



Universidad
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Trabajo Fin de Grado

***La percepción internacional del cine español.
Análisis de la crítica periodística anglosajona de
los largometrajes españoles con nominaciones a
los premios Oscar 2004-2019***

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Resumen: El presente trabajo busca analizar cómo es percibido el cine español en el exterior, en concreto en la angloesfera o cultura anglosajona. Para ello se seleccionaron tres países anglohablantes que disponen de medios que han realizado críticas periodísticas sobre el cine español: The Guardian del Reino Unido; Sydney Morning Herald de Australia; y The New York Times de Estados Unidos. La muestra de películas elegidas comprende las últimas películas españolas que han tenido alguna nominación a los premios Oscar. Estas son: *Mar Adentro* (2004), *Volver* (2006), *El laberinto del Fauno* (2006), *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2008), *Biutiful* (2010), *Chico y Rita* (2010), *Klaus* (2019) y *Dolor y gloria* (2019). El objetivo es estudiar si el cine español es valorado positivamente en el exterior y de qué manera.

Palabras clave: críticas, angloesfera, The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald, The New York Times, cine, español

Abstract: This paper studies how Spanish cinema is perceived abroad, specifically in the English-speaking or English culture. For this purpose, three English-speaking countries were selected that have media that have published journalistic reviews of Spanish cinema: The Guardian in the United Kingdom; the Sydney Morning Herald in Australia; and The New York Times in the United States. The sample of films chosen comprises the latest Spanish films to have received an Oscar nomination. These are: *The Sea Inside* (2004), *Volver* (2006), *Pan's Labyrinth* (2006), *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2008), *Biutiful* (2010), *Chico and Rita* (2010), *Klaus* (2019) and *Pain and glory* (2019). The aim is to study whether and how Spanish cinema is valued positively abroad.

Keywords: reviews, anglo-sphere, The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald, The New York Times, cinema, Spanish

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1. Introducción

El cine es un arte que se inserta en una sociedad, la nuestra. Entre otras cosas, el arte cumple una función importante en los individuos: la ociosa. Para ello necesita al mercado liberal capitalista que permite comprar y vender libremente productos culturales al público a cambio de cubrir una necesidad.

Uno de los eslabones de vital importancia en esta cadena es la de los medios de comunicación, que acercan el arte a la ciudadanía. Los ciudadanos pueden ser libres cuando obtienen información, y es ahí cuando deciden cuándo, dónde y en qué gastar su dinero.

Los medios de comunicación manejan los flujos de información-dinero en tanto que están inmiscuidos en ellos. Por ello resulta importante analizar y estudiar este flujo desde múltiples perspectivas. Este trabajo se enfoca en abordarlo transversalmente a través de los medios de comunicación. Con ello, se pretende comprender cómo funciona este sistema para poder mejorarlo. Es decir, entendiendo cuál es la proyección de los productos culturales españoles en el exterior podremos mejorar nuestra proyección. Contribuyendo a aumentar nuestras exportaciones y mejorar nuestra balanza de pagos. Este trabajo se centra principalmente en los productos culturales en relación a la cinematografía española.

2. Marco teórico

Desde sus comienzos, arquitectura, escultura, pintura, música, poesía y danza fueron, hasta 1911, las 6 grandes categorías del arte. No fue hasta entonces, cuando Canudo introdujo a la cinematografía dentro del espectro de grandes artes. Necesitamos el Cine para crear el arte total hacia el que, desde siempre, han tendido las demás artes (Canudo, 1911, parte 1).

El cine desde entonces se ha considerado un arte en tanto que la visión del director queda calada en cada pieza y estas se convierten en obras. El cine tiene el valor en sí mismo de ser transmisor de dramas humanos. Desde sus inicios, los relatos que cuenta el cine han afectado a generaciones de personas mediante sus argumentos, sus contenidos, sus imágenes y sus ideas. El cine es cultura popular, arte y espectáculo (Sánchez, 2003, pp. 45-52).

Hacer cine es hacer arte, pero el arte se inserta en nuestra sociedad a través de una industria capitalista: la industria cultural. Por tanto, cine se define dentro de una dualidad: arte y negocio.

Casi con tanta frecuencia con la que se concede al cine el apelativo tópico de séptimo arte, se le relaciona con otro rótulo más pragmático, el de industria cultural (Cala, 1998, pp. 103-113). Por lo que no hay que olvidar, también, que el cine es una industria que mueve altas cantidades de dinero.

La industria cultural inserta la lógica de la mercancía en la cultura y en el campo simbólico, el valor de uso de las mercancías culturales pierde importancia y su función social pasa a ser la de dinamizar la circulación económica dentro del ciclo productivo del capital operante en dicha industria (Leal, 2006, p. 12).

Según el Instituto Nación de Estadísticas de la UNESCO, España se convirtió en 2017 en el octavo país del mundo en producción de películas.

Tabla 1 Número total de largometrajes nacionales producidos ¹

		2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017
1.	India	1325	1288	1274	1255	1602	1724	1868	1907	1986	...
2.	Nigeria	956	987	1074	997	...	...	...	...	...	...
3.	China	422	475	542	584	745	638	618	686	853	874
4.	EEUU	773	751	792	819	738	738	649	663	656	660
5.	Japón	418	448	408	441	554	591	615	581	610	594
6.	Corea del Sur	113	158	152	216	204	207	248	269	339	494
7.	Francia	240	230	261	272	279	270	258	300	283	300
8.	Reino Unido	279	313	346	299	326	241	339	298	317	285
9.	España	173	186	200	199	182	231	216	255	254	241

Fuente: Instituto de Estadísticas de la UNESCO

Los españoles como individuos, independientemente de su carácter productivo, también son consumidores de cine. Entre 2006 y 2019 más del 80% de los españoles entre 15 y 24 años han ido a una sala de cine. Entre los 24 y los 34 años más del 69%; y entre los 35 y 44 más del 58%.

Tabla 2. Personas que han ido al cine en los últimos años en porcentaje

	2006-2007	2010-2011	2014-2015	2018-2019
TOTAL	52,1	49,1	54,0	57,8
SEXO				
Hombres	54,3	50,5	54,4	58,4
Mujeres	50,1	47,7	53,6	57,3
EDAD				
De 15 a 24 años	85,4	81,4	84,7	88,9
De 25 a 34 años	71,1	69,0	69,6	77,3
De 35 a 44 años	62,9	58,7	65,8	69,6
De 45 a 54 años	51,1	48,4	56,8	62,6
De 55 años y más	19,8	20,1	28,9	32,8
NIVEL DE ESTUDIOS				
Primera etapa de educación secundaria e inferior	37,2	32,9	37,7	40,5
Segunda etapa de educación secundaria	72,4	65,3	67,6	69,5
Educación superior o equivalente	75,3	70,8	75,0	76,9

Fuente: Anuario de Estadísticas Culturales. Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

¹ No se disponen datos de India y Nigeria para 2017, pero se deduce por contexto que estarían situados en las posiciones 1 y 2.

El gasto medio por persona en cine y teatro se incrementó en 2019 con respecto a los años anteriores.

Tabla 3. Gasto en bienes y servicios culturales por tipo de bienes y servicios en 2016 y 2017

	VALORES ABSOLUTOS (Millones de euros)		DISTRIBUCIÓN PORCENTUAL		Gasto medio por hogar (Euros)		Gasto medio por unidad de consumo (Euros)		Gasto medio por persona (Euros)	
	2016	2017	2016	2017	2016	2017	2016	2017	2016	2017
TOTAL	14.099,4	13.298,4	100	100	764,4	718,3	455,5	428,2	306,7	288,6
SUBTOTAL (Ex. telef. móvil y serv. rel. con Internet)	8.898,6	8.414,2	63,1	63,3	482,5	454,5	287,5	270,9	193,5	182,6
LIBRO Y PUBLICACIONES PERIÓDICAS	3.129,7	2.687,9	22,2	20,2	169,7	145,2	101,1	86,6	68,1	58,3
Libro	2.280,2	1.954,4	16,2	14,7	123,6	105,6	73,7	62,9	49,6	42,4
Libros infantiles y novelas	960,6	864,5	6,8	6,5	52,1	46,7	31,0	27,8	20,9	18,8
Otros libros de no ficción	157,2	79,7	1,1	0,6	8,5	4,3	5,1	2,6	3,4	1,7
Libros de texto	1.113,0	966,8	7,9	7,3	60,3	52,2	36,0	31,1	24,2	21,0
Descarga libros elect. y otros servicios	49,4	43,3	0,4	0,3	2,7	2,3	1,6	1,4	1,1	0,9
Publicaciones periódicas	849,5	733,6	6,0	5,5	46,1	39,6	27,4	23,6	18,5	15,9
Periódicos	657,8	549,6	4,7	4,1	35,7	29,7	21,3	17,7	14,3	11,9
Revistas	191,7	184,0	1,4	1,4	10,4	9,9	6,2	5,9	4,2	4,0
SERVICIOS CULTURALES	2.562,7	2.542,4	18,2	19,1	138,9	137,3	82,8	81,9	55,7	55,2
Espectáculos (Cines, teatros y otros)	1.751,8	1.678,6	12,4	12,6	95,0	90,7	56,6	54,1	38,1	36,4
Museos, bibliotecas, parques y similares	175,6	301,6	1,2	2,3	9,5	16,3	5,7	9,7	3,8	6,5
Cuotas y alquileres de radio y televisión	269,1	208,7	1,9	1,6	14,6	11,3	8,7	6,7	5,9	4,5
Cuotas y suscripciones de radio y televisión	251,4	197,1	1,8	1,5	13,6	10,6	8,1	6,3	5,5	4,3
Alquiler de equipos y accesorios culturales	17,7	11,6	0,1	0,1	1,0	0,6	0,6	0,4	0,4	0,3
Servicios fotográficos y otros	366,2	353,5	2,6	2,7	19,9	19,1	11,8	11,4	8,0	7,7
SOPORTES, EQUIPOS Y ACCESORIOS AUDIOVISUALES Y DE TRATAMIENTO DE LA INFORMACIÓN	3.206,1	3.183,9	22,7	23,9	173,8	172,0	103,6	102,5	69,7	69,1
Soporte de imagen, sonido y datos	425,8	452,5	3,0	3,4	23,1	24,4	13,8	14,6	9,3	9,8

Fuente: Anuario de Estadísticas Culturales. Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

Tabla 4. Gasto en bienes y servicios culturales por tipo de bienes y servicios en 2018 y 2019

	VALORES ABSOLUTOS (Millones de euros)		DISTRIBUCIÓN PORCENTUAL		Gasto medio por hogar (Euros)		Gasto medio por unidad de consumo (Euros)		Gasto medio por persona (Euros)	
	2018	2019	2018	2019	2018	2019	2018	2019	2018	2019
TOTAL	12.714,3	12.451,5	100	100	682,5	664,4	407,0	395,6	274,6	266,9
SUBTOTAL (Ex. telef. móvil y serv. rel. con Internet)	8.157,1	8.303,8	64,2	66,7	437,9	443,1	261,1	263,8	176,2	178,0
LIBRO Y PUBLICACIONES PERIÓDICAS	2.520,2	2.351,9	19,8	18,9	135,3	125,5	80,7	74,7	54,4	50,4
Libro	1.869,5	1.766,7	14,7	14,2	100,4	94,3	59,9	56,1	40,4	37,9
Libros infantiles y novelas	838,5	806,1	6,6	6,5	45,0	43,0	26,8	25,6	18,1	17,3
Otros libros de no ficción	84,6	78,6	0,7	0,6	4,5	4,2	2,7	2,5	1,8	1,7
Libros de texto	907,8	831,3	7,1	6,7	48,7	44,4	29,1	26,4	19,6	17,8
Descarga libros elect. y otros servicios	38,5	50,8	0,3	0,4	2,1	2,7	1,2	1,6	0,8	1,1
Publicaciones periódicas	650,7	585,1	5,1	4,7	34,9	31,2	20,8	18,6	14,1	12,5
Periódicos	471,4	439,5	3,7	3,5	25,3	23,5	15,1	14,0	10,2	9,4
Revistas	179,4	145,6	1,4	1,2	9,6	7,8	5,7	4,6	3,9	3,1
SERVICIOS CULTURALES	2.522,8	2.796,3	19,8	22,5	135,4	149,2	80,8	88,8	54,5	59,9
Espectáculos (Cines, teatros y otros)	1.625,1	1.993,2	12,8	16,0	87,2	106,3	52,0	63,3	35,1	42,7
Museos, bibliotecas, parques y similares	260,2	266,2	2,0	2,1	14,0	14,2	8,3	8,5	5,6	5,7
Cuotas y alquileres de radio y televisión	187,5	179,9	1,5	1,4	10,1	9,6	6,0	5,7	4,0	3,9
Cuotas y suscripciones de radio y televisión	173,2	172,1	1,4	1,4	9,3	9,2	5,5	5,5	3,7	3,7
Alquiler de equipos y accesorios culturales	14,3	7,8	0,1	0,1	0,8	0,4	0,5	0,2	0,3	0,2
Servicios fotográficos y otros	450,0	357,1	3,5	2,9	24,2	19,1	14,4	11,3	9,7	7,7

Fuente: Anuario de Estadísticas Culturales. Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

En cuanto a la fuente de ingresos que supone el cine para España, la recaudación de películas tanto españolas como extranjeras supera los 575 millones de euros al año desde 2015 hasta 2019.

Tabla 5. Películas estrenadas, exhibidas, espectadores y recaudación entre 2015 y 2019

	VALORES ABSOLUTOS					DISTRIBUCIÓN PORCENTUAL				
	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019
TOTAL										
Películas estrenadas	565	627	587	616	655	100	100	100	100	100
Películas exhibidas	1.750	1.678	1.806	1.947	1.835	100	100	100	100	100
Espectadores (millones)	96,1	101,8	99,8	98,9	104,9	100	100	100	100	100
Recaudación (millones de euros)	575,2	602,0	591,3	585,7	614,7	100	100	100	100	100
DE PELÍCULAS ESPAÑOLAS										
Películas estrenadas	177	223	153	168	207	31,3	35,6	26,1	27,3	31,6
Películas exhibidas	391	451	415	464	487	22,3	26,9	23,0	23,8	26,5
Espectadores (millones)	18,6	18,8	17,4	17,7	15,9	19,3	18,5	17,4	17,9	15,1
Recaudación (millones de euros)	111,7	111,2	103,0	103,1	92,2	19,4	18,5	17,4	17,6	15,0
DE PELÍCULAS EXTRANJERAS										
Películas exhibidas	1.359	1.227	1.391	1.483	1.348	77,7	73,1	77,0	76,2	73,5
Espectadores (millones)	77,6	83,0	82,5	81,2	89,0	80,7	81,5	82,6	82,1	84,9
Recaudación (millones de euros)	463,5	490,9	488,3	482,7	522,6	80,6	81,5	82,6	82,4	85,0

Fuente: Anuario de Estadísticas Culturales. Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

Dentro de la industria cinematográfica, los medios de comunicación juegan un gran papel. Como ya señaló Habermas, los ciudadanos se comportan como público, cuando se reúnen y conciertan libremente, sin presiones y con la garantía de poder manifestar y publicar libremente su opinión, sobre las oportunidades de actuar según intereses generales. En los casos de un público amplio, esta comunicación requiere medios precisos de transferencia e influencia: periódicos y revistas, radio y televisión son hoy tales medios del espacio público (Habermas, 1962, p.61).

Por tanto, los medios de comunicación son los canales de transferencia de información entre públicos amplios para cubrir la necesidad de manifestar las opiniones de los individuos libremente. Constituyen una pieza fundamental dentro del marco del libertad de los individuos.

Cine y periodismo siempre han ido de la mano. La invención de los hermanos Lumière recurrió al periodismo desde su más temprana edad y el periodismo, en sus diferentes facetas, ha utilizado el séptimo arte como medio para transmitir noticias, reportajes y para hablar, con lenguaje enriquecedor, de los asuntos que interesan al hombre (Tosantos, 2004, p.15).

Por tanto, el periodismo actúa como puente entre el arte y la libertad de expresión de los ciudadanos. Sin el periodismo, el público no podría opinar, reflexionar y analizar el arte, y perdería su valor democrático. Aquí es donde entra en juego el papel del crítico.

Excepto que se sea ciego o sordo (y ni siquiera), en teoría cualquier persona puede ser crítico de cine. Siempre que le guste el cine, por supuesto. O, al menos, que haya consumido y rumiado cantidades industriales de películas para desarrollar una especie de enano interior (Cortijo, 2000, p. 21). Pero, por otro lado, un buen crítico es aquel que posee capacidad de discernimiento, y que sabe apreciar, gracias a su agudeza sintética, aquella obra que pasará a la posteridad.

La actividad crítica que se ejerce en las publicaciones especializadas sin relación directa con la actualidad raras veces la practica un periodista profesional. El perfil de crítico es más bien el de un militante cultural, la mayor parte de las veces profesional de la enseñanza o implicado en alguno de los sectores de la distribución y exhibición de films (Maríe, 1990, No. 791.437 A925a).

Así que, según el perfil del autor de una crítica de cine encontraremos un resultado u otro. Pero sea cual fuere su intención, todos los tipos son válidos.

Atendiendo al punto de vista de proyección de imagen en el exterior, resulta evidente que es un ámbito no menos importante dentro del escenario internacional en lo que a economía se refiere. Esto es, que todos los países necesitan una imagen positiva para atraer buenas relaciones con otras potencias, y, por tanto, economía.

En los últimos años estamos siendo testigos de la creciente importancia que los países dan a la imagen proyectada al exterior, conscientes del impacto que puede llegar a tener en la defensa de sus intereses políticos y económicos. A este respecto, el Country RepTrak 2018 (Reputation Institute, 2018) estima en más de un 70% la correlación existente entre la imagen global de un país y la predisposición por parte de la población extranjera a comprar sus productos, invertir en sus empresas o visitarlo. (Romera, 2019, p.8.).

Resulta evidente que una de las principales vías de proyección de un país son los medios de comunicación extranjeros (Romera, 2019, p.8). Así pues, resulta importante estudiar los medios de comunicación extranjeros para conocer nuestra proyección exterior y mejorar nuestras relaciones económicas con otros países.

3. Objetivos

El objetivo principal de esta investigación es averiguar si existe algún tipo de predisposición a la hora de establecer críticas provenientes de un producto cultural por parte del extranjero.

Objetivo 2: Estudiar cómo es percibido el cine español en el exterior

Objetivo 3: Encontrar algún patrón que se repita

En cuanto a las hipótesis, propongo lo siguiente:

- Hipótesis 1: El cine español está valorado positivamente a nivel internacional
- Hipótesis 2: Las películas españolas con reparto internacional tienen mejores críticas que las películas con reparto nacional

4. Metodología

4.1 Muestra

La muestra de películas elegidas para llevar a cabo esta investigación es la lista de los últimos largometrajes españoles que han tenido alguna nominación a los premios Oscar entre 2004 y 2019. Estos son: *Dolor y Gloria* (2019), *Klaus* (2019), *Chico y Rita* (2010), *Biutiful* (2010), *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2008), *Volver* (2006), *El laberinto del Fauno* (2006), y *Mar Adentro* (2004). Todas estas películas son categorizadas como españolas por la Academia de Artes y Ciencias Cinematográficas de España (Academia de las Artes y las Ciencias Cinematográficas de España, 2021).

Tabla 6. Largometrajes españoles con nominaciones a los premios Oscar entre 2004 y 2019

Año	Título	Categoría	Representante	Resultado
2004	<i>Mar adentro</i>	Mejor película internacional	Alejandro Amenábar	Ganador
		Maquillaje	Manolo García	Nominado

2006	<i>Volver</i>	Mejor actriz principal	Penélope Cruz	Nominada
2006	<i>El laberinto del fauno</i>	Mejor película extranjera	Guillermo del Toro	Nominado
		Mejor guion original	Guillermo del Toro	Nominado
		Mejor fotografía	Guillermo Navarro	Ganador
		Mejor maquillaje	David Martí; Montse Ribé	Ganador
		Mejor diseño de producción	Pilar Revuelta; Eugenio Caballero	Ganador
		Mejor banda sonora original	Javier Navarrete	Nominado
2008	<i>Vicky Cristina Barcelona</i>	Mejor actriz secundaria	Penélope Cruz	Ganadora
2010	<i>Biutiful</i>	Mejor actor principal	Javier Bardem	Nominado
		Mejor película de habla no inglesa	Alejandro González Iñárritu	Nominado
2011	<i>Chico y Rita</i>	Mejor película de animación	Fernando Trueba y Javier Mariscal	Nominado

2019	<i>Klaus</i>	Mejor película de animación	Sergio Pablos	Nominado
2019	<i>Dolor y Gloria</i>	Mejor película extranjera	Pedro Almodóvar	Nominada

Fuente: Elaboración Propia

Todas estas películas han tenido una gran repercusión internacional. El hecho de que hayan tenido nominaciones en los premios Oscar hace que numerosos medios de prestigio e importancia internacional hayan elaborado críticas sobre ellas. Por ello vamos a analizar los discursos que diferentes medios de comunicación realizaron sobre estas películas.

