The movies, mate: Part Three

Inside Kennedy Miller

by Barbara Samuels

Sydney – July 11: "The whole setup’s a bit like a marriage." Sydneysiders know it as "The Cross," and in strictly technical terms, it doesn’t even exist. The place where Darlinghurst, Elizabeth Bay and Potts Point come together provides the setting for the city’s red light district, but Times Square this most decidedly is not: the blend of mild-mannered hookers, interesting restaurants and positively posh hotels lends a friendly “PG” rating to the proceedings here. Kings Cross really came into its own in the 1960s, when American GIs on leave from Vietnam stopped in for some “R&R.” But locals tell me that things have changed since then, and concrete proof of that lies a literal few steps from the district’s main drag.

The Metro Theatre has survived several incarnations in its lifetime; at various moments a cinema, a live theatre and a food market, it has recently shed yet another skin. And is it still doing so, from the looks of the exterior: the façade is covered in peeling paint that reads “Food Fair – No Pets.” Only a small hand-lettered sign in the doorway brings the visitor up to date.

In purely cosmetic terms, the Metro has probably seen better days. But its current spiritual status would be hard to beat. This is the headquarters of Kennedy Miller Entertainment, a company formed several years ago by a young medical doctor and an aspiring movie producer, and presently the framework for what many have termed the most exciting production setup in the country. The world knows this bunch as the minds behind Mad Max I and II, and that fact alone has been enough to turn movie moguls and cinephiles on Cinema Canada.

The conclusion of an exclusive three-part Cinema Canada special report on the Australian film industry today.

George Miller has done more for Australian film and TV than anyone or anything.

Cinema Canada contributor Barbara Samuels recently toured Australia at the invitation of the Australian Film Commission.

The erstwhile doctor is in, and quite possibly more exhausted than he’d be had he stuck to medicine. The company’s new 10-hour miniseries Bodyline – on which Miller is executive producer will go to air in a few days, and shooting on a third series is underway down stairs. Over and around all this is the mania of pre-production on Mad Max series, but the accidental death of Byron Kennedy in mid-1983 temporarily froze production, and then forced a manage­rial shuffle. George Miller now shares executive duties with writer producer Terry Hayes and financial manager Doug Mitchell.

As much in tribute to Byron Kennedy as anything else, the company has continued to function in both the television and feature domains. And because of Miller’s status as the only first wave “superstar” who’s chosen to stay home and keep working, whatever Kennedy Miller turns out is subject to a great deal of scrutiny. The praise has been plentiful. “George Miller,” says Australian Film commissioner David Stratton, “has done more for the Australian film and television industry than the Australian Broadcasting Commission has done in all its years of existence.” "His contribution in television,” says AFC chairman Phillip Adams, "has been magnificent." But the message emanating from the somewhat dilapidated Metro is very clear: this isn’t Hollywood, and the cosmetics – either verbal or physical – are not what it’s all about.

Those suspicions are reinforced inside the building, where the faded lobby serves as a makeshift reception area, and the whole place exudes a sense of barely contained chaos. The back of the lobby is dominated by a garish, oversized staircase that once led to the mezzanine; now it feeds into an oblivion of corridors crammed with lumber and old furniture, up toward a smaller staircase and across to the only area that the new owners have chosen to renovate. But the executive offices still don’t look like L.A.: no carpets on the walls, no inlaid jacuzzis, no hint that revenues have gone anywhere but straight back into production.

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Kennedy Miller was directly affected by the change in the 10BA legislation last year— "It was a little disruptive, because were at the very point of financing Bodyline through 10BA—but he is positive about the long-term effect. "I think it's great. It's tended to make films harder to get off the ground. It's been said a million times, but there were people making films who were skilled at financing, and completely unskilled at assessing a project. I think, that perhaps there's half a dozen people in the world who consistently have a feel for what sort of things should be made: there's hardly that many in Australia. So this has hopefully stabilized the industry by stopping the 'dead picture.'

And as the third chapter of the Max saga booms large, Miller senses the 'let's-see-what-he-can-do-to-top-the-last-one' sentiment that's snaking through the industry. He chooses to ignore it. "I hope this is lucky," he says, "but we've never been motivated to say: 'Ok - What can we do to surpass what we did before?' It always came from the story. It didn't occur to us to do a Mad Max II until the story came along. In fact, quite the opposite: the more people said 'do one', the greater my aversion to the whole idea. We were thinking of another picture altogether when the story popped up. And if you've got a strong story, you've got to tell it. I don't know how Mad Max III will compare with the other picture, but I believe it'll be better: I don't think we'd be doing it if we thought we were just repeating ourselves. It's going to be a lot better, in fact, a lot more powerful. But it's going to be different."

