

July 1974

OTHER SCENES



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SPRINGTIME IN CANNES

The first time I went to the Cannes Film Festival, last year, it seemed that something was lacking. There were all these people floating around looking for the glamor they must have read about and all drifting apparently without purpose. Sure, there were plenty of movies to see (although advance information about them was pitifully sparse) and the occasional cocktail party, but for most it was a repetitive round of talking to the same people, drinking endless coffees outside the Blue Bar and checking and rechecking the boxes in the press room to see if anything new had miraculously turned up. The whole thing seemed to lack a **centre**.

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So this Spring with the notion that here was a captive audience at a continuous two-week party, all waiting to be fed something interesting, I gathered up my friends Martha and Sally, neither of whom I knew very well, and with the enthusiastic and generous support of my printer/partner, Mike, who agreed to meet us down there and handle production, off I went.

Almost immediately disaster struck—all my spare money (about \$150) plus a camera stolen from the apartment of a friend where we stayed in Paris. Then the collapse and abandonment of my 12-year-old VW and the necessity to lug everything onto the train to complete the journey.

Once in Cannes we realised how little we knew about the film industry (among the cliquiest of cliques) and worried about how we'd get the material to fill 12 pages each day now that all the people who'd promised support had predictably not come through. I even had a hassle trying to get credentials because I'd omitted to send

spring with a copy of the *Witches Almanac* and include an unscheduled number of issues and occasionally other goodies during the year.

festival authorities copies of material written the previous year.

But when the festival started everything somehow fell into place. Martha and Sally turned into crackjack reporters who went off every day and came back with endless scandal and gossip. Rex Reed provided us (anonymously) with our lead stories on three separate days. Eleanor Perry and Alexander Walker tipped us off to items. Billy Baxter, a major Columbia stock-holder, bought me two enormously expensive lunches and fed me trouble-making industry gossip. There was always somebody we knew at the Majestic Hotel, across the street, to give us an excuse to spend a few restful moments around their glamorous pool.

Our own hotel, the Regence, showed considerable patience and aplomb. Every morning the owner would bring up two breakfasts to the room to find a different combination in the double bed—sometimes all three of us, sometimes Martha and I, occasionally just me alone, sometimes Sasha and I. He never blinked an eyelid. Also first thing each day, Michael would arrive with the 600 neatly printed and stapled issues of that day's **In the Cannes** which he'd stayed up half the night putting together at his camping site outside the town. And all at his own expense. He'd take the typed stencils

for the next day's paper which we always tried to make as topical as a 30-hour deadline would allow.

After a few days our sulky, bitchy spirits were visibly lifted and the paper began to reflect our highly charged-up mood. For the last ten days or so we were all in a permanent high, loving what we were doing, loving each other and determined to freak out our readers with each edition. It was a gas and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

As a matter of fact we'd love to do it again if we knew where and how. Apart from my car breakdown etc. I estimate the project cost me around \$600 which is little enough for a fantastic vacation in the sun with 13 issues of a daily paper to show for it.

The best situation for another project like this would be some gathering, convention, conference or festival where an "instant newspaper" can increase interest, excitement and participation in the proceedings: the Edinburgh Festival, the Frankfurt Book Fair, a convention of people promoting something literary, artistic or creative. A newspaper or newsletter gives things a focus, a centre, as well as providing something for people to talk about and radicalizing, or at least involving, its audience. And it's something that is relatively easy to do—ridiculously easy if somebody else will foot the bills. **J.W.**

MEZ SEZ...

If asked a one-word summary of the Cannes Film Festival, I would be hard pressed to answer anything but that proverbial preoccupation—SEX. Sex in the cinemas, sex on the sidewalks, sex in the sand—that three-letter word permeated the hearts and loins of all who congregated on the Mediterranean last May. The sweet smell of sex was in the air, as if some great erotic atomiser had been suddenly sprayed from above. Possibly it was the weather—that sensuous, smouldering sun that caressed the body in passionate warmth, or possibly the economy (showers were so expensive we found it cheaper to bath with a friend), but the atmosphere was a very hedonistic one indeed. Good food, great wine, beautiful people—even the most reserved of souls was soon to succumb and hot-foot it across the beach in pursuit of a bikini-bottom. Work became subversive to play, and all of Cannes was on school holiday. A certain film distributor always kept one eye on his client and one eye on the girls parad-

ing by, providing a pleasant, if somewhat cross-eyed, existence. More women are coming into their own as promoters and publicists in the film industry, so business deals were just as commonly concluded in the bedroom as in the boardroom. Bosoms sprang free from previously confined chests, and bare midriffs were seen undulating down the Croisette at ever-increasing frequency. There were handsome beach bums for ageing directors' wives, nubile young actresses for frustrated producers, journalists for us and Linda Lovelace for all.

The biggest crowds were to be found at cinemas showing pornography, while the poignant art film played to empty houses. A mild riot broke out at the screening of "Deep Throat"—everyone lustily eyeing the person in the next seat to see if they could continue the on-screen action after the film. Feeling they had an image to maintain, the porn directors themselves backed any available female up against the nearest wall, refrigerator, or what have you. The scene being what it was, the obligatory "Do you want to be in pictures, baby?" proved to be both outdated and unnecessary. "Miss Cinema '74" contest coyly disposed of her swimming top as a prelude to walking down the ramp. She didn't win, but received the most applause from a very admiring audience.

Our hotel couldn't keep score of the musical beds game played every night, and eventually began dispensing keys to any likely looking randy person with a few francs in his pocket. Men who arrived at the festival with their mistresses soon became bachelors again, and wives at their husbands' sides at dinner frequently found another for dessert.

Momentum and lust accelerated as the festival drew to close—culminating in erotic, erratic behaviour at a furious rate. Addresses were swapped in dizzing speed, sly winks became open propositions, the town was exploding into one electrifying, orgasmic circus. Then Cannes sat up, straightened its rumpled clothing and flew home to its wives and lovers and boy friends.

Martha Ellen.



SASHA THE SCOOP

Cannes taught me one important fact: You can be a nobody and approach somebodies as if you are a somebody also; and if the act is cool enough, none of the somebodies have a chance of guessing that an alien nobody has sneaked into their midst. The true secret of the art of hustling—never undersell yourself.

Working on this principle I drank champagne and ate strawberries with Birkin and Gainsbourg on the Carlton beach; sipped tea with Tony Curtis and wife in their private suite; and treated Jadorowski to the benefit of my scintillating conversation over a before lunch drink, bought of course, by him. Secondly I learned that to be a somebody in the eyes of society rarely means that the somebody's intelligence and awareness level is anything above, and is often below, the normal standard. Curtis bored me with his passion for gardening and desire "to be a real person"; his wife with chat about their children. Jane Birkin bored me about her film with Bardot; and Jadorowski with long, explicit details about female orgasms.

I would all too thankfully return to my penniless but intelligent friends resting in between hustles around the Blue Bar.

The film world is an incipiently artificial creation. In 1974 it is Linda Lovelace; paradoxically demure in white lawn and picture hat who replaces the true glamour of Monroe. For people with any soul simply cannot stand the pace. Promises are made and broken; deals contracted over cocktails by the Majestic pool by fat, wealthy businessmen glancing lustfully over their shoulders at the flash of a French hooker's thigh. It is this tawdriness that detracts from the film industry of the west. Can "Deep Throat" be spoken of in the same breath as the Russian "War and Peace" Isn't it about time we stripped the peeling gold paint off the limping Hollywood legend and realised that the film industry is just another glorified facet of the Capitalist con?

Afterthought: As a result of Cannes I have been offered a nice part in a film, am I going to turn it down as a result of my socialist principles? Negative, of course. There's gold in them thar hills . . . Sasha.