Estados Unidos es el país más importante a nivel mundial en cuanto a productor cultural cinematográfico. Por ello he creído oportuno elegir los medios más consumidos en este país como muestra para analizar las críticas que han elaborado sobre las películas españolas mencionadas.

Al igual que existe una cercanía entre España y los países de habla hispana de América debido a que compartimos la misma lengua, también ocurre lo mismo entre países de habla inglesa.

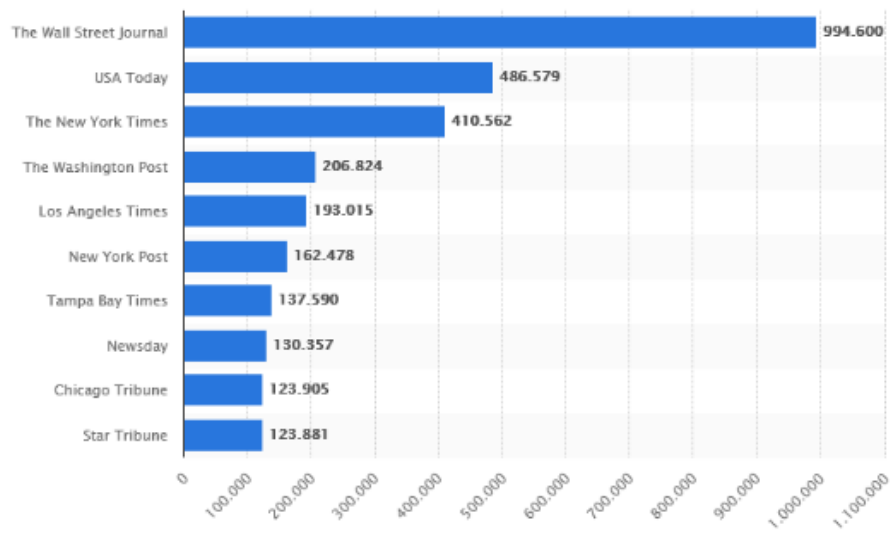
Estados Unidos pertenece a la angloesfera, junto a Reino Unido, Canadá, Australia, y Nueva Zelanda. Por ello, analizaremos, también algunos de los medios de estos países para generar un contexto más global (Anglosphere, 2021).

Para ello, seleccionaremos los medios de comunicación más leídos en de cada país de la angloesfera, para estudiar qué aspectos señalan del cine español a través de sus críticas periodísticas.

Canadá y Nueva Zelanda no disponen de datos, tanto por número de lectores como por críticas al cine español. Por lo que quedan descartados para hacer este análisis. Nos centramos en Australia, Reino Unido y Estados Unidos.

Según Statista, los medios más consumidos en Estados Unidos serían: The Wall Street Journal, USA Today, The New York Times, The Washington Post y Los Angeles Times.

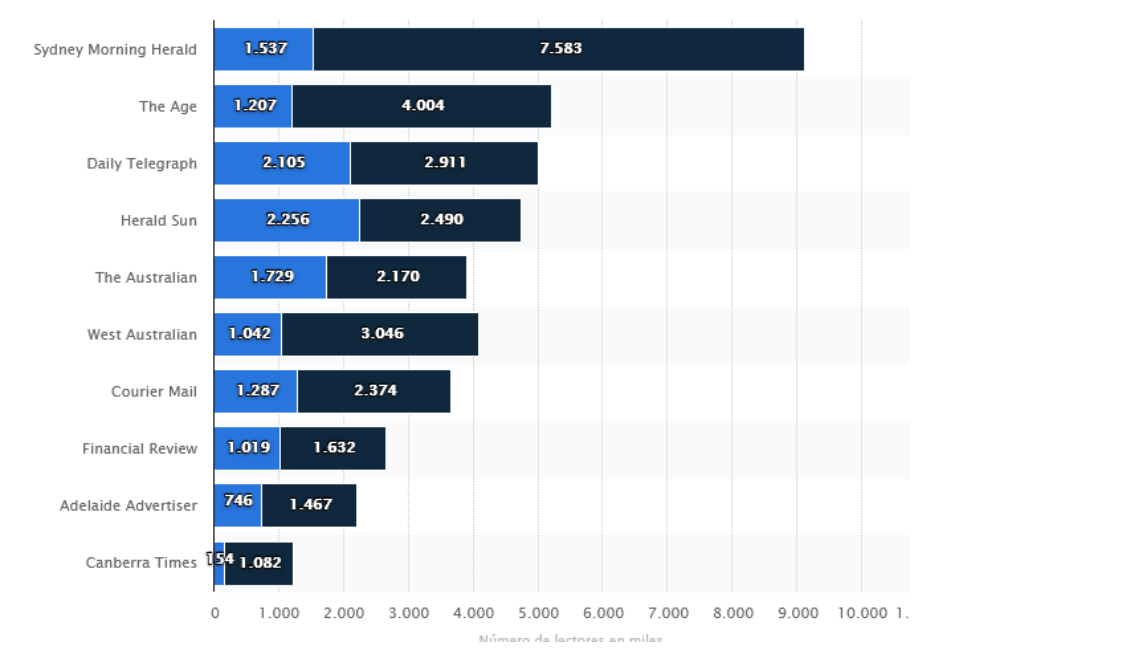
Gráfico 1. Ranking de los diez periodicos de tirada diaria con mayor circulacion en Estados Unidos en el primer trimestre de 2020 en ejemplares.



Fuente: Statista

Por otro lado, los medios más consumidos en Australia serían: Sydney Morning Herald, The Age, Daily Telegraph, Herald Sun y The Australian.

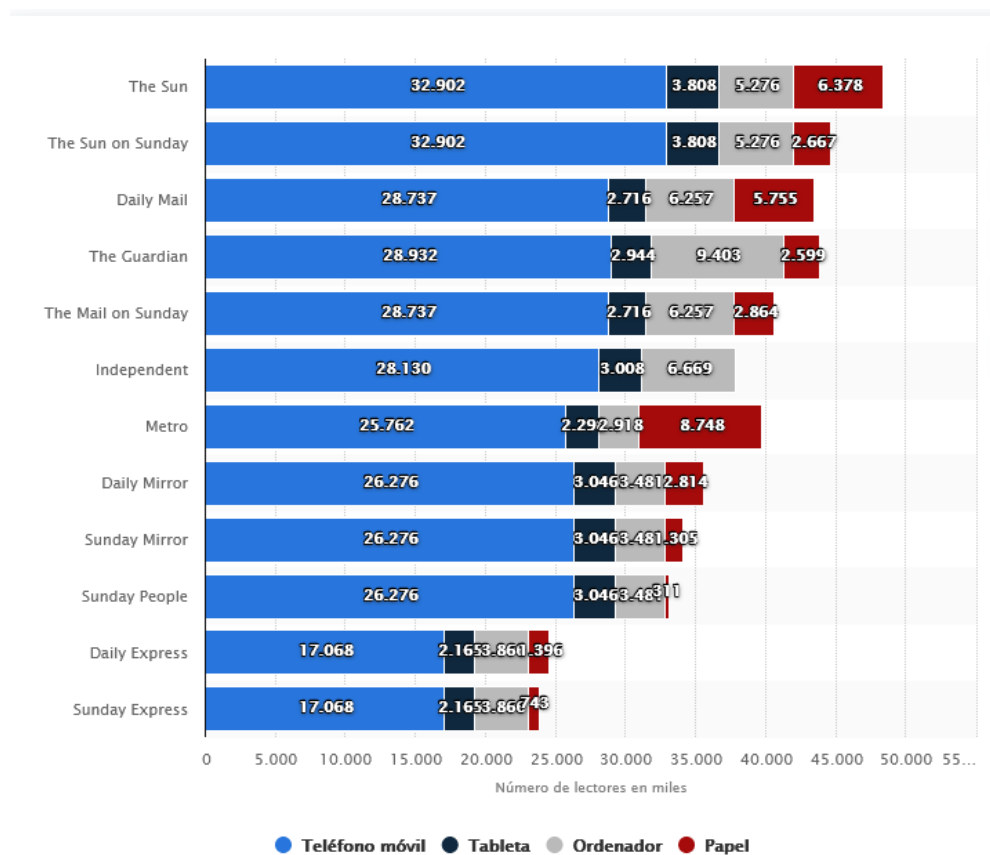
Gráfico 2. Número mensual de consumidores de los principales periódicos de tirada nacional en Australia entre enero y diciembre de 2019, por plataforma



Fuente: Statista

Finalmente, estos son los medios más consumidos en el Reino Unido: The Sun, The Sun on Sunday, Daily Mail, The Guardian y The Mail on Sunday.

Gráfico 3. Alcance mensual de los principales periódicos británicos de tirada nacional



Fuente: Statista

Para Estados Unidos, el diario de la tabla más leído y que dispone de críticas de todas las películas es **The New York Times**, por lo que es el medio elegido de este país.

Por lo que respecta a Australia, el medio escogido es **Sydney Morning Herald** ya que dispone de críticas de Dolor y Gloria, Biutiful, Vicky Cristina Barcelona, Volver y El laberinto del Fauno. En cambio, no se dispone de datos de ningún medio australiano para las películas Klaus, Chico y Rita y Mar Adentro.

En cuanto al Reino Unido, de los medios que aparecen en la tabla, el medio escogido ha sido el periódico **The Guardian**, porque es el único que tiene realizadas críticas periodísticas de todas nuestras películas españolas elegidas.

Por tanto, la muestra elegida queda definida y resumida en las siguientes tablas a través del autor de cada crítica, la fecha de publicación, el enfoque² y su número de palabras:

Tabla 7. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Mar Adentro* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Mar Adentro</i> (2004)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	-	Stephen Holden
Fecha	11/02/2005	-	17/12/2004
Enfoque	Interpretación, director, guion	-	guion
Extensión en palabras	362	-	826

Fuente: Elaboración propia

Tabla 8. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Volver* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Volver</i> (2006)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	Paul Byrnes	A. O. Scott
Fecha	25/08/2006	16/12/2006	3/11/2006
Enfoque	Dirección (Pedro Almodóvar)	Dirección (Pedro Almodóvar); interpretación	Dirección (Pedro Almodóvar)

² El enfoque de cada crítica sigue el modelo de categorías que utiliza la Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (Academia de artes y ciencias cinematográficas) para nominar los premios más importantes del cine, los Oscar: producción, dirección, interpretación, guion, dirección de arte, canción original, efectos visuales, maquillaje, fotografía, banda sonora, sonido, montaje, vestuario y animación.

		(Carmen Maura, Penélope Cruz)	
Extensión en palabras	876	847	919

Fuente: Elaboración Propia

Tabla 9. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *El Laberinto del Fauno* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>El Laberinto del Fauno</i> (2006)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	Paul Byrnes	A.O. Scott.
Fecha	24/11/2006	13/01/2007	29/12/2006
Enfoque	Dirección (Guillermo del Toro)	Dirección (Guillermo del Toro)	Guion
Extensión en palabras	673	973	1147

Fuente: Elaboración Propia

Tabla 10. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Vicky Cristina Barcelona</i> (2010)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	Paul Byrnes	Manohla Dargis
Fecha	6/02/2009	9/1/2009	15/08/2008

Enfoque	Dirección (Woody Allen)	Dirección (Woody Allen)	Interpretación
Extensión en palabras	457	805	968

Fuente: Elaboración Propia

Tabla 11. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Biutiful* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Biutiful</i> (2010)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	Jim Schembri	A.O. Scott
Fecha	27/1/2011	30/03/2011	28/12/2010
Enfoque	Guion	Interpretación (Javier Bardem)	Dirección (González Iñárritu) e interpretación (Javier Bardem)
Extensión en palabras	842	87	749

Fuente: Elaboración propia

Tabla 12. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Chico y Rita* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Chico y Rita</i> (2010)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Peter Bradshaw	-	A.O. Scott
Fecha	18/11/2010	-	9/02/2012
Enfoque	Animación	-	Fotografía

Extensión en palabras	195	-	644
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Fuente: Elaboración Propia

Tabla 13. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Klaus* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Klaus</i> (2019)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Mike McCahill	-	Glenn Kenny
Fecha	6/11/2019	-	7/11/2019
Enfoque	guion	-	guion
Extensión por palabras	273	-	470

Fuente: Elaboración propia

Tabla 14. Ficha técnica de las críticas de *Dolor y Gloria* en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**

<i>Dolor y Gloria</i> (2019)			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Autor	Marl Kermode	Paul Byrnes	Manohla Dargis
Fecha	25/08/2019	06/11/2019	3/10/2019
Enfoque	Director (Pedro Almodóvar)	Director (Pedro Almodóvar), interpretación (Antonio Banderas)	Director (Pedro Almodóvar)

Extensión por palabras	746	617	1082
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Fuente: Elaboración Propia

4.2 Análisis

El análisis llevado a cabo de la muestra seleccionada se basa en cuatro aspectos principales. El primer aspecto es la minería de opinión, es decir, el análisis de sentimiento que expresa el autor clasificando las críticas en “positiva”, “neutra” y “negativa”. Por otro lado, atenderemos a la frecuencia de palabras. Analizaremos y seleccionaremos cuáles son las palabras que más se repiten en el mismo texto para averiguar el énfasis que quiere llevar a cabo el autor. También atenderemos a cuál es el argumento destacado de cada película, para comprobar si existe alguna intersección, en cuanto al enfoque, de los diferentes medios, y ahondar así de mejor manera en el mensaje que quieren transmitir. También lo haremos en los enfoques y menciones parciales. Finalmente observaremos si aparecen referencias a España rastreando el uso de palabras como “Spain” o “Spanish”.

5. Resultados

5.1. Ausencia de críticas negativas

De las 21 críticas analizadas, tan solo aparecen 2 negativas: *Mar Adentro* en **The Guardian** y *Biutiful* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. El resto se configuran como 7 neutras y 12 positivas.

1. *Mar Adentro* en **The Guardian**. Crítica negativa:

“Un filme extraordinariamente superficial sobre la eutanasia, pero ha sido nominada al Oscar”; “Los actores hacen un trabajo decente, pero la partitura de Amenábar (que él mismo ha compuesto) es almibarada e intrusiva y la película a menudo parece simplemente un telefilme con mucha clase que abraza los clichés”; “Una buena actuación de Bardem no puede compensar mucho esta película tan mediocre”.

2. *Mar Adentro* en **The New York Times**. Crítica neutra:

“A su favor, la película evita convertirse en un diálogo de fórmula que enfrenta a animadores religiosos y seculares en argumentos predigerido”; “La película no logra transmitir el terror claustrofóbico experimentado por un hombre que tituló su libro “Cartas desde el infierno”.

3. *Volver* en **The Guardian**. Crítica positiva:

“Un triunfo para este gran director europeo que parece mejorar cada vez más”.

4. *Volver* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. Crítica neutra:

“Si la película no es tan fabulosamente exagerada como de costumbre, la compensación es que es sentida.”

5. *Volver* en **The New York Times**. Crítica positiva:

“Te atrae, te invita a quedarte y te hace desear volver. Ofrece algo mejor que el realismo. El mundo real, después de todo, es donde todos tenemos que vivir; para algunos de nosotros, sin embargo, el mundo del Sr. Almodóvar es nuestro hogar.”

6. *El laberinto del Fauno* en **The Guardian**. Crítica positiva:

“Es tan audaz y tan técnicamente lograda, y llega aquí adornada con tantos superlativos radiantes...”

7. *El Laberinto del Fauno* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. Crítica positiva:

“Está magníficamente realizada y es muy personal para del Toro. Ha ido creciendo con cada película y ésta se ha hecho sin concesiones”.

8. *El Laberinto del Fauno* en **The New York Times**. Crítica positiva:

“El laberinto del fauno” es un entretenimiento rápido y accesible, contundente en su poder y exquisito en sus efectos”

9. *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **The Guardian**. Crítica neutra:

“Sin embargo, su talento residual y su extraordinaria productividad hacen que sea más que capaz de hacer una pequeña película perfectamente visible de vez en cuando, y ésta es una: ligera, desechable pero entretenida”.

10. *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. Crítica neutra:

“Tiene un aire soleado, una belleza casi en tono sepia, como una postal española descolorida, y hay mucha sensualidad proporcionada por el exquisito reparto, pero no pude evitar pensar que es una obra de desprecio apenas disimulado”.

11. *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **The New York Times**. Crítica positiva:

“Bañada en una luz tan deliciosamente dorada y melosa que uno podría estar tentado de lamer la pantalla”.

12. *Biutiful* en **The Guardian**. Crítica positiva:

“En una película con menos confianza en sí misma, con menos euforia rapsódica, estas notas de evasión y

autocompasión serían insoportables, y están a punto de serlo. Pero la fuerza de la película la arrastra, y está salpicada de momentos de poesía y brillantez indiscutible”.

13. *Biutiful* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. Crítica negativa:

“Obtuvo una nominación a la mejor película en lengua extranjera, pero no deje que eso le engañe; es un trabajo aburrido y pretencioso”.

14. *Biutiful* en **The New York Times**. Crítica neutra:

“González Iñárritu no tiene el estómago para la estricta visión moral y espiritual de cineastas auténticamente (o incluso experimentalmente) religiosos como Carl Dreyer, Robert Bresson o los hermanos Dardenne. En su lugar, trafica con una vaga teología de la elevación, en la que el camino hacia un cielo totalmente abstracto está pavimentado con nobles instintos”.

15. *Chico y Rita* en **The Guardian**. Crítica positiva:

“Se invocan los grandes nombres del jazz cubano y americano, y la tragicómica historia de amor de Chico y Rita encaja muy bien con este telón de fondo musical”.

16. *Chico y Rita* en **The New York Times**. Crítica neutra:

“Si “Chico & Rita” no consigue transmitir toda la pasión de su historia, se debe principalmente a los límites del estilo gráfico de la película, que enfatiza la sensualidad ondulante de los cuerpos y los rostros a expensas de la precisión emocional. La verdadera vida de la animación está en los fondos, especialmente en las calles de La Habana, que

están exquisitamente representadas y meticulosamente coloreadas”.

17. *Klaus* en **The Guardian**. Crítica neutra:

“Un primer y un tercer acto sólidos no pueden disimular una parte intermedia mediocre, llena de golpes de efecto convencionales”.

18. *Klaus* en **The New York Times**. Crítica positiva:

“Es lo suficientemente buena como para que merezca la pena incluirla en una biblioteca familiar de películas navideñas”.

19. *Dolor y Gloria* en **The Guardian**. Crítica positiva:

“Todo ello se traduce en una obra muy satisfactoria de un cineasta cuyo amor por el cine, en todo su dolor y gloria, brilla en cada fotograma”.

20. *Dolor y Gloria* en **Sydney Morning Herald**. Crítica positiva:

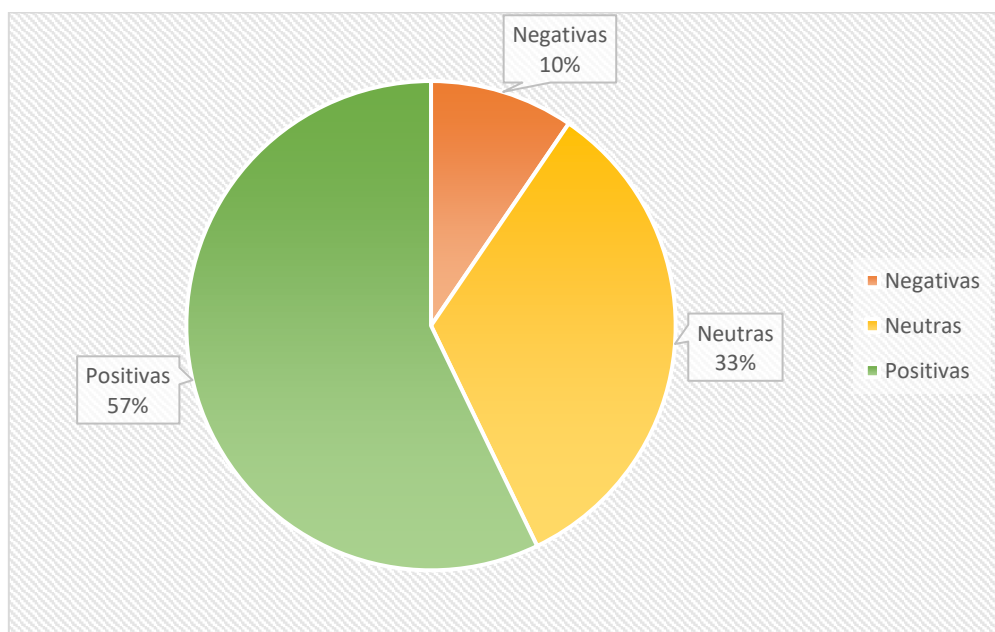
“Un autoexamen magistral, melancólico, tierno y lacerante, lleno de color y luz y de los fantasmas de los que ha amado. Almodóvar, a sus 70 años, y tal vez sorprendiéndose a sí mismo, sigue creciendo”.