And when Max is wrapped and Miller is free again?

"It's basically time to take a break," he says. "We've got quite a few things brewing, but I haven't stopped since Mad Max II. So I'm trying not to think too far ahead."

I close his eyes in mock-meditation, and then grins suddenly. "There is no life after Mad Max III."
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Ogilvie recognizes that the "aura" surrounding the Kennedy Miller approach is potentially damaging, and he's keen to prevent it. "Workshop can develop into some kind of mystique, when in fact it's the simplest way to do it. The world is just trying to be free, and you can't set up a situation where you can let our ideas flow. The only way to do that is to empty yourself out, to cut out all the bullshit. I don't even have a frame of reference."

The Mad Max collaboration has spawned some pointed questions from press, leading to queries about what, for instance? And how will Miller's flash-frame visual technique be affected by Ogilvie's approach to performance?

"As far as the nature of the collaboration is concerned," he says, "George and I are just making a film together."

And his sentiments about Kennedy Miller are equally clear.

"It's a unique organization in this country, because they're obsessed with the idea of quality, and they'll do anything to achieve it. The thing about them is that they don't care. Any theories can be torn apart in moments: the workshop, for example. Somebody comes in, spends 10 seconds knocking it out and you'd have 50 people cringing in a corner. But that's how it should be. You've got to have that vulnerability, that willingness to try things. I suppose that's something we both think it's some kind of club. But a lot of people have passed through this building in the last two-and-a-half years, and most of them have said, 'It's too demanding. I don't understand it.'"

People come and go; they've given of themselves, the willingness to try things. George and I are just making a film together."

According to Sue Stewart, the output of Australia's commercial film industry in recent years has been more impressive, considering that the financial base is not particularly strong. Equally impressive, and just now attracting attention in the United Kingdom and North America, is the non-commercial, independent side of the film community. Recent films like On Guard and For Love or Money, both of which have already appeared in independent foreign-language film festivals, have been appearing or have already appeared in Canadian festivals this year.

Australian independent filmmakers see it, there is a radical split between the commercial side, or what they call the 'industry,' and the independent side. Unaligned filmmakers who produce low-budget, subject-oriented films on social and political subjects. Most of the women filmmakers have allied themselves with the latter.

Australian independent filmmaking is, in fact, older than its commercial counterpart and has already established itself. Over the past five years before the founding of the Australian Film and TV School and the creation of the Australian Film Development Corporation, a handful of experimental film artists banded together to form Ubu Films, a screening and distribution outlet for their own works. With the intent of taking a stand against foreign domination and government control over content and subject matter, they dedicated their work to the expression in the cinema and development of an indigenous film culture. The product at that time was for the most part conceptual formal films and a few ethnographic documentaries. In 1971 Ubu Films acquired a constitution and a new name—the Sydney Filmmakers Co-op— and it has also moved into overseas sales. Though the AFC is in theory committed to the production of low-budget independent films, its direction has been turned over to big money managers from the private sector, independent filmmakers find themselves increasingly marginalized, according to Megan McMurphy, co-producer and co-director of For Love or Money, the film to find a new level of funding to be a new annual battle. "Every year the AFC directors have to be reminded of the importance of independent, non-commercial production, and the Co-op and the independent sector generally. However, both private and public television have remained indifferent, although there has been a recent shift. Current trends in funding for education have resulted in a reduction in sales to that sector. Lately the AFC has had to face the prospect of cutting its staff and simultaneously finding new avenue; in collaboration with the AFC offices in Los Angeles and London, it has also moved into overseas sales.

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For Love or Money's publicity campaign also represents a departure. Its producers were courted for the domestic rights by both the Co-op and an independent distributor with a sideline in publicity. Instead of going with one or the other, they struck a compromise that gave the distributor a contract to do commercial publicity. The specially designed campaign resulted in a first-run opening in non-mainstream houses across the country.

