CINEMA

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 1 • 75c

DAVID LEAN
ALEC GUINNESS
in Jordan for Lawrence of Arabia

BRIGITTE BARDOT
in the Pagan costumes of antiquity

CHARLETON HESTON
SOPHIA LOREN
War and Love in the spectacle El Cid

KUROSAWA
his latest . . . "The Bad Sleep Well"

CASSAVETES
first splash in America's new wave?

First Flight

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WILLIAM CLAXTON, *FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHER*
GUY DEEL, *FEATURE ILLUSTRATOR*

EDITORIAL

In the belief that the motion picture audience is adult, selective, and capable of forming its own opinion of the motion picture it sees, CINEMA was created. A graphic magazine of information on the diverse world of film entertainment, CINEMA will fill a void left by the magazines whose main topic is "the private lives of the stars" and those that subscribe to the thesis that "the only good films are made in Europe." The types of film selected for review will be based on no single artistic standard, have no basic geographical origin, nor be aimed at any one audience. Movies today are as diverse as the people who attend them, and it is our intention to convey the basic entertainment ingredient inherent in each. You will find films that are in the words of Louis B. Mayer "beautiful pictures of beautiful people".... filled with the pathos and acid bite of a Fellini.... dominated by the heroics of a Wayne... graced with the black and white artistry of a Kurosawa or simply the presence of Bardot.

CINEMA'S creators are young men whose occupations have been and are the graphic arts—photographers, art directors, writers and illustrators. In their work you will find a natural bias towards the simple graphic statement. There will be another bias also which may not be apparent: Our youths were spent in the blackness of the motion picture theatres across the United States, and our minds and hearts were illuminated by the images of such films as "Stagecoach," "City Lights," "Beau Geste," "Gunga Din" and "Wee Willie Winkie." Today Hollywood is subject to much criticism, and justly all is not as it should be; but the day of censure and ridicule have past. As journalists, and in respect to our own and the movies' youth, we view the Hollywood scene not as the reflection of what might have been, but the projection of what will be. This then is our intent, and these are the men who will attempt it. You, the audience, the real critic of films, the selective consumer... you whose torn stub at the box office determines the success of a motion picture—it will be your seventy-five cents that determines the success or failure of this magazine—and that is as it should be.

THE EDITOR

We, the editors of CINEMA magazine believe that still photography and motion pictures are closely related, and we intend to bring them into conjunction within the pages of this magazine. We believe that what is shown on the screen can be shown effectively on the page—that there can be a long shot, a middle and close shot, that there can be continuity and editing in a magazine much as there is in the film. As for simulating the motion on the screen, we believe that in stills this can be approximated by alternately reducing and increasing the size of related photos, that movement can also be suggested by perspective and repetition of a photo or by action of or in the photo itself.

Few magazines seem aware of the relation of still to movie photography and few make use of it to inform or stimulate their readers. Fewer yet are the magazines on film and film making that attempt to explore and expand on this area of film visuals.

To further show the relationship of magazine and films, CINEMA magazine states that the still is an extension of the film and that movement in film itself can be treated and achieved by nothing more than working with stills. This is best exemplified in S. Eisenstein's "Potemkin" where time and again scenes are made up by separate shots shown on the screen an average of four seconds each. In the Odessa steps sequence the camera photographs the marble lions in three successive shots utilizing ten frames for the first lion, fourteen for the second and seventeen for the third; thus, by the impact of stills, he creates the illusion of the massive beasts leaping up in anger and protest in this overpowering scene.

The editors of CINEMA do not imply or intend to be film makers, but through an avid interest in film visuals, we hope to fulfill within these pages a longfelt vacuum in the graphic communications of the contribution of stills in relation to film and film making.

THE GRAPHICS EDITOR

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On location with

Lawrence of Arabia

Just as Lawrence welded together the warring Bedouin tribes into a guerrilla army that broke the back of the Ottoman Empire, Sam Spiegel has welded together the talents of Director David Lean, actors Sir Alec Guinness, Peter O'Toole and Anthony Quinn to tell that story. Only forty-four years ago the young blond clothed in the *agal*, *kuffish*, and *aba* of a prince of Mecca crossed the same red sand dunes of Jebel Tubeig and the same dried mudflats of El Jafre that have just been trampled by "Lean's Mobile Maniacs."

The location was near Agaba, Jordan, and Lean was shooting what was one of the costliest sequences ever to be exposed to film. A sixty-seven acre site near the Agaba docks was acquired for a canvas tent city—production offices, wardrobe, make-up, camera and sound equipment, carpenter shops, prop department, set decorators, camel parade grounds, mess halls, canteen, a post office and transport headquarters. A huge task, but with the same team — Spiegel, Lean and Guinness—that made "Bridge on the River Kwai," the audience can expect the best.

David Lean

Alec Guinness

as Hussein, the rebel and descendant of Mohammed.

Peter O'Toole

as T. E. Lawrence, the uncrowned king of the Moslem holy land.

Anthony Quinn

as Auda abu Tayi, the arab chief in pay of the Turks.

Anthony Quayle

as Colonel Newcombe of the British regulars.

1 2 3

"One, Two, Three": Go! With the first frame Billy Wilder's laugh-provoking cast is off and running. Horst Buchholz as Otto Piffl, passionate beatnik from the proletariat whose refusal to wear bourgeois undershorts gives him a definite advantage in the Cold War . . . James Cagney as MacNamara, the fast talking, loveable, hard-driving Coca-Cola tycoon whose rough edges take all the polish off the iron curtain. Lilo Pulver as Ingeborg, the ribald blonde shaped like a Coca-Cola bottle with a couple of umlauts!!!. . . Pamela Tiffin, a star straight from Tiffany's. Plus a Yankee Doodle cuckoo clock wrapped in **The Wall Street Journal**, a balloon stamped "Russki Go Home," a striptease, a brainwashing to the tune of "Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini," and the collapse of a 1937 Nash??? It's a film of breakneck speed, satire, slapstick, sex and reality. The cast is great but the stars are ONE, Billy Wilder . . . . TWO, The Mirisch Company . . . . THREE, the freedom of the American Cinema.

NOW SHOWING • A MIRISCH CO. PRESENTATION FOR UNITED ARTISTS • ALSO WITH ARLENE FRANCIS, HOWARD ST. JOHN, HANNS LOTHAR AND RED BUTTONS • SCREENPLAY BY WILDER AND L. A. L. DIAMOND • MUSIC BY ANDRE PREVIN • CINEMATOGRAPHER DANIEL FAPP.

sweet bird of youth

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS ON HIMSELF. "People are humble and frightened and guilty at heart, all of us, no matter how desperately we may try to appear otherwise. We have very little conviction of our essential dignity nor even of our essential decency, and consequently we are more interested in characters on the stage who share our hidden shames and fears . . ."

Will the combination of Williams' choice of our hidden shames, as described in "Sweet Bird of Youth," superb acting by beautiful people and the demanding intimacy of the motion picture camera burst past the bounds of drama into vulgarity? This is the problem that faces director Richard Brooks and producer Pandro S. Berman. The motion picture camera has focused on many a Broadway play and shot them down at the box office. Its probing can make a smile seem like a burst of laughter, a naked foot appear like a nude body, and the subject matter of "Sweet Bird" can't stand much more probing.

SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE IN FEBRUARY • PRODUCED BY MGM • STARRING PAUL NEWMAN AS CHANCE WAYNE, GERALDINE PAGE AS THE PRINCESS KOSMONOPOLIS, SHIRLEY KNIGHT AS HEAVENLY FINLEY, ED BEGLEY AS BOSS FINLEY, RIP TORN AS TOM JUNIOR, MILDRED DUNNOCK AS AUNT NONNIE, AND MADELEINE SHERWOOD AS MISS LUCY.

COME TO
MINNESOTA!

COME TO
NEBRASKA!
THE GREAT PLATTE VALLEY.

SOLDIERS
entitled to a
HOMESTEAD
OF
160 ACRES

PURCHASERS,
their wives and children carried
FREE
in our elegant day
COACHES

RED RIVER VALLEY LANDS

HOMESEEKER!

every farmer, every farmer's son,
a farm for three dollars per acre!
every laboring man can secure a home.

Hollywood has found a home out West perhaps all too often, but box office returns have demonstrated that the cowboy, the Indian and the sodbuster have aroused an interest as extensive as the land in which they roamed and settled. While the camera's eye has been focused primarily on the inhabitants of the West, the land, with all its hazards and beauty was perhaps the most vicious and provocative actor in the actual Western scene. Moments of its moods and beauty filled "Stagecoach" and "Shane," but never has it been the major protagonist until the making of the first Cinerama Western.

Since the days of Brady's ambrotypes, photographers have been trying to put on plates and then film the expanse and magnitude of that Western life, where everything but land and sky were scarce. Now MGM has focused the new three-lensed Cinerama camera on it. The new camera's major contribution to the cinema is its use of peripheral vision – what is "seen" out of the corners of our eyes. This vision produces a sense of depth, which in turn produces a sense of reality never before possible. Couple this with the fact that it can photograph an actor from the waist up 24 inches from the lens... or capture long shots encompassing 30-odd square miles. Perhaps at last in the hands of competent film story-tellers, the "land" will become the dramatic protagonist, the actor it was to those pioneers who tried to fence it, water it and plant its sod.

The film will be made in six massive inter-related episodes, including three which are to be directed by Henry Hathaway and one each by John Ford and George Marshall. Veterans to saddle-leather James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Agnes Moorehead and Walter Brennan will be joined by Debbie Reynolds, Carroll Baker, Brigid Bazlen, George Peppard, Russ Tamblyn and Karl Malden, who are fairly new to Buffalo chips and gingham. More stars are to be added as the wagons and cameras roll West. With this array of directorial and film acting talent, producer Bernard Smith has made a great match with the Cinerama camera.

The obvious problems this new technique can pose for the cinema artist are outweighed only by the opportunity, responsibility and obligation to tell one of freedom's most dramatic stories, one that is perhaps all too big to tell – "HOW THE WEST WAS WON."

CINEMACLIPS

THE ORIGINAL CAST FROM THE 1937 VERSION OF "LOLITA"??

"THE BLUE ANGEL," "MOROCCO," "SHANGHAI EXPRESS," "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH," "DESTRY RIDES AGAIN," "THE SPOILERS," "KISMET," "A FOREIGN AFFAIR," AND "WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION"...GOD BLESS HER.

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS DAVID WARK GRIFFITH.

MOVIE TO BE MADE IN 1962 • "I CLAUDIUS" BY FEDERICO FELLINI WITH THE COMPLETE CAST FROM "LA DOLCE VITA."

COSTUME OF THE YEAR!!! • A WHITE PERCALE SHEET SIZE 38-22-36.

MOST COSTLY PROP!!! $750,000 WAS SPENT ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SHIP "BOUNTY," INCLUDING $426 FOR CONVENIENTLY PLACED SMALL WAX-COATED BROWN PAPER BAGS.

WITH PARTS IN "SUMMER AND SMOKE," "WALK ON THE WILD SIDE," "BUTTERFIELD 8," "ALAMO," "A GIRL NAMED TAMIKO," "THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE" AND "THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM," LAURENCE HARVEY PROVES THAT PERHAPS THERE IS TOO MUCH ROOM AT THE TOP.

FROM BB, CC, DD, TO MM • THE WORD IS OUT THAT A TOP PROMOTER IS LOOKING FOR A GIRL SIX FEET TALL, MEASURING 49-17-44, WHO IS 7 YEARS OLD. HER NAME WILL BE YES YES.

"IT GAVE ME SOMETHING TO DO WHILE I WAS CHASING BILLY THE KID. IT'LL NEVER SELL." GENERAL LEW WALLACE

"THERE'S THIS NEW ACTOR IN THAT SWINGIN' FILM FROM FRANCE . . . WHAT'S IT CALLED?...UH...'BREATHLESS.' YOU KNOW THE TYPE...KINDA UGLY WITH SAD, DEEP EYES. NOT A PRETTY, PRETTY BOY LIKE HOLLYWOOD TYPES. HOLLYWOOD JUST ISN'T WITH IT; THEY'D NEVER HAVE GIVEN HIM A CHANCE; THEY DON'T LIKE ANYTHING NEW . . ."

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE ACTOR ABOVE? THE PART WAS FIRST PLAYED BY NOAH BEERY.

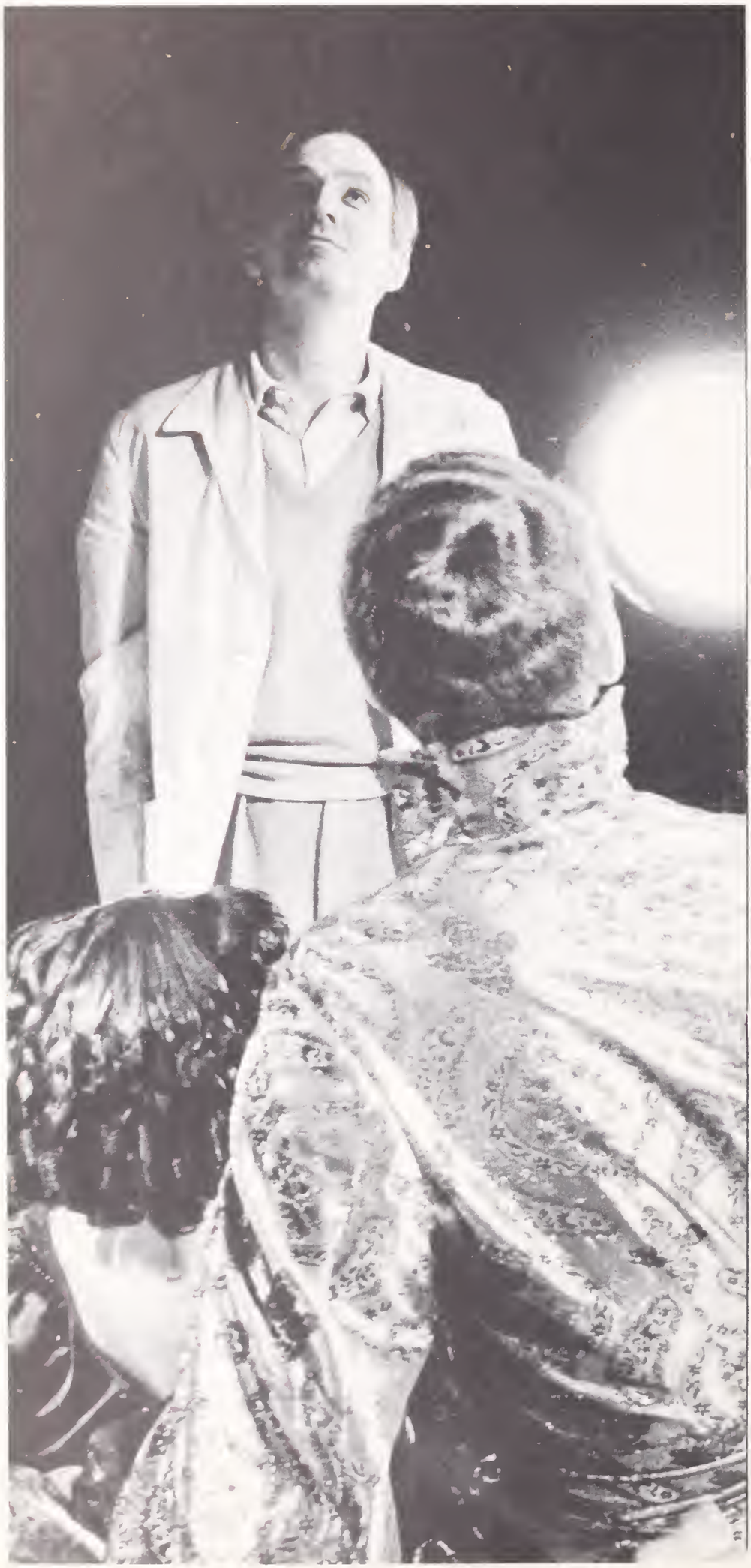
MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

tender is the night

In a memorandum to himself, F. Scott Fitzgerald described his novel in these words: "The novel should do this: Show a man who is a natural idealist, a spoiled priest, giving in for various causes to the ideas of the *haute bourgeoisie* [of the twenties], and in his rise to the top of the social world losing his idealism, his talent and turning to drink and dissipation. Background one in which the leisure class is at their truly most brilliant and glamorous."

The film should convey the same original concepts. Whether director Henry King attempts to tell this story through the use of the film picture or relies on the exceptional talents of Jennifer Jones of "Beat the Devil" and Jason Robards of TV's "The Iceman Cometh" remains to be seen. King has a great talent for picking a story – "The White Sister," "Jesse James" and "12 O'Clock High" – and his pictures have been rich in visual material while not graphically strong – "The Gunfighter" and "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing." There is an interesting sidelight to King's interpretation of a brilliant and glamorous background: Pierre Balmain of Paris has designed the fifty-three costumes worn by Jones, Fontaine, and St. John. One high point, shown here, is the love scene between Jones and Robards, played on Jennifer's $10,000 white ermine cape.

Scheduled for release in February • Produced by Henry T. Weinstein for 20th Century-Fox • Directed by Henry King • Starring Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan Fontaine and Tom Ewell, while Cesare Danova, Jill St. John and Paul Lukas are co-starred.



THE DEVIL'S EYE

Ingmar Bergman's visual fantasy of the world and underworld. The pastor's daughter (Bibi Anderson) is twenty years old, lovely, engaged to be married, and still a virgin. Her chastity is the sty in the Devil's eye. Satan (Stig Jarrel) sends Don Juan (Jarl Kulle) back to earth with his servant Pablo (Sture Lagerwall) to seduce the girl. Pablo succeeds with the pastor's wife (Gertrud Fridh) and Don Juan fails. The Devil compels Don Juan to listen to the wedding night as his punishment. Suddenly the sty is gone and the Devil's voluptuous shudders return, but heaven triumphs in the end as the newlyweds pledge their love.

Now showing • A Svensk Filmindustri Production • Distributed by Janus Films Inc. • Direction and Scenario by Ingmar Bergman • Photography by Gunnar Fischer

THE PAGAN BARDOT

Since the first fumbling artist chipped from a shapeless stone the shape of a woman, man has been trying to make of woman what "he" thinks she should be. We are no different, especially in Brigitte Bardot's case. The combination of her uncommonly natural beauty and her performances as the erotic hoyden who yields blindly, innocently to her impulses, seems to make her a natural for the pagan epic film. The essence of paganism that stimulated the Venus of Willendorf, that was squeezed into corset and crinoline, or that danced to the dulcimer seems transparent in front of today's movie camera. With Bardot's presence — the pagan female would cloud the screen. On the screen her eroticism is aggressive. She is embraced .... but also embraces. She does not identify her nudity with vulgarity, and somehow she has destroyed the identity between sex and sin. When she pouts her lips, or strips her sturdy body, she evokes a natural sensuality, a real paganism that would seem even more natural, even more real in the courts of Pharaoh or in the stalls at Newgate than it does on the sidewalks of 20th-century Paris.

CLEOPATRA

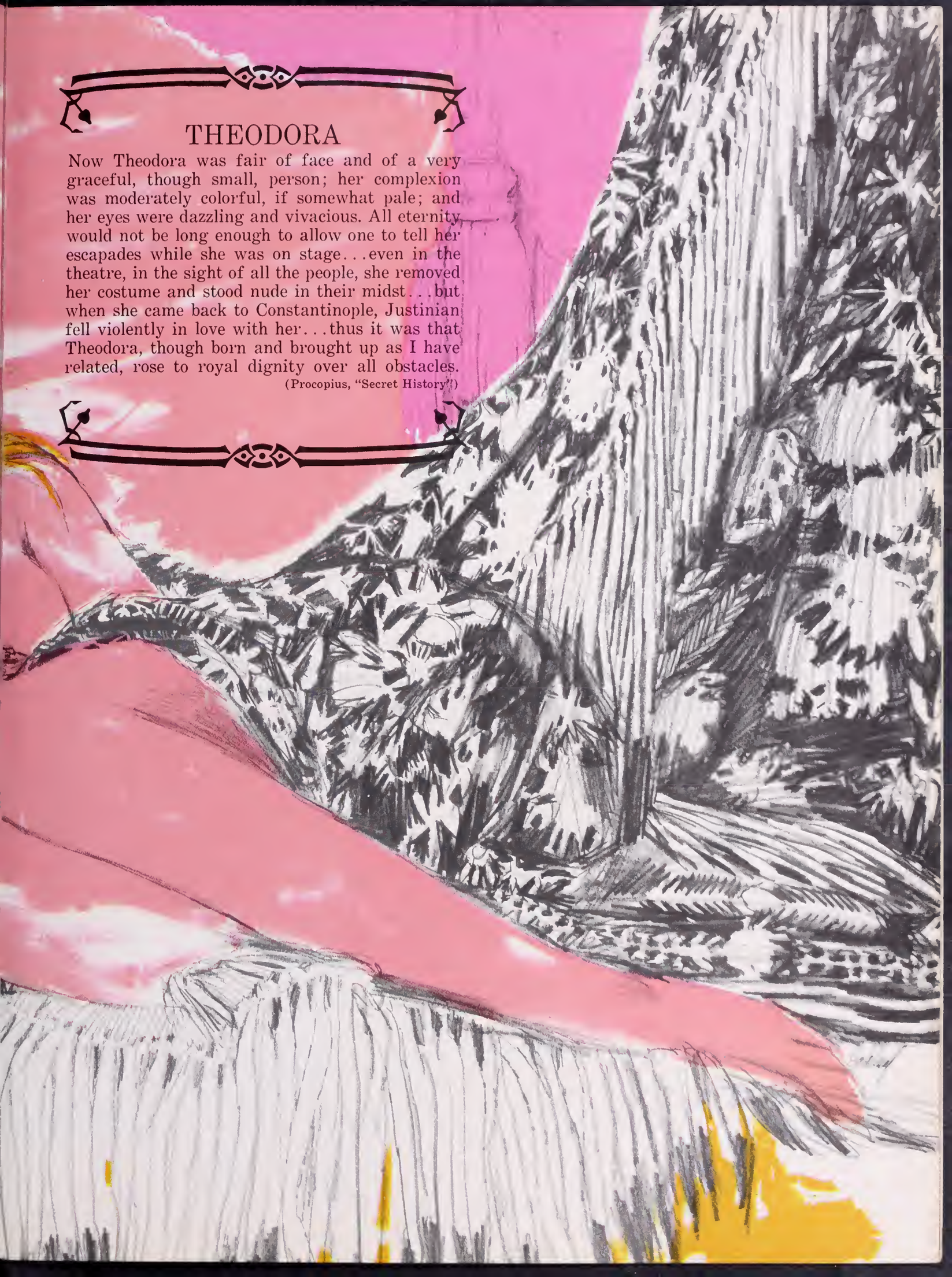
Even in the pose and costume of the arch type vamp, Theda Bara, Bardot looks like the debauched courtesan of history rather than of fantasy.

DRAWINGS BY GUY DEEL

THEODORA

Now Theodora was fair of face and of a very graceful, though small, person; her complexion was moderately colorful, if somewhat pale; and her eyes were dazzling and vivacious. All eternity would not be long enough to allow one to tell her escapades while she was on stage...even in the theatre, in the sight of all the people, she removed her costume and stood nude in their midst...but when she came back to Constantinople, Justinian fell violently in love with her...thus it was that Theodora, though born and brought up as I have related, rose to royal dignity over all obstacles.

(Procopius, "Secret History")



VENUS

Venus, Goddess of Desire, rose naked from the foam of the sea and, riding on a scallop shell, stepped ashore first on the island of Cythera.

(Robert Graves)

JUDITH

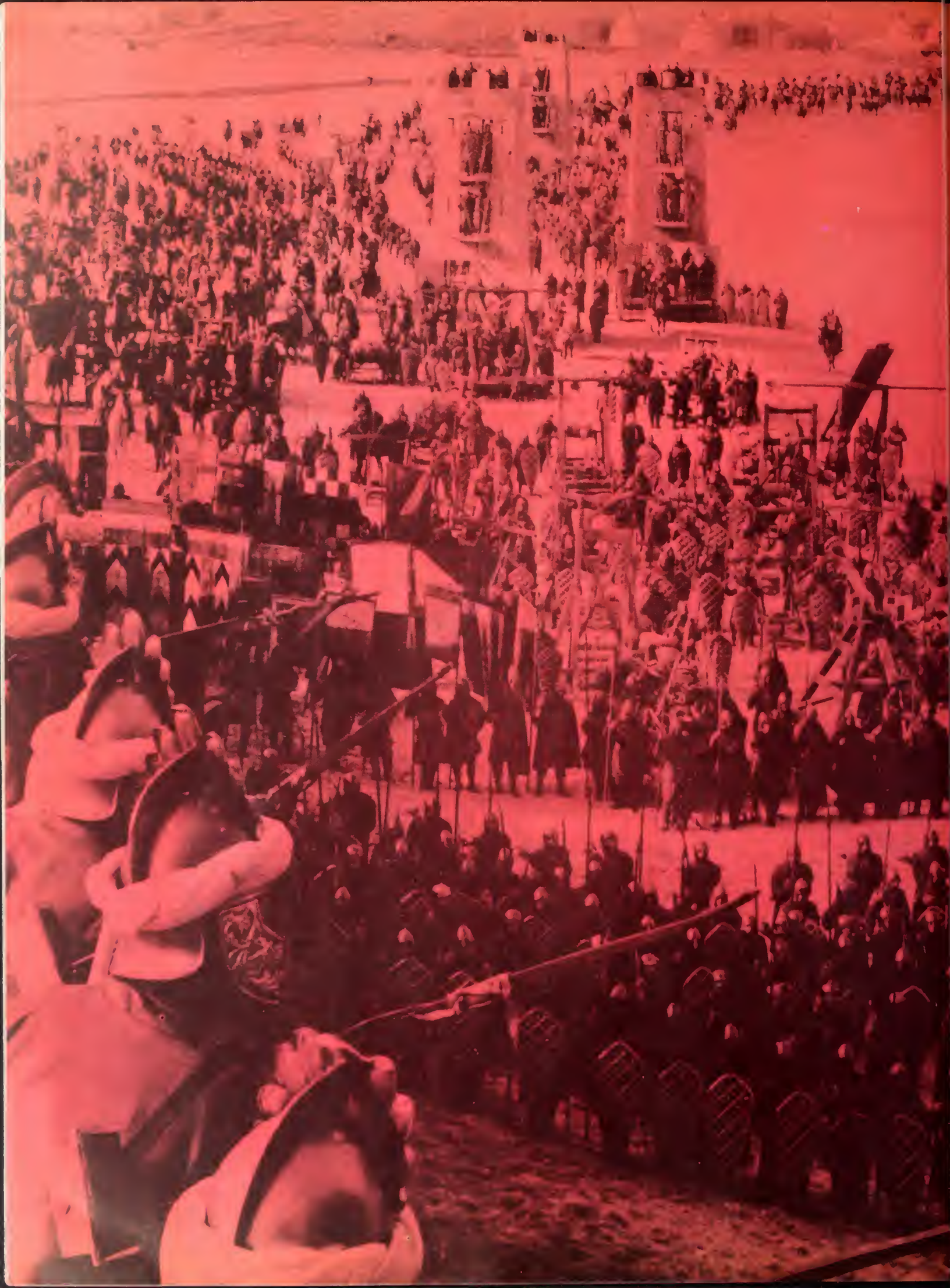
...And she took forth the head out of the bag, and shewed it, and said unto them, Behold, the head of Holofernes, the Chief Captain of the host of Asshur, and behold, the canopy, wherein he did lie in his drunkenness; and the Lord smote him by the hand of a woman. And as the Lord liveth, who preserved me in my way that I went, my countenance deceived him to his destruction, and he did not commit sin with me, to defile and shame me.

(From the Apocryphal Book of Judith)

MOLL FLANDERS

Who was born in Newgate, and during a life of continued variety for Three Score Years, besides her childhood was twelve year a *Whore*, five times a *Wife* (whereof once to her own Brother), twelve year a *Thief*, eight year a transported *Felon* in Virginia, at last grew *Rich*, liv'd *Honest*, and died a *Penitent*.

(Daniel Defoe)



EL CID

With a cry of "¡Santiago y cierra España!" Rodrigo Diaz of Bivar led Castilian and Cordovan, Tojibid and Hudid, Christian and Moor into the holocaust of war. In turban and chain mail, with scimitar and mace, they met the Berber fanatics, the Almoravides of Africa, on the beaches of Valencia, the last bastion of their homeland, the shores of Spain. Many also met their death, but still they came forward for the man who could not die, their campeador, their "al Said."

What was the measure of such a man? Just how big? This is the story director Anthony Mann tells in his epic motion picture. If anything, the story is too big to tell in a single motion picture. But Charlton Heston fills the chain mail hauberk of the mercenary, the decendant of Visigoth and Roman, with the blunt strength of a man whose great desires, great needs and great honor are only surpassed by his greater conquests.

JOUST

Death had become a pageant. With scarlet and checkered pennons, endowed with the power of law, and graced with the sacrament of the Church, the "trial by combat" did a slow, heavy, pounding march to its inevitable end. Incased in steel, chain mail, Cordovan leather, velvet and brocade — mounted on draft horse and armed with lance, mace and broad-sword, the flesh of man became entombed in the spectacle that would break it. Anthony Mann's camera invades the privacy of this ritual, the secret places of combat, with an intimacy that makes the dribble of sweat an epic movement. In the Tournament of Calahorra, the Champion of Castile (Heston) and the Champion of Argon (Sir Christopher Rhodes) meet with such splintering force that the trial by combat, the idolatry of death becomes a monument to a man's honor, to his will for life.

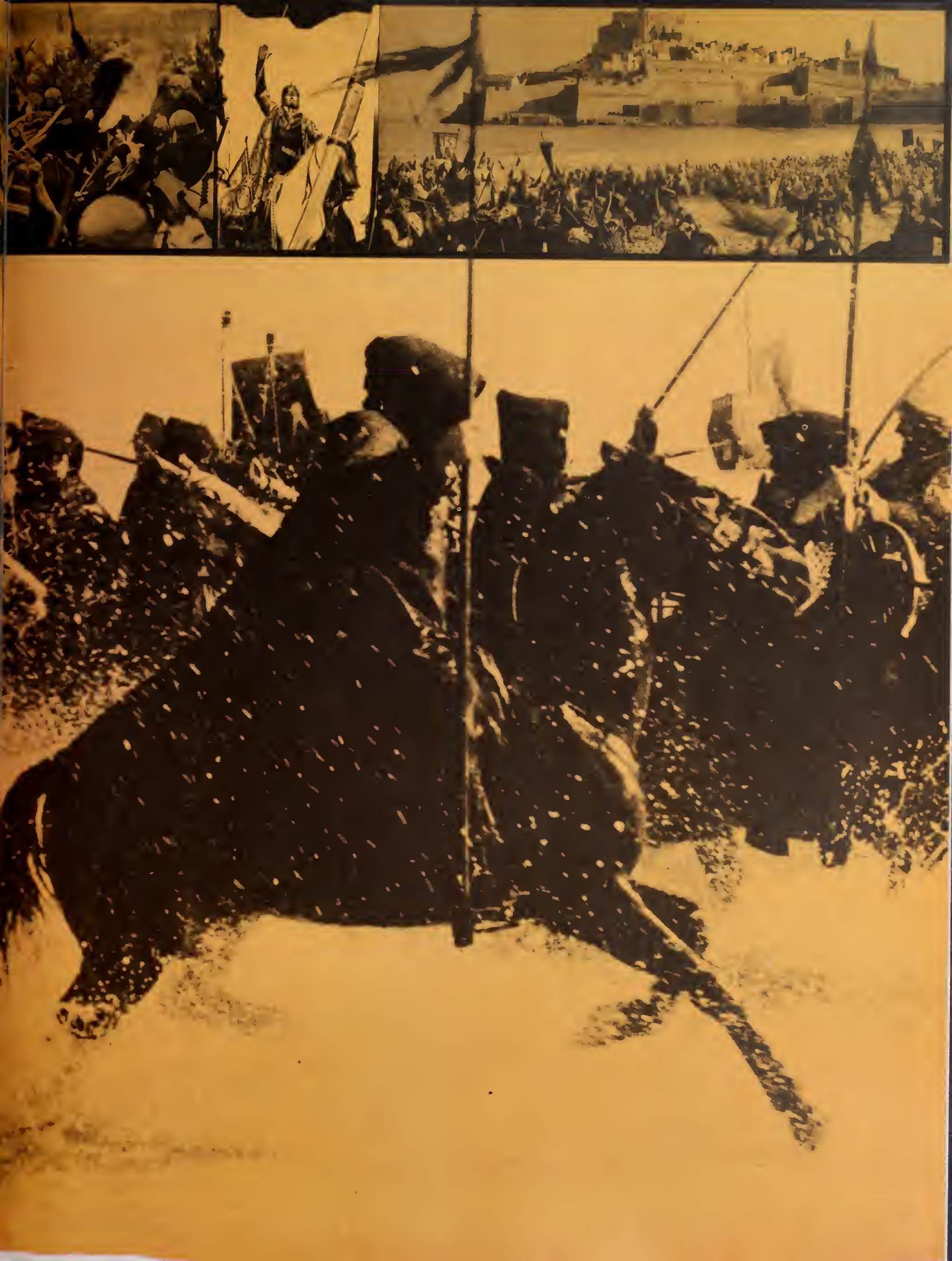
CHIMENE

On her face love and hatred were worn like a crown, like a diadem of ruby and sapphire, one as necessary as the other. Love of Rodrigo. Love of Father. Hatred of Rodrigo. Fear of Spain. Love of El Cid. This was the pageantry of passion that coursed through the Latin blood of Chimene, the sweetheart, the assassin, and the wife of El Cid. In black or brocade, the splendid body of Sophia Loren fills the screen with a majesty equal to the epic film. Her talent is held in check for most of the film while the camera scans the olive façade of her face . . . the thick lips, extended nostrils and almond eyes in search of the inferno that dwells within her. Not until the storming of Valencia do both her image and talent come together . . . in the pitch of night, drums sounding, the black robed muslims begin their march across the grey dunes. The camera deftly intercuts between ominous horse-tail banners and the figure of Chimene in her saffron-tinted chemise, between the faceless desecrator and the object of desecration, between the face of death and the face of fear, between the unreasoning horror of war and the only honorable reason for war.

WAR

The beast of history that often brings forth the best in man . . . the impact of mace, the knowledge of blood, the quintain, the weight of mail, the falchion . . . these were the toys of Spaniard and Moor, the books of their schooling, the staple of their manhood.

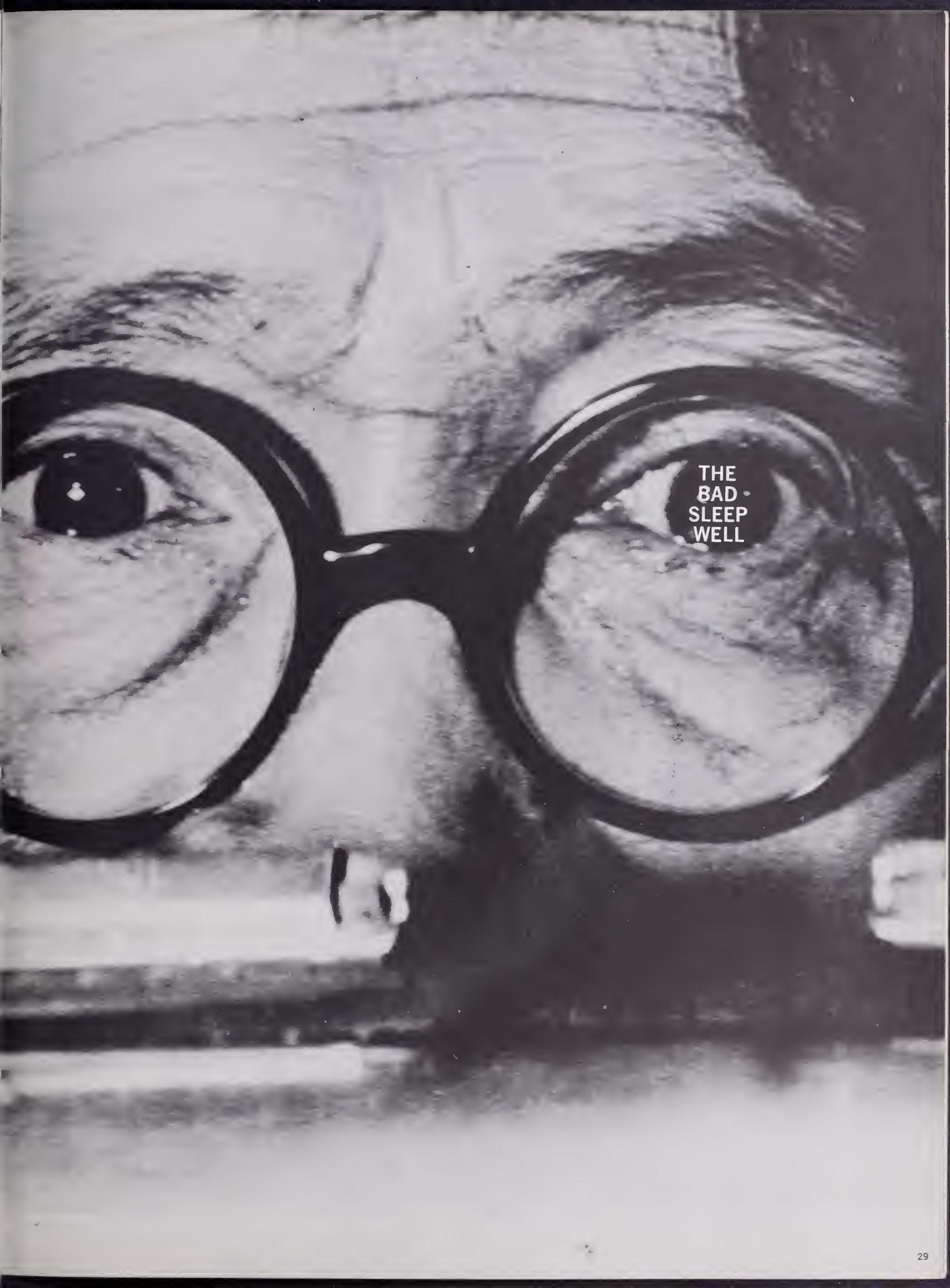
War and warfare have filled many a screen, brought many an audience in and turned many away. In "El Cid," they are as necessary to the story as they were to the times in which the events took place. Not since De Mille's "Crusades" have we seen so many ballistas, siege towers and mangonels assembled for one scene, the Siege of Valencia. The believability of the detail is enhanced by the sometimes Wellesian graphic photography and the director's understanding of the brutality and mentality of medieval warfare: the crush of battering-ram on rib cage, the crescendo of drum roll in the empty night, the cut of scimitar and the force of mare, and the empty waiting for the finality of war.



LOVE

Love . . . that formless object which takes so many forms, that elusive quality which invades the privacy of our hearts, that act for which we are known. So it is that we know El Cid, and, as so often it is in life, we know his life best when it is ending. It is here, at the end, that everyone who thought to tell a story realizes that perhaps it was too much to tell . . . the friendship and love of Moutamin (Douglas Wilmer), the Moorish ally, the follower of the one true faith, who is ever faithful to his "al Said" . . . Chimene, the sweetheart, the wife and the mother, whose heroic love gives her the courage to sacrifice the hero she loves . . . the story of Alfonso (John Fraser), King of Castile, the child-man upon whom El Cid forces honor, humility, and nobility at the cost of his own exile, at the cost of his beloved Spain. "My King must kneel to no man!" pleads Rodrigo as Alfonso humbles himself at his bedside. But on his knees to El Cid, Alfonso knows that at last he has become a King.

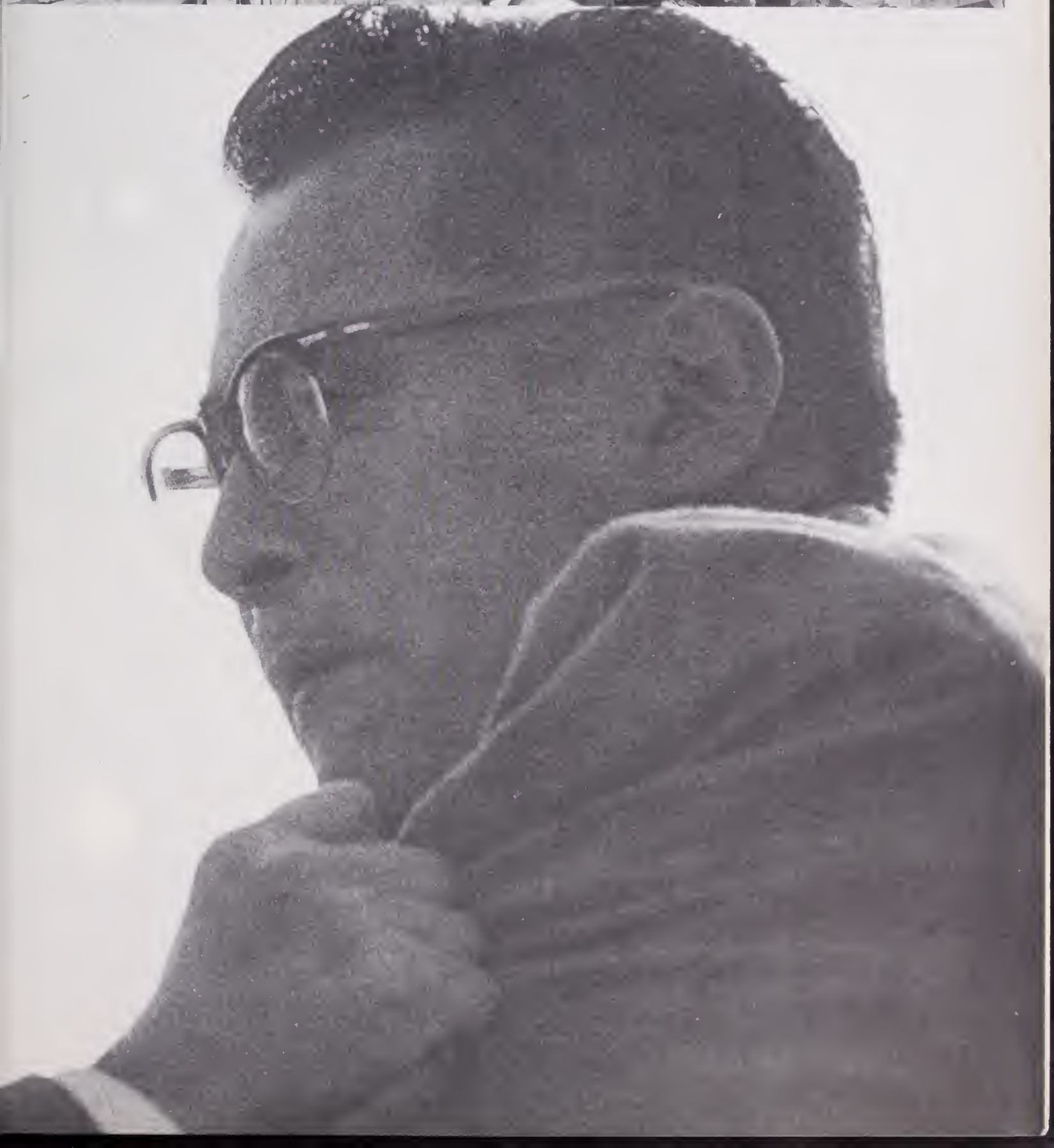
While not a film for the Eisenstein worshiper, the cinematography of Robert Krasker has magnificent moments, especially in his use of the actual backgrounds and interiors. The screenplay is confused, there are too many cross purposes . . . at times the character of El Cid is given an unbelievable pacifist character . . . the relationship between the brother kings is unnecessary and confuses the story and the position of El Cid The dialogue of scriptwriters Philip Yordan and Frederic Frank seems thin and gentle coming from characters of such epic proportions as Sophia Loren and Charlton Heston. The music of Miklos Rozsa enhances the epic quality except for a final sequence, where an organ thunders in cathedral-style and a narrator's voice intrudes to explain the obvious. Every film has its weaknesses and a giant film like this is bound to have some. Altogether it is a film of gigantic people, love and war. A spectacle that can only be seen at the cinema. NOW SHOWING • PRODUCED BY SAMUEL BRONSTON FOR ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE.