21. *Dolor y Gloria* en **The New York Times**. Crítica positiva:

“Pero la narración está elegantemente estructurada en lugar de coagulada, y su tono es contemplativo en lugar de frenético, como si hubiera bajado el volumen. En "*Dolor y gloria*" ocurren muchas cosas, pero no de forma ritual ni a

todo volumen. Sus agonías son moderadas, sus arrepentimientos callados, su contención poderosa”.

Gráfico 4. Porcentajes de minería de opinión de las críticas de la muestra de películas seleccionadas en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald**, y **The New York Times**.



Fuente: Elaboración propia

Las películas mejor valoradas son *El Laberinto del Fauno* (2006) y *Dolor y Gloria* (2019), con pleno de críticas positivas de parte de los tres diarios escogidos. Por otro lado, las películas peor valoradas son *Mar Adentro* (2004), que consta de 1 crítica negativa y 1 neutra; y *Biutiful* (2010), que cuenta con 1 negativa, 1 neutra y 1 positiva. *Volver* cuenta con 2 críticas positivas y 1 neutra. *Chico y Rita* (2011) y *Klaus* (2019) empatan con 1 positiva y 1 negativa. *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* obtiene 2 neutras y 1 positiva.

Tabla 15. Clasificación de minería de opinión de las críticas de la muestra de películas seleccionadas en los medios The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald, y The New York Times.

		The Guardian (RU)	Sydney Morning Herald (AUS)	The New York Times (EEUU)
1/2	<i>Dolor y Gloria</i>	Positiva	Positiva	Positiva
1/2	<i>El Laberinto del Fauno</i>	Positiva	Positiva	Positiva
3	<i>Volver</i>	Positiva	Neutra	Positiva
4	<i>Chico y Rita</i>	Positiva	-	Neutra
5	<i>Klaus</i>	Neutra	-	Positiva
6	<i>Vicky Cristina Barcelona</i>	Neutra	Neutra	Positiva
7	<i>Biutiful</i>	Positiva	Negativa	Neutra
8	<i>Mar Adentro</i>	Negativa	-	Neutra

Fuente: Elaboración propia

5.2. Analogía de críticas de diferentes medios para la misma película

Estudiando la frecuencia de palabras de las críticas de la muestra de películas seleccionada encontramos que:

En la crítica de *Mar Adentro* en **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: Ramón, who, film, life, movie, after, Amenábar, Bardem, comes.³

³ Ramón, quien, película, vida, película, después, Amenábar, Bardem, viene (traducción propia).

Tabla 16. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Mar Adentro* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
ramón	6
who	4
film	3
life	3
movie	3
after	2
amenábar	2
bardem	2
comes	2
himself	2
issue	2
like	2
man	2
own	2
quadriplegia	2
rosa	2
sampedro	2
story	2
very	2
wants	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Mar Adentro* del medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: him, ramón, life, who, story, after, cause, death, die, film.⁴

⁴ Le, Ramón, vida, quien, historia, después, causa, muerte, morir, película (traducción propia).

Tabla 17. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Mar Adentro* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
him	11
ramón	11
life	9
who	9
story	4
after	3
cause	3
death	3
die	3
film	3
help	3
julia	3
like	3
man	3
only	3
sea	3
activist	2
actor	2
against	2
amenábar	2
bardem	2
bedridden	2
book	2
...	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Vo/ver* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: Almodóvar, Raimunda, Cruz, About, film, like, mother.⁵

⁵ Almodóvar, Raimunda, Cruz, sobre, película, como, madre (traducción propia).

Tabla 18. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Volver* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
almodóvar	8
raimunda	8
cruz	6
about	5
film	5
like	5
mother	5
movie	5
love	4
more	4
volver	4
who	4
almost	3
also	3
better	3
beyond	3
colour	3
daughter	3
into	3
looks	3
might	3
out	3
over	3
quite	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Volver* en el medio **Sydney Morning Herald** las palabras que más se repiten son: Almodóvar, Raimunda, about, dead, mother, Paula, Spain.⁶

⁶ Almodóvar, Raimunda, sobre, muerte, madre, Paula, España (traducción propia).

Tabla 19. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Volver* en **Sydney Morning Herald** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
almodovar	8
raimunda	7
about	5
dead	5
mother	5
paula	5
spain	5
volver	5
women	5
after	4
back	4
film	4
la	4
maura	4
best	3
come	3
cruz	3
death	3
even	3
films	3
like	3
mancha	3
paco	3
probably	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Volver* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: Almodóvar, Raimunda, mr., who, about, film, without, Cruz.⁷

⁷ Almodóvar, Raimunda, sr., quien, sobre, película, sin, Cruz (traducción propia)

Tabla 20. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Volver* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
—	11
almodóvar	7
raimunda	7
*	6
mr	6
who	6
about	4
film	4
without	4
also	3
bright	3
cruz	3
emilio	3
every	3
movie	3
ms	3
screen	3
takes	3
troubles	3
"volver	3
"volver"	3
where	3
whose	3
world	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *El Laberinto del Fauno* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: del Toro, Ofelia, about, Spain, Vidal, who, does, fantasy, fascism.⁸

⁸ Del Toro, Ofelia, sobre, España, Vidal, quien, hace, fantasía, fascismo (traducción).

Tabla 21. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *El Laberinto del Fauno* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
del	8
toro	8
ofelia	7
about	4
spain	4
vidal	4
who	4
does	3
fantasy	3
fascism	3
faun	3
film	3
like	3
many	3
must	3
out	3
pan	3
them	3
up	3
world	3
against	2
baquero	2
beneath	2
bold	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *El Laberinto del Fauno* en el medio **Sydney Morning Herald** las palabras que más se repiten son: Film, Ofelia, del Toro, also, Captain, horror, more, pan, real, than, Vidal, world, about.⁹

⁹ Película, Ofelia, del Toro, también, capitán, horror, más, fauno, real, que, Vidal, mundo, sobre (traducción propia).

Tabla 22. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *El Laberinto del Fauno* en **Sydney Morning Herald** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
film	8
ofelia	7
del	5
toro	5
also	4
captain	4
horror	4
more	4
pan	4
real	4
than	4
vidal	4
world	4
about	3
always	3
even	3
father	3
into	3
labyrinth	3
man	3
mexican	3
mother	3
pale	3
son	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *El Laberinto del Fauno* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: film, Ofelia, del toro, mr., pan, labyrinth, magic.¹⁰

¹⁰ Película, Ofelia, del Toro, sr., fauno, laberinto, magia (traducción propia).

Tabla 23. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *El Laberinto del Fauno* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
—	10
film	9
ofelia	9
del	7
mr	7
pan	7
toro	7
labyrinth	6
magic	5
*	4
captain	4
fairy	4
kind	4
like	4
movies	4
spanish	4
vidal	4
who	4
also	3
because	3
both	3
carmen	3
child	3
dark	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: Allen, cristina, more, Hall, Cruz, film, long, new, than, Vicky, Woody.¹¹

¹¹ Allen, Cristina, más, Hall, Cruz, película, largo, nuevo, que, Vicky, Woody.

Tabla 24. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
allen	5
cristina	5
more	5
hall	4
cruz	3
film	3
long	3
new	3
than	3
vicky	3
woody	3
americans	2
barcelona	2
bardem	2
big	2
both	2
characters	2
elena	2
johansson	2
laugh	2
laughs	2
like	2
maria	2
master	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en el medio **Sydney Morning Herald** las palabras que más se repiten son: Cristina, Allen, american, some, Vicky, these, Juan Antonio.¹²

¹² Cristina, Allen, americano, algo, Vicky, estos, Juan Antonio (traducción propia).

Tabla 25. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **Sydney Morning Herald** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
cristina	8
allen	7
american	7
some	7
vicky	7
these	6
antonio	5
him	5
juan	5
love	5
movie	5
two	5
girls	4
like	4
make	4
way	4
barcelona	3
cruz	3
film	3
less	3
more	3
obvious	3
who	3
woody	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: mr., Allen, Cristina, ms., who, women, Bardem, Vicky, Woody.¹³

¹³ Mr., Allen, Cristina, Sra., quien, mujer, Bardem, Vicky, Woody.

Tabla 26. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
mr	8
allen	7
=	5
cristina	5
ms	5
who	5
women	5
—	4
bardem	4
characters	4
does	4
like	4
much	4
^vicky	4
woody	4
after	3
ah	3
antonio	3
comedy	3
cruz	3
elena	3
film	3
films	3
him	3
johansson	3

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Biutiful* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: Uxbal, who, movie, some, Biutiful, father, these, Iñárritu, dead, director.¹⁴

¹⁴ Uxbal, quien, película, algo, Biutiful, padre, esos, Iñárritu, muerto, director (traducción propia).

Tabla 27. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Biutiful* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
uxbal	10
who	6
movie	5
some	5
biutiful	4
father	4
these	4
dead	3
director	3
lñárritu	3
like	3
only	3
see	3
work	3
barcelona	2
body	2
brother	2
burden	2
cash	2
come	2
conceived	2
cops	2
does	2
event	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Biutiful* en el medio de **Sydney Morning Herald** las palabras que más se repiten son; Bardem, film, whose.¹⁵

Tabla 28. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Biutiful* en **Sydney Morning Herald** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
bardem	2
film	2
whose	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Biutiful* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: mr., González lñárritu, Bardem, more, than.¹⁶

¹⁵ Bardem, película, quienes (traducción propia).

¹⁶ Sr., González lñárritu, Bardem, más, que (traducción propia).

Tabla 29. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Biutiful* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
mr	8
"	7
gonzález	6
añáritu	6
bardem	4
more	4
than	4
actors	3
"biutiful	3
"biutiful"	3
entirely	3
every	3
like	3
passion	3
role	3
story	3
uxbal	3
almost	2
"babel	2
barcelona	2
best	2
between	2
bringing	2
director	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Chico y Rita* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que mas se repiten son: Chico, Rita, love, cuban, jazz, new, number, story, York.¹⁷

Tabla 30. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Chico y Rita* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
chico	4
rita	4
love	3
cuban	2
jazz	2
new	2
number	2
story	2
york	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

¹⁷ Chico, Rita, amor, cubano, jazz, nuevo, número, historia, York (traducción propia).

En la crítica de *Chico y Rita* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: Chico, Havana, Rita, also.¹⁸

Tabla 31. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Chico y Rita* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
chico	6
—	5
havana	5
rita	5
&	4
also	4
*chico	4
movie	3
valdés	3
"	2
animated	2
animation	2
artistic	2
both	2
crucial	2
documentary	2
encounter	2
eye	2
film	2
fortune	2
full	2
great	2
heart	2
history	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Klaus* en el medio **The Guardian** las palabras que más se repiten son: Disney, also, animation, Jesper, Klaus, Netflix, Pablos, story, those.¹⁹

¹⁸ Chico, Havana, Rita, también (traducción propia).

¹⁹ Disney, también, animación, Jesper, Klaus, Netflix, Pablos, historia, aquellos (traducción propia).

Tabla 32. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Klaus* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
disney	3
also	2
animation	2
jesper	2
klaus	2
netflix	2
pablos	2
story	2
those	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de Klaus en el medio The New York Times las palabras que más se repiten son: Jesper, Disney, who, academy, bit, how, Klaus, place.²⁰

Tabla 33. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Klaus* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
jesper	7
"	4
disney	4
who	4
academy	3
bit	3
how	3
"klaus"	3
place	3
character	2
cushy	2
first	2
him	2
island	2
just	2
postal	2
sled	2
smeerenburg	2
story	2
studio	2
toys	2
up	2
worth	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

²⁰ Jesper, Disney, quien, academia, poco, cómo, Klaus, lugar (traducción propia).

En la crítica de *Dolor y Gloria* en el medio *The Guardian* las palabras que más se repiten son: Salvador, Almodóvar, Banderas, life, Alberto, back, Jacinta, mother, pain, through.²¹

Tabla 34. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Dolor y Gloria* en **The Guardian** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
salvador	11
almodóvar	5
banderas	5
life	5
alberto	4
back	4
jacinta	4
mother	4
pain	4
through	4
"	3
before	3
childhood	3
cinema	3
glory	3
into	3
like	3
love	3
work	3
years	3
80s	2
*a	2
about	2
addiction	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Dolor y gloria* en el medio **Sydney Morning Herald** las palabras que más se repiten son: Almodóvar, Molla, still, film, more, Salvador, us, years²²

²¹ Salvador, Almodóvar, Banderas, vida, Alberto, volver, Jacinta, madre, dolor, a través (traducción)

²² Almodóvar, Molla, todavía, película, más, Salvador, nos, años (traducción propia).

Tabla 35. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Dolor y gloria* en **Sydney Morning Herald** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
almodovar	10
molla	5
still	5
film	4
more	4
salvador	4
us	4
years	4
back	3
banderas	3
director	3
even	3
mother	3
pain	3
pedro	3
than	3
up	3
about	2
although	2
apartment	2
asier	2
because	2
cannes	2
eye	2
feet	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

En la crítica de *Dolor y gloria* en el medio **The New York Times** las palabras que más se repiten son: Salvador, Almodóvar, like, into, pain, movie, glory, man, how, looks.²³

²³ Salvador, Almodóvar, como, a/en, dolor, película, gloria, hombre, cómo, mira (traducción propia)

Tabla 36. Repetición de palabras en la crítica *Dolor y gloria* en **The New York Times** en inglés.

Repeticiones de una sola palabra	
salvador	21
—	10
almodóvar	8
like	8
"	7
into	7
"pain	7
movie	6
glory	5
man	5
how	4
looks	4
art	3
banderas	3
childhood	3
create	3
even	3
eyes	3
glory"	3
images	3
life	3
lights	3
line	3
made	3
scenery	2

Fuente: Analizador de textos y contador de palabras Lexicool

Los resultados más significativos han sido:

- Para la película *Mar Adentro*, en las siete palabras más repetidas de las críticas cuatro se repiten: "Ramón", "life", "Amenábar", y "Bardem". Siendo "Ramón" la palabra más repetida en ambas.
- Para la película *Volver*, las dos palabras más repetidas de los tres medios coinciden: "Almodóvar" y "Raimunda".
- Para la película *El laberinto del Fauno*, las tres palabras más repetidas coinciden: "del Toro", "Ofelia" y "film".
- Para la película *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*, las dos palabras más repetidas coinciden: "Allen" y "Cristina".
- Para la película de *Biutiful* no se han encontrado coincidencias significativas en los tres medios.
- Para la película *Chico y Rita*, de las tres palabras más repetidas, dos coinciden: "Chico" y "Rita".
- Para la película *Klaus*, las tres palabras más repetidas coinciden: "Jesper", "Disney" y "Klaus".

- Para la película *Dolor y gloria*, entre las 6 palabras más repetidas de cada medio, 2 se repiten: “Salvador” y “Almodóvar”.

Si transformamos estas palabras en las categorías que representan observamos que:

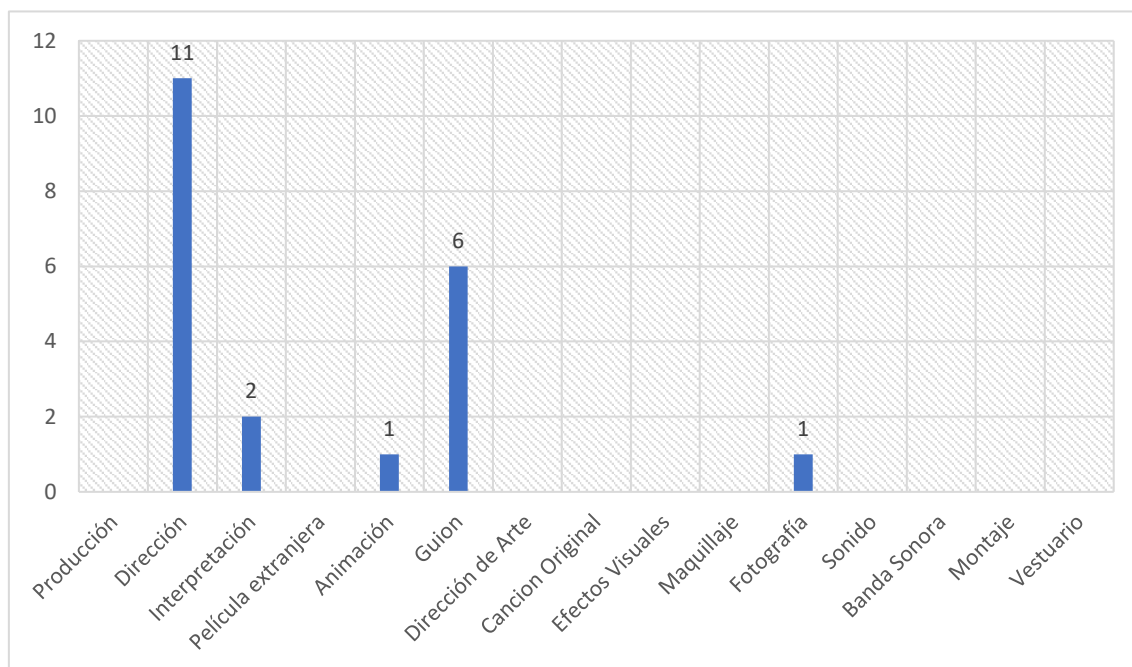
- *Mar Adentro*: “Ramón”=guion
- *Volver*: “Almodóvar”-“Raimunda”= Dirección-guion
- *El Laberinto del Fauno*: “Del Toro”-“Ofelia”= Dirección-guion
- *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*: “Allen”-“Cristina”= Dirección-guion
- *Chico y Rita*: “Chico”-“Rita”=guion
- *Klaus*: “Disney”-“Klaus”=Producción
- *Dolor y Gloria*: “Salvador”-“Almodóvar”= guion- dirección

Por tanto, las palabras más repetidas en las críticas representan las categorías de guion y dirección.

5.3 Enfoque general en la dirección

Por otro lado, atendemos al punto de vista del enfoque general de la crítica, sin tener en cuenta el número de palabras repetidas. Observamos que, de todos los enfoques generales posibles, las 21 críticas de la muestra solo se centran en 5 aspectos predominantes: dirección, interpretación, guion, fotografía y animación.

Gráfico 5. Enfoque general de las críticas de los medios The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald y The New York Times para la muestra de películas seleccionada



Fuente: Elaboración propia

También estudiamos la mención parcial de aspectos, aunque no sean los predominantes en las críticas.

The Guardian menciona de la película *Mar Adentro*:

- Película extranjera: “su nueva película es un filme extraordinariamente superficial sobre la eutanasia, pero ha sido nominada al Oscar a la mejor película extranjera”.
- Interpretación: “los actores hacen un trabajo decente”, “un buen trabajo de Bardem”.
- Dirección: “la partitura de Amenábar (que él mismo ha compuesto) es almibarada e intrusiva y la película a menudo parece simplemente un telefilme con mucha clase que abraza los clichés”.

The New York Times menciona de la película *Mar Adentro*:

- Interpretación: “El Sr. Bardem, actuando por encima del cuello (salvo en breves flashbacks y fantasías), crea un personaje masculino complicado, volátil e ingenioso, con alma de poeta”.

