

**Stewart Donovan**

## **Shaping Identities in the Dark**

*Not a homemade world*

In his highly readable *Biographical Dictionary of Film*, the English film critic David Thomson lovingly describes the impact that Donna Reed, in *From Here to Eternity*, 1953, had upon him as a pubescent boy: “And she was the ideal embodiment of sensuality within the proper niceness that appealed to a twelve-year-old male imagination—for so long the gold in the hills of the movie business.” For my cousin Richard, who lived with us from time to time because his own mother had died at 23, like some forgotten Jean Harlow, it was Elizabeth Taylor who first evoked that Hollywood gold when she drew her silk stockings up in the opening sequence of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* (1958). Taylor and Newman are at their best in the film but it is Burl Ives who steals the lime light with a death-and-dying-father-son scene not rivaled since the *Return of the Jedi* and shot in the basement amid all the bric-a-brac Big Momma has brought back from Post-War Europe. Their trip was the Grand Tour as Wal-Mart days, but Big Daddy knows none of the junk bought in that European fire sale can save him or even, for that matter, ease the pain of the cancer that’s eating him up. The attack on materialism, or rather consumerism, is a strong piece of writing but has absolutely nothing to do with Tennessee Williams. Director Richard Brooks has the homosexuality written out, under producers orders in the dying days of the production code, and leaves Williams’ original script in tatters and subject to parody<sup>1</sup>. It says something about the strength of the original script though, busted and bathetic as it is but still capable of helping the film to be nominated for six academy awards. Taylor and Newman, it seems, were enough—no matter how emotionally confused and conflicted—as harbingers of sixties freedom and the sexual revolution, to keep critics and audiences happy, if a little bemused. What, exactly, was Brick mad about? His anger makes Hamlet’s incestuous sheets seem downright reasonable. No, Brick’s “objective correlative” would have to wait. Openly Gay cinema like openly Gay people had to hide in the cellular closet until Stonewall<sup>2</sup>, political influence, and social

change arrived in the next decade; then, finally, they would begin to see their real and reel lives in the public domain.



For my own generation, or at least for me and my classmates struggling through the high literacy of Thomas Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd*, it would be the beautiful English actress, Julie Christie who fired our imaginations and pubescent dreams. Asked once to describe the essence of cinema, Jean Luc Godard replied simply, "It is boys looking at girls." There would, of course, be many films and film experiences before we gave ourselves over wholly to Godard's truism for "the cinema age".

In 1960 our father made the journey from our Cape Breton highland's village of Ingonish to the Sydney Glace Bay Drive-In to see *Sink the Bismark*—and we all went with him, or almost all of us. I was six at the time but the memories are vivid, including how we hid on the floor in the back to disguise our numbers (there must have been nine of us in the black 56 Pontiac Catalina) we had picked up our uncle Johnny who had fought in the Korean War or conflict as the UN called it. Being Canadians we had a natural affection for the British and their movies—especially their war movies—and our Aunt Frances had married uncle Bill Saunders, an Englishman who had been in the British

navy; there was also our uncle Ted Berger from Boston who had served in all three navies during the war, though he spent most of the time with the Americans (he later admitted the British Fleet was the worst, i.e. food, conditions, et al.). These personal contacts<sup>3</sup> made the war movies more intimate for us, though no doubt we would have cherished them regardless. Almost all the British films we got to see came out of their literary tradition or were based upon true stories.



Despite his accent, for some strange reason, we never regarded Hitchcock<sup>4</sup> as English, it probably had to do with appropriation and the huge success of his Hollywood career. Similarly, we all thought David Lean had first entered our lives with the *Bridge on the River Kwai* in 1957, but the village had been watching his black and white gems for years, not aware or not looking for the auteur behind his now classic and still unsurpassed adaptations of Dickens from *David Copperfield* to *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*. The *Kwai* of course was only partly a British film as both Howard Hawks and John Ford had been considered as directors before Columbia pictures agreed on Lean. We hungered for some Canadian acknowledgement in these movies of our youth, and now and then some bone of recognition would be thrown our way because of government production codes or trade deals that insisted Hollywood say something about us in the script.<sup>5</sup> Bogart appeared in *Action in the North At-*

