

## Document Citation

Title	<b>Visions of eight</b>
Author(s)	Gene Moskowitz
Source	<i>Variety</i>
Date	1973 May 30
Type	review
Language	English
Pagination	
No. of Pages	1
Subjects	
Film Subjects	Visions of eight, Clark, Jim, 1973

## **Visions Of Eight** (U.S.—COLOR—DOCU)

Eight directors give impressions of last year's Olympics in Munich. Somewhat disparate in tone, needing smart sell for best results, with directorial names an asset.

5-30-73 *Varity*  
Cannes, May 29.

David L. Wolper production (No distrib set yet). Directed by Milos Forman, Kon Ichikawa, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Arthur Penn, Michael Pfléghar, John Schlesinger, Mai Zetterling. Produced by Stan Margulies Camera (Technicolor), Michal Samuelson as chief photographic consultant with Igor Slabnevich, Rune Ericson, Walter Lassally, Ernst Wild, Masuo Yamaguchi, Daniel Bocly, Jorgen Persson; editor, main supervisor Robert Lambert, Edward Roberts, Dede Allen, Margot Von Schliffen, Catherine Bernard, Lars Hagstrom; music, Henry Mancini. Reviewed at Cannes Film Fest (noncompeting), May 20, '73. Running Time: 110 MINS.

The Olympics have been often lensed before. From Leni Riefenstahl thru more prosaic ones at Melbourne and Rome to the brilliant Tokyo Olympics. David Wolper decided a new tact was needed and recruited eight (originally 10) name directors to choose a segment and give his/her view of the event on a smaller plane.

Thus Mark Spitz, the top Yank medal winner, is seen fleetingly in two shots while the little femme gymnast from Russia, who scored both personally and with her work, is caught going thoroughly through her paces. It is mainly fragments on this massive sporting event which sometimes try too hard to be representative and even, in one case, a metaphor for life today.

It remains to be seen if the massive tv coverage will hurt it at the wickets or whether a savvy campaign about its personalized look at the event may get over this hurdle. The problem is that many of the sketches sometimes forget the idea of sport and competition itself, to indulge in ideas.

But the flurry, crowds and human endeavor are there and in the background the tragic terrorist events that led to the massacre of Israeli athletes by Arab terrorists. The little footage on it is discreetly worked into the film.

Russo filmmaker Juri Ozerov starts the ball rolling with "The Beginning," about preparations, gatherings, marches and a quick montage as the first gun goes off. Mai Zetterling, who intros her seg "The Strongest" by saying she does not like sport but is interested in obsession, looks at weightlifters and obsessively rings in massive preparations for eating which may be an obsessive reflection on their obesity. A mannered seg but quite funny and well edited.

Arthur Penn has a stylized look at pole-vaulting in "The Highest" that has form but sometimes overdoes arty, unfocused shots. It has a strange floating feel in capturing men vaulting over the fragile bar that the slightest touch can send down. Sound is effective.

Michael Pfléghar of Germany devotes himself to women in various events but an unfortunate use of old fashioned songs has it more a sendup than an homage.

Japanese director Kon Ichikawa, who helmed the remarkable "Tokyo Olympics," delves into the 300 meter dash, stretching it in time. It gives the exertion and toll of the event but tries to read metaphor on human life into it that did not need saying.

Claude Lelouch concentrates on losers which is a good idea and gets some laughable and even pathetic insights at times, while Czech filmmaker Milos Forman lenses the harsh decathlon to milk comic relief from it. He works in some wry juxtapositions of Bavarian folk and classic concerts with the athletic events that are sometimes gratuitous, even funny enough to get comedy at the expense of the athletes and members of the Olympic committee.

John Schlesinger winds it with a sentimental homage to a British marathon runner who loses. But it does sometimes ring true in the human drive and peaceful competitive spirit that is the basis of the Olympics.

All of this is quite superbly shot and edited but falls between two outlooks of a docu on the Olympics, which many may expect, or impressions which should be the main selling point. It needs careful sell but has color and drive, if overindulged, to find audiences despite the usually difficult problems facing docu on the open market. But this could find its way with the right sell and should have later tv usage.

Mosk.