- Dirección: “El Sr. Amenábar, el talentoso director de 32 años de "Los otros" y "Abre los ojos" (más tarde rehecha como "Vanilla Sky"), está claramente obsesionado con la zona de sombra entre la vida, la muerte y el mundo espiritual. En esta ocasión abandona la ciencia ficción y las historias de fantasmas para dar un giro a la historia de un famoso caso”.
- Maquillaje: “Un excelente trabajo de maquillaje le ha dado al actor de 35 años el pelo ralo y canoso y la palidez pastosa de un hombre físicamente inactivo 20 años mayor”.
- Montaje: “Los dispositivos narrativos de suspense que funcionaron tan eficazmente en una fantasía gótica como "Los otros" se sienten artificiosos cuando se aplican a lo que se supone que es una historia real de vida, muerte y el infierno viviente del que Ramón finalmente escapa”.

Tabla 37. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Mar Adentro* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción		-	
Dirección	x	-	x
Interpretación	x	-	x
Película extranjera	x	-	
Animación		-	
Guion		-	
Dirección de Arte		-	
Canción Original		-	
Efectos Visuales		-	
Maquillaje		-	x
Fotografía		-	
Sonido		-	
Banda Sonora		-	
Montaje		-	x

Vestuario		-	
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Fuente: Elaboración Propia

The Guardian menciona de la película *Vol/ver*:

- Dirección: “la nueva película de Pedro Almodóvar está destinada a capturar tu corazón.”, “Almodóvar induce con la seguridad de un maestro”, “Ningún otro director tiene tanto factor de desmayo como Pedro Almodóvar: la textura de su cine es única”.
- Montaje: “Esta nueva película, siendo más modesta en su alcance, y de alguna manera menos obviamente extravagante, logra más con sus florituras retóricas y su despliegue narrativo”, “Todos los secretos de la película se despliegan en un diseño narrativo exuberante y elegante”.
- Interpretación: “Hay algo muy juguetón y magnífico en ella, y ciertamente algo magnífico en Penélope Cruz”.
- Fotografía: “La fotografía y la dirección de arte, a cargo de José Luis Alcaine y Salvador Parra, confieren a todo una intensidad que, como en anteriores películas de Almodóvar, tiene el aspecto de una película de Douglas Sirk”.
- Vestuario: “Sólo Cruz podría haber llevado esos pendientes de aro, grandes como platos hondos, y en cualquier otra persona su top negro con diseño de flores podría haber parecido de Primark. En ella queda sensacional, y su motivo floral se traslada a la secuencia final de créditos”.
- Canción: “Y como a menudo en el pasado, Almodóvar hace de una canción un momento central de la película”.

Sydney Morning Herald menciona de *Vol/ver*:

- Dirección: “Las películas de Almodóvar están siempre a caballo entre la tragedia y la farsa, pero ésta parece una comedia lúgubre más que jocosa. Probablemente porque está pensando en la muerte y rindiendo homenaje a su propia madre”.
- Interpretación: Almodóvar ama a las mujeres y verle trabajar de nuevo con Maura es su propia recompensa; también lo es ver a Cruz interpretando a alguien tan maduramente español.

- Montaje: “El estilo de Volver no es ampliamente cómico, aunque el montaje claramente lo es”.
- Guion: “Me sorprendieron menos sus giros argumentales, que se parecen más a los de otras comedias españolas”.

The New York Times menciona de *Volver*:

- Dirección: “Almodóvar ha realizado otra película que va más allá del campismo y se adentra en un reino de sabio y exuberante humanismo”.
- Interpretación: “Y es un testimonio de la generosidad de espíritu del cineasta el hecho de que entregue la película a su conjunto de actrices vivas e ingeniosas, y en particular a su estrella, Penélope Cruz”, “la Sra. Maura es un elemento crucial en el diseño emocional de la película”.
- Guion: “Trata de lo que las feministas americanas de una época anterior llamaban hermandad”.
- Fotografía: “la madura fotografía de José Luis Alcaíne”.
- Banda Sonora: “la suave y conmovedora partitura de Alberto Iglesias”.

Tabla 38. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Volver* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción			
Dirección	x	x	x
Interpretación	x	x	x
Película extranjera			
Animación			
Guion		x	x
Dirección de Arte			x
Canción Original	x		
Efectos Visuales			

Maquillaje			
Fotografía	x		x
Sonido			
Banda Sonora			x
Montaje	x	x	
Vestuario	x		

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona de *El laberinto del Fauno*:

- Dirección: “Del Toro hace bien en recordarnos la cruel realidad de la España de Franco”, “qué imágenes tan increíbles sueña Del Toro”.
- Interpretación: “, es una excelente actuación de Baquero, de 12 años”.
- Fotografía: “En cualquier caso, sentí que la película era una serie de cuatro o cinco imágenes brillantes, como láminas ilustrativas de un volumen victoriano, o fotogramas de una novela gráfica”.
- Montaje: “No había un impulso narrativo abrumador ni una vida dramática interna que las animara”.

Sydney Morning Herald menciona en *El Laberinto del Fauno*:

- Dirección: “Del Toro nos ofrece refugio y respiro, incluso inocencia, entre las hadas, los sátiros y los demonios juguetones de la imaginación de una niña”.

The New York Times menciona en *El Laberinto del Fauno*:

- Dirección: “El director, Guillermo Del Toro, jura sin reparos y sin pretensiones su fidelidad a una tradición de fantasía pop...”.
- Interpretación: “La heroína es una niña llamada Ofelia, interpretada por la increíblemente talentosa Ivana Baquero, que tenía 11 años cuando se hizo la película”.

Tabla 39. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *El Laberinto del Fauno* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción			
Dirección	x	x	x
Interpretación	x		x
Película extranjera			
Animación			
Guion			
Dirección de Arte			
Canción Original			
Efectos Visuales			
Maquillaje			
Fotografía	x		
Sonido			
Banda Sonora			
Montaje	x		
Vestuario			

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona para *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*:

- Dirección: "Woody Allen[...] su talento residual y su extraordinaria productividad hacen que sea más que capaz de hacer una pequeña película perfectamente visible de vez en cuando, y ésta es una: ligera, desechable pero entretenida".
- Interpretación: "Cruz, y en menor medida Bardem, dejan boquiabiertos a los estadounidenses. Cruz parece haber salido de una película de más peso; todo lo que hace y dice parece significar más, contar más".

Sydney Morning Herald menciona para *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*:

- Dirección: “Allen sigue siendo capaz de contar historias dramáticas sofisticadas y hay momentos que encajan en esa descripción”.
- Guion: “De manera bastante obvia, la película es, al menos en parte, un ataque al moralismo estadounidense de miras estrechas, que puede parecer a algunos interesado o incluso indecoroso. Algunos de nosotros no estamos preparados para escuchar una conferencia sobre la moralidad del amor libre de Woody Allen”.
- Interpretación: “la actuación de Cruz es muy grande, sin dejar de ser creíble”.

The New York Times menciona para la película de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*:

- Dirección: “Puede que el Sr. Allen esté animado (como el resto de nosotros) por su reciente resurrección creativa, pero sigue siendo el mismo payaso sombrío”.
- Interpretación: “La Sra. Cruz, deslizándose entre el español y el inglés (este último fue en su día un serio obstáculo para ella), hace un trabajo especialmente bueno con su voz”.
- Montaje: “La narración en tercera persona permite al Sr. Allen prescindir de grandes trozos de exposición para rellenar las lagunas narrativas, pero también pone cierta distancia estética entre él y sus personajes”.

Tabla 40. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción			
Dirección	x	x	x
Interpretación	x	x	x
Película extranjera			
Animación			

Guion		x	
Dirección de Arte			
Canción Original			
Efectos Visuales			
Maquillaje			
Fotografía			
Sonido			
Banda Sonora			
Montaje			x
Vestuario			

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona para la película *Biutiful*:

- Dirección: “el director mexicano Alejandro González Iñárritu ofrece a su público todo un mundo creado, personal y distintivo”.
- Interpretación: “Javier Bardem ofrece una interpretación sobrecogedora”.

Sydney Morning Herald menciona para la película *Biutiful*:

- Interpretación: “Javier Bardem se queda de brazos cruzados durante dos horas y media en el papel de Uxbal”.
- Dirección: “esta inesperada y amarga película del director mexicano Alejandro González Iñárritu”.
- Película extranjera: “la película obtuvo una nominación a la mejor película en lengua extranjera”.

The New York Times menciona para la película *Biutiful*:

- Interpretación: “Javier Bardem se une a su compañía, aportando una admirable pasión a una historia descarnada”.
- Fotografía: “El naturalismo lírico y de grano grueso de su estilo de rodaje puede parecer más táctil que visual, y cada plano está lleno de detalles emocionales y sociales, dando vida a una Barcelona que pica y suda”.

- Dirección: “el Sr. González Iñárritu crea una sensación de intimidad cruda y extensa.”, “González Iñárritu no tiene el estómago para la estricta visión moral y espiritual”.

Tabla 41. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Biutiful* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción			
Dirección	x	x	x
Interpretación	x	x	x
Película extranjera		x	
Animación			
Guion			
Dirección de Arte			
Canción Original			
Efectos Visuales			
Maquillaje			
Fotografía			x
Sonido			
Banda Sonora			
Montaje			
Vestuario			

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona para la película *Chico y Rita*:

- Dirección: “esta encantadora animación del cineasta Fernando Trueba y del artista y diseñador Javier Mariscal”.
- Animación: “esta encantadora animación del cineasta Fernando Trueba y del artista y diseñador Javier Mariscal”.

The New York Times menciona para la película *Chico y Rita*:

- Dirección: “La película fue dirigida por Fernando Trueba, cineasta responsable del crucial documental sobre jazz cubano "Calle 54"; Javier Mariscal, artista y diseñador español”.
- Banda sonora: “Toda una paleta de sentimientos -capricho y dolor, anhelo y risa- puede experimentarse en la música, que combina algunas melodías antiguas con nuevas composiciones de Bebo Valdés”.
- Animación: “es un recordatorio no sólo de la vitalidad estética de la animación bidimensional dibujada a mano”.
- Fotografía: “Si "*Chico y Rita*" no consigue transmitir toda la pasión de su historia, se debe principalmente a los límites del estilo gráfico de la película, que enfatiza la sensualidad ondulante de los cuerpos y los rostros a expensas de la precisión emocional”, “los fondos, especialmente en las calles de La Habana, que están exquisitamente representadas y meticulosamente coloreadas”.

Tabla 42. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Chico y Rita* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción		-	
Dirección	x	-	x
Interpretación		-	
Película extranjera		-	
Animación	x	-	x
Guion		-	
Dirección de Arte		-	
Canción Original		-	
Efectos Visuales		-	
Maquillaje		-	
Fotografía		-	x

Sonido		-	
Banda Sonora		-	X
Montaje		-	
Vestuario		-	

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona para la película *Klaus*:

- Animación: “Se trata de una película de animación de la vieja escuela”.
- Dirección: “El director es el experimentado Sergio Pablos, que contribuyó a Hércules y Tarzán de Disney y coescribió Despicable Me de Illuminations, y ahora asimila varios de los aspectos más atractivos de esos títulos. También representa un intento medio decente de recuperar el diseño angular de los personajes y el humor irreverente que Disney abandonó tras el fracaso comercial de la infravalorada The Emperor's New Groove”.
- Guion: “necesita guionistas capaces de compensar la sacarina y reforzar los logros visuales”.
- Fotografía: “necesita guionistas capaces de compensar la sacarina y reforzar los logros visuales”.
- Montaje: “hay idiosincrasias interesantes, como un despliegue narrativo inusual”.

The New York Times menciona para *Klaus*:

- Interpretación: “Jason Schwartzman hace un trabajo casi demasiado bueno poniendo voz a un personaje irritante”.
- Fotografía: “Los fondos y el diseño de los personajes de la academia de correos recuerdan a la versión de 1959” de “La Bella Durmiente” “ofrece unos efectos visuales tan agradables”.

Tabla 43. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Klaus* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción		-	
Dirección	x	-	
Interpretación		-	x
Película extranjera		-	
Animación	x	-	
Guion	x	-	
Dirección de Arte		-	
Canción Original		-	
Efectos Visuales		-	
Maquillaje		-	
Fotografía	x	-	x
Sonido		-	
Banda Sonora		-	
Montaje	x	-	
Vestuario		-	

Fuente: Elaboración propia

The Guardian menciona para la película de *Dolor y Gloria*:

- Dirección: “es otra obra profundamente personal de Almodóvar que mezcla la autobiografía con la ficción con un efecto poderoso”.
- Interpretación: “En el centro está Banderas, que hace la interpretación de su vida en un papel que, tras su triunfo en Cannes, seguramente exige el reconocimiento del Oscar”.

Sydney Morning Herald menciona para la película de *Dolor y Gloria*:

- Dirección: “Las películas de Almodóvar se han vuelto más autobiográficas a medida que envejece, aunque no de forma directa”.
- Interpretación: “Banderas se transforma en este papel: demacrado, pálido, atormentado por sus recuerdos, pero aún así con una calidez que hace fácil creer que tiene toda una vida de gran trabajo a sus espaldas”.

The New York Times menciona para la película de *Dolor y Gloria*:

- Dirección: “en la sublime "Dolor y gloria" de Pedro Almodóvar”.
- Interpretación: “La melancólica presencia de Banderas y su sutil e intrincada interpretación añaden profundidad e intensidad a los sentimientos”.

Tabla 44. Mención de aspectos de las críticas de la película *Dolor y Gloria* de los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times** según las categorías de nominaciones a los premios Oscar.

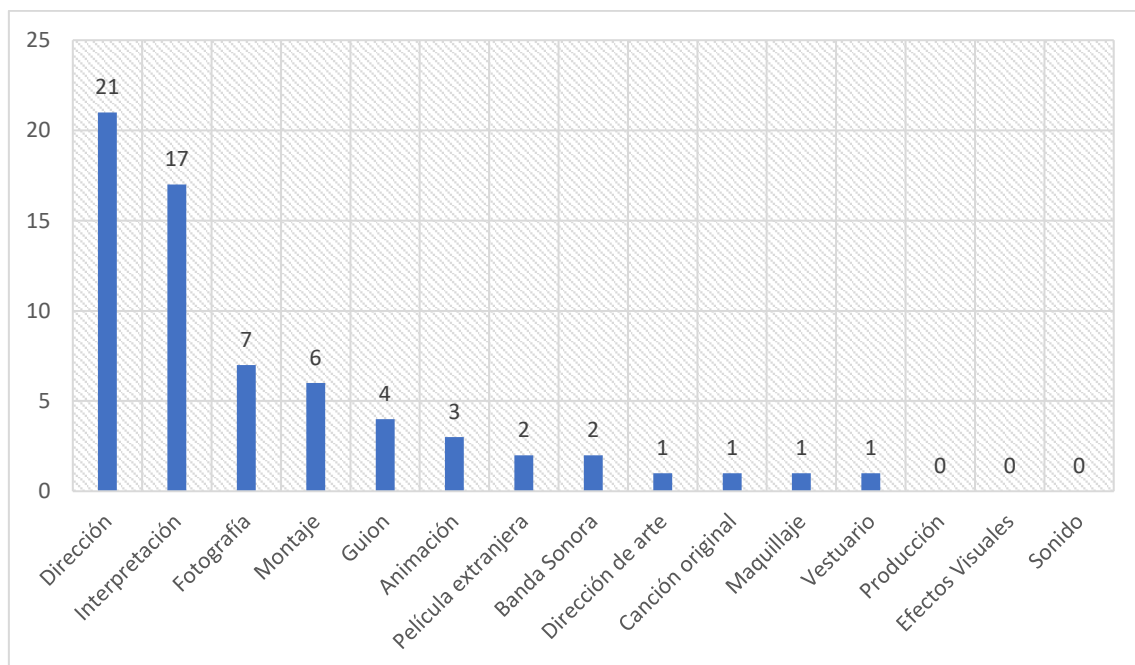
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Producción			
Dirección	x	x	x
Interpretación	x	x	x
Película extranjera			
Animación			
Guion			
Dirección de Arte			
Canción Original			
Efectos Visuales			
Maquillaje			
Fotografía			
Sonido			
Banda Sonora			
Montaje			

Vestuario			
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Fuente: Elaboración propia

La categoría de dirección queda mencionada en 20 de las 21 críticas. Interpretación en 17; fotografía en 7; montaje en 6; guion en 4; animación en 3; película extranjera y banda sonora en 2; y dirección de arte, canción original, maquillaje y vestuario en 1. Finalmente, las categorías de producción, efectos visuales y sonido no aparecen representadas en ninguna crítica.

Gráfico 6. Mención de aspectos ordenados regresivamente de las críticas de las películas de la muestra seleccionada en los medios **The Guardian**, **Sydney Morning Herald** y **The New York Times**.



Fuente: Elaboración propia

5.4 Más de la mitad de las nominaciones son mencionadas en las críticas

La lista de películas escogida en la muestra tiene numerosas nominaciones a los premios Oscar. Esto quiere decir que han sido largometrajes sobresalientes en estos aspectos. Estudiamos si los medios elegidos mencionan estos aspectos en sus críticas.

La película *Mar adentro* cuenta con dos nominaciones: mejor película internacional y mejor maquillaje. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que:

- El medio **The Guardian** menciona el aspecto de mejor maquillaje.
- El medio **The New York Times** menciona el aspecto de mejor película extranjera.

<i>Mar Adentro</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Película extranjera		-	x
Maquillaje	x	-	

La película *Volver* fue nominada en la categoría de mejor actriz principal. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que los tres medios mencionan este aspecto en sus críticas.

<i>Volver</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Interpretación	x	x	x

La película *el Laberinto del Fauno* es el largometraje con mayor número de nominaciones, 6 en total: mejor película extranjera, mejor guion original, mejor fotografía, mejor maquillaje, mejor dirección artística y mejor banda sonora. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que tan solo el medio **The Guardian** menciona el aspecto de mejor fotografía en su crítica.

<i>El Laberinto del Fauno</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Película extranjera			
Guion			
Fotografía	x		

Maquillaje			
Dirección de arte			
Banda sonora			

La película *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* obtuvo la nominación a mejor actriz de reparto. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que los tres medios hacen mención a este aspecto en sus críticas.

<i>Vicky Cristina Barcelona</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Interpretación	x	x	x

La película *Biutiful* obtuvo dos nominaciones: Mejor actor principal y mejor película extranjera. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que:

- La categoría de interpretación es mencionada en los tres medios
- La categoría de mejor película extranjera es mencionada tan solo en el medio **Sydney Morning Herald**.

<i>Biutiful</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Película extranjera		x	
Interpretación	x	x	x

La película *Chico y Rita* obtuvo la nominación a mejor largometraje de animación. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que ambos medios abordan este aspecto en sus críticas.

<i>Chico y Rita</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Animación	x	-	x

La película *Klaus* obtuvo la nominación a mejor largometraje de animación. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que solo el medio **The Guardian** aborda este aspecto en su crítica.

<i>Klaus</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Animación	x	-	

La película *Dolor y gloria* fue nominada en la categoría de mejor película de habla no inglesa. Según la mención de aspectos analizada anteriormente observamos que ninguno de los tres medios hace mención a esta categoría.

<i>Dolor y gloria</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
Película extranjera			

Si transformamos estos datos en porcentajes observamos que:

- En *Mar Adentro* existe una relación de 50% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De 4 posibles menciones encontramos 2.
- En *Volver* existe una relación de 100% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 3 posibles menciones encontramos 3.
- En *El Laberinto del Fauno* existe una relación del 5% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 18 posibles encontramos 1.
- En *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* existe una relación de 100% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 3 posibles encontramos 3.

- En *Biutiful* existe una relación de 66% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 6 posibles encontramos 4.
- En *Chico y Rita* existe una relación de 100% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 2 posibles encontramos 2.
- En *Klaus* existe una relación de 50% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 2 posibles encontramos 1.
- En *Dolor y Gloria* existe una relación de 0% entre las nominaciones y las menciones. De las 3 posibles encontramos 0.

Por consiguiente, haciendo la media de porcentajes de todas las películas encontramos que existe una relación de 59% entre las nominaciones a los premios Oscar y las críticas en los medios **The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald y The New York Times**.

5.5 Comienza a perderse la marca España

Estudiamos el número de repeticiones de las palabras “España” y “español” en las críticas de la muestra de las películas seleccionadas en los medios **The Guardian, Sydney Morning Herald y The New York Times**. Encontramos que:

En las críticas de *Mar Adentro* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 2 y “España” 2.

<i>Mar Adentro</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	-	2
España	1	-	1

En las críticas de *Volver* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 5 y “España” 6.

