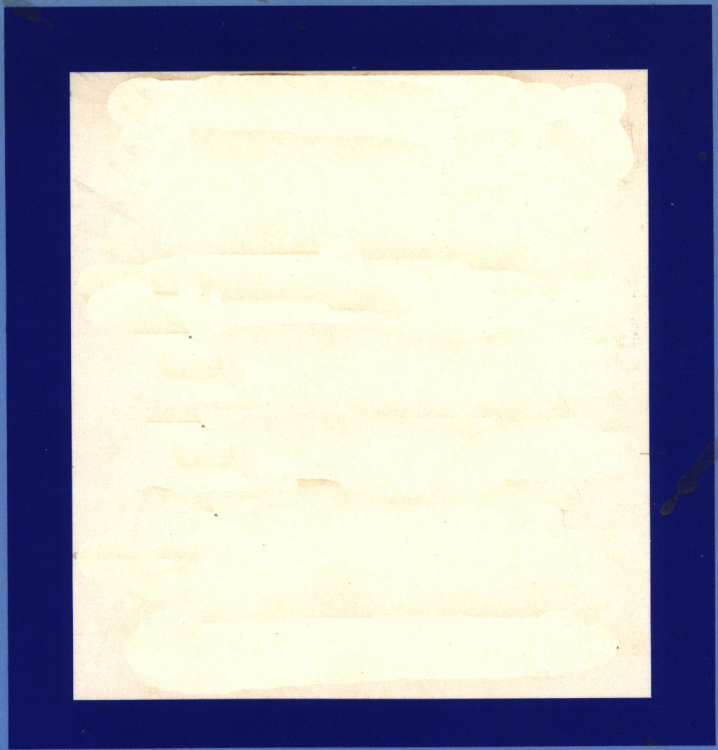


AMERICA'S LEADING MOVIE MAGAZINE

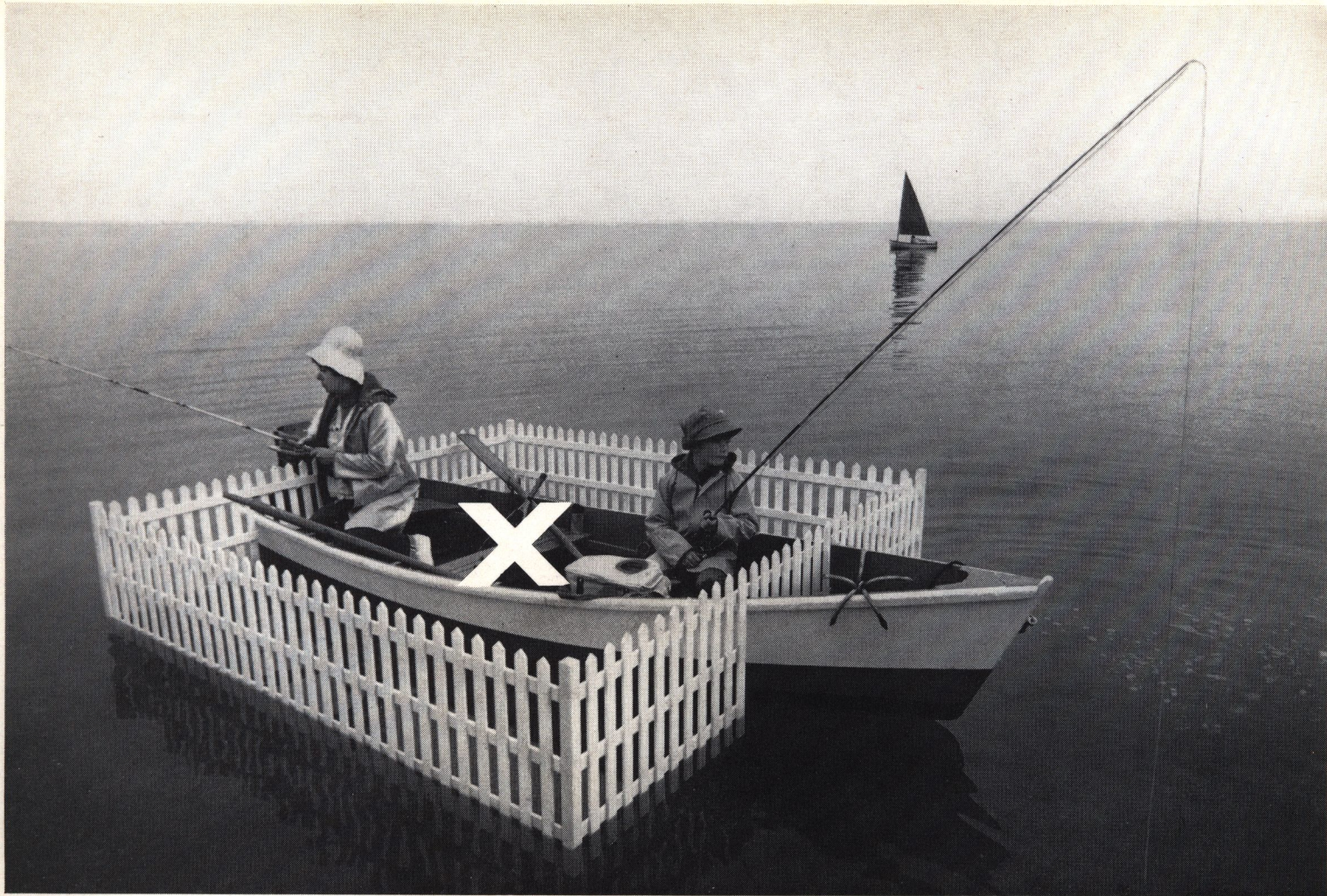
1970

# BOLEX

## REPORTER







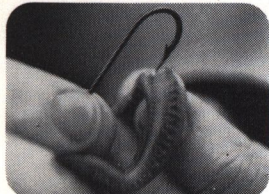
## If you could shoot on both sides of this fence you could make better movies. Sit down at X and we'll show you why.

All set? Okay. You've got a camera on your lap. Any conventional super-8 camera.

That's your son up ahead, out to catch his first fish. You're out to catch him catching it.

From where you sit, you can get all the juicy details. And bring the day back alive with your camera.

So start picking your shots. Got your eye to the viewer? How's this one for openers?



Stop fiddling with the knob. That shot's just 4 inches from your lens. You're never going to get it in focus.



Want to settle for this shot?



Or this? They're nearly 2 ft. away? Nope. Both still blurs to your far-sighted camera.



Here's a good one. 'Back up, back u...oops, splash!

Sorry. Climb back in the boat and we'll do some explaining.

Remember, we said you had a conventional super-8. So what's your minimum focus? Usually at least 4 to 5 feet. That's your focusing fence, dividing the world you can shoot, from the world that's too close for shooting. To help you keep track of it, we've built a real fence 4 feet from your seat. You can't get a single shot inside it.

So what can you shoot? Only what's on the far side. Long shots. Medium shots. Distant closeups—if your camera has zoom. But not a thing in this boat. None of the immediate action.

And what's true on this boat is just as true on land. You've still got that focusing fence around you. Something's happening at your elbow? By the time you back up enough to shoot it, you can't see it. Or the angle's wrong. Or it's not happening any longer.

Which brings us to these, the unconventional Bolex Macro-zoom cameras.



They're the first super-8s which can shoot on both sides of the fence. Because they can focus as far and as near as your eyes can.

In fact, two of them can focus closer than your eyes. The Bolex 160 (which has power zoom and single-frame release), and the 155 can focus from infinity to within one inch of the lens. Handheld. Without attachments. The 7.5 does the same thing to within 5 inches.

Any one of these Bolexes could have gotten any shot you've seen so far. Easily. (They all have electric drive and automatic through-the-lens light metering.)

But what about medium shots? Long shots? This telephoto shot?



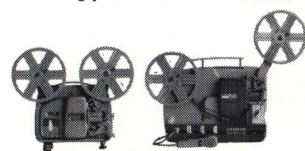
Yes, of course. Bolex cameras shoot on both sides of the fence, remember. So they can do everything conventional cameras can. And many things conventional cameras can't—besides getting every shot on this page.

With the aid of a free attachment called Multitrix, they can



title on location, like this, for example. Incorporate stills. Shoot—and dissolve through—a slide. And make complete movies, you'd swear were shot with a 16mm, in the camera.

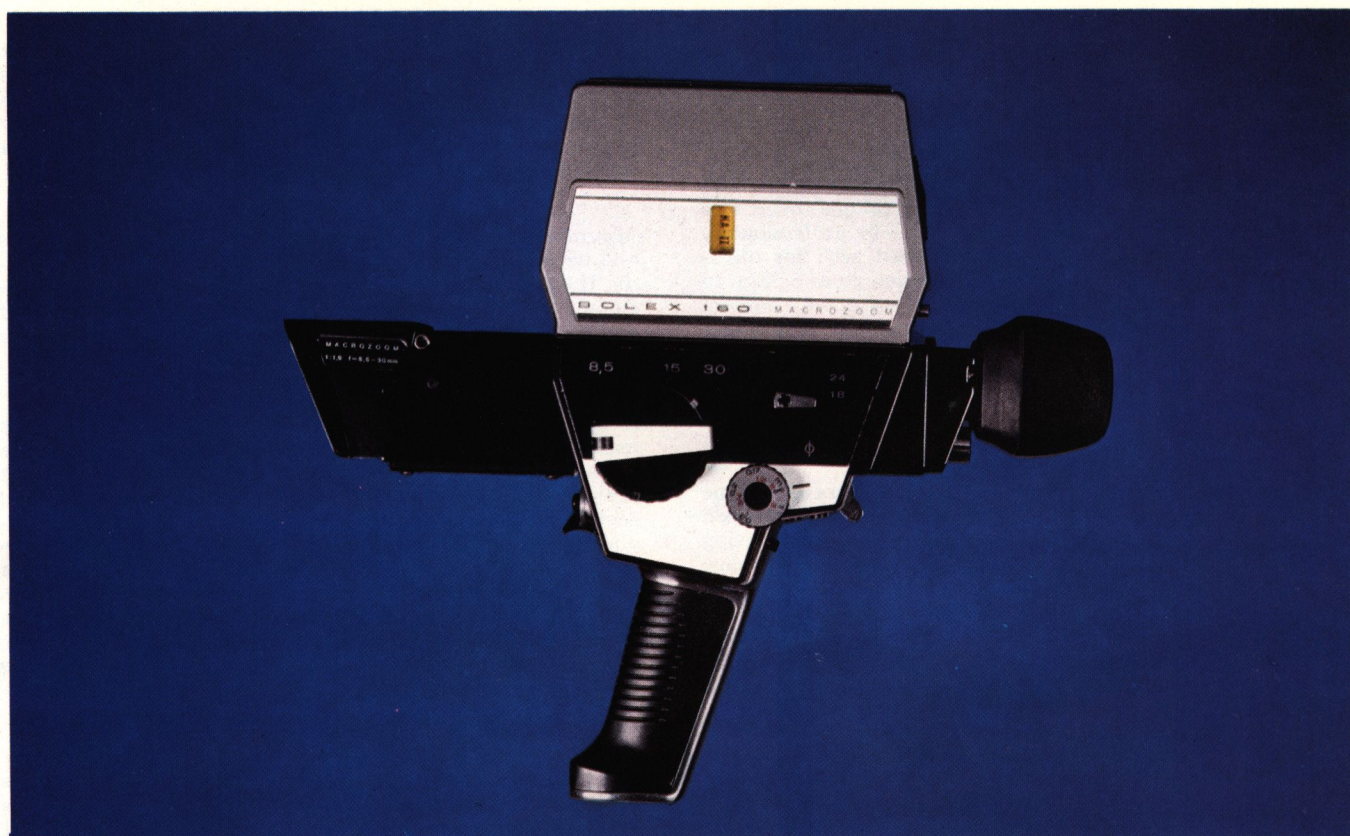
Want to see them for yourself? Write the address below for the name of your nearest Bolex dealer. And, while you're there, see these unconventional Bolex projectors. One of them will even record a soundtrack onto your film, turning your silents into talkies.



