

*Kathleen Turner Anthony Perkins*

*Paradise*

*Crimes of Passion*

*Ken Russell  
Film*



A Ken Russell Film  
A Donald P. Borchers Production

Kathleen Turner  
Anthony Perkins

## *Crimes of Passion*

Starring  
John Laughlin  
Annie Potts  
Bruce Davison

Music Score Composed and Performed by  
Rick Wakeman

Director of Photography  
Dick Bush

Film Editor  
Brian Tagg

Art Director  
Steve Marsh

Executive Producer  
Larry Thompson

Co-Produced by  
Donald P. Borchers

Written by  
Barry Sandler

Produced by  
Barry Sandler

Directed by  
Ken Russell

A photograph of a man with curly hair, wearing a brown leather jacket, holding a silver Sony camera up to his eye through the window of a car. The camera is a vintage-style SLR with a large lens. The background inside the car is dark, and the window frame is visible. The overall tone is cinematic and nostalgic.

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## JULES ET JIM FOR 42<sup>ND</sup> STREET

by Paul Sutton

On May 1st 2011, I was with Ken Russell at a private reception for him at London's Liverpool Street Station Hotel, whose Masonic Temple he used as a location for *Valentino* (1977). The party of nine included the film critic, Derek Malcolm. Malcolm said to Russell: "I saw *Crimes of Passion* again this week, in preparation for meeting you, and I must say that it is a better film now than it was when it was released." "No," replied Ken. "It's always been a good film. It's you critics who got it wrong."

*Crimes of Passion* (1984) is a sort-of *ménage à trois* between a toe-sucking performance-art hooker, a suburban husband, and a drug-crazed priest who wields a silver razored dildo called Superman. A film of flashing neon backgrounds and porn-art inserts, it's a *Jules et Jim* for 42nd Street.

Russell told me: "I went to Hollywood to see some people and look at some possible films to make. I didn't like any of them so I got on a plane and came straight home. But my agent [Robert Littman] gave me some scripts to read on the plane back to England and they were all crap, until I read *Crimes of Passion* by Barry Sandler. As soon as I got off the jumbo at Heathrow I rang up and said, 'I have to do this film!' It was a great script about America and masks and hypocrisy."

Why was Russell so keen to make a film about America, masks and hypocrisy? The easy answer is that the script contained the main theme of all his films: the difference between the image and the reality. That's the theme of *The Devils* (1971), *Tommy* (1975), *Women in Love* (1969), *Bartok* (1964), *Mahler* (1974), *Billion Dollar Brain* (1967), *The Boy Friend* (1970), *French Dressing* (1955) and *The Music Lovers* (1970). The cinema of Russell is a search across time for The Truth. He's a lapsed Catholic looking for God.

He said: "I changed one basic thing. The madman in the original script was a film buff. When I was in America setting up the film, I watched a lot of television and it was full of cranky preachers. I found them really scary, much scarier than any paranoid film buff. And I added the scene with Anthony Perkins singing 'Get Happy', a song I often find myself singing."

Was Russell telling me that Perkins's character is a fantasy image of Russell himself? A

projection of the outsider-crusader sent forth by his demons to rip the masks from hypocrites' faces whilst singing the same old song? Russell's first love was classical music but he does like to colour his films with show songs: 'Bye Bye Blackbird' in *Isadora Duncan, the Biggest Dancer in the World* (1966) and *The Devils*; 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles' used in *Preservation Man* (1962) and *Women in Love*; 'There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight' sung over the opening credits of *Valentino*, etc. 'Get Happy' was Judy Garland's on-a-stage climax in *Summer Stock* (1950). *Crimes of Passion* has a delightfully cheeky on-a-stage finale, and I'll come to that later.