<i>Volver</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	3	2
España	0	5	1

En las críticas de *El Laberinto del Fauno* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 7 y “España” 9.

<i>El Laberinto del Fauno</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	1	1	5
España	4	3	2

En las críticas de *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 5 y “España” 4.

<i>Vicky Cirstina Barcelona</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	1	2	2
España	1	1	2

En las críticas de *Biutiful* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 0 y “España” 0.

<i>Biutiful</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	0	0
España	0	0	0

En las críticas de *Chico y Rita* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 1 y “España” 0.

<i>Chico y Rita</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	-	1
España	0	0	0

En las críticas de *Klaus* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 0 y “España” 0.

<i>Klaus</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	0	0
España	0	0	0

En las críticas de *Dolor y gloria* el número de veces que se repite “español” es 2 y “España” 0.

<i>Dolor y Gloria</i>			
	The Guardian	Sydney Morning Herald	The New York Times
español	0	1	1
España	0	0	0

A medida que los años van transcurriendo, parece que las críticas internacionales de nuestras películas van olvidándose de la marca España. Encontramos una regresión en el uso de estos términos “España” y “español”. Sumando las cifras de ambas palabras en los tres medios vemos:

- *Mar Adentro* (2004): 4 menciones
- *El Laberinto del Fauno* (2006): 16 menciones

- *Volver* (2006): 11 menciones
- *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2010): 9 menciones
- *Biutiful* (2010): 0 menciones
- *Chico y Rita* (2010): 1 mención
- *Klaus* (2019): 0 menciones
- *Dolor y Gloria* (2019): 2 menciones

6. Conclusiones

Según el Anuario de Estadísticas Culturales 2020, proporcionado por el Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte, España es el cuarto país de la Unión Europea en destinar mayor empleo a la cultura, con un total del 3,6% del total. Solo le superan Francia, Alemania e Italia.

Dentro del Producto Interior Bruto de España, la aportación de la actividad audiovisual y multimedia supone un 0,69%, incrementándose cada año. También supone el 28,3% del total del PIB cultural.

Tabla 45. Aportación de las actividades culturales al Producto Interior Bruto por sectores

	2015	2016	2017(P)	2018(P)
VALORES ABSOLUTOS (Millones de euros)	26.443	27.186	28.299	29.432
Patrimonio, archivos y bibliotecas	2.579	2.557	2.497	2.492
Libros y prensa	7.389	7.334	7.199	7.169
Artes plásticas	4.914	5.136	5.403	6.003
Artes escénicas	2.578	2.668	3.117	3.182
Audiovisual y multimedia	6.989	7.456	7.885	8.323
Interdisciplinar	1.994	2.034	2.198	2.263
EN PORCENTAJE DEL PIB TOTAL	2,5	2,4	2,4	2,4
Patrimonio, archivos y bibliotecas	0,24	0,23	0,21	0,21
Libros y prensa	0,69	0,66	0,62	0,60
Artes plásticas	0,46	0,46	0,47	0,50
Artes escénicas	0,24	0,24	0,27	0,26
Audiovisual y multimedia	0,65	0,67	0,68	0,69
Interdisciplinar	0,19	0,18	0,19	0,19
EN PORCENTAJE DEL PIB CULTURAL	100	100	100	100
Patrimonio, archivos y bibliotecas	9,8	9,4	8,8	8,5
Libros y prensa	27,9	27,0	25,4	24,4
Artes plásticas	18,6	18,9	19,1	20,4
Artes escénicas	9,7	9,8	11,0	10,8
Audiovisual y multimedia	26,4	27,4	27,9	28,3
Interdisciplinar	7,5	7,5	7,8	7,7

Fuente: Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

Tabla 46. Indicadores armonizados europeos vinculado a la cultura por país.
Unión Europea

	TOTAL (En miles)		En porcentaje del total de empleo	
	2018	2019	2018	2019
UNIÓN EUROPEA 27	7.270,6	7.357,8	3,7	3,7
Bélgica	204,6	204,6	4,3	4,2
Bulgaria	84,8	88,5	2,7	2,7
República Checa	197,5	192,8	3,7	3,6
Dinamarca	119,9	125,3	4,2	4,4
Alemania	1.661,3	1.677,0	4,0	4,0
Estonia	37,2	34,0	5,6	5,1
Irlanda	77,5	76,0	3,4	3,3
Grecia	128,7	129,4	3,4	3,3
España	690,3	714,3	3,6	3,6
Francia	949,3	963,1	3,5	3,5
Croacia	54,2	60,4	3,3	3,6
Italia	830,7	834,5	3,6	3,6
Chipre	13,8	14,0	3,5	3,4
Letonia	32,7	32,0	3,6	3,5
Lituania	55,5	53,7	4,0	3,9
Luxemburgo	14,9	14,7	5,3	5,1
Hungría	150,1	164,0	3,4	3,6
Malta	12,4	13,1	5,2	5,2
Países Bajos	408,4	430,2	4,6	4,8
Austria	180,3	181,3	4,2	4,2
Polonia	586,0	548,5	3,6	3,3
Portugal	160,6	167,4	3,3	3,4
Rumania	141,0	135,7	1,6	1,6
Eslovenia	46,4	48,6	4,7	4,9
Eslovaquia	71,6	73,8	2,8	2,9
Finlandia	125,7	131,5	4,9	5,1
Suecia	235,4	249,3	4,6	4,9

Fuente: EUROSTAT. DATABASE. <http://ec.europa.eu/eurostat/data/database>

Fuente: Ministerio de Cultura y Deporte

La industria cinematográfica crece cada año en España en cuanto a lo que a producción se refiere.

La hipótesis 1, “el cine español está valorado positivamente a nivel nacional”, queda refrendada a través del resultado 5.1 en el que tan solo han sido encontradas dos críticas negativas, y las positivas ganaban en número a las neutras. Por tanto, podemos afirmar que el cine español tiene una buena acogida entre el público anglosajón.

La segunda hipótesis queda invalidada, ya que ha resultado ser falso que “las películas españolas con reparto internacional tienen mejores críticas que las películas con reparto nacional”. En las críticas de Vicky Cristina Barcelona, la única película con reparto internacional, la interpretación no española queda relegada a segundo plano, destacando en los tres medios las actuaciones de Javier Bardem y Penélope Cruz.

En cuanto al objetivo 3, se ha encontrado un patrón repetitivo: los tres medios han resultado tener las mismas palabras que más se repiten en sus críticas. También presentan enfoques similares. Esto puede dar lugar a una nueva vía de investigación: ¿Por qué resultan tan similares las críticas de películas españolas en medios anglosajones? ¿Puede que sea porque los tres medios son de tirada nacional y apuestan por un público amplio y similar? ¿Es porque no son medios especializados en cine y utilizan un lenguaje sencillo para un público estándar? ¿Es porque representan un eslabón más dentro de la industria capitalista cultural cinematográfica cuya función es alentar o refrendar el consumo de ciertas películas en las que detrás hay algún tipo de interés? ¿Es porque al ser tres países anglosajones comparten la misma cultura y modo de entender nuestro cine?

Atendiendo al punto de vista de la regresión de la marca España también puede abrirse una nueva línea de investigación. ¿Por qué las críticas están dejando de mencionar y matizar que el cine español es español?

Es cierto que la globalización está ganando terreno en todos los ámbitos. Por no decir que ya los ha ganado. Pero ¿está directamente relacionada con este fenómeno social en el que las fronteras están cada vez más cerca y difusas? ¿O se trata de otro asunto?

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8. Anexos

Las siguientes 21 transcripciones corresponden a las críticas en inglés usadas en la muestra.

8.1 *The Sea Inside* (2004). The Guardian

"Alejandro Amenábar has intrigued and wrong-footed audiences in the past with smart pictures like his psychological thriller *Open Your Eyes* (remade as *Vanilla Sky* with Tom Cruise) and also *The Others*, an elegant, Jamesian ghost story starring Nicole Kidman. His new film is an extraordinarily shallow euthanasia weepie, but it has none the less been nominated for a best foreign film Oscar, the Academy evidently feeling more than comfortable with this unchallenging issue movie - which fudges the issue.

The Sea Inside is based on the true story of Ramón Sampedro, a man with quadriplegia who campaigned in Spain for the right to end his own life. Javier Bardem plays Sampedro, a former ship's mechanic who broke his neck as a young man in a diving accident and for nearly 30 years has been looked after by his farmer brother José (Celso Bugallo) and his hard-pressed family, while he pursues his legal case.

Ramón's struggle comes to a crisis when two women separately enter his life: a beautiful lawyer Julia (Belén Rueda) who has reasons for her own for supporting his cause, and Rosa (Lola Dueñas) a local amateur DJ and single mother who falls in love with Ramón and wants to persuade him to embrace life.

The actors do a decent job, but Amenábar's score (which he has composed himself) is sucrose and intrusive and the film often looks simply like a very classy TV movie which embraces the clichés. Ramón himself is droll, humorous, flirtatious and courageous in the approved Hollywood Disabled Person manner.

The only section in which the issues come close to being addressed is a scene in which a Catholic priest with quadriplegia visits Ramón and angrily denounces what he sees as the cant and humbug surrounding the whole idea of "dying with dignity" - if he wants to commit suicide, why doesn't he just say so? This coyness extends to the movie itself: the painful moment of truth for Ramón, when it arrives, is portrayed with a tactfully evasive curtailment and it comes after an outrageously perfunctory Damascene

conversion on Rosa's part. A nice performance from Bardem cannot offer much compensation for this very mediocre film”.

8.2 *The Sea Inside* (2004) The New York Times

“As the camera restlessly circles the sky and the ocean, taking in the radiance of northern Spain, *“The Sea Inside,”* the story of a quadriplegic activist fighting for the right to die, struggles to transcend the disease-of-the-week genre to which it belongs. Yet there is no escaping the fact that the true story of Ramón Sampedro, a former ship's mechanic seeking a final exit after three decades of agonizing immobility, is defined by its theme.

To its credit, the movie avoids becoming a formulaic dialogue that pits religious and secular cheerleaders against one another in predigested arguments. Even so, the characters (some of them composites) often feel like schematic formulations intended to balance the story. And the deepest philosophical questions posed by euthanasia are only glancingly addressed, most often in Ramón's bitterly ironic remarks. The film fails to convey the claustrophobic terror experienced by a man who called his book *“Letters From Hell.”*

Sensitively portrayed by the great Spanish actor Javier Bardem, Ramón regards his life in the wake of a crippling accident in his mid-20's as a cruel, cosmic joke. In his imagination, he is still as he was before: a Zorba-like force of nature who once sailed the world. Now the only thing sustaining his spirit is his acute mind, which torments him with dreams of a physical life that is just a memory.

In the film's most remarkable sequence, Ramón, bedridden in his family's house in Galicia overlooking the sea, suddenly stirs, then lurches unsteadily to his feet. For a second, you wonder if his condition all these years has been an elaborate hoax, or if a miracle has occurred. As he steals out of the house and flies to the beach to join his beautiful lawyer Julia (Belén Rueda), the Puccini aria *“Nessun dorma,”* which he is playing on a phonograph, swells over the soundtrack, and they fall into a rapturous embrace. Then Ramón snaps to attention. It's only a fantasy that the filmmaker Alejandro Amenábar has milked for its last drop of heartbreaking impossibility.

Because Julia, who is helping Ramón prepare his latest court case challenging the laws against euthanasia, is also seriously ill, he believes that she will be especially

sympathetic to his cause. When, later in the film, she falls downstairs and calls out for help to a man who obviously can't come to her rescue, the situation feels like an arm-twisting emotional ploy.

Mr. Amenábar, the gifted 32-year-old director of "The Others" and "Open Your Eyes" (later remade as "Vanilla Sky"), is clearly fixated on the shadowy area between life, death and the spirit world. This time he forsakes science fiction and ghost stories to put his spin on a famous case history.

On Jan. 12, 1998, the 55-year-old Sampedro ended his life by drinking cyanide in an elaborately planned ritual that was videotaped and shown on Spanish television. His assisted suicide involved 10 collaborators, in addition to a cameraman. Each participant in the step-by-step process contributed to the ritual without having enough knowledge of the process to be legally indicted for murder. After his death, hundreds of supporters of his cause wrote letters, confessing to having aided and abetted him.

"The Sea Inside" presents a teasing paradox. Unambiguously pro-euthanasia on one hand, it shows how Ramón, bedridden and unable to move, infused many of those around him with a charged sense of life's possibility. Mr. Bardem, acting above the neck (except in brief flashbacks and fantasies), creates a complicated male character, volatile and witty, with a poet's soul. An excellent makeup job has given the 35-year-old actor the thinning, grayish hair and doughy pallor of a physically inactive man 20 years his senior.

We meet the members of Ramón's religious farming family, who slave to keep him alive but refuse to help him in his battle to die with dignity. Surrounding him are his father, Joaquín (Joan Dalmau); his angry brother, José (Celso Bugallo), who vehemently opposes any suicidal assistance; Ramón's attentive sister-in-law, Manuela (Mabel Rivera); and his young nephew, Javi (Tamar Novas), who regards his uncle as a father figure. Frequent visitors include Gené (Clara Segura), a right-to-die activist, and her boyfriend, Marc (Francesc Garrido).

Two women enter his life. The first, Julia, embraces his cause, becomes his soul mate, and helps him produce a book of poems. The second, Rosa (Lola Dueñas), is a beleaguered single mother with two children, who visits Ramón after seeing him on television and falls in love. When she tries to convince him that his life is worth living,

he caustically suggests that she is really seeking some meaning to her own life. Anyone who really loves him, he insists, will help him die. Will she or won't she?

In the end, suspenseful narrative devices that worked so effectively in a gothic fantasy like "The Others" feel contrived when applied to what's supposed to be a true story of life, death and the living hell from which Ramón finally escapes".

8.3 *Volver* (2006) The Guardian

With its overwhelming richness, its colour and warmth, Pedro Almodóvar's new movie is set to capture your heart. *Volver* seemed guilelessly wonderful when I first saw it earlier this year in Cannes. Now it looks even better. The picture's ingenuities and contrivances just seem to float out of the screen, like psychedelic moodshapes. I found myself floating right along with them.

His last two films, *Bad Education* and *Talk To Her*, were impressive, though I never quite felt the unconditional rapture of the true Almodóvar believer. This new film, being more modest in its scope, and somehow less obviously extravagant, achieves more with its rhetorical flourishes and narrative display. There is something so playful and gorgeous about it, and certainly something gorgeous about Penélope Cruz: although the film is notable in that romantic love is quite irrelevant. Cruz's beauty appears in an altogether different love-context: that of a mother's passionate love for her daughter. *Volver*, (in English, *Coming Home* or *Coming Back*), is a gripping melodrama inspired by the trash TV that is a soundtrack to its characters' lives. Penélope Cruz is Raimunda, a hard-working woman with a teenage daughter, Paula (Yohana Cobo), and a feckless, layabout husband. With her sister Sole (Lola Dueñas) she tends to the graves of her parents, and visits her ailing Aunt Paula (Chus Lampreave), who is heartrendingly in the final stages of dementia. Raimunda's family life shatters with one terrible act of violence, and there is a secret about her late mother Irene (Carmen Maura) that surfaces when Irene returns from beyond the grave to make contact with her astonished daughters.

So *Volver* is a ghost story. Or is it? As the movie drifts along the periphery of the supernatural, I went into a trance, which Almodóvar induces with a master's confidence. All the

movie's secrets are rolled out in a narrative design that is exuberant and elegant. Its cinematography and art direction, by José Luis Alcaine and Salvador Parra, give everything an intensity that, like previous Almodóvar films, has the feel of a Douglas Sirk film. Almodóvar has something of Sirk's passionate empathy with women, mixed with a gay sensibility - though the film is unlike Sirk's in that men are entirely marginal. In its vividness and intense, almost neurotic sensitivity to colour, particularly the colour red, it also looks like a Hitchcock thriller.

There is a wonderful overhead shot of Raimunda washing up a bloodstained knife in the kitchen sink. On the left of the screen, we see the implement of violence in the plastic bowl above the soiled plates, and on the right there is the glistening crown of Raimunda's glorious raven hair and her magnificent cleavage - the size of which her mother is later wonderingly to remark upon, and in which nestles an enamel miniature of the crucified Christ. The image goes beyond camp, and certainly beyond desire, into a feminised world in which work, survival and family love are paramount. A neighbour asks about the bloodstain on her neck, and quick-thinking Raimunda says it is merely "women's trouble": a laugh line that relieves the tension, but is also nothing more nor less than the truth.

When Cruz struts with unselfconscious sexiness through the streets, carrying a rounded, wiggling behind that might almost be prosthetic, she resembles the young Sophia Loren. She moves, however, without the soundtrack of wolf-whistles that earlier ages might have composed for her. There are a couple of men in the picture who are in love with Raimunda, but they are tentative and almost reticent in their adoration.

Her real relationship is with her daughter, her sister, her mother and with her garrulous women-friends and neighbours - all chattering, laughing and, at a funeral, mumbling prayers like a swarm of pious, black-clad bees. But of course, Cruz is intensely engaged with one man: Almodóvar himself, who manages to draw out her presence like a ductile material and spread it all over his movie. Only Cruz could have carried off those hoop earrings, as big as soup-plates, and on anyone else her black top with the flowery design might have looked as if it came from Primark. On her it looks sensational, and its floral motif is carried over into the final credit sequence.

It is this context of beauty, richly sensual without being sexual, that makes the gestures of tragicomedy and

passion so affecting. When Raimunda says to her miraculously returned mother: "I don't know how I have lived all these years without you ..." it is absurd, and comic, but also intensely poignant. And as often in the past, Almodóvar makes a song a central moment in the film. Raimunda has abandoned her dreary day jobs to take over an absent friend's restaurant and cater for a visiting movie crew. Here, she impulsively decides to sing to the assembled company a showstopping lament about the return of past lives and loves - an irresistibly generous and emotional event.

No other director has as much swoon factor as Pedro Almodóvar: the texture of his movie-making is quite unique. *Volver* could have gone on for another hour or two: there seemed so much more to say. What a triumph for this great European director who just seems to get better and better.

8.4 *Volver* (2006) Sydney Morning Herald

Volver, in Spanish, is the verb "to come back", but the title has several meanings. This is a Pedro Almodovar film, after all. It's partly about the district in La Mancha in central Spain where he was born and spent the first eight years of his life. He pays tribute to the women of the region, who spend their lives drying out in the howling east winds that make people there crazy.

Indeed, a narration at the start says a village in this area of Spain has the highest levels of insanity in the country, which is probably not true, but sets you wondering how they would measure it.

The opening shot has the wind blowing dust across a small cemetery, where Penelope Cruz, in head scarf, tends her parents' marble grave. She's Raimunda, a dark-eyed beauty with big hoops, hips and breasts, a much more luscious Cruz than we've been used to seeing since she went to Hollywood. Raimunda is with her sister Soledad (Lola Duenas) and Raimunda's 12-year-old daughter, Paula (Yohana Cobo). They have come to La Mancha to visit an old aunt (Chus Lampreave) who is dying.

The cemetery is full of women tending graves, many of which are empty. The tradition, says the narration, is that people buy their graves early and look after them for years, until they move in. It's a small city of the dead but the living play an active part. The film is about the way the opposite

is also true. The dead may come back and play an equally active part, even if you don't want them to.

These are strange beginnings for Almodovar. He is not usually given to sentimental praise of Spain's native culture. Quite the opposite, in fact. He based his career on the rejection of Franco, fascism and conservative family values. Now he's returning to the backward Spain he hated in order to sing its praises? Well, not exactly.

There are enough shots of dark gatherings of men to suggest his ambivalence continues but any great artist eventually confronts death and for Almodovar that means the death of his mother. And his memories of her are bound up with this place and these hardy, practical, immensely resourceful women. That's probably the main thing on his mind this time round.

In *Volver*, Raimunda's mother comes back, and she's played by Carmen Maura, the star of many of his early films. Almodovar and Maura had a very public bust-up after their greatest triumph together (*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, from 1988). Her return to his fold 18 years later is like a symbolic return from the dead - but first, there is a murder.

Raimunda lives in Madrid with her unemployed husband, Paco (Antonio de la Torre), and Paula. She works several jobs, including hotel cleaning, to keep them going. When Paula meets her at the bus stop one day with tears in her eyes, we can guess what has happened. We've seen how he looked at Paula, even spying on her as she changes clothes. At home, Raimunda finds Paco in a pool of blood on the kitchen floor.