### BOLEX

Paillard Incorporated,  
1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036.  
Other products: Hasselblad  
cameras, Hermes typewriters  
and figuring machines.





## Introducing the Bolex 160...

...The Camera That Films on Both Sides of the Fence

Bolex introduces another fine new Macrozoom camera for shooting movies on "both sides of the fence". It's the exciting Bolex 160, the very latest addition to a growing line of fine quality Super 8 movie equipment.

With Macrozoom continuous focusing from infinity all the way down to a short one inch from the subject, the new Bolex 160 breaks down the focusing fence restricting conventional movie cameras and allows even the beginning amateur movie maker complete freedom to film anything he wants, including exciting close-ups lost to most Super 8 photographers.

In the tradition of the revolutionary Bolex 155—the Super 8 camera that introduced a whole new dimension in movie making—the Bolex 160 camera offers completely automatic filming for ultimate convenience.

### Prize-winning Design

Bold, contemporary design makes the 160 a perfect combination of smart styling and easy handling as well as a natural winner of industrial design awards honoring neat, clean looks and foolproof operation. The 160 is designed around the camera lens. On top of the lens is the film magazine; below the lens is the drive mechanism mounted in the grip. This design gives the camera strong, straight styling and perfect balance for relaxed shooting and perfectly smooth pictures. With all-metal construction, the Bolex 160 is highly rugged and durable. Buffed aluminum trim and a sleek black lens housing complete the camera's look of handsome elegance.

### Convenient Controls

All of the vital controls on the Bolex 160 are located for fast, fumble-free efficiency. The focusing knob is within easy reach of the movie maker's thumb and can be turned quickly during filming to keep the subject in focus or to create special in and out-of-focus transitions and effects. A simple

squeeze of the release trigger starts the camera, while manual override of the automatic diaphragm requires only a gentle touch on the button located beside the camera release. One finger can do both jobs easily, leaving the thumb free for focusing or operating the power zoom control mounted on the back of the film magazine. Speed selector lever, manual zoom control, and slow-motion filming button are easily accessible also. With the 160, one-handed filming is always possible, giving the photographer greater freedom of movement.

### Automatic Exposure Control

Once you've loaded the new 160 camera, everything is automatic. A sensitive photo resistor measures light passing through the camera lens and instantly adjusts the diaphragm opening for perfectly exposed pictures. The exact area being filmed is accurately measured, and the diaphragm responds immediately even when you're filming at short distances down to one inch from the lens. For contrasty scenes or panning in light and dark areas, lock the diaphragm whenever you want by pressing the button next to the camera release. Lock the diaphragm before you begin to film or while you're filming. Release the button and go automatic again. Exposure is always steady, without shakiness or change in the projected image.

### Macrozoom Lens

Focus continuously from infinity all the way down to one inch from the subject—without accessories. Filming close-up with the camera near the subject rather than extending the focal length of the lens results in steadier images because camera movement isn't exaggerated. Also, the patented Macrozoom lens offers complete freedom to the movie maker. Dramatic close-ups, titles, professional scene transitions and special effects—they're all simply a matter of using the focusing knob and putting the camera close to



the subject. A maximum f 1.9 aperture ensures bright films even in poor light; a minimum f 16 aperture prevents over-exposure in bright light. Zoom at any speed. The Bolex 160 Macrozoom lens gives amateur movie makers professional filming possibilities.

#### Power Zoom

Touch a control on the back of the 160 film magazine and you glide smoothly from wide angle to telephoto or vice versa. Completely automatic zooming means professionally smooth shots with no jerkiness. Combined with the ultra-close focusing of Macrozoom, a power zoom from 8.5mm to 30mm makes the new 160 another "endless zoom" camera from Bolex. The power zoom is driven by the motor batteries and consumes little current. A complete zoom takes only three seconds. A large knob with folding lever permits rapid selection of appropriate focal length or manual zoom effects at any desired speed.

#### Focusing

Focus by turning a small knob near the camera grip. One full turn for continuous focusing from infinity to one inch away from the lens. Focus while you film simply by rotating the focus knob with your thumb. The coincident image rangefinder gives accurate visual focusing anywhere within the picture area. A double image tells you when you're out of focus, and an absolutely clear image guarantees a proper focus setting. See a life-size image in the viewfinder at 15mm focal length. With the 160 you get instant accurate focusing no matter what the distance or light conditions.

#### Viewfinder

The bright, clear, through-the-lens reflex viewfinder shows exact framing and all important function controls. A light-meter and f stop indicator moves as light changes for a continuous check on subject brightness before and during filming. The needle indicator clearly shows too little or too much light. A beautifully sharp and clear image extends from corner to corner, and the image does not darken when the diaphragm closes down. Battery check is simple, quick with an f stop indicator in viewfinder. A black band in the upper area of the viewfinder signals the end of the roll or no film in the camera.

#### Filming Speeds

The trigger release at the front of the pistol grip operates the camera at the normal 18 fps. For slow-motion filming at 36 fps, just press the button at the back of the grip. Speeds can be changed during filming; the exposure will automatically adjust with the change in filming speeds. A third speed, 24 fps, is offered for sound filming. A lever on the side of the camera adjusts quickly for 18 or 24 fps.

#### Single-Frame Filming

A built-in single-frame device makes the 160 an unusually versatile camera. Using the cable release that is supplied with the camera, movie makers can easily shoot special films made up of many short scenes or films employing clever single-frame effects. Teachers can shoot professional quality instructional movies, while home movie buffs will enjoy weaving into their films brief shots of mementos, family photos, or just souvenirs and remembrances. Single-frame shots add amusement and interest to any movie.

#### Constant-Speed Motor

Perfect balance of the Bolex 160 results from the electric motor drive built into the pistol grip. Between the contour form of the grip and the weight of the motor at the very bottom of the grip, the camera becomes especially comfortable and firm in the hand. Even filming with the arm extended is sure and steady. Four penlight batteries drive the motor with constant speed through as many as 20 film cartridges.

#### Built-in Filters

A convenient lever mounted in the film magazine offers easy switching of the filter between indoor and outdoor shooting.

The lever is clearly marked in blue with a sun image for daylight and in red with a lightbulb image for tungsten light or indoor filming. Switching the filter is only a matter of pushing the lever. There are no too-easily-lost accessories to insert. When you use the Bolex movie light, the filter is automatically set in its right position when the light is switched on or off.

#### Lens Cap

Mounted on the front of the lens, the protecting cap raises and becomes a sunshade during filming. Raising and lowering the cap slowly produces perfect wipes—like lowering a curtain at the end of a scene and raising it at the start of another. When macrofilming, the lens cap is retracted to avoid hitting the subject being filmed.

#### Multitrix

A special mounting device that comes with the camera makes titling and special effects simple. Rock-steady pictures are assured with the Multitrix, which attaches to the front of the camera and moves whenever the camera does. Several acetate sheets and a grease pencil are provided for "do-it-yourself" titles, but movie makers are not restricted to filming titles only with the 160. Slide transparencies, post cards, snapshots, matchbooks, in fact, anything that can be mounted in the Multitrix makes a perfect addition to a Super 8 color movie. Frequently, the small items that seem insignificant make the most appealing and charming scenes when filmed close-up with the 160 and projected on a full-size screen.

#### Eyepiece

The camera's eyepiece swivels to the right or left and folds back for those who wear glasses. Under the eyepiece is a light trap lock to cut off light from the viewfinder when not filming with the camera against the eye. Companion knob under the eyepiece is for locking the diopter in the correct position. The diopter, found on top of the eyepiece, adjusts viewing to individual sight.

#### Footage Counter

The watchdial footage counter is marked to indicate film being used. Each marking indicates usage of 25' of film or about 8 seconds of filming time, a typical scene length.

Space limits our description of this versatile camera, but it's certain that, once a movie maker holds the camera in his hand, he'll begin to see possibilities for professional looking Super 8 films with a minimum of effort. That's what we mean by the new dimension in movie making and the freedom to film on "both sides of the fence".

### THE COMPLETE BOLEX LINE OF SUPER 8 PRODUCTS

The new 160 camera is another fine addition to the complete Bolex line of Super 8 cameras and projectors. Similar in design to the revolutionary Bolex 155—the camera that introduced a whole new dimension in movie making—The 160 offers even greater versatility with power zoom, a built-in single-frame filming device, four separate filming speeds, and an extra bright viewfinder. Movie making is completely automatic with the Bolex 160.

Of course, all Bolex Super 8 Macrozoom movie cameras allow you to shoot on "both sides of the fence". Even the economically priced Bolex 7.5, a handy pocket-size camera with professional filming possibilities.

Fine quality Bolex Super 8 projectors make ideal companion pieces for the Bolex Macrozoom cameras. For trouble-free silent movie projection, the Bolex 18-5L is incomparable. Super quiet and exceptionally rugged, the 18-5L is the essence of quality and reliability. Sound movies are quick and simple with the Bolex SM 8 projector, easier to use than a tape recorder. Bright, colorful pictures and true-to-life sounds make Super 8 movies come alive with the Bolex SM 8 sound projector.



# BOLEX REPORTER

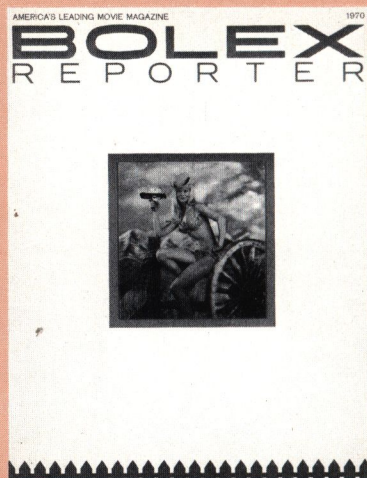
Vol. 20, No. 1 1970

## Table of Contents

Introducing the Bolex 160 . . . ... The Camera That Films on Both Sides of the Fence . . . . .	3
<b>Travels with Bolex to Faraway Places . . . . .</b>	<b>8</b>
In Japan with Bolex by Kaz Kikkawa . . . . .	8
Legendary Timbuctu by Richard G. Brill . . . . .	12
Expo '70 in Osaka by Tom Sullivan . . . . .	12
Bolex in Bulgaria by Arnim Walter . . . . .	13
Visiting the Yagua Indians on the Amazon by Leslav A. Giermanski . . . . .	17
What Are You Dreaming, America—in 8 or 16mm? by Jack Godler . . . . .	18

The Bolex Reporter is published by Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036, (English edition) and by Paillard S.A., Ste-Croix, Switzerland (French and German editions). In the United States the magazine is distributed twice a year through Franchised Bolex Dealers. **Price 50 cents.** Subscriptions available from the publisher at \$2.00 per four issues. The editors will be pleased to consider original articles and photographs on movie making. All manuscripts and photographs submitted become the property of the Paillard organization or its designees upon publication and payment at rate current. Copyright 1970, Paillard Incorporated, Linden, New Jersey, and Paillard S.A., Ste-Croix, Switzerland.