Russell also wanted to make *Crimes of Passion* to ease the hurt of three words in italics: *Valentino* and *Altered States* (1980). For *Valentino*, the most lavish of Russell's films, he took Mardik Martin's script about an immigrant finding growth and riches in the Land of Plenty and, though he didn't have the final cut, he turned it into a film about a European artist being crushed by what Russell perceived to be the brutal philistinism of Hollywood, the American press and the American public, three groups not known for a broad-shouldered response to a bit of light criticism. *Valentino* was widely admired in Europe, and a box-office hit in England and France, but life imitated art. Hollywood, the American press and the American public, made sure that Russell's film barely opened in the States.

Building on the central image of Valentino, the immortal man in his coffin, of whom everyone had an opinion but no understanding (all Russell's films are autobiographical), Russell then failed to interest Hollywood in his 1920s reworking of *Dracula*, the Count as a shape-shifting Pop Artist (life-size figures on Aubrey Beardsley wall-paper come to life to ravish Harker), so he was open to an offer to direct *Altered States* from a wordy script by Paddy Chayefsky. Russell: "They had spent millions but had nothing to show for it because Chayefsky had had Arthur Penn sacked. No director worth his salt wanted to step into Penn's shoes." But the script's theme of a man's transformative search for the original self was one that Russell could work with. When Chayefsky tried to give direction to the actors, Russell had him removed to New York City and then brought a creative force to bear on the film to produce an audio-visual extravaganza that was beyond the imagination of his paymasters. Russell: "I'd stepped in and saved a lot of jobs and many millions of dollars for two studios [Warners bought the film from Columbia] and I thought I did a good job. I made a masterpiece. But nobody thanked me. And, when I left Hollywood, they didn't even say 'Goodbye'."

So he was not in the mood to make another film in Hollywood. He spent the next four years failing to get British features off the ground whilst directing 16mm art films for commercial television and large-scale operas in Europe (his *Madame Butterfly* also played in Australia and the States). And he became very famous in Italy when Puccini's granddaughter asked

the Pope to grant a dispensation banning him from the country, Russell's opera manager, Tony Evans told me: "Ken's favourite opera was *Lulu* by Alban Berg. Towards the end of his opera-directing career he said he wanted to direct *Lulu* again."

Russell had used music from *Lulu* in *Watch the Birdie* (his superb 1964 *Monitor* film about a hip London photographer that inspired Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blowup* [1966]) and *Dante's Inferno* (1967), whose soundtrack has an apt eclecticism that almost beggar's belief. Berg's opera was based on two plays by Frank Wedekind that had already been remodelled for the German silent cinema as *Pandora's Box* (*Die Büchse der Pandora*, 1929), starring Louise Brooks with a famous fringed haircut that accentuated her cheekbones. *Lulu*, a dancer, rises to high society as a publisher's wife but falls from grace to a meeting with Jack the Ripper. *Crimes of Passion* was clearly a chance for Russell to remodel Berg's opera for eighties American cinema. The Brooks film includes the spark for Russell's stiletto-in-the-ankles idea. Both films start with 'Lulu' dancing to a wind instrument for an old man.

To score this homage to Berg and Brooks, Russell hired Rick Wakeman, who had nailed it when called upon to give a rock interpretation of the music of Liszt and Wagner for Russell's Pop Art masterpiece, *Lisztomania* (1975). For *Crimes of Passion*, Wakeman and his score play partial homage to the cinema of the silents. Where once was an Odeon organist, is now a Moog magician playing along to images flickering on the screen.

Financed by New World Pictures, then a B-video distribution company, there wasn't a lot of production money left after Russell and the A-listers had been paid. (Jeff Bridges wanted the John Laughlin role, and dropped his fee, but not enough for him to be affordable; amusingly Anjelica Huston auditioned for the Annie Potts role!) From *Altered States*, Russell brought the production designer, Richard MacDonald ("I learned so much from him"), and MacDonald's wife, Ruth Myers. Myers designed a key image, the China Blue dress, but Myers and MacDonald walked off the film, I'm told, after an unintentionally stinging criticism by Russell. It was not an easy shoot, but then it wasn't an easy subject.