*lantic* (1943) and sailed out of Halifax as Lt. Joe Rossi. The Italian American name was used to show how loyal the Italians were even as we arrested, jailed, and sent Cape Breton Italian coal miners to Ontario for internment. Still, it came as a pleasant surprise for us to see a Canadian character, Lt. Joyce out of Montreal of all places, beside William Holden and Jack Hawkins in the *River Kwai*; we knew though, like those later token *Star Trek* officers or crew, that his days among the living were numbered and he was never going to get the pretty Asian girl or the glory, and sure enough, it is Obe Wan Kenobi himself, as Col. Nicholson, played by Alex Guinness, who eventually gets him killed<sup>6</sup>. We might wonder today what David Lean would make of a film like *Zero Dark Thirty* with its clinical torture scenes and moral ambiguity. Our initial sympathy with Col. Nicholson and our indignation at the Japanese in the opening scenes of *Kwai* come from the fact that the Colonel is being tortured—kept in the hot box until he is broken. The CIA in Kathryn Bigelow’s film are also fond of using a box after the water boarding torture fails to get the desired results. Whatever we believe about the Myth of British Decency, there can be little doubt that all combatants—and especially prisoners of war—believed in or wanted to believe in the little book with the rules of war that Col. Nicholson shook in the face of Col. Saito, (Sessue Hayakawa). Special pleading about suspending the rules of war (commonly known as the Geneva Conven-



tion) might be made by frightened or confused citizens in an age of “terrorism” and deep politics, but military and professional agencies must know torture is a fool’s errand that will bring on a Nemesis of not so divine retribution<sup>7</sup>.

Surprisingly enough, our mother, sister and female cousins were not drawn to war movies or westerns the way we were, and so we took them to be typical of the girls and women from our village in these matters. There were two films though that both my mother and my cousin Colleen (the first in our family to go to university) seemed to have embraced as more than watchable: the first was John Sturges’ adaptation of Akira Kurosawa’s *Seven Samurai* (1954) *The Magnificent Seven* (1960). We knew why our father loved the movie—it was the same reason we did—but as for our mother we always believed it was on account of Yul Brenner because she had loved him in *The King and I* (1956) with Deborah Kerr. The other movie was *Doctor Zhivago* (1965) which only came in third as a war movie being a drama and romance first and second, though there was plenty of war in it for us. Our cousin Colleen swooned over the love story as did her sister Valerie who played “Lara’s Theme” over and over on the small portable record player when she came to babysit us or just to visit. My older brother who was working in Boston the summer the film came out had different reasons for loving the movie, but almost all of them had to do with Julie Christie as Lara. Our mother of course loved Omar Sharif and for some reason she always insisted we had Lebanese blood



which, given the size of the Cape Breton’s Lebanese Maronite community, would have been possible but no one thus far has been able to trace the genealogy. Sharif himself was of Lebanese and Syrian background though born in Alexandria, Egypt, where, as a boy in prep school, he used to, among other things, beat up the scholarly Edward Said.

Like most rural communities in the West, the Middle East entered our village first through the Church then via the Parish

Hall and, finally, through TV: Otto Preminger's *Exodus* (1960), about the founding of the state of Israel, with Paul Newman and Eva Marie Saint came into our lives the same year as *The Magnificent Seven*. It would have an enormous emotional impact over the years as young Canadian adults volunteered to work on the communal Kibbutzim in the new state, including my future brother-in-law from Montreal. When Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, his greatest film, appeared in 1962, the notorious Sykes-Picot agreement where the French and British agreed secretly to divide up the spoils of the Ottoman Empire in 1916, was cut out of the film and not restored for decades. There are debates about the editing (i.e. censoring) because the film was so long, but most critics acknowledge the scene was deliberately cut for political purposes; it was finally restored in 1989 just in time for the first Gulf War. A similar fate befell Sergio Leone's masterpiece, *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1968) where Henry Fonda, who plays the lead villain, kills a whole (recently landed) Irish American family, including a young boy whom he shoots point blank. Leone deliberately used a Hollywood icon like Fonda for ironic purposes and many believe that American censors intervened because Fonda had played President Lincoln, among other iconic roles. Whatever the reasons for the deleted scenes, the film, without the Fonda sequences, is a pale rider of itself.