Her response is ruthlessly practical. She mops up the blood and puts Paco in the fridge. When a neighbour drops in the keys to his restaurant, which he is selling, she and Paula move the body to the freezer there. The restaurant is supposed to stay closed until sold but a visiting film crew needs some catering. Raimunda sees an opportunity. She's nothing if not adaptable.

The old aunt dies in La Mancha while this is happening. Soledad returns for the funeral and is shocked when her long dead mother, Irene (Maura), appears in the house of the neighbour, Agustina (Blanca Portillo). No one else in the village thinks this is odd; they've all seen dead loved ones around the village.

The style of *Volver* isn't broadly comic, although the set-up clearly is. Almodovar's films are always suspended between tragedy and farce but this one seems like a mournful comedy rather than a jocular one. That's probably because he's thinking about death and paying tribute to his own mother.

After the wildly creative inventions of Almodovar's recent films (from *All about My Mother* in 1999 and *Talk to Her* in 2002 to *Bad Education* in 2004), *Volver* feels slightly less acute, even though it has been highly decorated (it won best screenplay at Cannes last year and a joint award for "best actresses"). I was less surprised by its plot twists, which are more like those in other Spanish comedies.

The quality of exaggeration has always defined Almodovar's work - it's the basis of his camp aesthetic. It may be that that works best when it opposes traditional Spain - but *Volver* is about going back, embracing the place he left behind. If the film is not as fabulously overstated as usual, the compensation is that it's heartfelt. Almodovar loves women and seeing him work again with Maura is its own reward; so is seeing Cruz playing someone so ripely Spanish.

8.5 *Volver* (2006). The New York Times

The action in "*Volver*" moves back and forth between a workaday neighborhood in Madrid and a windswept village in the Spanish countryside. Really, though, the movie takes place in a familiar, enchanted land — Almodóvaria, you might call it, or maybe Pedrostán— where every room and street corner is saturated with bright color and vivid feeling and where discordant notes of violence, jealousy and fear ultimately resolve in the deeper harmonies of art.

Pedro Almodóvar, the benevolent deity of this world, has revealed it — or, rather, created it — piece by piece from one film to the next. His two previous movies, "*Talk to Her*" (2002) and "*Bad Education*" (2004), explored previously uncharted regions of masculine melodrama, while "*Volver*," whose title can be translated as "to return," revisits the woman-centered territory of "*All About My Mother*" (1999) and "*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*" (1988). Drawing on influences ranging from Latin American telenovelas to classic Hollywood weepies and on an iconography of female endurance that includes Anna Magnani and Joan Crawford, Mr. Almodóvar has made yet

another picture that moves beyond camp into a realm of wise, luxuriant humanism.

“Volver,” full of surprises and reversals, unfolds with breathtaking ease and self-confidence. It is in some ways a smaller, simpler film than either “Talk to Her” or “Bad Education,” choosing to tell its story without flashbacks or intricate parallel plots, but it is no less the work of a master. And it’s a testament to the filmmaker’s generosity of spirit that he effectively hands the movie over to its ensemble of lively and resourceful actresses, and in particular to its star, Penélope Cruz.

Ms. Cruz plays Raimunda, a hard-working woman pulled in every direction by terrible events and by the needs of the women around her. At one point in the film she answers a knock on the door from her neighbor, Emilio (Carlos Blanco), one of the tiny, mostly superfluous handful of men who appear on screen. Emilio, who clearly has a crush on Raimunda, notices a streak of blood on her neck and asks if she’s all right. “Women’s troubles,” she says with a quick smile, which is both a startlingly risqué joke and the literal truth.

Such troubles! The blood belongs to her husband, Paco (Antonio de la Torre), who has recently expired in a bright crimson pool on the kitchen floor after taking a carving knife to the belly. His killing is not exactly to be shrugged off — and he does eventually receive a proper burial of sorts — but he is not exactly mourned either. Men, for Raimunda and her circle, tend to be malevolent, irrelevant or simply absent: straying husbands, predators, dead bodies. They cause a fair amount of trouble, but the point of “Volver” is that it’s not about them.

It is about what American feminists of an earlier era called sisterhood, and also about the complicated bonds of kinship and friendship that Mr. Almodóvar observed as a child growing up among women in traditional, patriarchal, gender-separated (and fascist) Spain. Raimunda’s troubles may be extreme, but she bustles through them with passionate determination, making room for every emotion except self-pity. There are too many other people who need her sympathy, above all her teenage daughter, Paula (Yohana Cobo), who was subject to Paco’s lecherous, unwelcome attention. Raimunda must also tend to Sole (the wonderful Lola Dueñas), her sister, whose face registers loneliness and disappointment even as she tries to radiate busyness and good cheer; to their elderly Aunt Paula (Chus Lampreave); and to Agustina (Blanca Portillo), a neighbor

whose sorrows could easily fill another movie. There is also a restaurant to run (it's Emilio's, but Raimunda takes over in his absence) and, on the other side of the screen, an audience to tease, charm, provoke and wrap around one of her long, expressive fingers.

With this role Ms. Cruz inscribes her name near the top of any credible list of present-day flesh-and-blood screen goddesses, in no small part because she manages to be earthy, unpretentious and a little vulgar without shedding an ounce of her natural glamour. What's more, Mr. Almodóvar has had the sly inspiration to cast Carmen Maura, one of the stars of his early, madcap period, as Raimunda's mother, who seems to have returned from the dead to add a touch of the gothic (and the surreal) to the proceedings. Ms. Maura's warm good humor is a crucial element in the film's emotional design. It is a chronicle, mostly, of tragedy and horror, rendered in bright, happy colors.

To relate the details of the narrative — death, cancer, betrayal, parental abandonment, more death — would create an impression of dreariness and woe. But nothing could be further from the spirit of “*Volver*,” which is buoyant without being flip, and consoling without ever becoming maudlin. Mr. Almodóvar acknowledges misfortune — and takes it seriously — from a perspective that is essentially comic. Very few filmmakers have managed to smile so convincingly in the face of misery and fatality: Jean Renoir and Billy Wilder come immediately to mind, and Mr. Almodóvar, if he is not yet their equal, surely belongs in their company. “*Volver*” is often dazzling in its artifice — José Luis Alcaín's ripe cinematography, Alberto Iglesias's suave, heart-tugging score — but it is never false. It draws you in, invites you to linger and makes you eager to return. It offers something better than realism. The real world, after all, is where we all have to live; for some of us, though, Mr. Almodóvar's world is home.

8.6 *Pan's Labyrinth* (2006). The Guardian

A bold juxtaposition of real and unreal worlds is at the heart of Guillermo del Toro's visually inventive fantasy about Franco-ite Spain. It's so audacious and so technically accomplished, and arrives here garlanded with so many radiant superlatives, that I wish I liked it more. The film's political dimension is never quite as lavishly or as enthusiastically achieved as its fantasy life, however, and its energies are asymmetric: the surface world of history is

clogged compared to the sheer energy of its subterranean dreamscape.

Like Del Toro's 2001 picture *The Devil's Backbone*, Pan's Labyrinth is about the Spanish civil war. It is 1944; the struggle against the Republicans has been won in Spain. D-Day, and Hitler's imminent collapse in Europe, are distant and unwelcome rumours. A fierce Franco-ite Captain Vidal, played by the incomparably sinister Sergi López, prepares to welcome his pregnant bride to the family home in the forest, which he is reinforcing as a military redoubt because it is surrounded by Republican guerrillas holding out in the woods. His new wife Carmen (Adriana Gil) is a widow who has accepted Vidal's proposal of marriage out of loneliness; Ofélia (Ivana Baquero), her daughter by her first marriage, is terrified of this wicked stepfather, as well she might be. On the very first night, Vidal brutally beats and murders two suspected Republicans - a horribly violent scene - putting his bad-guy status beyond doubt.

Ofélia has somewhere to escape. This intelligent, bookish child has discovered a secret labyrinth beneath the house inhabited by a magnificent, awe-inspiring faun who hails Ofélia as a Princess, but tells her she must carry out terrifying tasks to enter into her destiny; this she does, without telling the grown-ups of this strange other world beneath their feet. Nor is Ofélia the only double agent in the film. Vidal's housekeeper and doctor have treacherous Republican sympathies.

Fascism is perhaps the ultimate example of that sleep of reason which brings forth monsters. Del Toro's monsters are pretty extraordinary. He has said that his designs are influenced by Arthur Rackham, the English Victorian artist who illustrated Lewis Carroll and Shakespeare. This description doesn't do justice to the originality of Del Toro's pictorial devices. At the film's beginning, Ofélia has a little pinafore dress recalling Alice; her name echoes Hamlet's love, but her self-reliance and grit far surpass that passive Shakespearian figure. Maybe her name is a female variant of Orpheus.

At any rate, it is an excellent performance from 12-year-old Baquero. Ofélia must confront a giant and loathsome toad in a claustrophobic tunnel. She must square up to the giant and imperious faun, Pan. Most dauntingly of all, she has to approach the nightmarish figure of the Pale Man, whose eyes are in his hands - he is able to see her when he holds his palms up to the sides of his head. That extraordinary image alone is worth the price of admission.

What do these creatures say about fascism? Or, what does fascism say about them? Del Toro asks us to consider Pan's exotic world side-by-side with political history. We have to consume them on equal terms, like chewing cake and cheese together. It's a bold and intriguing proposition, but I'm not sure it comes off. Del Toro does well to remind us of the cruel reality of Franco's Spain: a fascist state tacitly encouraged by many as a bulwark against communism, and seen by many more as an example of the historical inevitability of extreme nationalism. These are the bad guys who were not defeated, and perhaps Del Toro's fantasy of the ambiguous, tyrannical faun is not merely a dramatising of Ofélia's private anxieties, but a way of working through Spain's collective fear and distrust of its own past. Either way, I felt the movie was a series of four or five brilliant images, like illustrative plates from a Victorian volume, or frames from a graphic novel. There was no overwhelming narrative drive or inner dramatic life to animate them. But what amazing pictures Del Toro dreams up.

8.7 *Pan's Labyrinth* (2006). Sydney Morning Herald

Horror is usually born from the unknown, but what about the horror of the known? The filming of Saddam Hussein's execution has become this kind of horror movie, a chilling mirror of what we're capable of. Pan's Labyrinth finds its bleakest moments in a similar sort of reality.

The film is shockingly violent in a couple of scenes and the violence is in the real world - Franco's Spain in 1944. But part of what makes the film brilliant is its denial of this as the only reality. For the Mexican director Guillermo del Toro, probably the most imaginative fantasist in modern horror, the world always has an underworld, and in this film it might even be a safer place.

Del Toro offers us refuge and respite, even innocence, down among the fairies, satyrs and playful demons of a young girl's imagination. It's not as safe as she thinks, but her innocence is the real refuge and as powerful as anything she has to overcome.

It's as if Lewis Carroll's Alice had wandered into a Francisco Goya painting, particularly the famously gruesome Saturn Devouring His Son, in which an ancient demon has ripped the head off his progeny.

There's a specific reference to this painting when Ofelia (Ivana Baquero), who's about 11, has to confront a demon called the Pale Man. She enters his chamber through a door drawn with chalk. The floor is littered with the shoes of little girls who've preceded her, the walls covered with paintings of how he devoured them.

Her strict instruction is not to eat any of the fabulous food on his table. He sits at its head, a pale face with holes where his eyes should be. The eyeballs are in the stigmata on the palms of his hands. It's enough to curdle one's breakfast, but it's typical of the way del Toro reinvents images from his devoutly Catholic childhood and his Spanish/Mexican heritage.

His films (from *Cronos*, his 1993 debut, to *Hellboy* in 2004) would be unimaginable without the cocktail of death, blood and horns that inflames those cultures. In his case, the awareness of violence is also more personal: he now lives in Los Angeles in self-imposed exile from Mexico, since his father was kidnapped in 1997 and held for ransom for 72 days. "I have seen more than my fair share of corpses," he said in a recent interview. "Certainly more than the average First World guy ... Mexico is still a very violent place. So I do think that some of that element in my films comes from a Mexican sensibility."

Pan's Labyrinth is a more fantastic companion to his 2001 ghost film, *The Devil's Backbone*. That was also set in Spain in 1944 and it dealt with the legacy of fascism through the eyes of a boy orphaned by the war. The new film goes further into the historical legacy: it's about the nature of fascism, as part of the masculine cult of Spain. That may be why most of the good characters are women.

Ofelia and her mother arrive at their new home in the mountains, escorted by troops of Franco's Civil Guard. The fascists have routed the loyalists, except in the high northern forests. Ofelia's real father has died in the civil war; her mother, Carmen (Ariadna Gil), has married Captain Vidal (Sergi Lopez), a man as handsome as he is cruel. He commands a unit that is relentlessly crushing the last of the rebel Maquis. He's a military fashion plate, all pomade and polish, and he wears leather gloves at all times, as if to conceal the blood on his hands. We get a sense of his true nature, and his power, when he murders an old farmer and his son in front of 10 of his men without hesitation. They are suspected of aiding the rebels. Vidal doesn't realise that

Mercedes (Maribel Verdu), his own housekeeper, is also a partisan.

Ofelia's mother is pregnant but gravely ill. Vidal has brought her to this isolated farmhouse, far from a hospital, because "a son should be born near his father". At one point, a civilian doctor (Alex Angulo) warns him of the danger to her health. Vidal tells him if he can't save both, save the baby.

Ofelia feels only contempt for the captain. She retreats into the underworld, guided by a fairy that appears to her first as a strange, flying insect. It leads her to an ancient maze near the farm, where a horned creature - half-man, half-goat - wishes to speak with her.

"Who are you?" she asks. "I've had so many names," he replies disarmingly. We recognise this dark lord, even if she doesn't, but he seems much less threatening than the captain. Ofelia accepts his request to perform three tasks.

Plenty of filmmakers visit this kind of story with little conviction, so they can play with monsters, but del Toro always takes his underworlds seriously. The character of Hellboy, a giant red beast with filed horns, could have been a joke in his last film; instead, he was a complex and dramatic character. The goatman Pan in this film isn't as central in the story but he's quite real, partly because he's played by an actor in make-up (Doug Jones, who also plays the Pale Man), rather than generated by computer.

Ofelia's interaction with him is dramatic, and charged with the latent sexuality that always underlies these mythical stories of transition. For one thing, her willingness to undertake dangerous tasks tells us how deeply she needs to escape the world of the captain.

Pan's Labyrinth is an adult fairytale, certainly not suited to children. Its violence is powerful, and so are its emotions. It's superbly made and very personal for del Toro. He's been growing with each film and this one has been made without compromise.

8.8 *Pan's Labyrinth* (2006). The New York Times

Set in a dark Spanish forest in a very dark time — 1944, when Spain was still in the early stages of the fascist nightmare from which the rest of Europe was painfully starting to awaken — "Pan's Labyrinth" is a political fable in the guise of a fairy tale. Or maybe it's the other way around.

Does the moral structure of the children's story — with its clearly marked poles of good and evil, its narrative of dispossession and vindication — illuminate the nature of authoritarian rule? Or does the movie reveal fascism as a terrible fairy tale brought to life?

The brilliance of "Pan's Labyrinth" is that its current of imaginative energy runs both ways. If this is magic realism, it is also the work of a real magician. The director, Guillermo Del Toro, unapologetically and unpretentiously swears allegiance to a pop-fantasy tradition that encompasses comic books, science fiction and horror movies, but fan-boy pastiche is the last thing on his mind. He is also a thoroughgoing cinephile, steeped in classical technique and film history.

This Mexican-born filmmaker's English-language, Hollywood genre movies — "Blade 2" (2002), "Hellboy" (2004) and the ill-starred but interesting "Mimic" (1997) — have a strangeness and intensity of feeling that sets them apart from others of their kind. In his recent Spanish-language films, "The Devil's Backbone" (2001) and this new one, he uses the feverish inventiveness of a vulnerable child's imagination as the basis for his own utterly original, seamlessly effective exploration of power, corruption and resistance.

"Pan's Labyrinth" is his finest achievement so far and a film that already, seven months after it was first shown at the Cannes Film Festival, has the feel of something permanent. Like his friend and colleague Alfonso Cuarón, whose astonishing "Children of Men" opened earlier this week, Mr. Del Toro is helping to make the boundary separating pop from art, always suspect, seem utterly obsolete.

"Pan's Labyrinth" is a swift and accessible entertainment, blunt in its power and exquisite in its effects. A child could grasp its moral insights (though it is not a film I'd recommend for most children), while all but the most cynical of adults are likely to find themselves troubled to the point of heartbreak by its dark, rich and emphatic emotions.

The heroine is a girl named Ofelia, played by the uncannily talented Ivana Baquero, who was 11 when the film was made. Ofelia is the kind of child who eagerly reads stories about fairies, princesses and magic lands, longing to believe that what she reads is real. Mr. Del Toro obliges her wish by conjuring, just beyond the field of vision of the

adults in Ofelia's life, a grotesque, enchanted netherworld governed by the sometimes harsh rules of folk magic.

That realm, in which Ofelia is thought to be a long-lost princess, may exist only in her imagination. Or maybe not: its ambiguous status is crucial to the film's coherence. Like the Japanese animator Hayao Miyazaki, Mr. Del Toro is less interested in debunking or explaining away the existence of magic than in surveying the natural history of enchantment.

The forest around the old mill where Ofelia and her mother come to live is full of signs and portents: old carved stones and half-buried, crumbling structures that attest to a pre-modern, pre-Christian body of lore and belief. In much of the West that ancient magic survives in the form of bedtime stories and superstitions, and these in turn, as Mr. Del Toro evokes them, lead back through the maze of human psychology into the profound mysteries of nature.

Ofelia's second reality — inhabited by a wide-browed faun, a man whose eyes are in the palms of his hands (both played by Doug Jones), a giant toad, some mantislike insects and many other curious creatures — can be a pretty scary place, and on her visits to it the girl is, like many a fairy-tale heroine, subjected to various challenges and ordeals. Still, this vivid world of fairies offers her an escape from the oppression of a day-to-day existence dominated by her stepfather, Captain Vidal (Sergi López), an officer in Franco's army who seems to live by the maxim that fascism begins at home.

A patriarch both by temperament and ideology, the captain treats Ofelia's mother, Carmen (Ariadna Gil), with chilly, humiliating decorum, making it clear that she is of value to him only because she is pregnant with his son. He takes pleasure in the exercise of authority and in the trappings of military discipline, addressing himself to the torture of captured resistance fighters with sadistic relish. He seems happiest when he is inflicting pain.

The partisans up in the hills — and their sympathizers in the captain's own household, including the housekeeper, Mercedes (Maribel Verdú) and the doctor (Alex Angulo) who attends to Carmen — represent one of the film's alternatives to the militarized, hierarchical society taking shape in post-civil war Spain. Their easy solidarity and ragged mufti stand in emphatic contrast to the crisp uniforms and exaggerated obeisances of Vidal and his

men. At his dinner table the captain gloats that Franco and his followers have defeated the “mistaken” egalitarianism of their republican opponents.

Like “The Devil’s Backbone,” which also took place in the shadow of the Spanish Civil War, “Pan’s Labyrinth” is not overly concerned with moral subtlety. In Mr. López’s perversely charismatic performance, Vidal is a villain of the purest, ugliest kind. For Mr. Del Toro the opposite of evil is not holiness, but decency.

Ofelia serves as her stepfather’s foil not because of her absolute goodness or innocence but rather because she is skeptical, stubborn and independent-minded. Her rebellion is as much against Carmen’s passivity as it is against Vidal’s brutality, and she gravitates toward the brave Mercedes as a kind of surrogate mother.

Mercedes’s surreptitious visits to the rebels often coincide with Ofelia’s journeys into fairyland, and it may be that the film’s romantic view of the noble, vanquished Spanish Republic is itself something of a fairy tale. To note this is merely to identify a humanist, utopian strain in Mr. Del Toro’s vision, a generous, sorrowful view of the world that is not entirely alien to the history of horror movies. (Think of James Whale’s “Frankenstein,” for example, a film linked to “Pan’s Labyrinth” by Victor Erice’s “Spirit of the Beehive,” one of the few masterpieces of Spanish cinema made before Franco’s death.)

Fairy tales (and scary movies) are designed to console as well as terrify. What distinguishes “Pan’s Labyrinth,” what makes it art, is that it balances its own magical thinking with the knowledge that not everyone lives happily ever after.

The story has two endings, two final images that linger in haunting, unresolved tension. Here is a princess, smilingly restored to her throne, bathed in golden subterranean light. And here is a grown woman weeping inconsolably in the hard blue twilight of a world beyond the reach of fantasy.