Russell enjoyed working with Anthony Perkins: "He was playing a sex-obsessed crazy preacher so he became a sex-obsessed crazy preacher! He'd got himself ordained by paying a fee and sending off for a certificate, which is how it's done in America, and he sniffed a lot of drugs, and lived and slept in his costume, and roamed the streets, nights without end, preaching to fallen women, and going to sex clubs. He made his own props, that step-ladder covered with pictures cut from porno mags. He was great."

Of Kathleen Turner, Russell said to me: "In terms of body language and body movement,

she's the best of them all. That ability to turn into a character and add layers of meaning with a simple shape or a subtle change in the way that she walks or moves an arm. She should have been given an Oscar." Turner's night-and-day performance has wit and grace enough to roll with the nightstick punch of moments of jaw-dropping boldness. It's a performance that's alive in the broad sweeps and rich in the tiny details.

Judith Paris, who plays Sister Agnes in *The Devils*, told me: "Ken was always directing my face. Always asking me to do different expressions, look this way, look that way, I want more. I want less. I have a very mobile face and could give him a range of expressions. Ken trusted that more than text. He didn't trust 'actor-ing'. He wanted it to be real."

Russell likes his actors to be animate, which is why he cast two good-but-uninteresting actors in the consumerist couple roles. Their lack of movement is in conscious contrast to the entertaining twitch-and-wink playing of the two stars, and it is in this inanimacy where the film goes over-the-top. At the time, the average length for a shot in a Hollywood film was seven seconds, seven before the camera (usually Steadicam-ed or tracking) cuts to another shot from another angle. Nowadays, in this age of cinema-as-motion-capture-game, the average shot length, mostly set by computer rendering abilities, is down to three seconds. In *Crimes of Passion*, Russell gives us a motionless shot from a fixed camera that is FIVE-MINUTES-AND-THIRTY-SECONDS long, and not of a glorious Cinerama landscape that we can look at with pleasure all day, but of a dull studio bedroom set of two uninteresting characters talking. Three-hundred-and-thirty seconds of mono-paced dialogue of a whiny housewife and a 30-year-old teenager competing against a distractingly false tree shadow playing across their faces, and all without an edit or the slightest pan, tilt, track, zoom or nudge of the camera. It is probably the single most audacious shot in mainstream American cinema and it's an artistic mistake, of course, because it almost kills the film stone dead. To win the audience back, Russell stops showing off and recovers his self-discipline by having Turner's China Blue ride a cop whilst digging her stilettos into his ankles and ramming his own baton up his arse.

There has been some discussion of late (admittedly only by me) that Russell was a political filmmaker. It's generally accepted that he made two political feature films, *The Devils*, the true story of a corrupt state and church conspiring to destroy an innocent man and hoodwink a gullible public, and *Salome's Last Dance* (1988), his rage of anger against Margaret Thatcher's persecution of homosexuals, but all Russell's films are political. As I've said, they are all about image and truth. They are all timeless political parables. On first seeing China Blue, Grady says: "How can someone who looks like that be a criminal?". A true blue capitalist who does her acting in room Number 10? If the baton is a handbag, is the cop Ronald Reagan? Aren't all powerful politicians actors and whores?

But Russell's political cinema is rarely party political, it's about bigger issues than those. It's about the awakening of natural man, man breaking through the barriers of social repression to find himself. He said: "Mike Leigh is very astute and perceptive, but he's mean-spirited. What they (Leigh and other acclaimed British miserabilists) lack is eroticism. They want to deny the spirit and the flesh... My films are both bio-pics or social tracts. They're about the union of the spirit and flesh, body and soul." (*Film Comment*, December 1988, p54)

The key to *Crimes of Passion* is in a throwaway exchange between Grady, who asks, "When do you sleep?", and China Blue, who answers, "Valentine's Day". It's a film about the fear of love (and to a Catholic filmmaker doesn't that mean God?) at the heart of which is the fear of being oneself. In all of his films, Russell is saying: Be yourself. Don't let a corrupt society shape you in its own image.

The values of consumerism were so abhorrent to the mountain-climbing country-living Russell that he can't resist cutting from the 'holy treasure' of a sports shirt to Aubrey Beardsley's drawing of Salome with the severed head of John the Baptist.