By the mid to late 1960's cinema was changing: the sexual revolution was well established and the counter-cultural reaction to the repression of 1950's and the escalating Vietnam War would soon be appearing on our screens. The production code and influence of the Catholic Church, especially post Vatican II, was all but finished in relation to censorship; there

would, of course, still be resistance and films would continued to be censored. It became subtler of course with a new rating system that spelled out what age groups would get to watch the films. But the experience of watching films was also changing: my former high school teacher, George (Bucko) Hussey recalled going to the movies in downtown Antigonish when he was a student at St. F. X. John Wayne's *The Green Berets* was playing so it was, that *annus mirabilis* or *annus horribilis* depending on your political point of view, 1968. At any rate, when the movie came up on the screen the audience—mostly left leaning undergraduates—began to hiss, and they continued to do so for the two hours plus running time of film. There were other protests and movements insisting on the attention of celluloid. Hollywood was slowly acknowledging the racism inherent in American society and finally began to catch-up with the Civil Rights movement using the bankable and gifted Sidney Poitier as dramatic lead in their message films of the 1960s such as a *Raisin in the Sun* (1961), *Guess Whose Coming to Dinner* (1967) and



*In The Heat of the Night* (1967). The first of these films was nominated for a *Palme d'Or* at the Cannes Film Festival and was directed by our own Daniel Petrie from Glace Bay. The latter two Poitier films were also directed by a Canadian, Toronto born and raised, Norman Jewison. *In the*

*Heat of the Night* was nominated for five Oscars, including one for best director. But lest we get too sanctimonious about being the final terminus of the Underground Railroad, we should perhaps pay homage to the late Viola Desmond: on Nov. 8, 1946, Ms. Desmond, a 32-year-old Halifax beautician, went to a movie theatre in New Glasgow to pass the time while her car was being repaired. She took a seat on the main floor instead of the upstairs section — the only section open to black people. When asked by an usher to move, Desmond refused and was eventu-

ally arrested and removed by the local police. Viola Desmond paid a \$20 fine and the Roseland Theatre's court costs of \$6 after spending a night in the local jail. In 2010 the Nova Scotia government issued a formal apology to the family of the woman who is now considered and remembered as the province's Rosa Parks.



In France, of course, long before the student riots, filmmakers of the *nouvelle vague*, the new wave, along with their Italian, Czech, German and, later, Japanese counterparts were addressing major social issues and were showing, too, the political impact cinema could have as a mass medium. One of the most accomplished— if not the most subversive— of these films was the Czech new wave production *Closely Watched Trains* (1966) directed by Jiri Menzel and based upon Bohumil Hrabal's novel of the same title. The film is set during the Nazi occupation of Czech and Slovak lands towards the end of 1945, but this, of course, is simply a metaphor for the continued Cold War presence of the Soviet war machine. Menzel uses the arrested sexual development of his young protagonist and the pre-Freudian naïveté of the village as metaphor for all who live under the Soviet machine. They behave like children because they are forbidden the freedom to act like adults. The whole society is seen as impotent in the face of such power.



By 1967 the new wave had penetrated America and directors like Arthur Penn with support from actor/producers like Warren Beatty began to make a new and revolutionary cinema. The first great anti-establishment film was *Bonnie and Clyde* (1967) and it was here that Penn figured out, before his more famous compatriot and contemporary, Sam Peckinpah, that violence and gun violence in particular had to be portrayed

differently, it had to be aestheticised but not glorified. People were watching the horror story of Vietnam daily on TV news reports where eventually four million Vietnamese and sixty-five thousand Americans would die. Penn's response was to use slow motion. Of all the established American critics of the time, only Pauline Kael famously understood what *Bonnie and Clyde* was about and what Penn was doing<sup>8</sup>.