THE
BAD
SLEEP
WELL

From the beginning, when an ominous wedding cake in the shape of a mammoth office building is wheeled onto the screen, you are aware that a fantastic story is about to unfold. It does. For 152 minutes Akira Kurosawa's frames are filled with symbolism, fear, superstition, insanity, torture, love, government scandal, bribery, hatred, and a diabolical revenge in the character of Nishi (Toshiro Mifune), who could only be compared in mystery and believability to Dumas' Edmond Dantès. These are viewed with the eye of Kurosawa through windshield wipers, volcanic mist, shutters, shoji screens, and near the end, as a symbol of what is to come, in the ruins of Nishi's childhood playground. But the most striking in impact are Kurosawa's characters. They are uncommon to our time; they have the capacity to act on their convictions. They are, however, common to history. Perhaps this is the chord that strikes the audience. You are watching the Act of Life, and when it is over, and in Nishi's case, when he is destroyed, you know you have seen something common to all of us, you have seen something that was alive.

Japan produced over 400 pictures in 1961; they are and have been the world's leading motion picture producer for several years. From this muddle, the audience has picked the masterpieces ... "Rashomon" ... "The Seven Samurai" ... "The Doomed (To Live)" ... "The Hidden Fortress" ... "Yojimbo" ... each film has had one name in common, Kurosawa. Again he directs his camera to the graphic subtleties of gray, the dynamics of black and white, the commanding image of Toshiro Mifune in telling an unforgettable story of a **Man** against the enemy of life ... **Men.**

SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE THE LAST WEEK IN JANUARY • PRODUCED BY TOHO CO., LTD.



ACTION—CAMERA—

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

CASSAVETES

INCOMING TIDE

Technically, the responsibility of the motion picture director is the direction of the camera, of editing and of the actors. In the case of director John Cassavetes, however, it is much greater. In 1957 a young French movie critic named Claude Chabrol independently made his first film, entitled "Le Beau Serge"; it had a brief success. He followed it with a picture subsidized by the French Government and filmed by professionals. "The Cousins" was the hit of the year. Chabrol's tide was coming in and it created the first splash in the French New Wave...a wave which has washed new films, new excitement and one hundred and twelve new directors onto French movie sets since 1957. John Cassavetes sits atop a wave created by his independent, improvised film "Shadows," and with his new film "Too Late Blues," backed by Paramount Pictures, we will see if his tide is coming in or going out, whether the young men hungrily waiting for their chance can ride in on his swell, whether Hollywood will be flooded with the new talent its heritage demands.

Regardless of the opinion cast at the box office, Hollywood has taken Cassavetes in. Paramount has given him a five-picture contract, and he is currently working on "A Child Is Waiting" for Stanley Kramer. The picture stars Judy Garland and Burt Lancaster. Cassavetes' individuality, energy and freedom have put him safely ashore and, whether or not he has started a new wave, he will most likely remain on shore.

Cassavetes:

ON ACTORS "Actors are the smartest people in the world; they are the first to become aware of change... Actors are not important enough in today's films; they see basic truths in people that the detached writer, the director can't... An actor shouldn't have too much respect for the director; he should impose his own ideas... Stars are inventive and free."

ON LELIA GOLDONI (Star of "Shadows") "She moves beautifully, really great beauty... and she hasn't been offered a part in Hollywood since 'Shadows.'"

ON STELLA STEVENS (Star of "Too Late Blues") "She's great."

ON CAMERAMEN "They have bulldozed the business too long... they fill everything with light ... Eric Kollmar, the cameraman on "Shadows," was great but he didn't like me... Lionel Linden shot "Blues"... gave me everything he had... Ernie Lazlo will shoot "Child"... he did "Stalag 17"... loved it."

ON STANLEY KRAMER "The best in the business."

ON BOSLEY CROWTHER "What does he like?"

ON "SHADOWS" "It happens only once in a lifetime... your friends won't work for nothing again."

ON "TOO LATE BLUES" "It's good... I wouldn't see it... see it... it opened November 23rd in London, with "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," a terrible double bill... you can say I said that."

ON "A CHILD IS WAITING" "It's about a retarded child waiting to see his parents... a human story... the parents must take the step... a whole different way of life... we're not going to impose our ideas on their way of life... lots of humor in those kids, and in the film."

ON DIRECTING "It's not too exciting... an extremely technical level, like getting to a woman, but from afar."

ON PRODUCING "I will never produce again."

TOO LATE BLUES

The story of an idealistic jazz musician, Ghost, played by Bobby Darin, who falls in love with a mediocre vocalist, an "easy" girl, Jess, played by Stella Stevens. In turn his ideals are shaken and his manhood challenged. Despondent, he "sells out" to a cheap record label, becomes a gigolo to the Countess, played by Marilyn Clark, loses his self-respect, and finds determination to return to his ideals. He finds Jess, a drifter and prostitute. Below the level of hope, Jess makes one last effort at love; singing "The Blues," Ghost's old song, she reinstates him with his old group. Jess departs. Ghost, accepting what is and what isn't, turns to his keyboard and "The Blues" begin again.

Due for release in February • Produced by Cassavetes for Paramount Pictures • Screenplay by Cassavetes and Richard Carr • Music by David Raksin • Cinematographer Lionel Linden • Costumes by Edith Head•

THE FUTURE

Pamela Tiffin has the columnists raving! Thousands of words emerge from typewriters daily, but a few words will suffice; the real critic, the audience, is still watching. Her performance in "Summer and Smoke" made you notice her, but it didn't help the film much. Her chatter, wit and bustling vision of delight as Scarlet in "One, Two, Three" gave the film a delightful dash of color, but that might have been the Wilder touch. Her next is "State Fair" and then she must choose from a sheaf of others.

THE HERITAGE

Humphrey Bogart once said, "Nobody can be a good actor without a sense of truth, of right and wrong." While he wasn't a preacher dedicated to purifying his art, his words, and more important, his performances have provided a rock upon which we can build. From "Tennis anyone?" to "Drop the gun, Louie!"... from Duke Mantee to Rick . . . from the "threat man" to the wry depressed bachelor, a romantic hero of an age that could only accept courage, love, honesty, fidelity and honor by mocking them . . . the screen was filled with his enormous presence. "Sahara," "Treasure of Sierra Madre," "The Maltese Falcon," "Dead End," "Passage to Marseilles," "The Big Sleep," "The Caine Mutiny," "Key Largo," "Casablanca," and in many more, you just couldn't take your eyes off of him. So, here is another look.

KING OF KINGS

Critics have an understanding among themselves that Biblical epics are made to enable them to exercise their vitriolic wit. "King of Kings" is no exception and the audience just as consistently has ignored the critic and littered their pockets with torn ticket stubs. The film you can judge for yourself, but there is one area we see fit to dwell upon here:

Historical accuracy in décor, technology and costumes has been a fetish of the motion picture maker as well as the audience since the days of Vitagraph's "Romeo and Juliet." While not always necessary, a proper historic attitude towards female dress, for instance, can help establish character, set the moral tone of a given period in history, and establish the illusion of reality. While "King of Kings" contains certain inaccuracies, the women's costumes in particular fulfill their function.

THE WOMEN

THE COSTUMES

MARY, MOTHER OF JESUS

A red tunic of loose homespun linen worn over a mustard-colored inner tunic of a finer but still rough linen is Mary's costume. This simplicity of dress, devoid of luxury, quickly defines a Jewess devoted to her God and family. Siobhán McKenna, while she does not score an acting triumph, fills the part with the same sense of dignity and devotion inherent in her costumes. For accuracy's sake, true to a time when all women's heads, except harlots', were covered, Siobhán's is consistently covered.

CLAUDIA

In the case of the daughter of Tiberius, Emperor of Rome, her station in life is unexcelled, and her pearl-studded, towering coiffures establish position, the luxury connected with it, and the republican good taste still evident in the early Empire. Viveca Lindfors' physical presence seems as natural to the epic film as the fine silk pallas and brocaded stolas are to her aristocratic beauty. In keeping with her role as wife of the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, she was given the largest and most tasteful collections of jewelry, and in keeping with her role as daughter of the Emperor, she always seems to be something more than the other characters who inhabit her society on the screen.

MARY MAGDALENE

Carmen Sevilla's naturally sensuous beauty depicts the Magdalene as everything a Magdalene should be. From harlot to repentant, from opulently spangled earrings, beaded hips and transparent linen to rough homespun, her minimal part yields maximum impact. Mme. Monic, an *haute couturière* of Madrid, who designed the ornate costumes of the female principals, did justice to the sensuousness of her native countrywomen in the one costume for Mary the Harlot, and properly lets Miss Sevilla display her natural earthiness in the simple black stola of the repentant.

HERODIAS

In "King of Kings" the incestuous wife of Herod Antipas is everything the Bible and Josephus chose to call her. Furtive! Exotic! Debauched! Excessive! Sadistic! Carnal! Lavish! Her costumes are a combination of the excessiveness of every depraved capital of the ancient world... jeweled collars from Egyptian Alexandria, robes from Parthia and jeweled earrings and girdles from Gades. Rita Gam somehow seems to display the quixotic and jealous nature of a woman who spawned one of the Bible's most tempting daughters of Eve.

SALOME

Sixteen-year-old Brigid Bazlen's brief appearance on the screen is as dazzling as the costumes in which she appears. I expected the absolute worst from a performer so young who seemed to be chosen for her beautiful new face alone. Her beauty is there, but that is not all. If anyone deserves acting acclaim it is Brigid. Garbed in a filmy gauze skirt, a halter and girdle of topaz, jasper and ruby, she offsets the visual temptation of her jeweled hips and naked stomach with the acid tongue of a child spoiled to the point of sadism. This was Salome. This was the court of Herod. While the dance costumes don't have the historic nudity of the Ritual Cordax, Brigid's attitude on screen is sensuous and snooty enough to make you believe it and hate it.

UNKNOWN

Angelia Dorian has not as yet appeared on the motion picture screen. Seventeen years old and beautiful, she moves in that frantic world of the future...appointments, tests, phone calls, modeling, TV, waiting and making decisions — whether to rely on her purely sensuous beauty or fill her art with a sense of life; whether to marry or wait awhile; whether to listen to her friends, her agent, her parents, or her manager. With each question she sits on the edge of a career or an abyss all too common to starlets. Will she fit in the film picture? Can she integrate herself in the dynamics of the picture? Is her desire strong enough to carry her to her goal? As a model, she moves with the grace of a dancer and invariably looks herself, rather than the image of some unknown common denominator of beauty. She commands you to look at her and she enjoys being seen. She insists on moving from the unknown to the known. We feel she will.

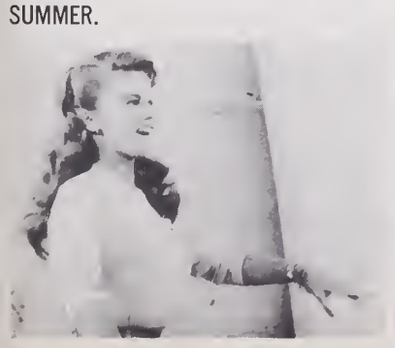
PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WHITE

PREVIEWS

STATE FAIR

First made in 1933 with Norman Foster, Janet Gaynor, Louise Dresser and Will Rogers, and again in 1945 with Dick Haymes, Fay Bainter, Jeanne Crain and Dana Andrews, "State Fair" is now up before the cameras again with Tom Ewell, Alice Faye, Pat Boone, Pamela Tiffin, Ann-Margret, and Bobby Darin. The Rodgers and Hammerstein music is still excellent and the new cast may provide some fine performances. The cast seems set for a teen-age audience but it will be fun to watch Alice Faye in her return to films after a long absence. 20th Century-Fox has been grooming Ann-Margret, shown here, for stardom in their production.

SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE IN EARLY SUMMER.



THE LONGEST DAY

A huge international cast is being recruited by Darryl Zanuck to film D-Day, June 6th, 1944. New names are still being added to it almost every week. Altogether, the credits will boast 27 important parts, not to speak of vast numbers of smaller roles and extras. Stars who are set, and who in many cases have already worked, include William Holden, Peter Lawford, Robert Wagner, Paul Anka, Fabian, Tommy Sands, Red Buttons, Curt Jurgens, Richard Todd, Christian Marquand, Françoise Rosay, Arletty, Bourvil, Georges Wilson, Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud and others.

The film will introduce a charming newcomer, Irina Demich, shown here:

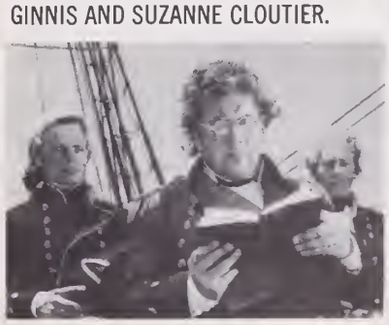
Outstanding directors are working on the film, for which Ryan wrote the script, with James Jones and Romain Gary as the literary advisors. The directors include Andrew Marton (famous for his chariot race scene in "Ben Hur"); Elmo Williams, whom Zanuck considers the best second unit director in the business; Gerd Oswald, Britain's Ken Annakin and Germany's Bernard Wicki. The latter will handle all major sequences involving German actors. He has won international acclaim with his latest hit, "The Bridge."

THE FILM, FROM THE BOOK BY CORNELIUS RYAN AND PRODUCED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX, IS NOT YET SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE.

BILLY BUDD

Peter Ustinov has provided many a pleasing scene for the filmgoer in the past and in Melville's symbolic story of good and evil he intends a lot more. As producer, director, writer and star, he will have more than a little to do with each frame of film. "Billy Budd" is a difficult story to tell at best; the symbolic nature of the Master-at-Arms Claggart (Robert Ryan) and Billy (Terence Stamp) demands believable but arch types. In Stamp's case, Ustinov selected him from thirty-six screen tests given. Ustinov first saw him on the London stage in "Why the Chicken?" The inventiveness of Ustinov as Captain Vere will most likely provide some exciting moments and we hope that he will be as successful in his other responsibilities.

NOT YET SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, RONALD LUBIN FOR ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE • CINEMATOGRAPHER ROBERT KRASKER • PRODUCTION DESIGNER DON ASHTON • ALSO FEATURING MELVYN DOUGLAS, JOHN NEVILLE, RONALD LEWIS, LEE MONTAGUE, PAUL ROGERS, NIALL MACGINNIS AND SUZANNE CLOUTIER.



MY GEISHA

In short, this is a story about a very famous Hollywood actress who lets ambition trample her marriage. In the end, as "My Geisha" spins toward what appears to be an inevitable bad ending, gentle Japanese philosophy makes itself known from an unlikely source, an exotic geisha girl, and the actress discovers happily that she infinitely prefers being a wife and a woman to being a star.

The players are Miss Shirley MacLaine, who is celebrated for doing what comes naturally to Shirley on screen but who, this time and for the first time, does an impersonation — a geisha, which is about as far-fetched as you can get from Miss MacLaine in person... Yves Montand, the electrifying French dramatic actor and song-and-dance man ... Edward G. Robinson, distinguished star and character player and ex-gangster type... Bob Cummings, the deft and lupine television star... and an Asiatic-French beauty in miniature, Miss Yoko Tani.

The director is Jack Cardiff of London, who made the realistic, almost documentary "Sons and Lovers," nominated for an Academy award, and who before that was an Academy award-winning photographer, which leads us to believe there may be stimulating visual concept.

SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE IN JUNE • PRODUCED BY STEVE PARKER FOR PARAMOUNT PICTURES • SCREENPLAY BY NORMAN KRASNA • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN • CINEMATOGRAPHER SHUNICHIRO NAKAO.

A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR

This is the tragic story based upon what Brigitte Bardot calls the tragedy of her life . . . The heroine is a simple, easy-going girl whose success as a photographer's model leads to an unwanted movie career, a ruined private life and death at the hands of a photographer's flashbulb. Directed as it is by Louis Malle who made "The Silent World" and "The Lovers," you can expect an unorthodox approach. Opposite Brigitte is Marcello Mastroianni, of "La Dolce Vita," Bardot's male counterpart.
NOT SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE AS YET.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

The cast gives some indication of the possibilities of this film. The 1935 version with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone and Movita won an Academy Award and box office superlatives. MGM looks for the same in 1962.

Fletcher Christian	Marlon Brando
Captain Bligh	Trevor Howard
John Mills	Richard Harris
Smith	Hugh Griffith
Brown	Richard Haydn
Maimiti	Tarita
Quintal	Percy Herbert
Williams	Duncan Lamont
Birkett	Gordon Jackson
Byrne	Chips Rafferty
McCoy	Noel Purcell
Mack	Ashley Cowan
Fryer	Eddie Byrne
Minarii	Frank Silvera
Young	Tim Seely
Staines	Torin Thatcher
Graves	Ben Wright
Morrison	Keith McConnell

CLEOPATRA

There have been eight screen versions of the Lady of the Nile, among whom have been Theda Bara, Claudette Colbert, Rhonda Fleming, and Vivien Leigh, but Elizabeth Taylor is the first, and the first actress in any part, to receive a million-dollar contract for her role. Miss Taylor is somewhat a form of life insurance for 20th Century-Fox, and her mass popularity makes her a good investment. Joseph L. Mankiewicz has researched his background as he did for "Julius Caesar," and hired Hermes Pan in an untitled position to stage a Roman triumph and two giant parties!! Our next issue will report on the complications of rehearsing the hordes of antiquity for film life.
NOT SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE AS YET.

SATAN NEVER SLEEPS

During the latter part of the year 1949 China was terrorized by armed forces of the Communist Party, who were rapidly overrunning the country from the north.

Into this troubled land, through the tiny province of Kwangtung in the Southwest, comes a handsome — but troubled — young priest leading an obstinate horse on which is sitting an Oriental maiden of profound beauty.

The priest's name is Father O'Banion (William Holden), of Irish descent but born in the United States. His duty is to relieve Father Bovard (Clifton Webb) at the San-Li-Wan Mission: his problem is his Chinese companion, Siu-Lan (France Nuyen), whom he rescued from the summer floods and who is now deeply in love with her noble saviour. It is a Chinese custom, she says, that once you have saved a life you are **responsible** for that life.

So starts the synopsis of the 20th Century-Fox production to be released this February. From there, the Red soldiers move in and through a process of sacrilege, fear, burned crucifixes, wrecked dispensaries, the rape of Siu-Lan and murder, life becomes intolerable. But with a spirit, faith, and obvious red cruelty, the main villain changes sides and provides an escape.
SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE IN FEBRUARY
• A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

SHOWING

NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE

In following his burning ambition to reach the top of the political ladder, Johnnie Byrne, M.P., (Peter Finch) is stripped, layer by layer, of the veneers of ruthlessness, selfishness, and power-hungry ambition until his very soul is exposed bare, lonely . . . and loveless. There are many attempts at love, but, his wife (Rosalie Crutehleg) walks out on him; the girl upstairs (Billie Whitelaw) leaves him when he answers a political phone call while they are making love, and his mistress (Mary Peach) finally cools their hot affair when she realizes his ambition won't allow him enough time for her. At the end he has a choice between love and a career, but the temptation to join the ranks of Fox, Pitt, Disraeli, and Churchill is too much. Not a film for children or those looking for escape.

PRODUCED BY BETTY E. BOX FOR THE RANK ORGANIZATION • A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION OF AN EMBASSY PICTURES RELEASE • DIRECTED BY RALPH THOMAS • SCREENPLAY BY NICHOLAS PHIPPS AND MORDECAI RICHLER • CINEMATOGRAPHY DIRECTOR ERNEST STEWARD • ALSO WITH STANLEY HOLLOWAY, DONALD PLEASENCE, AND HUGH BURDEN.

TWO WOMEN

"How could I make Sophia, with her blazing twenty-five years, unappealing? By putting a bandage over one eye, by making her lame, or by pulling out a tooth? I didn't have the courage. And—what was even more difficult — how could I make of Sophia a mother of a marriageable daughter?" This was a problem that faced Cesare Zavattini when adapting Alberto Moravia's novel "La Ciociara" to film. He manipulated the age of the daughter in the film to some advantage, but his biggest help is Sophia Loren. While she isn't unappealing, she is completely believable as the strong peasant mother who loves her daughter madly, like a wolf mother. Her triumph has already brought her the Best Actress Award at the 1961 Cannes Film Festival and may bring her more.

DeSica handles the film with the same sense of humanism and stark reality that made him famous in "Shoe Shine" and "Bicycle Thief." The picture is natural — no key lights, no tricks — and so is the acting. The realistic school is on the wane, but in "Two Women" DeSica shows it can still produce exciting entertainment.

A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • RELEASED BY EMBASSY PICTURE CORP. • PRODUCED BY CARLO PONTI • DIRECTED BY VITTORIO DeSICA • SCREENPLAY BY CESARE ZAVATTINI • CINEMATOGRAPHY DIRECTION GABOR POGANY • WITH SOPHIA LOREN • JEAN PAUL BELMONDO • ELEANORA BROWN • RAF VALLONE.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

This is an actresses' film. Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, Miriam Hopkins and Fay Bainter give excellent dramatic performances, but somehow they don't fit into the visual dynamics of the film. They emote grandly as if they were on stage, but move in picture frames that have a contrived look. Director William Wyler is noted for picking good stories, which "The Children's Hour" is, but during the film you feel as if you have seen this all before; perhaps "The Bad Seed" was too recently available. The updating of the time to the present makes situations and characters that were abundant in the twenties seem implausible today.

This is the first film made by Wyler since "Ben-Hur" — a motion picture which, in addition to its spectacular popular success, also seems destined to become the most honored picture ever made. Winner three times of the Academy Award for best direction, nominated thirteen times for the "Oscar," Wyler's list of films includes such varied classics of the screen as Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," "Wuthering Heights," "Mrs. Miniver" and "The Best Years of Our Lives." We expected more of "The Children's Hour."

PRESENTED BY THE MIRISCH COMPANY AND UNITED ARTISTS • SCREENPLAY BY JOHN MICHAEL HAYES WITH AN ADAPTATION BY LILLIAN HELLMAN •CINEMATOGRAPHER FRANZ F. PLANER • WITH AUDREY HEPBURN, SHIRLEY MacLAINE, JAMES GARNER, MIRIAM HOPKINS, FAY BAINTER, KAREN BALKIN AND VERONICA CARTWRIGHT.

THE BRIDGE

An anti-war film that is a little frightening to watch at spots. The nature of the photography and the fact that all the players are unknown give it the believability of a newsreel. Cordula Trantow received the Bundesfilmpreis award for her performance. Here is the synopsis so you'll know what to expect. A good film if you can take it.

In a small town in Germany that is relatively untouched by the war despite the fact that American troops have broken into Germany in the closing days of April 1945, a class of boys in the little school wait to be called up for service although normally underage for the army. A bomb badly aimed at the local bridge heralds the approach of the Americans and the call comes through. One of their teachers, Mr. Stern (Wolfgang Stumpf), who has been in charge of their military training in the village square, tries to keep the children from being sent to the front and is joined in this effort by Captain Froehlich (Heinz Spitzner). The captain puts the boys in command of Corporal Heilmann (Gunther Pfitzmann) and instructs the corporal to see that they are unharmed. Heilmann posts them at the bridge and goes back to town. Boredom ends for the boys at dawn when an American fighter plane comes over the horizon and strafes them, killing one of their number, Sigi (Gunther Hoffmann), and goading them into reckless attack on American tanks that arrive moments later. Their rashness disables two tanks with hand grenades and causes the others to turn back, but at a price. Four of the boys are dead. Then their little victory turns to ashes. A German demolition squad appears and blows up the bridge; doubly ironic, because it is of no military value. When Albert Mutz (Fritz Wepper) learns that his companions have given their life in vain, he shoots and kills the demolition sergeant, whose squad returns the fire and kills one more boy, Hans Scholten (Volker Bohnet). Bone-tired and disillusioned, Mutz staggers back into the town, and, as white flags and sheets are being hung out of all the windows, signalling surrender to the approaching Americans, he collapses on the doorstep of his home.

PRODUCED BY FONO-FILMS AND JOCHEN SEVERN • DISTRIBUTED BY ALLIED ARTISTS • DIRECTED BY BERNARD WICKI • CINEMATOGRAPHER GERD von BONIN.

HAPPINESS OF US ALONE

Two deaf mutes marry and begin their life of tragedy together. Their first child is lost because of their deafness, the husband's brother becomes a hoodlum, the mother-in-law moves in. After a series of tragedies the wife almost commits suicide but is saved by her husband's love. Finally the wife is run down and dies because of her deafness. Shortly her husband is dead too. But, their second child grows to be a strong, healthy boy with a future. Moments of tender love. Beautiful cinematography. A little melodramatic. A fine performance by beautiful and talented Hideko Takamine.

PRODUCED BY TOKYO ELGA CO., LTD. • RELEASED BY TOHO PICTURES • DIRECTION AND SCREENPLAY BY ZENZO MATSUYAMA • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY MASAO TAMAI • WITH HIDEKO TAKAMINE, KEIJU KOBAYASHI • IZUMI HARA • MITSUKO KUSABUE AND YOICHI NUMATA.

LAST YEAR IN MARIENBAD

A film whose director, Alain Resnais ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour") and writer, Robbe-Grillet, can not agree on interpretation. Filled with fragments . . . idlers . . . ifs . . . present . . . past . . . reality . . . fantasy, "Marienbad" creates a confusion that the audience must piece together. At first rejected by French distributors who felt it "too difficult" for the audience, and then grabbed up after it won the Great Golden Lion of the Venice Film Festival, the film at last received the adulation from the audience of which it demands so much. An intellectual film that finds its rapport with the audience in its idyllic romantic attitudes, "Marienbad" completes the first cycle of film making — from romance to realism to romance. The difference is one of method and the man who conceived it, Alain Resnais. Rather than making romance real with idealized types, he makes reality a romance with natural types . . . it is as if you were watching yourself with the attachment the audience of the Twenties had for Valentino. Removed from convention and acting with a creative rather than a logical instinct, Resnais is breathing new life onto the screen by drawing on unconventional sources . . . just as the comic page drew new life from the montage sequences of D. W. Griffith and John Ford, Resnais in turn is quite consciously drawing from the cartoonist who began it all, Milton Caniff.

WEST SIDE STORY

Pictures, music, dancing, color. A great film. All the turbulence of a street fight. The timeless love of "Romeo and Juliet." A picture for the mass audience and the particular.

PRODUCED BY ROBERT WISE FOR THE MIRISCH CO. IN ASSOCIATION WITH SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTIONS • RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS • DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE AND JEROME ROBBINS • SCREENPLAY BY ERNEST LEHMAN • MUSIC BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN • LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM • CINEMATOGRAPHER DANIEL FAPP • COSTUMES IRENE SCHARAFF • WITH NATALIE WOOD, RICHARD BEYMER, RUSS TAMBLYN, RITA MORENO, GEORGE CHAKIRIS, AND AROUND 100 GREAT DANCERS.

THRONE OF BLOOD

This is Kurosawa at his best! A must for the audience that defines the motion picture as a visual art. With a graphic stylization as defined as Eisenstein or Welles and an understanding of editing on a par with the best, he has made a **spectacle** film as it should be made. Directing hordes of thousands or the face of Mifune, Kurosawa handles both with the eye of the artist, unimpressed and unhampered by anything that is not essential to the story.

The story is that of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," its scenes artfully transposed to the setting of medieval Japan. The heroic role is played by Toshiro Mifune (who also played the bandit in "Rashomon" and the wild samurai in "Seven Samurai"), co-starred with Isuzu Yamada (Japan's leading actress) and Takashi Shimura (star of "Doomed" and the leader in "Seven Samurai").

NOW SHOWING • PRODUCED BY TOHO COMPANY, LTD. • CINEMATOGRAPHER ASAICHI NAKAI.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: YVETTE MIMEAUX PERFORMS FOR THE PAGES OF CINEMA. THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON LIZ TAYLOR AND THE CAST OF THOUSANDS AS THEY REHEARSE FOR "CLEOPATRA." GUY DEEL ILLUSTRATES THE GREAT WAR FILMS AND THEIR EXPLOSIVE HEROINES. A THOROUGH LOOK AT BARDOT'S "A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR." FULL SPREADS ON "HOW THE WEST WAS WON," "THE LONGEST DAY," "BILLY BUDD," AND "WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALENCE?" THE FIRST LOOK AT "TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN," "TWO FOR THE SEESAW," AND "THE BROTHERS GRIMM." PLUS A NEW FOREIGN FEMME FATALE, HUMOR, A SILENT CLASSIC, AN UNKNOWN AND THE BEST OF THE FOREIGN FILMS. ON THE STANDS IN MARCH.

CINEMA

VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 2
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CLOSE-UP ON YVETTE MIMIEUX (COVER STORY)

THE FEMALE TRILOGY OF "BOCCACCIO 70"

THE TRAGIC MASK OF BARDOLATRY

CURTIS HARRINGTON ON HIS NEW FILM

CLEOPATRA'S SEDUCTION OF ROME

THE GREAT WAR ON FILM


CINEMA

Whenever a new magazine makes its appearance during these days after the public has decapitated so many mastheads, the question comes up, just who is the "public"? CINEMA has asked the same question. We have looked at ourselves and at others who attend movies, and quite fruitlessly tried to make a collective generality about our readers, only to find that they are collectively particular. The only collective characteristic they seem to have is that they go consistently to movies, and that their particular selection of movies is causing a gradual but portentous revolution in film distribution.

This selectivity seems to be the key.

What marks a selective film goer? The qualities of selectivity are elusive and constantly changing, and it is precisely the person who is accustomed to change, to movement and to making his own evaluations who makes up our audience. He is no stereotype. He may consider cinema the art form of the twentieth century or simply enjoy it as a means of needed escape; he may find primitive excitement or seek intellectual enlightenment. He selects his movies as he selects his car, home or menu . . . that which suits his particular needs, intellect and taste.

Generally, our readers dwell in or near large urban centers where film selections are not made *for* them. They are vigorous, persuasive people who are not necessarily still young, who will not grow old. They are aware of the values that their neighbors accept and reject, but they probe the obvious and discover the unknown.

Already we have felt the pressure of our readers: "Why did you print that?" "Discuss more foreign films." "Give more information and less praise." "I am very much impressed with the general layout and with the quality of your work. If you will permit me, I would like to make a few observations . . ."

Letters continue to come in and they are continually welcome. And like our audience, we hope to be able continually to change, to select and to grow.

It is still our basic intention to be informative on the fascinating variety of movie-making — costumes, directors, cinematographers, performers, locations, visual development, history, etc.— but the selection of movies will become more acute. Already in this second issue you will notice a sharper focus brought about not only by the helpful comment of our audience but by greater cooperation from the movie-makers themselves. Our capacity to inform and entertain is constantly improving as we learn to locate you, our audience. Your persuasive words not only to others but to CINEMA will be most welcome.

THE EDITOR

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JAMES R. SILKE • EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Three Italian directors—Fellini, Visconti and De Sica—focus their cameras on three distinctly beautiful female forms in telling their separate stories of the diverse and perverse natures of men, women and love. Due for release in July, this Joseph Levine presentation is expected to reap a financial harvest equal to "La Dolce Vita" and will contain an equally frank look at sex and life.

ONE: ANITA EKBERG

Federico Fellini has carefully cast the veil of illusion about the magnificent proportions of Miss Ekberg. Daubed with sequins, and embraced by satin, her opulent image becomes the modern symbol of male desire, a symbol which has become so debased that it approaches the realm of tragedy. Fellini first used Miss Ekberg in a similar way in "La Dolce Vita," where she portrayed the conventionally simple and pure American movie star whose actual character was a complete denial of her fantastic external image. In his sketch, "The Temptations of Dr. Antonio," Fellini uses the Ekberg shape to depict a girl on a billboard poster who comes to life in the hallucinations of Dr. Antonio. While campaigning against what he considers to be an indecent signboard, the doctor falls in love with the giant photograph. The sign stands directly across from his apartment window, depicting the satin clad blonde drinking milk, while a neon sign blinks "Drink More Milk" and a loudspeaker chants the same lyric with the innocent voices of a children's choir. Miss Ekberg's real frame not being quite big enough, Director Fellini has her come to life in the shape of a 50-foot giantess, sensuously dancing through a miniature set in voluptuous abandon, taunting Antonio and destroying his mind.

Miss Ekberg portrays here a nameless creature, without intellect or personality, simply a devastating physical shape. Fellini and Miss Ekberg have personified the female that is totally the creation of man's imagination, neither good nor bad in fact, but the symbolic idol of fleshly desire . . . an illusion more deadly than flesh.

TWO: ROMY SCHNEIDER

Director Visconti has delicately applied shades of grey and gold to the muted sensuality of Miss Schneider with the clinical touch of a theatrical powder puff. A single string of pearls about her slender neck, black Spanish lace next to her porcelain skin and a quilt of mink atop her bed, she graces the spiritual cellar of a $500,000 apartment . . . an apartment which is the abortive creation of a useless luxury and a determined sophistication . . . an apartment which becomes the most novel bordello the cinema has yet seen. The bordello and its occupant belong to Thomas Milian, who plays Romy's playboy husband. His corrupting activities in the film have led him to the elegant deviation of $1,000-a-night call girls. Being a young Milanese Count, the newspapers have traded upon his degeneracy with blatant headlines and extensive newsprint. His father-in-law, in anger, cuts off his and his wife's bank accounts. Reacting with the primitive deliberation of the instinctive female rather than with the expected indifference of her wealth-encrusted environment, Pupe (Romy Schneider) resorts to practicing the "first profession," but with a few innovations: First, her sole customer is to be her husband, so that he can fulfill his baser instincts without benefit to the press . . . Second, she will offer him a discount of $300 or $400 since there is no need for a madam's cut . . . And third, her only reason is to earn her enough money to buy an elegant dress shop with which she can then relieve her boredom.

Romy Schneider's delicate frame superbly defines the image and wears the clothes of the refined woman of a gelded society. Under Visconti's direction, though, she portrays a woman more eternal than external, more primitive than perfumed, a female more dominant than the male.

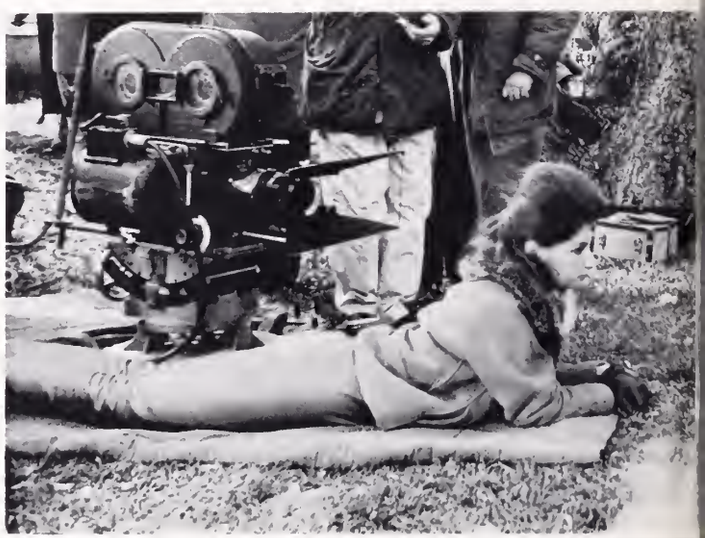
THREE: SOPHIA LOREN

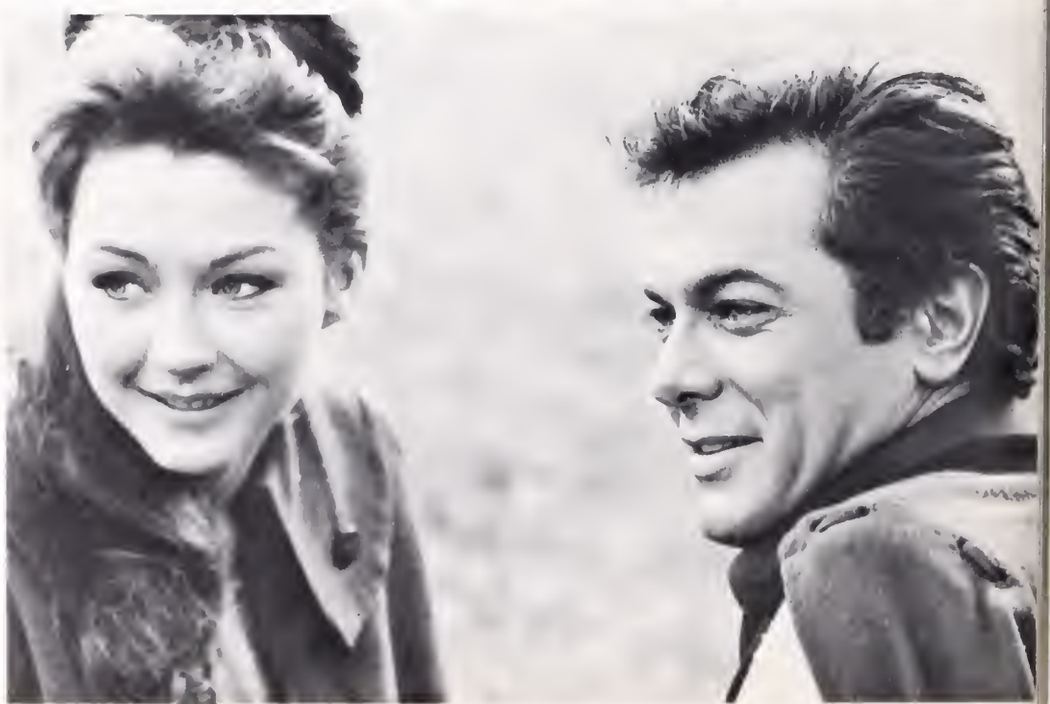
Vittorio De Sica in capturing the rich impasto, the full-bodied colors of the earth-toned life of the people of the Po Valley turns his camera upon the one perfect image that can successfully portray the beauty inherent in the reality of that simple life — Sophia Loren. With tousled hair and spangled earrings, posed against a beautifully grotesque wallpaper or drenched in water, Sophia appears not only voluptuously made but voluptuously alive. As Zoe, the prize of the Saturday night raffle in a travelling carnival, Miss Loren here enacts a Saturday night when she must deny her obligation to the winner of the raffle in order to fulfill her obligation of love for the man to whom she has lost her heart. Sophia's image is both common and ideal, both real and symbolic. Her dramatic physique both defines the realms of life's natural pleasures and symbolizes the beauties that fill the realms of the human heart. With De Sica here, as in "Two Women," the tempting shape of her first decade on film is now controlled by the movements of the genuine actress ...her beauty now has more the majesty of love than the heat of desire.

TARAS BULBA

Producer Harold Hecht and director J. Lee Thompson, after months in remote Argentina spend their last day of shooting on a Hollywood lot.

list of adventure films—"The Flame and the Arrow," "Vera Cruz" and "The Crimson Pirate." Full of flashing swords, the belch of cannons, flaming cities, "Taras Bulba" also has its tender moments. Here, back in the U.S. at the Disney Ranch in Newhall, director Thompson (upper righthand photo) lines up the shot that will reveal the first touch of what is to become a tragic love betwen Andrei Bulba (Tony Curtis) and Natalai Dubrow (Christine Kaufmann). The day was cold, and Miss Kaufmann's lovely stand-in, Jeanne Dawson (second picture to right) was kept busy as Christine warmed herself. Filming today, with such large crews and so much at stake, is very slow, but finally cinematographer Joe MacDonald (third picture to right) and director Thompson had it the way they wanted it. The third row of pictures gives you their idea of the beauty of young love in the 16th Century.



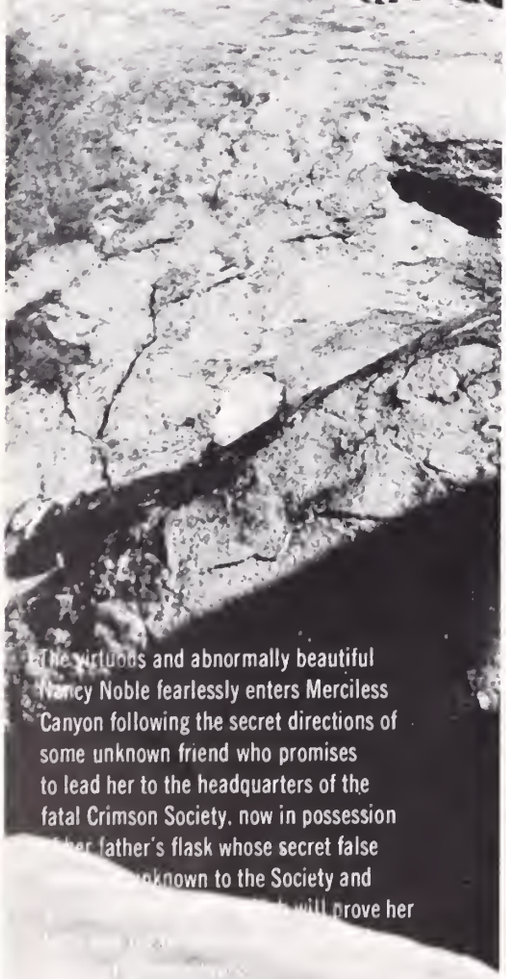


After flying to Greece, the Island of Rhodes, Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria, Bavaria, Spain, Mexico, Peru and Chile in search of a location that could double for the high grassed steppes of the 16th Century Ukraine, the production team of "Taras Bulba" finally settled on Salta, Argentina. It was there that the great walled city of Dubno was recreated and finally burnt to the ground by the 10,000 Gauchos who portray the wild Cossacks of Taras Bulba (Yul Brynner). It was the skilled horsemanship typical of these Gauchos that Hecht and Thompson sought in searching for a location that not only looked like the Ukraine but contained the hardy riders of that land of high adventure.

High adventure is the main ingredient of this film, and producer Hecht in hiring J. Lee Thompson ("The Guns of Navarone") and spending $7,000,000 has added new dimensions to an already creditable

Noble Nancy Noble

Nancy Nelson, who here plays all the parts in our spoof of the early movie serial, is a young fashion model working in Los Angeles. Her background and what she intends to do are not nearly as important as what she does. A remarkable beauty (she was the cover girl on our first issue), she can also apply her physical charms to the role of humor. Versatile and talented, she emotionally adopts the character of each stereotype we have recreated, creates and applies the make-up for each part and moves in complete harmony with the cameraman's direction. At present she is an unknown to the film audience, but she creates visions which demand to be seen



The virtuous and abnormally beautiful Nancy Noble fearlessly enters Merciless Canyon following the secret directions of some unknown friend who promises to lead her to the headquarters of the fatal Crimson Society, now in possession of her father's flask whose secret false bottom, unknown to the Society and [illegible] will prove her

[illegible] Crimson Society [illegible] leave him [illegible] friend [illegible] natural niece, the heir to Nancy's rightful inheritance.

I. Wright bent on Nancy's safety follows Noble Nancy Noble into Merciless Canyon unaware that his boy scout canteen has been doped by the wanton Scarlet dove May Lai, front man for the fatal Crimson Society.

Photos by Jerry White

Horrified at what she has done to the one "good man" she has known, May Lai has told Yul Hiss, whom she thinks is Nancy's friend, of Nancy's impending disaster at the hands of the fatal Crimson Society in Merciless Canyon. A child of the wicked orient, it is only when casually approached by the unknown leader of the Crimson Society that she realizes her feelings for I. Wright are right.

In the clutches of the awfully fatal Crimson Society who are evilly bent on preventing her from printing her revealing story on their awful crooked schemes by trying to force her by force to join their evil secret society. Noble Nancy Noble bares her breast, bosom, shoulder to the hot brand of the terrible Society No price is too big or too small to pay if she can only gain their confidence and then secure her father's flask, her family's honor and her rightful inheritance.

To Be Continued

CLOSE-UP ON YVETTE MIMIEUX

As the camera moves in on Yvette, you realize that it is looking both backwards and forwards: that it is looking at a reminder of the film heritage and at its future. While her earlier performances, "The Time Machine" and "Where the Boys Are," only hinted at her possibilities, Guy Green's camera in "The Light in the Piazza" closes in on a type of performer that you may have forgotten, and one that you will not soon forget. Her next will be "The Brothers Grimm" and she is now shooting "Diamond Head," again under Guy Green's direction. She is in each defining a new stardom which raises the question of what is a star and why. Ever since the first fan letters were written to the "Biograph Girl," the audience has seen in the performer a tangible symbol with which they could identify and toward which they could project their lives. This phenomenon created the star system and the first stars – "Little Mary," "The Vamp," "The It Girl." And strangely enough, beautiful young Yvette finds her heritage as a performer in the archetypes of those first stars

rather than in the stereotypes of her more recent predecessors. It is the dialectic of youth and age, of the heritage and the future coupled with her pure cinematic performance that makes you say of Yvette that you will remember her tomorrow.

Yvette has broken from the type of heroine created by the despondent realism of the late thirties – the bad-good girl whose virtue wore the cloak of vice, who had to be vamp and virgin at the same time. The Mimieux image does not conceal her morality, but rather personifies it. She is a performer on a plateau rather than on your level. Like "Little Mary" and the other heroine types of the twenties, she dominates her environment rather than reflecting it, dramatizing strength, not weakness. But unlike the archetypes of the past, she can channel that strength into any type – vamp, virgin or mother. It is at this point that film heritage is shaped by the future. Yvette's archetype is not so much a question of moral but of emotional behavior. The charm of her imagery is its elusiveness...she is etherial, not actually present but having her affect.