8.9 *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2010). The Guardian

Woody Allen has long outlived his 1970s-80s heyday: outlived it too long, sadly, ever to recover his elusive comedy mojo, which depended on being jazzily in tune with the times. But his residual flair and extraordinary productivity mean he is more than capable of making a

perfectly watchable little movie once in a while - and this is one: slight, disposable but entertaining. Vicky Cristina Barcelona is an awful lot better than anything in his thankfully short "British" period. It's got just one really big laugh, right at the end, concerning a bullet wound. That's one big laugh, however, more than most new comedies.

The title refers to its three characters: Vicky is an earnest, cerebral young woman played by Britain's Rebecca Hall with the pitch-perfect American accent that the new generation of Brit professionals has mastered. She is working on her "Master's degree in Catalan culture" and, leaving a well-off fiancé behind in New York, is spending the summer in Spain with her friend, the ruffled and sexually adventurous blonde Cristina, played by Scarlett Johansson. The third character is the city of Barcelona itself, whose architecture and cuisine are sunnily photographed as if for some tourist promotion. But all three are effortlessly upstaged by Penélope Cruz, playing Maria Elena, the passionate and crazy ex-wife of a moody Picasso-ish artist called Juan Antonio Gonzalo (Javier Bardem). He seduces both the Americans, and even engineers some PG-certificate girl-on-girl action between Cristina and Maria Elena herself.

With all Woody Allen films that don't feature the Master himself in an acting role, the first question has to be: who is playing Woody? The answer here, oddly, is Rebecca Hall, in whom the mannerisms and tics are diluted but recognisable. Elsewhere, other Allen trademarks are visible. There are serendipitous encounters in the street. There are liberal sympathetic characters who are nonetheless rich and patrician enough for servants to be glimpsed serving lunch. Allen decides that Cristina's artistic bent, like Annie Hall's so long ago, should be for photography, and tellingly makes her forgo digital cameras in favour of old-fashioned film. And Vicky and Cristina speak in that distinctive indulgent conversational babble, sweetly poised by Allen on the laugh-at/laugh-with borderline.

But Cruz, and to a lesser extent Bardem, utterly blow the Americans away. Cruz looks as if she has wandered in from a more hefty film entirely; everything she does and says seems to mean more, count for more. This isn't to say that she gets bigger laughs, or perhaps any laughs, but she certainly walks off with the film. Both the Spanish players have an easy presence and forthright energy, in

comparison with which Hall and Johansson are slightly subdued and off the beat. All perfectly enjoyable. What's not to quite like?

8.10 *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2010). Sydney Morning Herald

TWO American girls spend a summer in Barcelona. They fall in love with Javier Bardem and Penelope Cruz, as you would, sharing some adventures and heartaches in beautiful locations, and they go home with a changed view of what life and love can be like.

This is one way of describing Woody Allen's new movie, which some American critics have hailed as his best in years. Here's another: two more or less conventional and spoiled American girls in Barcelona are offered a glimpse of a life lived freely; they miss the point and go home glum.

I saw both these sides to the movie. It has a sunny feel, an almost sepia-toned beauty, like a faded Spanish postcard, and there is plenty of sensuality provided by the luscious casting, but I couldn't help thinking it's a work of barely concealed contempt. Woody Allen doesn't really like these two American girls, played by Rebecca Hall and Scarlett Johansson; their limited view of what's possible, their inability to grasp freedom, their rules about what's proper - all of these irritate him. They don't know how to love openly and fearlessly. In a fairly obvious way, the movie is at least in part an attack on small-minded American moralism - which might strike some people as self-serving or even unseemly. Some of us are not quite ready to listen to a lecture on the morality of free love from Woody Allen.

At the same time, there's something very true about what he says in this movie. Whether you like him or not, Allen is still capable of sophisticated dramatic storytelling and there are moments that fit that description. Perhaps not enough of them to make the film great, but too many to easily dismiss it as the randy ramblings of a director who's past his prime. In the context of his recent uneven output since deciding to work ex patria, *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* is at least easier to bear.

Vicky (Hall) and Cristina (Johansson), opposites in temperament, are best friends. They arrive in Spain to stay with Vicky's distant relative Judy (Patricia Clarkson) and her husband Mark (Kevin Dunn). These are rich and welcoming American expatriates, with a spectacular villa high above

the city. Cristina and Vicky are enchanted with the beauty of the place. At an art gallery opening, Judy points out a well-known artist whose recent divorce was the talk of the town. His wife tried to kill him, she says.

Juan Antonio (Javier Bardem) approaches the two young women later in a restaurant. He has not been introduced but he invites them to fly to the north coast town of Oviedo with him for the weekend. They can have some good food and wine, see some sights, make love. Vicky is offended: she is to be married in the autumn and this guy is sleazy. Of course, the more adventurous Cristina talks her into going. When they return a few days later, Vicky is extremely confused. She has discovered that Juan Antonio isn't sleazy but direct and very romantic; she has slept with him while her friend was sick in bed. He now ignores her because of her intended marriage and pursues Cristina instead. The girl who knew what she wanted is now not so sure, especially when Cristina moves in with Juan Antonio after only a few days.

These opening scenes are quietly comical, in an observational way that is different to the way Allen used to write. The humour is more situational, less assertive, less reliant on wisecracks and obvious punchlines. It's as if Allen is trying to make a film in the style of the French auteur Eric Rohmer - a dreamy human comedy with beautiful young things who drift languorously toward self-knowledge. The problem is these two girls are not necessarily drifting in that direction: Vicky is uptight, Cristina pretentious. Juan Antonio is charming, but a cliché of a hunky Spanish artist. In dramatic terms, the contrast is too obvious: it's as if he has "I am free" pasted on his forehead.

Into this confusion comes Penelope Cruz, as Maria Elena, his ex-wife. She and Juan Antonio can't live together, but they must. Cristina has to make room for a third corner in her new relationship. The film is better when Maria Elena is around, mainly because Cruz's performance is so large, while still retaining credibility. This woman is crazy but she expresses everything directly, unlike the Americans.

The problem with this ethnic dichotomy is that it's basically a stereotype: Latin spitfire passion versus stitched-up American puritanism. It may be true of some people but it's a shallow idea for a movie, born partly from contempt. If Allen needs to express his anger at his own culture, he

should tackle it directly, rather than with this kind of oblique comparison.

8.11 *Vicky Cristina Barcelona* (2010). The New York Times

Bathed in light so lusciously golden and honeyed that you might be tempted to lick the screen, “Vicky Cristina Barcelona” is a rueful comedy about two young American women who, during a summertime European idyll, savor many of the Continental delicacies that such travelers often take pleasure in: art, music, culture, yes, but also strange bodies and unexpected dreams. These bodies and dreams open possibilities for the women, intimating freer, somehow different lives, despite the persistent tugging of a voice that hovers at the edge of this story trying to pull it and its characters down to earth, where desire can fade quickly.

That narration, which weaves in and out of the story like a thread, is spoken by the actor Christopher Evan Welch, but more rightly belongs to Woody Allen, the film’s writer and director. Although “Vicky Cristina” trips along winningly, carried by the beauty of its locations and stars—and all the gauzy romanticism those enchanted places and people imply—it reverberates with implacable melancholy, a sense of loss. Mr. Allen may be buoyed (like the rest of us) by his recent creative resurrection, but this is still the same glum clown who, after the premiere of “Match Point,” his pitch-black, near pitch-perfect 2005 drama, commented that cynicism was just an alternate spelling of reality. Ah, life! Ah, Woody!

Ah, wilderness of a heart that knows what it wants even when the rest of the body does not! Sensible Vicky (Rebecca Hall) insists that she knows what she wants her dull fiancé in New York, for one while dreamy Cristina (Scarlett Johansson) does not. The two have traveled to Barcelona so that Vicky, who speaks little Spanish, can work on her masters in Catalan culture, while Cristina plays her foil, and we play virtual tourist amid the city’s Gaudí splendors. With the narrator setting the brisk, at times rushed, pace, the women move in with some acquaintances (Patricia Clarkson and Kevin Dunn), but their sentimental education doesn’t really begin until they meet one of Spain’s national treasures: Javier Bardem.

Mr. Bardem slithers into “Vicky Cristina” (and in that order) like a snake in the garden, wrapping himself around the two

women with blissful, insinuating, sensuous ease. He's the celebrated painter Juan Antonio, one of those artistic sybarites who attack both women and canvases with bold strokes. Eyes hooded, smile taunting, he invites the Americans to fly away for the weekend —a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, thou and thou —a proposition that inspires mockery from Vicky and girlish excitement in Cristina. Mr. Bardem, relieved of his ghoulish Prince Valiant bob from "No Country for Old Men," invests the cliché of the Latin lover with so much humor and feeling that he quickly vanquishes the stereotype.

The same goes for Penélope Cruz, who plays a combustible Judy to Mr. Bardem's smoldering Punch. As Maria Elena, Juan Antonio's unstable former wife (an incident with a blade botched their happily ever after), Ms. Cruz has her own type to surmount, which she does with fire, smoke and comedy. With her artfully tousled hair and watchful eyes, Maria Elena is a classic screen siren (and totally crazy chick), but one with the pulse of a real woman. Ms. Cruz, slipping between Spanish and English (the latter was once a serious obstacle for her), does especially nice work with her voice, which seductively lowers and sometimes rises with animal intensity, suggesting a more variegated interior world than that provided by Mr. Allen's writing.

Maria Elena and Juan Antonio give the film such a twinned jolt of energy that you may wish it would head off into Almodóvar country, but that wouldn't be true to Mr. Allen, for whom desire remains an agony. Still, he's enough of an entertainer to give the audience its pleasures, which partly accounts for Ms. Johansson. She isn't much of an actress, but it doesn't terribly matter in his films: She gives him succulent youth, and he cushions her with enough laughs to distract you from her lack of skill. The appealing Ms. Hall, whose jaw line and brittle delivery evoke Katharine Hepburn, furnishes an actual performance, one that, tinged with sadness, makes evident that this is as much a tragedy as a comedy.

There will always be an audience that hungers for a certain kind of Woody Allen movie, but it's a relief that he has moved away from the safety and provincialism of his New York. Working in Britain for his previous three films and in Spain for this one has had a liberating effect, perhaps because it's made it easier for him to step down as a leading man. He gave himself a sizable role in "Scoop," but mostly

he fluttered around Ms. Johansson, tossing off jokes. He was playing the fool rather than inhabiting one, as had become his custom in those films in which he clutched at much younger actresses with whom, like Fred Astaire after Ginger Rogers, he never found the right rhythm.

The characters in “Vicky Cristina Barcelona,” by contrast, generally move fluidly bopping and weaving, going here, pausing there a looseness that works contrapuntally with the voice-over’s insistent forward drive. Delivered in novelistic third person, the narration allows Mr. Allen to dispense with large chunks of exposition, to fill in the narrative gaps, yet it also puts some aesthetic distance between him and his characters. The film feels personal “Sentimental Education,” a touchstone here, is one of the things that makes life worth living, as he says in “Manhattan” though not claustrophobic, another cloyingly needy dispatch from a ravenous id. What Mr. Allen says about life and disappointment still sounds very Woody, but these days he seems content to speak through his characters, not just for them.

8.12 *Biutiful* (2010). The Guardian

A surface tension of liquid misery is stretched over this movie, like unshed tears on a brimming eyeball. Everyone and everything in it seems suspended in a warm ocean of unhappiness. *Biutiful* is sometimes beautiful, and sometimes exasperating, questionable and absurd. Its attempt at a globalist, humanist aesthetic of compassion looks from certain angles thrillingly ambitious – and from others dreamy and self-congratulatory, like a Benetton ad from the 1990s, and verging on misery porn-chic. The swooning praise it’s been getting from some quarters is odd. But there is no doubt about it – *Biutiful* is impressive film-making. Whether or not we want to receive it, the Mexican director Alejandro González Iñárritu offers his audience an entire created world, personal and distinctive, and *Biutiful* is his most accomplished picture so far.

Javier Bardem gives an overpowering and now Oscar-nominated performance as the anguished street hustler Uxbal, who finds himself bowed down by troubles. It is his presence, and that great face of his, looming hugely and handsomely into the camera, that carries the movie – that, and some inspired flashes of visual poetry, chiefly a

brilliantly conceived meeting between Uxbal and his late father.

He is a fortysomething guy in Barcelona whose life is coming, or has come, to pieces: he is estranged from his wife who has alcohol issues and bipolar disorder, and the responsibility for looking after their two young children rests largely with him. He has had some terrible news from the doctor, and his business too is unravelling – by bribing cops, he runs a string of Senegalese illegals who sell drugs on the street and he has connections with a couple of gay Chinese gangmasters who have a squalid basement full of terrified immigrants. Through his brother, a crooked contractor, Uxbal hopes to get these poor souls work on a building site in return for a massive upfront cut from their pay.

On top of all this, Uxbal has another burden – the burden of second sight. He can, in M Night Shyamalan's immortal phrase, see dead people. He has been schooled in this by a wise old woman, in whose arms he is later to be seen sobbing; he feels constrained to attend funerals and pass on any messages to grieving relatives.

So Uxbal is a nasty piece of work by any yardstick, surely, a guy who makes his money exploiting poor people, and yet repeatedly we are invited to sympathise with him, and see these incriminating details as flaws in a vulnerable, streetwise character, to focus on his redemptive trials and on his muddled attempts to do good things for the immigrants he leeches off.

Uxbal's life reaches a crisis with a shocking and horrifying event, for which he is at least partly responsible, although it arises from his well-intentioned effort to do some good. He cries to his spiritual confidante: "I don't know if I should turn myself in!" My own response to this leniently conceived dilemma is: erm, yes, Uxbal, you should turn yourself in, and all your accomplices, too. But Uxbal does not do this, and is told merely to make some kind of spiritual amends to the dead, which is frankly getting off pretty lightly. No one in the movie is apprehended by the law, and the only cops visible are corrupt ones. Only a kind of ambiguous poetic justice appears to be visited on those responsible.

In a movie of less self-confidence, less rhapsodic euphoria, these notes of evasion and self-pity would be unbearable, and they come close to being unbearable as it is. But the sheer tidal force of the film sweeps it along, and it is

speckled with moments of poetry and unarguable brilliance. One of Uxbal's cash opportunities comes from the fact that a shopping mall is to be built on the site of his father's grave: his father's body will be removed and Uxbal and his brother will receive a handsome cash compensation from the property firm involved. It is only once the body has been exhumed that his sons are informed that it has been embalmed, and that if they wish to, they may now see their dead father preserved at the point of death, as a boy of 20 years old. It is a scary, eerie, amazingly unexpected moment: a real coup.

Iñárritu also does impressive work in conveying the densely populated loneliness of the city – Barcelona is here very far from the picture-perfect tourist destination – and seems to intuit its ghosts and lost souls flocking in the skies overhead, like birds. These images are similar to those that recur in his 2003 movie *21 Grams*.

This is a director who has, in recent years, verged on self-parody with his glib internationalism and his repeated device of hooking disparate lives together with a random event. *Biutiful* is an advance on this, and the fluency and confidence of Iñárritu's cinematic language are really spectacular. It may not convert, or convince, but it is certainly arresting: not magic realism exactly, but rather the director's very own brand of magic naturalism.

8.13 *Biutiful* (2010). Sydney Morning Herald

In this unexpectedly dour dirge from Mexican director Alejandro González Iñárritu (*Babel*, *Amores Perros*, *21 Grams*) Javier Bardem slouches about for two-and-a-half hours as Uxbal, a down-on-his-luck businessman whose dodgy association with sweat-shop business partners and disastrous domestic situation - he's a single dad whose monkey-nuts ex-wife is also a whore - is exacerbated when diagnosed with a terminal disease. Bardem was Oscar-nominated for his performance and the film got a nod for best foreign-language film, but don't let that fool you; it's a stodgy, self-important slog.

8.14 *Biutiful* (2010). The New York Times

Aging stage actors typically dream of playing King Lear, but many of their younger screen counterparts these days will

settle for nothing less than Jesus. Not literally: the part of the actual New Testament Jesus tends to be a limited role best suited to actors of limited range, like Jim Caviezel ("The Passion of the Christ") or Jeffrey Hunter ("King of Kings"). But there is something irresistible about modern men of sorrows who sacrifice themselves for the sins of others, and certain movie stars Kevin Costner and Will Smith, most strikingly have not hesitated to exercise the Messiah Clause in their contracts.

In "Biutiful," Javier Bardem joins their company, bringing admirable passion to a gritty story that amounts to a lower-depths, urban version of the Passion. Mr. Bardem, best known to American audiences for his chillingly persuasive embodiment of evil in "No Country for Old Men," combines muscular, charismatic physicality with an almost delicate sensitivity, and this blend of the rough and the tender gives "Biutiful" a measure of emotional credibility that it may not entirely deserve.

Directed by Alejandro González Iñárritu, "Biutiful" takes place in grimy and crowded parts of Barcelona that are a world away from that city's tourist attractions. Mr. Bardem plays Uxbal, a midlevel underworld figure whose main business is dealing with the black-market labor of illegal immigrants. He checks in on Chinese sweatshop workers and African vendors of counterfeit watches and bags, collecting and dispensing money and running interference with police officers and factory owners.

As if that were not stressful enough, Uxbal is also juggling two young children, a mentally unstable former wife (Maricel Álvarez) and a terminal illness. Every day he is faced with choices that test both his resolve and his decency, as he tries to be stoical, tough and compassionate — a good father, a canny hustler and a patient lover in situations that make every role nearly impossible.

And the role of Uxbal itself would surely cripple an actor less endowed with gravity and grace. Mr. González Iñárritu, working with the cinematographer Rodrigo Prieto, a frequent collaborator, but without Guillermo Arriaga, his screenwriting partner on "Babel," "21 Grams" and "Amores Perros," demonstrates familiar strengths and weakness. Unlike his previous films, this one, which he wrote with Armando Bo and Nicolás Giacobone, tells a single, relatively linear story, without hectic cross-cutting and chronological displacement.

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From one scene to the next, as is his custom, Mr. González Iñárritu creates a feeling of raw, sprawling intimacy. The coarse-grained, lyrical naturalism of his shooting style can seem more tactile than visual, and every shot is full of emotional and social detail, bringing Barcelona to itchy, sweaty life. And the faces of its inhabitants (including Mr. Bardem, with lank hair and a heavy brow) are more picturesque than pretty, and their bodies look exposed and raw even when they are fully clothed.

Once again, Mr. González Iñárritu's fine and subtle instincts as a director of actors and a composer of shots are undermined by a melodramatic sense of story and a fundamentally sentimental conception of fate. "Biutiful" certainly looks real, and it rubs your face in all kinds of harsh facts of life, from mental illness to poverty to the fatal effects of cheap space heaters operating in poorly ventilated rooms. But this extreme misery is tethered to an idea of redemption that is disconcertingly soft.

Mr. González Iñárritu does not have the stomach for the stringent moral and spiritual vision of authentically (or even experimentally) religious filmmakers like Carl Dreyer, Robert Bresson or the Dardenne brothers. Instead he traffics in a vague theology of uplift, wherein the road to an entirely abstract heaven is paved with noble instincts.

The tension between this director's methods and his intentions between his exacting, sometimes amazing craft and his resolutely banal ideas may ultimately be a problem of audience and genre. "Biutiful," like "Babel," looks more daring and more difficult than it is. But if Mr. González Iñárritu were, let's say, to adapt a novel by Nicholas Sparks, whose views on love and morality are not ultimately all that different from his, the result might be a satisfying and surprising synthesis of styles: a feel-bad art film with an uplifting message for everyone. "Biutiful," come to think of it, is almost that, but not entirely in a good way.

8.15 *Chico and Rita* (2010). The Guardian

Sexy, sunny and sweet-natured, this lovely animation by filmmaker Fernando Trueba and artist and designer Javier Mariscal is a 1940s love story with all the brassy passion of a Barry Manilow number, set in the nightclubs of Havana and New York. Rita, voiced by Limara Meneses, is a beautiful Cuban singer who has to scrape a living; Chico (Eman Xor Oña) is a talented, underemployed pianist thunderstruck with love for Rita when she meanders on stage for a solo. Their passionate affair and professional partnership is endangered when a smooth-talking Yankee impresario tells Rita he can take her to showbiz glory in New York, but has no interest in lover-boy Chico coming along as well. There is a wonderful set-piece when Chico offers to fill in one night for an absent musician in the Woody Herman Orchestra, breezily confident he can busk his way through any jazz number – only to discover he is expected to sight-read the piano part in Stravinsky's *Ebony Concerto*. The great names of both Cuban and American jazz are invoked, and Chico and Rita's tragicomic love story meshes very pleasingly with this musical backdrop. There is heartbreak, but a happy ending.