The public, of course—much of it very young— seem to know all along. There were films of course that the young public did not understand, such as Stanley Kubric's adaptation of Anthony Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange*<sup>9</sup>. The year was 1971 and our grade eleven

class was making a school trip to Ottawa (there being federal money for such things in those days) with a stop off in Montreal and Quebec City for us rural Cape Breton mice. There were city mice cousins of course so some of us got to see that early harbinger of a slasher film for cultural elites. I was seventeen in the spring of 1972 and five years later in Dublin, when I was 22 and working on a PhD in Dublin, I became good friends with a fellow student from New York State, Esther Petix<sup>10</sup>, who had published on Anthony Burgess. Tess, who knew Burgess, had told me that he had hated the film. I was, needless to say, impressed by the six degrees (or possibly three) of separation that Tess had with this world of "Fame", or at least with Clive James'<sup>11</sup> version of it. A few years later, at the James Joyce centenary in Dublin 1982, I met Burgess briefly while doing an interview with Jorge Luis Borges. This shameless namedropping has a purpose and is, as we shall see, directly connected to the nature and inevitable transformation of high literacy and education in the face of the juggernaut of mass media culture.

Meanwhile, back in the spring of 1972 other American films were making their impact in the shadow of Coppola's *The Godfather*; among them was Peter Bogdanovich's direction of Larry McMurtry's *The Last Picture Show* (1971). The film has been called, among other things, an homage to the French New

Wave but many have argued that it is an homage to Bogdanovich's hero Orson Welles<sup>12</sup>; it is this of course and much more, including one of the first and finest portrayals of coming of age, adult sexuality and trans-generational sex ever put on the American screen; both Cloris Leachman and Ben Johnson



received Oscars for their performances while Ellen Burstyn and Jeff Bridges received nominations. As everyone now knows, it was the generation of sex, drugs and rock'n roll, but whether or not these saved Hollywood, as Peter Biskind<sup>13</sup> has argued in his book and the documentary, is debatable. What is certain is that the quality of Hollywood films was changing, undergoing a minor renaissance in fact that would last from the mid-1960's until 1975, the year Steven Spielberg gave the studios their first Blockbuster and inadvertently killed main stream adult cinema in America for a long, long time, if not, as the fairytales are wont to say, forever.

As this narrative has strong Cape Breton and Maritime roots, we had better pause here to acknowledge Donald Shebib's *Going Down the Road* (1970). It is part of Canadian film history and folklore and myth and sociology and social work and hockey and . . . you get the picture. It is a truism that all things struggle to be born. As Cape Bretoners we have mixed feelings about Shebib's portrait, grateful for the attention, pissed about the stereotype. But what was he to do, make them Newfoundlanders or



Quebecers? You see the problem. Have them come from Saskatchewan or maybe Manitoba? No, they would just head south to the States, like my ancestors (and my older brother) used to do when Boston still bought fish. No, it had to be Toronto. A few years later, when Toronto

loosened up a bit and there were more jobs, they might have made it. You see the problem. It is not neo-realism; no, it is a well-acted and earnestly shot celluloid expose of nineteenth century naturalism—the themes of the American literary tradition of Theodore Dreiser, Stephen Crane, Jack London and, latterly, of course of John Steinbeck, who added more socialism but didn't write as well as his forbearers. We're all familiar with it now: the world where the poor are predictably trapped in economic determinism and where there is—more often than not—no way out. We remember now though that there would be no *Trailer Park Boys* without Shebib laying down that first rail—to be Canadian about it.

