gilles Jacob's insistence.

Keusch defends the 'Full Version,' explaining that when he asked Elizabeth Waechli, who had edited with Güney back in 1982, to work on the restoration, she produced 469 pages of notes she had made at the time. These notes were the precise instructions for the cut that Güney had initially wanted and she followed them for the 2017 full version. In fact, Güney had originally envisaged a much longer film with eleven prisoners but the exigencies of filming meant Goren had to reduce these to six. In the last frantic minutes of editing before submitting the film to Cannes for inclusion in competition, the unpleasant character – a member of the Adana gambling mafia who cheats on his wife and visits prostitutes – was cut out. He is restored in *Yol: The Full Version*.

More than this, for years Keusch had assumed that the poor picture quality was the work of cinematographer, Erdoğan Engin. But a test-scan of the original negative in 2012 showed that Engin's camerawork was very good despite the difficult weather conditions

and circumstances in which he'd had to film. The poor copies were actually the result of unsatisfactory laboratory work. Digital restoration technology has meant that the picture quality as well as the sound track is now much improved. And at last, the wonderfully evocative music by Zülfü Livaneli can now be properly acknowledged: in the 1982 version he was credited under a false name to protect him from possible persecution. Controversially, to enable it to be to be shown at the Turkish stand at Cannes in 2017, the two shots showing the word 'Kürdistan' as well as a highly political scene where Ömer speaks about difficulties of being Kurdish were removed. However, another new version exists for the international market with all the politically controversial scenes included.

Directors: Şerif Gören, Yılmaz Güney (by proxy); Screenplay: Yılmaz Güney; Production company: Güney Film, Cactus Film, Antenne 2, Schweizerische Radio-und Fernsehgesellschaft, DFK Films (2017); Producers: Edi Hubschmid, Yılmaz Güney, Donat Keusch; Editors: Hélène Arnal, Yılmaz Güney, Elisabeth Waelchli, Peter R. Adam (2017), Tobias Frühmorgen (2017); Sound: Loïs Koenigswerther; Cinematography: Erdoğan Englishn; Music: Zülfü Livaneli (as Sebastian Argol in 1982) // Cast: Tarık Akan, Halil Ergün, Şerif Sezer, Meral Orhonsay, Necmettin Çobanoğlu, Hikmet Çelik, Tuncay Akça Guven Sengil, Semra Uçar

Turkey | 1982/2017 | 112 minutes | Colour | Turkish/Kurdish with English subtitles| 4KDCP (originally 35mm) | U/C15+

Source: DFK Films (Thanks Donat Keusch)

Notes by Jane Mills

Acknowledgements

Presented by the Cinema Reborn Organising Committee with the Support of the National Film & Sound Archive of Australia

Acknowledgement to Country
Cinema Reborn would like to acknowledge the Traditional Owners, the Bidjigal people and Gadigal people of the Eora Nation, on whose land we meet. We pay our respects to Elders past and present, and extend our respect to Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people from all nations of this land.

Patrons
Phillip Adams
Sue Milliken
Neil Peplow
David Stratton

Organising Committee
Geoff Gardner (Chair)
Karen Foley (Treasurer)
Rod Bishop
Sue Murray
Simon Taaffe
Quentin Turnour (Chief Program Consultant)
Angelica Waite

For our films
Ruby Arrowsmith-Todd
La Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique/Het Koninklijk Belgisch Filmarchief, Brussels
Cineteca di Bologna (Guy Borlée, Carmen Accaputo, Claudia Menzella)
Compass Film (Barbara Varani)
Cristaldifilm
DFK Films (Donat Keusch)
Istituto Luce Cinecitta (Marco Cicala)
Marco Joachim
National Film and Sound Archive of Australia (Jan Muller, Meg Labrum, Anna Nolan, Steph Carter)
Park Circus (Graham Fulton)
Melba Proestos
Studio Canal (Andrew Rolfe)
UCLA Film & Television Archive (Todd Wiener, Steven Hill)
Umbrella Films (Ari Harrison)
Zoë Wallin

Volunteer presenters and assistance with information
Rod Bishop
Eddie Cockrell
Jason Di Rosso
Geoff Gardner
David Hare
Peter Hourigan
Sylvie Le Clézio
Cristina Álvarez López
Adrian Martin
Jane Mills
Margot Nash
Mark Pierce
Susan Potter
Peter Thompson
Quentin Turnour
Angelica Waite

Publications
David McLaine
Simon Taaffe
Sarah Byrne
Rod Bishop
Eddie Cockrell
Geoff Gardner
David Hare
Peter Hourigan
Jane Mills
Mark Pierce
Quentin Turnour

Ritz Cinema
Eddie Tamir
Lachlan McLeod
Ashleigh Mackenzie
Bridgette Graham
Benjamin Tamir
Raphael Tamir
John Wilson

Online and Media
Geoff Gardner
Angelica Waite

Program Consultants
Quentin Turnour (Chief Program Consultant)
Rod Bishop
Guy Borlée
Eddie Cockrell
Shivendra Singh Dingapur
David Hare
Peter Hourigan
Jane Mills
Sue Murray
Margot Nash
Tony Rayns

Donors
Barbara Alysen
Max Berghouse
Richard Brennan & Jill Steel
David Bruce-Steer
Geoff Burton & Sharon Bell
Anna Carmody
Dominic Case
Adrienne Davidson
David Donaldson
Film Critics Circle of Australia
Karen Foley & Geoff Gardner
Peter Hourigan
Bet Johnston
Jane Mills
David Stratton
John & Hazel Sullivan
Ross Tzannes

Contact
Cinema Reborn
129 Ebley Street
Bondi Junction
NSW 2022, Australia

Email: filmalert101@gmail.com

Website
www.cinemareborn.wordpress.com

Venue and Ticketing
The Ritz Cinema
45 St Paul's Street
Randwick
www.ritzcinema.com.au/Page/Home