## Introducing Our Cover



The new dimension in movie making, exemplified by the startling three-dimensional picture on our cover, was originally introduced by the revolutionary Bolex 155 Macrozoom camera. Now Super 8 film making becomes even more exciting with the new Bolex 160 Macrozoom camera, the latest addition to the Bolex family of quality Super 8 movie equipment.

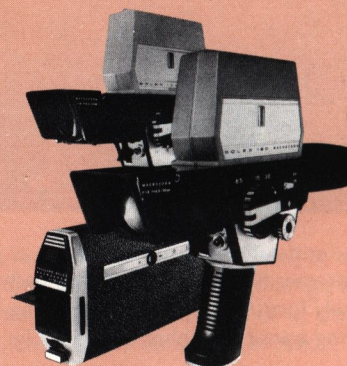
And what could be a more appropriate way of presenting the versatile new Bolex 160 than with a dramatic 3-D color picture, produced especially for this issue of the Bolex Reporter with the latest in specialized printing and picture production equipment. Just like Bolex Macrozoom cameras, our Xographic picture brings all the details to life—from the spacious western sky in the distance to the tiny stalks of wheat up close.

Take it from the attractive "cowgirl" on our cover—Bolex Macrozoom Cameras give you the freedom to film on "both sides of the fence". Conventional movie cameras can focus only to within three or four feet of a subject. They're "fenced out" of those close-up shots that give your movies special meaning. (Like the ones in our national ad pictured on the inside front cover.)

Bolex Macrozoom cameras—the 155, 7.5, and now the exciting new Bolex 160—break down the focusing fence and take you from infinity all the way down to the edge of your subject.

"From one inch to infinity" is more than just a phrase with Bolex Macrozoom. It's a new dimension in movie making. Dramatic close-ups, titles, professional transitions and special effects—they're all simple and easy with Macrozoom.

And with the new Bolex 160, movie making is completely automatic. From measuring the light through the lens to powering a perfectly smooth zoom, the new Bolex 160 takes care of all the mechanical adjustments so you can concentrate on your subject and shoot perfect movies on "both sides of the fence".







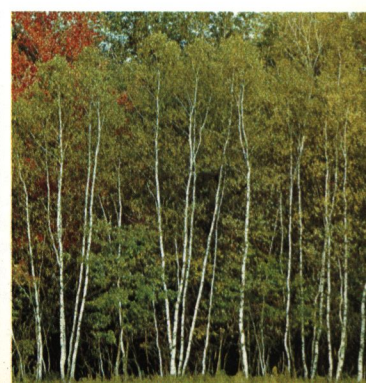
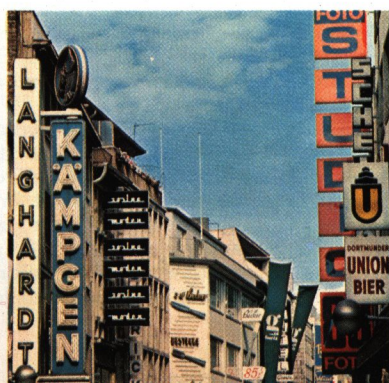
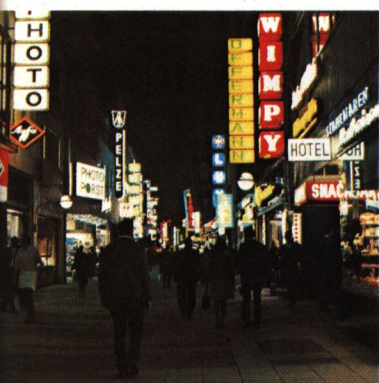
**Filming tips for Bolex camera owners only:** Your favorite slide or photograph of your garden in spring or fall may make the perfect opening scene for your film of the 4th of July party on your patio. Simply film your slide from one inch away by mouting it in the Multitrix attachment and slowly focusing through it to film the live scene beyond; or film and pull away your snapshot, refocusing on the live scene to create an interesting transition. Other examples: let your baby grow to a smart young lady in a matter of seconds; bring the seasonal aspects into your







films, a delight for nature lovers and filmmakers; you may not be there at night, so a post card of your favorite resort is all you need to make up for it by filming from a night sight right into the bright day; let snow melt in front of the audience by filming and focusing through a winter slide into a luscious summer setting. Only Bolex owners with the simple, easy-to-operate Macrozoom cameras can do all of it, plus much more, like adding titles on location, filming maps to show the audience right where it all happened, and many other special effects.





---

## Travels with Bolex to Faraway Places

---

Bringing vacation and travel adventures back from every corner of the world has long been one of the chief tasks for Bolex cameras in the hands of professionals and amateurs alike. With a facility for recording all kinds of action in every conceivable locale, Bolex Super 8 and 16mm cameras invite anyone "on the road" to preserve his experience for friends, relatives, and entire groups of interested viewers.

It isn't only the professional photographer with a suitcase full of equipment who brings back the exotic film. Sometimes it's the sensitive traveler with an eye for detail and a good story who decides that this time he'll "shoot a movie" while on vacation.

Using a versatile Bolex Super 8 Macrozoom camera, the traveler can shoot from auto or train windows, in his hotel, even in crowded tourist areas—and all of it hand-held with only a beginner's knowledge of movie making. Frequently, the movie that results is fresh, inspired, and vivid, reflecting the enthusiasm of the traveler and the adaptability of the Macrozoom camera.

Amateurs with Bolex Super 8 equipment, professionals with Bolex 16mm equipment, or vice versa either way. It's the excitement of the projected image that makes the film effort worthwhile. If armchair travels are your interest—especially trips to spots not usually on the "cook's tour"—you'll be interested in reading the following stories from a typical collection of Bolex photographers reacting to new and exotic sights and sounds.

Our colorful photo, for example, pictures orangutans in the wild and lush jungle of Borneo as they give professional photographer **Wolfgang Bayer** (not pictured) a hand with his movies for CBS television and its network show, "Animal World". Vice President of Production for Bill Burrud Productions in Los Angeles, Bayer spent nearly a month filming the orangutans reorienting to jungle life. Assisting him where his lovely wife (right) and Mr. DeSilva (left), Chief Game Warden of the Forest Department for the Malaysian government, which sponsored the orangutan project. Intense humidity stopped other cameras on the scene, Bayer tells us, but the Bolex rigs kept right on going, sometimes with inquisitive orangutans climbing all over them!

Using a Bolex Rex-5 and 86OE zoom lens, professional photographer **Arnim Walter** of Ontario, Canada, recently documented present-day life behind the Iron Curtain in Bulgaria. Later in these pages he describes the culture of urban and rural Bulgaria and indicates the challenge of shooting documentary footage under the wary eye of the Communist "tourist officials". Mr. Walter is a teacher of cinematography and photo techniques in Canada . . . What does a professional photographer do for excitement when he's seen all the traditional travel spots? Travel consultant **Richard G. Brill** took his Bolex 155 Macrozoom camera and set off for Timbuctu, the legendary city that everyone talks about but no one really visits. Well, no one until recently, anyway. Now Brill has a detailed color movie to support his claim that Timbuctu is one of the most fascinating and unusual travel spots in the world. His story explains how, as an amateur movie maker, he succeeded in creating a professional quality film with the Bolex 155 camera . . . The Amazon River—massive, awesome, always appealing to the traveler and photographer. Professional film maker **Leslav A. Giermanski**, a frequent contributor to the Reporter, gives his Amazon story a special twist by introducing his readers to the Yagua Indians, inhabitants of the exotic Yanamono Island . . . Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan, may be the most photographed subject of the decade, but few moviemakers will appreciate their travels to the orient as much as **Dr. Kaz Kikkawa** of Pennsylvania, whose recent trip to Japan was an exciting reunion with his homeland as well as a thrilling visit. Dr. Kikkawa describes his decision to move up from 8mm filming to 16mm and the satisfaction he received from recording his Japanese visit with a Bolex Rex-5. Readers planning a trip to Osaka and Expo '70 this year will enjoy learning how to bring back a vivid film record of ancient as well as modern Japan—in either 16mm or Super 8. . . Complementing Dr. Kikkawa's description is **Tom Sullivan's** story about the most fascinating exhibits at fabulous Expo '70. A professional movie maker with twenty-five years of experience, Sullivan evaluates striking audio-visual presentations at the international exposition and comments on Osaka and its environs as an ideal place to film. (Mr. Sullivan informs us that his 10-minute 16mm color sound film about Expo '70 is available for showing. Inquiries should be addressed to Paillard Incorporated or Tom Sullivan, 1402 Manhattan Avenue, Union City, New Jersey 07087.)

---

### In Japan with Bolex

by Kaz Kikkawa

In an odd accent and intonation I said, "Please go to Tokyo Hilton," to the cab-driver. A half hour earlier my airplane from the United States had landed at the Haneda International Air Port. The first sentence in my native tongue sounded rather awkward after a seven-year absence.

The purpose of this return trip was to attend the International Congress of Radiology, which was about to be held in Tokyo. Simultaneously, however, I could not help feeling great excitement in photographing my native country, so that upon coming back to my home in Pennsylvania, I would have something with which to introduce Japan to my

friends. I was readily prepared. Approximately six months prior to my departure, I purchased a brand new Bolex H16 Rex-5 16mm movie camera equipped with 10mm, 25mm and 75mm Switar lenses, and by this time I was well acquainted with the marvelous machine.

Photography was, by no means, new to me. This Bolex camera was actually the tenth one in my possession. My introduction to photography occurred immediately after World War II, when I was a college student. My first movie camera was a Bolex B-8, bought when I was taking an internship in Rockford, Illinois, in 1956. My enthusiasm in movie-taking grew deeply, and a small Bolex became my constant companion.

During the last couple of years, however, I often found myself in a dilemma as to whether I should go into 16mm or Super-8. The limitation of Standard 8 was obvious. I wanted more brightness and sharpness in a projected image on a screen. I wanted a larger screen size. I wanted more sophisticated technology in cinematography. To my surprise, my wife also agreed with my opinion to change the form of filming gear. Both of us must have been noticing the same



handicaps of Standard 8, and been equally educated, though she has never handled a camera before.

Selection of a 16mm movie camera did not present any difficulty to me, since my mind had been made up long before. I chose Bolex again, based on my complete satisfaction with the mechanism of the B-8 and its undisputed lens, which I enjoyed during thirteen years of shooting. I knew I could thoroughly rely on my new Bolex. The result of a test shot with H16, which was performed indoors in the department of radiology where I work, gave me full confidence in the machine. The difference of 16mm from Standard 8 was quite outstanding.

Driving into the downtown section of Tokyo on a highway from Haneda, I was surprised to find so many changes in the city. A newly developed highway system, ever increasing tall office buildings, and a neatly arranged shopping area arrested my eyes. It was about 4 o'clock P.M. by Tokyo time, but it was still in the early A.M. by my watch, which was not yet adjusted to the local time. The excitement of being in my native country after seven years' absence had completely overtaken me by this time.

I decided to make a surprise phone call to one of my nephews living in Tokyo. A few hours later, my Bolex began rolling the first 100 feet of Kodachrome II, while we were dining in a Japanese style restaurant in the hotel. We were sitting on TaTami (Japanese mat), and the food was being cooked at the center of the table. It was called "Shabu-shabu". Next day, I encountered many children riding bicycles on a street which was within the boundary of a forested park in the city. I felt curious until my nephew informed me that during certain hours of the day on this road the traffic was off limits in order that the children could enjoy their bicycle riding with safety. A diagonal sunbeam in the late afternoon penetrated among trunks and leaves of the trees and shone upon the gleaming faces of the children. I shot first with a wide angle Switar, followed by a telephoto lens for the close-up.