HOLLYWOOD MOGULS STILL MAKING NEW ENEMIES

by Brian Blackjack

One of the sickest things about Cannes is the way the Hollywood Moguls arrive to toot their own horns, throwing parties and carefully excluding all of the American critics who have given them bad reviews throughout the year. ELY LANDAU and his American Film Theatre group threw a luncheon at the Carlton Beach and made it clear that VINCENT CANBY of the New York Times and PENELOPE GILLIAT of the New Yorker did not receive invitations. Then ERIC PLESHKAU and his Fascist dictators from United Artists gave a plush party (UA doesn't have enough money in its budget to spring for anything more than drinks) and passed the word around that only the British critics were invited but not the American press. This is supposed to be a festival of international goodwill but shit is shit all over the world and the assholes at United Artists have become famous for kicking the critics around. By banning the critics from press showings, fighting with journalists, refusing to quote reviews in newspaper ads driving out the creative artists who need good word spread on their films instead of concentrating their efforts on turning out a quality product, United Artists have become the laughing stock of the movie industry.

They have already driven away BERNADO BERTOLUCCI, WOODY ALLEN, SIDNEY LUMET, and ROBERT RADNITZ to name a few. Now they are in Cannes blowing wind out of their asses and making new enemies. Some of the important U.S. critics who were barred from the UA cocktail party (to promote what — since they have no films in Cannes and no official business)

being here?) were Kathleen Carroll, Andrey Sarris, Bruce Williamson, Charles Champlin, Rex Reed, Vincent Canby, Molly Haskell, William Rolf and Thomas Quinn Curtiss.

Said Charles Champlin of the Los Angeles Times: "I guess I haven't lived a good, clean life to be denied the prizes of United Artists." Said Rex Reed of the NY Daily News-Chicago Tribune Syndicate (200 papers): "United Artists is the Nixon Administration of the film industry and being on their shit list is like being on the Nixon Enemies list. They've made me a proud man. I'm here in Cannes to promote and perpetuate film, not drive a nail into the coffin by drinking champagne with hypocrites. To drink a glass of anything offered by UA I'd have to hire a taste-tester like Louis XIV to check it for arsenic first."

One exception to all this is the affable SAM ARKOFF who makes millions each year turning out trash for American International. He threw a lavish party at the Hotel du Cap for every American critic in Cannes. "I'm not hustling anybody, and if I depended on their reviews I'd be out of business. I probably haven't had a good review from anybody here," he said during the lunch. "But I just want everybody to have a good time. We all like movies, let's drink to that."

We need more of that esprit de corps in Cannes and less of the Nazi ass-kicking of Eric Pleshkau and his UA stormtroopers. The critics go on but last year DAVID PICKER (then head of UA) threw the party and banned the press. This year he's out on the street peddling movies like all the other hopefuls. This year Eric Pleshkau sits in his chair. Next year he'll be lucky to get a job pushing insurance for State Farm Mutual. As Oscar Levant used to say about Hollywood dictators, "They come and go through revolving doors."

IN THE CANNES

THE FRENCH HAVE A WORD FOR IT : MERDE !

by The Famous Jim Buckley

EVERYONE's been wondering why there is so much shit at Cannes this year. Is this an unusual year or has there always been such garbage being made by independents as well as the majors? According to Dusan Makaveyev there's something in the air which is counter-productive to creative energies.

There's a certain dullness, an enervating stupor engulfing the entire Western world at the moment. Dusan claims he had to physically force some of his actors in Sweet Movie to do his bidding, not from lack of talent, just outright lethargy. And speaking of lethargy, the assholes at UNIFRANCE from Jean-Louis to Kathryn Verret to the rest of the drones on the Palais' first floor should be bound gagged, thrown down the elevator

shaft headfirst and burned at the stake with all their unprocessed festival applications. A person comes away from the fest every year knowing deep down in his heart that Unifrance, who bed, cajole and plead Americans to attend this wonderful fest of theirs before the fact, really don't want him. In fact they discourage his participation in festival events and even attempt to demean and embarrass the lowly American distributor and/or exhibitor.

TOM PARKER is a good example of the kind of thing I mean. He and his shapely wife, Sally, made one futile attempt to attend an evening performance at the Palais. The Ken Russell film "Mahler" was on and Tom was considering its purchase for the U.S. Now Mr. Parker is no piker. He comes to Cannes, as reported in Variety, stalking for films. The only stalking he's done so far is out of theatres and away from boring, shit-filled clam



type movies. Tom has direct and/or indirect control of over 80 theatres in the U.S. capable of pulling in 25 to 40 million dollars a year. And when he went to attend the Mahler screening not only wouldn't the usherettes let him sit in two unoccupied seats at the very rear of the theatre but when he sat down anyway when it appeared that nobody was going to occupy them for that performance, four burly black-tied bruisers grabbed him and forcefully removed him from the seats.

It's a good thing PAUL GONSKI was with him since he's an ex-jock from Chicago and was a match for the Corsican hitters hired by the Palais for such occasions. That treatment was merely the topping however since both Tom and Paul were stopped outside the hall and forced to buy two of those crummy plastic bowties to wear since they had the bad taste to choose a tie rather than a nifty bow.

JERRY DAMIANO, director of "Deep Throat" "The Devil in Miss Jones" and now "Memories Within Miss Aggie" has been in town for the past week and his presence has been marked by an astounding silence. Jerry is, perhaps outside Federico Fellini, the most important director in Cannes. Damiano's theories on eroticism and the art of sensual direction will become classroom necessities for budding film directors. And where is the press? Out on the beach taking pictures of monster mammarians for their respective publications. It is reported that this year there are more assholes per sq. foot in Cannes than there were congregated in Seoul, South Korea's stadium for the appearance of Billy Graham.

I have a public confession to make: My latest movie, "Kitty Can't Help It" is also a piece of shit. It says nothing, does nothing and goes nowhere. It'll probably find a market and entertain some adolescents in the

IN THE CANNES

back seat of a Chevy, finger-fucking in a drive-in movie, but it's essentially dreck. Happily I am the only producer and like Nixon won't take full responsibility, but it's sad to have brought just another hour and a half of tripe to sunny southern France.

SMALL BITS: Cannes is definitely this year's Smut Peddlers Convention. Besides myself as publisher of Screw and producer of the porn hit "It Happened in Hollywood" (screened at Cannes last year), there are Jerry Damiano and Alex de Renzy, both smut directors par excellence; Tom Parker, of course who owns a number of sex houses; TEDDY ROTHSTEIN and SYDNEY LEVINE, both consummate smuthounds and connoisseurs of dirty stuff. All are here looking for "respectability" now that we've made lots of money off porn. The problem is that the only 'respectability' is IN porn since the rest of the stuff being produced is an intellectual co-out destined for the scrap heap of history. Only the good porn will survive.

ROSSELLINI UPSTAGES CANNES WITH ONE-NIGHTER

On Monday everybody will be hitching, thumbing, renting cars or taking buses to Monte Carlo for the world premiere of Elizabeth Taylor's new film IDENDIKIT co-starring Andy Warhol. Director Luigi Patroni-Griffi and Producer Roberto Rossellini are so angry with the Cannes Festival for not inviting it as one of the Italian entries they are staging their own attention-stealing premiere with klieg lights, champagne and after theatre party at Regine's new nightclub.

CARLTON CLICHES

TONY CURTIS ("Lepke"), here for his first Cannes visit leaves for London today with his (fourth) wife Lesley "to see the kids" but will be back in time to hand out the festival awards.

Asked if he wasn't bored with the business after 70 movies he replied: "I only get bored with people who waste my time. I'm going to be 49 next month and time is precious. Certainly not all of filmmaking is perfect; one is searching for that moment when everything comes together. Many actors—Newman, for example—have produced and directed their own movies. I wouldn't do that. I love being a movie star! But I'm also a painter and a gardener; all of these things contribute to being a real person."