8.16 *Chico and Rita* (2010). The New York Times

Sexy, sweet and laced with a sadness at once specific to its place and time and accessible to anyone with a breakable heart, “Chico & Rita” is an animated valentine to Cuba and its music. Shuttling between Havana and New York and conveying the blend of soul and scholarship that signifies true jazz devotion, the film brings alive an almost unimaginably rich and resonant moment in musical history. The fictional couple at its heart — star-crossed lovers and sometime artistic collaborators — encounter bad luck in various forms, but Chico and Rita also have the good fortune to mingle with real-life legends like Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonius Monk and the great Cuban conga player Chano Pozo, a crucial figure in the era's mixing of styles and genres.

Pozo died a violent death in Harlem in 1948, an event that injects a jolt of surreal gangster brutality into “Chico & Rita.” The movie was directed by Fernando Trueba, a filmmaker responsible for the crucial Cuban-jazz documentary “Calle 54”; Javier Mariscal, a Spanish artist and designer; and Tono Errando, Mr. Mariscal's brother. It is a piquant collage of moods and colors, its buoyant fantasies shadowed by tragedy and loss.

A whole palette of feeling — whimsy and pain, longing and laughter — can be experienced in the music, which combines a few vintage tunes with new compositions by Bebo Valdés, the great Cuban-born pianist and composer. Mr. Valdés, now 93, is also the physical and biographical inspiration for Chico (voiced by Emar Xor Oña), whom the film imagines in his vigorous prime and also in dignified old-age obscurity, shining shoes and sipping rum in a shabby Havana apartment.

Havana itself appears in the same kind of double vision, its crumbling present-day streets giving way to the gaudy carnival of prerevolutionary decadence. In those days Chico and his roly-poly manager, Ramón (Mario Guerra), bounce from rough-edged nightclubs to swank hotels, looking for creative and sexual opportunities. One night he is smitten by a caramel-skinned, blue-eyed, honey-throated chanteuse named Rita (who speaks in the voice of Limara Meneses and sings in the sublime cadences of Idania Valdés). She catches Chico's eye and ear, and they begin a love affair that will encounter the full melodramatic range of reversals and obstacles. Chico's jealous girlfriend, his roving eye, a sugar-daddy promoter from up north, and antiphonal political forces named Jim Crow and Fidel Castro — all conspire to keep the lovers apart and the audience's eyes damp.

If "Chico & Rita" does not quite communicate the full passion of its story, this is mainly because of the limits of the movie's graphical style, which emphasizes the undulating sensuality of bodies and faces at the expense of emotional precision. The real life of the animation is in the backgrounds, especially the streets of Havana, which are exquisitely rendered and meticulously colored. The filmmakers spent several months shooting on location in Havana, and their care produces a vision of the place that is both lyrical and realistic.

The movie strives for a similar balance, evoking a tradition of show-business romanticism at least as old as the first version of "A Star is Born" (and as fresh as "The Artist") even as it takes note of some of the cruel facts of history. Chico and Rita, both Cubans of African descent, must deal with discrimination and exploitation as they pursue fame, fortune and artistic fulfillment.

"Chico & Rita," nominated for an Academy Award as the best animated feature, is a reminder not only of the aesthetic vitality of hand-drawn, two-dimensional animation, but also of the form's ability to provide entertainment and enlightenment for

adults. A costume drama or a documentary would not have been as charming or as surprising. It would be hard to get cameo appearances from Charlie Parker or Marlon Brando, and the dutiful literalism of historical filmmaking would have dampened the vitality and killed the magic.

8.17 *Klaus* (2019) The Guardian

This Netflix release suggests the company intends to cover all our entertainment bases eventually. Here's an old-school, PG-rated animation, encompassing some digital wizardry, but generally clinging to a nostalgic, hand-drawn look, with a late-blooming Christmas theme. The director is the seasoned Sergio Pablos, who contributed to Disney's *Hercules* and *Tarzan* and co-wrote Illuminations' *Despicable Me*, and now assimilates several of those titles' most appealing aspects. It also represents a half-decent attempt to revive the angular character design and irreverent humour Disney abandoned after the commercial failure of the underrated *The Emperor's New Groove*.

Disney's current stewards would presumably also have nixed the dismal arctic location to which our jabbering postman hero Jesper (voiced by Jason Schwartzman) is exiled. Introduced in a striking foggy monochrome ("You should see it in the spring," mutters sarcastic ferryman Norm Macdonald, "That's when those greys really pop"), Smeerensburg is no magical kingdom, rather a frozen backwater.

Jesper's alliance with bearded, vaguely familiar toymaker Klaus (JK Simmons) helps warm everyone's cockles, and initiates what is essentially a festive origins story, addressing the development of the flying sleigh. That's a little uninspired; stronger is Pablos' vision of a society where children go overlooked while their guardians leap at one another's throats.

Solid first and third acts can't disguise a so-so middle section stuffed with conventional story beats. If Netflix has its sights set on becoming a major animation player, it needs gagwriters capable of offsetting the saccharin and bolstering the visual accomplishments. Still, there are interesting idiosyncrasies, including an unusual narrative deployment of Mrs Klaus, and a very Disneyish reach for inclusivity in the depiction of the indigenous Saami people.

8.18 *Klaus* (2019) The New York Times

Jason Schwartzman does almost too good of a job voicing an irritating character in the animated movie “Klaus.” He plays Jesper, a student who is deliberately flunking out of the postal academy. He believes that his father, the academy’s head who’s been indulging the kid’s cushy lifestyle, will hand him a cushy position with an “as you were.” Not so.

Instead, Jesper is given a mission: to revivify the post office of Smeerensburg, an island above the Arctic Circle. Through his dressing-down and into his journey north, Jesper complains in terms associated with stereotypes of entitled Gen Z-ers, with a whiny pitch and lots of anachronistic vocabulary. “Can we talk about it, man?” is his most emphatic bit of resistance to the proposed exile.

Thank goodness there are things worth watching over Jesper’s puling. “Klaus” is the first feature directed by Sergio Pablos, a Disney veteran who created the story for “Despicable Me” and founded his own animation studio. The dominant influence here is not just Disney but vintage Disney.

The backgrounds and character design at the postal academy bring to mind the 1959 version of “Sleeping Beauty.” Smeerensburg is an intimidating and sometimes terrifying place at first; suffused with gray on Jesper’s arrival, alive with grotesque shadows and sickly green in one of its fish shops, and still bleak in the next day’s ostensibly cheery yellow sunshine. The inventive use of color evokes the work of Mary Blair, the Disney studio’s secret tint weapon from the 1940s to the ’60s.

Jesper gets a bit less insufferable as he plumbs the place’s mysteries. There’s a persistent feud between two clans. The disillusioned schoolmaster Alva (Rashida Jones), who turned fishmonger to pay for an escape route, could be motivated to pursue her calling after all. And deep in the forest there’s a woodsman named Klaus (J.K. Simmons), a surly giant with a workshop full of new toys. His tender heart lies just beneath a surface grumpiness that’s as thin as the material on a lottery scratch-off card. So it’s relatively easy for Jesper to convince the fellow to give him the toys to deliver, postage paid, to the kids of the island.

From there, “Klaus” concocts original ways to tick off practically all the boxes of a Santa origin story: How the means

of transport became a sled. How reindeer got involved. Why the sled flies. How the chimney came to be used.

It all moves along so amiably, and offers such consistently delightful visuals, that the conventional plot points, up to and including an inevitable “but I can explain” bit, are entirely digestible. These clichés inhibit “Klaus” from achieving instant-classic status, but the film is winning enough that it’s worth a place in a family Christmas-movie library (not that, as a Netflix offering, it will take up any physical space).

8.19 *Pain and Glory* (2019). The Guardian

In Pedro Almodóvar’s previous film *Julieta*, a middle-aged woman returns to her old apartment block in Madrid to write about – and thereby confront – the ghosts of her life. There’s a similar sense of revisiting in *Pain and Glory*, in which Antonio Banderas plays a becalmed film-maker, struggling to move forward, borne back ceaselessly into the past. Described as the third part of an “unplanned trilogy” which began with *Law of Desire* (1987) and continued through *Bad Education* (2004), it’s another deeply personal work from Almodóvar that mixes autobiography with fiction to powerful effect. As the title suggests, the result is a tragicomic swirl of heartbreak and joy, slipping dexterously between riotous laughter and piercing sadness. At its heart is Banderas giving the performance of a lifetime in a role that, following his Cannes triumph, surely demands Oscar recognition.

Like Marcello Mastroianni in Fellini’s *8½*, Banderas’s Salvador Mallo is an autofictional director in crisis. His mother, Jacinta, died four years ago and he had a back operation two years ago; he has not recovered from either trauma. Racked by pain, both physical and metaphysical (neatly illustrated by Juan Gatti’s Saul Bass-inflected graphics), Salvador has given up on work and retreated into a depressive cycle, reliant on medication. For more than three decades he’s been estranged from actor Alberto (Asier Etxeandia, excellent), the lead in his 1980s film *Sabor*, with whom he had a famously fractious relationship. Now a festival wants them to reunite and introduce a restored revival of the picture.

Alberto is a habitual heroin user who introduces Salvador to chasing the dragon before chancing upon his private manuscript, *Addiction*, a reminiscence of a love affair torn apart. “It’s a confessional text,” says Salvador. “I don’t want to

be identified”, echoing his mother’s complaints that his films had turned their private lives into public entertainment. But Alberto insists on performing *Addiction* as a monologue, setting in motion a chain of events that will blur the line between art and life.

As the present-day story creeps woozily forward, so a mosaic of vivid flashbacks transports Salvador to an altogether more vibrant past: the childhood that saw his parents moving to a village in Valencia where they lived in “a cave!”; the thunderbolt-like dawn of desire, experienced as a childhood fainting fit, understood only on reflection, from a distance; the thrill and agony of unforgettable love, forged in 80s Madrid, the city that would become (in bullfighting parlance) “a difficult ring”.

It’s significant that we first meet Salvador underwater, submerged in a swimming pool, his thoughts floating toward a vision of his mother (played in her younger years by Penélope Cruz) washing clothes in the river – a pastoral idyll. When Salvador recalls his discovery of cinema as a gushing font of life, it’s buoyant images of lakes and waterfalls that leap to mind, forever entwined with the smell of “piss, jasmine and a summer breeze”. Music is a time machine too, from the communal singing of Jacinta and her friends, through the piano tune that takes Salvador back to his seminary choir days (“I like the Beatles and cinema!” he burbles, before being directed toward “less pagan subjects”).

For all the darkness in Salvador’s life, Pain and Glory surrounds him with the blocks of highly choreographed colour that have become Almodóvar’s trademark, accentuating his sense of greying isolation. When estranged lovers meet, Almodóvar stages their embrace as a kaleidoscopic tango of red and blue intertwined, signifying internal fervour amid a scene of dramatic restraint.

Never before has Banderas seemed so vulnerable, his eyes darting back and forth in fear and wonder, shining through a mask of deadpan melancholia and regret. Like the usually burly Russell Crowe’s portrayal of Jeffrey Wigand in *The Insider*, Banderas here seems to shrink and grow simultaneously, perfectly capturing both the strengths and weaknesses of his character.

In the supporting roles, special mention is due to Julieta Serrano as Jacinta in her 80s, a flintier rendering of previous maternal figures (Almodóvar’s films are, arguably, all about his mother) who tells Salvador offhandedly that he was never a

good son, a moment of pin-sharp, bittersweet perfection. Alberto Iglesias's lovely score perfectly matches the shifting tones of the drama: the warmth of the early childhood scenes, the poignancy of Jacinta's last days, the tensions and anxieties of Salvador's suspended life.

It all adds up to a richly satisfying work from a film-maker whose love of cinema, in all its pain and glory, shines through every frame.

8.20 *Pain and Glory* (2019). Sydney Morning Herald

With two Oscars on his mantelpiece, six Baftas, nine Goyas (the Spanish Oscar), four prizes at Cannes (but never the big one) and honorary doctorates from Harvard and Oxford, Pedro Almodovar has nothing left to prove.

Having just turned 70, his place as one of the greatest filmmakers of the past 40 years is secure. He could put his feet up if he wished: instead, he gives us a beautiful, elegiac meditation on why he can't do that, even if his feet hurt.

It's a kind of anti-film: most of it takes place in one apartment, the lead character can hardly walk given his back pain and he no longer wants to be part of the wider world. He aches in the places where he used to play, as Leonard Cohen sang. This then is Almodovar as the lion in winter – still powerful, still with plenty to say but wondering how much longer?

Almodovar's films have been getting more autobiographical as he ages – although not in a straightforward manner. This one is about a world-famous filmmaker called Salvador Molla (Antonio Banderas) who has stopped writing because of the pain. What is the point of writing if I haven't the strength to direct it, he says to one of his old collaborators, Alberto (Asier Etxeandia), an actor with a taste for smoking heroin.

Salvador Molla is made up of an anagram of Almodovar, of course. Banderas too is made up to look like Almodovar, with a finger-in-the-socket shock of grey hair; the apartment is a replica of the one Almodovar occupies in Madrid, with some of the director's own fabulous art; Molla even wears some of his director's real clothes. This is me, the director is telling us – alone, crumpled, cranky and hermit-like at 70. Still, there is always more than meets the eye with Almodovar – or more that his eye wants us to meet.

Molla hardly leaves the house. Almodovar still walks the red carpet at Cannes most years and gives ebullient interviews. Molla is recovering in part from the death of his mother four years earlier. Pedro's mother died 20 years ago, although he is telling us something about her importance by casting Penelope Cruz as Jacinta, Salvador's mother.

Seeing her is like recognising an old friend; she and Pedro have done so much together, so why shouldn't she play a peasant woman in gaily coloured skirts? We meet her in one of the film's many gorgeous flashbacks, a reverie where she and three other village women bash laundry by the river. Jacinta has a small boy on her back. This is Salvador as a five-year-old (Asier Flores), a muse who brings innocence to the film.

The entire film is a reverie; in fact, an attempt by a grand master to take stock – without sentiment, and with more clarity and less obfuscation than he usually deploys to protect himself. Almodovar goes further in a confessional mode than ever before. It's not as overtly comical as we expect, partly because of the pain, but even then he depicts it in a clever, unsentimental way – with a short animated montage that objectifies all his ailments: depression, tinnitus, fused back, migraines, insomnia, dodgy lungs. All of which is apparently true.

Banderas is transformed in this role: haggard, pale, haunted by his memories, but still with a warmth that makes it easy to believe he has a lifetime's great work behind him. The question, he wonders, is whether he has anything good ahead? And the film is its own answer: a masterful, melancholy, tender, lacerating self-examination, filled with colour and light and the ghosts of those he has loved. Almodovar at 70, and perhaps astonishing to himself, continues to grow.

8.21. *Pain and Glory* (2019). The New York Times

Every so often in Pedro Almodóvar's sublime "*Pain and Glory*," Salvador Mallo (Antonio Banderas) closes his eyes and drifts away. A celebrated Spanish filmmaker, Salvador has lost his bearings. He's gravely depressed, and his body seems to have permanently surrendered to his maladies, to his bad back, migraines, asthma and fits of terrifying, mysterious choking. When a friend offers him some heroin to smoke,

Salvador readily lights up and disappears. His nagging pains suddenly give way to images from his childhood, idylls that brighten the screen like beacons in a fog.

A story of memory and creation, youth and its loss, “Pain and Glory” circles around the idea of art as self-creation. The precipitating event — the thing that nudges Salvador and the movie forward — is the screening of an early triumph, a 1980s film called “Sabor.” (Its poster is suitably Almodóvarian: a strawberry-like tongue licking its luscious red lips.) Uneasy about the screening, Salvador reaches out to one of its actors, Alberto (Asier Etxeandia), a debauched looker with dangerous habits and a thing for skulls. The men haven’t spoken for years, but slip into a thorny intimacy that’s almost domestic, pushing and pulling at each other while picking at old scabs.

The screening turns into a mild farce, but it stirs something in Salvador, lighting a small fire. The grinning face of death hangs over “Pain and Glory,” but it soon emerges that Salvador’s most debilitating issue is that he is a man without desire. He’s alone and hasn’t made movie in a while, and a new one doesn’t seem on the horizon. Yet even as he idles, his will to create — to dream, share stories, make drama — remains intact. He may not be shooting a film, but it’s telling how much his life seems like a melodrama or a comedy or even, as in a gritty scene with slashing knives and blood, a thriller.

One of Almodóvar’s talents is his transformational, near-alchemical use of blunt ideas, how he marshals crude gestures, gaudy flourishes and melodramatic entanglements. The emotions still sting here, and the colors glow like traffic lights — there are eye-popping bursts of stop-sign red and go-go green — and the movie is as visually striking as any Almodóvar has made. But the narrative is elegantly structured rather than clotted, and its tone is contemplative as opposed to frantic, as if he had turned down the volume. A great deal happens in “Pain and Glory,” just not ritualistically and not at top volume. Its agonies are tempered, its regrets hushed, its restraint powerful.

All that said, the first time you see Salvador he’s at the bottom of a cerulean-blue swimming pool in a seated position, as still and heavy as a dropped anchor. He looks like he’s meditating, but then again he might be drowning. Whatever the case, the shot and its uncomfortable duration (you may find yourself nervously counting off the seconds) create a sense of mounting unease. Salvador looks so vulnerable with his near-

nakedness and arms akimbo, a vivid scar slashed across his torso. Keep looking, and he brings to mind iconographic images of Jesus as the man of sorrows.

This introduction could sink a less gifted director, but Almodóvar is a virtuoso of quicksilver changes and soon cuts to a young boy at a river where women wash clothes and break into melodious song. Light and bright and shimmering with beauty, it is the first in a series of scenes from Salvador's childhood scattered throughout the movie. Taken together, they create a wistful, emotionally vibrant counterpoint to the adult Salvador's lonely, austere odyssey. Yet while they look like flashbacks, they're closer to idealized reveries than to raw memories. (Asier Flores plays Salvador when he's around 9; Penélope Cruz lights up the screen as his mother, Jacinta.)

A genre unto himself, Almodóvar has long drawn from his own history for his movies, most obviously with protagonists who are filmmakers. (He calls "Pain and Glory" the final installment in a triptych that includes "Law of Desire" and "Bad Education.") In "Pain and Glory," Almodóvar's home doubles for Salvador's; Banderas wears some of the director's clothes and has similarly styled hair and beard. These teasing biographical gestures blur the line between reality and representation, but to see this movie as confessional would miss the point. The point is the blur, that in-between space where art blooms.

Banderas's melancholic presence and subtle, intricate performance add depth and intensities of feeling both because he draws so flawlessly from Almodóvar and looks wrung out, with little of the feverish intensity evident in even their recent collaborations. (This is the eighth movie they've made together in the last four decades.) With his downcast eyes, sagging posture, silences and self-imposed isolation, Salvador looks like a man in retreat. He would be a figure of pure pathos if it weren't clear that Salvador also suffers from acute vanity. When a friend asks what he will do if he doesn't make movies, he says, "live, I suppose," quickly lowering and raising his eyes, like an actor (or coquet) checking the reaction to a killer line.

Salvador's crisis is real, but its performative quality is a relief; it lightens the heaviness and gives you permission to laugh. "Pain and Glory" can be achingly sad, but its pleasures, rainbow hues and humor keep it (and you) aloft. For a depressed man, Salvador still puts on a lively show, wearing splashes of color. Like his exquisitely appointed house, his

clothing reminds you — as does Almodóvar's staging of many conversations — how we turn ourselves into performers, our homes into theaters, the world into our audience. The problem with Salvador is that somewhere along the line, as a visitor suggests, his home became a museum. It might as well be his mausoleum.

How do you come back from the dead? For Salvador, the answer comes in fits and starts, in the burnished images of his childhood, in an old lover's passion, in the power of art. It also comes in his love for Jacinta, who as an older woman (Julieta Serrano) nearing death, voices distaste for autobiographical fiction, telling Salvador he wasn't a good son. It's clear why: He grew up, lived his life, fell in love with a man, became an artist. His choices were as unforgivable as they were inescapable. But Salvador listens, and he apologizes. And then he takes the messiness, the vibrancy and the sensuous pleasures of life as he remembers it and turns his pain — and hers — into glory.