One of her most successful efforts in maintaining her professional image, which no doubt has some relation to her personal image, is the control of her press relations. Again unlike the stars of the twenties she does not, or at least she is not known, to occupy a pseudo-feudal chateau and marry nobility, but rather keeps her personal life personal. Her personal behavior then,

Photos by Jerry White

does not hamper nor impose interpretations upon her screen life; her audience must construct the character portrayed on the screen by what is given them by the director and performer. Playing the part of a twenty-six year old mentally retarded girl in "The Light in the Piazza" would have been even more difficult had the audience been subjected to press releases with titles like "Inside Yvette" or "Does Yvette Really Love Her Mother?"

Yvette's real success comes, however, from

capacity to apply her personality and image to the cinematic language. From the beginning of her career, she has been able to make a sharp, incisive appraisal of the relationship between her imagination and the one that controls her celluloid image...that of the director. Even at the age of fifteen, while posing for a Capitol Records album cover, "18th Century Jazz," she was aware that the success of her two-dimensional image depended upon her ability to fit into the dynamics of a given picture as instructed by the director.

It is in the close-up that this ability becomes obvious. Aware that the essential meaning of every word she speaks, every gesture she makes will be controlled by the camera, she is acutely conscious of its position – whether she will be seen in profile, full face, from above or from below. Since each gentle expression of her face is magnified a thousand times on the screen, her movement must be at the same time intense and subtle. Here our still camera invades the intimacy of her face, probing for private movements of beauty, innocence, abandon, joy, fear... revealing the close-up of a vital young cinema actress developing the future of her demanding heritage.

the GREAT War

Drawings by Guy Deel

MONDAY · NOVEMBER 11, 1918

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

WAR ENDS AT 6 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING

The Armistice brought the call of "cease fire" to the Western front and "strike the set" to Hollywood. On the back lots and around the flat land near the La Brea tar pits, the moviemakers had fought their version of the Great War, a war more the creation of fantasy than of life. Featuring the melodrama of Pickford's "The Little American," Nazimova's "War Brides" and Walter Long's hideous Hun—rather than the real drama of the Marne or Chateau-Thierry, the first film versions of the war were surface spectacles that caught the imagination of those who stayed at home. But it served as a poor reminder to those who had flown with the Lafayette Escadrille or marched with the 69th, to the far too few who had come home. Any reminder was too much for those who were trying to forget and the marquee titles of 1919 quickly changed and back lots converted their sets to produce stories like "Simple Life" and "Prunella."

The story of the War was to be told again and again, however, and told in such a way that we would not long forget either the horror or the honor of that particular moment of conflict. From the middle Twenties to the late Thirties the screen became the battleground on which the hearts of men could struggle with the tragedy and meaning of The Great War.

In 1930 director Lewis Milestone used those same back lots where the horribly sadistic Hun had pursued women's noble virtue to tell the story of a German youth caught in the momentum of a mistaken glory. Milestone's camera exposed the madness of that glory, revealed the satanic rhythms of men moving into the confines of combat and laid bare the horror of that cruelty. But the most memorable moments are those when the characters reach out for life...the knuckled tenderness of Louis Wolheim's one smile for his juvenile protégé Lew Ayers...the mother's anguish upon finding her son has become a man too soon ...the lusty interlude of life with the French girls ...Ayers' confession to the dead French soldier... and the final scene where Milestone's symbols of butterfly and cartridge chamber, of extended arm and empty hand both measure a precious moment of life and become a monument to its ending—the child's hand forgetting for a fatal moment its manhood reaches past the protecting sandbags for the fluttering beauty of a butterfly only to lose that which it so desperately sought. So at last it is "All Quiet on the Western Front."

"GREAT BIG NOISY STUPID GAME, NONE OF US KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT"

CAPT. COURTNEY FROM "DAWN PATROL"

When trench warfare and the machine guns took cavalier glamor out of the foot soldier, the aeroplane created a new opportunity for the eternal hero. With ornamented Spad or Nieuport, the knights of the sky developed a new game, a new glory, a new way to die.

"Dawn Patrol" was first made in 1930 with Richard Barthlemess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and again in 1937 with David Niven and Errol Flynn. The stunts, flown by veterans of the conflict, were the most realistic to fill the screen. But it is the metal of the characters, the particular type of men with courage of fools and strength of giants, not the planes, that measures the heights to which this type of film could fly. Garbed in goggles and leather, with white scarfs flying, they swaggered in the clouds of death, asking no questions, playing their jokes, doing what was asked of them and doing it well. Here are two men without their women, shaping their lives within the realm of men alone. Finding friendship and bitterness, love and hatred, life and death, they share a mutual courage and respect. The courage is tested daily by the deadly enemy Von Richter and the respect is questioned when Court orders Scotty's younger brother, with only nine hours of flying time, to make tomorrow's dawn patrol. "Every man goes into the air at dawn," orders Captain Courtney. "He can't even do a half loop and roll out—he can't even roll out!" pleads Scotty. But there is no alternative, and the next day Von Richter has his will with little Donald Scott. The big, stupid game takes its toll of the living and the dead. Pranks and laughter are gone from the two friends, but in one final jest, Court gets Scotty drunk before his doomed bombing flight and in a final gesture of bravado, forsakes his command and takes Scotty's place. In the dim light of dawn Von Richter swoops in over the airfield and drops Court's helmet and goggles, then turns back and dips his wings in a final salute.

WINGS

The first film to receive an Academy Award, "Wings" was directed by William A. Wellman, who was one of the first to depict the war in the air. The main stars were Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Richard Arlen and Clara Bow, but it was a bit player, with a bashful grin and an awkward courage, who here met his first film death, that the audience remembered. Portraying one of the young knights of the air, Gary Cooper was the living symbol of that awkward age of flight. Big, courageous, innocent as the old turbo-propped DeHavilland, he soared into the skies and found his place among the stars.

"PARDON ME WHILE I CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE"

JEAN HARLOW FROM "HELL'S ANGELS"

With one of the screen's most remembered lines, Jean Harlow, draped in revealing satin, with leaded eyes and platinum hair, offered Ben Lyon a fleeting opportunity to remember the pleasures and comfort of life and love. Her open door offered a temporary escape from the sadistic tempo of aerial warfare. The scene was only on the screen for a moment, but Harlow's image was the personification of desire as shaped by the mentality of men in combat. Robed in the garments of seduction, she was the aggressor tempting innocence, and the threat of death was her accomplice.

"Hell's Angels" was aptly titled. Here were not the rollicking heroes of "Dawn Patrol," but the innocent youths of both sides sent to seek their glory in those chambers of Hell created by The Great War. One unforgettable creation is the scene involving a youthful German who is a member of a Zeppelin crew. The audience has already come to love him for his innocence. Slowly through the fog over London he is lowered from the Zeppelin in a pod held by a single cable. His inherent goodness forces him to drop his bombs in a pond rather than on Whitehall. As he anxiously waits to be pulled up, the commander orders the cable cut so that the ship can make its escape. Then one by one the crew marches as if on the parade ground through the open hatch to further lighten the ship.

THE BIG PARADE

The outstanding silent film on The Great War, King Vidor's "The Big Parade," was filmed and cut with the same measured pace as the trench war was fought. The film did no preaching, but simply showed the war as the foot soldier saw it and experienced it... the beautifully human moments as the doughboy John Gilbert teaches the French girl Renee Adoree the technique of chewing gum... the parting between the lovers as she clings first to his boot and then to the truck in a futile attempt to prevent the inevitable... and the rugged affection between the buddies Tom O'Brien, John Gilbert and Karl Dane.

SHOULDER ARMS

The only film made during the war that can be recalled as having any bearing on the actual conflict was about the humorous antics of the eternal "tramp" gone to war... the scene in the flooded dugout...the masquerade as a tree...the duel with a sniper all define the ridiculous aspects of combat. As to the performers' artistry, here as the soldier on K.P. the image speaks for itself.

MATA HARI

This female spy cannot be left out of any reflection upon World War I and she found a symbolic personification on the screen in the performance of Greta Garbo. The film version of her life also starred Ramon Navarro and Lionel Barrymore, but it was Garbo's own compelling image as the doomed charmer that made the film story credible.

STOP THE BLOOD! STOP THE BLOOD!

The cry of the dying Mother's Boy, Barry Norton, left no doubt as to the antiwar attitude of "What Price Glory," made in 1926. The words of Leslie Fenton in the famous dugout scene as Quirt and Flagg bind their wounded and count their dead – "What price glory now?" – also vividly supports the theme. But it was the male antics of the two marines, Sgt. Flagg (Edmond Lowe) and Captain Quirt (Victor McLaglen), that caught the tempo of The Great War and the hearts of an audience more dedicated to life than to death.

HEY! WAIT FOR BABY

Flagg and Quirt began their adventures in the South Seas as they competed for the favors of Shanghai Mabel (Phyliss Haver). Then, with the American entry into the great conflict, they transferred their amorous warfare to France and the beauty of Dolores Del Rio. By public demand their love affairs were to be screened again in "The Cockeyed World" with Lili Damita, but it was not so much their affairs with women as it was the relationship between themselves that made the films great. Both held a courage unintimidated by death, a humility disguised in a brassy humor and a friendship that could not be threatened by the shape of woman nor the quarrel of war...Wounded and with the promise of Paris before him, Lowe comes limping back to his company as it returns to the front. With a "Hey! Wait for Baby!" and the sweep of a McLaglen smile the film ends and the friendship begins again.

NIGHT TIDE

CURTIS HARRINGTON ON "NIGHT TIDE"

The best way to become a writer is to sit down and write. The best way to become a film maker is to stand up and direct a film. The latter is, however, a much more difficult situation to achieve. The physical materials involved in writing are of negligible value. In film making they are staggering.

A few years ago, Jean Cocteau wrote something about the possibility of "writing with the camera." He was referring to a younger generation of potential creative artists who, exposed to movies from near infancy, would look to this medium to express themselves as naturally as an earlier generation looked to paper, canvas, stone. Such a generation, of course, is very much with us. The blanket term for it has become "New Wave." But if a certain number of such young film makers have broken through in Europe, there has been evidence of no more than a faint ripple in Hollywood. The younger directors here are mostly slick products of a long TV apprenticeship, and they don't consider themselves "New Wave" at all. They aim to fit quite nicely into the traditional modes of Hollywood movie making, offering just a touch here and there to remind us that they are less than old and tired. They are sought after by the "majors," and their problem is not *how* to get a film made but which project to choose.

Having served neither on Broadway nor for the TV tube, I could only make a first feature film by obtaining the financing myself. As a beginning step, I wrote an original screenplay. I felt, and I was right, that I could more easily convince potential investors that I might be capable of directing if I presented my own script rather than someone else's. The story of the obtaining of my financing for NIGHT TIDE, in all its sordid details, would require a volume the size of "War and Peace" to relate. It took me over two years of constant, unrelenting, aggressive, mad optimism, in the face of innumerable turn-downs, finally to put the money together. I say "put together" because this is precisely what you do in financing an independent film. There are steps of money involved: "first" money, "second" money, "completion" money. Only a miracle could bring all this money from one source.

At any event, by searching, badgering, coaxing, pleading, begging, playing it cool one moment, expressing anguish the next, holding on to one source of money while desperately reaching for the next, knowing that in doing so time might cause me to lose whatever little gain I had made, I managed to reach that extraordinary day when I walked onto a location set and said: "Roll 'em."

If anyone should ask me, would you go through it all again, I would say yes, yes I would, yes I most certainly would. The making of the film was sheer, painful delight, and the response it has received at Spoleto, Venice, Coronado, and at three sneak previews, has been deeply gratifying. Now, of course, I wait to see how it will fare in the greater world.

—CURTIS HARRINGTON
Hollywood, 1962

The new American cinema strives to create a reality that will give testimony to today's times and man. This sincerity, this facing of reality, is adulterated by the Hollywood films which create a disfigured, painted, aseptic reality. Curtis Harrington's NIGHT TIDE, *which belongs to the young school that struggles against the standardization of the Hollywood producers, lies between both of these.*

This is because it flees from reality to encrust itself in the world of legend. NIGHT TIDE *retells the legend of the sailor and the mermaid. Breaking with reality, it blends the nightmarish and the strange to create an anguished climate that is also poetic and dream-like.*

The spectator is compelled to participate directly in the mystery that surrounds Mora, a young woman who believes she is predestined for the sea and who sacrifices to it all the suitors who come close to her mysterious being... a mystery that is not resolved until the end of the film and that involves the old sea captain who is her guardian and who loves her.

The atmosphere in the spirit of Poe, from whose work the theme seems to have evolved, marks a milestone in the young school of realistic cinema. This excursion into the realm of fantasy constitutes an unexpected development which is made credible by the maturity and richness of Harrington's direction.

This uniting of the real with fantasy, of truth with dream, is very well arranged, so well, indeed, that the real and the magical join together in a clearly unfolding homogeneous whole.

In his domination of the picture Harrington has obtained from his actors an uncommon spontaneity which contributes effectively to the film's poetic and mysterious atmosphere.

The direction is totally mature, with sequences of notable value, among them the night scene during which the sailor and Mora become acquainted, the persecution of the young couple by the mysterious woman in black, Mora's dance on the beach, the echoes underneath the pier, etc.

It's a film of considerable interest, not only because of its appearance within a totally realistic 'school', but due to its own merits as well.

FILM IDEAL, Madrid.

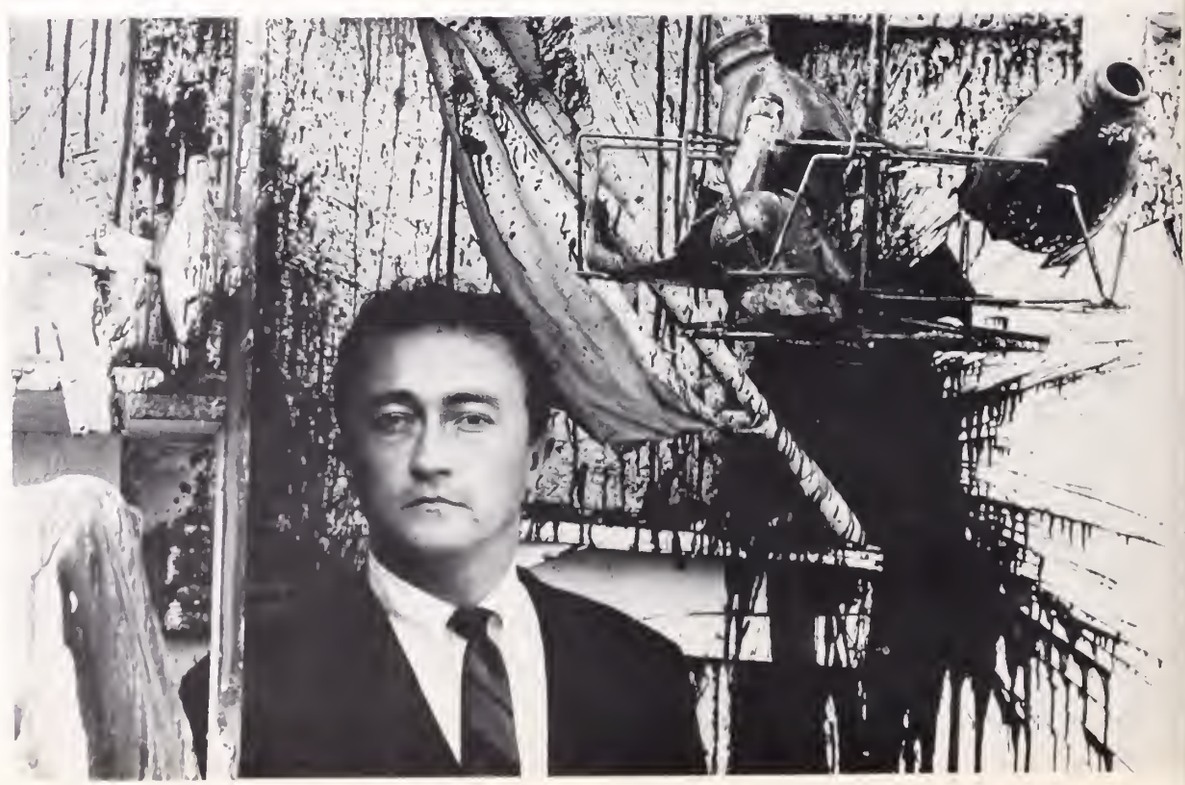


PHOTO OF CURTIS HARRINGTON BY DENNIS HOPPER, STAR OF NIGHT TIDE

WAR HUNT

Following is the synopsis of the new film by Denis and Terry Sanders. A pictorially beautiful film with a startling performance by John Saxton, "War Hunt" tells a story without bowing to the clichés of the popular social critic.

It is May, 1953, on the battlefields of Korea—some three weeks before the truce will be signed between the Chinese Communists and the forces of the United Nations. But, while U.N. troops know the cease-fire is probably imminent, there is no letup in the fighting, the wounding and the dying. As the company commander has told a group of American replacements in an informal briefing: "This is a peculiar war..."

Private Roy Loomis (Robert Redford) is one of these replacements, first squad, third platoon. Other members of the squad include Sgt. Van Horn (Sydney Pollack), Corporal Showalter (Tom Skerritt), Crotty (Gavin MacLeod), Fresno (Tony Ray) and Raymond Endore (John Saxon). And, though not on the roster, Charlie (Tommy Matsuda) an 8-year-old Korean War orphan who has attached himself to Endore.

Endore is an enigma to his fellows. For the love of it he essays solitary nightly patrols into enemy outposts. Garbed in black, his face blackened, and armed only with a stiletto, he has a long list of Communist kills, and information he brings back on enemy dispositions has won him the high regard of Captain Wallace Pratt (Charles Aidman) who has posted him for a DSC. Towards Charlie, whom he is permitted to have with him everywhere, he is kind and almost fatherly, but he does not hesitate to make known his dislike if others in the squad show any interest in the youngster. Loomis discovers this when he tries to teach the boy to play catch.

As the squad moves into the trenches and bunkers of the Main Line of Resistance, the antagonism between Endore and Loomis increases. Endore continues his successful nightly forays to the growing hero worship of Charlie and the respect of Capt. Pratt but when a colonel suggests the soldier should be sent out for Rest and Relaxation Endore almost desperately declines. He is allowed to remain with his squad.

Loomis survives a squad patrol into no-man's-land during which he chillingly witnesses a kill by Endore, but during a subsequent Chinese bombardment and attack suffers a dislocated leg which leaves him helpless in the path of the onrushing Communists. Endore shows up out of the dark and, as Loomis crawls, leads him back to the American lines.

Assigned as typist in the supply tent while recovering from the leg injury Loomis has further occasion to associate with Charlie and seeks to show the lad that, despite Endore's promises, when the war is over Charlie will be separated from his hero. The boy likes Loomis but his affection for Endore is too great to let him accept what Loomis tells him, and Endore soon bluntly tells Loomis to stop interfering.

When, at last, the cease-fire order arrives, each member of the squad is informed. As the GI's start a mild celebration Loomis is appalled to see Endore slip out of their lines and disappear in no-man's-land. Endore's stiletto is in his belt, his face is blackened, his garb is black. Charlie is with him. With Van Horn, Loomis reports Endore's departure to a stunned Captain Pratt who knows that the truce itself is in jeopardy if Endore kills during the cease fire. A search of all the area behind the lines is fruitless.

Next morning, masquerading as a graves detail, Pratt, Van Horn and Loomis start a search through no-man's-land for Endore, under the eyes of nearby Chinese outposts. Through scores of destroyed trenches and crumbling bunkers they push their desperate hunt. As dusk falls they locate their quarry in a caved-in bunker. Charlie is beside him.

As the detail approaches, Pratt seeks to talk Endore out of the ruins and return to the American lines. Endore refuses, says he's planning an ambush that night. All their pleas failing, the trio move slowly in on Endore. Pratt reaches him first and Endore slashes out at him with his stiletto. Van Horn lunges and gets a fist in his face. Then Loomis tackles the man and is cut down with the knife in his shoulder. Pratt draws his .45 and shoots. Endore dies.

Dazed, Pratt lowers his weapon. "A mad dog" he says wonderingly.

Charlie looks at Endore's body. With his hands to his ears the boy starts running. He disappears over the horizon.

Photo by William Claxton

CLEOPATRA'S SEDUCTION OF ROME

Caesar had come to Egypt, enthroned the seventeen year old Cleopatra as Egypt's queen and fathered a son by that queen; then he sailed for Rome to resume control of the ancient world leaving Cleopatra to her own devices. To rule Egypt was to rule Alexandria, the center of culture in the Roman World, a bursting international brothel of the arts, races and religions which had cultivated a sublime, libertine sophistication. Riches were there for Greek, Jew or Egyptian if he would submit his economics, trade or art to an artfully applied depravity, but that was not enough for Cleopatra...she sought the world. The world was Caesar's, so she must have Caesar. While he had been in Egypt, near her, she had controlled him, but he had left her knowing that the Roman people had granted him his power and he must be in Rome to placate them. Caesar could master the mob, but she knew that the mob and Caesar would never accept a queen—the very word was cursed. Her one solution was to present herself as the Goddess Isis, which she was, and have Caesar proclaimed a God. She would ride into Rome cradled in the arms of a great black sphinx dressed as Isis, with her son Caesarion by her side, dressed as Horus, offspring of Isis. In doing this she could as easily be stoned by the mob as worshipped. Before her entrance, she would have to dazzle and tempt the crowd by presenting a show unlike any they had ever seen. To capture Caesar, she must capture the mob.

For the past year, director Joseph L. Mankiewicz has been concerned with solving Cleopatra's problem for the already famous movie version of her life. And as early as May 1959, Nino Novarese began his costume sketches for the performers who would take part in the spectacle. The questions before them were the same ones Cleopatra asked... What can surprise the Romans? How could she seduce them?

Surprising and seducing the Romans would indeed have been a problem. When Caesar was Consul, there were 132 holidays a year and the trend was upward; by the time of Claudius there were 159. Couple this with the fact that after the noon hour the Patrician's time was spent at the bath, the theatre or the circus. Romans were satiated with entertainment, but also insatiate. The theatre itself was more a festival of the senses than a feast of reason. Roman drama was realistic in the actual sense. The Roman mob preferred the sight of captive kings led forth in chains to the recreation of the lives of mythical heroes, the bloodied face to the dramatic mask, the howls of passion to metaphors on the earth moving and waves crashing. If a fable called for the death of the hero at its climax, the Roman demanded that he should die in actual fact in as public and spectacular a manner as possible. Captives and criminals were always at hand for this type of pastime. Roman religion also had its shows, but the gods were not guardians of morality and aesthetics; they demanded instead periodical orgies of drunkeness and sexual promiscuity. In short, Rome was a tough audience.

Cleopatra's attempt was to present a personal goddess—the beneficent queen of nature who would disclose the voluptuous mysteries of the East and provide a religious cloak for men and women inclined towards loose life. It was an old trick, but she had at her command traditions of ritual and imagery reaching back into man's primeval state, where his basic fear was incarnate woman.

With this in mind, Mr. Novarese designed the costumes for the procession with original Egyptian frescoes and reliefs as his inspiration. He also emphasized the decadent sophistication of Alexandria and contrasted it in design and color with the primitive vulgarities of the Romans. His costumes were designed to achieve Cleopatra's main objectives...to provoke mystical pleasures of the sensual rather than the muscular, to tempt Rome with the subtle deviations of an oriental religion, and to present the goddess Isis with her son Horus...to

present Cleopatra with her son Caesarion by the God Caesar.

Cleopatra's entrance to Rome provided many Alexandrian girls an opportunity for exposure of their talent; so will the movie version. Upon completion of Mr. Novarese's costumes, casting began for the dancers, archers and physical "ornaments" of the vast procession. While the streets of Rome today are almost as full of female players as they were in antique times, most of the dancers were imported from England, members of the famed Blue-Bells organization. Many walk-ons and "ornaments" were Italian starlets, but the imported English dancers had the height and physiques necessary for their roles in portraying their thespian ancestors. Some also came from France and the United States. A group of girls declined roles because of the brevity of the costumes, a question that would not have occurred to the original performers. Woman had not been defined as a "temple built over a sewer" as yet. Beauty was more likely to be exposed and ugliness covered. The freedom of Roman women in dress was a minor advantage; their legal and social positions were not to be envied. Restrictions were levelled particularly against women who were classed as prostitutes, and they could not contract legal marriages with patricians or engage in any trade other than that to which their birth had condemned them. Still many sought out the various theatres and dance troupes of Rome, hoping to gain their niche just as girls do today. And, as always, their market value depended upon their ability to manage and display their own developments. Riches and luxury could come to these actress-courtesans much as it did to the dancer Cytheris, who was adored and pampered by Mark Antony. While Cleopatra was performing for a kingdom, they were performing for an opportunity to be discovered by the Roman audience, the critics of the ancient world, just as today's girls seek discovery on the screen.

Some of the temptations Mr. Novarese and Hermes Pan, the choreographer, have put together are 50 archers, whose costumes are from a wall painting of a Pharaoh riding in a chariot accompanied by an archer. When their arrows are shot towards the sky a thin veil unravels from their quivers, displaying the colors of the sunrise and foretelling the coming of the sun (Horus) and his mother (Isis).

Then there are 26 snake dancers (female and fair) who emerge from one giant cobra as the symbol of the sacred snake of Egypt...and 38 girls with gold wings and headdresses on a pyramid dressed as the sacred vulture which Novarese found in an Egyptian sculpture.

A total of 5,833 persons will be employed in addition to 110 animals.

The rest of the procession list, as detailed by Mankiewicz is as follows: 36 trumpeters on 36 white horses; 8 charioteers with 16 black horses; 8 bowmen in chariots; a 20-piece Egyptian band; 28 pole dancers (also female and fair); 1 old hag; 1 beautiful girl; 3 oxenmen from Pharos with 6 white oxen; 16 dwarfs on 16 zebras; 7 acrobats (male); 4 acrobats (2 male, 2 female) on 2 elephants; 4 girls with gifts on 2 elephants; 4 mahouts; 12 green-smoke dancers (male and dark); 14 snake dancers (male and fair); 12 musicians (female and fair); 8 butterfly-fan dancers (male and dark); 12 yellow-smoke dancers (male and dark); 18 dancers (male and dark, 4 of them with drums); 12 dancers (female and dark); 10 red witch dancers (male and dark); 8 pole vaulters (male and fair); 7 gold tree porters (male and fair); 16 gold fan bearers (male and fair); 30 elite honor guard on 30 sorrel horses; 12 slaves for the pyramid; 8 marble men to carry Cleopatra (dark); 300 slaves for the Sphinx.

Crowd: 3,000 men; 1,500 women; 20 children; 6 Egyptian dignitaries; 6 Egyptian slaves; 30 Roman senators' wives; 20 Roman court ladies; 150 Roman senators; 24 lictors; 350 Praetorians and 12 Roman trumpeters.

The objects of Cleopatra's temptation were the aging but still dominant Caesar (Rex Harrison); the burly, sensuous, playboy general Mark Antony (Richard Burton) and the subtle and intelligent Octavian (Roddy McDowall). Her success with Caesar was cut short two years following her triumph, on the Ides of March. She succeeded again with Mark Antony by giving him a wild party on a barge at Tarsus. Again she was cut short of total conquest at Actium. She had another chance to parade in Rome at Octavian's triumph, but this time in chains. She chose to expose her breast to the asp rather than to the mob again. The girls of Alexandria were not as finicky, their chances being the same with or without Cleopatra.

THE TRAGIC MASK OF BARDOLATRY

THE TRAGIC MASK OF BARDOLATRY

The dramatic masks created to convey expressions in the classical Greek drama were long ago replaced in the theatre by make-up. In the cinema, however, make-up does not function as an accent for movements of the eyes and mouth; the camera can do that with close-ups or focus. Movie make-up enhances the face of the performer, emphasizing the physical assets that create the proper image for the role. The image becomes the mask of the individual, but the mask adheres to the face and to the personality when exposed to the publicity photographer's flash. The image on the screen becomes the image in newsprint, the mask is identified with the individual. In Brigitte Bardot's case, the mask is tragic.

As a girl of fifteen, endowed with an aspiration to reach a higher state and a provocative physical harmony, Brigitte's individuality directed her to the cinema, one of the few places where a modern woman can fulfill her aspirations to power and divinity by use of her innate femininity. It was there that Roger Vadim found her and applied the mask—the mask of the child-woman. The huge, seductive eyes played against the large child's head created by the piled, tousled hair which hangs down her back as a symbol of lascivious nudity. The sensual flesh of her lips pushed into a baby's pout. Immediately Vadim cast her image in roles that revolved around a central strip tease, where her supreme ornament, her body, could be displayed: In "The Light Across the Street," she swims naked in the river; in "Nero's Week End" (in which she plays Poppaea) she bathes in mare's milk; in "En Effeuillant la Marguerite," Agnes (B.B.) enters a strip tease contest; and in "And God Created Woman," the strip and the tease became international. Strangely, her ideal body reveals an ideal soul, which masks her depravity in innocent stimulation, and its revelation becomes a symbol of virginal temptation rather than depravity. Her image in its mask stimulated the cult of Bardolatry, and in the tradition of the great goddesses of the screen—Pickford, Bara, Negri, Garbo—she compelled the audience to recognize her right to imitate the gods. But a new system of relationships had been born: the worshippers wanted their goddess brought down to earth; they wanted her available, not venerated; they wanted her as a mediator, between the real world and the dream world, not as a creator of dreams. And the journalists and photographers complied.

From the moment she rose from bed in the morning until she entered a bed at night, the Bardot anatomy was continually being brought into focus on the ground glass of a swarm of publicity photographers. Like locusts they descended upon her privacies...her hates, her men, her desires, her loves, her deeds, her infidelities and her flesh. Each intimacy of her life, each part of her body was blown up, screened, examined, cropped, coarsened, refined, retouched, printed and seen by millions of eyes that would blush at their own naked image in the mirror.

In protest of her own idolatry, Brigitte Bardot has made a tragic film, "A Very Private Affair," on what she considers the tragedy of her life. With it she *invites* the audience for once to examine her private life as director Louis Malle's camera invades the privacy of a young dancer, Jill...her love for a small town theatre director, Fabio (Marcello Mastroianni)...her life as a photographer's model...as a film star...as a celebrity...and as a desperate woman in search of a single secret place where she can touch her lover with the private passions of her desperate heart—where she can give her one real gift, love, without the fear of its sudden death in the flash of the celluloid exposure.

In the plot, Jill disguises herself in a black wig in an attempt to conceal her image from her public...to find herself or at least to learn what she had once been. In making the film, the actress Bardot wears the same mask that has brought her own personal tragedy; rather than discarding it she uses it here to inform her audience that her life *is* her private affair. The extreme innocence and dazzling eroticism of her performance compels us to grant her the pedestal she seeks, out of reach of those who would desecrate the image.

PREVIEWS

SANJURO

His performance in the leading role, that of the vagabond, in the film "Yojimbo" proved stunning enough to gain the coveted "best actor" award of the Venice Film Festival for actor Toshiro Mifune and to make the film Japan's leading box-office success in 1961. Director Akira Kurosawa brings the character back in this film and gives him a name, Sanjuro. Here is one of the most unforgettable characters to enhance the world of film fiction. A character of purpose, courage, intellect, strength, honor and faith, he properly fits the antique setting he occupies rather than our own time...but he makes us wonder if we shouldn't look back to find our future. The two artists Kurosawa and Mifune are of our time, however, and their performances here again make it evident that they are the director and the actor of today's cinema. A must.

PRODUCED BY TOHO FILM CORPORATION • DIRECTED BY AKIRA KUROSAWA • STARRING TOSHIRO MIFUNE, TATUYA NAKADAI AND REIKO DAN • TO BE RELEASED IN APRIL

BELL' ANTONIO

Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale star in this frank story of a man known for his premarital love affairs who is unable to consumate his marriage. The two performers are currently the popular rage in Europe and their teaming seems natural box-office. The director, Mauro Bolognini, is one of Italy's young crop of talented new directors. His first production, "La Notte Brava," received critical acclaim and "Bell' Antonio" has already won first places in the Locarno and Rio de Janeiro film festivals. The off-beat theme of male frigidity also carries with it a tale of poignant love of a husband for his wife. Their marriage is annulled and the wife remarries. Later, when the husband's virility is proven, it is of little solace to him, as he still bears a love for his former wife. Bolognini's visual and story-telling innovations are a fresh relief.

PRODUCED BY ALFREDO BINI • A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • RELEASED BY EMBASSY PICTURES • SCENARIO BY PIER PAOLO PASOLINI AND GINO VISSENTINI • CINEMATOGRAPHER ARMANDO NANNUZZI • ALSO STARRING PIERRE BRASSEUR, RINA MORELLI • TO BE RELEASED IN APRIL

THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE

A John Ford western always has a certain magic for the audience and a nostalgia that recalls moments from "Stagecoach," "My Darling Clementine," "The Iron Horse" and "The Searchers." With 118 films to his credit, he has shown his sense of camera direction, story telling and character delineation. In the last category, he and his players have given us some unforgettable moments. The Ford Stock Company has produced everything but stock players. Some of the greats of the past are here, and some have regretably played their final role; but there are some new faces here too – none to take anyone's place, but several that will have to be added to the roll call.

THE CAST

RANSE (James Stewart) – a courageous, idealistic lawyer.

TOM (John Wayne) – a quiet, respected rancher.

HALLIE (Vera Miles) – a pretty and kind young western woman.

LIBERTY VALANCE (Lee Marvin) – a brutal gunman employed to terrorize a western territory.

PEABODY (Edmond O'Brien) – intelligent, often tipsy, editor of a western newspaper.

LINK APPLEYARD (Andy Devine) – marshal of a western town.

POMPEY (Woody Strode) – the devoted employee and friend.

PETER (James Qualen) – owner of a cafe.

NORA (Jeanette Nolan) – a kindly Swedish woman who operates a cafe with her husband, Peter.

REESE (Lee Van Cleef) – a vicious henchman of Liberty Valance.

FLOYD (Strother Martin) – a vicious henchman of Liberty Valance.

DOC WILLOUGHBY (Ken Murray) – a doctor who patches up the victims of Liberty Valance and hopes for his downfall.

TO BE RELEASED IN APRIL BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES • PRODUCER WILLIS GOLDBECKER (FOR JOHN FORD PRODUCTIONS) • DIRECTOR JOHN FORD • SCREENPLAY BY JAMES WARNER BELLAH AND WILLIS GOLDBECK • CINEMATOGRAPHER WILLIAM CLOTHIER

CARTOUCHE

Filmed in the studios of Epinay and the cobblestone streets of the old town of Pezenas in the Languedoc region of Southern France, "Cartouche" recreates in Cinemascope and color the exploits and loves of a semi-legendary brigand of early 18th Century Paris. Cartouche was a kind of Robin Hood, Fanfan la Tulipe and Don Juan combination, an artist at life who recognized no laws but his own, a "nonconformist," as we would say today. Citizens of Pezenas were impressed as untrained actors for supporting roles behind the handsome Jean-Paul Belmondo and the Italianate beauty of Claudia Cardinale, successor to Gina Lolobrigida and recent star of "Girl with a Suitcase." Director Philippe de Broca, still riding the crest of "new wave" success, comes directly from a series of comedies set in modern Paris– "Jeux de l'Amour" ("Love Games"), "Le Farceur" ("The Joker") and "L'Amant de Cinq Jours" ("The Five-Day Lover"), and this, only his fourth film, is his first "cloak and dagger" plot – farce though it may be. He, and his company, clearly have enjoyed the romp.

PRODUCED BY ARIANE FILMS • DIRECTED BY PHILIPPE DE BROCA • WRITTEN BY CHARLES SPAAK AND DANIEL BOULANGER • PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRISTIAN MATRAS • SETS BY FRANÇOIS DE LAMOTHE • STARRING JEAN PAUL BELMONDO AND CLAUDIA CARDINALE

EXPERIMENT IN TERROR

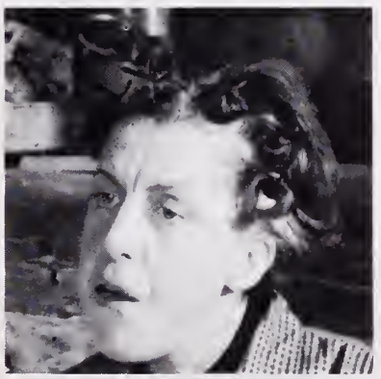
Producer-director Blake Edwards, the creator of the "Peter Gunn" series on television, has taken an offbeat approach to the detective film. A ruthless criminal tries a campaign of terror against bank teller Kelly Sherwood (Lee Remick) and her younger sister Toby (Taffy Paul) to compel Kelly to embezzle $100,000 from her bank. The detective in this case is John Ripley (Glenn Ford) who performs all the required functions of the shoulder-holstered hero type. The essential entertainment of this type of film must come from the gimmick inventiveness of the director. Blake Edwards was full of gimmicks on TV and has put in a potful in the film, taking every advantage of the natural and unnatural imagery of San Francisco. The climactic scene takes place in Candlestick Park during a night game between the Giants and the Dodgers: The killer (Ross Martin) shoots it out from the pitcher's mound with the hero in a helicopter.

A COLUMBIA PICTURE PRESENTATION • SCREENPLAY BY THE GORDONS BASED ON THEIR NOVEL "OPERATION TERROR." • MUSIC BY HENRY MANCINI • CINEMATOGRAPHER PHILIP LATHROP • INTRODUCING STEFANIE POWERS • TO BE RELEASED IN APRIL

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The fragrant whipped-cream topping of young French directorial and writing talent has been enlisted for this sardonic string of vignettes. Each of the seven theological bugaboos is illustrated by a prominent director, who has picked his sin, his writer and his actors. Roger Vadim, fresh from "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," chose Pride, illustrating it with the story of a rural couple who, out of self-pride before the eyes of each other, restrengthen their household to the detriment of outside affairs they had both been carrying on... Comedian Georges Wilson stars in Daniel Boulanger's scenario depicting Gluttony, in which a farmer travels to the funeral of his father, who had died of that sin, and falls heir to the sin himself... Sylvain Dhomme enlisted the services of avant-garde playwright Eugene Ionesco ("Rhinoceros") for an illustration of world-destroying Anger... There are many touches of witty film-craft and insider humor about the whole project. Sloth is dramatized by Eddie Constantine and the beautiful Nicole Mirel, playing themselves (to save writer-director Jean-Luc Godard the trouble of inventing names). The actress tries to seduce Constantine as they are leaving the studio, and almost succeeds in the consummation when he goes to sleep instead. Godard has slothfully filmed the entire episode on one set, in a continuous action – with no cutting or editing.

PRODUCED BY FILMS GIBE • DIRECTED BY CLAUDE CHABROL, JEAN-LUC GODARD, ROGER VADIM, EDOUARD MOLINARO, JACQUES DEMY, PHILIPPE DE BROCA AND SYLVAIN DHOMME • WRITTEN BY FELICIEN MARCEAU, CLAUDE MAURIAC, EUGENE IONESCO AND OTHERS • A LARGE CAST OF POPULAR FRENCH ACTORS IN VIGNETTE ROLES • NOT YET SET FOR AMERICAN RELEASE



THE ECLIPSE

Italian productions continue to be greatly in demand on the American market, and director Antonioni's next, "The Eclipse," will be eagerly awaited. "L'Aventura" and "The Night" displayed their despair in a magnificent visual language. In "The Eclipse" the subject seems to be the same ...a young woman (Monica Vitti) has reached the first stage of maturity via the roads of an unhappy affair and undesirable social conditions. She meets a young man (Alain Delon), finds new love, wealth, ambition, happiness and the inevitable Antonioni despair. This is Monica Vitti's third film with Antonioni and again she serves as a dynamic object for conveying the subject matter upon which his camera continues to focus.

PRESENTED BY ROBERT AND RAYMOND HAKIM • A DARIS FILM PRODUCTION • INTEROPA FILM • DIRECTED BY MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

ESCAPE FROM ZAHRAIN

From the title you might expect another potboiler of action, adventure, intrigue and romance. The cast – Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo, Madlyn Rhue and Jack Warden – while capable performers, seem, when coupled with the title, to have accepted roles in a type of picture that hasn't been made well since the thirties. The story, in fact, is essentially a chase involving a swashbuckling American embezzler, an Arab nationalist leader, a beautiful nurse and an idealistic university student. Without another thought, you know the story. There is one additional ingredient, however, which can turn any type of picture into worthy cinema... the director, who after all is the most responsible single individual in any film. With credits like "Brief Encounter," "Blithe Spirit," "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," "The Lavender Hill Mob," "The Man in the White Suit," and "Tunes of Glory," producer-director Ronald Neame imposes new values on the entire production. Aware of the film's potential, actor James Mason requested a bit role from his old cameraman friend, Neame, with the stipulation that he receive no billing and that his salary go to charity.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • SCREENPLAY BY ROBIN ESTRIDGE • CINEMATOGRAPHER ELLSWORTH FREDRICKS • TO BE RELEASED IN MAY

TWO FOR THE SEESAW

This particular play presents particularly difficult problems for the cinema. The play was set entirely inside one apartment house room – a limitation which does not allow much scope for the demanding film camera. Director Robert Wise and cinematographer Ted McCord ("Private Property," "War Hunt," "Smog") have been working avidly on the Goldwyn lot in Hollywood devising unusual and exciting ways to tell their story within the film language. The mood on the set is high and electric with certain uncertainty. Shirley MacLaine literally breaks up into laughter, bogging down production but infecting the entire crew with the excitement necessary to complete successfully this difficult production. Robert Mitchum adds an ever-felt professional confidence and the cameras continue to roll. The success of this film, however, will depend more than ever upon direction and camera, and its acceptance by the audience may widen their eyes to the importance of director and cinematographer.

PRODUCED BY THE MIRISCH COMPANY FOR UNITED ARTISTS

HELL IS FOR HEROES

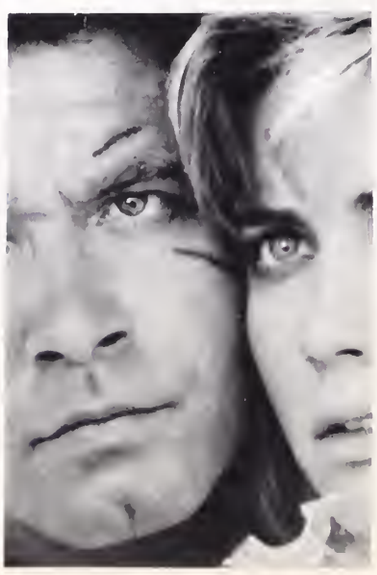
As the title implies, there is plenty of hell here and even more heroes. A war film about a single action along the Siegfried Line during World War II, "Heroes" provides some starkly real battle scenes in which the men play at the tragi-comic game of war. A good collection of character actors – Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Fess Parker, Harry Guardino, James Coburn and Nick Adams could help director Don Siegel bring off his reminder that "war is hell." The introduction of Bob Newhart as a lost clerk-typist who impersonates a whole batallion to fool the Germans provides the laughter before the blood-letting.

PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE FOR PARAMOUNT PICTURES • DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL • CINEMATOGRAPHER HAROLD LIPSTEIN • SCREENPLAY BY RICHARD CARR FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY ROBERT PIROSH • SCHEDULED FOR RELEASE ON DECLARATION DAY

THE INSPECTOR

Essentially the story of a couple's escape from a white slaver and his pursuit which ranges from London, through the quiet canals of Holland, down the dark alleys of Tangier, across the Mediterranean to the coast of Palestine. "The Inspector" is the tale of Lisa Held's (Dolores Hart) personal exodus following World War II and of the love that grew between her and the inspector of the Dutch police (Stephen Boyd) who helped her. The supporting cast provides performances that lift this film out of the ordinary... Leo McKeru, Hugh Griffith, Donald Pleasance, Harry Andrews, Robert Stephens, Marius Goring, Finlay Currie and Michael David.

TO BE RELEASED IN MAY • PRODUCED BY MARK ROBSON FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX • DIRECTED BY PHILIP DUNNE • SCREENPLAY BY NELSON GIDDING FROM JAN DE HARTOG'S NOVEL • CINEMATOGRAPHER ARTHUR IBBETSON



ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN

This film is being made from the Nick Adams short stories of the late Ernest Hemingway and may be the first successful screen version of Hemingway's work. Richard Beymer portrays the part of Nick; the characters whom he meets and who shape him will be portrayed by some of the finest performers ever assembled to fill what are commonly called lesser roles but which they will make into major characterizations. Each of several characters, in effect, dominates Nick for the time when Nick is with him; and the actor must convince the audience of his influence. Those filling these roles are Diane Baker, Corinne Calvet, Fred Clark, Dan Dailey, James Dunn, Arthur Kennedy, Ricardo Montalban, Jessica Tandy, Eli Wallach and Paul Newman as "The Battler." A particularly sensitive sequence based on "A Very Short Story" takes place amidst the beauty of Verona between Beymer and Susan Strasberg (below) and will occupy the pages of CINEMA in a later issue.