Cameras clicked and whirred around him almost all the time he was here but he took it calmly in his stride without ego or affectation.

The only movie he expressed interest in seeing was "Daughters, Daughters." As for pornies, he thinks they're "bullshit." "Sex should be integral to the movie's story. Why do I need to do it in a movie when I can do it in real life?"

Lepke was made in seven weeks and Tony had a comment or two about directors delaying films with their personal hang-ups. "I like the idea of making a film spontaneously; sometimes you can do it, sometimes you can't. Billy Wilder, for example, wants it exactly pat." Was movie-making a chore or a pleasure for him?

"The pleasure comes when I've done the take; it's a reaching for perfection for a second or two and then it's gone."

And his memories of Monroe? "A very unhappy and frustrated woman. She didn't hide the fact that she was a woman and therefore became an object of scorn and ridicule; this happens to all beautiful people."

Tony met Lesley by chance six years ago "and it seems like all my life." They both like London "because we don't get bugged" and spend much of their time together with the last two of Tony's children, Benjamin and Nicholas.

Is he frightened of growing old? "Well, Henry Fonda is 69, slim, energetic and handsome; you can go on for ever. When I grow old I want to spend all my time painting and making love." He'll probably make it.

—Sasha.

Some people collect art because they dig art but ROBERT SCULL's motives are merely mercenary. Having ripped off the entire NYC art scene of the '60s (and recently sold the pix off at a vast profit) he's now talking of entering the movie business. Young talented directors should beware of such Scullduggery.

LES LEVINE'S Museum of Mott Art has announced 62 new services for the period after art is dead. The purpose of these services is to provide assistance towards the development of a constructive, emotionally stable after art professional during the difficult period of transition from art to after art.

COTE D'OR CAPERS

Is Ken Russell into Black Magic?

KEN RUSSELL only makes one film and "Mahler" represents this singularity with its usual devastating potency. The whole 'oeuvre' of this media demon is devoted to a ceaseless attack upon all standards of goodness, tenderness and pity and should be analysed on a metaphysical level of incarnate evil rather than the superficial level of a naughty, cruel child which seems to be the current critical assessment.

RUSSELL is indeed a naughty, cruel child but he becomes much more than this if his work is seen in perspective. "Mahler," "The Devils," "The Music Lovers," "Dance of the Seven Veils," even an early work like "Debussy" and "Song of Summer," crawl with the mind shattering imagery of triumphing evil crushing all vestiges of hope and beauty in the soul of the artist. This is no accident.

For his subject matter RUSSELL always picks individuals, who, although contributing great works of art to the enhancement of the human species, are tortured by the devils of self-doubt and loneliness that are themselves two of evil's most potent weapons. The beauty and glory are always eclipsed and overwhelmed by the undermining cancers of an eroding spiritual debility. This of course is the general pattern the forces of evil have adhered to in their long campaign against humanity. The undeniable brilliance of RUSSELL'S marshalling of symbolic images is a mask for the real purposes of those images. They are bizarre hymns to the powers

of death, decay, perversion, madness, hopelessness and confusion. These images are fleshed out in all his films with the potent appurtenances of magic, always used in a context that is undeniably black. Fire, water, crosses, circles, swastikas, pyramids, pentacles and magic wands are carefully woven into the fabric of his work, sometimes in an almost subliminal fashion. Violence is usually the key to their manipulation and one can almost believe that RUSSELL is the tool of those Dark Masters of Cosmic Evil who hover on the fringes of all world mythologies, encouraging the Black Apocalypse that lurks in every human soul. Even such a seemingly innocent romp as "The Boy Friend" carries undertones of decadence, lassitude and futility, mainly enhanced by the costumes and sets, neatly counterpointed by the weakness and degeneracy of the characters. KEN RUSSELL'S films form the individual notes in the mighty symphony of realised evil. They are tarted up in the trappings of 'artistic freedom' and 'aesthetic expression' but their surface glitter is a 'will-o-the-wisp' glow, leading the unwary or unstable to spiritual dissolution and ultimate hell.

In a recent interview with the "Daily Express," RUSSELL was queried by journalist VICTOR DAVIS as to the underlying nature of his work and whether it contained any specific implications. His reply was most revealing: he said "It's very tiring year after year being accused of sensationalism. I've had motives read into my films

TODAY'S TOP TEN

that were never there. In fact (big grin) my motives could be even more suspect than my critics imagine."

Later in the article he voices an interesting comment: "It is a nervracking aging business. I just wish I was not compelled to do it." This sinister compulsion is echoed in the urgent, almost frantic pace of RUSSELL'S direction. The symbols crown one another into a frenzied 'dance of death' that only reaches quiescence after achieving the spiritual rape of the audience. This man's films contain rituals for the damned and should as such be roundly condemned. Taurus.

Straws in the Wind

Does CMA realise that the glossy annual report they just put out under the guise of a Daily Variety may trigger an investigation by the SEC in view of some of the typically publicity-oriented—and possibly unsubstantiated—claims therein? (Can you believe the ballyhoo on page 5 about "The Getaway" doing \$45 million?)

In a report on the festival the BBC's late-night show "Film 74" ran some clips from Jack Nicholson's "The Last Detail" but even with all the 'offensive words' bleeped out there was still censorship problems with the higher-ups. When will they take a look around and see what's going on in the world?

Whatever happened to the promise made by Ely Landau when he set up his American Film Theatre that the

pretentious movies made for once-a-month showing would not be offered to the public for at least five years? So how come Norman Katz has set up shop at the Carlton to sell the movies to the public?

Can't tell you anything about ONCE except that it's a piece of pretentious garbage that would you believe that the first man in the world was born with a loincloth whereas (how chauvinistic) the first woman—made by man—was naked.

Liberation can be boring; after walking out of RICHARD STANLEY'S "Etc etc etc" (supposedly expounding Wayland Young's book "Eros Denied" I began to wonder what exactly the function of the "Avant-Garde" cinema could be. Sure we all need to fuck more freely; explore ourselves more fully, but mental masturbatory trips incorporating poor camera work and incoherent sound are not my idea of liberation through movies. I am tired of seeing films about things I can do and would rather be astounded by impossible feats. —Sasha.

JACQUES TATI is the most international of directors, one who barely needs and who, in "Circus" barely uses any. Hockey players, in full uniform with sticks, backstage at a stadium looking for the right door end up on a bench watching a symphony . . . a checkroom attendant with shelves and shelves full of metal, motorcycle helmets . . . mimed routines of goalkeeper, fisherman, ping-pong player in slow motion . . . a conjuror throws a radio up in the air under a cloth and it crashes to the ground, splintering to pieces . . . a gymnasium jumping-horse doubles as a piano, making tinkling noises every time a careless athlete knocks it over . . . a man tips the beer out of his glass as he turns his wrist to give somebody the time—and Tati as the ubiquitous ring-master who connects these visual gags.

CAFE CONFIDENTIAL

THIS YEAR'S SCANDALS

Every Cannes Festival has its scandal. This year there are several. First, there was the private 'in' fighting between Maurice Bessy and Robert Favre LaBret concerning "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman," which has just been nominated in the U.S. for 12 Emmy awards. Bessy loved the film and went around telling everyone Cicely Tyson was a "shoo in" for Best Actress. Then Favre LaBret said that he loathed the film. Private speculation is that he doesn't understand the black situation in America and is personally anti-black (why no black jurors ever? A number of private individuals even went to the French Commission with the film, and nobody could pull the necessary strings to get "Jane Pittman into Cannes. The official reason given to the press: "It was made for T.V. and is therefore ineligible." This is nonsense, since 2 years ago Truman Capote's "The Glass House" was shown (A.B.C. T.V.) in the Grande Salle. Favre LaBret has a lot of explaining to do.