New Tokaido Line, the world's fastest train, was entirely a new experience to me. It connects Tokyo with Osaka, the second largest city of Japan with a three-hour ride. Sitting by the window does not offer you any extraordinary sense of speed. However, if you go down to the last seat of the coach and look forward toward the head of the train, suddenly the daring speed of the train becomes reality. A constant but a very gentle and smooth gyratory movement of the entire coach, together with continuously flying scenery leads you to the optical illusion that you are flying through a mild turbulence in an airplane. I thought I had captured it with a wide angle lens standing at the center of the aisle.

In that late evening, I arrived at my brother's home in the suburb of Osaka. I was so glad to know that everybody in my family was healthy. The conversation was endless; we all sat talking through the night. Actually my brother's home, the base of my activity, was strategically situated for my convenience. It was only a twenty-five minute train ride to Kyoto, and a one hour ride to Nara, cities abundant with treasures of ancient Japan.

One of the advantages in photographing Japan is that the country offers versatility and contrast in motif: multiple lines of modern apartment buildings on the outskirts of Osaka, and ancient and well-kept and refined houses facing a narrow lane in the city of Kyoto; a young college girl driving a brand new Tyopet to her school, and a farmer's daughter harvesting rice in her traditional clothing; fading shadows of tall modern office buildings in the back of a neon-lit gay street scene, and an image of an old pagoda reflected on the surface of the nearby pond. Many examples can be quoted with no difficulty, and they are there even at a corner of a street.

I had with me twenty-three rolls of Kodachrome II and a few rolls of Kodachrome II-A. From the beginning I decided not to use a tripod. The H16 can be easily hand-held, and is convenient in its operation. Thanks to the Rex-o-fader, fade-in, fade-out, and lap dissolve were no problem at all. During the stay I realized that the 16mm movie-making was rather rare in Japan. Whenever I pulled out my H16 from the gadget bag, I could not help noticing other people's eyes being gathered on it. Another item, which must be very

important in filming in Japan, is the fact that you will have an extremely difficult time finding Kodachrome II for 16mm movies in a camera shop even in a large city like Tokyo or Osaka. As a matter of fact, I could not obtain a single roll of it even though I knew very well where to go for this kind of item. In some stores a black and white film made in Japan was available.

Looking down the famous garden of the Ryuanji Temple at Kyoto, perhaps better known as "Rock Garden," one of the masterpieces of the "dry landscape" styles of Zen Gardens, created in the early sixteenth century, I was confronted for a moment with how to document this inspiring symbolism manifested only with a few perfectly arranged large rocks on the level white-sand ground with a meticulously worked pattern of straight parallel ridges made with a bamboo rake.

I decided to use the Rex-o-fader to create a lap dissolve. First I shot a close-up of a beautifully undulating surface of well-kept moss in a different section of this temple, which faded-out as being superimposed with a fade-in of another close-up of the flat surface of the white-sand ground. I finished using the normal lens and wide angle lens including a view of a few meditating students. The flawless action of the camera almost guaranteed me a perfect lap dissolve.

The place was packed with people. Most of them were foreigners. As soon as the curtain was raised, a soft tune of old Japanese music filled the entire room. The Gion Corner was built like a small theatre inside. I was in the process of filming a Maiko-Dance, Koto music play and Bungaku (puppet play), which were a few examples of the whole presentation. Obviously the place was designed to introduce visitors to the classical Japanese arts in stage play, musical performance, the flower arrangement, tea ceremony, etc. All seats in the front were already occupied, so I took mine in the last row. It was a perfect spot for my 75mm Switar lens.

The Japanese have a saying, "You should not say you are content until you have visited Nikko." About ten years ago my wife and I spent a few days of our honeymoon here. This time, I saw a difference in my gear, from B-8 to H16, but the sight of the most elaborate and magnificent architecture of Toshogu Shrine was unchanged. It is situated near the banks of the Daiya River on a hillside in the midst of a forest of ancient Japanese cedars.

Nikko is no doubt one of the most beautiful places in Japan. I must emphasize to you, however, to stretch your trip a little further, which the majority of the visitors fail to do, and visit the three waterfalls, Lake Chuzenji, and Lake Yunoko.

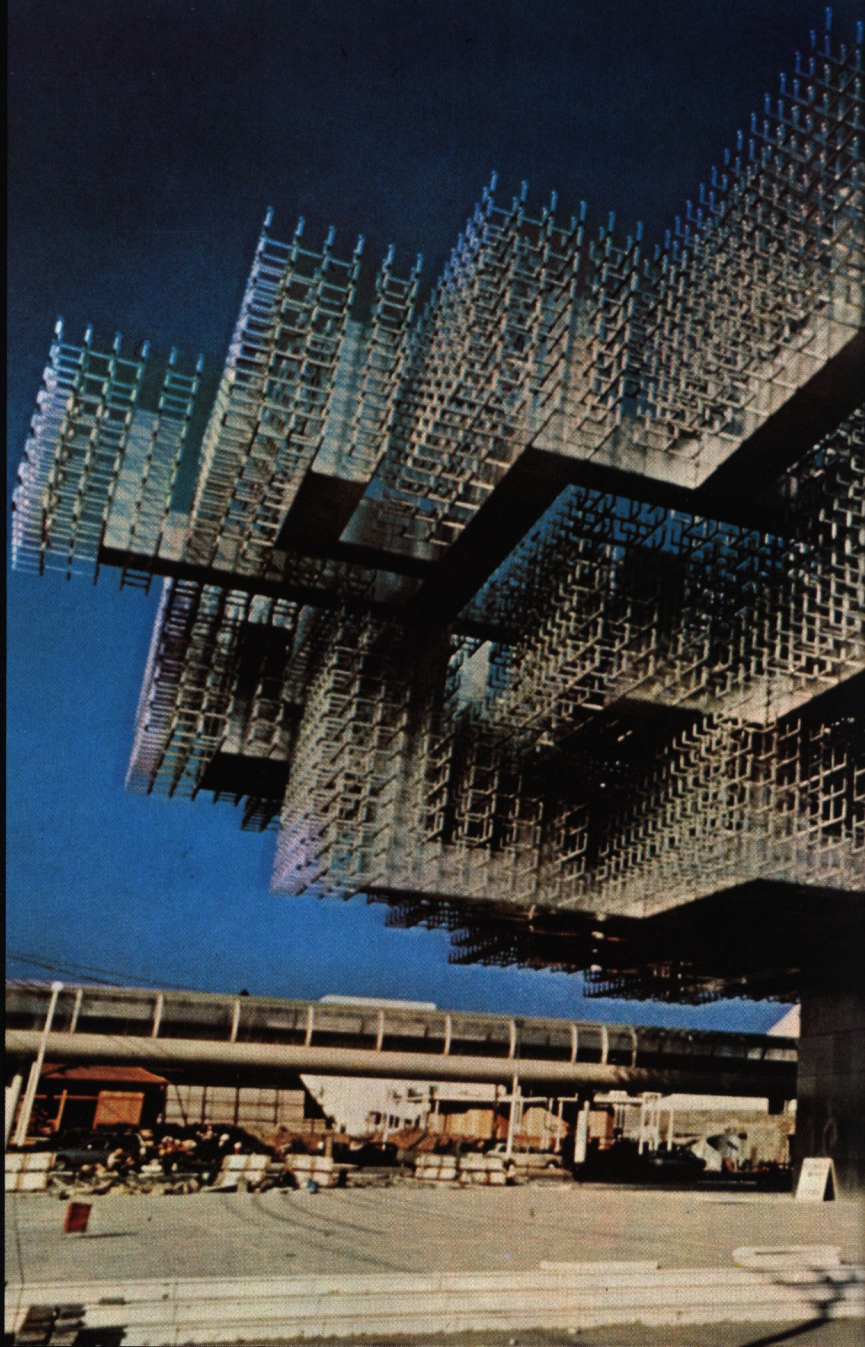
As your car climbs up along the mountainside by way of a newly built undulating highway from Nikko, you will soon notice that the air becomes clearer, and the leaves, the mountains, and the lakes appear more dazzling to your eyes. This is because of higher altitude and less humidity. I don't know any place in Japan other than this area, called Oku-Nikko, where nature has arranged lakes, waterfalls, mountains, and plateau in such an exquisite manner. Though I was shivering in the chilly temperature, I jumped out of the car, held my H16 tightly against my cheek, and squeezed the shutter. Under the brilliant maple leaves, the crystal water from Lake Yunoko was gushing on the rocky bed of a stream against the sunlight and flowing towards Lake Chuzenji.

During my two-week stay I was always on the go with my Bolex. Never before have I thought it was so true that "time is money". Flying over the Pacific, the people on the chartered plane were more subdued than they were on the way to Japan. It was a rather short visit to my native country after all. However, I felt quite content at the thought that I had never wasted any moment of it, and the Bolex did the job. One roll after another, the whole twenty-six hundred feet of Kodachrome II returned. To my satisfaction, every one of them was perfectly exposed and photographed. After a painstaking editing process, the twelve hundred foot travelogue was completed. Now two weeks in Japan can be revisited in 45 minutes, thanks to a superb quality reproduction by Bolex. Again, my wife made another comment to my surprise: "Why don't you add sound to it, since the picture is so good?" I wish I had the time.