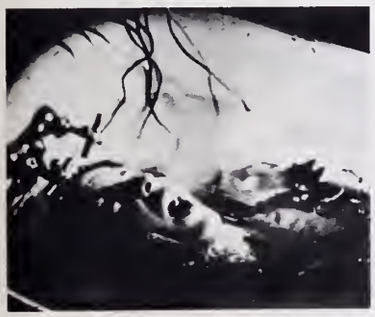
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX • DIRECTED BY MARTIN RITT • SCREENPLAY BY A. E. HOTCHNER • CINEMATOGRAPHER LEE GARMES

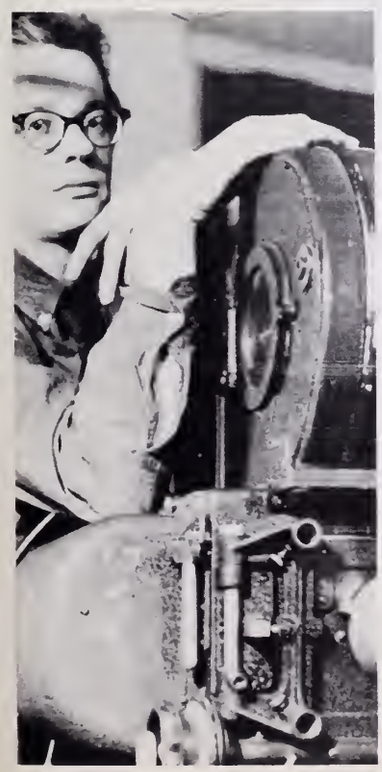
SHOWING

STRANGERS IN THE CITY

This is the first feature-length film by the American writer-producer-director Rick Carrier (below), formerly producer-director of the Berlitz Language Method films and an RKO publicist. Mr. Carrier has found $100,000 worth of independent financing for his 83-minute probe into a family living in the Puerto Rican "ghetto" of New York City. Shot entirely on location, his film has a visual resemblance to post-war Italian productions and is loaded with the realism of animal hatred, sex and violence. The scene above is the climax of the film's violence and tragedy: The husband pushes his wife into a bathtub; she clutches an exposed light cord and electrocutes herself. The film offers several new personalities: Robert Gentile (from the New York stage); Camilo Delgado (a popular Puerto Rican actor); Rosita de Triana (a flamenco singer); Creta Margos (a New York model); and its director. "Strangers in the City" is another of those fresh, new independent American productions slowly finding their way to the screen. The ability of their creators, at this stage, is not so important as their courage in getting such films made and distributed.

TO BE RELEASED BY EMBASSY PICTURE CORP. • PRODUCED BY ELGIN CIAMPI • CINEMATOGRAPHY ALSO BY RICK CARRIER • NOT SET FOR RELEASE





THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Director Ingmar Bergman etches in black and white twenty-four hours in the lives of a family of four. While the film is a story of a latent schizophrenic, it is burdened with none of the pseudo-intellectualism of the psychiatric drama. It is the story of four inherently worthwhile human beings facing the inevitable loss of one of their number. Harriet Andersson, as the schizophrenic wife who passes from fantasy to reality plucks at the heart strings of the other three and of the audience; she is superb. Three others complete the cast of the entire film: Gunnar Björnstrand as the father, Max von Sydow as the doctor husband, and Lars Passgård as the son. Each is in perfect counterpoint to the other. Not a single frame of film is wasted. The hope conveyed at the end is all the more potent because of its understatement and, like all of Bergman's themes – life, death, fantasy, fear – is perfectly believable. The use of a score by J. S. Bach (the second Suite for unaccompanied cello, played by Erling Bengtsson) is symbolic of the delicate harmonies of the four lives.

A SVENSK FILM INDUSTRI PRODUCTION • RELEASED BY JANUS FILMS • CINEMATOGRAPHER SVEN NYKVIST • TO BE RELEASED IN APRIL

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

The precocious presence of Jane Fonda in this film adds enough spice to make it a tasty piece. Essentially the story of a fallen woman (Capucine) who is loved by a "good man" (Laurence Harvey), "Walk on the Wild Side" is rather tame for those accustomed to the bordello life of "Nights of Cabiria" or "Never on Sunday." Saul Bass' titles are so good the film lets you down a little and makes you wish he'd designed the entire movie.

A CHARLES K. FELDMAN PRODUCTION FOR COLUMBIA PICTURES RELEASE • DIRECTED BY EDWARD DMYTRYK • CINEMATOGRAPHER JOE MacDONALD • ALSO STARRING ANNE BAXTER, BARBARA STANWYCK AND JOANNA MOORE

THE NIGHT

When director Michelangelo Antonioni can create so much visual art from a story of timidity and monotony, it makes you wonder what heights he might reach if he were to take courage and faith for his theme in the tradition of his namesake. As a social exposé, Antonioni's film more than adequately conveys the message of boredom and despair, to such an extent that the audience itself despairs and is bored. Nevertheless, his complete control of the film medium may someday make his films, like the statues of Moses and David, not only timely but timeless. We only wish that they would inspire this age which is so in need of inspiration.

The story of "The Night" thematically probes the inability of a man and wife to communicate with one another. The wife, played with exceptional insight by Jeanne Moreau, tries to reach her husband Marcello Mastroianni, by revisiting the haunts of their young love, by pathetically obvious physical seduction, and by a constant attempt at intellectual rapport. Antonioni portrays her failure and resulting despair with symbols of soaring airplanes and traffic jams, rockets, strip teases and a party in the rain. "The Night" is beautifully photographed, but the camera's subjects lack the native beauty that was found in "L'Aventura" and the story carries fewer dramatic devices. It is a must for the devotee of the film language, but generally tedious.

DISTRIBUTED BY LOPERT PICTURES CORPORATION • ALSO STARRING MONICA VITTI, BERNHARD WICKI AND ROSY MAZZACURATI • CINEMATOGRAPHER GIANNI DI VENANZO • NOW SHOWING

THE CONNECTION

While its agents were fighting a legal battle for distribution in New York over its use of a certain four-letter word, this film opened in February at the Kiva Theatre in Scotsdale, Arizona. The Kiva and three other theatres are owned by Louis Leithold, a pre-engineering teacher at Phoenix College. While Mr. Leithold's theatres do provide proper distribution (limited, controlled, selected) for a controversial film like "The Connection," they also demonstrate audiences' demand for better films and the changes that are being made in our system of distribution. Mr. Leithold's theatres are all new ventures; they continue to outgross the downtown theatres of adjacent Tucson. "The Connection" did $2,316 worth of business in its opening three days, with only 400 seats. The art of "The Connection" may be debatable, but the courage and sincerity of its director, Shirley Clarke, are not. Neither is the desire of the audience to see the products of new and different film makers any longer in question. "The Connection" is about a group of addicts waiting for their heroin; it tells of making contact with their "connection," who has the drug – their fix – and of the after-effects. Shirley Clarke's device for showing this sequence is a "film within a film": some junkies are being photographed for a documentary film. The director becomes involved, takes a fix for closer identity with his subject, and his own life becomes a question mark.

PRODUCED BY LEWIS ALLEN AND SHIRLEY CLARKE IN ASSOCIATION WITH ALLEN-HOOGDON PRODUCTIONS • FINANCED BY SUBSCRIPTION • WRITTEN BY JACK GELBER FROM HIS PLAY • PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR ARTHUR J. ORNITZ

THE LOWER DEPTHS

Again Akira Kurosawa brings his visual magic to the screen. Although adapted from the Maxim Gorki play, the film is more Kurosawa than Gorki, and that is all to the better. Made in 1957 but just released in the United States, it stars Toshiro Mifune, who received the Venice Film Festival award for "best actor" last year, and Isuzu Yamada, the fantastic "Lady Macbeth" from Kurosawa's adaptation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," titled "Throne of Blood."

PRODUCED BY TOHO FILMS • ALSO STARRING KYOKO KAGAWA • NOW SHOWING

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

There is a line from "L'Aventura" which defines the attitude of the provocative couple who dominate this film: "Like Oscar Wilde, my wife is so expert in the extras, she doesn't need the essentials." The couple, played superbly by Jeanne Moreau and the late Gerard Philipe, are indeed expert in the extras. Enjoying a mutual pact of sexual freedom, they serve each other as accomplices in their wanton conspiracies. The situation is so unnatural that it compels attention and a certain fascination until love raises its innocent head from the tomb of their lives and you realize you have been watching the living dead.

Roger Vadim is not so expert as the couple he is portraying nor the actors he has cast. The story becomes obvious, scenes are drawn out, and the camera dwells too long on nonessentials... following the seduction of the innocent Marianne, the camera roams slowly across the beautiful nude body of Annette Vadim – a provocative shot but one that says nothing about her recently destroyed innocence nor the love that has invaded the heart of her seducer. Vadim has not forgotten, however, the essential element of the story... the condemnation of the couple's lives. Choder Los de Laclos wrote the original story during the ebbing reign of Louis XIV, a time characterized by a society that must have seen many couples like the ones involved here and a time that ended with the terror of La Guillotine. Similarly, the story ends with the husband's death and the brutal scarring of the woman, which, if the story had been expertly told, would have served as symbols of their lives rather than the trite outcome of their way of life.

The story-telling is weak, but its selection and the selection of the actors is superb. Gerard Philipe is ghoulishly convincing as the seducer. Annette Vadim is a furry bundle of provocative innocence. Jeanne Moreau brings an understanding of femininity to her parts uncommon to the film language. Even at the end, with her beauty destroyed by flames, her way of life has left the she-devil scarred but still alive staring at you from the screen, the woman primeval, reminding you that by your presence you have participated in the ritual of death... aware that you still have a choice.

IN COMING ISSUES: AKIRA KUROSAWA WRITES ON THE VISUAL CINEMA ■ CHRISTINE KAUFFMANN RECREATES THE CLASSICAL ROLES IN MODERN DRESS ■ THE YOUNG DIRECTORS OF ITALY ■ "BARABBAS" DINO DE LAURENT'S BIBLICAL EPIC ■ SOPHIA LOREN IN "MADAME SANS GENE" ■ GUY DEEL ILLUSTRATES THE WESTERN HERO ■ AGNES LAURENT SPOOFS THE PROVOCATIVE STILLS OF THE EUROPEAN CINEMA ■ "THE LONGEST DAY" ■ BILLY WILDER'S "IRMA LA DOUCE" ■ JERRY WALD'S "ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN" ■ THE INDEPENDENT U.S. FILM ■ CLASSICS, THE HERITAGE AND THE FUTURE

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LOLA ALBRIGHT . . . FIRST A WOMAN (COVER STORY)

ROBERT ALDRICH ON "WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?"

NATALIE STRIPS SOPHIA EXPLODES

DEAN STOCKWELL ON "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT"

DEAD THE MOVIE INDUSTRY IS NOT . . . BY JOSEPH E. LEVINE

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' ROBIN HOOD

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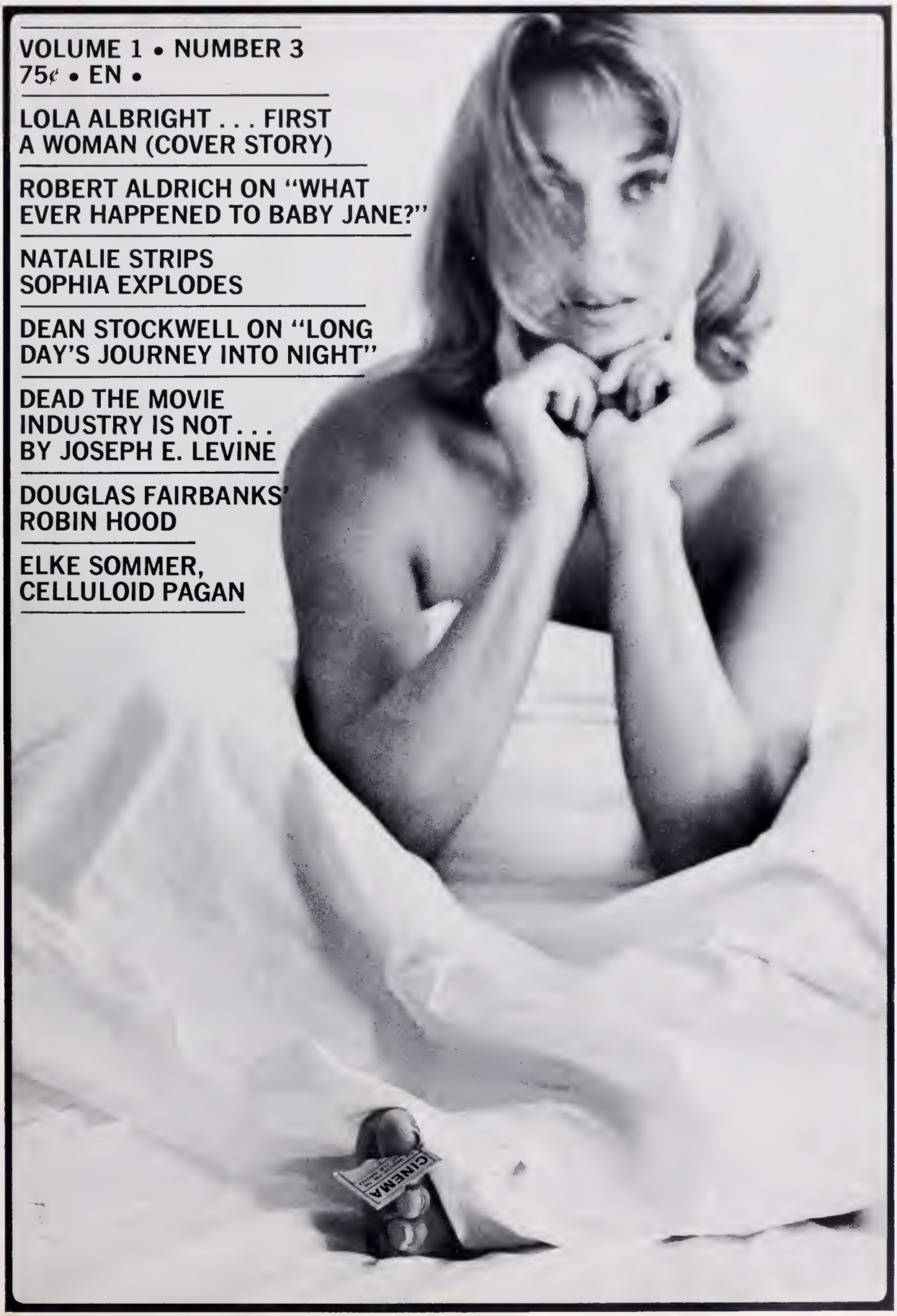


Davis and Aldrich go over final scene

HOLLYWOOD... STILL AN EMPTY TOMB

AN INTERVIEW WITH

ROBERT ALDRICH

A relatively young director who is generally unknown to the American audience, though they have seen and loved his films, Robert Aldrich is one of the idols of those one-time critics of Cahiers du Cinema, the now important film directors Chabrol, Resnais and Truffaut. They have acclaimed his "Kiss Me Deadly" a film classic. The French audience, which chooses its films by director, has also paid him tribute at the box office. To the trade, Aldrich is well known for being his own man as his opinions stated here will demonstrate. The interview took place between Cinema's editor and Mr. Aldrich in a dark office on the old California Studios lot which contained a huge old black desk which seemed a tomb to the past it could so aptly remember, a past which Aldrich recalls in "What Ever Happened To Baby Jane?" with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford. A man who must make films and does whether it is a Spillane thriller or a Biblical epic, a man whose sense of life dominates his films and dominated our conversation, Aldrich reminded us, by his contrastingly vigorous presence that that tomb is still empty if by his presence alone. He is speaking of Akira Kurosawa the famed Japanese director.

DIRECTORS

A: You say you get adamant about him. What does your magazine say about Kurosawa?

S: Our feeling is that he is either the best director or certainly one of the leading five directors of our time. Cinema's position with Kurosawa is that we want to promote him as opposed to his stars, as opposed to the company he works for, emphasizing him as the author and creator of the film.

A: Don't you think that's a pretty alien and foreign view for the American audience to accept? Do you think many people recognize how great a director he is as opposed to, say, somebody they're accustomed to hearing of as great who perhaps hasn't done a great picture in many many years if ever. Is the American audience going to buy a director of "The Hidden Fortress" or "The Lower Depths," when you're not mentioning a picture they have remotely heard of—as opposed to, let's say, John Ford, who they've been told is the greatest director who ever lived?

S: I think if they see his films they'll buy it. I think they have bought it before I said it.

A: A lot of people have bought it. But, not enough, or you would already have the fact that Mr. Kurosawa is more important than Mr. Ford.

S: I feel there are enough people who will buy it, or who may disagree, but may buy

Bette Davis as Baby Jane

another director, but essentially the director as the creator of the film. And there are enough of those people to support motion pictures – good motion pictures. As for the other people – Cinema's no good to them. They shouldn't buy the magazine or the proposition.

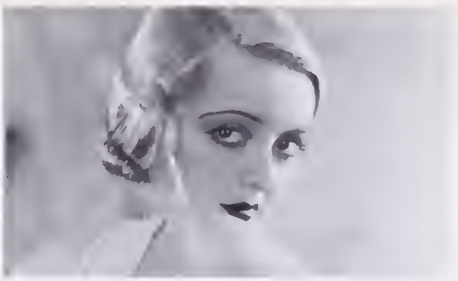
FINANCING

A: Of course that's the trouble you encounter. The point of conflict is that the American industry isn't geared for that. It must satisfy the entire population. You know the difficulty in getting a picture financed. Nobody wants to think in terms of making films that appeal to 20, 30 or 40% of the population. A motion picture, when it is completed, could successfully recover its investment by appealing to that kind of a "limited" audience. But nobody welcomes that idea, and so we have the problem of how to make pictures with limited appeal – finding money to make them. The people who give you the money to make them tend to want a picture that appeals to a wide, full audience. Most thinking people wouldn't agree. Most thinking people aren't bankers, however, so your magazine's position is not unlike that of the independent film maker's. Many people would like to see a certain kind of picture. That picture made with 4 or 5 hundred thousand dollars, if it was provocative enough, or controversial enough on certain subjects, would be very profitable, but you can't get the 4 or 5 hundred thousand dollars to make that kind of picture. By the very fact that it is provocative and controversial, it will alienate the other 50% and nobody will give you the money to make the picture if it knowingly neutralizes part of the potential. Which is nonsense! You can't make one car to satisfy everybody. The film business is – well – Ford makes the Falcon and it makes the Lincoln Continental. The film business – it makes the Lincoln Continental period. They want to make a picture that appeals to every market, to every level and it's just not good marketing, you know.

S: Yes, I think that's the key to it – it's not good marketing and it's going to show up economically.

A: It's shown up already but how long will it take for all the abuses to go? It's still a first generation business, and it's awful tough to get to the place to replace the king. I'm not saying it's not important whether Barney Balaban is smart or not smart, but the point is he's been there so long, how are you going to replace him? He's running a profitable company, the stockholders are getting paid, the fact that they can get paid 10 times more has never occurred to them. Why should it? So how can you replace Barney Balaban? Who are you going to get to say – the stockholders could be making 100 times more than they are, because everybody's been there since "The Squaw Man." Nobody can say that Mr. Balaban doesn't run a good company. He does. But you can argue that it could be run a lot better. But you know – in show business – you don't knock success – anyway you don't do it successfully. The point is, you can get a lot of space, and some of the American directors do, by being critical, but it's not very practical. Aside from that – what do you want – more avenues in which to make pictures that are personal pictures – that are pictures a director can sign and be proud of? Now what is the avenue?

Joan Crawford as Jane's sister Blanche



Early Bette Davis

Joan Crawford in Dancing Daughters

The avenue is to find people who will take the approach that the entire audience doesn't have to be satisfied. If you can stimulate and please small percentages in the audience, it's worth making a picture, but that's all, that's all. It's a period of education – Who the hell knows!!!

S: Isn't this what you are doing, in a sense?

A: No. There's no American director I know who can say that he makes only the pictures he wants to make. Maybe Kazan can say it, and maybe he might have some reservations, but I don't know. I don't know him that well. I only know him to say hello to. But by his pictures you would say, well, all right. He more than any other director makes the pictures he wants to. Yet I can't believe that he would make "Splendor In The Grass," with Warren Beatty and Natalie Wood instead of two unknowns if he was in total control. Whereas the European director makes the picture only he wants to make. An American director might make every third or fourth picture for himself, but to get the money to live through that period or to finance that project or to search for that property, he has to go out and make pictures that maybe are not what he wants. Unlike painters he can't go home and get better. The only way to get better is to direct. I think a director is even better having made a bad picture than he was before he made the bad picture, even though it's a picture that he is not proud of. That's not in harmony with European theory – that you shouldn't direct unless it's just the picture you want to do. Well, I don't know how in the hell you get to be a better director unless you direct. The opposites of that of course are people like Ford, who certainly at one time was as good a director as there has been, who, by directing films perhaps he might not have been as excited about became less and less excited about doing pictures that he was excited about. There may be a happy medium, if one can find it. I don't know, I'm sure Stevens starts out thinking he is making the picture he wants to make, but I don't think it's really fact. I don't think it's realistic. They're not what he started out to make at all. Good or bad. The picture's taken hold of him. He hasn't taken hold of the picture. I don't think that he thought of "Anne Frank" in the terms that "Anne Frank" came out on the screen. I think that he is much more intelligent and has more of a creative personality than the ponderous baby that was born shows. It's hard to believe that's the picture he thought about in the first place. The European director is going from picture to picture doing only the pictures he wants because there's an active audience to see these kind of pictures and an active method to finance those kind of pictures, and the method of financing largely has to do with subsidization of one form or another. It allows freedom to finance a picture. I won't even talk about the area of what you can rob when you make a picture. That's a five hour conversation. When you compare the film business to manufacturing concerns, where good companies leave the dealers enough money to stay in business and then the dealerships flourish and sell more cars: The greedy companies, stealing so much from the dealerships, puts the dealers out of business and eventually it hurts the parent company. In our business it's a well known theory that if you can steal enough from the dealers to put them out of business, you can always find new dealers. That's what happens. You don't see any distributors going broke. You can't find in the annals of the motion picture business a broke distributor, but this industry is littered with broke producers. You have to have a hit every time behind you to be successful in this country. You just can't have a modest success and stay in business. You just can't.

S: It was somewhat a different situation when the distribution was owned by the producer. This is the way it is in Japan today.

A: That's right. The only way that the Europeans are fighting this at all, is that directors and producers of small production companies – is that they get to keep "key areas." Not only are they subsidized by the government, which makes financing in a variety of forms easier to come by, but they insulate themselves against being totally robbed by getting to keep an area of distribution no matter how small, because they know in that area they can get X dollars. Nobody can rob them out of X.

S: I'm not clear there. Controlling a certain area of –

A: Let's say it's an Italian-French co-production. Now, certain revenues will accrue to them from the subsidy of the Italian and French government in back of their company. Now they still don't know how much the Italian and French distributor will rob them, so in lieu of that they may get to keep perhaps Japan, or they may get to keep South America, or they might even get to keep – doubtful, but it has happened – they might even get to keep Germany. Very seldom would they get to keep the United States and Canada. But they get to keep something. They can't be robbed of it.

S: In other words, the revenue from that area is theirs. –

A: So he knows he can't get totally bilked. But that's not all. We haven't entered or begun to enter the area of regional sales. The rest of the world has been doing it for the past 10 or 15 years. We have just begun to participate and we participate really in buying pictures. We haven't participated yet in selling them regionally. Bronston does it ("El Cid"), but he is foreign based. I don't know of any American company that is making pictures here and recently selling them off throughout the world, which we will obviously have to come to very quickly. American finance has to crumble because it's so overloaded with distribution charges and/or studio overhead – there just isn't enough money left over to keep the dealers in business – to keep the producers in business. I don't think – and this is a guess – that all the business the Kramer pictures have done in the last five or six years since the Columbia period, that he, Kramer, has seen very little profit. I'm not talking about salary. I'm not talking about guarantees or deferments. I'm talking about profit. Most pictures have grossed enormously, like 'em or don't, good or bad, that's beside the point. Now a creator is certainly entitled to a bigger piece of the end result of his work than he is currently receiving. It can't go on much longer.

S: As the creator, you specifically mean the director?

A: Well, the person responsible for the film. I'm not very fond of producers, but you must say, sir, that some producers create the package – create the film. Hal Wallis, for example, like or dislike his pictures, he creates the Hal Wallis pictures. Nobody can say that Frank Tashlin or Norman Taurog, or these kind of guys create the pictures that Wallis does. On the other hand, I don't care who Warners' put on as his producer, Kazan creates his pictures. It's not fair to say only directors create in this country because some of them – it's a bad example because it's a miserable film, but Frank Ross carried "The Robe" around for 10 or 15 years before it was made. I don't care what anyone says, Frank Ross created "The Robe" and I'm sure he didn't get anywhere near the commensurate reward for his creation. You know? Now obviously, certainly Kubrick and Harris, not Metro or Seven Arts, created "Lolita," and I don't know, I hope they get their rewards. But I would think it unlikely. But, most producer-directors don't begin to see the kind of return that the company – money lenders – do. They're not in the film business, they're in the money business. It so happens there's more money in the distributing of pictures than in second mortgages or they'd be in the second mortgage business. They're not particularly interested in the rate of profit and the money involved as opposed to the risk of lending that money and the producer can't make enough money to reinvest in new projects to keep his company going on the present system. I sound like an anarchist, but the system is wrong. The system doesn't work, and something is going to happen. It may be that the system may totally break down before it can be changed.

S: What kind of pressure would you apply as producer-director on "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

A: Well, "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" is a tragic example in that I have great faith in the picture. To get the picture made – and if you use this in direct quotes you must also use, because it would otherwise be an unfair attack – you must also use the fact that it is not a complaint against Seven Arts. Seven Arts made the picture, which per se, says already that they were more liberal and more far-sighted, even as money lenders, than anybody else because nobody else would make the picture. But what you say in criticism of them, has to be left to the other nine companies who turned it down. Seven Arts wouldn't make the picture without enormous guarantees, without heavy economic contributions from me and my company, without enormous penalties from me and my company, with no reward for me or my company, except nominal, unless the picture is profitable. That's totally unreasonable. I shouldn't be asked to give up, for anybody, to have to give up 6 to 8 to 9 months of my life plus six or eight months researching, writing the scripts – to do what? By the time the picture breaks even, three or four people who earned their living for 4 or 5 months, Davis and Crawford, will have gotten reasonably good recompense, the distributor will have made a small fortune, the lending company, in this case Seven Arts, received a handsome interest on their money, their overhead will be paid, the lawyers for their company, the lawyers for all the other parties involved will be paid in full. For what? Why? How did it happen? It happened because

Crawford, Davis and Aldrich

Baby Jane

Crawford and Davis discuss scene

one man wanted to make a picture and he has not been recompensed at all. This is ludicrous, hut it's the only way to get a picture made. It's the way you do it. It's the only way to get it made, and it's more important – it's more important to make the picture than to sit home and say, well, I have to give up too much to make it. Sure I do, but the answer is, then, don't make the picture. So, you can't be like Milestone. He's a nice man, he's a fine director, but you can't have it both ways. You can't sit there and take the money for a year and a half and come home and say that your integrity was put in the shadow. If you're being asked to run an unruly ship and it's below your creative threshold then quit. But you can't put up with it and then come home and six months later holler copper. You just can't do it. You can't have it hoth ways. Say I want to work for Metro, take over for Mr. Carol Reed and take the money. Do the best you can and put up with Brando whether he's right or wrong. Then you take the money and shut up. But you can't take the money and moan later. You see, the only way to stay alive is to take jobs as a craftsman, as a technician, as a creator, that you can do well, that won't embarrass you. I did a picture last year that was a great difficulty personally to do, but you have to stay alive. The Kirk Douglas picture "The Last Sunset" – it was a toughie. But you have to take assignments like this to make enough money to eat, to buy more properties and try and float another project and get some more scripts written and still do a professional, workmanlike job. But those opportunities in this country are becoming more and more scarce because there are less and less pictures.

CRITICS

S: Do you want to rate your films for me?

A: Well, I'll lose all the French critics. They're probably the most concerned of all the film critics in the world. They really care about pictures. You can't talk to a French critic who doesn't know more ahout your films than you do. The Americans, or the English or the Germans. They can't even begin to approach them. Perhaps the Italians do. The French of course like "Kiss Me Deadly," they find it very, very complicated and exciting.

ADVERTISING

S: Do you as producer control the advertising? Have you tried to get into this at all?

A: You have certain rights of consultation – you don't have rights of approval. If Warners' and/or Seven Arts choose to override you on advertising, they can. They can't override on the economics, on how much you are going to spend. It's within my capacity to control that. It's not within my capacity to control the nature of the campaign. I can suggest. I can request, and I can plead and in the final analysis if it were legally decided I would lose.

S: Preminger has an arrangement there, doesn't he? He does control his advertising, doesn't he?

A: Preminger has an arrangement with God.

S: Things come out I think almost 100% as to the way he wants it.

A: Now that's another discussion. You can get very bright people to tell you that they honestly believe a Preminger campaign doesn't exploit a picture's full potential, doesn't have full impact on the public. Is it a campaign for a man to go by? Take "Advise and Consent." You have a picture that has had to be geared to the taste of the mass audience. Yet you have a select audience campaign. Now a select advertising campaign superimposed on a mass audience picture is the way to sell a picture? I don't know. It's pretty hard. For example – it's as much a point of view as much as the design. Now if you watch the papers you can see that in the last six weeks, the period for the ad campaign for "Advise and Consent" has been dumped, and now they're on a sensual, sexual, erotic level, which proves the point – that Preminger, at what it cost, has made a picture that has to be for a mass audience. The selective ad campaign must not have been bringing sufficient mass results so they had to change the campaign and gear it down to mass audience, cheap, sensual campaign. Well, maybe it's very revolutionary to say that nobody in the film business is caught up to advertising trends. They just haven't. There is nothing in the film advertising rule to compare, for example, with the simple style of the Volkswagen ads. I don't care how stylized – they sell Volkswagens. Somebody's got to figure out how to sell pictures the way they sell Coca Cola and Volkswagens – all retailers have done it.

DISTRIBUTORS

S: But getting back to the distributor here. It's kind of a monster, isn't it? Is it an organization – is it an attitude?

A: It's an old attitude and I don't know, nohody has been bright enough yet to figure it out. How to beat it. It's a self defeating attitude. You don't have to be Zanuck to say something is wrong at Fox or something is wrong at Metro. We had a lunch there at Warners, and then not too many days after that their financial statement is released and they made five million and seven hundred and something for the nine month period – and the stages are empty. There's something wrong! There's something wrong with the system. How come the stages are empty? They're making so much money and no pictures are being made. Well, they are diversified, hut that doesn't help pictures get made.

S: You feel the producer should be allowed legally to get back into distribution?

A: I don't think that would solve anything – the producers don't get into distribution. Production companies get into distribution. It doesn't help you face the opposition, it doesn't break up the Yankees to have the production companies reunite with the distributor. The distributor is in the unassailable position of being the money lender and lending the money he's an object of all kinds of arbitrary decisions as to what is good story material, who is a good actor, who isn't a good actor, who's a successful box office actor, who isn't – and for the capacity of lending money he's expressing attitudes over which he has no background to judge.

S: Do you say this is a unique position in money lending, though?

A: Yes. it is.

S: I mean, even as a money lender it's unique. Most money lenders lend solely on the basis of how well you do, and if you don't return it, they've blown it.

A: They would defend themselves on that. They would say that's what they do. But on the other hand, Prudential doesn't lend Douglas two hundred billion dollars to help finance a new kind of plane under governmental subsidy – Prudential wouldn't consider telling Douglas how to design the plane. The distributor tells you how to design the product. Not because you think he knows how to design, but you've got to listen to him or you don't get the money. That's not true in Europe. The package maker, be he the director, or even people like Hakim or small producers or producer-directors, don't get into that area where there is artistic, creative interference. In Europe, it's I lent you two dollars, because I lent you two dollars before. Here that's not sufficient. Sure it's sufficient if you're Billy Wilder. But maybe Billy Wilder isn't the guy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

BIOGRAPHY

Robert Aldrich started as production clerk at RKO Studio, soon became a second assistant director. Three years later, in 1944, he moved to the independent field to become a first assistant to such famed directors as Jean Renoir, Lewis Milestone, William Wellman and John Cromwell. From 1945-48 Aldrich was at Enterprise Studio, as assistant director, unit production manager, studio manager and writer. By 1951 he was associate producer with Harold Hecht on "Ten Tall Men," the following year served as assistant director to Charles Chaplin on "Limelight." In 1952 he moved to the TV field as a director. He did 17 of NBC's "Doctor" series – three from his own screenplays – many of the early "China Smith" series and the Four Star shows. From there he progressed to making his own movies which include the following:

Year	*Movie*	*Aldrich's Choice*	*Cinema's Choice*
1953	The Big Leaguer		
1954	World for Ransom		
	Apache		
	Vera Cruz	#4	#4
1955	The Big Knife	#1	#3
	Kiss Me Deadly	#3	#2
1956	Autumn Leaves		
	Attack	#2	
1959	Ten Seconds To Hell	Poor	
	Angry Hills	Poor	
1961	The Last Sunset		
1961-1962	Sodom And Gomorrah (not yet released in U.S.)	?	(not seen)
1962	What Ever Happened To Baby Jane? (set for Nov. release)	?	#1

"Take off a little bit. If that don't make a hit, take off a little bit more." The lines from the strip scene in Irving Berlin's Broadway show, Stop, Look and Listen, in 1915 might well be applied to many of today's films. A constant effort is put forth by producers to show more and more of the flesh of their female stars. In Mervyn LeRoy's "Gypsy," starring Rosalind Russell, Karl Malden and Natalie Wood, the effort for once fits the story. Natalie Wood not only exposes her magnificent geography, but reveals the sad fact that the movies have too long forgotten the "glorified show girl." As the runway queen, the stripper Gypsy Rose Lee, Natalie runs through the "flash" entrance, the "parade," the "tease," the "strip" to the G-string, and the quick exit behind the drapes, in four or five numbers. Her runway performances run away with the last part of the film. The candy-butchers, the smut and the bumps and grinds are missing but not missed. The simple act of watching a beautiful woman parade proudly by is enough. Rosalind keeps the whole "business" pumping with laughter, but Natalie adds the "show" to the business . . . and, it's a good show.

NATALIE STRIPS

SOPHIA EXPLODES

Sophia Loren is Joseph Levine's big gun, having gained him a loaded purse and a somewhat explosive reputation, the results of his having presented her in Two Women and Boccaccio 70. Sophia is a powder keg herself, equipped with two bombards that promise to burst through her blouse upon the slightest movement of their magnificent carriage. In Madame, taken from the play by Emile Moreau and Victorien Sardou, Madame Sans Gene (Madame Free & Easy), Sophia's volatile talent explodes on the screen in this story of the Napoleonic Wars. It was, in fact, an explosive time, when Europe was smudged and bent. But Sophia's figure, no matter how hard it struggles, never loses its shape. Whether as a bosomy laundress firing a cannon, as a camp-follower lolling in the hay with Sergeant LeFevre (Robert Hossein), running hysterically from the pursuing Austrians, or squeezed into an empire gown, Sophia's face, form and wit burst like grape-shot on the screen. Here under the direction of Christian-Jaque, a veteran of the French cinema and known for Fanfan-la-Tulipe, Nana, and Lucretia Borgia, Sophia levels her bombards at the susceptible sergeant, the Austrians and Napoleon's court, crushing them all and the audience as well.

DEAN STOCKWELL ON A LONG DAY

PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

Dean Stockwell is the gifted young star who recently won the Cannes Film Festival award conjointly with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson and Jason Robards Jr., for Long Day's Journey into Night. He made his film debut in 1942 as a youngster in Anchors Aweigh, but considers his only films worth discussing in addition to Long Day's Journey to be Compulsion and Sons and Lovers. As shown here, he has a depth of comprehension and an unerring sense of cinema beyond the reach of many of his contemporaries. The following exchange between Dean Stockwell and Cinema's interviewer was taped in the Hollywood home of photographer William Claxton, a friend of Stockwell's.

INTERVIEWER: You recently said that we have to remember in effect, that after all, the directors had chosen films rather than the written word and graphics to say what they mean. Now, in regard to this, I thought perhaps we might go into some of the films you've made in which you feel you've gotten said — what is important to you as a human being, as an actor.

STOCKWELL: Well, there are only three films that I have acted in that counted at all in my thinking and none of them have been complete. You know, there have been things which accomplished for me what I was out for, but to a minute degree. In each film I think I have accomplished something. I can't say they were finished work, particularly on my part. I think the last one — Long Day's Journey Into Night, is the best film of the three by a long shot. The other two — there are values in them —

I: Compulsion and Sons and Lovers —

S: Yes.

I: These values — in talking about Long Day's Journey — I interpreted it that it was O'Neill's job to get something said, and it was more or less your job to help him. Is this what you consider to be the actor's role, or —?

S: It's the actor's role, I think. You could think of it like the musician's role in a way. In a composed piece, a musician has to have an understanding of music and if he's really to fill the music, he has to have an understanding of what the composer was after. He has to intellectualize what he is doing to a degree, as far as the technical terms are concerned, playing the notes and reading the lines and spaces and from then on it's just his instinct and talent if he can find the same thing the man wrote down and go with it. An actor picking a play like O'Neill's which is very precisely written and is a huge — huge play, with just four people — and so it's all dialogue, all emotional interplay between these four people for 3 hours long — it's a technical job to sustain that. It's pretty much the function of the actor, you know, except that his instrument is all of him and all that he knows, rather than something apart from him like an instrument you'd blow into —

I: Then in a sense your critical faculty comes to bear on the selection primarily of author?

S: Oh yes — as an actor, definitely. What I get on print to read and what my impressions are from reading it, are the most important factors as far as what I choose to do, and then I'm also very concerned about who is involved, what other people, and what they are like, and where and how we stand in relation to each other. Long Day's Journey worked out beautifully in that respect. I was really — I was very pleased to have so good a working experience.

I: Now, Long Day's Journey was a play, with which you were probably familiar before you were asked to do the part.

S: I hadn't seen it, I had only read it.

I: You had read it. Did you take it on the basis of O'Neill, primarily, or did you want to know who was going to direct it?

S: I took it on the basis of the part, on what I knew about the play first, and each question that I had to ask was answered far more favorably, as to its directing, and I liked Sidney, I liked his work, and when they mentioned the other people in it — you know — it just worked out. It made me smile.

I: Then your prime concern was the script, the director and who was playing opposite you when you selected —

S: That's right. The prime one is the script. Then there are thousands of concerns — They graduate. They get smaller and less important.

I: Now, in Compulsion and Sons and Lovers —

S: Compulsion was a novel based on an actual case and then it was a Broadway play, and I did the play.

I: So you were familiar with it, completely —

S: I was familiar with the script.

I: You played the same part in both the play and the film?

S: Yes. Roddy McDowall played the other part in the play, and he was really better than in anything he's done. When the movie was made there were deletions and changes and things like that that were beyond my power. I almost didn't do it, and then I tried to accomplish the role I was going to do in the film as much as I could in that framework or as close to what I had in the play, but it was a little like a square thing — I don't feel bad about my work in it.

I: Who was the director?

S: Of the film? Richard Fleischer. It was Dickie Zanuck's first movie produced.

I: Regarding these last three films you made — do you feel something is developing — that you are getting something said or on the way to it? Do you feel you'll continue to be an actor? Will that be sufficient for you as a personality? I know you're involved in other things.

S: Well, I don't know. It all depends on how my energy holds up. There are so many things I'd like to do and I am doing and I just keep growing and expanding. I can't use the phrase of trying to say something for myself or get something said in each instance because that would just confuse me. I just have to do what I find to be done in each one and try and make myself as happy as possible with it, and not worry about what I am trying to say esthetically.

I: Let's go into the area for a while of your relationship to the director. Can you say how much you feel you contribute as opposed to the director's contribution?

S: Well, that's dependent on the director. I can analogize that again. I feel that — I feel now that it's a relationship like virtually the same working relationship with a conductor and a soloist. Say it's a piece that requires a full orchestra and soloist and they're both going to play a piece they know, but they both have different interpretations of it. Now, since they are in that position — soloist and conductor — then the conductor knows the soloist knows what he is doing, and also vice versa. They both have that respect for each other, so they find a way to blend into the whole orchestra that pleases both of them. The conductor or director is the one who is guiding it, of course.

I: Let me read you something that was quoted from the Italian director Antonioni. "The actor is one of the elements of the image. A modification of his pose and the gestures modify the image itself. A line spoken by an actor in profile does not have the same meaning as when given full face. A phrase addressed to the camera placed above the actor does not have the same meaning it would if the camera were placed below him. These two simple observations prove that it is the director, that is to say, whoever composes the shot, who should decide the pose, gestures and movements of the actor. The same principle holds for the intention of the dialogue. The voice is a noise which merges with other noises in a rapport which only the director knows. It is therefore up to him to find the balance or imbalance of these sounds. It is necessary to listen to any actor at length even when he is mistaken. One must let him be mistaken, at the same time try to understand how one can use his mistakes in the film. For these errors are at the moment the most spontaneous thing the actor has to offer. I ask myself if there really is a great film actor. The actor who thinks too much is driven by the ambition to be great. This is a terrible obstacle which runs the risk of eliminating much truth from his performance."
And earlier he has said that "It is not possible to have a real collaboration between actor and director. They work on two entirely different planes. The director owes no explanations to the actor except those of a very general nature about the people in the film. It is dangerous to discuss details. Sometimes the actor and director become enemies. The director must not compromise himself by his revealing his intentions." I think there is within this a very personal attitude on the part of Antonioni toward life and people in general — a feeling his films often imply, that money or fame or anything will subvert or destroy an individual. This seems to be his attitude towards actors in general. Do you have any comment on this?

S: Actually from watching his films, he loves actors. Actually. Every artist necessarily must have a different point of view about what he's doing, his way of working. There is truth in everything he says and yet, there are other truths. For instance — I don't feel that a director loses ground necessarily by revealing his intentions to the actor. It all depends on the way in which he reveals them and that's the way to bring the actor to him — and then it works. You know, you ought to find a way to bring the actor to what you are after. And maybe one situation is that you reveal your intentions to him and that will bring him to you. And there are many people to whom that can happen, and I am sure Antonioni does that repeatedly. Sure, there is a frequency, with an actor like Moreau or somebody like that, she can read the intentions in his eyes as he is saying something — you know, the minute he gets an idea and approaches her. I'm sure she'd go along with him, and there are quite a few times when it's impossible for a director to reveal his intentions to the actor because the actor wouldn't comprehend him. He can still execute as an actor and there is another way of doing it, another reason for doing it. But if the intentions are very esoteric or very complicated or difficult, the director can't impose that on him. I think that's what Antonioni means. It's useless to impose that on the actor. That's a director's job. As far as he says, whoever composes the shot is running the show, and all that he says about gestures or intonations, is perfectly true. But getting back to your original question of my working with directors — and not holding a cross-country, trans-oceanic debate with Antonioni — there are times when I worked with directors who do not know how to compose a shot. Then, what do you do then? And I myself have a great instinct or drive anyway toward composition —

I: Visually?

S: Yes, visually and the whole composition — So I tend to contribute that, no matter who I'm working with. I don't run into difficulties. I haven't with directors. If I feel they don't go along with any suggestion I might have — it's never any difficulty.

I: Do you have a different instinct operating or acting in front of a camera where you have a feeling towards the sound you're making, the shape you are taking on the film, as opposed to the stage, when you're acting on the stage in front of an audience?

S: It is different.

I: A definite difference.

S: Well, it's just like running a different gear ratio. Most actors work differently in each medium. When they don't you can see it and it doesn't work. Sometimes an actor who is mostly experienced on the stage and he makes a film, due to his lack of experience in film perhaps he appreciates that there is a difference and his acting will stick out, as it were, alongside of actors who are just for films. I'm sure you can see it. Or vice versa. You take a strictly film actor and put him in a big Broadway theatre with 1100 or 1200 people in it and he doesn't make the transition to stage acting that —

I: Right.

S: But that doesn't mean you are coming down, or going the other way. It's different, just different. I don't like to act on the stage too much.

I: You prefer the films.