The other scandal involves the 2 American jurors, Dalton Trumbo and Irwin Shaw. Only once before have the rules been bent to allow two Americans on the same jury, and that was the jury year when both Vincente Minelli and Shirley Maclaine served side by side. This year Bessy and Favre LaBret both invited Trumbo and Shaw without informing each other and both jurors accepted. Result: we now have two incompetent American jury members instead of one. Trumbo, who was laughed out of Cannes the year his insipid "Johnny Got His Gun"

was shown, owes his entire career to being black-listed.

Shaw wrote his whole article on last year's festival for 'Harper's' from the Carlton Bar without seeing one movie. What do you expect from a festival that has also had (in previous years) such U.S. representatives as Erich Segal and Erskine Caldwell? It's getting to be ridiculous, and it's giving Cannes a black eye. Next year, one expects to find the American film industry and literary hierarchy represented by Jacqueline Susann. The way this circus is going it could happen.

Italian juror Monica Vitti, whose film career has plummeted to rock bottom since her love affair with Michelangelo Antonioni ended following the failure of "Red Desert," is leaving Cannes to vote in the Italian elections. All of the films she missed will be screened privately for her at special projections when she returns. It is speculated that the real reason Antonioni is not coming to Cannes with his new Jack Nicholson-Maria Schneider movie "THE PEDESTRIAN" is because Vitti is on the jury and might be prejudiced against him. There's more political power in bed than on the screen it seems.

Inside news: English juror Alexander Walker was almost thrown off the jury because his scalding review of Ken Russell's MAHLER has already appeared in London's **Evening Standard**. Russell lodged a formal protest with the Cannes Festival, threatening to withdraw the film if Walker was on the jury, claiming he was prejudiced against his film in advance. (The Walker-Russell

CRUISIN' La CROISSETTE

feud is a hot one in England, where the hot-tempered director once pounded the exotic critic over the head with a rolled up newspaper on television in front of thousands of horrified viewers). The Festival debated the matter, then decided privately that Walker would abstain from voting on the MAHLER film. That seems fair, but it leaves an even number to vote on the British entry, which breaks the rules of the Festival. Apparently the rules of the Cannes Festival were formed just so they could be broken. But then, who's talking logic about a festival that has never known the meaning of the word ?
—Rex Reed.

How do specific movies come to be chosen to represent their countries when (usually) much better ones are ignored ? Nobody actually seems to have the full answer to this question (can anyone out there explain?) but Alex Walker, one of this year's jury, says that when he was one of England's selectors last year he was given a list of nine movies and told to select one of them. But WHO chooses the short list ? And who has the final say ? The question is again pertinent this year when a pretentious piece of junk like "Symptoms" is chosen—so typical of the pseudo-cultural crowd—that wraps up an indifferent, old fashioned story in Gothic dress, suggests a hint of lesbianism and calls it art.

Screw's JIM BUCKLEY, here peddling "Kitty Can't Help It," says the Supreme Court finally hears the obscenity case against Screw this September—based on allegedly obscene issues of the paper distributed four years ago. If Screw wins it can hardly prove

very much considering how the social climate has changed (and how tame those early issues are compared with to-day's). But it will mean the return of a useful \$45,000 in fines.

GERRY DAMIANO ("Memories Within Miss Aggie") was barred from the casino because his jacket was the wrong color (light blue), locked out of his hotel (Clubhouse Port Canto) because he got back late, and had to sit beside the roped-off pool on the sunniest day of the week because the management told him that they always closed the pool on Tuesdays.

RICHARD ROUD is a helluva lot better translator (at which he's one of the best in the world) than as an arbiter of what's to be shown at the NY Filmfest whose selections he appeared to dominate for so long. (He's also hard to talk to, at first meeting, but that's because he's shy and under that gruff exterior etc etc, say his friends). Roud's partner in crime at the nyfilmfestival is AMOS VOGEL (not here this year) who almost single-handedly began the film underground in the early Fifties, called my voice column "anarchistic" in 1955 and, a few years later threw me out of the festival for giving out my paper. By the way, why isn't the selection committee or whatever rotated for film festivals. Who's judgment is so great that you'll let them pick your flicks for you year after year ?

DAVID GRANT, producer of the "The Great McGonagall" has made things a great deal easier for all of us by showing his PETER SELLARS/SPIKE MILLIGAN film on video at his fourth floor stall in the Palais. Saves lots of foot leather for weary distributors and press people, and this idea should be taken up by more promoters. David gives very good parties too, by the way.

are fast entertainment, not lingering too long on the slurps to make you hot and horny. Those passionate skin-flicks on the other hand, are hard to take in the cinema. I used to think it was because I am a girl, that feeling uncomfortable being "turned on" in the cinema was normal. Like watching people eating delicious food and not being able to taste it myself. But apparently many men also get frustrated sitting there, not wishing to jerk off in public, becoming sexually aroused but unsatisfied. The obvious way to watch a sex film is at home on the video cassette. You Video manufacturers BUCK UP, will you— it's about time we had the goods.

Tuppy Owens.

THE QUESTION IS ...

What happened to the film festival of yesteryear? Where are the fabulous directors, the renowned talent of times gone by and the cinema that told a story of reality—that made you enjoy a feeling that you lived in the picture? Where are the emotions, the tears, the laughter,—the heart throbs of former times?

Where are the galas, the stars, the formal evenings, the courtesies of talented people, the class above all? Where are the original scripts, the new, the desirable—the writers who penned them? Where are the famous studios that gave benevolent assistance to the deserving?

Where, oh where, have all these things gone? And are they gone forever or are they hidden under stupid scripts, bad talent, horrible direction, money, producers and sex?

—Al Knopf, producer, director and festival goer for 29 yrs.

... AND HERE'S THE ANSWER

Bargain day at Macy's: whether it was Tony Curtis or the free champagne that brought the hordes to the party on the Carlton terrace who knows? But come they did, clutching invitations in sweaty hands, pushing, clawing, scratching to get in. Eventually invitations (of which there seemed to be thousands) were made redundant and only the Press was sacred. When I elbowed my way to the front and pushed my pass under somebody's nose I was given a swift chop to the ribs and practically floored. Once inside I clawed my way to the terrace where waiters carrying trays of canapes were almost being raped by frenzied guests. A great time was had by all but next year be sure to bring your boxing gloves.

—MIZ.

TEN THINGS I'D LIKE TO SEE AT CANNES

1. ORSON WELLES dancing on the Croisette.
2. All films to be entertaining, as well as art.
3. All films to be art as well as entertaining.
4. Rare MGM musicals for midnight screenings.
5. Grand prize to be awarded to unknown African director.
6. No rain.
7. French and Italian producers to rent cinemas for con-

tinuous screenings of all new Italian and French films as Canada and some other countries have done in the past.

8. A new film starring CECILE AUBRY.
9. World premiere of a newly discovered complete print of GREED.
10. Good stills for all films easily obtainable.

—Ken Wlaschin, NFT.

RUE DE RUMOR

Is it true that 300 yellow cards of accreditation were stolen from the festival office and that the authorities were considering sending out notices of cancellation and substituting cards of a different colour in their place ?

BERNARD DELFONT, big man of EMI, hasn't been out of bed yet for ten days. (Is he alone?—ed.)

The rumors about **ROBERT REDFORD** and **BARBARA STREISAND** hating each other on the set of "The Way We Were" aren't true. Fact is that Barb gave Redford a lot of acting tips and Redford was duly grateful.

Not much publicity at Cannes so far about **FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA** but after to-day he'll be a major topic of conversation if the advance buzz about this "The Conversation" turns out to be justified. Ditto with **GENE HACKMAN** who stars.