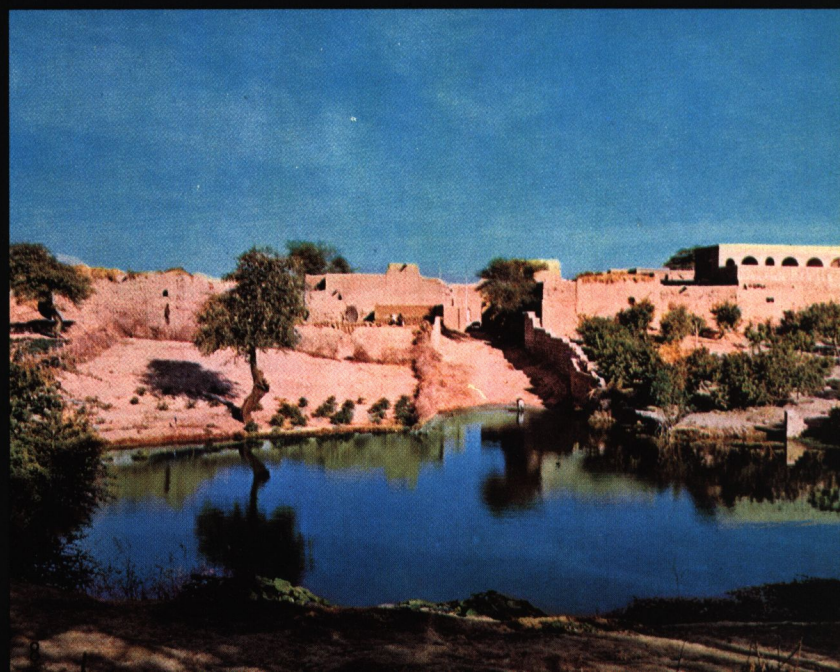
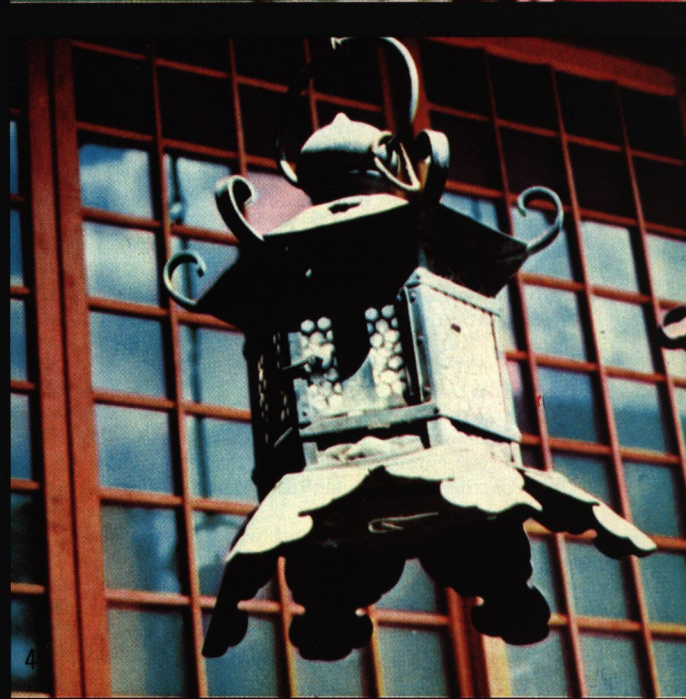
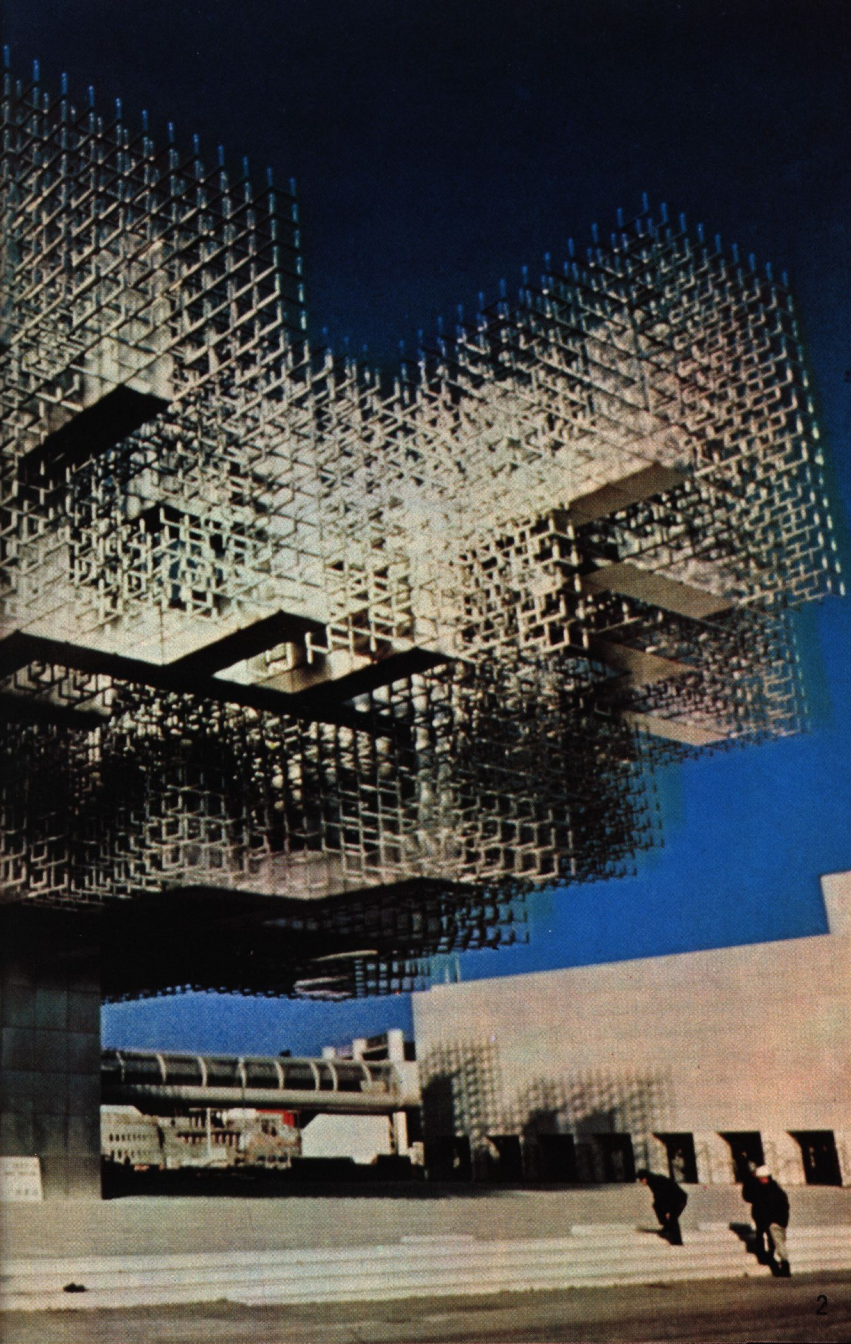




1. Orangutan filming in Borneo 2. Swiss Pavilion at Expo '70 in Osaka 3 and 4. Traditional Japanese scenes 5 through 8. Timbuctu: the golden doors; a view of the ancient city itself; local tribeswoman; the only water-hole within 200 miles of the city.









---

## Legendary Timbuctu

by Richard G. Brill

---

As an explorer, adventurer and travel consultant, making my living by promoting exotic, out-of-the-way places, I found myself—in this age of the jet—swiftly running out of destinations. Where on earth could we find a new place that had not yet been visited by tourists, in view of the fact that now even your 85-year old neighbor has just returned from a “two week tour of the South Pacific”!

One of my associates facetiously said, “Oh, why don’t you go to Timbuctu!” “Timbuctu, I thought. Why not?” It was rather difficult to find any in-depth information on Timbuctu and the surrounding area. I knew, however, that it existed. After long research we finally found a book that definitely made up my mind.

Timbuctu . . . the mysterious city over which empires crumbled; the most inaccessible outpost of the Sahara; the hub of the slave trade; city of untold “riches” and utmost poverty; legendary capital of the Songhi and Tuareg Empires. A city never visited by a non-Moslem or a European until the late nineteenth century.

Out of thousands who originally set out to discover Timbuctu, only three ever reached their destination: Gordon Liang, British, started from Tripoli with a group of soldiers and a caravan and reached Timbuctu five years later—alone. On the way back he was killed by the fierce Tuaregs, the undisputed Lords of the Sahara; Rene Callie, French, walked three years under indescribable conditions, attacked by the Tuaregs, mutilated by the Berbers, finally arrived in Timbuctu; and finally Heinrich Barth, German, reached Timbuctu, disguised as a Moslem, who supposedly escaped from a Christian slave camp.

All three discredited the myth that Timbuctu was a city of gold, the richest city in Africa. All three were shocked at the treatment of the slaves who were herded by hundreds by the Arabs, tied to camels, and marched over the Sahara for weeks without food and water. Women and girl slaves were ravished by the slavers. Often caravans of over 500 camels disappeared without a trace. A ransom had to be paid to the Tuaregs by every caravan that crossed their desert domain. Such was life in Timbuctu, city of mud, population of 25,000, exciting the imagination of the world’s millions.

The Romans, British, and French lost entire armies trying to conquer Timbuctu. Now, nothing has changed in this ageless city; perhaps slave traders do their jobs in a more clandestine manner, but the caravans of hundreds of camels still ply the desert for months and months at a time. Now, I felt it was my turn to “discover” Timbuctu.

As a result of all the study and research, one April evening a group of us departed for Timbuctu. Our first stop was Dakar, modern capital of Senegal, the Gateway to the Dark Continent. From Dakar we visited Goree Island, surrounded by rough seas infested by sharks. This island is a monument to all Africa . . . through here 40,000,000 slaves were shipped to the New World between the 15th and 19th centuries. Goree Island is completely preserved and the slave compounds still stand as they did centuries ago. We saw the chains by which the slaves were held captive, and special cut-outs in the walls, through which the sick and weak were thrown into the sea for the sharks to feed on. Escape from Goree Island was impossible; the only way out was suicide or the slave-traders’ ships. Our Bolex 155 camera was kept busy filming these extraordinary sights.

The next day we took the Trans-Sahara Express to Bamako (Mali). The easy-to-handle Bolex 155 was truly adaptable in filming from the window of a moving train and absorbing the ever-changing colorful scenery. The following evening we arrived in Mopti, the Sahara Caravan Exchange

Post, formerly occupied by the French Foreign Legion. We left Mopti by land rovers and after a dusty, bumpy, 6-hour ride on non-existent roads across the Sahara, we arrived in Sangha. I was pleased to see that the Bolex equipment held up beautifully.

Now we really knew we were on our way to Timbuctu! No more trappings of civilization at all . . . this is the last Oasis, the Bani River, swarming with traders and caravans from all parts of the Sahara, some of them having traveled three months or more, bringing salt, which is still the lifeline of the Sahara. We decided to take the opportunity to capture on film one of the most exciting sights in Africa, the Dancing Dogans, the mysterious tribe who live in the interior. They are the descendants of escaped slaves, and their civilization is late stone age. We had heard stories of their strange, ritualistic dances, performed while wearing strange masks and high tapering headdresses. We were very anxious to film this and were able to obtain some impressive shots. The Bolex 155 adjusted to prevailing light automatically, leaving us free to concentrate on our exotic subject.

We now headed for the culmination, the high point, the goal we had set ourselves—Timbuctu. It was exactly as described—nothing was changed—civilization had made no impact here! While filming the Abu Simel Fortress, on the outskirts of Timbuctu, in the blazing Sahara sun, through the lens of the camera I could picture vividly a desperate battle between the fierce Tuaregs and the Foreign Legionnaires. One could actually visualize Beau Geste and his compatriots, charging from the fort. In the distance a sound from a minaret calling the faithful to pray and a bugle call from a lone sentry only seemed to accentuate the timelessness of Timbuctu. These sounds are all recorded for our film.

The most difficult task was trying to set up the agile monopod in a sand dune, under the scorching sun in temperatures reaching 150 degrees, waiting for the camel caravans to show up on the horizon. After what seemed an interminable wait, suddenly there they were . . . silhouetted against the red sunset, the darkening sky, and the minarets of the world’s most remote city. The versatility of Bolex Macrozoom is such that I could do my own dissolving while taking the pictures, which made for a much more professional film.

This was our first attempt to make a full length motion picture in color with sound track, using the Bolex Super-8 Macrozoom camera exclusively. We followed the actual route of the slaves, covering mile by mile the voyage which for many was to end in death.

By now I had taken 95 rolls of film; to cut and edit this would take me almost as long as it took the explorers to discover Timbuctu. With the Bolex 155, editing was unnecessary. In my opinion, no other motion picture equipment would have been able to do the the job as well under the most grueling conditions of the Sahara Desert. We had to contend with sandstorms, unbelievable temperatures, drastic light changes, and on and on.

The results were such that the film was shown to thousands of people and has won general critical acclaim . . . this more than made up for any hardships endured on the trip. Since this first trip, I have returned to Timbuctu four times, each time with my Bolex 155 camera in tow. Now, we can honestly say, “Yes, we have been to Timbuctu—how about you?”

---

## Expo '70 in Osaka

by Tom Sullivan

---

An experiment with horizontally traveling movie film with almost twice the picture size of 70mm, and some uncommonly skillful use of conventional film sizes and equipment provide audio-visual impact at Japan’s awesome Expo '70.



However, despite the fact that most pavilions make use of either slides or movies in one way or another, the drama of the offerings in form and content falls far short of Canada's Expo '67, and barely manages to out-distance the 1964-65 New York exposition.

But what is good is very good. For example, an oversized picture experiment housed in the futuristic Midori-Kan dome of the Midori-Kai Enterprises Group pavilion, is probably the ultimate in audience involvement, with a 360-degree screen that utilizes every inch of its full dome, even linking images from all five cameras at the top.