S: Yes. Well, because I guess I've been surrounded with film sound stage a lot more. I'm more familiar with it and more comfortable working in it. I like films better anyway than live stage. I like them both. But there's a deeper reason too. Acting on the stage every night, the audience — let's assume it's a full

audience — every night for a week. All seven of those audiences will be different, invariably. The play's the same, yet the same phenomenon happens over and over again, invariably. You know, stagehands they can see it. You can't understand it, it's the weirdest thing, but audiences will assume an identity immediately the first five minutes of the play, they'll assume a character and remain consistent throughout the play —

I: This is the audience —

S: Call it Joe for the first five minutes and for the rest of the time it is always Joe. It remains consistent. It'll laugh for instance at a point that is not written in the play as a point to laugh, so the audience is kind of in a different relationship with the play than you would expect, and they'll remain that way the rest of the play. And each one is different and then the one the next night will be totally different still.

I: You recently directed at the Coronet Theatre here in Los Angeles. That was your first directing, wasn't it?

S: Yes.

I: Judging from that experience, would you rather direct in films? Or on the stage again if you had a chance?

S: Well, as what I direct — I don't have the same problem emotionally, particularly with the audience as when I act on the stage, so I like directing on the stage, but films are much more appealing.

I: You'd like to direct a film?

S: Well, I'm going to make some films.

I: You are? Then it's not a matter of any question in your mind. It's set. I sense a very positive answer and I want to be sure it gets on the tape.

S: Yes.

I: Now maybe we ought to go into the idea of individualism. You felt in a recent discussion that you as a person were totally responsible for what happened to you as an actor or the film maker. Is that —

S: Or, as a beer drinker, or whatever!

I: Well, this individualism on the part of the film maker — Is this a strictly personal thing or do you think this is an important thing for other people? How far does this individualism go? It is a worthwhile subject for films?

S: Subject for films? Well, I don't know. I just feel that way — being that way or living that way with myself.

I: Individualism has gone out of our films to some degree. Well, here or in international cinema, with a few exceptions like George Stevens or Kurosawa in Japan, who still portray heroes, as such. Stories of men that behave in the individualistic manner in which you say you would like to behave, of course under more dramatic circumstances. John Ford used to talk about this kind of man. Kurosawa does today with his Samurai. Have you ever played an out and out hero in a play or film?

S: By God, I don't know. I don't think so. Maybe in a television show I may have. I don't know if I heroized it or I felt heroic about it.

I: Would you like to play such a part? In a good film, I mean —

S: As a hero?

I: As a hero.

S: I don't think so.

I: Why is that?

S: I don't feel like a hero. I —

I: Perhaps I'm imposing upon individualism a heroic quality.

S: I don't know who I would call a hero. Maybe Mozart was a hero. Could you call Picasso a hero? Or, you know, I don't think you'd lend the word hero to that — who would you call a hero?

I: Probably the astronauts would be heroes.

S: Yes. John Glenn is a hero. I wouldn't like to play an astronaut. That cabin would be too close! It would be impossible to act in such a situation, wouldn't it? If you really define acting, because you wouldn't know what to do. Because you haven't had the experience of being an astronaut. No actor has.

I: In a sense though, if you were to go back and play a Shakespeare character, as you probably have —

S: No, I haven't done any Shakespeare —

I: It would be just as difficult to experience — say — the life or the environment of a Richard III, wouldn't it as to say, the astronauts?

S: No, Shakespeare deals mostly with just good old familiar emotional relationships between people. And that's what, whenever it's acted beautifully, that's what's acted. The style can change from one production of Shakespeare to another, as far as accuracy or an impression of what the style on that page was, but the plays, even when they were written were not really written realistically, they were written stylistically in those times, so you have that freedom, but there's nothing stylistic about an astronaut in orbit. This is a strange conversation —

I: It's rather interesting though. It might be possible for somebody to write a very great play about an astronaut.

S: It very well might be. I think there have been some wild little plays already written about him. Mel Brooks & Reiner. Bill Dana, he had a great cut in his with two pair of pants . . . good old comedy!

I: Have you ever played comedy?

S: Not out and out comedy. I have a love for comedy which is surpassing. I just love it. And in my acting I'm trying to get more and more — I'm trying to get closer to it. All the work that I have done has been material which just didn't lend itself toward that, and I haven't been cast in parts that have a great deal of comedy value. But nevertheless I've had some opportunities to experiment with just a little bit. It would take me a long time as an actor to really achieve what I'd like to, and that's really very difficult. As a director, however, I can swing with it. And I can work it so that when it comes out, it's funny. The radio play I'm doing now is taped. It's very funny. And the type of people who are doing it have an enormous understanding of comedy. Patsy Kelly, she's doing the lead in it, and you know Jack Albertson? He's a marvelous old vaudeville man. He does that thing with Joey Faye on vaudeville and it's very funny. And Dick Deacon, you know him? Richard Deacon. He's very funny. And Royal Dano is very funny. The play is Samuel Beckett's, the play he wrote for radio, called All That Fall. I'm doing it for KPFK. I'm working on it now.

I: All tape?

S: I'm ending up with 35,000 ft. of tape. I'm editing it now and I'm going to put the sound effects in. There are 11 people in it. It's a big work. It's the most important thing I've done so far.

I: Do you think it can be released on a record?

S: I think probably some label will release it. I don't particularly care.

I: Are there any favorite genre films that you prefer?

S: Definitely. The comedy films from the silent era in the U.S., all films from 1910 to 1920. Chaplin's films, Laurel & Hardy's films, things like that. What do you call them? Genre?

I: Would you like to play a comedy eventually?

S: Oh, yes. There are some comedy things in Long Day's Journey. O'Neill had a marvelous flair for comedy. The character I was playing had fewer cracks than anyone.

I: Has Robards got some —

S: Oh God! Yes.

I: Good lines?

S: And Ralph Richardson. Just hysterical and they are the most beautiful creatures I ever met. The three of them — it was just too much.

I: There was a great rapport —

S: Yes, we all got along great.

I: You know, this idea of doing rather than discussing. You seem to indicate there was very little need in Long Day's Journey for going over or delving into what was happening — except for minor or small —

S: There was a lot of good fortune involved. The way the film was cast, the four people who were to do it when they met had kind of a similar relationship in flavor, that fits the characters they played. Not the disastrous things — Kate Hepburn is certainly not addicted to morphine, but Ralph Richardson was just like the figure of the Father of all Time, anyway, and we just all blended together very nicely and we didn't get too involved in discussions of the play, as far as interpreting it before we did it. We all seemed to have the same point of view, and just began to act in it and tried to rehearse it. There are always times when you discuss interpretation, you know, and you like to backtrack a little bit in order to find out how to overcome the flaws. Other than that we just tried to let it flow. We rehearsed it well though. We rehearsed it for three weeks.

I: Three weeks.

S: Which of course is not adequate but — That play is so enormous that I don't know what an adequate rehearsal time would be for it.

I: Did you have the script much in advance?

S: The script was the play. It was shot directly from the play. No screenplay.

I: There was no screenplay?

S: No. There were some cuts made.

I: Was there any script for shots?

S: No, Sidney did that as he went along.

I: Each day?

S: Yes, as it was shot. Yes, it was shot right out of the play.

I: Did you rehearse on sets?

S: All three weeks? No, we started in just a hall — you know — then we rehearsed in a place — what the hell's the name — Central Closet down on Second Avenue, where a lot of television shows are rehearsed. It's a great big hall which is taped out — like you do for television, tape the set right out on the floor — made a diagram of it and then acted in the framework of that, so that the camera shots could be worked out.

I: With camera?

S: No, well, Sidney was functioning as the camera as he watched. He didn't have to bring the camera in and he didn't have to have the set. Then we did move into the set and each thing we started to film we would rehearse extensively again and go over to make sure that everything worked right.

I: With actual camera?

S: Oh sure, yeah —

I: How long did that take?

S: Well, we didn't set aside time in front to do that. We did it as we started to shoot. Say you come in to film a page-and-a-half scene and you go through it to line it up for the cameraman because he's already seen it, because he's been to the rehearsals too, and then the set is lit and the camera is set up and then it's rehearsed several times again both for the camera and the actors. The actors take advantage of that to work, then it might be gone through two or three times more just for the actors and then shot, maybe shot 10, 15, 20 times before it's right.

I: That many takes on many?

S: No. There were some extraordinarily long scenes however. One was a 7½ minute take.

I: 7½ minutes uninterrupted shooting?

S: Yes with Jason and me. It's just incredible.

I: How many times did you do it?

S: About 5 or 6 or 7.

I: That's right straight through, each time.

S: It was very complicated. It took a day and a half to set it up, because the camera had to make a lot of moves and — Boris Kaufman lit it and he was really beautiful.

I: Who did the camera work?

S: Well, that's up to Sidney and the actors and all of us, you know, had a say in everything.

I: I see.

S: You know, Boris just sits there quietly and does the lighting. You know, that's discussed too, but it all congealed, that's up to Sidney mostly. He moved the camera and he moved it very well and his choice of lenses were really magnificent in the film. It's a subtle thing but it's supposed to be very important.

I: Can we go into this 7 minute take with you and Robards. You say it took a day and a half to set it up?

S: Well, that means technically set up the camera. To get it where it could move. The set was built — the whole house was constructed on the sound stage, and it was elevated about 4 feet off the ground so you'd have to go up steps to get onto the ground level of the house, so the camera could then shoot from below the house if it wanted, up into it — up into windows. Or once a wall was knocked out inside the room so the camera could get down or above — and that particular take was 7 minutes long, and had a lot of moves. There were times when it was stationary too, and just to set the lights and move the camera, it took the crew that period of time to do it — you know to build in all the things it entailed — walls to be knocked down and put up and so forth.

I: How many camera angles were involved?

S: I really would have to take minutes to think over the scene — but quite a few — quite a few.

I: What room did it take place in?

S: Well, the whole play takes place in one room — in the living room. There are two shots and two sequences in the dining area, one very short one and another of a scene — about 8 minutes in the beginning of the play which takes place out on the lawn outside the house, and then there is the camera in the hallway now and then, but most of it is in the room.

I: You mentioned the wide angle lens in use for closeups — to give a lot more movement for the actor —

S: Well, that was in some instances — long lenses were used. It depends. When you use those wide angle lenses, naturally there is more depth of field and feeling and the picture stays sharper farther back and when you're working in the confines of the room, quite frequently the choice was to let the house stay in focus even though you were shooting a tight closeup. So that you knew where you were in the house and, of course, the house itself was beautifully done. Dick Silver did the set. It was really nice. But other times very long lenses were used so nothing was in focus in back.

I: Were all the actors as familiar with lenses and camera as you are?

S: No. I don't think any of them, as a matter of fact. Because I have worked with still photography. Jason is not as familiar with film as Richardson, Hepburn and myself. But it would be hard to know any more about filming than Katharine Hepburn knows. She knows what she's doing. She really does. Technically speaking. Ralph does too. Oh boy, he would do things while you were off camera watching him being filmed, and you would think you understood what he was doing or the degree to which he was doing it. You weren't sure, and then when you saw it on film, he was invariably correct. You really understood him. In other words he would hit a certain level at a certain point where you might expect something else — for it to be larger or smaller — and then when you saw it in the rushes on film, it would all be there. You couldn't see it looking at it live, but when you see it on screen, it just looks pow! In the larger size. He's a magician. He's always been one of my favorite actors too. He's just great.

I: How did he feel? Did he feel this is a good film?

S: Well, I think he's — he's so sweet, Jesus! I don't know, I can't say — He hasn't seen it though. I'm the only one of the five of us who saw it. I saw it in France and I saw it in New York. At the Festival there. No one else could make it — Katharine had a little hang-up somewhere and Jason was in a play and Ralph couldn't get out of a TV show.

I: Was Sidney there?

S: Yes.

I: Was he happy with it?

S: Sidney is very happy with it. Yes, he thinks this is his best work.

I: Do you want to discuss the Festival criticism of Truffaut and the French?

S: I don't want to necessarily get into the specific thing at the Festival. To get into the film, it might at least run into criticism on that level, and I can start from there.

I: Okay. Let's go into that. The question of Long Day's Journey being criticized on the basis that it's a filmed play? Is that the area that you are talking about?

S: That's right. It could conceivably run into that kind of criticism and probably will with some factions, because there are some factions that seem automatically to have — you could almost describe it as a disdain for filmed plays, and the criticism comes out as though just by definition it can't be a good film on that level, although there have been some plays filmed that are pretty good. Henry V is pretty good and Member of the Wedding, an American film, is damned good. But it's saying if you combine the two art forms you lose ground.

I: It's saying you can't come up with a pure cinema in a sense.

S: Well, all right, let's say you came up with a pure cinema in a sense, and someone try to locate for me pure cinema! The only pure cinema I've seen has been minus sound, to my taste anyway. So that doesn't throw out of the box all sound films, does it?

I: No. Will you be specific, and name some "pure cinema" films in particular?

S: Yes, The Gold Rush. The Chaplin films.

I: What about early Russian films like Potemkin?

S: Yes, things like that. Well, actually, I'm speaking specifically of the Chaplin films so you can't discount all the films with sound, like all films with color, or maybe you can't discount the films with music. I can't recall seeing a musical per se that floored me, but the play is the thing as it's said. Now all you come up with when combining Eugene O'Neill, who is a play or theatre writer, with the film medium, is a well-written stylized scenario or screen play. The screenplay is created out of that. Quite often you can take screenplays and transfer them to the stage and they would be very effective. No doubt it's been done. But Long Day is a film, it's on film — and the dialogue — in the play itself the dialogue doesn't necessarily have to have a live audience there. The film element added to it can be a plus or the theatrical style of writing added to the film can be a plus.

I: Did you see Summer and Smoke? On film?

S: No.

I: You're familiar with the play.

S: Yes.

I: Do you like Williams? —

S: Ah — ah — not really, too much. No. Summer and Smoke was thoroughly adapted as a screenplay anyway, so it's not literally a play being filmed. Long Day is literally a play being filmed, but we didn't film a play in progress. We acted a film, and shot a film and played a film, so it's a film.

I: There's the possibility in my mind that the reality, or rather the symbolic realities, of the film — everything being more than life-size, and in a dark theatre, in black and white — sometimes overpowers the situation and makes what is seen almost a burlesque. Whereas if you were to see the same thing from the 7th row in a theatre, and see life-size human beings up there, it would in a sense be more believable. I think this happened in Tennessee Williams' Summer and Smoke. Things that were quite moving in the play became almost cliches in the film.

S: I can't in good conscience equate O'Neill and Williams. I don't think there's anything in the O'Neill — filmed or put under a microscope that would become cliche. He's just — he's too good for that. No matter how badly he might be misinterpreted, you couldn't take it as a cliche, because — he constructs characters who have a total reality about them within his style, it doesn't leave room for — he doesn't get off base. Not in that play anyway.

I: Now, in Long Day's Journey, you felt the reaction to the film, in a sense at the Festival, was that it was an actor's film.

S: No, I didn't mean to imply that. Specifically, the reaction at the Festival was to the whole film, but it was crystallized by the dynamics of the acting because the film is dependent on the acting. The film is held together and is based on the acting. It's a film about the relationship between four people which emotionally becomes very extravagant, but it does not mean to imply, which is as simply phrased as possible, that it is not just a visual film as well. It's visually analyzing acting all the time. It's what you see on the screen, is actors working.

I: All the time?

S: All the time. There are no shots of the street or anything, you know. It is purely visual minus the acting, so that it gives the impression when you see it that it's an acting film. But it's just as visual whether you are watching acting or using the camera purely in a visual way without actors. And this is all just four people for 3 hours carrying on. And that's it primarily —

I: Would you say the Festival Judges reacted to this more so than the total of the film?

S: No, I don't think so. I think they reacted to the total of the film because it's a great play. It's a strange play. It's the kind of — a couple of O'Neill plays are this way, they have an effect like a steam roller. It starts off very slowly and he just keeps dropping clues and dropping clues and very gradually, it becomes like a steam roller. A huge stew. Everything's added to it, and by the end, it becomes almost hard to take, it's so far out emotionally. I'm sure, you know, the play has been criticized when it was done on the stage, or just as a play, as a literary work is too long, and repetitious in some parts. The film is not as long. The play was 4 hours and 10 minutes with intermissions when it was done on Broadway, but it's 2 hours and 58 minutes on film. You can move a little faster using a camera. You don't have any time between acts for one, and 15 or 20 pages were cut, very repetitious ones. Shakespeare is cut too, so it's not blasphemous or sacrilegious.

I: Concluding this general area of discussion now, do you have any characterizations which you considered more difficult than another?

S: Well, we're still talking about three films essentially, aren't we? All three were difficult ones. The film of Compulsion — wasn't so much the difficulty in executing it, but in trying to get done what I would like to see done.

I: Do you mean, is this on your own part or the film?

S: On my own part — not only the film — the character, you know. The Lawrence one, I don't feel too good about.

I: How did that do financially?

S: Very well. That represented this country at the Cannes Festival too. All three of them have.

I: Did you receive an award for that? For Compulsion?

S: For Compulsion? Yes. Sons and Lovers did too.

I: There are trite things that I'd like to go into — some of it. Your favorite films for instance?

S: The Gold Rush, I think. Pather Panchelli, it's right up there. And the Laurel and Hardy film, Deuces Wild and Modern Times . . . Field's films too . . . oh boy! . . . but of the real recent films, La Notte I liked the best.

I: Have you seen Marienbad yet?

S: No I haven't seen it. I was in Europe when it hit New York and I've been working at nights since I came here — I haven't seen it.

I. Did you see Jules and Jim?

S: Yes, I just liked it. I liked Truffaut's first one lots more, 400 Blows. I loved that picture. Jules and Jim is a beautifully made film — beautifully made. What it's about didn't get me as much — but, Moreau — the acting in it was beautiful. Boy, those two guys were magnificent. Jeanne Moreau, she is too . . .

I: Did you see Liasons Dangereuses?

S: Yes. I think you go to see that to have fun and enjoy it. The erotic things in it which were done, again under the cloak of comedy, I loved them — I loved them. You know when they stuck the camera under the sheets — you know — I loved it. A sweet story too. Oh, yes, and Smiles of a Summer Night. Ingmar Bergman's film. That's my favorite one of his. That's a wow — a terribly dynamic film and in a couple of instances Bergman has used almost a French farce flavor in getting around to what he gets at, and it's marvelously deceptive. And in that one, there are times when — Bergman would jump out from behind a bush and you know — give you a right cross when you didn't expect it. There's another old film of his called The Naked Night which is magnificent too. The one about the circus. Visually it's really great.

I: In talking about contemporary films there seems to be a rise internationally in the quality of films. I think your comment was that when you sit back alone and you think about it, you're encouraged, but it's really not arrived as yet.

S: No, looking at it with a big general view, it's like a jigger of water to a man dying of thirst on a desert. You certainly have to be grateful for the taste. But it's not what one would want. Mostly what it is is an emergence of films being allowed through the gate, as it were. Films of great quality have been made with irregularity ever since the conception of films, but at this time there seem to be more films from young people that are reaching large audiences, which is fine. It seems to link up maybe with the decline of major studios, which television helped along. And maybe television had a good function in that way. And the distributors have had recourse in individual productions and as they began to work into the distributor's plans and then some talented individual productions — or ones with talent in them began to arrive. The distributor still has too much control over films. We still have a long way to go if you want to be an idealist about it.

I: Are you comparing it to a peak at some point in the past?

S: Oh no. The peak in films when Fields, Chaplin and those guys were working was the top. Those days films were the thing — reached the largest audiences and were considered the epitome of entertainment as well. Everything happened then perfectly for films. I don't think that can ever be achieved again with that intensity. It's going to be spread out — you know that's past. What's going on now is nothing like that. Films also were a new thing then. The idea of going to the cinema was a novelty, bizarre, and for the artists who got into it, it was a great new instrument to use and fortune was smiling too, and the geniuses got into it and it had its heyday as we call it. The beautiful thing about it is that those films are art works and you couldn't for a minute assume that any film made today is "farther out," more surrealistic, or whatever, than those. They were absolutely wacky. Just wacky. Crazy films and they all came out of an artist and they made sense. There was nothing real in a Chaplin film. My God, every movement was just pure art — just instinct creating these fantastic bizarre things. They all had direct comments on people, you know, things that one tries to go after but they were way ahead of the times. And the general public that was accepting them, I'm sure wasn't aware of that. How extreme they were. Chaplin sitting at lunchtime in front of a huge machine and behind him a guy stuck in the gears with just his head sticking out. It was a huge machine of gears and he's feeding his lunch down to his mouth — screaming for help. Well you know, if you saw that in a film today — or something similar — say another person starting to go in that direction you would consider it as something new, exciting and daring.

I: Do you want to talk about the star system?

S: Talk about it for a while if you want.

I: Do you consider yourself part of it?

S: No.

I: Do you think it's hurting industry?

S: Oh, you're talking about the salary stars are beginning to control — etc.

I: Yes.

S: I think it would be great if some of the stars it affected were doing something more important. Well, they're the people who apparently audiences want to see. It's amazing.

I: Any comments on censorship?

S: Yes — I don't like the idea of it.

I: It seems to have opened up somewhat I guess. Last year's Supreme Court's decision —

S: Thats good. If it ever affects me I know I get very upset. It's never affected me when it was truly important yet, but if ever censorship infringes on something I want to do, I won't be very happy about it. I don't see why anyone should censor what I do but me. I just don't see why.

I: In relationship to children? Would you say that a picture, let's say, The Lovers should be shown to children?

S: Do you realize what these children see?

I: Apart from films?

S: If parents don't want to take the kids to see the film, that's up to them.

I: In a sense are they the governing bodies?

S: No, I guess I'm opening myself — But why don't they censor architecture? No seriously, let's think of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 year old children in Los Angeles walking around looking at some of the buildings that are being built. Now you may not think that's going to have any effect on them, and you may not think it's as important or damaging or severe as for them to go see Laisons Dangereuses. I, however, think it's more devastating. It god damn nearly kills me to look at some of the things they put up. And there are so many things that go uncensored, from comic books on up or down —

I: Advertising. Ridiculous.

S: Advertising yes. That children learn and memorize! With films anyone can get up and walk out. But even if 9/10ths of the people get up and walk out, they shouldn't get out and gather in the lobby and say let's censor this, because the poor calf that's left in there doesn't have a chance.

I: And he's as important as the people in the lobby.

S: Well there's no reason why he should be prohibited.

I: Right.

S: Right.

I: Absolutely! Well, I think that about does it. I think we've got a good tape.

S: Good, I've got to go to the john.

THE FASTEST SWORD IN THE EAST

By Gene Moss

To those familiar with his work, the picture of Toshiro Mifune garbed as a Nineteenth Century American gunslinger instead of as a medieval Japanese swordswinger seems entirely fitting. For Mifune, who first made the world aware of his prodigious talent with an uninhibited portrayal of the boisterous bandit in Rashomon, has created a new kind of cinematic super-hero who is, in many ways, more typical of our Old West than the custom-tailored cowboys we have accepted for many years.

Appearing in several "period" films under the direction of the brilliant Akira Kurosawa, Mifune has captured the fancy of the motion picture public by deliberately flaunting tradition. He has audaciously taken the classical samurai warrior of ancient Japan — formerly portrayed in an absurdly dignified fashion — and instilled in him the careless swagger and bravado of the untamed breed who once roamed our Western frontier.

Mifune's samurai is a non-conformist, a rough and restless hombre who owes allegiance to no one. In sharp contrast to the formal and elegant adversaries he slays in frightening quantities in every one of his films, Mifune's man is a surly, behind-scratching, brutally-virile kind of character. He's a saddle tramp in sandals, with a lightning-fast blade but a heart of gold; and in the true tradition of the fictional Robin Hoods of the West, he fights on the side of law and order. (For a special touch, the handle of his sword protrudes conspicuously from his kimono, reminiscent of the Western gunfighter whose holster is menacingly slung a bit lower than everyone else's.)

Cinema hereby proposes a unique cultural exchange, whereby Japan would send the magnificent Mifune to make a movie for director John Ford . . . and in return, our own mightiest film warrior, the one and only John Wayne, would don the robes of the samurai and star in a Kurosawa epic. But until that day comes to pass, Toshiro Mifune will have to rest on his well-deserved laurels as the unchallenged "Fastest Sword in the East."

● Of the many new additions to the vocabulary of Japanese film making during the past decade, the term nikutai joyu is one of the most significant. It means, literally, "flesh actress," and it describes a new kind of female star . . . one whose emergence on the modern screen scene has made the rising sons of Nippon rise up in mass approval of this fascinating new facet of the now-emancipated Japanese motion picture industry.

For many years the heroines of Japanese films were typed almost solely as demure and gentle homebodies, reflecting, no doubt, the average man's tradition-bound attitude toward "respectable" women. The Japanese woman's appeal was invariably sublimated within the confines of a shy and retiring personality, just as the delicate beauty of her ancestresses remained partially concealed amid voluminous folds of silk. In fact, the entire concept of romance in early Japanese pictures would seem to indicate that although the players and the audiences knew all about the basic biological differences between boys and girls, they mutually chose to ignore the subject for fear of embarrassing each other.

Machiko Kyo, whose torrid love scenes with Toshiro Mifune in the celebrated Rashomon caused more than a few raised eyebrows around the world, is perhaps the original nikutai joyu. She was the first actress to build her career on sex appeal and glamour in addition to acting ability, and she rode to stardom in a series of sex vehicles that made her body more familiar to movie-goers than her face. Her Western reputation was also greatly enhanced when she was imported for a role in MGM's 1956 production of Teahouse of the August Moon.

Since so many of her most effective portrayals have been in "period" films, what could be more natural than the casting of lovely Machiko Kyo as history's most famous sex-goddess . . . the ill-fated temptress of the Nile, Cleopatra. And could the cold sloe-eyed Oriental beauty of Odd Obsession impart greater impact to the role than our own Elizabeth Taylor, once the All-American pre-teen heroine of National Velvet? It's something to think about.

PHOTOS BY JERRY WHITE

This is the end-product Vadim envisioned when he persuaded 16-year-old Brigitte to enter films.

LOLA ALBRIGHT...FIRST A WOMAN There are within the nature of actress Lola Albright a certain humor, an earthiness, a believable sexuality which have heretofore been the private possessions of the women of the screen who reside in Rome or Paris. Lola is endowed with a sufficient force of visual beauty to command the eye, possessed with a voice as intimate and private as a bedroom whisper, courageous enough to undertake the risk of the independent production A COLD WIND IN AUGUST, and sufficiently politic to temper the producers of that film . . . "I consider it (the novel A COLD WIND IN AUGUST) vulgar in this way. I am not the kind of person that anyone can call a prude. In fact, I'm probably a dirty broad. I am a dirty broad. When something is necessary in a book or a screenplay or has anything to do with a character, or relationships between characters, fine, I think it should be there. When it is overdone to the point of being unnecessary, then to me it becomes dirty and when *I* read something that makes *me* feel funny in *my* stomach, then it's dirty . . . They wanted to do a European version, but I said no. It's not necessary. Get yourself another girl." Inaccessible to the fears of her profession and having trembled neither before producer, columnist nor herself, Lola has a maturity of age . . . "I can't look the way I did when I was twenty. I'm well preserved for my age, I guess, but I still can't look that way and I don't see any need to try. I'm not an ingenue any more, thank God." . . . an artist's sense of purpose . . . "They (actresses who give interviews on their private lives) destroy the image which they have tried to build up and which the public needs, and no matter how much the public clamors for the personal and intimate details of your life, they need an image of you to latch onto—because that's what the purpose of people in motion pictures is. To give entertainment, to give—well, an image of something other than what they have in their own lives . . . " and an unashamed passion for her role in life, " . . . perhaps it's the feeling of being a woman first that the camera sees. I hadn't thought of it that way although I have given out many interviews about myself and I stated that—well, talk about Edie Hart (Peter Gunn's girlfriend) being a woman, she wasn't just a performer, she wasn't just an overgrown girl, but she was a woman with respect for her man, and I don't think there are very many so-called women who understand this thing . . . you can't put a man second, you know. I am first and fundamentally a woman, secondly, I am an actress." With hair of dusky gold, eyes that have forgotten the look of innocence, and a professionally female skill, she satirizes on these pages the so-called provocative photo captions the American press is so used to applying to the European counterparts of Lola Albright, to the female animals of the French and Italian film industries, to the images of those delicious creatures Loren, Carol, Lollobrigida, Magnani and Bardot, who with sheets, pillows, mattresses, tousled hair and various other armament fill the pages of many of our more popular American periodicals . . . Captions which the European press, with the same lack of understanding, no doubt apply to her.

Gina has a rigid moral code in real life, but in "La Romana" she forgets some things mother taught her.

Sophia's lovely long hair, dark eyes, full mouth and childishly round face give her a look of "half saint—half sinner," but she doesn't depend on sex appeal alone, she likes to play strong characters with a moral message.

Martine's specialty is the down-to-earth role of the common, ordinary, everyday working girl.

Anna is photographed on a bed in her own apartment where she lives with her *husband,* a movie producer who gave her her first part. In her next film, a religious story, she will play the part of a nun.

Both the crush of mace on a bloodied skull and the song of the yew bow, both the deadly march of death and the pageant of chivalry, both fact and fable stirred Douglas Fairbanks to produce his version of the MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. The dark conspiracies of Prince John (Sam De Grasse), the coarse joviality of Richard Coeur de Lion (Wallace Beery), the loyal strength of Little John (Alan Hale), the virginal purity of Lady Marion (Enid Bennett), and the lecherous jealousy of Guy of Gisbourne (Paul Dickey) were brought to life at the Pickfair Studios on Santa Monica Boulevard in 1922. There Fairbanks built a Norman castle covering two and a half acres with towers 310 feet high and a hall 620 feet long. There he reconstructed the decadent age and vigorous romance of the 12th Century mid the vigorous youth and decadent realities of the Twenties.

Both times were perfect for Fairbanks. The youth, the energy, and the spirit of the Twenties consumed the Pickfair lot. Hard feelings were banned, and with a practical joke or simply with a rash of life Doug would turn the set to laughter. Surrounded by the best of talent, he put the best he could on film. It was an exhausting time, but it was a good time. It was a time for Doug to dream and in each of his films, his dreams had something to say: THE GAUCHO—yesterday was yesterday, today is today; THE IRON MASK—a study in life after death; DON Q, SON OF ZORRO—truth crushed to earth will rise again if you have the yeast to make it rise. In ROBIN HOOD Doug showed how history is composed of fact and fable, of treachery and honor, and that it is the poet's task to bring the realities of these things to life. ROBIN HOOD had everything for Doug: a strong religious impulse, a kingdom undermined by treachery at home while the flower of its knighthood sought adventure in foreign lands, fair maidens won by valor in war or tournament and left behind when their brave knights followed Richard to Palestine.

Fairbanks wrote a scenario as an original photoplay to capture both the pageantry of the time and the story of the hero. Doug's story could only be told in pictures. With the assistance of director Allan Dwan, he created some tapestry-like sequences that remain classic compositions in cinema art—an idyllic love scene as the maids say farewell to their knights (A)... the opening scene of the lowering of a drawbridge into the audience, and the pageant of the tournament (B)... the portentous treachery of Guy of Gisbourne in the King's chamber (C)... and the scenes of flagellation, hanging and tyranny upon John's accession to the throne. Each is a visual symphony passing from the screen to the eyes, from the eyes directly to the heart.

In order to involve the hero logically in these scenes, Fairbanks made Robin Hood the Earl of Huntington, the loyal friend of Richard who joins him on his march to the Holy City. It is with this hero that life bursts onto the screen. Each movement of his heart is transformed into physical action. Doug practiced over and over so simple an act as entering a door until it became a meaningful event that told its own story in pictures. The theme of romance is idealized by the character of the hero: forsaken and imprisoned by his king, the Earl of Huntington escapes and returns to England to find his Lady Marion supposedly killed by Prince John's men. From this personal tragedy he rises to join the movement of life about him, and with an idealism that minimizes the consequence of death, transforms Earl of Huntington into that robust outlaw of Sherwood, Robin Hood.

There were brought together in Douglas Fairbanks a talent, a courage and a deep passion that consumed him with a sense of life... a combination that illuminated the blackness of the theatres across our great land with the brilliance of his lusty laughing heart. He brought the 12th Century to the Roaring Twenties, a story of idealistic goodness to a Godless time, an ideal to a sightless age, to brighten the eyes and hearts of thousands of still-hopeful children with the projection of his heart's desire... to encourage those precious few who could, those even more precious few who did, to dream again... and again.

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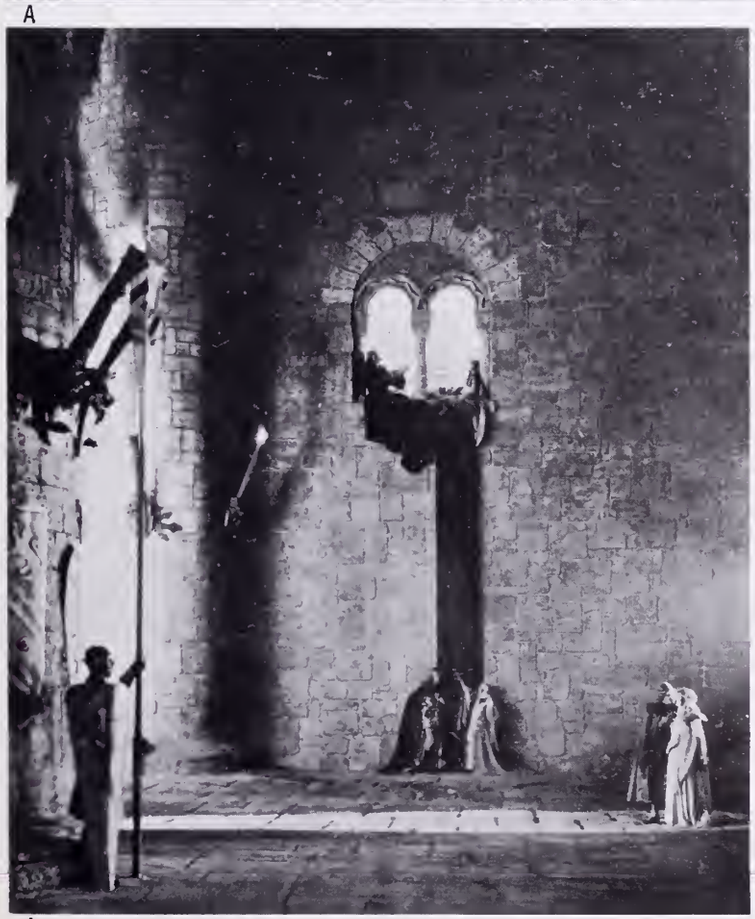

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dead the movie industry is not!

BY JOSEPH E. LEVINE
President, Embassy Pictures Corp

Despite the prophets of doom, the motion picture still reigns as the king of entertainment. For today movies pulsate with more excitement, with more inherent daring and quality than ever before in the history of the screen. Not only because the medium has come of age, but, admittedly, greatly due to the hard infighting of its competitors for the leisure hours of the mass public.

How dead can the movie business be when producers constantly gamble reputations and millions of dollars on the premise that audiences exercise discrimination in choosing entertainment?

How dead can movies be when some 200 new theatres are being constructed throughout the United States, 20 of them in New York City alone?

Be it pure escapism, thrilling adventure, or sobering drama, the public forcefully articulates its demand for acceptance of quality films at the box-office, making the industry throb with life.

True, the concepts and economics of motion-picture making have changed. Yet one factor remains constant — the need for showmanship in merchandising films. However, as the approach to film-making has matured, so must promotion techniques follow suit.

These days it is difficult to know what to believe in. Philadelphia Cream Cheese is made in Chicago; the Saturday Evening Post comes out on Tuesday; Palm Beach suits are made in Maine. Nevertheless, one thing can be believed. The public will not react to stilted, unimaginative advertising and publicity. Today, it takes originality, ingenuity and courage to promote films. Pictures must be sold — not merely opened — and each campaign must be hand-tailored to suit each picture.

Take, for example, one of the pictures Embassy is now presenting, "The Sky Above — The Mud Below," winner this year of the Academy Award for best documentary, which was filmed by explorer Pierre Dominique Gaisseau in the uncharted interior of primitive Dutch New Guinea. To develop the proper advertising approach, we had 17 artists see the picture at different times. Seventeen campaign concepts were submitted to us. We incorporated various approaches into two separate campaigns, one beamed to the art-theatre market, the other to the commercial theatres. And we still are seeking more creative ways to promote and advertise the film.

In devising its approach to modern merchandising, predicated on the international flavor of the film industry, Embassy Pictures has had its share of success along with some sensational flops. We have learned a lot from both. Mainly that advertising and promotion is like learning — a little is a dangerous thing.

To those who minimize the value of promotion and advertising, who claim pictures rise or fall exclusively on their merits, I say "take off the dark glasses of unreality; take a good, long, hard look at what competitive entertainment media do to attract customers."

Traditionally, in the movie industry, publicity and advertising men are the last to be hired in good times and the first to be fired in economy waves. Today, when the merchandising of pictures is more complex and difficult than ever before, promotion staffs at most companies have been cut to almost skeleton size.

Just as American movies are being made on grander scales throughout the world, just as theatres are being built throughout the United States, the industry should be developing manpower. Instead, a serious shortage of creative talent exists, particularly in the promotional ranks.

I don't believe that the industry is attracting bright young men, the executives of tomorrow. Not too many years ago, working as a theatre usher or a studio apprentice was considered an unusual opportunity to break into a dynamic industry. But for too long youth has been discouraged from seeking movie careers.

Assuredly, there is no shortage of manpower at Embassy Pictures. And there is no shortage of product. Just a few of our other films scheduled to go into national release through this fall are "Boccaccio '70," "Boys' Night Out," "The Devil's Wanton," "Divorce — Italian Style," "Love at Twenty," "Seven Capital Sins," "Crime Does Not Pay," "Strangers in the City," "La Viaccia" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night," all of which are being invested with king-size promotional campaigns individually tailored.

Behind those 10 titles lie 10 varied approaches to film-making by not 10 but 23 acclaimed directors — American, French, Italian, German, and Japanese. With that internationalism of talent (and let us not forget the performers), the means to inspired merchandising are limitless, again on the necessary, world-wide basis.

To work with are the divergent themes and directorial touches of:

1. Italy's Vittorio De Sica, Luchino Visconti and Federico Fellini, guiding Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider and Anita Ekberg in the earthy humor and social comment of "Boccaccio '70."

2. Hollywood's Michael Gordon exercising his sense of sophisticated comedy, with Kim Novak, James Garner and Tony Randall, in "Boys' Night Out."

3. Sweden's acclaimed Ingmar Bergman, offering new insight through his symbolic comments on humanity, with "The Devil's Wanton."

4. Italy's Pietro Germi, commenting satirically on "Divorce—Italian Style," with Marcello Mastroianni, Daniela Rocca and Stefania Sandrelli.

5. A quintet of youthful directors depicting "Love at Twenty" around the world, including France's Francois Truffaut, Poland's Andrez Wadjda, Japan's Shintaro Ishihara, Italy's Renzo Rossellini, and Germany's Marcel Ophuls.

6. A directorial septet cinematically depicting, with a Gallic flavor, the classical "Seven Capital Sins," including Claude Chabroe, Sylvain Dhomme, Jacques Demy, Edouard Molinaro, Roger Vadim, Philippe De Broca and Jean-Luc Godard.

7. A quartet of object lessons, by director Gerard Oury, that "Crime Does Not Pay," based on classic examples, starring Richard Todd, Danielle Darrieux and Michele Morgan, among other international stars.

8. The first feature-length film of an American, Rick Carrier, who produced, wrote, directed and photographed "Strangers in the City," using a cast of talented screen newcomers, including Robert Gentile, Creta Margos and Rosita De Trianos.

9. Italy's Mauro Bolognini, of the neo-realistic school of directing, guiding Claudia Cardinale and Jean-Paul Belmondo in "La Viaccia," a tragic love story.

10. The welcomed challenge of Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," adapted from the late playwright's Pulitzer Prize-winning stage classic, starring Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards Jr., Sir Ralph Richardson and Dean Stockwell, as members of the Tyrone family.

Considering the release schedules of other companies, too, I can do no less than believe, firmly, in the greatness of the motion picture industry. Part of its stature has stemmed from its unique ability to create make-believe and to make it real. This is surely a business of romance. Not just the romance of boy-meets-girl on the screen; but the romance, too, of bringing entertainment to the public.

Dead the movie industry is not. It is more stimulating than ever!

ELKE SOMMER
CELLULOID
PAGAN

By HOWARD JAMES

The Teutonic beauty of Elke Sommer as seen in the films SWEET VIOLENCE, DANIELLA BY NIGHT and DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK has stimulated motion picture producers and audiences to create and worship a new female idol. Her acting is adequate but uninspiring. She is, however, exciting. Her twenty-year-old figure is the one quality the films can claim. At present she would have to be classed as a flesh actress as were Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot and Marilyn Monroe. And her flesh, like theirs, is not cheap. In her native city of Berlin she earns $12,000 per film, $17,000 in Paris, $35,000 in London and even more in Cineatta. Why the interest? Her excitement is both obvious and indefinable. She is beautiful. She appears nude. She makes love in public theatres for all to see. Why does beauty attract? What does nudity have? Why watch someone else make love?

The attraction of Elke is obvious. It began when the first Commediante of Italy appeared on the stage of that Eveless paradise, the Theatre. The progression of female importance in acting grew slowly until the advent of film, when it boomed ahead. Essentially the participation of the female has been a reaction to their suppression by an old idea, rather than the act of a new one. The cinema itself has seen the spasmodic eruptions and suppressions of such actresses as Annette Kellerman, Theda Bara, Lili Damita, Jean Harlow, Maria Montez, Martine Carol, and Brigitte Bardot. The same is likely to happen to Elke. Her eruption is so violent, that it seems to uncover the stimuli, the sacred fire that the celibate priests and eunuchs of ancient times tried to put out, the dynamic of human existence which medieval theology buried beneath the preparation for after life, and the sex impulse which alternately finds itself on the cutting room floor and on the screen.

Elke is a pagan — not as an actress, but as an image projected through celluloid onto the screen. Her lips, her form, her movements have become the symbols for the abortive attempt by audiences to recognize and worship that act of life which religion and society have condemned . . . the act of procreation. No longer content to prepare for death, they find in Elke Sommer their latest means of searching through the tangled darks of the worship of the early generative divinities which awakened in a person a realization of his unity with life . . . a union which is perhaps the common mystic element of both ecstasies, sex and religion.

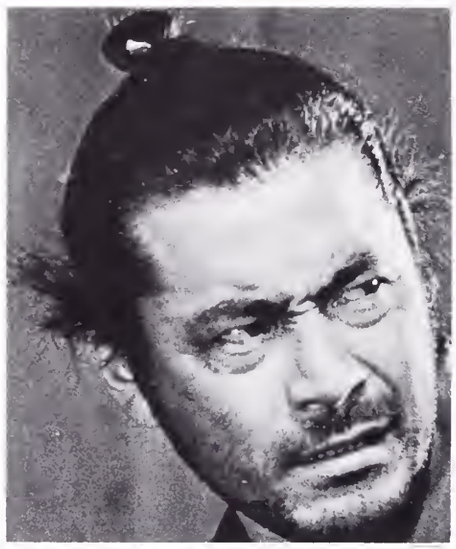
In ancient times the male and female form were used as the erotic symbols of man's union with life. The suppression by the church of such obvious signs created new symbols of bull, serpent, column, spire, moon, fire and numerals. With the cinema, the female form draped, nude, and with Brigitte and Elke, in the act of love, has become the one symbol of the sex impulse. With Brigitte, the combination of innocence and sex took advantage of both the suppression of sex and its promise of freedom. Now there is no suppression. Elke Sommer is obviously a woman who makes you know you are a man. The deity is exposed, the worship of the pagan begun.

The problems of human idolatry are apparent, and Brigitte's particular problem was treated in CINEMA No. 2, "The Tragic Mask of Bardolatry." Elke's personal attitude is not our concern here. The question here is simply one of investigation. The concern is shared on occasion by most of today's prominent directors. Antonioni is reported to state that "Eroticism is the disease of our age." Bergman states that "It is woman who makes life function." Bergman's films, ILLICIT INTERLUDE, DREAMS and SMILES OF A SUMMER

NIGHT, probed the female problem deeply. Antonioni's use of Monica Vitti, Vadim's use of Bardot, Stroyberg, and now Deneuve, DeSica's use of Loren, Dassins' use of Mercouri, and Fellini's use of Ekberg show not only their showmanship, but their concern.
So long as the female is not accepted politically, so long as religion considers the sex experience essentially sinful, to be tolerated only as a concession to human fleshly frailty, and bars its temple doors to the act of life, the arts, the cinema will have to supply the imaginary idols behind which the mystery of the Sacred Fire can lurk . . . hidden behind symbols often vulgar, sometimes beautiful, making a few photogenic ladies of the cinema unduly popular, extremely rich, and often confused. Elke Sommer is beautiful, works hard at her craft and is symbolic of that intangible excitement that moves us all . . . we only hope she doesn't take herself as seriously as we have taken her celluloid paganism here.

