

Avaliação de capacidade para a frequência do Curso de Cinema da Escola Superior de Teatro e Cinema aos maiores de 23 anos

PROVA DE INGLÊS

(7 de Abril de 2008)

Responda – em PORTUGUÊS – a todas as perguntas, de forma tão literal quanto possível, tomando especial cuidado para não se repetir.

I

“The Twilight in the Smog”, de Orson Welles (*Esquire*, Março de 1959)

(excertos seleccionados)

- 1) Este artigo é especificamente sobre o quê? E em que tom foi escrito?
Encontre no texto as expressões que sustentam o seu raciocínio ¹.
- 2) Que diferenças existem entre a Hollywood dos tempos áureos e a de 1959?
Use apenas informações contidas no texto, mas explique o fenómeno por palavras suas.
- 3) Qual o aspecto que, apesar de tudo, ambas as Hollywoods têm em comum?
- 4) Se pudesse resumir numa única palavra aquilo que o texto sugere que deixou de existir em Hollywood, que termo usaria? Porquê?
- 5) Orson Welles refere duas vertentes de intérpretes em plena actividade em 1959. Quem são e o que lhes falta para não serem apenas “pessoas”?

Cotação: 10 valores

(5 x 2)

¹ Cite-as entre aspas, indicando o parágrafo em que se encontram.

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II

Excerto do filme *The Magnificent Ambersons* (realizado por Orson Welles em 1942)

Tenha o cuidado de responder às seguintes perguntas sem se repetir.

- 1) As imagens seleccionadas correspondem à apresentação de uma saga familiar que ocorre entre, principalmente, duas famílias. Refira os principais apelidos e as características de cada um dos “clãs”, no seu conjunto.
- 2) Em que época e durante quanto tempo se passa a pequena narrativa a que acaba de assistir? Justifique a sua resposta.
- 3) Qual lhe parece ser a personagem mais polémica do excerto e porquê?
- 4) Qual o papel dos inúmeros habitantes da pacata localidade onde moram os Ambersons? Que importantes informações veiculam?
- 5) Na sua opinião, e tendo em conta o que acabou de ver, como justifica o título *O Quarto Mandamento*, que foi atribuído ao filme aquando da sua distribuição comercial no nosso país?

Cotação: 10 valores (5x2)

“Is Hollywood famous sun really setting? There is certainly a hint of twilight in the smog and lately, over the old movie capital there has fallen a grey-flannel shadow. Television is moving inexorably westward. Emptying the movie theatres across the land, it fills the movie studios. Another industry is building quite another town; and already rising out the gaudy ruins of screenland, we behold a new, drab, curiously solemn brand of the old foolishness.

There must always be a strong element of the absurd in the operation of a dream factory, but now there’s less to taugth at and even less to like. The feverish gaiety has gone, a certain brassy vitality drained away. TV, after all, is a branch of the advertising business, and Hollywood behaves increasingly like an annex of Madison Avenue.

Television – live, taped or on film – is still limited by the language barrier, while by nature and economics moving pictures are multi-lingual. Making them has always been an international affair. Directors, writers, producers and, above all, the stars come to Hollywood from all over the world and their pictures are addressed to a world public. The town’s new industry threatens its traditional cosmopolitanism and substitutes a strong national flavour. This could not be otherwise since our television exists for the sole purpose of selling American products to American consumers...

With the biggest of the big film studios limping along on economy programs administered by skeleton staffs, the gold-rush atmosphere which once was Hollywood’s own dizzy branch of charm is just a memory.

In its golden age – in the first years of the movie boom – the mood and manner were indeed much like that of a gold rush. There was the frenzy and buccaneering hurly-burly of an earlier California: the vast fortunes found in a day and squandered in a night; the same cheerful violence and cut-throat anarchy. All of that Western turbulence has been silenced now...

Architectural fantasy is in decline, the cheerful gaudiness is mostly gone, the more high-spirited of the old outrages have been razed or stand in ruins. In the “better” residential and business districts a kind of official “good taste” has taken charge. The Result is a standardized impeccability, sterile and joyless, but it correctly expresses the community’s ardent yearnings toward respectability...

Right down to this last moment in a long, long history, show folk have been kept quite firmly segregated from respectability. Significantly, the theatre profession had no contact (or contamination) with the middle class. Indeed, it's just recently that we began to employ that very middle-class word, "profession". This was when the mention of art began to embarrass us, and this was the beginning of our fall from grace: when we suddenly aspired to the mediocre rank of ladies and gentlemen. Before that, and in common with all other artists, we had no rank at all, and stood in our own dignity outside of protocol...

What had been invulnerable in our position was the fact that we really had no position whatsoever. For just as long as there was no proper place for us – neither above nor below the salt – an actor was at liberty to sit wherever he was welcome, and this was very often next to the king. (It may be noted that our most distinguished cousins in the British theatre are not today the easy intimates of royalty.) I hold that we had more to give to our art and to our audiences when we ourselves were royal bums, draped in our brand of imperial purple. Our crown was tin, but it was a crown, and we wore it, with a difference, among such other diadems as happened to be gold...

(At first, the movies were) an institution "legitimate" actors could look down on with all the priggish contempt formerly lavished by middle-class respectability on the playhouse itself. Hollywood became a word in the language, and in this unlikely outpost – unfettered, unbracketed and largely unconsidered – a motley crew of show folk, in spirit far closer to the circus, to burlesque and to the *commedia dell'arte* than to the starchy stage world of that epoch, was gaily producing a new art form, and celebrating in the process

a brief but exciting renaissance of the old royal nonsense and glory.

That glory had all but died out as the theatre reduced itself into a mere profession. Now – as the making of motion pictures began to be spoken of and to be organized as mere industry – the glory started dimming in Hollywood.

What's valid on the stage or screen is never a mere professional effort and certainly not an industrial product. Whatever is valuable must, in the final analysis, be a work of art.

There should be no need to repeat that originality is one of the essential definitions of any work of art, and that every artist is an individual. Just as obviously, the industrial system, by its nature, cannot accommodate originality. A genuine individual is an outright nuisance in a factory.

There used to be something spoken of as "the Hollywood influence". What is more noticeable today is that the rest of America is influencing Hollywood.

As always, much fun is provided by the current sex symbols, but Jayne and Elvis are too patently creatures of the publicity experts – fuzzy carbon copies of the old freewheeling originals, the vamps and the sheiks who invented themselves and lived up so gorgeously to their own legends. The recent crop of "Method actors" and the official representatives of the beatnik constituency are rather too sullen in their personal style to add much color to the pallid scene... They have their own conformism, these eagle scouts of the Actors Studio – there is no madness in their method.

Of the authentic mavericks the youngest, men like Mitchum and Sinatra, are in their forties. Rock 'n' roll throws up an occasional odd ball of a minor sort, but such types are "cool" in the dictionary sense of the word and do nothing to the tepid temperature of the new Hollywood one way or another. Their kind of egotism rages in a sort of monotone and with no exuberance. They hold the mirror up to their own generation. So do their pseudo-suburbanite elders in the film colony. These two groups, the T-shirts and the

sports jackets, are more accurate reflections of today's America than were those dazzling pioneers who blazed screenland's frontiers.

One of our producers, by way of explaining the school of neo-realism in the Italian cinema, told me that over there, instead of actors, they use people. For good or evil it's certain that the town is overrun with characters who are quite reasonable facsimiles of today's people. It's a solemn thought, but maybe that's what's wrong with Hollywood."

Orson Welles

(Excertos do artigo "Twilight in the Smog", *Esquire*, Março de 1959.)