EDY WILLIAMS, who was photographed buck-naked on the Carlton beach spreadeagled on a Harley-Davidson, met **JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO** and invited him to co-star in a new porno movie with her, to be called "Sore Throat." "It's the only way I'll get to fuck him," panted Ely. "I dunt speak Eenglish," grinned Belmondo. And he doesn't. But with a movie like that, who would dream of spoiling it with dialogue ?

Lovely **LISA COOTE** stood promoting a volkswagen-cum-porcupine at the screening of "The Cars That Ate Paris." Most of the audience would rather have eaten her.

ALAIN DELON'S two heavy bodyguards check out every room in Cannes before he enters it, stand behind him as he eats but so far as we know don't sample his food before him.

That blonde Portugese 'correspondent' who goes to all the parties with her mother and a poodle—both are accredited but, rumour has it only the dog ever learned to type.

Is that David Wolper birds and bees movie hardcore or softcore asks Billy Baxter ?

Everybody's on the make here, of course, but gullible young ladies should watch out for a platinum-haired phony named **RAUL YANES** who's likely to place them in double jeopardy. This creepy cat, who's prone to boasting about his "Farm in the country" and boat "that used to be owned by Henry Miller" wears gold sequins stuck around his eyes and induced Sasha the Scoop out to dinner the other night, only to find when the bill was presented that he was all out of cash. Our lovely Sasha had to borrow 40 francs from a friendly Evening Standard reporter eating at the next table in Le Petit Carlton and the dashing Raul has not been seen offering to repay the debt.

LINDA LOVELACE is expected in Cannes to promote her movies now that European rights have been acquired by Jimmy Vaughan (who first broke through with British rights to the Warhol films). If you've ever wondered how LL manages to suck cock so well, be advised (according to an early interview she gave **SCREW**) that it's all a matter of learning to control and relax the muscles in your throat, a trick she claims that her psychiatrist taught her. Then it doesn't matter how big it is ("Nobody has ever been too large or too wide or anything.") And with the lovely Linda giving you head how long do you think you could hold out? Well, if you're a porno star it could be as long as 50 minutes but the normal guy, says LL, can't last much longer than two or three minutes.

CARLTON CLICHES

PORN IN THE PALAIS?

Now that we've seen birds and bees, animals and fish fucking in the Palais des Festivals, (David Wolper's incredible documentary) can humans be far behind? Considering the growing percentage of porn movies seen here each year it can't be long before a fuckfilm makes it in to a competition proper, especially when you consider that some countries are turning out very little else these days. The breakthrough will probably come when somebody like GERARD DAMIANO (his "Memories Within Miss Aggie," seen last night, will be repeated tomorrow shows us RIP TORN having it off with JANE FONDA during a conjugal rights visit to the Mississippi jail.

Actually nirvana is nearer than you might think: Alex de Renzy's "History of the Blue Movie," an encyclopedia of the best porn since 1915, almost made the Critics' Week a couple of years back and this year the Dutch-made "Turkish Delight" was one of the five foreign finalists nominated for the Academy Award.

Perhaps the festival itself should take the first step by instituting a new category: an award for the best erotic film each year.

What's the future for porn films? Is it possible to do anything new? Says Tom Parker, independent distributor from LA who came here seeking product for 2000 theatres: "Sex comedies are what's going to sell the

best. I've just bought world rights to "If You Don't Stop It You'll Go Blind" (Mike Calley & Bob Levy) which is a collection of all the oldest, corniest sex jokes you ever heard.

"For example, the girl on the TV show who's asked, 'What were Eve's first words to Adam?' scratches her head, puzzled, before replying 'That's a hard one.'

"And the man who tells his friend mournfully, 'My sex life is going down the drain—my wife has cut me down to twice a week' and his friend replies, 'Don't feel too bad I know some guys she's cut out altogether'."

Parker thinks the arbitrary rating of almost all sex movies as "x" is wrong and doesn't differentiate, as it should, between films that merely have sex in them and the others with "cumulative erotic intent."

He liked the British film, "Keep It Up Jack" (story of a Peter Sellers-type character who turns his home into a whorehouse with himself as the only customer) but in general is disappointed in the available product. "It's hard to find good films for general distribution," he says, "I'm having more fun just sitting at the Blue Bar and talking to people all day."

The world's top porn moviemaker, GERARD DAMIANO—the man who made "Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones"—is here promoting his latest, 'Memoirs Within Miss Aggie.' He answered some questions for us.

COTE D'OR CAPERS

Q: Is it difficult to direct highly erotic scenes?

GD: Most people think making sex films is different from processing soap. It's not. People who fuck on film are people who would fuck to get jobs selling soap. There is a basic exhibitionist quality to these people that does not necessarily entail good acting; it becomes the job of a director to get a good performance.

Q: Why is pornographic cinema necessary?

GD: To give people hard-ons! Most people cannot face their own sexuality; of all human functions sex is the most important and yet the most restricted. Pornography is in fact unnecessary and unimportant. It is only when you try to restrict it that it becomes important. People are all individuals and a film affects them all differently. I never tried to copy myself even after I became popular. I now hate my old movies. I am embarrassed by their lack of finesse. This marks the evolution of myself as a filmmaker. I'm most proud of 'Memories' and in that there is less sex than anything I've done before. A situation that leaves something to the imagination is erotic. Sex is one part physical, one part mental and when you can keep the mental part going your sexual appetite is heightened.

Q: What other movies have you made?

GD: I once made an ad for the YMCA.

Q: What do you think of Cannes?

GD: It's like trying to make love on a merry-go-round. The first time only is a trip. The second time round you get dizzy. I was happy to arrive but I'll be even more happy to leave.

—Sasha.

LUNCHTIME CONVERSATION

The "Mahler" crowd flew in from London and go back there today; all have other commitments elsewhere.

Director Ken Russell didn't come at all because shooting on "Tommy" would have been too costly to

suspend; and Russell is still smarting from his precipitous agreement to direct OLIVER REED'S new film, over which he subsequently had to withdraw (and which might still involve a law suit).

ROBERT POWELL who plays Mahler is a really nice guy, unused to most of the typical festival hustling and admitted having to face the press and mob gave him butterflies in the stomach. Though he's had his share of attention in the past, especially when his success in the B.B.C. series "Doomwatch" made him a frontpage star.

He's an actor all the way thru; dedicated to his career, and much more fascinated by film than stage where playing the same part for weeks on end bores him. He prefers European directors to American, Chabrol and Jancso particularly—and would like to work in France because he admires "the purity of vision" of European directors. "Supposing you were to film the Croisette," he explains; "There are many ways to do it and most directors would use a long tracking shot trying to get it all in. But Chabrol would pan in on one group, one table, one person, and tell it all."

"Mahler's co-producer DAVID PUTTNAM also had to get back to complete work on another music saga "Stardust," which tells the story—the hypes, the contracts, the rip-offs" he says. "Everybody will recognise the prototypes and think its meant to be somebody else. But it really tells the true story of how media and management combine, perhaps unknowingly, to screw up artists."

TODAY'S TOP TEN

★★ MEZ'S TOP TEN ★★

1. **MARTIN SCORSESE**, even if I didn't have the chance to tell him. "Mean Streets" has to be one of the most provocative, ingenious pictures made, and the man fits the movie. Only he's sexier.
2. The free chocolate bars advertising "Sweet Movie." More promoters should realise the way to the press's (and people's) hearts is through their stomachs.
3. John Wilcock's Japanese toothpaste, and everything about John Wilcock except his tendency to litter.
4. The **HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS** segment of "Wet Dreams." Short, witty and to the point—more than I can say for most conversation I've overheard in Cannes, not to mention taken part in.
5. **EDY WILLIAMS'** valiant attempt to publicize her non-publicity. Any broad who can flaunt her tits and ass in public, make open propositions for a screw, then screech at me for ten minutes about damaging her virtuous reputation deserves **SOME** sort of recognition.
6. Sasha the Scoop—for sharing her lover, clothes, food, cigarettes and warmth with me.
7. **RICHARD PERRY**, for a lovely interview, even if he **DIDN'T** give me a free record.
8. Fraises a la creme at the Coq D'Hardi, which was much tastier than the poulet a las breeson, but not nearly as nice as the sole meunier.