The 32 industrial companies in Japan sharing credit for this geodesic theater contributed two billion yen to fashion a multi-dimensional world that provokes reactions from all who enter.

Mounted on a special rig with extra large film magazines, five 35mm cameras with special lenses were used to film a variety of scenes around the world, including auto racing, fields of flowers, children at play, and a high speed drive down a winding mountain road. The viewer stands beneath the dome, which is actually a screen of 2,000 square meters, and can see at once where he has come from and where he is going, from the ground to the sky above. Sound, which is not included on the over-sized film stock, pours out of an incredible 515 speakers to add the final dimension for total viewer engulfment.

Maintaining its tradition at expositions, Canada offers a series of films made by conventional techniques that come close to stealing top honors through imaginative content alone.

The mirrored Canadian pavilion, a glittering exterior facade that almost disappears when you squint at it through your viewfinder in bright overcast, has as its theme "Discovery," and its films do the job in admirable fashion.

The first offering used 70mm film to fill a 48 by 24-foot triangular screen, and since the viewing tunnel in front of the screen is also mirrored, there are actually three viewing surfaces. That film is titled "Challenge of The Land," and it integrates low-level flying scenes with big close-ups of Canadian faces to show the nation at work from coast to coast. A psychedelic school bus with an energetic group of pop vocalists aboard provides a continuing link, and the sound of the group, The Collectors, is heard throughout the pavilion.

The other film offering, showing how Canada's vast lands are swallowed up by the spread of urbanization, is probably the singlemost inventive technique at Expo '70, and takes a step forward from the brilliant cube visuals of the Czechoslovakian pavilion at Expo '67.

Rear projection is used on a screen that creates the effect of a lightboard writing words or fashioning images by turning on miniature lamps in pre-set patterns. Indeed, most viewers are probably convinced that is what they are watching, even when a television set within the imagery offers an amazingly detailed fast-action hockey game.

The effect is all on the lines of a lightboard, but the images originate on skillfully animated film and show how birds and animals are chased from their forest homes, trees are felled, and factories and high-rise office and apartment buildings move in.

The joint pavilion of Japan's auto industry stuns audiences with an exceptionally skillful black comedy that unfolds on four projectors and four screens, three of large size and one giant oblong screen overhead.

It is an easily discernible trend at Expo '70 for the giant industries mounting the futuristic pavilions to minimize their own corporate credit in displays and movies. At the auto theater, it would be easy to leave wondering to whom you are indebted for the laughs and thrills.

The pavilion is one that offers no English translation of its brochure, but the message of the black comedy film needs no translation, as a modern couple resist the ever-crowding pressures of the urban seventies, fighting off an army of disembodied hands that chill you even as you laugh.

In its preamble, the film uses disconnected scenes of modern life interspersed with broad comedy, and occasionally the action overlaps screens through carefully matched film on the five projectors. In one bizarre scene a boxer loses

a gloved arm in a bout and the severed limb, in much the manner of a guided missile, zeroes across all of the other screens to strike the chin of an innocent bystander.

Skilled use of matting processes and optical effects permits the players to walk up and down the exterior walls of skyscrapers and hang suspended in the air, thus avoiding an ugly splatter on the sidewalk.

By comparison with the audio-visual displays mentioned, the small screen, rear-projection offerings of sports films in the otherwise superb U.S. pavilion, and the unimaginative rear-projection setups in the U.S.S.R. exhibit are scarcely worth looking at.

One Russian idea, however, the showing of underwater scenes on a circular screen at the bottom of a 10-foot well (into which viewers gaze from floor level), comes close to achieving the effect of peering through a glass-bottomed boat into very clear waters.

Shooting movie footage in the U.S. pavilion was a special challenge because the pavilion housing itself is made of a translucent material which filters natural light. The Bolex Rex-5 with an 86EE zoom lens that measures light automatically made the filming job simple, however. Using only available light and Ektachrome film 72-42 with an 85-B filter, I was able to get perfectly exposed pictures every time, even when filming exhibits lighted by fluorescent tubes—like the moon rock, most popular item at the entire exposition.

Because Expo '70 is in Japan, it is worth a trip automatically, since that land-poor nation is an exposition in itself, with a pleasing blend of the very ancient and the ultra-modern, and still the warmest, most gracious hospitality to be found anywhere in the world.

Osaka, the Expo city, is almost 300 miles from Tokyo, connected by the Tokaido, the world's fastest train. Riding it and filming magnificent Fujiyama as you go is a thrill worth having.

At the fair, the profusion of colorful forms provides a pleasing backdrop to a camera essay on the faces of the Japanese, especially the children, who appear as beautiful dolls to westerners more familiar with the portly, graying, or bald Japanese businessman.

Just 33 miles from Osaka is Kyoto, the old imperial capital of Nippon, where incredibly beautiful shrines, many of them 500 or more years old, offer a tranquility and ancient history that perfectly offsets the 21st century impact of Expo.

The famous Golden Pavilion at Kyoto, set in tranquil waters, vies with Mount Fuji as the symbol of Japan, and no trip to the fair will be complete without a visit there to try your hand at filming one of the most photographed buildings in the world.

---

## **Bolex in Bulgaria**

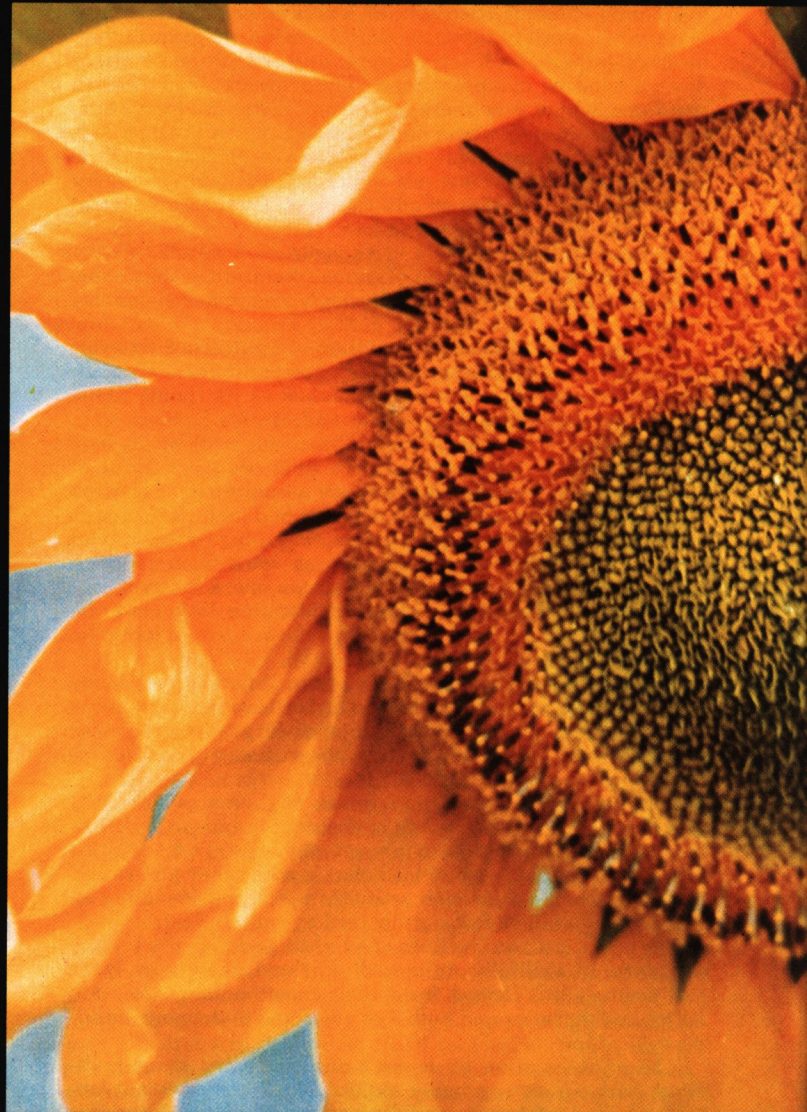
by Arnim Walter

---

After a long, meandering journey through central Europe, we entered Bulgaria from Yugoslavia at one of the few official crossing points, where a guide from Balkan Tourist was awaiting us. We found this to be essential in all countries behind the "Iron Curtain," although even a guide was not sufficient to smooth the way for a photographic exploration.

We had decided to visit Bulgaria because it is a Communist country about which we hear very little. It is a country which has been able to sustain the influences of Stalin, of Russian economic domination, and of a totalitarian regime, because the people are historically grateful to the Russians. To understand this, one has to realize that this is a buffer country forever occupied; even during its independent periods—in the 9th and 14th centuries—it was not





1 through 7. Scenes from Bulgaria: an old monk; Black Sea resort town; richly-colored Bulgarian carpet; Kolarovgrad mosque; sunflower; frescoes in Rila monastery; cathedral in Sofia 8. Our author among the Yagua Indians 9. Yagua Indian mother and child.









truly independent because surrounding powers threw their shadows over the Thracian-Bulgar-Slav population. Nearly 500 years of Turkish occupation formed much of today's sociological and even psychological outlook and mentality. The people in the cities, too dependent on the occupying forces, became subservient; those in the villages, cloisters, and woods were in constant resistance: this fact still remains.

That it does still remain was the conclusion of our observations of the "25th year of independence from Fascism," a ubiquitous slogan on stamp and housefront, daily newspaper and restaurant, from truckside to production room.

The people are content, although theirs is the lowest per capita income within the European Communist block. They are content because they are better off than they were before 1944; youthful industrialization engenders great optimism, and peasants still farm cooperatively, a method adopted as a voluntary form of survival, long before the Communists. The city dwellers control politics and purse-strings but they distrust one another to the extent of constant fear, while the peasants—whom the former despise and consider as "not typical"—are still the true and therefore proud descendants of "The Bulgarians".

For our film expedition, my wife and daughter were armed with still cameras, my son carried a tape recorder, and I was set with my Bolex H16 Rex-5. We had made arrangements with the Bulgarian Ambassador and Balkan Tourist and hoped for all the niceties pointed out in the pamphlets of the Bulgarian National Tourist Office. We found almost all as specified, except the sentence: "Every corner of this lovely country is free for you to explore." But, then, we never really expected that to be true, anyway.

The country is beautiful, the summer climate a dream, history and flowers overwhelm. When, on rare occasions, we were able to contact the people we found them extremely interested and hospitable. But, let us not conclude before the trip.

Sofia, full of tourists and government officials, a city of 900,000 inhabitants, is presently in an upheaval. The centre of the town is turned upside down owing to the building of a subway—and thereby constantly unearthing the ruins of an earlier civilization while the periphery is extended by industries and apartment blocks. But still, there are many items worth seeing, among them the Alexander-Nevskij Cathedral, the National Theatre and the Archaeological Museum.

Night clubs, as everywhere in Communist countries, are plentiful, attached to tourist hotels, and provide entertainment only for those with hard currencies, thus excluding all "Easterners". Accommodation in the hotels was good and relatively comfortable, though not exactly cheap, while the food consisted—to our constant annoyance—of "International meals". It was utterly impossible to taste Bulgarian cuisine so highly commended in tourist brochures.

Travelling south from Sofia we encountered orchards of apples and peaches, well irrigated fields with tomatoes, grapes and tobacco, but also endless hills denuded of their forests by the Turks. Further south, near the Greek border in a weird landscape of sand is Melnik, with its genuine old quarters, and new areas of restoration, studded amongst the sandhills.

