

people are talking about these incentive schemes as if they're some sort of charismatic light which is automatically going to stop them making dogs. They're not."

But they might engage a few more minds in a business which has a way of overturning the theories of those who believe they have its measure.

In the few years since the industry's revival, generalisations about who and what works at the box-office have been embraced and discarded at a rate which ought to (but won't) discourage all future attempts to second-guess the tastes of an Australian audience. *Alvin Purple* and *Barry McKenzie* made the Ocker hero invincible and their sequels saw him defeated. For a while it seemed as if anything by David Williamson might work. Then came *The Removalist*. Lyricism and nostalgia worked in *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. Lyricism and nostalgia failed in *The Irishman* and *The Mango Tree*. *Storm Boy* showed that the family film worked. *Blue Fin* showed that it didn't. Some of the successes had what could be called art; some merely had novelty value, but both attributes are hard to allow for in market research terms. The film industry today is no place for anyone who wants to push a line; nor should it be allowed to contract because a handful of people in strategic positions have dubious notions as to what constitutes commercialism.

At the same time subsidisation should not be tied entirely to a scheme based on box-office profits or there will be more fruitless attempts at exploitation than there have been in the past. If there is to be both cultural innovation and profit, it may be necessary to set up new forms of subsidy in conjunction with the old.

Australian films have already accomplished much, only some of which can be computed at the box-office. Against all odds, they have been noticed, welcomed and applauded in some of the world's most difficult markets by some of the world's most jaded critics and best-served audiences. They have won for themselves an advantage. Tony Buckley says, "They are the best and cheapest propaganda Australia has ever had." Whether they can use this advantage properly depends not on the need to play safe or weave fantastic stories about the loveliness of everything. It depends on the industry's ability to attract and cultivate good minds. So far it has technicians and directors (although it may not have these for long if the Americans become really interested), but it has few writers. It has produced a cinema rich in style but lacking power, and that deficiency could, in the end, prove to be more debilitating than any amount of industry politicking. Between high excitement and blind panic there is a fine line.

Ryecroft

It's time you experienced the pleasure...

"Another big strong wine, but one with plenty of vigor and style. Rich, spicy nose with definite cabernet overtones. Robust, lively flavour on palate and a firm yet well balanced tannin finish.

Assessment: A typically full bodied McLaren Vale dry red but one with good style and plenty of life on the palate.

Will continue to develop in bottle." *Ryecroft 1975 Cabernet Sauvignon*.

Wine and Spirit Buying Guide, November '78.

Ryecroft Shiraz.

A most appealing, well-rounded, fruity flavour. A substantial proportion is derived from the sandier, hilly aspect of the Fernhill and Pruning Hill sections of the Wilkinson Estate.

This component gives a lighter acidity and a softer finish, yet with a rich and full-flavoured palate and good body.

Ryecroft Shiraz Cabernet.

The elegant character and firm finish of the Cabernet Sauvignon balances with the roundness and softness of the

Shiraz to achieve a most distinctive and attractive style.



RYECROFT WILKINSON ESTATE

Not your everyday reds, by any means.

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