9. The Winston cigarette party on the beach last Sunday. Great food, Dixieland jazz, drag queens, and a man with a flower pot on his head. A girl in a parachute and Miss Cinema '74 half nude. Hollywood!

RICHARD PERRY, rock music producer extraordinaire (Ringo, Carly Simon, Nilsson) is in town to soak up the sun and shows and put together some ideas for his first movie venture. "Any records I have done I have always conceived in visual terms, so going on to film is a logical extension of my music career," said Perry by the Majestic poolside. His film is about Tin Pan Alley in the fifties and Perry hopes to star people who were on the scene at that time. "It's not really a musical but more a drama about what went on in the background during that era—a sort of combination 'Guys & Dolls' and 'The Godfather.' Perry achieved pop fame by bringing the Beatles back together on Ringo's last album and leaves Cannes soon to produce Ringo's latest. Any chance of the Beatles being together again on this one? "Well," says the Man, "we like to keep things as free and easy as possible so anything could happen. All I can say is John Lennon has written a song for Ringo to include and he should be in LA at the same time we make the recording." Perry, incidentally, tips Apple's "Little Malcolm."

CAFE CONFIDENTIAL

HOTLINE FROM HOLLYWOOD

by Bockris-Wylie

We were staying at the Wilshire with MAX VON SYDOW. Max is now back in Sweden doing a play directed by Bergman. He has an island in the Baltic where he relaxes between bouts of American and Swedish film-making. When "The Exorcist" ran over shooting schedule, the adamant Von Sydow demanded (and got) five thousand dollars per day for his biblical talent. Mr. Friedkin was not happy.

PETER BOGDANOVICH is pleased with his renovated house in Beverley Hills near UCLA. CYBILLE SHEPHERD is taking singing lessons in preparation for the Cole Porter musical that Bog. will be directing starring her, Madeline Kahn, Burt Reynolds and a new young Italian whose name we can't spell. Cybille just released an album of the late Mr. Porter's ditties called "Cybille Does It . . . to Cole Porter" (album produced by Pyter).

Pyter had just returned from Phoenix when we ran into him. ORSON WELLES was shooting "The Other Side of the Wind" starring Bog himself and John Houston in the delightfully-named Carefree, Ariz. Orson is still in Carefree with many cares. He has no money to pay (1) the phone bill, (2) the motel bill, and (3) the movie bill. They cut his phone during making of said movie 'cause he was calling Europe and the phone company got worried in Carefree, the richest town in the USA according to John Huston, now back at home

in Ireland with his beautiful young wife.

We ran into John atop a hill in a modern house with a bubbling brook in his living room, dressed in white with wolves and frogs in the background woods of Pacific Palisades. He was charming and chatted amiably about Welles, his own next project and his general opinions, just three days before he made his famous Oscar speech in which he took the film world to task for not appreciating the sincerity of the industry. A great speaker is Mr. H.

Meanwhile, fresh from Paree, FRANCIS TRIFFAUT was delighted with his Oscar for "Day for Night." In town to emcee the Hitchcock celebrations he wore a blue check suit to escort Princess Grace to lunch. Frank has four new ideas for films: 1. with children from birth to 12 years old; 2. a film about a 15-year-old child; 3. a love story; 4. a film about death. Affable as ever he then flew off to Paris where his big new apartment, in which his daughters visit him on weekends, has an imposing view of the Eiffel Tower.

If MICK JAGGER is really going to star in that Ken Russell film with Ann-Margaret he didn't mention it to us the other day in his suite atop one of NY's luxurious hotels. But he did say he was interested in film, characterizing his activities so far in that direction as "a brief flirtation."

CANNES-ID-CAMERA

FRED ASTAIRE is glad the Sixties are over and tells us he doesn't like to wear a suit and tie either. He stashed away his evening suit and probably won't be bringing it out for his co-starring role as a con-man in Irwin Allen's "The Towering Inferno." Also starred are Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William, Faye Dunaway, Jennifer Jones and Robert Wagner. Quite a cast.

The snottiness of press agents and two-bit publicists who give themselves a kind of fame-by-association with the stars they are paid to represent is legendary. But writers, knowing where their bread and butter lies usually avoid mentioning it. So kudos to LINDA ABRAMS who recounted in a recent issue of Interview (the monthly founded, incidentally, by John Wilcock AND Andy Warhol) how she was spurned in her attempt to talk to DUSTIN HOFFMAN, JULIE CHRISTIE, BARBRA STREISAND and MARLON BRANDO. She never reached any of the stars because all the hooksters turned her down en route. "It's offensive to my sensibilities," she concluded, "to talk to people you know think they are better than you when they are just men and women pushing a product."

MY FAVOURITE FILM

The best film I ever saw was an almost obscure little epic called Winter Wind by Hungary's MIKLOS JANCISO. Totally ambiguous—it was set in the beautiful countryside of a middle European border—it was a poetic ballet of circling horses, angry peasants, courageous individuals, figures crossing and re-crossing in the background, all motion and energy. Jancso, now 53, has made few movies (his last was Red Psalm in 1971) but each is a little gem consisting, as Roger Manvell recently wrote, of "a choreographed relationship between the movement of people in a landscape and the movement of the camera which operates in long takes each of which (without editing) completes a phase of the action."—J.W.

"Suspicious though we all are about such things as choosing British films for foreign festivals, there's no conspiracy about it. At least in the two years I did it ('70 & '73) I wasn't "given a short-list" and told to select one film from it. The British Film Production Association asked me to select one film from any number that were thought eligible and whose makers or distributors were willing for them to go to Cannes.

"My word was accepted without question (as I believe was the selection of selectors before and after me). The chosen film went to Cannes; but it was (and still is) open to the Cannes Festival chiefs Favre LeBret and Bessy to invite other films that strike them as worthy festival entries. I recommended my second choice in both years to them and I also put them in touch with other filmmakers who weren't well acquainted with the technicalities of festival selections. If any year's selections doesn't come up to scratch in people's opinion, blame the state of the film industry or the reluctance of film distributors rather than the method of festival selection."

—Alexander Walker.

IN THE CANNES is produced daily as a labor of love by Michael Tickner and John Wilcock who also produce the notorious magazine **OTHER SCENES** (with assistance from Sasha Moore, Martha Zenfell, Tess Topolski and others too famous to libel by mentioning). **Other Scenes** is a fascinating mag that also doesn't make any money but your sub (£4 or \$10 annually) would help. You'll find the address overleaf.

Larry Plunger Reports. . . .

For the first time at the Cannes Film Festival a daily news-sheet covering the seedier aspects of this yearly junket makes its appearance. Under the puckish title "In the Cannes" its 12 pages contain inside information culled from every quarter. Daily, confidential information is leaked causing consternation among the film colony. Copies are eagerly sought by visiting personalities, hoping or fearing to find reference to themselves in its scurrilous pages.

According to one report "In the Cannes" is produced by a group calling themselves Immedia Reports and thought to be based in London. The news-sheet is put on the streets in the early hours and seems to be organised by a professional leader who has considerable experience in clandestine publications. The speed of the operation is puzzling local pressmen, who cannot figure out how the news-sheet is printed with such speed,

often appearing hours before their own newspapers. The news-sheet breaks all graphic rules, having an oblong format, multi-coloured pages and unusual design. By all accounts few copies are printed, thought to be in the region of 5000 daily. Marcel Baton, Cannes police chief states that the group may be working from a hideout north of the town.