The success story of On Guard and For Love or Money provides an interesting parallel to the career of Australia's industry films in recent years, demonstrating that "alternative" does not have to mean "low brow". The two films have been able to attract the attention of distributors in the United Kingdom and North America and have already been shown at both film festivals and theatrical outlets in both regions, with a growing reputation among women's groups. Incidentally, both films were distributed through a women's festival, Her Eyes to be held in later November at Toronto's Harbourfront.

Sue Stewart

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**Australian independents More than love money**

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age to documentaries. During his nine years at Film Australia, he went on to run the production gamut: features, telefilms, documentaries, cinema shorts and ethnographic films. "Which I think I loved the best. It's beautiful just doing raw film like that with a small crew. And you don't need that kind of work anywhere else but at Film Australia." He also shot the exquisite documentary *Stepping Out*, and acted as director/cameraman on a lyrical little film called *Saturday*. His other feature credits include *Under Cover* and *Kitty and the Bagman*. In his own words, he has "pretty much done the whole circle," but in a rather non-traditional fashion.

"I envy the guys who trained under lighting cameramen, whether good or bad; they learned all the basic tricks. Ways to do things, how to cut light. I never did that. There are several 'non-trained' cameramen like me in Australia, and I guess the difference shows every day on that. Stocks are changing, there are no rules. You do what you like, and there's probably a lack of fear because you don't know the rules. You learn as you go. I learned in that way. How to rest a boom shadow, how to make someone look 20 years younger. The last picture I did - *The Coca-Cola Kid* - well, I was learning every day on that. Stocks are changing, lenses and lights are changing all the time. You've got to stay flexible."

Semler's work has made waves in Hollywood, and some offers have come his way - all to be turned back by the American union. Having made the trip over to take a look, he's not entirely sure that's a bad thing.

"It's got to be different from working in Australia," he says. "There's a fair amount of tension over there that doesn't exist here, and I think there'd be a lot more pressure on the DP: a lot more asked, a lot more responsibility. I feel that if the work was offered and it was interesting, and there was a way to work it out. But I spoke to some producers, and they said 'Up, well over here we place the DP right at the top, and the director and producer come underneath.' I thought: 'Shit, what do they want in return for that?""

He won't have to sweat the question out for a while: Max rolls Sept. 10 and goes right through until Christmas.

**July 13: "Everyone knows they're talking about the same thing."**

"Kennedy Miller," says Carl Schultz, "is the hottest show in town."

We are several districts removed from the Cross, at a place called Film Business where Schultz is preparing a commercial. But his thoughts wander back to the Metro Theatre, where he directed two episodes of *The Dismissal* and a full half of the 10-hour *Bodyline*.

"What happened over there," he says, "marks the first time that filmmakers got together to make a series. We worked together from conception to completion, and the result is a combined effort. Generally in film, you're working out on a limb: here you've got the strength of people around you. There's no room for ego; people who would tried to extend their egos fell by the wayside. By involving everyone in the project you only gain, and you finish with a more consistent performance from the actors. There's still lots of room for individuality, but everyone knows they're all talking about the same thing."

Schultz is enthusiastic about the new series. "I'm very happy with what I've seen of it. The initial subject didn't interest me in the least; to me, cricket is a little insect that makes a lot of noise. So I wasn't love of the sport that caught me up. It's a human story, dealing with the political stance of Australia and England, a very human drama.

In this country of cricket maniacs, Schultz's disdain for the national pastime is a dead giveaway. Born in Hungary, he emigrated to Australia after the 1956 revolution, and arrived with dreams of studying electronic engineering. Quite by accident, he fell into television production, and soon garnered a solid reputation at the Australian Broadcasting Commission as a dramatic director. His two first theatrical features: *Blue Fin* and *Goodbye Paradise* went largely unnoticed outside Australia; his third most assuredly has not.

"A friend of mine was writing the screenplay for *Careful, He Might Hear You*, and I found out that Jill Robb had the rights. She asked me to direct it, I made certain suggestions, and the picture came to me about nine months before it actually got made."

The visual sweep and tone of the movie is absolutely overwhelming, and Schultz acknowledges that this approach to the imagery was very much part of the game plan. "We decided that the film had to be made from the child's perspective: everything over-emphasized, Sharper, clearer... to bring out the whole world he's got to hold on to more of his 'European-ness' than what's already there."

Careful, He Might Hear You is pivoted on the performance of seven-year-old Nicholas Gledhill, who radiates an eerily beautiful screen presence. Schultz says that the child is, in fact, as remarkable as he seems.