In his film, a man and a woman use honesty to break the ties that bind them to the Church of Conformity and Consumerism. Russell likes to visualise his metaphors so he has the mad preacher tie Kathleen Turner to her drawing board.

Depending on how deep you want to dig, there's a lot of healthy fun to be had deconstructing *Crimes of Passion*. To pick one scene, Grady is in a truck reading *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, the 1969 novel by John Fowles. It rankled Russell that Fowles was inspired to write the novel after seeing Russell's *The Debussy Film* (1964, the first of Russell's films to star Oliver Reed) from which Fowles took the film's structures, and never acknowledged it publicly. Fowles says in his notebooks, published after his death, that when he sold the film rights to producer Oscar Lewenstein he told Lewenstein that he wanted Russell to direct the film. When I chatted with Ken about that he said: "*The French Lieutenant's Woman!* It's a direct crib! Melvyn Bragg [the co-writer of *The Debussy Film*] later interviewed John Fowles on *The South Bank Show* and never mentioned it. I said to Melvyn afterwards: 'You didn't tell him we did it five years earlier!'"

On putting the book down, Grady gets out of the car, pisses on some foliage, almost like a dog marking his property, and gets back into the car. That's what Russell himself does in a cameo scene in *Isadora Duncan, the Biggest Dancer in the World*.

Having pointed out John Fowles' appropriation, I must say I do like Russell's use of found

art images. He uses them in all his films for symbolic effect and to add glamour and atmosphere (the wonderlands of nudes in *Billion Dollar Brain*; a town filled with blow-up dolls in *French Dressing*); or as satirical counterpoint (images of the Queen, Cliff Richard and chimpanzees in the 1961 *Monitor* film *London Moods*); or to add weight to scenes to come (the smashing of the statuery in Oliver Reed's rooms in the pre-torture scenes in *The Devils*). In *Crimes of Passion*, statuery comes to the fore as the film progresses from fantasy (two-dimensional) to reality (three-dimensional).

This use of found-art to inform new art is a building block of Pop Art. During his successful fifties career as a photographer, Russell took Pop Art images of girls framed within street ads for Pepsi five years before Warhol painted *Campbell's Soup Cans*. But it's Russell's own images that stay in the mind. Where else can you see Perkins sitting in the suburban shrubbery wearing a crown of thorns and spectacles and rubbing a razored dildo?

And I do like how Russell moves from statuery back to two-dimensional art for the film's delightful last scene, added later when the film didn't preview well. Did you notice that the folks at the listening group are sitting statue still? I'd seen the film three times before I noticed that they're a photograph! A flashy bit of cheap set dressing. The mushroom-shaped lighting suggests the outline of Russell's favourite mountain, Skiddaw in the Lake District, near to his home. He uses the mountain often in his films. It frames Oliver Reed in the Pagan-Christian mass scene in *The Devils*; Roger Daltrey climbs it in *Tommy*, and, of course, the mushroom shape was a pathway to an alternative consciousness in *Altered States*.

Wakeman and Russell's youngest daughter, Molly, cameo in the screeching in-film pop video of caged birds and cultery, and a swimming pool used for re-runs of the into-and-out-from water shots from *Tommy*. Molly is the second infant in the film seen miming right into the camera. Russell had such fun making the video in Beaulieu in the New Forest, on the English south coast, and was so impressed that the video was seen by the public all round the world within a week of him making it, that he set up a pop video and commercials company called Sitting Duck, and hit a lucrative stride making £100,000 four-minute promos for Andrew Lloyd Webber, Elton John, Cliff Richard, Jim Steinman and others, on 35mm, whilst declaring that film was dead.