By 1974 Maritimers had stopped going to Toronto altogether and made our way to the west coast, things were so much better in Vancouver, we should have been going there all along. In fact, we were, we had just forgotten about it because it had been so long ago, the nineteenth century in fact as Pelagic Sealers, of all things<sup>14</sup>. Now we went west to be lumberjacks, just like the Monty Python skit suggested, or almost. Actually, it was my cousin Richard who beckoned us out and put us up when we arrived. The loggers were on strike when we got there so we worked the railways instead on ballast gangs from Chilliwack to Hope on the old Canadian Pacific line until we got to become chokermen, riggin' slingers and second loaders, but never fallers for some reason. Fallers cut the trees down and made the most money, there may have been Maritimers doing this, I just didn't meet any. It wasn't until years later that I got to see Paul Newman and Henry Fonda in Ken Kesey's *Sometimes A Great Notion*, and though the film was made in 1970 with a fair amount of melo-

drama, it was still a relatively faithful rendition of some of the logging practices we had known in '74, though they weren't doing the more dangerous and isolated high lead. I did get to see two films in the logging camp the year that Nixon resigned and



they were both westerns: *Little Big Man* (1970) and *Junior Bonner* (1972). *Little Big Man*, made at the time of the My Lai massacre and released in 1970, remains one of Penn's masterpieces, if not his greatest film. Today, most native viewers, educators, filmmakers and critics acknowledge and applaud what Penn was doing: critiquing the myth of the massacring Indian by showing the real consequences of Manifest Destiny, genocide and, of course, the on-going daily slaughter in the new "Indian country" of Vietnam. Chief Dan George, Geswanouth Slahoo, a chief of the Tsleil-Waututh Nation, a Coast Salish band located on Burrard Inlet in North Vancouver was the first Native American nominated for an Oscar for his performance as Old Lodge Skins. We were logging, in fact, not far from his ancestral lands. The other film we watched on that last floating camp on the coast in Knight Inlet is a now little known Peckinpah film about western life in the Arizona of 1971. Steve McQueen acted twice for Peckinpah, but he was never really a Peckinpah actor. The film, like most of Peckinpah's work, was eminently watchable, but a gracefully aging Ida Lupino (who made me homesick for my mother) and her feckless husband, played by that irrepressible music man, Robert Preston (who made me homesick for my father) stole the show. I also remember that the west coast Natives who logged with us were all but silent after the movies. My riggin' slinger, Peter, was a native from up the coast and he just grinned at me and asked if I 'd gotten all the cowboy shit off my boots.



Film culture was limited on most campuses in Canada, and rural ones like St.F.X. even more so in the days before VCRs. Professors would show earnest versions of BBC Shakespeare or Lawrence Olivier's *Henry the V* (a fine second world war propaganda film by the way and made in neutral Eire with Irish extras) or *Hamlet* (1948). It was surprisingly pleasant to see him play a Nazi war criminal opposite Dustin Hoffman in *Marathon Man* in 1976, even though we were all delighted to see him done in at the end. In the pages of *The Antigone Review* and in the offices of



certain professors some students (but no one I knew) could read, listen and sometimes talk about a more sophisticated film culture involving names like Bergman, Buñuel, Pasolini, Godard or Cassavetes, but it was not an activity that they could get credit for or something that was really encour-

aged. We were there to learn British and American high literacy—novels, poetry and drama—and they were there to teach it<sup>15</sup>. It was not there fault really that they couldn't or wouldn't engage the popular or art house culture that was transforming their world and the world of their students and children. Anyway, back then you couldn't be a rural cinephile, the opportunities simply didn't exist; if you wanted to know about the outside world and urban culture all you could do was read. Libraries and bookstores were not obsolete, though redundancies, an all too popular word in Cape Breton labour circles, were well on their way. Except for Marshall McLuhan, who was promoted by professors like George Sander-son and R.J. MacSween, there was little theory reaching the rural world, or the urban for that matter. Cape Breton's single most hon-

oured connection with Hollywood was Daniel Petrie who received an honorary degree from St. F. X. in the mid 1970s. Petrie spoke to the graduates about the importance of getting involved in the media industry. High literacy was on the wane as



students now began to refuse to read even the shortest of short stories assigned for class, let alone the long involved nineteenth century novels that kept the English chattering classes company on those long train rides in the nineteenth century and beach towels securely down in Ingonish during the height of the tourist season. Just as Canada was developing a narrative literary culture of

its own to be proud of from Margaret Atwood to Alice Munro many of its would-be readers and intellectuals had already turned forever toward the moving image. Although not completely an either/or, young urban cinephiles would soon be developing a cultural sophistication beyond the often quaint, received and Anglophile “high” literacy of their parents and peers. Jane Austen would have a future in the movies all right, but it had to be one that appealed to fourteen-year old girls as her particular back to the future scenario involves becoming the logical successor and predecessor of Harry Potter<sup>16</sup>.