No visit to Bulgaria is complete without a trip to the Rila Monastery. It is a religious and an art monument, and—as are many of the monasteries—a historical one as well. The Bulgarians, in attempting to find their identity, are rediscovering their national heritage. The monasteries and churches were strongholds of nationalism, and today they are again reminders of a proud history. Rila is the centre of the Bulgarian Renaissance in its paintings and frescoes, and of Bulgarian Baroque in its architecture.

In a mad dash we drove to Plovdiv, the "agricultural capital" of this country. Inhabited by the Thracians, fortified by the Romans, and built and rebuilt by every occupant since, Plovdiv is a picturesque city, whose oldest parts are built on and around the four hills which pierce the plain of the Maritsa River like life-sustaining nipples. Red-tiled flat houses squat amongst green trees, while the new part of the city, with highrise apartments of monotonous design, and Stalinesque sugar confectionery-styled exhibition halls, lies on the opposite side of the river, a poplar-lined symbol of forceful order. Towards the south, factories

belch cheap Russian coal ashes like a screen against the Rhodope Mountains. Green with endless fields and reflective silver from extensive green-houses is the land as far as the summer haze permits.

It was in Plovdiv that we penetrated, on one of the few times during our stay in Bulgaria, the cordon of mistrust. We were welcomed to a small carpet factory and had a friendly discussion and demonstration by the woman director and her chief engineer. It was the warmth of a woman which overcame official "passive resistance".

Another highlight was our excursion to the hinterland of Plovdiv, where we visited a fruit preserving plant and a co-operative farm. The hospitality of the people will be an unforgettable event, particularly to our children. On our return to Plovdiv we encountered a snake-dancing wedding procession with all the paraphernalia due to this event. We had to toast and taste Rakija, while the musicians listened to our recorded version of their music. We never again felt the same purity and innocence in the whole of Bulgaria as we had in Kurtovo Konare and Krichim.

The next morning saw us curving south towards the Rhodope Mountains. Past the fortress of Asenovgrad, now marked only by a ruined wall and church, past Backoyskij Monastery, another national shrine, past Cepelare, one of the holiday centres for trade union workers, we entered mountains with a truly Mediterranean look. Patches of drought resistant grass and brush dotted the smooth hill-sides on whose crests fingerlike minarets pointed to Allah. Singing women field workers in flowing colours bending and picking indiscernable products give place to some solitary donkey. Moslem graveyards, their headstones without inscription, throw long shadows in the evening sun, while deep in the mountain scars flow rivers, poor in water but rich in sediments from newly developing industry. These same industries, over mountain range after mountain range, send an endless bucket-brigade of ore; some of these aerial lines are 60 miles long.

In Smoljan we visited a mine of non-ferrous ore and experienced what one would normally discard as a bad example of anti-Communist propaganda: our son was given a handful of ore by the chief engineer, but a plant policeman in civilian clothes took it from him as we were leaving the factory.

The plans and reservations arranged for us by the government required us to make a mad dash for Burgas, a port and centre for refining Russian oil. After endless frustrating complications caused by the harbor director, the police, and lunch breaks and siestas, we entered the harbor and filmed the departure of the hydrofoil for Varna. Time, which was not consumed by waiting for permission and for meals, we spent in filming Nesebar, one of the three ancient Greek colonies along the Bulgarian Black Sea coast, the Oil Refinery and the coast south of Burgas, which in the future will accommodate further summer resorts.

We stayed in a modern hotel in Sunny Beach overlooking a long beachfront with gay bathing suits on brown bodies strewn about the sand or bobbing over the white crests of sweeping waves. Along the horizon hovered the ships from Russia en route to Burgas, and closer to the coast sight-seeing cruisers blared the music of the nationality presently chartering the ship. And here again, as always, we found the segregation of East and West, and even East and Bulgarians.

The nights are filled with syncopated blares from night clubs, most of which cater exclusively to the already corrupt westerner and his dollar, with strip-tease and roulette. The Swedish Club, an idealistically conceived gathering place for all people under 33 years of age, is a sad, listless place, frequented mainly by disillusioned Swedes whiling away the wee hours in frantic pyjama parties, their two week sojourn in Bulgaria an ordeal rather than a holiday. The Bulgarian Government forbids its youth a glimpse at discotheque, using the threat of communicable disease as an excuse to prevent an exchange of ideas with its Swedish socialist counterpart. Nevertheless, the Swedish Club is the highlight in the life of the Balkan Tourist guide.

Varna, Bulgaria's beautiful and most modern harbor, was our next goal. We arrived there on the "day of the Bulgarian Navy". The "Party" had brought workers and



peasants from all over the country to witness their country's naval might. When we decided to film this event, we were immediately detained. After many hours of interrogation, our guide informed us that we had been told to stay out of Varna. However, the countryside north of Varna gave us satisfaction with rose-lined village streets, the indication of oil reserves with bowing horse-heads, endless fields of sunflowers, little known Konop (a flax-like fibre) a visit to a research station and further ruins of the country's varied history. And let us not forget the oldest of the international sea resorts, Golden Sands, the resort presently under construction near Balchik, and Rusalka, the French dominated resort.

On the long trip from Varna to Ruse through the grain rich land gently sloping towards the Danube, we had little time to visit the sights worth seeing. Madara's relief of a rider on a horse and Shumen's greatest mosque in Bulgaria were but two, but we took heed finally to film the people of the soil. We filmed workers picking tomatoes and lunching; repairing damage caused by a flash-flood in the vineyard; we filmed fly-harassed water buffalo and exchanged signs of good-will with some happy-faced peasants of the older generation.

Ruse is Bulgaria's gate on the Danube. A steady stream of barges interspersed by a whining hydrofoil plies lazy waters. Trains rumble along the shores. The river is a life artery for both Bulgaria and Romania. The city itself has, in spite of recent growth, not lost its strange Viennese flavour, with buildings from "Ring" and Opera House, and dinner music from the violins of Schrammel and Strauss.

Twisting through woods of evergreen, then nosing sharply uphill and only on occasion peeping into the forested valleys, we reached Shipka, the pass which determined Bulgaria's independence in 1877. Heroic pictures like icons are sold here, showing the Russian soldiers defending this pass against the Turks. Busloads of Bulgarian workers and Russian visitors are brought daily to the foot of the steep endless stairs which lead to the monument. Brigade photographers, shirtless and sweating, pose the people in front of the guns, leaning against muzzle, or sitting on gun carriage. But to get a cool drink or a post card the visitor has to return down the stairs to the restaurant, a practice of which we approved whole-heartedly. With nostalgia we recall this clean custom while visiting Niagara Falls or the Detroit Zoo.

From the pass we drove down into the flats famous for the rose fields and their attar. But, the season was too late and we could only imagine the splendour by the extent of the fields of rose plants. We enjoyed Hisarja, the Roman fortified bath of Augusta. We believe the site worthy for excavation of international magnitude. This would avoid the disgrace of repairing arches with concrete, and using modern bricks as support of some gates.

Before returning to Sofia, we visited the copper mines near Panagjurishte with their modern Russian equipment, very satisfactory housing for the workers and health resorts nearby. Long armies of sheep crossed the roads in the evening hours, obviously on their way to home pastures. Along the river, buffalo wallow, grunting and luxuriating in water holes.

During the weekend we drove through the Iskar Valley north of Sofia, an experience in sandstone and limestone with countless caves. Industrial villages cling to the defile, indicating their produce, anthracite or lead, in the form of slag or rubble discolouring the slopes. A train weaves on the opposite side of the river through tunnels like a berserk mouse.

Our journey through that beautiful country was drawing towards an end. An interesting dinner with an exchange of information by far surpassing empty niceties was a delight. However, it could not bring back the missed opportunities to show Bulgaria as a truly industrializing country, as we had set out to do. Yet the statement made by one of the officials provided the clue to all our frustrations: "You see, it is easy for you. You leave the country and swear about the director at the factory who denied you entry. But perhaps he cannot say 'welcome' for he stays behind and must answer to another in the faceless hierarchy."

We hope one day to return to that land of plenty, of sun, history, unspoiled people of the soil and directors who can say 'Yes' proudly.

---

## Visiting the Yagua Indians on the Amazon

by Leslav A. Giermanski

---

The last stop on our long trip on the Amazon River was Iquitos. After having spent several weeks in the jungles of Brazil and Colombia, we were really looking forward to a good night's sleep in soft beds, hot water in the shower, and the feel of paved streets under our feet. The feeling was short-lived, however, because a few days later we could not resist the offer to take a trip to Yanamono Island, home of the Yagua Indians.

The morning found us packing our gear into the small motor boat again and saying, "Hasta la vista," to Iquitos, soft beds in a hotel, and restaurant meals.

We reached the island after a four-hour trip down river. That afternoon we visited the nearest Yagua village, where they put on their marvelous blowgun target shooting exhibition for us. The competition is keen since the Yaguas are excellent marksmen. They are extremely photogenic and their colorful and original costumes, made from hand shirred and sun-dried palm leaves, coupled with their love for having their pictures taken, made for some very good shots.

That night we were lulled to sleep by the mysterious sounds of the jungle. In the cool of the morning we made our way through the narrow jungle paths to visit with the highest of the local dignitaries—Cornejo—the Witch Doctor. Upon our arrival we presented him with small gifts which pleased him greatly. Then he played for us a song using his drum and pipes. At the end of our visit he invited us to join in the fiesta, which was to begin the following day.

Fiesta day was a very busy one for us. The fiesta took place in the largest house in the village. The Yaguas, men, women and children, were sitting on the floor of the house. All of them, including dozens of beautiful children, were delightfully puffing away on their cigarettes and chattering in Yagua. The grown-ups were also drinking the alcoholic, home-made drink, "Canaso," prepared from the sugar cane. Of course, we saw again a blowgun contest and the dance-musical production of Doctor Cornejo. After listening to him for awhile, I kept thinking that he would be the best doctor among the musicians and probably the best musician among the doctors. We were kept very busy taking movies and recording his production.

At one point during the festivities Cornejo asked through our interpreter that he wished to look through "the box" I was pointing at him. I was very glad to let him take a look, and I guessed that he was the first Yagua who looked through a Bolex viewfinder. When I zoomed in on a picture of his wife, who was standing a short distance away, he was a bit scared at the sight of seeing her so close through the magic of "the box". Probably he just did not understand how this magic happened. He enjoyed looking through the lens, but did not want me to zoom. It was a bit too much for him. His son also wanted to take a look, and enjoyed zooming very much. He laughed like a small child when he saw the faces of his companions coming close to him and then zooming away.

The fiesta lasted for two days. The afternoon of the second day we regretfully had to leave the village. Our time was running out. Some of the Yaguas came to our boat and helped us carry our luggage on board. For a very long time we saw them standing on the bank of the river waving to us.

Soon the setting of the sun changed the entire panorama. The west bank of the river seemed to be on fire. On a background of red and golden sky, the black silhouettes of the gigantic trees looked as if they were painted on silk. We could almost swear that our boat was gliding on a river of melted gold.

We were enthralled and left speechless by Her Majesty—The Amazon.





## Results of the Newsweek/Bolex Documentary Film Contest

### The Prizes

First Prize: Bolex 155 Macro-zoom Camera, world's only camera that lets you film from one inch to infinity without any special accessories or adjustments.

and

Bolex SM8 Magnetic Sound Projector, the easy-to-operate projector that lets you make home talkies Bolex style.

or

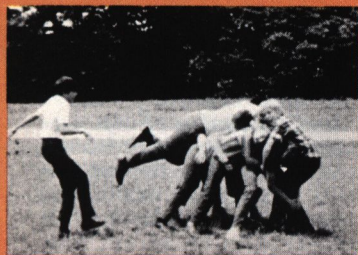
Bolex H-16 Rex-5 Camera, the choice of professional photographers throughout the world. (seven first prizes)

Second Prize: Bolex 18-5L Projector, the superbly brilliant automatic loading Super 8 projector.