His attitude was partly formed by *Crimes of Passion* being given a difficult birth by the censors. Russell: "The (American) censors complained I'd put too much Art in the film. I'd bought a few books of erotic art from the corner bookshop, nothing new, most of it a hundred years old and available in every school library, Aubrey Beardsley and Japanese watercolours, and I'd used some of the more famous prints in the film. The censors insisted

I took it all out. 'YOU CAN'T SHOW ART TO AMERICANS!' If I'd have made a rip-roaring farce about hookers they'd have left it alone, and if I'd made a sadistically violent film for children, and changed my name to [Steven] Spielberg, they'd have left it alone, but because I'd made a serious film for adults, about American sexuality, they cut twelve minutes out and did what they could to damage its prospects. And they succeeded. But it went out uncut on video and went straight to number one."

*Paul Sutton is the author of the books Talking About Ken Russell (2015) and Becoming Ken Russell (2012).*





## FILMS AND FILMING INTERVIEW: KEN RUSSELL

by Allan Hunter

Ken Russell's latest film, *Crimes of Passion*, received the unique distinction of having two reviews in the programme notes for this year's Edinburgh Film Festival. One hailed it as "the funniest and most scathing portrait of America by a British director since *Sweet Smell of Success*", whilst the opposing viewpoint berated the film's "Neanderthal attitudes to women" and "deep-riven misogyny". After an absence of five years Russell has clearly lost none of his capacity to provoke controversy.

Since *Altered States*, in 1980, Russell has busied himself directing operas as various film projects have fallen by the wayside, largely due to the impossibility of securing finance. Amidst the drum beating efforts of British Film Year it is a sad truth that there is an entire category of directors like Russell whose opportunities for gainful employment in this country have dwindled to virtually nothing. *Crimes of Passion* came his way through a meeting with his American agent. "I was in my agent's office in Los Angeles, he told me, 'and left with a dozen scripts to read. You know instantly whether a script's of interest or not and can usually tell by the end of the first page,'" he asserts. "If a script begins 'the camera dollies slowly along...', with the writer telling the director what to do, then I generally shut it. *Crimes of Passion* was at the bottom of the pile and I rang my agent and said I had to do it."

*Crimes of Passion* intertwines two lives. Successful dress designer Joanna Crane transforms herself each evening into tough-as-nails hooker China Blue as a means of exorcising her own demons about the exploitation of women by men and her inability to give herself to a caring relationship. Bobby Grady's middle-class marriage is crumbling from within behind a façade of suburban cosiness. The two meet as hooker and client, but love grows and Joanna's tentative sense of commitment provokes a catharsis in her emotional life that signals the demise of China Blue. Haunting the proceedings from the sidelines is a crazed preacher with a list for that which he denounces and an unhealthy interest in the soul of China Blue.

The film is uncompromising in its portrayal of China Blue's pleasure dome of fantasy but as it explores violence to women, both mental and physical, it would be difficult to avoid its depiction. Russell's directorial style is very much in harmony with the script and the film

emerges as a black comedy satirising suburban Americana in the vice-like grip of television and endless barbeque discussions of the new hot tub. The women in the film are victims of fears, conditioned reflexes and male media domination. As love appears to conquer all Russell might even be termed an old romantic. He is well aware of the divisions the film has created, but he believes that he himself is a victim of other people's preconceived notions about his work. "If I made a film in black and white some people would probably swear it was in colour. If you look at *Crimes of Passion* for what it is then it is a very pro-woman film that is sympathetic to the exploitation of women. The wife in the film is a pathetic, sad character who has been manipulated by movies, television and magazines into the notions of what her marriage should be."

The double life of career woman Joanna and dominatrix China Blue is portrayed with admirable gusto by Kathleen Turner. "The writer Barry Sandler always wanted her. The part demanded someone who could act and look sexy which is not as easy as you might imagine. I'm always amazed that the American film industry has the image of thousands of beautiful hopefuls waiting around to be discovered like Lana Turner. It's not true. You will see more interesting and pretty people walking down the street. I saw Kathleen in *Body Heat* and *The Man with Two Brains*. I figured that any actress who could take a custard pie and behave like that on the carpet had to have some range. It's an extremely difficult part and she has to handle dialogue that is some of the best I have read and heard; it's in the great tradition of forties' Hollywood movies. I doubt we could have made the film without her."