In my village of course television—in living colour—was triumphant, the conquest complete from *Gunsmoke* to *Star Trek* to *Laugh In* to *Monty Python* to the soap operas produced by former child stars like Freddy Bartholomew. There was no going back now, but there were still anachronistic moments: when *Monty Python’s Holy Grail* arrived in Antigonish we couldn’t watch it at the local theatre because it had been banned—we went to see it outside of town at a local drive-in. That was 1975. Four years later I was having a similar problem in Ireland with the *Life of Brian* (1979) where I could watch Malcolm Muggeridge and the Bishop of Southwark debate John Cleese and Michael Palin on BBC<sup>17</sup> but couldn’t get to see the film because the Irish censorship board wouldn’t allow it into the country. The Dublin censors banned it for blasphemy until 1987 and by then I’d gone home. Of course censorship was not restricted to the Irish: when Sam Peckinpah’s *Straw Dogs* appeared in 1971 the Brits would not allow it to be seen on general release. The thought of an American professor and his English wife being terrorized by English village thugs was not the kind of British heritage tourism the English wanted to promote. You were safe as the Bank of England in that bucolic Jane Austen landscape was what we were always taught in our English classes. The land



of toad, water rat and mole. Never mind that less than six months later in January of 1972 British paratroopers would be slaughtering urban and rural Irish civil rights protesters in the streets of Derry. John Boorman had filmed James Dickey's *Deliverance* a year after Peckinpaw's *Straw Dogs*; it got a general release in the United States and Britain. Apparently, the British were not worried about the impact it would have on the tourism of the state of Georgia or its southern neighbors. Yes, the south has rednecks (even today) but William Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, Mark Twain, Carson McCullers and Walker Percy, to mention the best known of them, also came from there. The next to final scene in *Deliverance* has the arm of the man killed by the crossbow-wielding Burt Reynolds shoot out of the water as Jon Voight wakes from a nightmare (in Voight's case it could be another Democratic Presidency<sup>18</sup>). Boorman took the image from the Arthurian legends he read in England as a boy. In the 1970's he would move permanently to the ancestral land of his grandmother in County Wicklow south of Dublin and eventually fulfill a life-long dream of making a film about King Arthur and his famous sword. His film would, eventually, help promote if not give to birth to a nascent Irish film industry.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> The most memorable parodies of the film appeared on episodes of *Saturday Night Live* and *The Simpsons*. For the history of homosexuality in Hollywood see Vito Russo's excellent *The Celluloid Closet* and the film of the same title based on the book.

<sup>2</sup> The Stonewall riots were a series of spontaneous, violent demonstrations against a police raid that took place on June 28, 1969, at the Stonewall Inn in the Greenwich Village neighborhood of New York City. They are now recognized as the first instance in American history when people in the homosexual community fought back against a government-sponsored system that persecuted sexual minorities. The event marked the start of the gay rights movement in the United States and around the world.

<sup>3</sup> As a boy of ten I had been given a candle holder and wooden ash tray with engraved metal plates that read: *from the Teak of the H.M. S. Ajax Battle of the River Plate*. The film with Peter Finch had come out in 1956. I still have the candle holder.

<sup>4</sup> Hitchcock was Catholic like us. And it can be argued that the great master's homophobia in films such as *Rope* came naturally out of this heritage. There is misogyny too (which may or may not be part of his Catholic background) but contemporary filmmakers like Guillermo del Toro insist that the master of suspense will be around for ages to come.