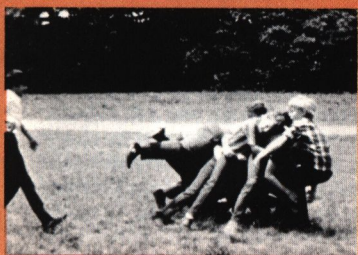
or

Macro Yvar 150mm Lens, from the same manufacturers of motion picture lenses used for lunar filming. (fourteen second prizes)

Third Prize: Hermes Rocket Typewriter, the world famous typewriter precision manufactured in Switzerland by Paillard. (fifty third prizes)



Scenes from Lee H. Albright's prize-winning entry on education.



Early in 1969, *Newsweek* magazine and Bolex joined forces to sponsor a Documentary Film Contest offering more than \$10,000 worth of prizes to innovative film makers across the country. Response to the contest was enthusiastic—from amateurs and professionals alike.

Themes of the movies (8 and 16mm, silent and sound) were based on *Newsweek's* seven broad areas of news: National Affairs, The Cities, The War in Vietnam, Science and Space, Art, Education, and Religion. And cinema interpretations ranged from the exalted to the absurd, as *Newsweek's* Jack Godler explains in the following article appraising various contest entries and winners.

Godler is a veteran writer of all kinds of advertising and promotion writing and has written and produced more than 250 radio and TV commercials as well as half a dozen industrial films, including two prize-winners. He has recently written the screen adaptations for two novels currently being packaged as major motion picture productions.

## What Are You Dreaming, America —in 8 or 16mm?

by Jack Godler

In dreams are found the movies of a civilization. And after viewing 151 films entered in the 1969 *Newsweek/Bolex* Documentary Film Contest I have had a flickering insight into the dreams of contemporary America. By turns I have been entertained, bored, informed, provoked, invoked, forgotten and appalled.

I have been freshly jolted with images of the blood and gore that is the War in Vietnam—and its parallel explosions in our social structure. I have been needled with stark, compelling portrayals of pollution, of the decay of the cities, of the spirited demonstrations of the young, of the fate of blacks in the ghetto, and American Indians in the Southwest. All victims of a crushing system they cannot measurably alter. Many films documented the problems; none suggested solutions.

I have also been tickled by humor—too little—and treated to cuts and pans of buildings, faces, clouds, abstract forms and bold colors—perhaps too many. But the best of them proved all over again how powerful, educational, or entertaining a motion picture can be—with or without sound, in 8 mm or 16.

The least effective of the entire lot merely demonstrated some film-making basics: pointing a camera at people or sites does not necessarily result in a movie; a film produced without a preconceived plan or scenario often results in a confused, aimless collection of fragments. Over and over again I found myself mumbling . . . nice technique, great shot, good framing, but what is he trying to say? What's the message?

As a group, the 151 entries can be viewed as a capsule history of the movies. One entry consisted of hand-painted film, a meticulous exercise in color abstractions reminiscent of turn-of-the-century experiments. Another entry used primitive black-and-white, flip-the page animation to create a cartoon much like those fragile 50-year old classics shown at the Museum of Modern Art. This one inspired admiring chuckles but no big laughs—or awards—from the judges.

Four or five films explored the purely visual effect of animating lines and forms more or less at random—sort of grand Dada of 1925—pleasant, but in the end, meaningless as movie experience except to the hard-working individuals who made these films.

All of the three entries that could be considered funny were shaped in the shadows of the giants of classic film comedy—from Chaplin and Roach to *I Love Lucy*. One silently told the tale of a harried husband whose naps and daydreams on the living room couch were constantly interrupted by a nagging wife until—when she bursts in on his Mitty-like dream of being a boxer—the old bag ends up with a black eye and bruises. Cut.

Another film began with a young man tossing out a rather large carton that opened at one end; out came half a dozen young people who hustled their surprised host into a raucous party that ended in a fight. The young man then shoved the bunch of them back into the carton and attempted to haul the box away in his old car, but the car suddenly starts moving without him and the final delightful shot shows him vainly chasing the car, shrinking toward the horizon, his arms waving desperately. A grass trip or *Our Gang* revisited?

A winner was the fresh and funky first film produced by a young New Jersey teacher, Lee Albright, as a group project for his fifth grade class—spoofing commercials and feature films, concluding with the students popping on one and two at a time in their classroom until one sly fellow observes the full room and bows gravely toward the camera—taking credit for the whole trick.

Then there were a half-dozen informative but essentially boring "how-to" and "look here" documentaries too much like those we all knew and loathed as students or GIs.

Two of the winning films on Religion reflected—literally—the influence of the



French "new wave" movies of the late fifties and early sixties—moody, mysterious, promising more than the eye observes, with alternate use of long shots, close-ups and odd camera angles to capture the viewer.

Finally, we come to contemporary times with a batch of carefully constructed subjective interpretations of National Affairs or The Cities or the War in Vietnam—all featuring abrupt jump-cuts, zooms, flash frames and eye-wrenching, mind-blowing, hand-held cinema vérité.

Several were done by film makers with training or TV experience; others by pure amateurs "experimenting" in their first real movies.

The top-prize winner in the Vietnam category used stills and color photos to make its point so strongly I can still recall sequences many films and weeks later. Perhaps the fact that it was done by a fourth year medical student—Michael Sherlock, University of Chicago, M.D., June 1970—accounted for its power, gore, and color.

The first prize winner in the Art category, produced by Jack Myers, a middle-aged art director from Berea, Ohio, was shot with an 18-year-old Bolex. He photographed waves crashing against a rocky cliff—with high contrast negatives and positives printed through different color filters, using toners and dyes for startling effects. There are black waves hitting white rocks and red water splashing on green cliffs. The cliché view of a seascape will never be the same again.

Similarly, three other Art winners offered forms and colors that exulted and surprised the eye. And another in this category featured black faces as human maps of joy and sadness.

Two different judges, Bill Greaves and Leo Seltzer, commented on the influence of TV news style—a brief clip of this, joined to a clip of that with almost no explanations or bridges. I, the audience, must supply the form and reasoning—or the emotional response the quick cuts are meant to trigger. Mostly anger. "America is in trouble." There is pollution and brutality amid fashionable affluence; billboards and freak-outs; subways crammed with lemmings; political assassinations and lovely landscapes. A once thriving Arizona mining town on its depressing decline to a ghost town. A Boston church, its elders apparently ignorant of the violence and desperation within two blocks of their haven. Fumbling re-creations of war with an anonymous "soldier" crawling through grass, eyeing photos of his family, only to be shot by another anonymous soldier. The Mekong in Central Park.

What about the drug culture? Only one entry—"Heroin"—dealt with the problem, presenting a simplified tale of a young man shooting it up, loving it up, then suffering and finally dying in an auto crash brought on by his drugged state. Quo vadis. And not a nudie flick among the batch.

Film contest judges Al Maysles and Kirk Smallman agreed with Joe Morgenstern's reasoning: Newsweek and Bolex represent "the establishment." Hence the films that were entered were not likely to be those of the "underground" and the movie militants.

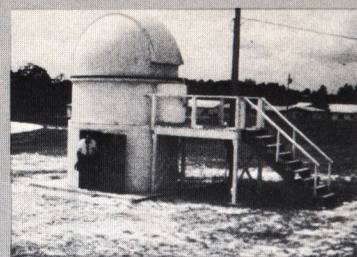
Yet the 30 top winners do not fall into easy classification as slaves of the establishment. They range in age from 15-year-old high school girl Tena Yatrousis (Second prize, War in Vietnam) and 17-year-old Pablo Frasconi (First prize, The Cities) to 60-year-old Californian naturalist-schoolteacher A. W. Larsen (Third prize, Science and Space) to 63-year-old Kentucky mural painter and sculptor Gil Wilson (Second prize, Art). They hail from big city and small town, from the suburbs to RFD, coast to coast.

Nick Purspurica, who won two first prizes—in Education for a lively 8mm animated explanation of tornadoes, and in National Affairs for a fast-cut 8mm exploration of America today—is a 40-year-old elementary school art teacher who lives near Thompkins Square in New York City. He got into film making by buying a friend's Bolex on a lark, liked making films, read a few books, bought some more equipment and even constructed his own animation table. He is concerned about issues and people and is convinced films—even those made by amateurs and children—are the way to mold change.

Indeed if there is one common denominator to all the contest films and film makers it is conviction and intensity. All the winners were sent telegrams that asked for a reply with basic information about age and education. Their letters invariably expressed strong ideas about their subject—the war, the cities, pollution—about communicating through films, and among the younger group, about their own hope of becoming professional movie makers. While they have produced their vision of our dreams, they are wide awake and energetically pursuing the realities of life. In 8 and 16mm.

### The Judges

William Greaves, TV documentary film maker, Executive Producer of "Black Journal" for the National Educational Television network; Albert Maysles, documentary and commercial film maker, co-producer, with his brother David, of the documentary feature "Salesman"; Joseph Morgenstern, General Editor and Movie critic for Newsweek; Kirk Smallman, Cine Golden Eagle Award winner, Academy Award nominee, teacher at New York's New School of Social Research, author of "Creative Film Making"; Leo Seltzer, Winner of Academy Award for Best Documentary, Venice, Cannes, Edinburgh Film Festivals, and others, former Director of Films for the UN; teacher at New York's School of Visual Art.



### Winners of the Newsweek/Bolex Documentary Movie Contest.

(Listed by category. First prize winners are named first, then second prize winners (two in each category); third prize winners are listed, but not by category.)

**National Affairs:** Nick Purspurica, New York, New York; Sal Macione, Albany, New York; Allen Morrison, New York, New York. **The Cities:** Pablo Frasconi, S. Norwalk, Connecticut; Thom Eberhard-David Boule, Long Beach, California; Robert Applegate, Great Lakes, Illinois. **Science and Space:** Zack T. Hinckley, Cocoa, Florida; Blair A. White, Encino, California; A. Warren Larson, Berkeley, California. **War in Vietnam:** Michael E. Sherlock, Chicago, Illinois; Tena Yatrousis, Sunnymead, California; James M. Bu, New York, New York. **Art:** Jack Frederick Myers, Berea, Ohio; Gil Wilson, Frankfort, Kentucky; Willis Perry, II, New York, New York. **Education:** Nick Purspurica, New York, New York; Lee H. Albright, Stratford, New Jersey; Howard Hoyt-Bruce Biittle, Eugene, Oregon. **Religion:** Thomas F. Dafnides, St. Louis, Missouri; James R. Powell, Terre Haute, Indiana; J. R. Holland, Boston, Massachusetts. **Third Prizes:** David Batterson, Sand Springs, Oklahoma; Louie Grenier, Chicago, Illinois; Jackie Sharkey-David Guss, Tucson, Arizona; Kevin O'Brien, New York, New York; Jackie Sharkey, Tucson, Arizona; Douglas Nine, Tucson, Arizona; Barbara Campbell, New York, New York; Donald J. Gorzek, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Scene from Zack T. Hinckley's prize winning film "Stargazer" above, and Jack F. Myers' art entry below.





BOLEX

**CAPITAL CAMERA EXCHANGE, INC.**

**1003 PENNSYLVANIA AVE., N.W. 627 FIFTEENTH ST., N.W.**

**National 8-8933**

**Sterling 3-3553**

**WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004**

**WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004**