Russell is equally enthusiastic about Anthony Perkins, who depicts the crazed preacher, a role even more disturbed and disturbing than his most famous creation, Norman Bates. "Originally the character was not a priest. I was influential in turning him into a street priest turned hoodlum. I'm fascinated by the eternal bombardment of false prophets in American television on a Sunday promising salvation if you hand over the bucks. Perkins, the writer and I combined to build up the character. Perkins found his own props of little bracelets and a tiny, folding stepladder of a type that I had never seen before. He is one of the most dedicated and thoughtful actors I've worked with. They were both good, fast and crisp. Pace is the thing in a film like this."

Russell hasn't always found it such a pleasure to work with actors. "On the first film I did, *French Dressing*, I had two comics (James Booth and Roy Kinnear) who were just not funny. The producer mentioned this and I just couldn't fathom out why because I was saying 'Action!' and they had all the dialogue written for them, so what was the problem? Michael Caine on *Billion Dollar Brain* taught me a lot about directing actors."

*Crimes of Passion* was made on a budget of a little over \$3 million, although Russell reckons \$9 million would have been the figure had it been a major studio release, much of the difference being attributable to the imposition of all-embracing overheads. In America the film was heavily censored, poorly distributed in a bowdlerised version and was not a successful cinema release. Russell did retain the right to a video release of his full version, which has been successful. "I received a plaque the other day saying the video had gone platinum and had been at the top of the video charts for a number of weeks. It has sold 100,000 copies and done \$4 million worth of business on video. France and Italy have shown the complete version and Britain will see my version give or take a few trims. I think there should be a new category of A for Adult in America, but I don't suppose that's likely to happen unless Steven Spielberg makes an erotic film. Because he can change anything even if it allows children to be exposed to violence at an even younger age."

A further reason for the relative cheapness of *Crimes of Passion* was its non-union status and the use of a basic minimum crew. The latter would not have transpired in Britain which raises a sore point that might jeopardise Russell's newest venture, *Moll Flanders*. "*Moll Flanders* was condemned out of hand by our intended use of a non-Equity actress. I happen to think the girl has a great future, but Equity has killed that future and forbids talent to develop. The objection is that the only work she has done is posing for calendars. On that basis Marilyn Monroe might have just as well given up. It's a suicidal attitude. Working abroad one gets a different perspective on Britain and I see it sinking fast. There is nothing much good coming out of it. British Film Year is just some sort of con trick; a commercial ploy. In America, every year is film year because people still go to the cinema and you can sense the enthusiasm. I've been reading John Boorman's account of *The Emerald Forest* and can identify with the image of British crews endlessly consuming bacon sandwiches. Fortunately, the bacon sandwich mentality hasn't reached America yet."

Over the last few years, Russell has witnessed the demise of numerous potential films including the long-planned *Evita* and a biography of Maria Callas to star Sophia Loren. The latter appears to have come closest to fruition. "It was a film about art and opera, which are not easy subjects to get money for. We always had two-thirds of the budget at any given time, but when we found the final third, the first third had dropped out. By the time we had the whole budget, Sophia had dropped out. She just got cold feet. I think she saw too many similarities between her life and that of Callas and feared that people might draw conclusions. Also it was a terrific acting challenge."

Unabashed by a portfolio of unrealised scripts and uncertainties over *Moll Flanders*, Russell is currently writing a script of D.H. Lawrence's 'St Mawr'. For many, Russell's version of *Women in Love* remains his most perfectly realised film and his fascination with Lawrence's

work has been longstanding. "I find his novels very cinematic if you feel sympathetic to his writing," Russell admits. "There was a script for *The Rainbow*, which I think was much better than *Women in Love*, and I couldn't raise a penny to make it and that was a genuine English film not something about Cambodia. My wife and I read 'St Mawr' and found it a terrific story. It was written when he was very bitter and couldn't stand the way he was treated in England, so he buggered off to a ranch in America and wound up in Arizona. He was really looking at his worst in England and seeking fresh horizons; looking to the New World for inspiration. I don't know if we'll ever get it off the ground or not."