CLAUDIA CARDINALE was seen briefly in the U.S. in Rocco and His Brothers, Girl With a Suitcase and Bell 'Antonio. Currently she is seen as a Florentine prostitute in La Viaccia (pics 1 & 2). In the garments of period films, Claudia moves with an authentic sensuality. In the coming Senilita (pics 3 & 4) she flirts with the naughtiness of the Twenties. In Cartouche she is a 17th-century peasant. In The Leopard, now shooting with Visconti in Palermo (pic 5), she is a countess of the 1900's. She is also currently involved in the new Fellini film and on Sept. 24th starts The Furnished Room with Joseph Losey at Pinewood studios in England. Her earthy form and appetite for life make her the contender for the thrones of Bardot and Loren. Ladies, understandably, might like to get their claws into Claudia, but men are apt to see in her the perfect companion for a little Cardinale sinning.

TOSHIRO MIFUNE is the most gifted unknown actor now appearing in films being shown in the United States. Most of the attention has been paid to the director of his films, Akira Kurosawa, and justifiably so, but Mifune leaves his own mark. First seen in Rashomon as the bandit and then in The Seven Samurai as the flea-bitten, itching, jumping and fighting vagabond samurai, Mifune was unforgettable in both. Due to the difficulty of the Japanese language and the infrequency of Japanese films, the audience tends to forget the actor, but cannot forget the character portrayed — as in Inagacki's Rickshaw Man, you may not remember the name Mifune, but you'll never forget the rickshaw man. His other notable films are The Hidden Fortress, Samurai, Yojimbo (now being shown here, and for which he received the best actor award at the Venice Film Festival), Yojimbo's sequel Sanjuro (pics 1 & 2), The Throne of Blood (pics 3 & 4), Kurosawa's remake of Macbeth, and the soon to be released The Bad Sleep Well (pic 5).



HORST BUCHHOLZ is one of the few genuine cinema "finds" of this era. The trend in American cinema toward physical young males whose sole expression is a sullen smirk makes one wonder how Buchholz ever got into the business. Buchholz can act. As a Polish immigrant in Tiger Bay, as a Mexican gunfighter in The Magnificent Seven, as a French waterfront dreamer in Fanny, as an East Berlin beatnik and in full dress in One, Two, Three (pics 2 & 3), and as an East Indian assassin in the upcoming Nine Hours to Rama (pics 1, 4 & 5), he is never anything less than totally believable. In two earlier films, The Confessions of Felix Krull and Mon Petit with Romy Schneider, Buchholz displayed an even greater flair for comedy and pathos performing in his native tongue. This talent combined with that unmeasurable quality which demands that the audience watch him every moment on the screen, leads us to believe that the screen may have found at least one replacement for those greats of the Thirties who are so missed.

AGNES LAURENT had the misfortune to be billed as another Bardot before the original was even thinking of retiring. This was 8 years ago and today Miss Laurent is beginning to make a name on her own as her earlier films The Fast Set (pic 3) and Twilight Girls are shown here. Both feature her undraped form, the first in a striptease scene and the second in a shower scene. Another feature, Pocket Venus, which she feels is her best to date, displays both her nudity (as a statue come to life) and her talent for comedy. Her attitude toward where she works is much the same as it is toward her nudity: anything goes. So far she has worked in Spain and France, Italy where she made The Claws of the Borgias, and England where she made Mary Had a Little (also shown in the U.S.) Her next film to be shown here will be Soft Skin On Black Silk.

Anna Maria Pier Angeli in Sodom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

ALDRICH

who should be making "One, Two, Three," and Billy Wilder won't be as welcome after "One, Two, Three," as he was after "The Apartment," for all his success. You know, it's a tragic business. He's a going concern. He shouldn't have to worry that "One, Two, Three" wasn't a great picture. Somewhere along the line he'll start to get second guessed which he wasn't after "The Apartment." Someone will say, "Don't you think?" It's not their business to say, "Don't you think?" I don't know whether the Mirischs or someone else will say "Don't you think we ought to" – they'll say it because "One, Two, Three" wasn't that much of a success. Fortunately Wilder is a pretty funny, witty man, and he's the guy who'll have an answer. But that's not the point. A guy shouldn't be in a position to say, "Don't you think."

S: Is there a solution?

A: Well, it's hard today to be able to think of three guys or four guys you can put in tandem because they're so different, but the theory of the original Chaplin-Fairbanks-Pickford company is the only practical solution. No one guy has that much time or energy. But you know, who trusts sufficiently the other two guys, that you would finance and distribute and make your own pictures and contribute economically to collateralize your own picture, so you get rid of – so you get rid of the money lenders and get rid of the distributors as we know them, and have them do their job – sell the picture, not lend you money, not control, steal from you, not make you beholden to them for opinions or anything else over which they should have no exercise or influence. But where – who is John Wayne going to go into business with? I don't blame him. Or who is Liz Taylor going to go into business with?

S: What about just producers and directors?

A: Not enough. I think you have to have, originally from somewhere, you have to have an actor. Because in this country I don't know of any guys today who can go into a bank and borrow money. I think Mr. Ford would have difficulty going to a bank and saying, "Look, I'm John Ford. I want to make a picture called "Who Shot Liberty Valance" and I want to put in John Schmendreck," and they'd say, "Well, here's so many dollars to make it." I don't think that would happen.

S: How many great performers are there left in this category?

A: Well, that's another problem. But to start to make a picture, you have to have the combination to make it possible. You have to have something to give the money-lenders – a star name – something – to get the money for the first picture. After that your whole organization can come about. You have to compromise enough to borrow the money to get the pink slip. But you know, maybe as we said, the whole system has to collapse before it can be rebuilt properly – there's no sign of it being made easy.

SODOM & GOMORRAH

S: Now you had a good fight on "Sodom & Gomorrah" in Italy, but you won that. Correct?

Rossana Podesta in Sodom

A: Well, we won because of the law and because you had the device by which the company was allowed to save face. You don't really win, because to win – you would have been out of business. The only way to win is to permanently impound the picture, be sued for 5 or 6 and a half million dollars, have the capacity to sit there for 3 or 4 years and fight it through all the courts. We won because that's possible. It's possible so you come to a qualified victory. You come to a Mexican standoff. It's not winning in the sense that you completely had your own way. It's winning because you didn't let them have their way completely.

S: The film isn't the way you edited it?

A: No, about – well, I don't know. I would say prohably 65 or 70%.

S: What was the contention?

A: Length. I wanted it – my cut was 3 hours – 2 hours and 51 minutes. I think the film now runs 2-36. But the interesting thing that Americans fail to realize is that, in Italy, not in France, in Italy, author's rights are aside and apart. They have nothing to do with management. Even the producer is considered management. He has no author's rights. The author of a picture is the original author, be it book or play, screenplay writer, the director and the musicians. Now in "Sodom" the musicians weren't signed, so there were only two authors. The Italians said we were signed under American contract and that didn't hold and the Italian court threw that out, so we really had to stop the picture. Now you come to the practicalities. How will this affect us? You have to really go to court prepared to withstand the impact of a possible 6 or 7 million dollar loss. First, who the hell can? So you find some operational rapport that you can live with and it doesn't allow total damage – but that's not possible here.

S: Is it a good film?

A: I think it's a pretty good movie, if you believe this kind of movie and I don't very much. But for a religious spectacle, I think it would rate very well.

S: I was interested in *you* making that kind of film, because of your attitude towards the totalitarian character. I thought you would he great for it, quite frankly, with strong, primitive characters with a great deal of authentic sadism, etc.

A: They didn't want to make that kind of picture. The picture they made – the picture you'll see – is quite – you know – the picture has a lot to say and has a lot of guts. It isn't what they thought of at all.

S: They probably thought of it as Hercules.

A: Yes. Hercules with a beard – you know, Dracula. There's a joke I've got to leave you with. I asked for Dimitri Tiomkin for the score. Well, they didn't want to spend the money, and who needs an American composer, etc. I thought Tiomkin would be great out. He's a very sensitive composer as you know and it's a big, big picture – 2½ hours. And he charged them a fortune. Oih! He came over to look at the picture and sat down in the cutting room and you know he's famous, and of course he should be, he's a wit and the greatest second guesser who

Scilla Gabel in Sodom

ever lived – that's his job. He comes in with his own way – why shouldn't he – it's a wonderful position to be in, but we get down to the last reel and I could sense he wasn't totally happy and I came up to him at the end, almost at the end with 300 or 400 ft. of the picture left and he said, "I don't buy it." I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "I don't buy the concept." I said, "What do you mean you don't buy the concept? What don't you like?" He said, "I don't believe she turned to salt." I finally sat there and just dropped my head. I said, "Well –" I got up and put my coat on and started out of the room. He said, "Where are you going? What can I do? What can I say? I can't do anything I don't believe in." I said, "What the hell would you have me do? Redo it, reshoot it, rewrite the Bible? What? What do you want me to do? You don't buy the concept. Now how in hell am I going to combat this?" Now the most embarrassing thing is – like a New Yorker joke where the guy gives the headwaiter hell and has to go back to get his brief case. – We had a very unpleasant farewell in the cutting room. I just walked out with a few four-letter words. And you can guess what happened? We were both on the same plane to Paris. He sat at one end of the plane and I looked this way and he looked the other.

S: Have you seen him since?

A: Never seen him.

S: Did he do the music?

A: No, he didn't do it. Of course I was furious, but later, you know, after 2 or 3 months, it was funny. It's a riot now, but it wasn't funny then.

Aldrich frames shot for freak ending

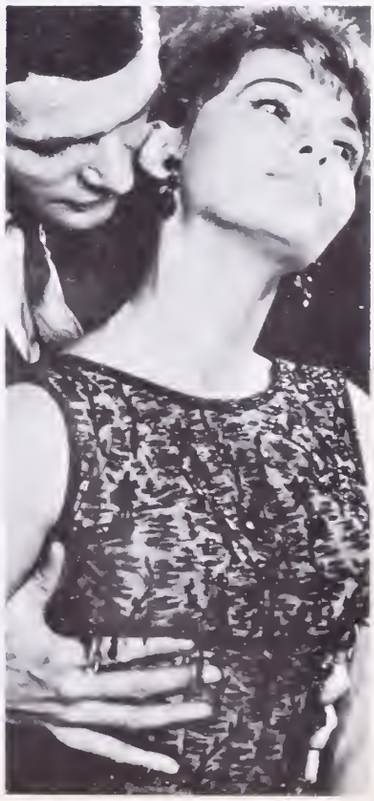
ENGLAND

A KIND OF LOVING is director John Schlesinger's first feature film. Known for his shorts on TV's Monitor, "Private View" and "The Class", producer Joseph Janni gave him this chance which won awards at the Berlin Festival. A story of the search for love set against the present-day prosperity of Northern England, the film features 5'3" newcomer June Ritchie and Alan Bates shown here.

FRANCE

The super human characters of ORSON WELLES' latest film will soon be seen. The actors and actresses taking on the Wellesian proportions are Tony Perkins as K, Akim Tamiroff as Titorelli, Elsa Martinelli (who are shown here), and Jeanne Moreau as Mademoiselle Burstner, Romy Schneider as Leni and Welles as the advocate. In WELLES' version of Kafka's novel,, we may at last have a classic film depicting the tragedy of men against man.

Among the ladies of TALES OF PARIS are, from left below, Francoise Arnoul, Dany Robin, Francoise Brion, Dany Saval, Catherine Deneuve and Gillian Hill. Of special note are the performances of Miss Arnoul (shown here with Paul Guers) and Miss Deneuve, Vadim's new discovery.



FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT, director of JULES AND JIM, has a sequence in the upcoming LOVE AT TWENTY. With Jean Pierre Leaud and Marie France Pizer he tells of the first love affair for the lad in 400 BLOWS.

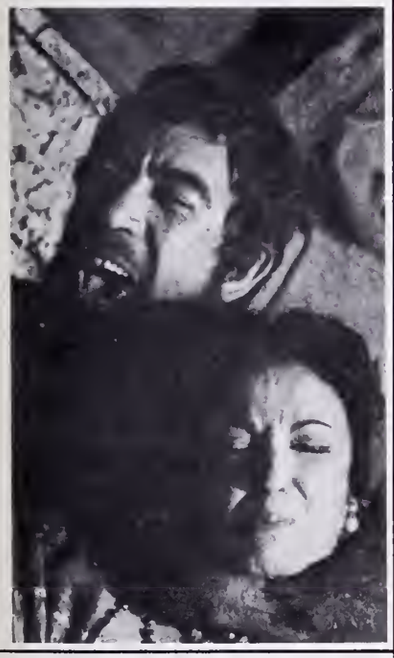
In the same film, SHINTARO ISHIHARA directs a story about the young people of Tokyo with Mami Tamura and Koji Furuhata. Director ANDRE WADJDA of KANAL fame directs Barbara Lass and Jan Cybulski in still another sequence. From the stills and past works, the TRUFFAUT, ISHIHARA AND WADJDA portions look to be the most promising. RENZO ROSSELLINI and young MARCEL OPHULS, both famous sons, also direct sequences of the film.

JEAN SEBERG, after so many failures in the U.S., continues to be in demand in Paris. Her latest to be shown here soon will be PLAYTIME.

ITALY

High society is again the background for the latest Italian hit. This time from the new director FRANCO BRUSATI. It stars Renato Salvatori as the young opportunist who looks at the disordered world of wealth, sex and religion. It is termed by BRUSATI a "thriller" based on the passions instead of facts Told in three episodes, THE DISORDER stars Jean Sorel and Antonella Lualdi (shown here) in the second part. The film will be a contender at the San Francisco Film Festival in Nov.

RICHARD FLEISHER'S film BARABBAS has been debated by critics both young and old. The younger ones in Europe tend to favor it and the old dogmatic ones here in the states can't say enough against it. From the looks of the stills and cast there seems to be enough of a show to make it worthwhile to see for yourself.



JAPAN

The most exciting film to come out of Japan is not new, but an old classic...KUROSAWA'S first film starring Toshiro Mifune, STRAY DOG. Made in 1949, it is just being released for world distribution. The story of a young detective who has his .38 Colt automatic stolen and tracks it down by following its travels in the underworld. The film is said to contain the philosophical ingredients that are the basis for KUROSAWA'S later films.

UNITED STATES

HOW THE WEST WAS WON has been premiered in Paris with great success. Probable showing date in the U.S. will be the middle of '63. Below is John Wayne in John Ford's Civil War sequence.

Despite turmoil at the 20th. lot, FRANKLIN SHAFFNER has completed his first directing task, A WOMAN IN JULY. Joanne Woodward, as a blonde, plays a stripper forced to do stag shows with tragic consequences.

Yvette Mimieux and George Chakiris in the film DIAMOND HEAD, prove they don't need a good film to carry them, in fact they carry the film. Director Guy Green can do better.

Director JOHN STURGES has just completed THE GREAT ESCAPE. It stars Steve McQueen & Jim Garner and a load of character actors... Charles Bronson, James Donald, James Coburn, Donald Pleasence and Richard Attenborough.

Lopert's release of JULES DASSIN'S classic PHAEDRA will establish Melina Mercouri as the first lady of cinema and introduce Elizabeth Ercy as the newest (bottom)-.

DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE
BY PIETRO GERMI

Sin has never been so much fun. Divorce being against the law in Sicily and honor being above the law, the baron, Marcello Mastroianni, proceeds to dishonor himself by procuring a lover for his wife whom he in turn can then murder. It's a simple plan and simply delightful. Director Germi and actor Mastroianni seem to have had great fun in making this film and it comes through. The pictures here speak for Mastroianni's comic genius. Germi, who also made The Straw Man and An Ugly Mess, speaks for himself in the film. A gem. Daniella Rocca has traded in her open togas for a mustache as the unwanted wife and 16-year-old Stefania Sandrelli looks good enough to stimulate the baron to start the whole wickedly wonderful thing.

A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION OF AN EMBASSY PICTURES RELEASE • PRODUCED BY FRANCO CRISTALDI • DIRECTED BY PIETRO GERMI • CINEMATOGRAPHER ARTURO ZAVATTINI

JULES AND JIM
BY FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT

Like an absurd seed blooming with life in a child's sandbox, Jules and Jim lilts forth green with youth and laughter and as quickly turns black and grotesque . . . each with an equal charm, a nostalgic pathos, and a perfect beauty.

Truffaut has held that delicate balance between the particular and the universal. Jules and Jim roars, flaps, bounces, flips, smirks, laughs and flirts its way through bohemian life in Paris just prior to World War I . . . watches with wonder and loneliness during the war . . . and smiles macabrely at three children at play in an adult life after it. It is a perfect period piece, but no trite social comment on an historic period. It is rather an evocation of that period by three distinct characters who make it worth remembering . . . a man, a woman and a man each in love with the other and each in his or her turn loved by the other . . . three characters garbed in the postures, afflictions and absurdities of their time, but in their laughter, love and tragedy . . . timeless.

Oskar Werner as Jules and Henri Sierre as Jim are superb. Jeanne Moreau as Catherine, *and herself,* gives her finest performance and the promise of even better ones.

The film, however, belongs to its director. Truffaut is now one of the ten top directors working. The 400 Blows could have been a lucky first film, but Don't Shoot The Piano Player dispelled that belief. With Jules and Jim his style has reached a distinction and a maturity that portend a future as brilliant as his idols Hitchcock, Hawks and Aldrich. His images have the shape of art. Even in simulating the cinema techniques familiar to the time of Jules and Jim, or editing World War I newsreel footage, his signature is there. Stop motion, repeating images, revolving cameras and changing screen sizes . . . they are all there and more, but rather than the tools of a technician they are the tools of a poet.

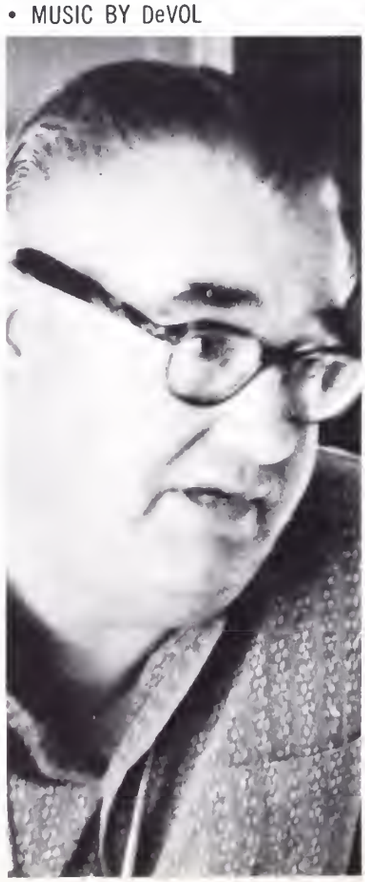
DISTRIBUTED BY JANUS FILMS INC. • PRODUCED BY LES FILMS DU CARROSSE AND S.E.D.I.F. • DIRECTED BY FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT • ADAPTION AND DIALOGUE BY TRUFFAUT AND JEAN GRUAULT FROM THE NOVEL BY HENRI-PIERRE ROCHÉ

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?
BY ROBERT ALDRICH

What happened is Robert Aldrich's cinematic incision into a young beauty who has grown old, into a grease paint that has faded, into a child's doll-like mind that has been plucked, powdered, eyelined, rouged, curled and twisted by the face of glamour into a mask of horror. In telling the story of how the past glory of Hollywood crippled the lives of two sisters, Aldrich has selected two performers, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis, who demonstrate how the past has also served the present. The audiences that worshipped the images of Now, Voyager, of The Letter and Of Human Bondage will upon seeing Baby Jane realize that they were even then looking past the glamour of the surface to the beauty within. Bette in all her tragic horror again creates a villain with the proportion of a monster, a character perfectly tragic and evil, a performance perfectly beautiful. Joan Crawford is perfect.

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? is Aldrich's first encounter with the pure horror film and with it he brings new dimensions to his credits and to the genre. Charging about with a brutal, uncompromising use of sound and image he bludgeons the audience with a terror that fills with tears. Like a young war lord who is building a new empire from the ruins and greatness of the old, he recalls what the motion picture has been and states what it can and will be . . . even his mistakes having been marked by the hand of genius.

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALDRICH • AN ASSOCIATES & ALDRICH WITH SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTION • RELEASED BY WARNER BROTHERS • CINEMATOGRAPHER ERNEST HALLER • MUSIC BY DeVOL



FIRE ON THE PLAINS
BY KON ICHIKAWA

If we consider ourselves as modern human beings, whether we take an interest in war or not, this unique war picture has a timely urgency and should be seen. Confronted by the theme of the film, that of human nature thrown pell mell into the extreme condition of war, and experiencing it both objectively as viewer and subjectively as "viewed," audiences will recognize again the problems of war.

As were Kon Ichikawa's other works —"Odd Obsessions," "Conflagration," "The Burmese Harp" and "Younger Brother" — "Fire on the Plains" is based on an original novel, but as usual Ichikawa is not enslaved by the subject or the imagery of the original, and he constructs a screen image that expresses his own imaginative power freely. Through Ichikawa's images, audiences can grasp vividly his spirit and the power of his talent.

This work, similar to "The Burmese Harp," also treats the subject of war. "Harp" certainly was not of mediocre caliber but was suffused with the lyrical expression of humanism. It suffered from monotony of direction in the latter half. However "Fire on the Plains," on the contrary, can't help but attract audiences by drawing the fullest argument from a timely story directed superbly.

Ichikawa's objective and persistent camera eye depicts the defeated Japanese soldiers through a central character, Private Jamura (Eiji Funakoshi), as he wanders in the fields of the Philippines near the end of World War II. It depicts men, hounded by hunger, who have given up the condition and state of human beings, losing human identification, reduced to the final stage, left only with the animal instinct to survive. Soldier Nagamatu (Micky Kartis) resorts to eating the flesh of Yasuda (Masao Mishima). But Jamura desperately avoids this final act of atrocity and eventually, in the last scene, he falls in the evening glow of Leyte. Such are the profound images imprinted within this work, so that one thinks of it as a 20th Century counterpart of Dostoyevsky's "Notes from the Underground."

In this century in which the human being may be driven into such an experience of living hell, the problem is how should we accept it, how should we utilize this contribution for the future? KAZUTO OHIRA

DIRECTED BY KON ICHIKAWA • A DAIEI PRODUCTION

RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY
BY SAM PECKINPAH

Here is one of those treats that the film enthusiasts so seldom get. It is much like finding a rare first edition in a junk shop. When you first look at the names on the marquee, the tendency is to brush this film off as last ditch performances of those two old-timers Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea in another excuse for a Western. This, however, is a real Western and Scott and McCrea are now great.

The story concerns two has-been sheriffs who set out to cart $200,000 back from a mining camp. The $200,000 turns into $20,000, McCrea's eyes are so bad he has to wear spectacles and Scott is really a petty crook with small ambitions. Everything has the polish rubbed off and what is left is a small job to be done by small men. And as it was in the West, but is so seldom in Western films, those small men, beneath their dust and country ways, were as tough and as great as the country they broke.

The genius behind the creation of this gem is director Sam Peckinpah. Unlisted in the International Motion Picture Almanac, Peckinpah seems to be one of those talents who turned the tube into a directors' training ground. Like Aldrich who did some brilliant work with the China Smith series, Peckinpah was the guiding hand behind that short-lived but brilliant series titled The Westerner. In Ride the High Country, he creates a mining camp with all its attendant characters, climate, whorehouse and humor that you'll not soon forget. It is his attention to detail that builds the believable pedestal upon which his humble heroes stand. Look for it at second runs, it's worth it.

PRODUCED BY RICHARD E. LYONS FOR M.G.M. • ALSO STARRING MARIETTE HARTLEY AND RON STARR

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

Who gets the credit? In the beginning there was EUGENE O'NEILL. So far O'Neill has been the only playwright who could drive deeper and deeper into the shallow parts of man, never wallowing, never sinking, only looking up to what might have been and might still be. Here in the autobiographical story of his family we can look up with him again thanks to ELY LANDAU. As producer, Landau is responsible for getting the whole thing started. He has long dreamed of O'Neill on film. SIDNEY LUMET as director has put that dream on film. His style here is perfect. The script has been kept, except for a deleted twenty pages, as it was written for the stage. This strong stylization of language would seemingly present a problem, but Lumet has handled it better than he has any other of his filmed stage plays, A View From the Bridge, The Fugitive Kind. Here he has taken the visual matter he is given, four actors, and watches them exclusively in what has to be one of the most disciplined and excruciatingly exciting uses of film yet seen. It is cinema. His direction and choice of actors, though, had to be superb. It was. KATHARINE HEPBURN as the narcotics-addicted mother, the female of the quartet, is in perfect counterpoint. RALPH RICHARDSON seems to have invented acting. JASON ROBARDS was created to play O'Neill drama. Here, as in The Iceman Cometh on television, he is perfect. As the older disillusioned brother he delivers a line... "Greater love hath no man than he that saves his brother from himself" that will be remembered along with Brando's "I coulda been a contender, Charlie" and Colman's "It's a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done." Without a perfect sympathy and hope on the part of the audience for "the young O'Neill" as played by DEAN STOCKWELL the scene would have failed. Somehow, Stockwell has unnoticeably become the one hope, the unknown quantity the audience seeks, and when he comes to the big scene he is the perfect foil for Robards. One performance is impossible without the other. So it seems with all the credits, but at the end as at the beginning, it is O'Neill's picture...a picture you'll always remember once you've seen it.

AN EMBASSY PICTURES RELEASE • DIRECTED BY SIDNEY LUMET • PRODUCED BY ELY LANDAU • CINEMATOGRAPHER BORIS KAUFMAN

VIRIDIANA
BY LUIS BUNUEL

In his attempt to show us that this is not the best of all possible worlds, Bunuel has shown us that this is not the best of all possible films nor was it made by the best possible man. An attempt to censor the film has drawn the unprincipled moralists to his defense, the fight against suppression assuring them moral stature. Censorship is not the question, however, people need it no more than they need this film. Here is a director who having been given the freedom of self-expression has said nothing and expressed it in four letter words. Freedom is a desired environment, but far better things have been said from behind prison walls whether in ancient Corinth or in 1943 from a crowded attic in Amsterdam. The question is content. Viridiana does contain a sense of revolution, but it revolts in the same way a child wets his bed...it's annoying and leaves a mess. This mess is so sloppily made, that its intent is obscure and its content all too obvious. What is shown is a series of haphazard stains intended to shock. They do that, but so do pornography, dope and war. While there is some cinema technique involved in making this film, its purpose makes it unworthy of discussion ...no matter how much we might admire the Nazi use of graphics, no matter how great the strength of their typography or how subtle their use of the grey scale in their uniforms, we cannot condone their intent, we cannot raise a monument to Dachau.

RELEASED BY KINGSLEY INTERNATIONAL • DIRECTED BY LUIS BUNUEL • STARRING SILVIA PINAL, FRANCISCO RABAL AND FERNANDO REY

BILLY BUDD
BY PETER USTINOV

In this time when social criticism seems the only basis of art, it is pleasing to watch on the screen a story placed against a social injustice far more insane than today's...and a story that despite the proportions of the evils of the social structure in which it takes place does not lose sight of the universal conflict of good and evil for which society is but a transient background. Peter Ustinov as director, producer, writer and actor in telling Melville's tragic story of a man against men has courageously stuck to the essentials and if anything the weakness in the film comes in his lack of concentration on the passing stench of the period, the awful detail of a festering naval tradition, the convincing detail of death which so intimately and believably describe by contrast the living...eternal life.

With only one other film, Romanoff and Juliet, behind him as a director, Ustinov has not yet found a distinctive film style. His handling of actors is superb, however, and Robert Ryan as Claggert is simply great. Held in check by Ustinov, he is as black as any villain has ever been. Terence Stamp as Billy, was excellently cast. In the role of the lily white Handsome Sailor, Stamp is still as virile as the male animal can be. David McCallum, John Neville and Lee Montague are particularly good as two of the lieutenants and Squeak the informer.

It is in painting the backgrounds against which the two constants of life, good and evil, must act that Ustinov is weak. The dreadful tyranny of the system which Melville so aptly described is missing. Ustinov's style of film direction seems to be the weakness. It is haphazard. Certainly the material was there, but the camera hovers about the action as if watching great dramatic symbols of life, while on the other hand the costuming, the acting, and even the movements of the ship are from the naturalistic school. One defeats the other. Either Ustinov could have restyled the acting etc., or shot the film with a participating camera...where the camera moves as a member of the crew emphasizing the closeness of the ship, its toss and pitch, its reality. One can point to early Fritz Lang to define the symbolic style or Truffaut for the other, but what is needed now is a Ustinov style...and if his other achievements are any indication, we'll get it.

The essentials are there, however, which makes Billy Budd a good film... especially when one is so used to getting nothing but the extras.

AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE • PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY PETER USTINOV • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER A. RONALD LUBIN • CINEMATOGRAPHER ROBERT KRASKER

THE LONGEST DAY
BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Don't miss this because it has provided so much material for sarcasm and spite by pseudo intellectual critics of so many of today's magazines. This film is a good account of that day which made such a difference in our lives. Seeing it on film will make the whole thing clear for the first time to some and recall many an unforgettable moment for others. The cameo parts of the stars are held in check and work remarkably well as devices for quick establishment of character. Wayne, Burton, Bourvil and Todd stand out if anyone does. Bernhard Wicki does a superb job in directing the German sequences which are spoken in German and subtitled in English and appear to be actual newsreels. The whole film is filled with the excitement of that day. Zanuck has indeed created a real testament to those men and women who made their testaments on the beaches, behind the lines, on the sea and in the air.

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX • DIRECTED BY KEN ANNAKIN (BRITISH), ANDREW MARTON (AMERICAN) AND BERNHARD WICKI (GERMAN) • STARRING PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY

TOMORROW IS MY TURN
BY ANDRE CAYATTE

Tomorrow is my turn to find a love that knows no bounds . . . my turn to discover true freedom. This is the theme of this film, and the disillusioning days following the fall of France in 1940 set the scene, but the film is not a war story. War is only the catalyst that sets the theme in motion. The scene changes from France to Germany, to a small town where the French prisoners of war are stationed to help with the farm work. Here the story unfolds. Jean (Georges Riviere) is determined to escape by any means and does. Roger (Charles Aznavour) stays on feeling he can't betray the family who have taken him in. And he does stay, to become the man of the house as all the other males have been taken off to war. When the war ends and they come to pick him up the audience is privileged to watch one of the most movingly pathetic scenes on film of a man being taken from what has become his home. Charles Aznavour and Cordula Trantow give superb performances, film acting has never been done better. Cayatte's direction is marked with a definite style. His visual continuity depends on the story line and moves quickly from scene to scene without effects but with tremendous effect. He doesn't waste a shot, a sound or a gesture . . . each is perfectly controlled, but with a naturalism that hints at poetry.

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THE SKY ABOVE—THE MUD BELOW
BY PIERRE-DOMINIQUE GAISSEAU

This is a travelogue of what could only be described as "one hell of a trip." It's doubtful if it will encourage anyone else to cross New Guinea from the South to the North Coast, but the film of Gaisseau's should be seen by anyone with the slightest interest in things human.

Here film is used to report what was seen and what happened. What happened is enough to tell with temperatures ranging from 35-132 Fahrenheit, three dead, eight wounded and seven months to travel 435 miles as the crow flies and 1,000 miles up and down by foot, rafts and dug-out canoes. But what is seen is even more exciting. While we at home were watching the first man orbit the earth, Gaisseau and company were watching the primitive ritual of rebirth with simulation of all its attendant detail, from the womb to placenta. It is like having Frazer's Golden Bough, which is hard enough to believe, come to life in pictures.

Gaisseau had a hard enough time staying alive to concentrate on art but what he has put on film has a lot to say about where art all began. He has made several shorts on primitive life, among them Men Who Are Called Savages and Sacred Forest which won an honorable mention at the Venice Film Festival in 1952.

A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PIERRE-DOMINIQUE GAISSEAU • PRODUCED BY ARTHUR COHN AND RENE LAFUITE • CINEMATOGRAPHERS GILBERT SARTHRE AND JEAN BORDES-PAGES

BOCCACCIO '70

This is an erotic film . . . but eroticism is the device, not the content. Each of the three stories tells a distinctly different story: the first points out a moral, the second probes the realms of sophistication and pathos, and the third wells up with earthiness of life.

"The Temptation of Dr. Antonio" directed by Federico Fellini: Essentially a moralist, Fellini here creates a modern crusader who has driven his hatred of vice into its own perversion. In his small indecent world he creates in his mind a sex goddess 50 feet tall and Fellini brings her to life in the shape of Anita Ekberg. Everything is told in terms of cinema, the pace and style are consistent, but there seems little left to do after Anita comes to life. While there are some humorous moments as the Dr. tilts with Anita's breasts, the fantasy has spent itself. Don't expect a La Dolce Vita or even less a La Strada or a Nights of Cabiria.

"The Job" directed by Luchino Visconti: The story of a young Milanese countess who turns her own bedroom into a brothel in order to keep her straying husband from disgracing their name in public brothels. It is not done in anger, however, but rather to win a bet with her father that she can support herself for a year and gain a fortune. It has a few light moments and Romy Schneider as the countess does one of the most enticing strips ever put on film. Visconti fills the characters and the settings with an opulent emptiness. His camera watches as if through a glazed glass of wine, leaving everything soft and subtle as opposed to the harsh black and white of his Rocco and His Brothers. The color, the mink bedspread, the nudity, the beauty, the ridicule, each are perfectly set to the rhythms of today's idle rich.

"The Raffle" by Vittorio De Sica: Sophia Loren almost takes this film away from its director. As the girl who is raffled off each Saturday night to support the shooting gallery keeper and his pregnant wife, Sophia is as unconsciously bawdy as any Boccaccio character ever was. Her proportions and wildly earthy approach to the movements of life set the film alive and for all her erotic appeal, when she turns her life to love you are as easily convinced. De Sica, however, put the film together, selected the performers, the location, etc., and it all goes together.

A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • PRODUCED BY CARLO PONTI • AN EMBASSY PICTURES INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

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MORE
WILL DIE BEFORE

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CINEMA

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In This Issue • The Most Sensational New Female In The Film World

URSULA ANDRESS

SAM PECKINPAH ON "RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY"

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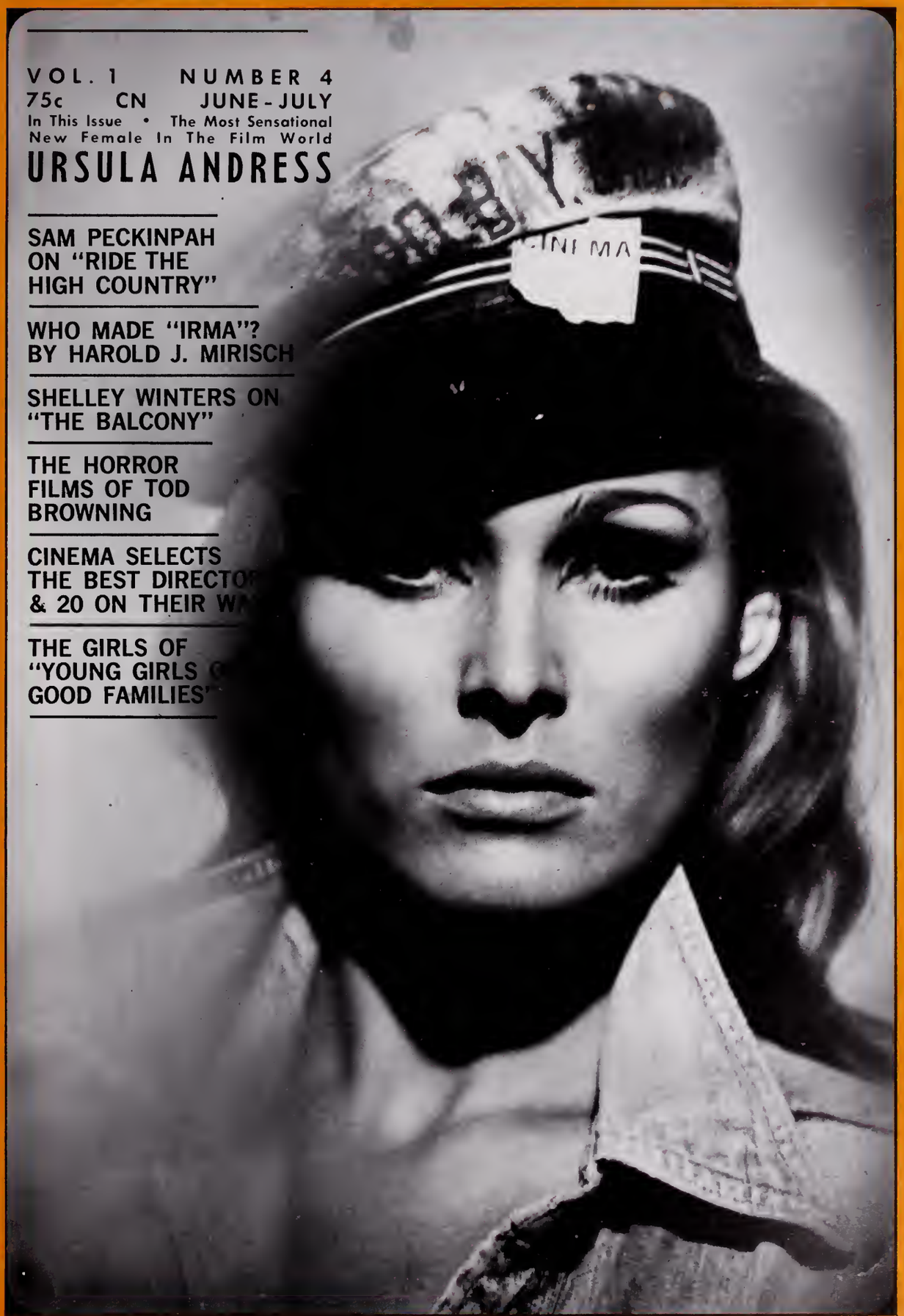
THE GIRLS OF "YOUNG GIRLS GOOD FAMILIES"



DIRECTOR ROBERT MULLIGAN, NATALIE WOOD AND STEVE McQUEEN ON LOCATION FOR THE PAKULA-MULLIGAN PRODUCTION "LOVE FOR THE PROPER STRANGER" WHICH IS NOW SHOOTING.

HOLLYWOOD, CRITICS, AUTHORS AND DIRECTORS

For many critics the term "Hollywood Movie" is utter condemnation. This type of thinking and criticism is irresponsible. To attack a geographic location which by an accident of time, climate and topography drew together such a diverse collection of talent makes no sense. The nature of the movies and of movies made in Hollywood is and always has been individualism. It is when that individualism fails to function, whether in financing, creation or performance, that the movie fails. Condemnation or praise of a motion picture must be aimed at the individual...not at a geographic location, not at Hollywood. CINEMA has taken the position that the most responsible individual involved is the director. Upon him the burden of creativity rests. He is in fact the author of the film.

The Writer's Guild of America through its executive director Michael H. Franklin has taken exception to CINEMA's attitude regarding authorship. He writes:

> "You refer to 'Ride The High Country by Sam Peckinpah' and in the text of the review you state 'The genius behind the creation of this gem is director Sam Peckinpah.'... It should be made clear that Mr. Peckinpah directed the motion picture Ride the High Country, and that the writing credit for that picture belongs to Mr. N. B. Stone, Jr. We do not in any way desire to derogate from Mr. Peckinpah's creativity as a director but we feel it most important that you properly credit the writer of the film. The word 'by' historically and classically connotes authorship. 'A Play By,' 'A Story By,' 'A Novel By' refer exclusively to the author – not the director."

Mr. Franklin's exception is partially justified. In reviewing the film, we failed to mention that the screenplay was by Mr. N. B. Stone, Jr. Our apologies to Mr. Stone. We, however, take exception to Mr. Franklin's contention, that the use of the word "by" exclusively refers to the author as a writer. We agree that historically it has, but disagree that in regard to films it should. Concerning authorship, CINEMA feels that the construction of chapter, paragraph and sentence in the motion picture is done by the framing and by the editing, that the delineation of character is primarily achieved by the visual interpretation of the actor with close-up, focus, angle etc., and that these are controlled by the director. The language of the film is essentially visual. Good story, dialogue or performance can be destroyed by improper use of the film language.

Perhaps a greater exception to our attitude might be taken by the producer, the financier, the owner of the film. Along with securing the risk, the producer must select script, talent and most important the director. Perhaps the major film credit should go to him? Here, however, (see "Who Made Irma?" on page 12 of this issue) producer Harold J. Mirisch has independently taken the position that the "real stars" of the movies are the directors. The concern of the producer is who can make the movie? Who will the director be?

For the consumer, the name of the actor or actress has generally been the guide to the quality of a film. This is not trustworthy. In its lists of directors (starting with this issue on page 19) CINEMA plans to show that the director is the only guide the audience can use except in rare cases. Good directors make good films. Actors make good films depending upon their choice of directors. Good actors choose good directors.

CINEMA'S commitment to the director as author and to the continuing selection of the best directors has several purposes: (1) To stimulate audience interest in directors as the authors of films. (2) To help the consumer select his film on the basis of the responsible creator. (3) To demand from the editors of CINEMA themselves the continual effort and practice of making choices, the success or failure of which will provoke their own growth. (4) To encourage the consumer to demand from each responsible individual. director, writer. or producer, a creative performance of his task with the hoped-for end result that the industry will improve through an enlightened audience. Today the motion picture industry is international; and while CINEMA hopes to create an interest in all good picturemakers, it will continue to emphasize those individuals located in Hollywood...the Hollywood which still has the good fortune to contain the greatest collection of individual motion picture talent in the world.

THE EDITOR

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DAVE BLASINGAME (BRIAN KEITH) & HIS DOG BROWN

WANTED SAM PECKINPAH ALIAS Dave Blasingame Steve Judd

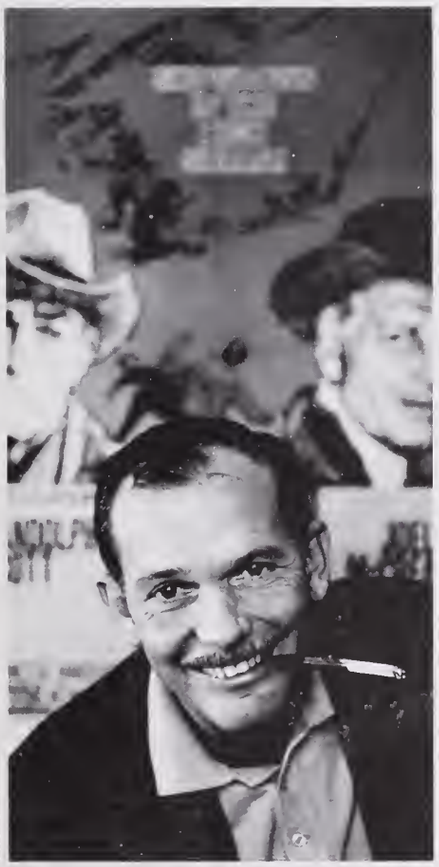


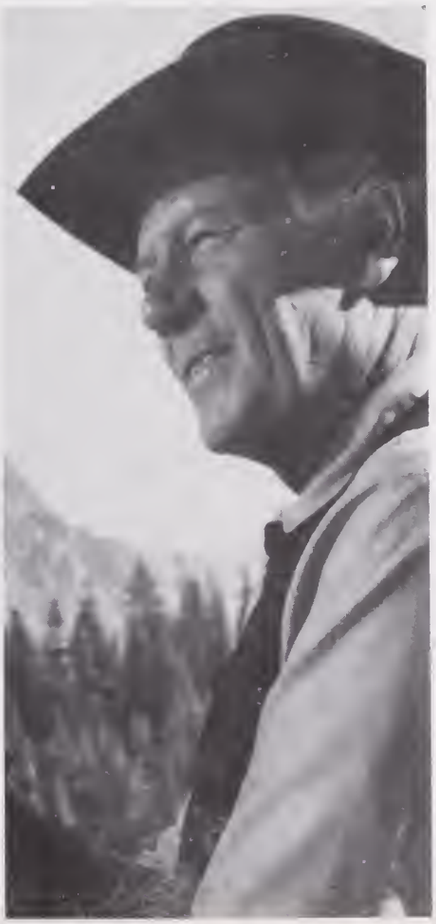
PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

"THE Gunfighter," "Duel in the Sun," "Shane," "Son of the Renegade," "Lone Star Trail," "Riders of the Whistling Pines," "Randy Rides Alone," "The Girl in the Triple X," "Hell's Hinges" and "Stagecoach" all had their big gunfight in the final scene. A few were good, most bad. The M-G-M film "Ride the High Country," produced by Richard E. Lyons, screenplay by N. B. Stone Jr., was the latest to use the same timeworn, or if you prefer time-honored, blazing gun duel between heroes and bad men as its climax. It worked and worked well. Why was it believable? Why, after seeing ten thousand similar scenes, did audiences sit still in those darkened theaters and cry for old-timer Joel McCrea as he took his last walk into the big sunset? Why was it good and what made it good?