Enquiries in London reveal that Immedia Reports has a swank penthouse address in a fashionable quarter; no further information is to hand but it seems certain that many red faces will be worn as daily reports of the goings-on of the visiting film buffs appear. Many feel that the official Festival newspaper could benefit from the services of this underground group who would certainly inject a racy style and franker reporting than is usual at the Festival.

IN THE CANNES is produced for Immedia Reports by Dawes Press, 81a Dawes Road, London, SW6, publishers of the notorious magazine OTHER SCENES (subscriptions £4 or \$10 annually).

Immedia Reports produces confidential newsletters for distribution to the world's press. Staff for Cannes: Craig Copetas, Jay Landeman, Michael Tickner & John Wilcock.

THE BEHAVIOR OF THE FLEET STREET CROWD BOGGLES THE MIND.

“ Considering half a dozen of them sit on the largest circulations in the world they are hard to track down in the bars of La Croisette. And the last place you'll ever see them is at a movie ! Their activities in bringing news of world cinema to the masses are as predictable as ever.

“ VICTOR DAVIES, daily express, whose oft-repeated catchphrase is ‘ I only do the big names’ is complaining of the lack of big names. If any press agent has one, Davies might just consider stirring himself. His greatest achievement so far is making the gossip column of the bulletin.

“ DON SHORT—doyen of them all, known as Porky—is paying for himself for the 1st time in 12 years. This intimate of the stars managed to wave at GERALDINE CHAPLIN but declined to speak. Short, until recently with the mirror, walked out because they sent somebody else to interview Tom Jones & Miss World in the Bahamas. He will be leaving early. His philosophy is simple : ‘ Now it's my money, I go carefully.’

“ DAVID LEWIN is editor of the adpacked Cinema Tv Today. He also writes long sycophantic articles for the daily mail. A fat contract guarantees him an agreed number each year. He gets the plums. The mail's real film and showbiz writer is not at Cannes. What has Lewin got ? Apart from the friendship of one BERNARD DELFONT, a third of 3 nervous brothers virtually own British showbiz he is the only writer in the world to have bothered to interview a long-forgotten Rank starlet. Long-forgotten except that she is now Mrs VERE HARM-SWORTH, wife of the proprietor of the mail.

“Then there is BRIAN WESLRY of the seedy, successful sun. Not only did he fly in with naked EDY WILLIAMS but his fawning attentions upon her offend the eye. He seems to have nothing better to do, which says rather a lot if you see what we mean.”

FASHION REPORT . . . FASHION REPORT . . .

The accessory which ANY fashion-conscious Cannesnite (Cannenes?) would not be caught in Felix's without is the tattoo. The perfect complement to bare skin, tattoos come in a variety of shapes and slogans to delight even the most jaded tattooee. Butterflies, “ Rosie,” and “ Aloha, Mom” top the fashion chart in popularity. Trendsetters reject the conventional bicep position and branch out to broader body horizons. Tattoo an obscenity between your eyes and just watch those heads turn !!
—MEZ

What has four legs, looks like a satellite and has attracted more photographers than Fellini ? The answer is parked outside the Majestic Hotel every day and is none other than the world's most futuristic car. Designed by French inventor Jeanne-Pierre Ponthieu (here promoting another invention, pocketbook holsters for men), the Automodule is the only car capable of driving upstairs—if that's your thing.

Hassled by parking problems ? Not with the Automodule. Its four independent wheels turn separately so you simply drive up to the parking space, swivel around and pull right in. Tired of driving altogether ? The Prototype in Paris operates like a robot. Journeys can be imprinted on a cartridge which, when activated, duplicates itself for the trip home while you sip martinis and relax.

BLUE MOVIES - SOME PERTINENT FACTS

by Roger Hutchinson

If the makers of blue movies are not the poor cousins of the European film industry they are certainly its black sheep. Given the number of people that feast their eyes upon fuckfilms there is a surprising lack of information available about their producers, their method of production and the shape of their industry. I worked in a successful Dutch pornographic film company earlier this year and think the following worth disclosing :

My employer had made about 60 films, within four years. The films were made and packaged in groups of three ; ie a series would be given the covering title " Parisiana," and the three films subtitled " La Tour Eiffel," " Bois de Bolougne " and " Parisiennes."

The films were 8mm, some with sound-tracks. They retailed in Europe for about £5. The most he ever sold of one of one film (not a series) was 20,000 prints. On average he could expect to sell 10,000 prints of a film over about twelve months.

Women are paid to appear in the films (about £80 a session). Men are not.

A film usually took about 16 straight hours to shoot. When the male models had difficulty maintaining erections over so long a time, cocaine (whose powers in this field are legendary) would be rubbed on the penis head.

Bootlegging, particularly in countries where pornography is not legal, is rife and profitable. My employer

calculated that over 100,000 reprints of his movies packaged identically to his own products, have been sold in the U.S. alone.

The staff of such organisations is multi-national. My employer was Italian (an ex-member of the CP who currently calls himself an anarchist) ; his film editor Danish; main cameraman also Italian; office workers Dutch; and most models French and Scandinavian. He does not employ Germans because he equates their race with the Fascism which drove him into the Communist Party in the early 50s.

Possibly due to the comparative weakness of the European Woman's Lib movement, my employer was quite able to reconcile the sexist nature of his work with his politically radical outlook.

One night he saw a TV film on the Womens Lib movement in the U.S. and asked me, in a puzzled manner, the next day : " Why am I reactionary to produce pornography ? I love women, I depict their sex lives accurately, and I help overcome the repressive puritanism of the church. I don't understand."

Contrary to popular supposition, sado-masochism is not a big seller (at least not in Europe). One series of S/M produced by my employer, entitled " Bondage," sold less than 3,000 copies per film. He eventually re-packaged the series, retitled it " Depraved " and put it back on the market. Sales went up again.

"RANDOM OPINIONS"

"The houselights dim, the curtain is slowly pulled back, another screening in the Main Palais is about to begin . . . a flicker of light on the screen . . . is it a title? No! It's a fucking beacon in the night guiding a group of weary, stumbling old folk (where do they all come from?) past two completely empty rows (reserved for delegates who never show up) on a totally distracting journey to the front of the theatre and back vainly looking for empty seats.

"Just one manifestation of the atrocious seating policy at the main palais. Another—for those holding ordinary tickets—involves, once again, those obnoxious women who block the doorways as if they were victims of a herd headed for slaughter. Each must be personally escorted to a seat, it seems, and this is invariably changed once the usher's back is turned.

"Do the festival a favor ladies: position yourself in darkened corners. Turn your little lights on. Rotate upon them and feel the inner glow of divine awareness."

—MJS.

JIM BUCKLEY had a plastic replica of his cock made and gave it to Dusan Makavejev for a prop in the latter's earlier "WR Mysteries of the Organism." Says Jim: "It's now stuck behind the Iron Curtain—part of me is in a Communist state and I object!" Incidentally Makavejev went to jail in Yugoslavia for the movie—cocks anti-revolutionary?—Sasha.

MEZ sez the world can be divided into those people who accept things and those who don't.

Apropos only nine typewriters in the press room: BD says it was only two years ago that U.S. typewriters were added and before that Yanks had to hunt and peck all over those wretched continental keyboards where all the letters are in the 'wrong' places.

Who's the mysterious man over at the Ondine Beach House who goes up to everybody and says that for 200 francs he'll bend over in one of the cabins?

One thing we can learn about Cannes is what the world is currently thinking about. Also we seem to be obsessed with violence. In almost every film, blood flows. Now we know the question; "Does media reflect life or condition it?" My answer is; "Surely it does both!" So dear film-makers everywhere: How about making more tender, sensitive, non-violent films? You might contribute toward making the world a better place for everyone.—Jim Haynes.