Another Russell project waiting in the wings is a script on Cleopatra for HBO, written in conjunction with his wife. If British Film Year could produce the sight of Russell at work on a film in Britain then it would give cause for celebration. At present he seems trapped in limbo – a prophet without honour in his own land. "I am genuinely appreciated more abroad," he concurs. "My films are called operatic, which is a criticism here, but elsewhere, like Italy, it's the highest of praise. In this country you'd think I never actually made a film."



## CORRESPONDENCE

*The following letter was written by Ken Russell to Kathleen Turner in 2011 with the hope of the pair collaborating again on an adaptation of Alice in Wonderland. Reprinted with the kind permission of Lisi Tribble Russell.*

20 October 2011

Dear Kathleen,

I salute you for your career, beauty, bravery, your prevailing in the face of physical challenges and staying true to your calling. I enjoyed your bio. (And yes, I did drink too much at the time of CRIMES; sorry.) The film you made come alive for me still holds up and we introduced it last year to another appreciative generation of college kids in Orlando, Florida last year to great reception.

You are one of my favourite stars: one who has real wit, flair and sex appeal beyond describing.

I am directing a film in Hawaii in the spring, ALICE IN WONDERLAND 2011, THE MUSICAL, produced by Norman Hill and Renaissance Productions. Bill Osco had a giant hit with it in the '70's and we're going to do it one better, production-wise, with giant musical numbers and surreal landscapes, guest stars and voluptuous, outlandish costumes. I want you to play the Red Queen. You have the authority and passion to do it. No requirements for the Red Queen to be naked, though she might have a few naked courtiers. I envision her as the woman-power that drives the plot.

I want to send you Bill and Norm's script. Keep in mind when you read it that the humorous impact and some layered postmodern commentary on the content itself will be added, via masters of acting like yourself and the directing process. We'll have colourful, outlandish visuals. I want this to be a feast for eyes and ears and to that end we have some of the most gifted crew signing on. The movie as I see it is at once an homage to Jung and Joseph Campbell (the classic shaman's journey and dreamscape), Busby Berkeley and Alvin Ailey (giant dance numbers), fashion couture like House of Gaga and varying music styles from a classical soundscape to numbers with classic rock to pop to hip-hop to trance. I want it to mimic, slightly send up and, at the same time, actually treat with respect the late '60's and '70's exuberant, naively cheerful and somewhat quaint and ridiculous pretensions of "elegantly-but-sheerly-clothed high-class porn."

I need you, Kathleen, to pull it off. You are my queen.

Best regards,

Ken Russell

## ABOUT THE RESTORATION

*Crimes of Passion* has been exclusively restored in 2K resolution for this release by Arrow Films and is presented in its original theatrical aspect ratio of 1.85:1 with stereo sound.

The original 35mm Interpositive was scanned in 2K resolution at Fotokem. Picture grading was completed on a DaVinci Resolve at Pinewood Studios. Thousands of instances of dirt, debris and light scratches were removed using PFClean software. Overall image stability and instances of density fluctuation were also improved. All restoration work was completed at Pinewood Studios.

The original stereo soundtrack was transferred from the 35mm magnetic 4-track master reels by Deluxe Audio Services, Los Angeles, and was conformed and restored at Pinewood Studios.

Tape materials were sourced to complete the longer Directors Cut Version, as they represented the best quality materials available.

**Restoration Supervised by** James White, Arrow Films

**Materials made available by Lakeshore Entertainment** Mike Lechner

Deluxe Audio services  
Jordan Perry

Restoration services by Pinewood Studios

**Colour grading** Michael Davis

**Restoration Technicians** Lucie Hancock, Rob Langridge, Jake Chapman

**Audio Conform** Jason Stevens

**Conform & Deliverables** Leigh Reid

**Restoration Department Management** Jon Mann, Philip Lee

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**Production Assistant** Liane Cunje

**Technical Producer** James White

**QC Manager** Nora Mehenni

**Encoding** David Mackenzie

**Authoring & Subtitling** IBF

**Artist** Twins of Evil

**Design** Jack Pemberton

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