"He's frighteningly intelligent. So you tend to speak to him as though he was a professor of languages, or something. You find yourself using words you don't know the meaning of. He made you forget he was just seven. Intellectually, he was very sharp, very observant, but he had the physical limitations of a child: a short attention span, and a tendency to emotionally distraught if he thought things weren't going absolutely right. He's a perfectionist."

Schultz knows he's been tagged as an "European filmmaker," and he shrugs it off. "I'm not aligned to Europe in any way other than the fact of my having been born there. That background's made me richer. But I'm an Australian filmmaker: all my working life's been spent in this country, and I consider myself very much a part of its society. What my past may have given me is a slightly sharper view of this place than someone who's always lived here might have, and that's fine. But I'm not struggling to hold on to more of my 'European-ness' than what's already there."

He fully understands the need of Australian filmmakers to plumb indigenous subject matter like *The Dismissal* and *Bodyline*: what's more, he thinks it's healthy.

"You have to explore those subjects before you go on to anything else, even if they're not readily marketable internationally. If you're an Australian and live with the country's relatively short history, you have to examine it before you get on. There's been this desperate need in Australian filmmakers to find the true Australian character. Not to say you will, but the need to explore the possibilities is strong and real, and it's got to be filled."

**July 14: "I really don't mind where I work."

The lobby at Kennedy Miller is somewhat transformed this day; the Cowra shoot is in full swing, and in these definitely non-soundproofed surroundings, a warning bell rings intermittently to demand absolute silence during takes. The area is crammed with Japanese extras in POW uniforms, and they sip coffee wordlessly until another ring of the bell frees up abbreviated conversations. The Cowra production office is in the back end of the Metro, and it's a navigational nightmare through a combination of bodies and lumber to find the sound finally pinpointing the location: the blend of Japanese and English reaches my ears before I round the bend to Phil Noyce's office.

He is one of two writer/directors on the series: the 10 hours have been evenly divided between Noyce and Chris Noonan. Of the two men, Noyce is probably the better-known. An important figure in the Australian first wave, his feature Newsfront is widely regarded as one of the definitive Australian films of the 1970s. He is also a graduate of that stellar first year at the Australian Film & Television School (AFTS), and his feature credits (Backroads, Newsfront and Heatwave) testify to his extraordinary talent. The fact that the funding for *Umbrella Woman* a feature he was supposed to shoot last year starring Judy Davis fell through is strong proof that filmic track records didn't account for much here in 1983.

But the feature world's loss was Kennedy Miller's gain. The cancellation of *Umbrella Woman* brought Noyce to Cowra, and back to the setup he had so enjoyed during *The Dismissal*. And neither was that series his first encounter with Kennedy and Miller.
When Noonan signals action, one of the actors leaps up onto the stage and addresses the assembly of prisoners. The men’s laughter and impatience reaches a crescendo as an exquisitely Geisha appears from behind the cherry-blossomed panel, her face hidden behind an enamelled fan. The men howl, stamp their feet in glee—the man on stage signals the band, and the girl moves to the music with delicate, mincing steps. One of the prisoners bounces from the audience and onto the stage, where he makes lewd advances toward the dancer. She seems unfussed, finishes her performance, and dances off as the men clap in hysterical appreciation.

The sound is suddenly replicated all around the set as the crowd of spectators breaks into applause. The actors turn to acknowledge the response, and I’m still trying to figure out what the hell a Japanese woman is doing in an Australian POW camp when the geisha appears again and crosses directly in front of me. Under the makeup, I see a slender young man.

Round the corner on the Cowra set, Chris Noonan is blocking a major scene in the barracks. The Japanese POWs have apparently decided to alleviate the boredom of incarceration by staging a show; they’ve set up a platform and a wooden backdrop painted with delicate cherry blossoms. A few of the prisoners assembled into a small orchestra. Director of Photography Jeff Burton stands by as Noonan explains what he wants to do. According to the production’s translator, he in turn transmits the directions to the performers. But amazingly few words are required here. This rehearsal scene intensifies the impression I’ve had all day: George Ogilvie’s touch fingers in the air, because everyone here actually seems to be on the same wavelength. Language is practically inconsequential.