"Underground" movies seem to have had their day judging by what we've seen at the festival so far—French movies that are all talk and lousy art; American films that go on endlessly and say nothing. Maybe it's time to appreciate that the average viewer's eye (and head) works quicker than a camera and double, even triple images are more suited to these fast-moving times. I once asked Amos Vogel why he didn't screen the NYC film festival films five at a time, all around the hall, for the press instead of making them spend the same endless hours as the audience watching them all individually. Naturally he he accused me of being crazy.—J.W.

Why aren't there more women directors? The best place to learn in Britain is BBC-TV. Jenny Baraclough, who eventually got to direct there, applied straight from the university; two other people (whose degrees weren't as good as her own) applied at the same time. One was offered a general traineeship, the other appointed a producer's assistant. Jenny was offered work as a shorthand typist. The other two were men, of course.—J.B.

"Amacord? Another canvas of life and nostalgic lookback for Fellini—but by now the paint's cracking in this provincial vamp."—Tessa.

"Something that's always bothered me about Cannes is the way that films always are made to appear as the products of a nation—'France presents' or 'Russia presents,' etc., etc. In actual fact, individuals and groups of individuals make films for which they come together from all parts of the Global Village."—J.H.

RIP-OFF CITY

Where there's riches, there's rip-offs, and Cannes must reign supreme. Where else would news-hungry guests be forced to pay 20 cents for the daily tabloid, or be approached by bronzed beach bums hawking cheap silver bracelets for a cool 1000 francs? It is impossible to sit for 5 minutes without someone approaching the table pushing anything from roses to puppets, but watch out—the price fluctuates according to the market. The man selling Woolworth's sunglasses on the Carlton terrace charges 100 francs, while at the Martinez he slashes the price by half. Speaking of the Carlton—you can have your picture taken by the everpresent photographer for 25 francs. If you pay him more he just might consent to include the wife instead of the 20 foot high golden gun advertising James Bond's latest flick.

Souvenir "Cannes '74" T-shirts were on sale the first day of the festival, but now we have to settle for glossy round postcards at an astronomical 2.5 francs apiece, which turn out to need individual square envelopes for an additional sum before they can be mailed. The going rate for a peasant's dinner is 30 francs; a hearty square meal can cost a king's ransom. It's even possible to find someone to share it with for the price of a drink and a week's wages. Yes, Mother

Nature's big pool is open for all—who register with a hotel with a private beach, or who are prepared to consume something at one of the waterfront cafes, that is. Make sure you get your due at the casinos—one person we heard of had to forcefully ASK the croupier for his winnings and was STILL underpaid!

—MEZ.

EXTRA PRIVILEGES FOR 'PRESS' TYPES ON THE RIGHT LIST

Yesterday's lavishly extravagant party (the food thrown away would have sustained our impoverished staff for a year) throws into focus a matter the festival authorities pretend doesn't exist: that of the officially accredited fake journalists. Scores of them stuffed themselves with food and booze yesterday despite the fact that they'll never write a line. Dozens of them cram the screenings daily with no intention of ever putting words down on paper. And yet there are many legitimate journalists, including ourselves, who are ignored—or accepted only on sufferance.

Do you think that invitations are dropped into all those 763 boxes in the press room? Think again. They've got a little list. Not only do freeloading phoneys hold keys to press boxes to which they're not entitled but many of them receive special privileges that the others don't get. And nine type-

writers for almost 800 writers? Are nine machines sufficient because most reporters don't type their copy in the press room or because so many of them have never learned to type at all?

WHO HAS BEEN PRODUCING IN THE CANNES:

SASHA is Sally Moore, 24, the author of a children's book called "Segoline and the Sword" (Charisma Books) and an unpublished science fiction novel. She lives in London, likes Groucho Marx and avocados, and hates pretentious people and boring porn movies.

MICHAEL TICKNER, 50-year-old master printer and fellow of the Royal Photographic Society and Royal Society of Arts. A top-notch Diaporama producer he consistently wins awards for his art at Epinal-Vichy. Hearty traveler and all-around good guy.

JOHN WILCOCK began his career on Fleet Street papers (Daily Mail, D/Mirror) worked in NYC for 17 years during which he co-founded the Village Voice, East Village Other and what is now known as Andy Warhol's Interview. Always ready to help get new publications off the ground he has also written travel books about India, Greece, Mexico, Japan among others as well as a biography of Andy Warhol. He now lives in London and gives parties.

MEZ is Martha Ellen Zenfell, 24-year-old Medusa-haired American in London. Her father is a Cajun witchdoctor from New Orleans, La., and her mother is a direct descendant of the Greek goddess Aphrodite with Libra rising. Martha is off to complete her PhD in flower-planting and says she refused a tan in Cannes for political reasons.

ANNOUNCING : A NEW PUBLISHING PROJECT

The Village Voice was exactly right for its time although it took the world several years to realise it (and for the paper to become solvent). The underground newspapers, led by the L.A. Free Press and EVO, also came along at the right point in history, as did London's International Times which was partly triggered by John Wilcock's prodding of the right people in England after he had helped to start the previous trio. Last thing JW did before leaving the U.S. was to co-found the paper now known as Andy Warhol's Interview—another example of correctly sensing the paper needed by a specific audience. And, of course, there's Nomad, the travel newsletter that nobody would deny has the greatest potential of all in these days of universal vagrancy.

All of which is not merely to point with pride to a past record but establish credentials for hyping a future project: the world's first truly international newspaper aimed at the people who are above the nationalistic concepts that think it is sufficient in these days to produce an "American" or "British" paper with so-called international editions. Our plan is to produce a weekly or fortnightly tabloid that will be truly global in its concept, and aimed at the kind of people (a growing minority) who think internationally.

It will have lots of colour, the minimum of text and the maximum of visuals (pictures, images, symbols, colages, comic strips (with a preference for the kind of pictures that don't need captions).

It will continue to promote the theory of our kind of reader that news is not what's already happened (which is reported by too many papers) but what is about to happen next; it's coverage of today will concentrate, by implication, upon tomorrow. It will be exciting, hip, readable and avante garde.

But although socially and culturally revolutionary it will not be tied slavishly to one boring political viewpoint; its writers and readers will be too anarchistic for that. On the other hand we are no longer interested in shocking our audience for the sake of it or challenging the censors to give us trouble. That will come soon enough as the subtle radical philosophy of an irreverent organ that doesn't believe any one country's laws make more sense than any other, sink into the public consciousness.

Nor will this new paper be an extravagant project, hiring over-large staffs and going in for inflated circulation claims. New papers invariably waste vast amounts of their initial capital with glossy offices, glossy paper, large staffs and enormous print runs, cutting back circulation until finding a level acceptable to advertisers. We

plan to start with a tiny staff, appear on newsprint, run material from independent stringers all over the world and aim at around fifty to 100,000 circulation with "franchise" editions handled by people in every country where there's an audience for it.

All of which sounds very promising, of course, except for the usual snag: we don't have the money. Not that we need very much—peanuts compared to most new publishing ventures; the sort of budget that some newspapers and magazines allocate to postage. At a guess, I'd say about £100,000 or one quarter of a million dollars would be adequate for the first 26 issues. The success of most new papers—if they are the right idea at the right time—depends mostly on hanging on. This, unlike the dilettantes at the late, unlamented INK—we plan to do.

So—remember you read it here first. We'll be glad to meet with any and all potential investors, large or small. And we'll be bringing you further reports from time to time on what progress we're making. We have no illusions that it will be easy to get this project off the ground, or that we'll be able to raise the money in much less than a year or two, but the idea is on the back burner and will be simmering there for a long time to come.

Cheers,

John Wilcock.

London, July, 1974

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