The answer, as in all works of art, lies in the man who created it. That man is the film's director Sam Peckinpah, and if you could know him, you might find your answer. But knowing Peckinpah is something of a problem in itself.

Sam Peckinpah is a private man. Though he was completely cooperative on the interview printed below, it proved so difficult for him that he swore (in several significations of the word) that he'd never do another.

Most of the questions he answered in the privacy of his home, talking into a dictaphone or writing his responses out on paper. Some questions that were submitted he did not answer. Others — for example, he was



asked how he would cast the roles of Boone Caudill (mountain man in A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel "The Big Sky"), the Apache Vitorio, Cleopatra, Little Orphan Annie and Wonder Woman — so absorbed him that he spent forty-five minutes on Boone Caudill alone, pouring over casting directories, etc., until he finally had to give the question up entirely for want of time.

The answers he does give, however, provide clues both to the man and the director.

He was born on the side of Peckinpah mountain in Madera county thirty-seven years ago. The mountain was homesteaded by his grandfather in 1868. This paternal grandfather was a congressman, rancher, judge, and itinerant vendor who sold knives from a wagon in Wyoming and Montana. His mother's father, Judge Clark, was born in a cave near St. Helena, California, and was himself five times a congressman. Sam's own father was a cowboy, attorney and superior court judge.

Young Peckinpah came to Hollywood in 1949 after spending his childhood in the great outdoors of Madera County and in such theaters as the Kinema and State in Fresno, where he saw such film epics as

"Old Ironsides,'" "The Lady in Red" and "Limehouse Blues." He spent thirty-eight months in China as a Pfc. in the Marines and returned to college to receive his Masters in drama from USC in 1950. He shortly afterward became a stagehand, scriptwriter and dialogue director on early TV shows.

He created "The Rifleman" TV series, wrote "Klondike" and "Gunsmoke" episodes. His first film was "The Deadly Companions" with Brian Keith and Maureen O'Hara, which he directed and helped to write. He was the creator, writer and director of the TV series "The Westerner" which was short-lived but attracted many dedicated fans.

Since "Ride the High Country" he has done two Dick Powell Shows, "Pericles on 34th St." and "The Losers." He is now writing a Western set in Colorado in 1906 for Disney which he will direct. Next he goes to Columbia on a directing assignment.

Sam Peckinpah is becoming more and more wanted in the motion picture industry. What his future films will convey, what he will do next remains conjectural. But something about the young leather-booted man from Madera suggests that, in another time and place, he might have ended with a .45 slug through his battered and well-worn tin star.

PECKINPAH INTERVIEW

INTERVIEWER: In simple terms, what was "Ride the High Country" about? Did it have a theme?

PECKINPAH: In simple terms it was about salvation and about loneliness. . . . The loneliness of that breed of almost legendary western peace officers who were left behind when the country they tamed grew up. It had a theme, and I believe Time magazine said it very well: ". . . that goodness is not a gift but a quest . . ."

INT: In an earlier conversation we talked about making a character larger than life. How in Steve Judd's case did you do this?

P: As opposed to "The Westerner," with the small-screen emphasis primarily on character vignettes, in "Ride the High Country" I was working in CinemaScope with legendary characters and consequently used a heavier brush and brighter colors overall. In Steve Judd's case as in Gil Westrom's, I had no choice. Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott are uncommon men, extraordinary men, fine performers. Like the characters they played they are a legend unto themselves.

INT: The plot as such was conventional: Two men set out to protect a shipment of gold. Meet bad guys and have a shoot-out at the end of the film. What made it different? Was the time, the period the deciding factor here? Why did you succeed while Huston ("The Unforgiven") and Sturges ("The Magnificent Seven") failed?

P: John Huston made two Western pictures that I know of. "The Unforgiven" was beautifully mounted, if overlong and a little pretentious. The other, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," is possibly the finest motion picture ever made. John Sturges made two excellent Westerns: "The Magnificent Seven" and (I feel it is basically a Western) "Bad Day at Black Rock." If I am lucky some day I might do half as well. Time and period are always a deciding factor, but "Ride the High Country" basically was different because it reflected my personal point of view.

INT: Was there a villain? Who?

P: All of the seven deadlies plus age and stupidity.

INT: Is it necessary to have a villain — to condemn something or someone in a film?

P: Yes — condemnation of someone or something means conflict and conflict I feel is the basic requirement of good drama.

INT: Must a film have a message?

P: I believe it must have a reason — a point of view. It must emotionally involve the audience. Message films per se I find are usually dull and better left to army, university and industrial film makers.

INT: Name ten good message films.

P: I will name ten good films: They are as follows. Not necessarily in order of preference.

(He then named twenty.)

1. Rashomon
2. Treasure of the Sierra Madre
3. La Strada
4. Hiroshima Mon Amour
5. Ace In the Hole
6. Odd Man Out
7. Hamlet
8. La Dolce Vita
9. On the Waterfront
10. Last Year at Marienbad
11. Pather Panchali
12. Tobacco Road
13. A Place in the Sun
14. My Darling Clementine
15. Viva Zapata!
16. Shane
17. Forbidden Games
18. High Noon
19. The Breaking Point
20. The Magician

INT: Your ten favorite directors?

P: 1. Fellini
2. Kurosawa
3. Kazan
4. Ford
5. Resnais
6. Wilder
7. Lean
8. Reed
9. Huston
10. Bergman

I would like to add that I have avoided naming Chaplin or his films not because of his morals or politics, about which I know nothing and couldn't care less, but because I feel that there must be separation between state and church and his vision is so unique and so splendid it would be ridiculous to list him with filmmakers who I feel work in another world.

INT: What are the ingredients, the basic elements that these films have, that these directors have put into these films?

P: I am not a critic nor a student, I have simply been enormously moved, stimulated and entertained by the motion pictures I have listed. The only comment I can make is that their work is intensely personal.

INT: Should a director have full control of the final cut?

P: It depends upon the director.

INT: How can he get this? What holds him back? How did you get it? Will you insist — perhaps that's the wrong word — will you sometimes work around to it?

P: One at a time. Let's take how can he get this? What holds him back? Many things hold him back. Usually the fact that somebody knows more, has more control, more money and considers (and they're very often right) that they have better judgment than he does.

INT: How can he get this?

P: By making successful films, critically and financially.

INT: How did you get it?

P: I was very careful about compromising.

INT: Will you somehow work around to it?

P: In "The Westerner" I had total control. Thanks to Dick Powell. In "Ride the High Country" I had 98% control thanks to Sol Siegel and Dick Lyons. — I would say that I am working around to it.

INT: Will you work without final control?

P: It depends on whom I work for.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

"I WISH THEY'D LOSE THE NEGATIVE!"

SHELLEY WINTERS OUT ON A BALCONY

The controversial "THE BALCONY" has been hailed and assailed. The New Yorker saluted it. The Times stood ready to pull it down and burn it for firewood. Star Shelley Winters, aghast at its shock power, declared: "I wish they'd lose the negative!" Before all this, before she'd seen the finished film, CINEMA'S interviewer called on Miss Winters and received some private, equally provocative, pronouncements. His report follows:

In "THE BALCONY" everything that is abnormal is used to explain the normal. Everything that is false is real. Everything that is ugly, is ugly. The film was made in Hollywood at the KTTV television studios. It is a Hollywood film. And whatever virtues or faults it may be said to possess, it will almost certainly do one thing. No one will ever after be able to say that all "scarlet ladies," "soiled doves," "harlots" or "hookers" look like Jean Harlow, Capucine or Elizabeth Taylor in Hollywood films. The girls in "THE BALCONY" may not be the real thing, but they look it. And the change may not be welcome.

The entire film takes place in a bordello. Outside a rebellion is underway between rival political factions. The madam, played by Shelley Winters, plies her trade without interruption however, sure that her business will thrive no matter who gains power. All the preparation and creative energy that went into the production raised the question of whether the film will prove to have been worth it. For the answer to this question, we went to the film's star Shelley Winters.

Upon arriving at Miss Winters' apartment in Beverly Hills, CINEMA'S interviewer was asked if he would accompany her to the nearest grocery to pick up some last-minute delicacies and order the liquor. He consented. Miss Winters has a way of touching — of establishing rapport with a man that is quite female and quite flattering. She also talks quite rapidly which might also be designated female. She was dressed in a voluminous blouse and black pedal pushers, with no attempt at glamour. Following the grocery trip she got things started in the kitchen and then, after a couple of hurried phone calls, sat down for 45 minutes and gave CINEMA its interview.

"MOST PLAYWRIGHTS TODAY WRITE ABOUT THE TWIST IN THE SEXUAL LIFE THAT'S GOING ON"

Photos by
WILLIAM CLAXTON

INTERVIEWER: How did you go about getting into "THE BALCONY"?

SHELLEY WINTERS: Well, I'd seen the play in New York and I saw it again here in Hollywood and I thought it was very exciting. A friend of mine who knew Strick talked to him and Strick called me up in New York and said, "Would you like to do it?" And I said, "Yeah."

I: Did you see Strick's "THE SAVAGE EYE"?

S: Yes. I saw that first and it was so remarkable. I thought they were very unusual film makers so —

I: What kind of arrangement do you make on this kind of thing? Do you have a percentage in the film?

S: Yeah, a percentage of their company and of the film. They're going to do another picture after this called "THE DAY OF THE LOCUST." It's sort of really a three combination — three pictures with one company.

I: You say "THE BALCONY" was exciting to you. In any particular sense?

S: Most playwrights today write about the twist in the sexual life that's going on. Genet traces it to an environment, and it's a brothel with a revolution going on outside. And that sort of describes the state of the world right now. We try to be

"I GET VERY WORRIED ABOUT LOOKING PRETTY. WHENEVER I HAD TO PLAY A WOMAN WHO WAS BEAUTIFUL, I GOT SICK."

healthy but it's pretty difficult to be healthy in a sick world.

I: Do you feel that this is the function of the poet? To be healthy in a sick world?

S: Yes, now that you mention it! But I don't think you can really tell a poet or writer what his function is. I think writers and poets reflect their times whether they mean to or not. Take Byron and Shelley, they examined society and wrote about it. And in a sense they point the way.

I: Do you feel that Genet points the way with "THE BALCONY"?

S: Yes, I do. I don't know whether the producers agree with me. I think "THE BALCONY" is about the gray areas. There is no right or wrong. There is no good or bad. The good side is bad and the bad side is bad. And in a sense I think Genet is saying truly what has sort of happened. He picks the brothel as his setting because there the disturbances that are magnified in every other area of life are revealed most meaningfully.

I: Then we can say that Genet examines, but does he really give you an alternative in this play?

S: To me he says the maps to make this a better world aren't written yet.

I: That's what he says?

S: To me. In "THE BALCONY" the revolution which would abolish the dictatorial and cynical practices of the aristocracy and the dictators is just as bad or almost as bad as the dictators. In the last speech I have in the movie, I turn and talk to the audience. I say, "Examine it and make it better. Change it."

I: You present the challenge in that speech.

S: I hope so.

I: Do you think that Genet, in this case is condemning the activity of the brothel?

S: Oh, no! Oh, no! I think that he's holding a mirror up to nature and, as in most of his works, he's using a form which kind of reveals a self-degradation.

I: You feel that it's degraded?

S: Yes. In this story about a brothel — if that's what it's about — the men are as much or more degraded than the women.

I: As might be the case with any brothel.

S: I'm sure. I'm sure.

I: To get back to what we were saying before, often poets react to their times and point to another.

S: Yes. Certainly the playwrights are not pointing in any direction right now.

I: As a performer, how do you feel? Would you like to do something, shall we say, with a greater overall feeling of idealism?

S: Yes, I would, but I don't know quite how. You know, I really don't. I end up being "Paula Placard" when I try.

I: And yet I get a strong sense of life from your performances. For example, the woman in "ANNE FRANK."

S: Yes, but she — the woman I played — was quite a woman to begin with. Spoiled, a little self-centered maybe, through some of her life. But in her experiences during

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

"THERE'S A GREAT WILL NOT TO ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BEING AN ARTIST...THE ANIMAL ATTRACTION ONLY LASTS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF TIME AND AFTER THAT YOU HAVE TO HAVE A VIEWPOINT."

WHO MADE IRMA?

Billy Wilder is the answer, but the question who "will" make "Irma la Douce," was the crucial one. Who was to make that story of passion, bloodshed, desire and death, of "everything, in fact, that makes life worth living . . ." as Moustache put it in the play? Who could cast Kiki the Cossack, Nestor, Suzette Wong, Mimi the Mau Mau, The Zebra Twins, Jojo, The Poule with the Balcony, Hippolyte, Lolita, Amazon Annie or Moustache? Who could cast Irma? Who could make her? The questions belonged to the Mirisch Company.

Whether the idea of filming "Irma" was theirs to begin with, they had to come up with the money or it wouldn't have been made. Before or after the fact, the questions were theirs. They had an answer: Billy Wilder. He could make it. He could cast Irma, and he did. Shirley MacLaine as Irma gives promise of showing up as the best "pro" in the business. She's a swinger, or is it hooker here, but the guy who got the movement started was Wilder. Whether shoving billiard balls into the mouth of an extra for a sight gag or filling a room with smoke for Shirley to "swing" in, Billy Wilder moved about his Paris red light district, constructed on a sound stage at Goldwyn studios, with the respect of a vice cop in a bordello. His wit and energy couldn't be matched.

His having made "Some Like It Hot" and "The Apartment" for the Mirisch Company in the past with great success was a prime reason for his choice, but it goes deeper than that . . . As Harold Mirisch, the president, says, "The place to look for our biggest stars is behind the motion picture cameras." He explains that statement here:

"The men I call "stars" are the ones whose names have been only occasionally recognized by the public in the past — although these are the men who were the key creators of many of our classic films. And they also are the men whom we must depend upon for the important films of tomorrow.

There was once a sort of show business axiom that the only three film-makers who were — in themselves — considered "box office" were DeMille, Disney, Goldwyn.

Three names represented a very definite entertainment value: the public, seeing their names on the marquee or in a newspaper ad, knew what to expect of the movie, just as the advertised presence of a Garbo, Gable or Cooper promised certain values.

Now, I'm pleased to note, there is a new group of names joining this select circle. When people see the names of these film-makers, more and more of them are coming to realize that the fact that these men were behind the camera promises an unusual screen experience.

It has taken a long while to reach this point. For example, among the critics, Billy Wilder has been a "star" for many years — dating back to "Double Indemnity," "The Lost Weekend" and "Sunset Boulevard." But his personal fame with the public since "Some Like It Hot," "The Apartment" and "One, Two, Three" has startled even those of us who work with him. It seems that there is an audience that now says, "Let's go to see the new Wilder picture."

Similarly, long overdue recognition from the public is coming to such men as Fred Zinnemann, whose achievements include "High Noon," "From Here to Eternity" and "The Sundowners;" and William Wyler, whose accomplishments range from "Wuthering Heights" to "The Best Years of Our Lives" to "Ben-Hur."

These film creators — and others, including George Stevens, Robert Wise, John Sturges, Blake Edwards, Richard Brooks, Elia Kazan, John Huston, Joshua Logan and Mark Robson — are being identified as reliable marquee names. Their association with a motion picture means that the audience can expect quality.

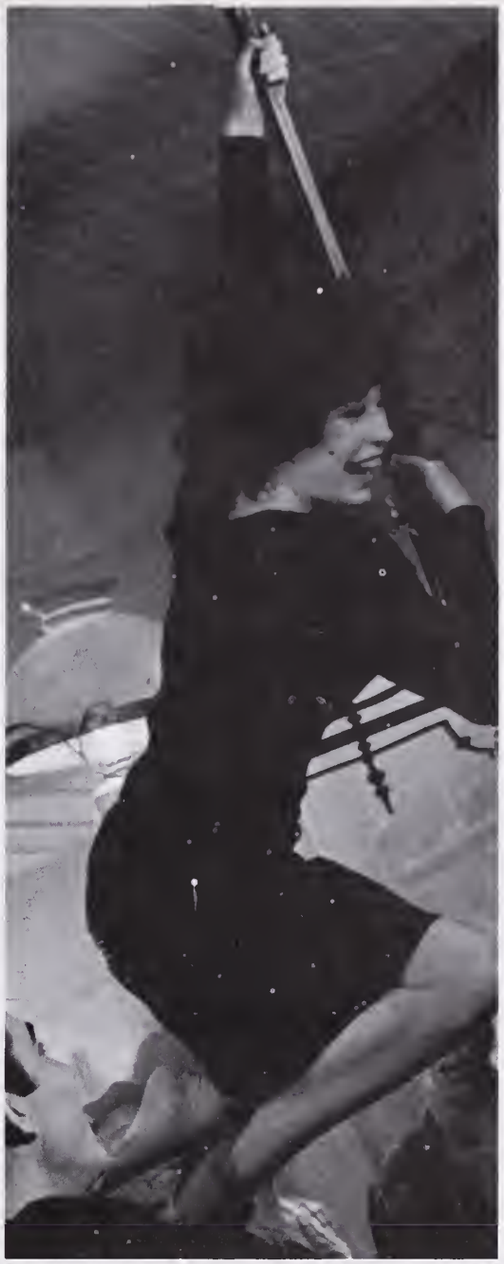
For the brutal fact, which I'm sure every movie-goer is aware of, is that there is virtually no actor who has not been seen in a bad film. This does not reflect upon the talents of Hollywood's actors — who, to me, are the greatest collection of dramatic talent ever known to the world — but merely points up the truth that the best actor can only be as good as his material permits him to be.

The directors and producer-directors I've mentioned are the men who make the material come into being, and control the level of its quality. This is understood by our top stars, whose first question about a new project is invariably, "Who's going to make the picture?"

That audiences have begun to be interested in this information, too, is a most significant advance in motion picture history. Simply stated, I think films will continue to get better and better the more often we hear the question:

"Who made the movie?"

HAROLD J. MIRISCH"



DISORDER

With a bulldozer sweeping away the house where a fraudulent priest played the benevolent host to two prostitutes and their eager clients, director Franco Brusati brings "The Disorder" to its pre-ordered end. By selling the house, the defrocked priest has raised enough money to provide for a home in which Mario (Renato Salvatori) can live with his mother, who is in the poorhouse. ☐ Another of the so-called social dramas, this film has two distinct differences . . . (1) It is told within the framework of a thriller. Brusati says, "This picture is a thriller but on the screen we reveal emotions and passions instead of clues to discover 'who-done-it?'" (2) The beauty with which the film is made and the conclusion portend that there is a personal alternative to disorder . . . a belief which caused the Communist press of Italy to damn the film as an intellectual game suffering from the disease of "Marienbadism" (a disease where beauty and form take precedence over sordidness and message). ☐ "The Disorder" is a three-episode story that unfolds in and at the edges of the giddy whirlpool of high society destroying Italy's prosperous industrial capital, Milan. We see the tortured death of a business tycoon, a night of frenzied love and passion, and a miracle born from the pride and humility of a saintly fraud. The episodes are tied together with the story of an opportunist with little talent and desire for work, Mario, who seeks to fulfill his personal dream. ☐ The first episode tells of a tycoon (Curt Jurgens) who lies dying, tortured not so much by disease as by his thoughts of his ill-balanced family. His wife (Alida Valli), a neurotic, fearful of approaching old age and widowhood, is consumed with jealousy, believing her husband has betrayed her. His son (Samy Frey) holds a wild party in a vain attempt to delude himself that his father's illness is not grave. The daughter (Susan Strasberg) is devoured by remorse for having denied her father's affection. ☐ The second episode tells of the desperate attempt of a young husband (Jean Sorel) to retain the love of his beautiful wife (Antonella Lualdi). Consumed with passion, he abandons himself to a wild night of love only to find that his insatiate desire has bored and driven her away. ☐ The final episode is of the fraudulent priest (Georges Wilson) who

seeks to destroy evil with a bizarre goodness. He finally realizes that he has failed and, in a final act of mercy, he makes possible the miracle for young Mario and his mother. □ Thirty-one year old Franco Brusati wrote his first screenplay in 1951 ("Wife for a Night," with Lollobrigida) and has continued in films ever since. This in his second directorial task, his first being "I'm the Boss" in 1956. His next film will be "The Beast" for Titanus. Here are his comments on his "The Disorder." □ " 'The Disorder' is almost a silent film and the roles are all brief ones. For me, the most beautiful films were those of the silent era and the first of the sound pictures, when you saw just images. □ "This thought, of course, is in perfect contrast with my ideas as a playwright in the theater. In fact, my last comedy, 'Il Benessere,' is full of dialogue. □ "In the film there is no star. The character that appears most frequently on the screen is that played by Renato Salvatori, but it is not the principal character and he does not even appear in the most important scenes. It may be called a suspense film but in place of facts there are sentiment and emotions. □ "The absence of a logical narrative continuity brings the film close to the character of today's Society, a society that is without any direction, disordered. The film consists of a series of actions without a cornerstone and for this reason these actions become, naturally, disordered. Hence, the title 'The Disorder.' There is dialogue only when it serves the scene, when it is the scene. □ "The inspirations for all the episodes in the film are true, even if they have been re-elaborated and amplified as fiction in the screenplay. With this film I hope to pass from the traditional story-telling of facts to psychological story-telling without facts. I want to project images of sentiments in close-up detail."

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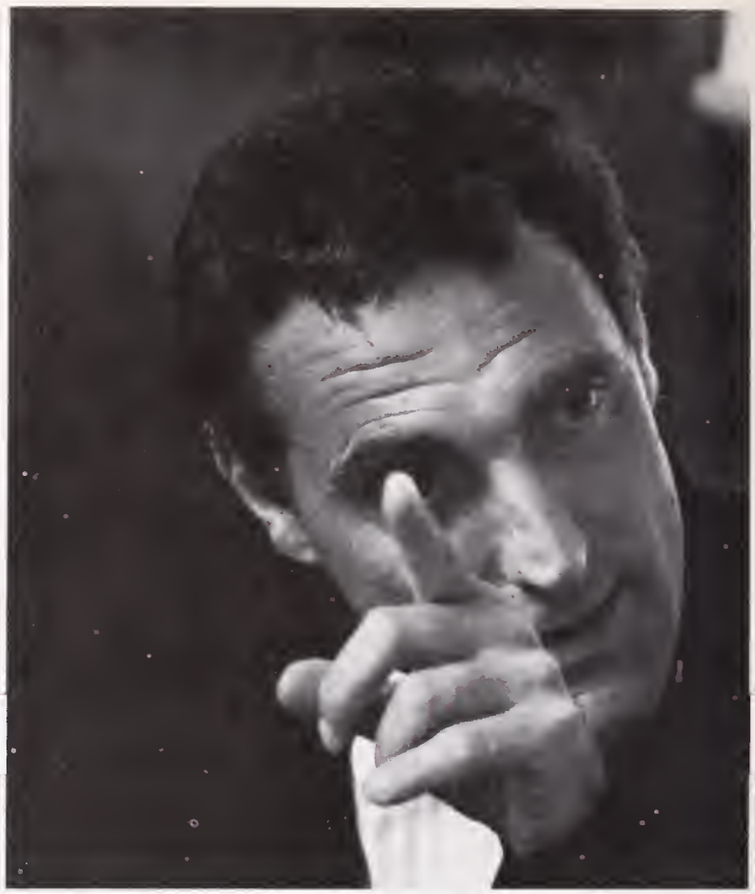


"IF ANYTHING, MY FILM 'SMOG' IS BITTERLY ANTI-ITALIAN."

"THE ROLE OF THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL IS TO DESTROY EVERYTHING."

OH! THE SMOG BITES

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANCO ROSSI

Photos by WILLIAM CLAXTON

While completing his film "SMOG" in Los Angeles last year, Italian director Franco Rossi ran into a problem or two that were distinctly American — and it wasn't just the smog! Used to Italian working conditions and customs, Rossi was constantly being roused from blissful sleep at 10 or 11 in the morning and reminded that he had been paying a union crew from 7 A.M. on. Peter Howard or another of his actors would urge and coax him to the day's location spot, where Rossi would be amazed to find fifteen electricians when he had asked for only three, or five grips when he had asked for one.

Union regulations and the American fast pace plagued him, but with the abundant use of his own monumental charm, Rossi prevailed. He also gave the Screen Extras Guild problems of its own by constantly enlisting for bit parts non-union passers-by who struck him as "unusual American types." His film somehow got completed without UN intervention, however, and Rossi's brand of "SMOG" proved to possess its own irritating bite, taking a chunk out of any man, Italian or American, who seeks the hedonistic values of our current collective establishment. "SMOG" won the lawyers' and critics' award at the Venice Film Festival. But like Rossi's "NUDE ODYSSEY" shot in Tahiti in 1960, it created a stir with the censors. In the United States "SMOG" has already, before release, provoked vociferous cries of anti-Americanism.

In an effort to discover Franco Rossi's opinions of the anti-American accusations, CINEMA asked for and obtained the only interview he granted on his recent return visit to Los Angeles. Rossi was back in town to consult with his script writer, Dr. Pier-Maria Pasinetti, a professor of Italian Language and World Literature at UCLA, with whom he is collaborating on a script for a Gina Lollobrigida film to be shot in Switzerland next June. The interview was held at Peter Howard's home in Beverly Hills. Rossi spoke sometimes in English and sometimes in Italian, with Dr. Pasinetti translating when necessary. Rossi had asked that CINEMA abandon its customary use of tape recorder, since he is somewhat sensitive about his supposed inadequacy in the English language. He listened carefully as Dr. Pasinetti translated aloud two American reviews of "SMOG" (including one by Time magazine) and then he exploded into the following:

ROSSI: That's absurd! If "SMOG" was anti-American, why were all the left-wing, Communist papers in Italy against it on the basis that I had no courage to show anti-Americanism?

INTERVIEWER: What were you trying to do, precisely?

ROSSI: I wanted to present a moral point of view. I wanted to use the American background to emphasize the bourgeois attitudes in the Western Hemisphere. If anything "SMOG" is anti-Italian.

INTERVIEWER: How is that?

ROSSI: (With interruptions for word consultations with Dr. Pasinetti) It was made mainly for Italians, to

"IF IT WAS ANTI-AMERICAN, WHY WERE ALL THE LEFT-WING, THE COMMUNIST, PAPERS IN ITALY AGAINST IT?"

"MGM . . . NO COMMENT!"

chide them — what is it you say? — to "take them to task" for false values. Through most of their lives Italians have seen American movies. I myself for over 20 years have seen American movies. The Hollywood version of American homes . . . cars . . . American wealth, American extravagance. Now always those films are dubbed in the Italian language. We do not have — how do you say it? — sub-titles — in Italy, we have always the dubbing. So that the Italian cinemagoer, the effect upon him is that those actors he is seeing, they speak Italian, they are not therefore Americans, they are Italians. And he says to himself, there are those Italians enjoying all those fine things — if they can do it, I can do it too! And so his values subtly have become the materialistic values of so many Hollywood films.

INTERVIEWER: But you say that with "SMOG" —

ROSSI: I hoped to use the same device — but hoping for a different result. By showing a real Italian in true American settings, I hope to shock the Italian cinemagoer out of — to jolt him out of this false conditioning — to use the same set of circumstances to destroy the unreal dream.

INTERVIEWER: In a few words, could you tell us what "SMOG" is about.

ROSSI: Actually "SMOG" is really the adventure of an Italian man in the sentimental dream of his past.

INTERVIEWER: And Enrico Maria Salerno plays him?

ROSSI: Yes. Salerno who was also in my "NUDE ODYSSEY."

INTERVIEWER: In "NUDE ODYSSEY" your setting was Tahiti. Here again, did you have some special purpose for using the Tahitian background?

ROSSI: Well, Tahiti was chosen for its simplicity of life and my personal fascination with its scenery. I tried to tell a tale of a man of exactly contrary nature to the man in "SMOG" — an Italian with all the good traits of the country. He would like to be an intellectual, but the pace of life in Italy is too much. He is a good man escaping Western Civilization. I gave all my sympathy to this character.

INTERVIEWER: Is this a suggestion?

ROSSI: No, no, no! Only a symbol. As we say about drama, I wanted to make the situation a little bit bigger than life, a little bit more . . . well, like a woman made like your Monroe — a little bit bigger than lifesize, a little bit more desirable. You know?

INTERVIEWER: And the man in "SMOG." Is he bigger?

ROSSI: He is exactly contrary. He is an Italian lawyer of about 35. A poor, cheap man trying to take advantage of everyone and everything. An opportunist. He is almost consciously an opportunist. I gave all my hatred to this man.

INTERVIEWER: The film then is not so much a statement about an environment as about a man.

ROSSI: Exactly. I would never have dared to make any statement about this country in which I don't live. It would be impossible. It is the story of a lawyer typical of the rising bourgeois class in Italy today. I hold him responsible just as I hold myself responsible for my films.

INTERVIEWER: "SMOG" won an award in Venice?

ROSSI: (He broke into vindictive Italian here)

PASINETTI: Every film that has done well at Venice almost invariably does badly in Italy, so Franco is worried about "SMOG's" success.

ROSSI: (more volatile Italian)

PASINETTI: He doesn't think their judgment is fair. They are a very bitter group, the critics, they seek the sensational not the artistic. It is quite unbelievable, their attitude.

ROSSI: Venice is just a party.

PASINETTI: He's right, it doesn't have the meaning it used to. There are too many festivals now. They all want to attack someone or some film.

ROSSI: The role of the Venice Film Festival is to destroy everything.

INTERVIEWER: What is your attitude toward the current emphasis on visual films, like "LA NOTTE" or "MARIENBAD"?

ROSSI: The image . . . the picture itself is entirely overemphasized, that is to say it is treated as a separate unit. Sound can just as easily make or break a film. I was a radio director in Rome for many years, the Nightingale Theatre. I think that a great deal can be done

with sound by itself that hasn't been done yet.

INTERVIEWER: Do you write your own stories?

ROSSI: No. I collaborate with a writer. When I decided to do this story with America as a background, I wanted a writer who is Italian but who could give me help with . . . (Italian here)

PASINETTI: Who could give him help with American habits, supply lifelike incidents. There was a scene, for instance, in which the lawyer wakes up in a motel without any money, only he doesn't know he has no money and we have to find a way for him to discover it that is perfectly natural to the American scene. I thought of having some Campfire Girls come to the door selling cookies . . . you know.

ROSSI: It worked beautifully.

INTERVIEWER: Will you care to rate some of your fellow directors for us? (An exchange between Pasinetti and Franco here).

ROSSI: Oh, there is no one like Rossellini, he is superb, so beautiful . . . a true poet. And Fellini, not so much a poet but a moralist, and at spectacle he is marvelous. And that young man, the English one who made "HONEY?" You know . . .

INTERVIEWER: Tony Richardson?

ROSSI: Yes, Richardson, he's a poet. I liked "JULES AND JIM." Truffaut and his "THE 400 BLOWS" was a masterpiece. In America I like Cassavetes, and Kubrick and of course the old ones, all the old ones . . . I grew up with them . . . Griffith, Von Stroheim, Chaplin. Then there is Bergman, an amazing warmth for a North man.

INTERVIEWER: Any Japanese directors?

ROSSI: There are many, but I don't know their names except for Kurosawa. There was one though that I saw just recently. So beautiful, really something to see. "THE BURMESE HARP." A frightening but beautiful film.

INTERVIEWER: Kon Ichikawa. I don't think it's been released here, but he has another one coming, "THE FIRES IN THE PLAIN" and he made "ODD OBSESSION," did you see that?

ROSSI: No. We don't get many Japanese films yet. We should, they are beautiful.

INTERVIEWER: Did you do the final cut of the film?

ROSSI: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: Any comment about MGM?

ROSSI: MGM! No comment.

LIST OF FILMS

1) 1953 "The Seducer" with Alberto Sordi
2) 1955 "A Woman in the Painting" with two 14-year-old children
3) 1958 "The Death of a Friend" with non-professionals
4) 1960 "Nude Odyssey" with Enrico Maria Salerno and Dolores Donlon
5) 1962 "Smog" with Enrico Salerno, Renato Salvatore, Annie Giradot and Peter Howard

THE BEST DIRECTORS

As a guide to the real "movie stars," the men who make the films, CINEMA will periodically publish lists of directors and their films as a service to the audience. In order of preference below, CINEMA names the twenty-two top directors now working in films. The list is not intended as an authoritarian statement on the merits of those included or excluded, but as a commitment of the highly personal taste of the editor.

(1) FEDERICO FELLINI
La Strada
Nights of Cabiria
La Dolce Vita
The Swindlers

(2) AKIRA KUROSAWA
The Seven Samurai
Yojimbo
Rashomon
The Throne of Blood
The Stray Dog

(3) DAVID LEAN
Lawrence of Arabia
Oliver Twist
Hobson's Choice
The Bridge on the River Kwai
Great Expectations

(4) INGMAR BERGMAN
The Seventh Seal
The Magician
Through a Glass Darkly
Wild Strawberries
Smiles of a Summer Night

(5) ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Psycho
The 39 Steps
The Lady Vanishes
North by Northwest
The Man Who Knew Too Much

(6) GEORGE STEVENS
Shane
The Diary of Anne Frank
A Place in the Sun
Gunga Din

(7) ORSON WELLES
Citizen Kane
Othello
A Touch of Evil
The Magnificent Ambersons
The Trial

(8) JOHN FORD
Stagecoach
My Darling Clementine
The Fugitive
Two Rode Together
The Grapes of Wrath

(9) SATYAJIT RAY
Pather Panchali
Aparajito
The World of Apu

(10) WALT DISNEY
Cinderella
Peter Pan
Fantasia
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Mickey Mouse

(11) FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT
Jules and Jim
The 400 Blows
Shoot the Piano Player

(12) HOWARD HAWKS
The Big Sleep
Red River
Dawn Patrol
Scarface
Hatari

(13) BILLY WILDER
Some Like It Hot
Witness for the Prosecution
Sunset Boulevard
A Foreign Affair

(14) ELIA KAZAN
Viva Zapata!
On the Waterfront
Boomerang
Man on a Tightrope

(15) JOHN HUSTON
Beat the Devil
The Asphalt Jungle
Treasure of the Sierra Madre
The Maltese Falcon
The Red Badge of Courage

(16) JACQUES TATI
Mr. Hulot's Holiday
Mon Oncle
Jour de Fete

(17) TONY RICHARDSON
A Taste of Honey
Look Back in Anger
The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner

(18) KON ICHIKAWA
Odd Obsessions
Fire on the Plains
The Burmese Harp

(19) FRED ZINNEMANN
The Search
High Noon
From Here to Eternity
The Sundowners

(20) JEAN RENOIR
The Elusive Corporal
The River
French Cancan
Grand Illusion

(21) SIR CAROL REED
Odd Man Out
The Third Man
The Man Between
Our Man in Havana
The Fallen Idol

(22) ROBERTO ROSSELLINI
Open City
Paisan
The Miracle (from Ways of Love)
General Della Rovere

& 20 ON THEIR WAY...

The twenty-three men in the following list begin with eight directors who have demonstrated in three or four films an excellence in either content or form that portends a brilliant future, and follow with fifteen who have in one or two recent films shown such an excellence in both content and form that their next films should be watched for closely.

(1) PHILIPPE DE BROCA
The Love Game
The Joker
Gluttony (from Seven Capital Sins)
Cartouche

(2) ROBERT ALDRICH
What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?
Kiss Me Deadly
The Big Knife
Attack
Vera Cruz

(3) ALAIN RESNAIS
Hiroshima, Mon Amour
Last Year at Marienbad

(4) SAMUEL FULLER
Verboten
Underworld U.S.A.
Forty Guns

(5) STANLEY KUBRICK
Paths of Glory
Spartacus
Lolita

(6) MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI
L'Avventura
La Notte

(7) JULES DASSIN
Never on Sunday
Rififi
He Who Must Die
Phaedra

(8) ROBERT ROSSEN
The Hustler
All the King's Men
The Brave Bulls

(9) SAM PECKINPAH
Ride the High Country

(10) KAREL REISZ
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

(11) LUCHINO VISCONTI
Rocco and His Brothers
The Job (from Boccaccio '70)

(12) KANETO SHINDO
The Island

(13) PIETRO GERMI
Divorce — Italian Style

(14) BERNHARD WICKI
The Bridge
(German portion of) The Longest Day

(15) ANDRE CAYETTE
Tomorrow Is My Turn
(his only film shown in U.S.)

(16) SERGE BOURGUIGNON
Sundays and Cybele

(17) FRANK PERRY
David and Lisa

(18) MASAKI KOBAYASHI
Harakiri
Ningen No Joken

(19) ROBERT MULLIGAN
To Kill a Mockingbird

(20) RALPH NELSON
Requiem for a Heavyweight

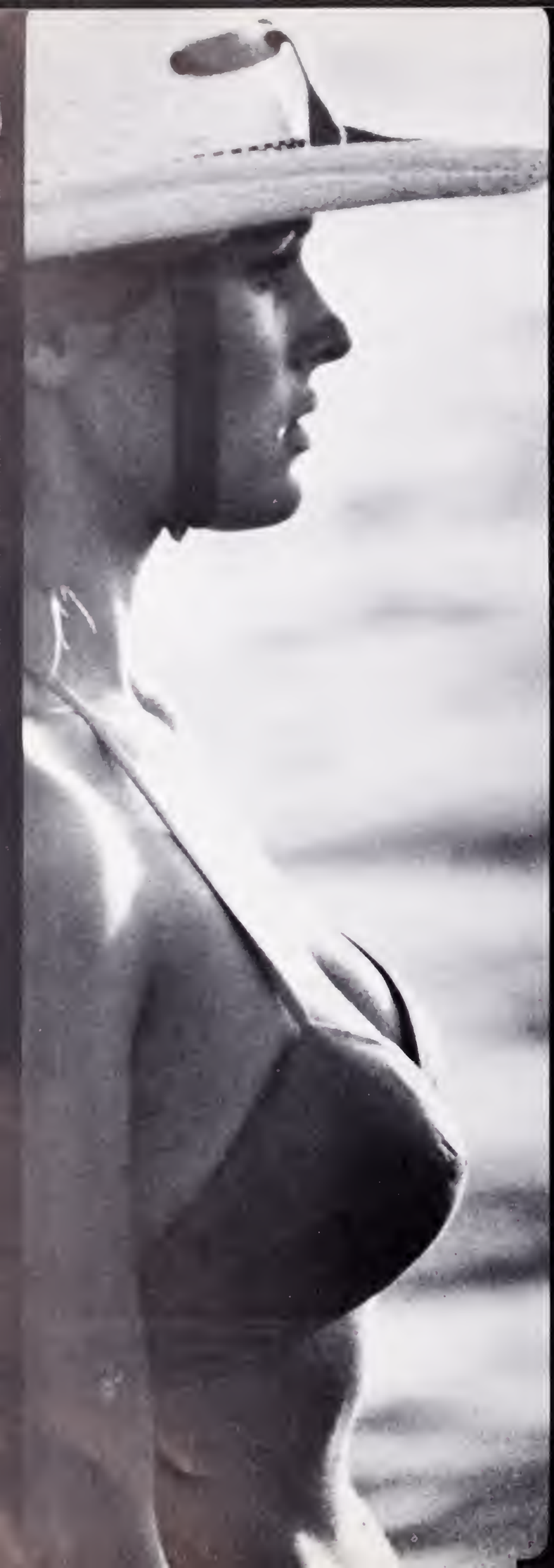
(21) ANDREZEI WAJDA
Ashes and Diamonds
(Polish episode of) Love at Twenty

(22) ALBERT LAMORISSE
The Red Balloon
Stowaway in the Sky

(23) NANNI LOY
The Four Days of Naples

Ursula Andress She Said Yes to "Dr. No"

PHOTOS BY JOHN DEREK



Ursula Andress is used to saying no. Not in the usual sense, but by being too eagerly on the quest for a passing pleasure—like a fast car, a fluffy white sweater or the hot Mediterranean sun — to bother answering the question. A 00-year-old Swiss, ("You keep saying my age, forget it, I'm never growing old!"), she first said yes at seventeen to an Italian producer and performed in such epics as "The Loves of Casanova" and "Chain of Hate." Paramount asked. Ursula said yes. For months she watched Dietrich and Garbo in private projection booths with an English instructor. Paramount seemed intent upon improving on a beauty already perfect. It seems the only thing she cared to learn, was to say no. Columbia asked and got the same answers, yes and no. About the time she said no, John Derek asked. Ursula Andress said yes and became Mrs. Derek in 1957, and they were never seen apart until "Dr. No" came along with the old line: You're fantastique. Beautiful. And you should be in movies. Will you? The offers had really never stopped coming, but the fast life with John was too much fun. The world was their playground. If she had wanted a career she could have had one. No one wanted to stop her. Each day, however, she discovered a new thrill, which could have ranged from Lenny Bruce's satire to an Afghan hound named Dimitri Mazuri Shem of Scheherazade. But in March '61 when John started the seven a.m. to eight p.m., six-day-a-week job of acting in an hour TV series, life changed. Ursula was lonely. Her husband was gone all day and Ursula's energetic, honest and frank approach to the sensations of life could not be satisfied with a vacuum cleaner. Her choice was idleness or movies. Even big girls grow up, and although "Dr. No" seemed a bad script, regardless of JFK's affection for the book, she said yes, and was off to London and Jamaica on her own. It was perfect. As Ian Fleming's offbeat heroine Honey, she personifies the character (see pictures) even though the movie omitted the book heroine's broken nose and provocative nude scene. The English loved the movie to the extent that it has outgrossed "Lawrence of Arabia." Mobbed with more offers, Ursula decided on "Fun in Acapulco" with Elvis Presley, or was it just Acapulco, where her husband shot most of these pictures? Now, finished with that, the questions keep coming in from independent producers who have plans for her anywhere she wants to fly. She may get more fun and pleasure by returning to her old life of cultured and primitive passions and say no ...but can we? She is just now contemplating saying yes to Universal's remake of "She" in London. There must be a very clever way to play on the word 'she' in relation to Ursula, but we'll let you and the pictures play with that one.

HORROR THE BROWNING VERSION

A GRATEFUL EPITAPH TO A HERITAGE THAT KEEPS RISING FROM ITS GRAVE. **BY RORY GUY**

Below are Tod Browning and Lon Chaney (in horror make-up) on the set of "The Road to Mandalay."

Chaney as the inhuman vampire of "London After Midnight" (1927).

As the dean of Hollywood horror movies, Tod Browning probably rubbed shoulders with a more select company of vampires, ghouls and monsters than anyone since Edgar Allan Poe. He died last October 6th, a snowy-haired old gentleman of 80 who left unanswered the question of why he had abandoned his distinguished career at the close of the Thirties, never to take it up again.

Browning's last film as a director was the 1939 "Miracles for Sale," about a series of murders at a magicians' convention. It was skillful entertainment, using trap doors and the paraphernalia of magic to astonishing effect, but it was inferior to his best. For Browning had earlier created "Dracula," "London After Midnight," "Freaks" and "The Devil Doll," and a fine heritage of richly imaginative, highly individualistic films that did much to establish the screen dimensions of the diabolical, the macabre, and the artfully grotesque.

After "Miracles," Browning severed connections with the motion picture industry, and severed them cleanly and permanently as, by striking coincidence, his only serious contender as master of the horror film, James Whale, was to do in the same period.

Whale, director of "Frankenstein" and "The Invisible Man," departed movies under a veil of mystery that had not yet lifted when his body was found floating in the swimming pool of his Hollywood home in 1957. Regarding Browning's reason for withdrawal, there are these speculative clues: He was nearing 60 and concerned over his wife's failing health. He was able, financially and philosophically, to retire and enjoy it. He was troubled by what seemed to him an increasing nepotism within the industry. In later years he spoke acridly of the interference qualified old hands suffered from inexperienced newcomers.

Browning's preparation for a film career had been varied and plentiful. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1882, he left home at 16 to travel with a circus and carnival. From roustabout and prop boy he graduated to stage manager and performer, and moved on into vaudeville. He became a skilled contortionist and comedian, worked up a blackface comedy act, and before World War I circled the globe with a variety show called "The World of Mirth."