The Cowra set is unique, in both mood and intensity. There have been a few scenes today featuring moments of emotional fireworks; characters explode at one another in angry Japanese, and you find you can follow the story despite the particulars of the dialogue. That’s very much the case right now. As the AD calls for a run-through, people materialize from all over the building: secretaries, carpenters, electricians, producers. Word of this scene has travelled fast, and the perimeter of the set is soon crowded with onlookers.

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Chris Noonan is elated. The fears he harboured before the shoot—and he freely admits they were numerous—have evaporated.

One of my greatest worries was that we wouldn’t be able to judge performance, and we still can’t judge whether people are delivering their lines right. But we’re working with a fabulously linguistic, the interpreter, and he’s just brilliant. He’s also a great judge of performance. But both Phil and I have found that you can gauge the emotional intensity of a performance despite the language; you just look it into it as a non-verbal level. And you really can tell.

What is immediately apparent to an outside observer is the naturalness of performance here, diametrically opposed to the stylized tours de force one has traditionally seen in Japanese theatre and film. Noonan traces it back to the workshop.

“We talked to the Japanese actors for a long time about the kind of naturalism we were aiming for, which is an unusual approach in Japan. But we’ve had two weeks of workshop with them, trying to define just what that naturalistic approach is, and I think the performance is right when the series is screened for a Japanese audience. But these people are extraordinarily dedicated as actors, and it may have something to do with the fact that they’re in a foreign country, and they don’t have other lives to go home to at night. When you’re using local actors, there are normal day-to-day concerns, but these guys will stay up until three in the morning discussing scripts. It’s phenomenal.”

What about the beautiful geisha, I want to know. Did the boy under the makeup train extensively in kabuki theatre?

Noonan bursts out laughing.

“That kid lives in Sydney,” he says. “Never done anything like this in his life. One of the other Japanese actors in the cast first met this guy at the AFTS organisation to make Stepping Out, and he spent two weeks training our guy. Got him to walk with a phone book between his knees. It’s absolutely extraordinary how well he picked the movements up.

Cowra is Noonan’s first large-scale dramatic project, and it couldn’t have happened without a great deal of the series’ spoken young man. He is best known internationally as a documentary; his superb, evocative Stepping Out has won emotional plaudits right around the world. He’s another product of the AFTS Year One, and his graduation piece there was a 35mm anamorphic short called Bulls. It was on the basis of that film that George Miller proposed him for Cowra. Noonan also spent several years at Film Australia, and left the organization to make Stepping Out; now he’d like to concentrate on drama. “It’s ironic,” he says. “Right now, a lot of big-name directors are looking for a television break in order to make something of quality. And I ended up landing the television job first as a step toward a career in dramatic film. Shows you how things really gummed.”

He’s watching Cowra take form in the cutting room, and what he’s seen reinforces his initial feelings: “The whole thing looks like it’s very much on track. Now you can see great slabs of the series coming together—it’s like watching a jigsaw puzzle begin to make sense. I hope this doesn’t make us overly sure of

“I first met them during a one-month workshop I helped give in Melbourne,” he recalls. “In my group of eight or 10 students was George Miller, a trainee doctor from the University of New South Wales, and he’d won a prize for the best 30-second student film. The prize was the trip to this workshop. Byron Kennedy was also there; he’d won a prize for one of the best amateur 8mm films in the country. I taught them how to load a camera, and they had to go out and shoot a film. George and Byron came back with this completed film, all you had to do was cut out the flash frame at the head of each shot, and the whole film was right there.

Years later, the group came together again for The Dismissal, and the project’s collaborative aspect had a profound impact on Noyce’s view of the whole filmmaking process. “I thought we were in for a giant ego struggle,” he says. “But, to my surprise, the whole thing turned out to be very harmonious. It was the time any of us had really had a chance to watch someone direct, and we all learned from it.”

Production of Cowra is proceeding in the same harmonious, amicable atmosphere, and Noyce is excited about the way the project has evolved.

“When I started on it—in April of 1983—it was just an idea. Since then, we’ve been to Japan twice, researched the whole thing and written 10 scripts. Now we’re finally shooting. I’m splitting the episodes with Chris—he’s odd and I’m even. It’s basically a development of the theory that George and Byron had—that film is an organic process, and that it shouldn’t be split up into boxes holding a writer, or producer or director. All you have is filmmakers. As directors, we direct on set, but along with Margaret Kelly, we’ve conceived the whole thing, and written extensively. Margaret is Creative Director now, responsible for the day-to-day running of the thing.”