<sup>5</sup> See Jim Leach's *Film in Canada* (Oxford University Press, 2006)

<sup>6</sup> There is a further humiliation as recorded on IMDB: "It wouldn't have been necessary for Joyce, the Canadian, to go to the UK to enlist to fight against the Japanese, as he says when being interviewed to join the commando group going back to the Kwai. Canada joined the war only a couple of days after war was declared by the British, and Joyce could easily have enlisted at home in Montreal."

<sup>7</sup> In *Zero Dark Thirty*, the audience's interest in (or rather fear of) terrorism is kept stoked by showing the handful of attacks that took place between 911 and the capture of Bin Laden. Meanwhile, over the same period, the 2003 George Bush war in Iraq had (and continues to have as its on-going legacy) a body count well over the hundred thousand mark. In a film without moral ambiguity, *Route Irish*, 2011, Ken Loach shows the cost for British citizens who become involved with torture, deep politics and the mercenary soldiers who recruit in the pinstriped suits. Loach's protagonist, (Mark Womac) who becomes "a contractor", knows what he has done and what he has become in the age of water boarding and the "collateral damage" of slaughtered women and children. Like some members of Lt. William Calley's platoon, he knows too that there is but one way out and so he steps off the stern of a ferry boat crossing the Mersey.

<sup>8</sup> In October 1967, Kael wrote a lengthy essay on "Bonnie and Clyde", which the magazine declined to publish. William Shawn of *The New Yorker* got hold of the piece and ran it in the *New Yorker* issue of October 21. Kael's review raved about the controversial film and, as David Thomson pointed out, "she was right about a film that had bewildered many other critics."

<sup>9</sup> The film was nominated for four Oscars including best picture, best director and best writing for a screen play based on material from another medium. Once again, David Thomson's critique in *The New Biographical Film* is the most cogent.

<sup>10</sup> Esther Petix, Linguistics, Mechanics, and Metaphysics: Anthony Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange* originally appeared in 1976 but was reprinted several times: in *Critical Essays on Anthony Burgess*, edited by Geoffrey Aggeler, Boston: G. K. Hall, 1986.) and in *Anthony Burgess*. Edited by Harold Bloom. New York: Chelsea House, 1987.

<sup>11</sup> See Clive James' *Fame in the Twentieth Century* (1993) An eight-part documentary series exploring the changing nature of fame through the twentieth century, drawing on a collection of news footage and film clips. There is also a book that accompanied the series.

<sup>12</sup> Bogdanovich had begun his series of revealing interviews with Welles in 1969, but almost 25 years would pass before they became available in print. They were edited by the Welles scholar Jonathan Rosenbaum and published in 1992 by Da Capo Press as *This is Orson Welles*.

<sup>13</sup> *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls: How the Sex-Drugs-and Rock 'N Roll Generation Saved Hollywood* (1998) The book was made into a documentary in 2003 by Kenneth Bowser, narrated by William H. Macy.

<sup>14</sup> See Don MacGillivray's *Captain Alex MacLean: Jack London's Seawolf*.

<sup>15</sup> Pat Walsh, probably because of his experience with Drama, was an exception but then Hubert Spekkens loved Bergman and even a very traditional English professor like Derek Wood (from India via England) recommend *The Secret of Nimh* (1982) to me in later years.

<sup>16</sup> It can be argued of course that the endless Jane Austen films (not to mention PBS remakes, we remember too that Tom Wolfe called PBS Petroleum's British Subsidiary) along with the Lord of the Rings/Hobbit and Harry Potter franchises are manifestations of cultural whiteness at its inevitable and long overdue ebb.

<sup>17</sup> On 9 November 1979, the chat show Friday Night, Saturday Morning, hosted by Tim Rice, held a discussion about the new movie *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, which had been banned by Ireland and many local councils in Britain. It had also caused protests throughout the world with accusations that it was blasphemous. To argue in favour of this accusation were broadcaster and noted Christian apologist Malcolm Muggeridge (Muggeridge had received an honorary degree from St.F.X.) and Mervyn Stockwood, the Bishop of Southwark. In its defence were two members of the Monty Python team John Cleese and Michael Palin.

<sup>18</sup> Despite his often left-leaning roles, Voight himself is a die-hard, right-wing Republican.