The Australian television boom makes perfect sense to Noyce, who isn’t interested in holding out for a widescreen epic.

“One of the things I remember Byron saying was that the Australian film industry should essentially be a television industry. I think he was right. We only have 15 million people, and with the decreasing backup for theatrical films, there’s not enough to support a large theatrical industry. On the other hand, there are three commercial networks, and the key to their ratings is Australian product. The network that doesn’t have Australian drama comes third in the ratings.

“I also think that the only thing keeping the television industry from respectability is the ego of filmmakers, along with the mystique that’s associated with cinema. Worldwide, television reaches more people, so you could really say it’s more important. Standards of production haven’t been as high, but if you take the audience’s point of view, it’s really the more important medium. Once there’s a genuine body of criticism written about television product, filmmakers will probably change their minds and start taking it seriously. As far as I’m concerned, I really don’t mind where I work.”

What is the Australian film industry?"
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30/Cinema Canada

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July 15: "Nationalists
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The critical previews of Bodyline are

spitting out into the papers.

"Ten Hours of Crash Hot TV," says The

Australian. The Sunday Telegraph

addresses the network itself: "Well

played, Ten! Cricket Series Will Bowl

Over Viewers." And the weekly Bulletin

headlines with: "Bodyline: It"s Not Just

Cricket." The Sydney Morning Herald

devotes the front page of their weekly

entertainment guide to the series, and

so it goes. On and on, and on.

Message received.

The harbour view offered by the 25th

floor of Sydney"s Regent Hotel is a stun-

ner, and Dusan Makavejev is impressed.

"This city is truly breathtaking," he

remarks. "Just look at that. The Opera

House, the Harbour Bridge: With a little

courage, it could be one of the most

beautiful places on earth."

One does sense some reservation

there. Makavejev has been in Australia

for some time now, one of the few

foreign directors in years to make a film

in this country. The circumstances, he

says, have not been the happiest; The

Coca Cola Kid (this first feature since

Montenegro) is an Australian-financed

movie, but there has been some negative

reaction within the community to his

presence here. Makavejev is both puzzled

and angered by the sentiment.

"I think the attitude of excluding

foreign directors is stupid. Legally, they

can claim some legitimacy for that

stand; the tax deductible money is

supposed to stimulate national produc-

tion. But the Australians don"t seem to

realize that the world is all one big

thing, not a collection of separate

places.

The new picture — detailing the efforts

of a brash American salesman to bring

Coca Cola to the Australian outback —

stars Eric Roberts, and is, according to

Makavejev, "inherently Australian. And

its international aspect gives it a very

special flavour. There"s no such thing as

national" art anywhere; nationalists
can"t produce anything. Foreign talent

makes for a cross-fertilization of ideas,

like what happened in France. That
country"s great strength is that it"s a

wonderful cultural manipulator. All the

Spanish filmmakers, the Brazilians, the

painters, the writers... the place is open
to everyone. And French culture is

blooming. Paris is full of good art, and

you get government support for all of it.

So everybody benefits, especially French

culture and the French economy."

Despite his reservations, he is enthu-

siastic about the Australian film com-

munity and its potential. "Look," he

says, "I couldn"t resist coming here. And

I had a wonderful Australian cast... first-
class actors. The crew was super — they

worked from the heart. And I"d like to

think that what they"ve got going here

will be able to flourish. That kind of

assurance only comes with open bor-

ders. Once you close them, the people

inside start dying. And that," he intones,

"would be a godamned shame."

Back in the Cowra offices, Margaret

Kelley reflects on the work ahead of her.

I"ve still got four episodes to rewrite;

she says, "and we"re well into the shoot-
ing. I"ve been writing for a year now, and

I"m getting really tired. I asked at the

beginning: "How many writers are you

gonna have?" and they said "Four or

five." I said fine. We started shooting,

and now I"m the only writer left because

Chris is directing. It"s a nightmare,

because I want to spend more time as

Creative Producer." She sighs, and then

shakes her head. "But then you sit there

at rushes, and you just get a thrill down

your spine. They are so good."

Kelly came to Cowra at Phil Noyce"s

invitation; an award-winning writer,

she"d been working in television drama

for some time now, one of the few

"female presences" there. Makavejev has

been in Australia for a year, and when

he intones, "Sorry."

My thanks to all who made the Aus-

trian story possible, and in particular to

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Linda Harris.

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