When he arrived in Hollywood in 1914, Browning brought with him a background of sixteen hard, happy, knockabout years in show business. His carnival-vaudeville training got him jobs as slapstick comedian, leading man and villain in a variety of silents calling for actors who could do risky stunts as well as emote. "A Wild Courtship" and "Scenting a Terrible Crime" were two of these. Then in 1915 he got a behind-the-camera job on the epic film "Intolerance" as assistant to D. W. Griffith. This experience must have worked a telling effect upon the younger man, for thereafter Browning devoted himself completely to directing.

His subsequent career falls conveniently into three periods. After a short apprenticeship at Fine Arts and Metro, he joined Universal in 1918 to do a series of adventure melodramas starring the silent screen favorite Priscilla Dean and other members of Universal's stock company — Wallace Beery, Wheeler Oakman, and a minor character actor and bit player named Lon Chaney. The flavor of those early films is indicated by their titles: "The Wicked Darling," "The Virgin of Stamboul," "Outside the Law," "Under Two Flags," "Drifting" and "The White Tiger." They dealt with desert sheiks and safecrackers, gangland chiefs and opium smugglers, and brought comfortable returns to the box office though they reflected no lasting credit on their director.

Then in 1925, he made a film that caused a sensation. For some time he'd been intrigued by a story he'd read about a circus ventriloquist, a strong man, and a midget who pooled their talents in a life of crime, the ventriloquist posing as a little old lady and the midget as a baby to further their criminal ends. Nobody else thought it would make a picture, but Browning persisted in trying to sell the idea and at last found the ear of Irving Thalberg. The young genius of the MGM lot was seeking a follow-up vehicle for Lon Chaney, who had zeroed in on stardom in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Thalberg was immediately won by Browning's idea, assigned him to direct the film, and gave him Chaney, midget Harry Earles, and Victor McLaglen to star. The result was "The Unholy Three," a whopping good movie, an astonishing critical success, and one of the biggest grossers of the year.

This film launched the second phase of Browning's career, in which he and Chaney collaborated on a succession of colorful thrillers: "The Blackbird," "The Road to Mandalay," "The Unknown," "London After Midnight," "The Big City," "West of Zanzibar"

Top: Lon Chaney in his old lady disguise with the midget Harry Earles in "The Unholy Three" (1925). Bottom: Lionel Barrymore in "The Devil Doll"

and "Where East Is East." Besides directing, Browning wrote the stories for all of these except "Mandalay," starting with a conception of an offbeat character for Chaney and building his plot around it. In "London After Midnight," Chaney acted the double role of a Scotland Yard detective and a human vampire. In "The Unknown" (co-starring a very young Joan Crawford) he was an armless circus gypsy who threw knives with his feet. In "Zanzibar" he was a stage magician who appeared in one memorable scene as a human duck. Chaney spared himself no physical punishment that would make his disguises more grotesque, and Browning heightened the effect of his characterizations with imaginative use of the camera. The collaboration was deeply satisfying to both men. The films they made together enhanced both reputations and kept audiences embossed with goosebumps for four remarkable years.

When Browning came to direct his masterpiece, Chaney was no longer around to play it. This was the hauntingly eerie "Dracula" filmed in 1930. Chaney had died just a few months previously of cancer. Browning considered Conrad Veidt for the role, and Paul Muni, and one or two others. But at last the part of the fiendish Count who subsisted for centuries on the blood of hapless victims went to Bela Lugosi, who played it for three years on the stages of Europe and America.

No more hair-raising film had ever been

"Dracula's" three wives assemble for dinner.

produced. Browning's imagery (the German genius Karl Freund was his cameraman) was outstanding, from the opening shots of a spectral coach careening through a dark and ghostly Transylvanian countryside, to the cavernous, cobweb-strewn interior of the tomb-like castle, to the dank, underground vault of Dracula's London headquarters. A vaporous, low-lying fog enshrouded the exterior scenes, and Browning also utilized sound with what was then novel and frightening effect — the howl of wolves, the creaking of coffin doors, the screech of bats, and the distant screams of terrified women. From the film's opening moments, audiences were seized with a mounting sense of the macabre. Even the humor was grim: The victim Renfield, transformed into a vampire, would dine on fresh blood if nothing better were served, but he really preferred flies and ants. And Browning added a tongue-in-cheek close: After the good scientist Van Helsing had dispatched Dracula by driving a stake through his heart, he reappeared to tell audiences that, as they went their ways into the night, they might do well to remember that vampires really do exist.

"Dracula" was Tod Browning's second notable talkie, the first having been a 1929 chiller "The Thirteenth Chair." In 1932 he created another bizarre masterpiece, "Freaks." This was the story of a midget and the beautiful, evil trapeze artist who poisoned him for his money. The cast included every known type of sideshow attraction, dwarfs to microcephalons to Siamese twins to armless and legless "human torsos." The film culminated in a horrific scene in which all these creatures chased the terrified villainess through a torrential downpour to her doom.

"Freaks" was followed by "Fast Workers," a drama about skyscraper construction men in 1933, and "The Mark of the Vampire," a re-make of "London After Midnight," with Lugosi and Lionel Barrymore in 1935. In 1936 Browning directed "The Devil Doll," in which a diabolical Barrymore reduced human beings to the size of dolls and forced them to steal and murder. Utilizing specially-constructed giant-size furnishings, Browning created a perfect illusion of doll-like men and women moving about in a world six times larger than themselves. Then in 1939 came his last film, "Miracles for Sale."

"When I quit a thing, I quit," Browning later told a friend. "I wouldn't walk across the street now to see a movie."

And, after turning his back on the studios, he steadfastly declined to attend the films of even his closest friends. When Mrs. Browning died in 1944, he lived on in their home in Malibu Colony, alone except for a Boston bull terrier named Toby.

But though he would not see movies, he followed their fortunes avidly in the press and speculated like any fan about the careers of cinema personalities. He read books omnivorously, categorizing them into those that would make good movies and those that

would not, and making up theoretical casts from players whose work he had admired in the past — Chaney, Beery and Chaplin, Harlow and Lupe Velez. He gardened on a property behind his home, producing giant cabbages and tomatoes. He raised prize poultry. And he became a skilled cook who took particular pride in his seafood and Southern dishes, serving up hush puppies that were legendary among his friends.

The consuming interest of Tod Browning's final years was television. He loved baseball telecasts and in the season would rise early enough to view a morning or afternoon game. But during the rest of the year he adopted a different schedule, one that would well have suited the vampires of his films. Sleeping until late in the day, he would arise for the evening programs, and then stay up all night watching the Late Late Shows. At last — on television — he caught up on all the films he'd till then obstinately missed.

Browning died of a stroke five months after undergoing surgery for cancer of the larynx — the affliction that had taken Lon Chaney's life three decades earlier.

No howling winds nor spectral faces at the window marked his final passing. He died in a comfortable and sunny bedroom in the home of his closest friends, Dr. and Mrs. Harold Snow of Brentwood. His final resting place, in the columbarium of a Los Angeles cemetery, also seems serenely free of ghostly presences.

But Browning is still with us. His creative influence can be observed in almost anybody else's horror film, old or new, that comes along today. And recollections of masterful moments of terror with a beauty all their own return across two, three and four decades, to haunt moviegoers who saw the finest of Tod Browning's films.

"The Devil Doll"

Lon Chaney with Joan Crawford in Browning's "The Unknown" (1927). In this film Chaney took the part of an armless gypsy knife-thrower. This role was another effort of self-flagellation. In order to make this character as realistic as possible, Chaney had a strait-jacket invented that pressed his arms so tightly against his sides and into his body that he gave the startling illusion of having lost both arms at the shoulder. During the making of this picture he was warned time and time again that this stopped the circulation and threatened serious injury. Chaney refused to have the jacket taken off. The result was that the blood, denied its proper circulation, flowed into his legs and burst blood vessels there.

"Dracula"

SHELLEY WINTERS INTERVIEW (CONT'D FROM PAGE 11)

the occupation, I think she gained strength and insight. The woman — actually the real one — had quite a poignant history. She lived through the war and the concentration camp and the terrible experiences, and then was freed and died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. Someone who knew her came and told me after the picture opened — a distant relative of some kind. She had that kind of strength. It wasn't evident when she was younger and she'd been a rich girl and her father and her husband catered to her. And she liked frivolous things. But somehow her basic strength came out in those terrible experiences and she was quite marvelous in the concentration camp and almost survived, but didn't.

I: Almost. It's an amazing story. "ANNE FRANK" was an amazing story.

S: It's an incredible story.

I: It was quite a heartening kind of story too. Of course, you might say it was a child's story, told with the hopefulness of a child. But then, again, it happened. Really happened.

S: As you're talking, I'm thinking what I did in "THE BALCONY." I'm wondering whether I really had a line to follow — whether I managed to do it. I always try to. Though I'm very occupied with the Method and I've studied acting a great deal, in the last few years I've realized that no matter what you do, it has to be related to the total framework of the material. If you're lucky, you get a fine director who guides you. And, if not, you have to figure out for yourself what the playwright is saying to the audience, why he doesn't just save your salary. And the choice you make for each scene has to further that. And now that "THE BALCONY" is finished, I'm wondering if I did that. I hope so. If there's meant to be any positive person in the thing, it's the role I play. And I hope that comes through, and I haven't just played the cynicism. Now I wonder — I won't know now until I see the rough cut of the movie.

I: Has there ever been a period in your career when you felt like giving it all up?

S: Oh, I have — what do you call it? — not hiatuses, but — I had one period once here in Hollywood when I collected my unemployment and went to the race track.

I: But there have been no such "down periods" recently?

S: No. No, I guess because I love the work so much. I'm always rather surprised that I sort of got rich — not that I am! But I think there's so much — I'm trying to think of a polite word besides crap — connected with this business that unless you really have the ability to put up with it and not tear yourself apart — which I used to do — you have to really feel that you're making some kind of contribution to our time. Or else, if you're just working for money and a swimming pool and personal aggrandizement, I think you're likely to become a very disturbed person. I mean, everybody questions, "Why are we here? Why are we alive?" Just to take in so many calories and then try to diet them away? We're here for many reasons, I guess, and we all try to figure out why. And, you know, if you can feel that mankind has some kind of destiny and you are an infinitesimal part in it, then you feel that there's some purpose to your being. We all have periods of giving up, or confusions. Our goals get dim or seem too difficult. And also there's a great will — I don't know how to put it — not to accept the responsibility of being an artist. And there is a responsibility! I don't mean that artists shouldn't get drunk or should go out and face famines. I mean there's a responsibility of saying something, of being something, of believing in something. And if you're an actor, you reflect it, so the audience gets a sense of the human being. I won't name any names, but so many actors and actresses are beautiful people and they seem talented, yet the audience's attention wanders because they are making no comment. They have nothing to say. I've seen that happen. The animal attraction only lasts a certain amount of time. After that you have to have a viewpoint. You have to care about various things.

I: Commit yourself to something? We were talking about that earlier. Early in your career, Hollywood tried to put you in type and —

S: And I was always uncomfortable. But I suppose it was necessary. And I went traipsing through the Iowa cornfields doing personal appearances.

I: Of course, there's an exact opposite to the situation you've cited — the girl, for example, who is strictly a good show girl and has no dramatic talent, who feels that she's obligated to become a dramatic actress and denies the one vitality which she has.

S: The tragedy of that is that you can only be a show girl till you're twenty-five. There's no such thing as an old show girl.

I: Why did you do "THE CHAPMAN REPORT"?

S: Well, I could say very easily for money. But it's not completely true. Basically, to me, the film said certain things, which I think George Cukor got. The novel was rather sensational and so was the film, and not of the highest literary output either. Now, this is where I go "Paula Placard" again. The thing which I wish they would have said in the movie is this: The whole point of — let us say sex surveys. People are very lonely in many areas, and one of these is that some of the things that make you the loneliest — and appear to you the most peculiar — you think that no other human being ever thought or did or imagined. The thing that the surveys do — maybe they do some harm — but the good that they do is that suddenly you say, "My God, all human beings are somewhat alike and there is nothing strange or horrible about me. I'm of the human family!" I wish that had been more emphasized in the picture.

I: One critic said that the only justification for "THE CHAPMAN REPORT" was its four beautiful leading ladies.

S: I don't think I was very beautiful in that picture. I don't think you can cry in Technicolor. Your nose gets red, your eyes get red and run. I disliked myself in it till the end of the picture when I left a note to my husband to go off with my jazzy lover. When I saw the film, there were three young boys sitting in front of me — 15 or 16 years old. At the moment when I was putting my wedding ring in an envelope, the three kids said "Oh, don't — don't do that! Aw-w-w!" And it made me feel very good, because I felt that the point I was trying to make got across — the woman's wrong values. But basically I think I was too busy trying to be pretty in the picture. Because it was Technicolor, I got very busy worrying about every curl.

I: You certainly didn't appear to be concerned with that in the Stevens film "ANNE FRANK." Or in "A PLACE IN THE SUN."

S: Well, Stevens does something marvelous to me. He tells me right off the bat that I'm gonna look lousy 'cause he knows I have such a terrible thing about being pretty. I'll tell you a thing that I used to do. Whenever I had to play a woman who was beautiful, I got sick. Really sick. I played Crystal in "THE WOMEN" on television — the first color television broadcast. I think Fred Cole and Vincent Donahue aged ten years. I get very worried about looking pretty and I forget about acting, which is a terrible danger. But what Stevens does is, he purposely makes me look as unattractive, I think, as he can, and I should accept that and I don't have any problems about it and I let myself work.

I: What directors do you favor?

S: Oh, Stevens is marvelous. Cukor — George Cukor is marvelous. Gil Strick is very interesting. He's very smart about camera and the technical things and kind of — the styles — the visual style of the film.

I: He does some exciting things. It took a tremendous imagination to put that thing out — "THE SAVAGE EYE."

S: With "THE BALCONY," there's a great harsh thing he gets. A toughness, cruelness — it works. I've seen the rushes. The terrible, frustrating thing about a movie, if you're an actor, if you're not a director, you don't really know how it will turn out, what the whole impact will be, until you see it. I get to the point where I don't read the rest of the script. I just read my scenes. I mean, I read it once, but — you know, until you see it —

I: Did the rushes look good?

S: Yeah, yeah. I think — I don't know if it's a great movie, but it's an exciting one. It may even be bad but it's an exciting one. You just can't tell. It's certainly a tough thing to put on film, Genet. It's not realistic dialogue, it's poetic, and it's a sort of bizarre situation. I'm not sure the audience will know what it is for about fifteen minutes.

I: Are they going to release it in art houses?

S: Yeah, I hope they're going to release it! It's a rather censorable subject. I suppose so. It's kind of —

I: Are they going to seek the Code Seal?

S: No. they're not.

I: They're not even going to try?

S: No, they're not going to try.

I: You were mentioned for a Moravia thing.

S: A what?

I: A Moravia film. Moravia? Alberto?

S: Oh, it's been postponed to the spring. They've only sent me a novel and the treatment. I told them to give me the screenplay. Because I've done two films in Italy like that where they make up as they go along. And I don't want to get into that routine!

I: Who's the director on that?

S: The man who did "DIVORCE — ITALIAN STYLE," Pietro Germi.

I: He's marvelous. Any comments on Mastroianni?

S: He's learned tremendously, really developed!

I: What do you do next? Do you go to New York?

S: Tomorrow! Go study at the Actors Studio and go to the gym and get myself ready for "WIVES AND LOVERS" with Edith Head's costumes and — heaven help me, in Technicolor!

Marie-France Piser

Marie-France Piser wearing one of les nouveaux chapeaux, the latest fashionable fad among the smart set in France.

Christian Marquand and Birget Bergen

Birget Bergen and Marie-France Piser at Cannes

Ziva Rodann

Giselo Sandre

a good catch!

"...the daring or sporty type...plays lots of outdoor sports and indoor ones... with no holds barred."

Francoise Sagan's straightforward definition of one of the young and fertile female types available on today's Avenue Victor-Hugo fits snugly the petite, pert and perfectly French Marie-France Piser. As the stray daughter Angelica in director Pierre Mantazel's new film "Young Girls of Good Families," Miss Piser wanders past the bounds of conventional behavior. She's not so good. But she's "good." And she gets caught.

Angelica is drawn from her secure world of the debutante by the shapes, images and promises of the nightclub set. There's a party. Diamonds. Men. A beautiful and experienced new friend. A flash, her picture is on the cover of Paris Match, and Angelica is off to Cannes where she twists in the glamour of Elle, Alfa Romeos, Cote d'Azur, hip-huggers, bolero tops, bubble baths, les nouveaux chapeaux, polka dot bikinis, pearls, diamonds, black lace panties, up-lift or, as with another new St. Tropez friend (played by Birget Bergen), no bra at all. It's a world with a twist for Angelica. There are no longer girls for fun and girls for marriage, just girls on their own. The smiles are brighter, the legs longer, the competition more willing, the skin creamier and the diamonds more sparkling.

The diamonds do it. Away from the security of family and seeking the status of her two sisters — the eldest (Perrette Pradier) is an editor on Elle and the other (Giselo Sandre) a cover girl — Angelica is seduced by the glitter of the jewels reclining on the soft flesh of her new friend (Ziva Rodan). There follows a lot of sun, girls, a little swimming, some loving, a little harmless kleptomania, a huge party for young people of good families and bad, a robbery, some loving, some more loving and some insurance investigators. Little Angelica is caught, gets caught and does some catching.

Set for release in the U.S. by Joseph Levine's Embassy pictures "Young Girls of Good Families" proves Mr. Levine has an eye for the entertaining film as well as the artistic and the spectacular. Full of youth, glamour, charm and beauty it is a perfect vehicle for the provocative innocence of Miss Piser, the eroticism of Miss Rodan and the form of Miss Bergen. It could very well set these three actresses' careers and lives into the pace and the twist of the world the film defines.

If the film pretends to answer any fashionable social questions, they might go like this... who are the French youth?... what do they want?... and what are they doing? The answer: In 1938 there were 612,000 babies born in France and in 1947 there were 867,000. According to "Young Girls of Good Families," the French youth of today are, want and do exactly the same as their parents and more so. Vive la France!

HOWARD JAMES

Bubble bath, bedsheets, parties, bikinis, lingerie and diamonds tempt Angelica (Marie-France Piser).

"The competition is more willing" . . . Marquand and Bergen

HARAKIRI KOBAYASHI HUMANISM

The young Ronin sits stoically before his bamboo sword. Poverty has forced him into selling his cherished steel blade and now his honor has been threatened and he has been intimidated into committing harakiri. He picks up the dull weapon. The bamboo blade bites into the young man's stomach, blood spurts from the wound and sweat streams from his contorted face.

Around him retainers of the feudal lord watch impassively.

Above him stands a swordsman ready to administer the beheading blow following the disembowlement but trained to strike so one piece of skin on the neck is left intact and the head is not lopped off completely.

For minutes the young man saws at his stomach with the dull blade. He pleads in vain for the blow from the swordsman, then, in a final attempt at death, he bites off his tongue before he dies.

This scene starts the violent debate within the film "Harakiri" . . . a debate between humanism and authority, between the honor of harakiri and the system of the samurai. The Shochiku's studio publicity campaign states that: "The world has never understood why the Japanese prefer death to dishonor. 'Harakiri' provides the answer." Whether or not this point is made, is secondary to the fact that with this film, director Masaki Kobayashi has established himself as the contender for the throne of "Emperor" Kurosawa, as the latter is called in Japan. Kurosawa's films "Rashomon," "Seven Samurai," "Throne of Blood," "Yojimbo" and now "The Bad Sleep Well" have enjoyed critical and commercial success in both the East and the West. Movie critic Masahiro Ogi has gone so far as to say that with this film Kobayashi is abreast of Kurosawa. Kobayashi's films have enjoyed both critical and financial success in Japan, some critical acclaim in Europe, and with "Harakiri" he will no doubt find his first complete success here.

Kobayashi's outstanding quality is one that is reminiscent of Kurosawa, but one that has not been perceived in a Kurosawa film since he made "The Stray Dog" in 1949. He is rough. Awkward. Monotonous. Brutal. His lack of refinement is unusual for a Japanese film where even the minor film makers have a delicacy of taste. But it is this rugged individualism which portends a greater future, and is the key to his present success.

The scene mentioned above in which the Ronin commits suicide with a bamboo sword is spoken of as too cruel. Other Shochiku directors upon viewing the screening were nudging each other and wondering, "Why is he so persistent in going into

such detail in this scene? It could have been handled more lightly." It could have been, perhaps should have been, but brutality is a marketable commodity in today's cinema. Kobayashi is persistent and rough whether with brutality, sex, an actor or a screening technician. He is said to follow through on his films to the point of dropping in on the major first-run theatres and counseling the management on screening techniques that will display his films according to his image.

His rugged persistency is shown clearly in his "No Greater Love," which won the San Giorgio Award and the Pasinetti Award at the Venice Film Festival in 1960. The horrors of a POW labor camp were never more retching, the inhuman ritual of the military machine never more stripped of chevrons and polish. Apart from the content and form of this film is the fact that it is only part 1 of a trilogy entitled "Ningen No Joken" (The Human Condition) which ran nine hours and forty-four minutes, the longest film story in motion picture history. (Part 2 is "Road to Eternity" and part 3 "A Soldier's Prayer.") In view of the patience and energy it takes to shoot a single sword fight, this was quite a task.

Another contributing factor in Kobayashi's

rugged strength is his choice of Tatsuya Nakadai as his leading actor in both the "Ningen No Joken" series and in "Harakiri." Unlike the Kurosawa-Mifune team, the Kobayashi-Nakadai team seems a little less perfect, a little more human. In keeping with Kobayashi's brutality and roughness, Nakadai seems to understand the darker sides of life more deeply. He is human, Mifune superhuman. Nakadai is a little closer to what we are, Mifune a little closer to what we should be. Both portend of what we will be. Kurosawa cast Nakadai as the villain in "Yojimbo" and "Sanjuro" because "I wanted someone who could stand up to Mifune in volume." Nakadai did just that and it would have taken an actor of Mifune's or John Wayne's presence to master him. Kobayashi gave the following explanation for his choice of Nakadai. "Nakadai's face perfectly fits the marked individuality of the post-war people, while at the same time he possesses the humanistic atmosphere that is typical of the mid-war people. Summed up, Nakadai's appeal lies in the fact that he is as human as a person could ever be."

Humanism is the constant topic of the Japanese movie maker . . . Ichikawa's "Fires in the Plain," Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai," Inagaki's "Rickshaw Man," Oshima's "The Sun's Burial" and Kobayashi's "Harakiri." It is a humanism that is the responsibility of the individual, that defies authority, bureaucracy or a system of any kind, samurai, military or governmental. It is this humanism as a private morality that motivates Kobayashi. He strikes out like a modern samurai at the oppressors of the individual. His thrust is awkward but deadly. In time his blade will have a finer edge, but even now it protects his honor . . . an honor that he holds deathly sacred as shown by "Harakiri."

INTERVIEWER: What did you want to express in "HARAKIRI"?

KOBAYASHI: When I read the script I felt that it had something in common with the present. Hanshiro looked at the samurai spirit from the human side and Kageyu looked at it from the side of the system. That is where the contradiction and antagonism lie. And this is all washed away by something like the feudal system. This was the point that fascinated me.

INTERVIEWER: What difficulties did you have in the production of this picture?

KOBAYASHI: It was very difficult to make a better script out of an already excellent one. That is one reason that made me all the more ambitious. A good picture is never made by just good directorship. In all of my pictures I never think separately of the director, scenario writer, cameraman and staff. What is more, they must all be first-rate. In this sense, I was very fortunate in making "HARAKIRI." As far as "HARAKIRI" is concerned, I have no regrets in its production, such as I should have done such-and-such a part so-and-so. If my aim was 100 points, I think this picture attained 80 points.

INTERVIEWER: We hear you used real swords in this picture. Is this correct?

KOBAYASHI: Most of the fighting in samurai pictures in the past was more like a dance. Therefore, the swords were all swung with only the hands. In reality, when using a real sword, you cannot cut anyone without the use of the hip movement. Because the real sword is so heavy the actor must out of necessity use his hip movement. Moreover, if the actors used real swords when they carried them on their hips the weight would make them make movements like the samurai of olden days. That is why I used real swords throughout the entire picture, even in the sword-fight scenes.

INTERVIEWER: There is criticism that the scene where harakiri is committed with a bamboo dagger is too brutal. What is your opinion?

KOBAYASHI: In that scene there was no alternate method than to plunge the bamboo dagger into the stomach. I did not have the slightest intention of depicting brutality for brutality's sake. There was no other way to make Hanshiro's entry into the Iyi household more effective.

INTERVIEWER: This production is being compared with Director Kurosawa's "YOJIMBO" and "SANJURO." What do you say to this?

KOBAYASHI: When making this picture I did not have the slightest intention of

CONTINUED

competing with Mr. Kurosawa. I was, however asked by the company to make a picture that could compete with Mr. Kurosawa's works.

INTERVIEWER: What is your opinion of Director Kurosawa?

KOBAYASHI: I have been a fan of Mr. Kurosawa from way back. When I saw "YOJIMBO" I was very envious. It was a very new kind of approach. The Ronin portrayed by Mr. Mifune is adaptable to the present. It was very stimulating for me. When I was an assistant director I saw "DRUNKEN ANGEL." I thought at that time I would never be able to make anything better even if I became a director. Therefore, I thought maybe I should quit making pictures. But I was told by my boss, director Kensuke Kinoshita, "You may think 'DRUNKEN ANGEL' is an excellent picture, but it also has many bad points. There's no need for you to become discouraged."

INTERVIEWER: We hear you do not like to compromise. What do you say to this?

KOBAYASHI: Even though the outcome may be bad, I always want to make a picture in which I can clearly explain why I did such-and-such a thing. I am a very awkward person and so when I am told by the picture company to make something I don't like. . . .

INTERVIEWER: Why do you make so few pictures?

KOBAYASHI: I am not keeping the number of my productions down intentionally. Every year I do lay down plans to make so many pictures that year, but it does not always go according to plan. Making pictures is very hard labor, physically. I would not have been able to make "THE HUMAN CONDITION" or "HARAKIRI" if I had been over fifty.

INTERVIEWER: What are your plans for your next picture?

KOBAYASHI: I would like to do Lafcadio Hearn's "GHOST STORY" in color in omnibus style. I would like to change the color for each different story. Miss Yoko Mizuki is writing the scenario for me now.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF "HARAKIRI," SAMURAI and RONIN

Time & place: Feudal Japan in the 1630's. For over a century the Tokugawa Shogunate has kept an iron rein on war lords and the nation has adapted itself to the ways of peace. This drama takes place on one such summer day in the mansion of a feudal lord.

Peace reigns supreme. However, the Tokugawa Shogunate, whose military prowess hoisted the clan to supreme power, has now grown wary of the powerful war lords whose domains lie far from Edo. Through cunning treachery, the Shogunate is gradually lowering the prestige of the feudal lords and availing itself of every opportunity to abolish the more powerful and potentially dangerous clans. The hero of this drama, Hanshiro, is a former retainer of the feudal lord whose domain consisted of present-day Hiroshima.

Abolition of a clan was considered the supreme disgrace, the head of such clan being obliged to commit suicide by the time-honored samurai ritual of harakiri. According to the samurai code, all retainers of high station were expected to show their loyalty by following their lord to the grave through series of similar rituals. The sole honorable method of dying for the samurai was this ritual of disembowelment and it remained the only way left for a samurai faced with disgrace.

Those retainers faced with unemployment following abolition of their clan and death of their lord were known as Ronin. In the feudal society the samurai and common townsman represented the two extremes of the social ladder. But the advent of the masterless, and thus unprotected by authority, Ronin brings to the fore the human dilemma facing a samurai deprived of authority and security at one blow.

The Ronin, untrained and unskilled in the task of earning a living, are soon faced by hunger and dire poverty. Thus certain segments of these formerly most honorable "fallen" retainers resorted to the least honorable method of obtaining funds to remain alive: "touching" the surviving war lords for financial assistance.

These Ronin would appear at the mansion of the still prosperous lords and request the use of a corner of the garden for purposes of harakiri. Their story was always the same: "Rather than live on in such dire poverty and disgrace, I would die in the time-honored way of the samurai." Such incidents, of course, were most embarrassing to the war lords and it was customary for them to offer the unwelcome visitor a pittance or an opportunity to regain employment elsewhere.

However, there were still those feudal lords who did not conceal their contempt for such lowly Ronin. These lords continued to flaunt their authority in the feudal tradition. This drama takes place in the mansion of one such feudal lord, Lord Iyi. Lord Iyi's domain consists of enormous real estate holdings and approximately 15,000 retainers.

The story brings into focus the haughty Elder of the domain, who basks in the authority of the feudalistic position he enjoys, and Hanshiro whose long Ronin life has brought forth a flicker of humanism through his armor of feudalism. The story moves on to numerous duels and harakiri scenes as the conflict between authority and humanism grows more heated.

One more bit of information which might further your enjoyment and understanding of this production. Despite the bonds of feudalism which evolve around the samurai, there was one right which could not be denied him. The ritual of harakiri required the services of a second. These seconds were always chosen from the ranks of the master swordsmen of the clan. Of the 15,000 retainers in the service of Lord Iyi, it is said that only two or three could be said to be of sufficient skill to act as a second at such rituals. Following disembowelment, it was the second's duty to behead the victim to forego further and useless suffering. However, it was customary to leave one stretch of skin on the neck intact instead of lopping off the head completely. This, obviously, required considerable skill. The samurai committing suicide by harakiri was free to name the second whose services he preferred.

It was this final right of freedom of choice which opens up a unique channel for revenge by the hero, Hanshiro.

WANTED: SAM PECKINPAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

INT: What is your relationship with Disney?

P: At the present — excellent.

INT: Disney is a super craftsman himself. A tough idealist who has a lot going for him. Does he recognize these qualities in you?

P: He recognized something, otherwise he wouldn't have hired me.

INT: Does he use these qualities or hamstring them?

P: He wants two things. A critically and commercially successful picture. So do I. So far I found him to be exacting and exciting to work for and with.

INT: Any suggestions for young men with intentions of directing films?

P: Yes. This is not a closed industry. There are many, many opportunities and if you wish to be a little more than competent, I suggest that any who would be a director learn how to write as a fundamental part of his training.

INT: What is the biggest drawback to the business today, the evils?

P: The biggest drawback I feel is cost. The Guilds while protecting their members have priced the picture business into Europe, etc.

INT: Any suggestions to cure same?

P: Only one. Completely new look at the low budget ($200,000 or less) picture by everyone in the industry. I feel we need new wage scales, new incentive, new blood, new belief and more pictures being made.

INT: Your attention to detail in character, dialogue, decor, costume, background, etc., seems to pay off, or make the big scene, which otherwise might be corny, hit home. I'd like to discuss this but I don't know where to start. How? Do you steal from Dickens, Boccaccio or comic books? It is a sensual thing or deliberate?

P: One question at a time. First, your attention to detail, character and dialogue, etc., etc. I'm a critical audience and try to make a picture that will involve me as a viewer. I don't want to be conscious that I am an individual sitting in a theater seat watching a motion picture. I want to be part of what's going on on the screen. Many details highlight this effect — other distract. All are important. I have never gone along with the standard phrase — "Don't worry nobody will ever notice." I notice.

INT: Do you steal from Dickens, Boccaccio or comic books?

P. I will steal from anything and everybody to make a better picture.

INT: Is it a sensual thing or deliberate?

P: It is both sensual and deliberate.

INT: Do you begin a story with a final scene?

P: I try to set my characters. Decide where they're going. Then I develop the final scene in detail.

INT: Then what?

P: Sit back astonished, appalled, and sometimes delighted as they change and usually destroy the house of cards that I have so painstakingly built.

INT: Do you enjoy writing or directing most?

P: Directing is the second half and the most enjoyable because you're closer to home.

INT: For film buffs only: What particular different or creative uses have you made, sight, sound, editing, camera, framing, etc.?

P: I've tried many things, I don't know whether they are particularly different or particularly creative. However, they seem to make the story and the people work better. I am enormously concerned with all of these factors, but not individually. Their collective effect is what counts.

INT: For the trades, what and who do you hate the most?

P: As I said before, the cost of making motion pictures. I also hate with an unforgiving and vicious passion the ego lovers who don't respect the industry or their tools or the opportunity of working.

INT: "Ride the High Country" not only paid a great tribute to Scott and McCrea but to a great heritage of acting.

P: We'll stop right there. I didn't pay a tribute to Scott and McCrea, or to a great heritage of acting, consciously, that is, but was delighted to work with two men I respected and a fine cast and a fine crew, on a story we all understood and believed in. It was a privilege because they took their work seriously.

INT: Among the old timers, whom did you like the best?

P: Walter Huston, Wallace Beery, Charley Grapewin, Victor McLaglen, Ward Bond. I would say Garfield, but he wasn't an old timer, neither was Bogart and neither was Cooper or Clark Gable or Dick Powell or Errol Flynn.

INT: Who replaced them?

P: I don't know how to answer that question. Yes I do. Nobody.

INT: A Swedish film critic, Bjorn Norstrom has praised your use of McCrea, Scott and their tradition, claiming the young actors of Actors Studio know how to pick their noses, but hardly know how to walk into a gunfight such as you had in "High Country." Any comment?

P: I have found that most actors from the Actors Studio know how to act very well. They take themselves very seriously, which I appreciate. The fact that a fringe group doesn't have the first idea about discipline or what in the hell they are doing should not spoil the fact that most of them do and are better performers because of their work with the Studio. But the best of them will find it hard to match what two great professional stars can do. Particularly when these stars have been building one character and one cinematic walk for 20 years.

INT: Your use of Mariette Hartley was at least unorthodox. While pretty, she doesn't fit the contemporary producer's mold. Why did you pick her?

P: Because she was the best for the part.

INT: Without the typical physical presence, will she make it or will she get used up by the new face machine?

P: She won't get used up by the new face machine. If she's careful in the selection of parts, she'll make it.

INT: Your use of Brian Keith in "The Westerner" and "The Deadly Companions" seemed to fit your role perfectly. What is it in him that works for you?

P: He is a dedicated actor with a complete, and I do mean complete understanding of the role that he plays. Particularly when the role is the one that he wants to play, namely, Dave Blasingame.

INT: Your use of Theodore Bikel in "Pericles on 34th Street" and Lee Marvin and Keenan Wynn in "The Losers" plus all the additional characters in your pictures seem to show a greater belief in character actors than in "name." True or false?

P: True.

INT: Are they better actors?

P: Usually.

INT: Who are the best?

P: Depends on the part.

INT: The following titles, which would you rather make: "Little Orphan Annie," "Lysistrata," "The Raven," "Gunga Din," "City Lights," "Bat Man," "The Satyricon," "The Tropic of Cancer," the Bible, "Terry and the Pirates."

P: I would rather have made "City Lights." I would rather remake "Gunga Din."

INT: Name the best film here: "A Private Affair," "Athena," "The Prodigal," "Stromboli," "Flying Down to Rio," "Tarzan in Exile."

P: "Flying Down to Rio."

INT: Of the following names who would you most like to have directed: Wallace Beery, Errol Flynn, Charles Laughton, Victor McLaglen, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, W. C. Fields, John Garfield?

P: All of them.

INT: What film would you have like to have made the most? "City Lights," "Scarface," "The Wedding March," "King of Kings," "The Gaucho," "La Strada," "Shane," "Stagecoach," "Gone with the Wind," "City of Gold?"

P: "La Strada."

INT: Who would you like most for a mistress? Clara Bow, Theda Bara, Nazimova, Shirley Temple, Jean Harlow, Barbara LaMarr, Flora Robson, Hattie Kessler, Fay Wray.

P: Fay Wray — if somebody would keep that overgrown gorilla out of town.

INT: The character Dave Blasingame of "The Westerner" — (Brian Keith) and in "The Losers" — (Lee Marvin) . . . who was he?

P: The Westerner (Dave Blasingame) was based on a lot of people. Al Petit, a cowboy; Uncle Wes Qualls, a Madera County cattleman; Brian Keith, me and Bill Dillon. Most of the Dave Blasingame character came from Bill's story about himself as a young man. Bill, when I knew him, was in his 60's and ramrodded the 300 head of cull stock my grandfather starved to death on his ranch near North Fork, California. Bill wore steel-rimmed glasses tied on with a piece of rawhide, and carried a very large double-action .45 in the side pocket of his bib-overalls, and would say when incensed or extremely impressed, "Well kiss my sister's black cat's ass!" He was a fine man and a great character — a loser in the best sense of the word. The character played by Lee Marvin in "The Losers" was partially Brian Keith, partially Dave Blasingame, mostly Lee Marvin with pieces of all the rest of us losers thrown in.

INT: Are you going to use him again? — The character, Dave Blasingame?

P: Probably.

INT: Who was most instrumental in helping you become the character you are?

P: My father, my grandfather, my brother, my ex-wife and a 75-year-old-Nevada prostitute who told me the story of her first love affair for $3.00 and a four-bit bottle of beer. The story became "Jeff" the first "Westerner" on the air. A lot of people still talk about it.

INT: Are you for or against pay TV?

P: I am for it!

INT: For you the process of learning, growing and developing as an artist and creator, possibly also as a businessman, seems to be one of continued upward progress. From all experiences along the way — what do you feel you have thus far learned most?

P: Some years ago — when I was directing a little theater group (The Huntington Park Civic Theatre) — I decided it was more important for me to understand than to be understood. I have been learning ever since.

PERSONALITIES

A VIRGIN WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE

Sylva Koscina, a sun-tanned Italian youngster with a willing beauty, is the latest actress to discover an old Earl Carroll merchandising gimmick: "If you almost unwrap the package before the customer leaves the theatre, he'll be back tomorrow." Carroll started with gates of roses, spun glass, hanging gardens, feathers and more feathers before he got to the virgins wrapped in cellophane. All Sylva has is a scarf (pic 1). In Alessandro Blasetti's sketch for "The Four Truths," a new Italian production, Sylva plays the part of Rossano Brazzi's mistress. Driving a huge Cadillac, she is the hare in Blasetti's up-to-date version of the La Fontaine tale "The Tortoise and the Hare." Sylva tries to wrap up the race by unwrapping, but she is finally beaten by a Fiat shrewdly driven by the wife (Monica Vitti, pic 2). Sylva showed her willingness and shrewd publicity mind in bit parts in "Girls for the Summer" and "Jessica." Perhaps she picked up the art of disrobing from Angie Dickinson in the latter, because from that film she went into "The Four Truths" and is now in Paris doing "From Cyrano to D'Artagnan" for Abel Gance. Here she picks up a few tricks from a historic predecessor, Ninon de Lenclos. Playing the part of Ninon, Sylva imitates her by dancing nude beneath a transparent Empire gown (pic 5 with Jean-Pierre Cassel as Cyrano). An obvious trick, but her ability to "bring it off" has unwrapped for her a career.

THE FRENCH BOGART

Jean Paul Belmondo was deliberately compared to Humphrey Bogart in Claude Chabrol's now famous "Breathless." Standing outside a cinema showing an old Bogart picture, Belmondo contemplated a poster displaying that leaden face which masked a personal and inflexible code of love, honor and courage. The physical similarity between the two actors only pointed up the internal difference. Bogart only looked bad. Belmondo was an authoritative incarnation of a cynical young thug. The anarchy in his face was honest. His code was crime. Belmondo's mask was real, but it too hid an ideal trapped inside the frame of a disillusioned thug, an ideal condemned by his empty death in a Paris street. The audience wept and France had a new star. De Sica used Jean Paul as a cynical intellectual who turned into a cynical hero in "Two Women" (pic 1). Bolognini used him as a naive young country boy in "La Viaccia" (pics 2 & 3), and De Broca as a good-hearted bandit in "Cartouche" (pic 4 with Claudia Cardinale). Slowly the warmth beneath the mask is being revealed by the directors, the similarity to Bogart is becoming more pronounced. Neither actor suffers by the comparison. Bogey left behind a great heritage to follow, and might well be proud of this new young European star who has taken up the challenge.

THE JELLY ON A PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH

Lee Remick seems like a fresh young starlet after each film she makes, but her films age fast. "Wild River," "Sanctuary," "These Thousand Hills," "The Long Hot Summer" and "Operation Terror" all were old before their second weeks. But from each one Lee Remick came out as fresh as the jelly on a peanut butter sandwich. As a sexy young drum majorette in "A Face in the Crowd," she started all the directors' batons twirling. Preminger cast her perfectly as the salt on the pretzel in "Anatomy of a Murder" (pic 5), her best and only lasting film. From then on her innocence was drowned, raped, bought, burned and threatened, and each time she came up again the virgin in the letterman's sweater, twirling her baton and just begging to be done in again. By whom? Is she miscast? Can't she pick a part? A director? The answers are probably many. Her appeal is deep, both primitive and contemporary. Her performances often are excellent. In her latest, "Days of Wine and Roses" (pics 1 and 2 show her getting ready for shooting on the film), her performance as the alcoholic wife neared perfection (pics 3 & 4). But it was a near-perfection that could have gone deeper than the film permitted. "Days" was a good diagrammatic film of two people, but if the script or director had permitted, Lee Remick could have made it a personal experience for each member of the audience. Perhaps she should work only for the best directors like Preminger. The "Wine" was good but we'd like a whole meal to remember.

MOMENTS TO REMEMBER • GEORGE CHAKIRIS

In his first album under a contract with Capitol Records, titled simply "George Chakiris," the young star recalled some memorable and recent events in his career. From a look at what is now planned for the star, he'll have a lot more to remember by the time the next two years have gone by. The critically disappointing but commercially successful "Diamond Head" seems to have done him no harm. From there he went to Japan, where he is second only to Mifune and Nakadai in popularity with the Japanese fans, to make "Flight From Ashiya" (pic 1) with Richard Widmark (pic 2), Yul Brynner and Suzy Parker. Seven thousand fans greeted him at the airport; purple shirts are very big with the teenagers in Japan. At present he is making "Kings of the Sun," (pic 3) for J. Lee Thompson in Mexico with Shirley Anne Field (pic 4) and Yul Brynner. He plays an Aztec prince (on the left in pic 5). After that he has his choice of "Young Lucifer" with Tuesday Weld for Leon Roth and Irvin Kershner, "The Gaby Delys Story" with Brigitte Bardot for Roger Vadim, or "The Children of Sanchez" with Sophia Loren for De Sica. He is bound to have some more great moments.

NEWS

ENGLAND

Lee Remick pops up again, this time for a superb director, Carol Reed, in his "The Running Man." This could be her best.

"The Ceremony" will mark Laurence Harvey's debut as a director (above with his star Sarah Miles). Murray Melvin of "A Taste of Honey" will also star.

Sixteen-year-old Alexandra Bastedo was imported from England for a starring part with six other teenagers in William Castle's twist and horror film "The Candy Web." Her haunting beauty has so attracted Columbia that they are luring her back with a seven-year contract.

Joseph Losey has completed his film "Eva" which stars Jeanne Moreau (above) and is about to begin "The Furnished Room" with Claudia Cardinale in England. While Losey's reviews have not been good, Moreau's have been excellent. In any case Losey's style will make the film worth watching. He is closely linked to Aldrich, who was his assistant on "The Prowler" and "M" in 1950, and Cahiers du Cinéma has gone as far as to say that his "Time Without Pity" was inspired by Aldrich's "The Big Knife." Both directors have a careful eye for lighting and design; paintings in particular have played a part in Losey's films. At the climax of "Eva" he has the characters assume the positions in a picture titled The Expulsion From Eden, which gives a hint as to the film's content.

FRANCE

Roger Vadim's new film "Vice and Virtue" will star his new "find" Catherine Deneuve (shown above with Robert Hossein as the sadistic Schondorf) as Justine from the novel by the Marquis de Sade. This is a 20th-century version which uses the Nazi specter as the contemporary vehicle for the sadistic and erotic scenes. Annie Girardot ("Rocco and His Brothers") plays Juliette, the symbol of vice who helps the SS Colonel Schondorf abduct her sister Justine (the virtue of the title) to his castle in Austria where girls from all over Europe have been brought for the pleasure of the SS. As with "Les Liasons Dangereuses," this is another Vadim departure from the original which is intended to show how absolute power in one man destroys him.

"Therese Desqueyroux" is the Georges Franju masterpiece according to the festival critics and a film worth seeing but not great according to the magazine Cahiers du Cinéma (the most artistically consistent critics in France). The star, Emmanuele Riva (above), however, has been acclaimed by all.

Krista Nico (above) is the latest to hope for the crowns Martine Carol and Brigitte Bardot received for their unrobed beauty. Taking it off in a film called "Strip Tease," Krista has a new gimmick, as it's called. She does it for the audience of the high fashion set with all its attendant elegance.

Assuming the guise of a photographer, Charles Denner, as the bluebeard "Landru," moves in on Juliette Magniel in Claude Chabrol's new film of the same name. Joseph E. Levine will handle this one.

Just completed by Pierre Gaspard-Huit is another version of "Sheherazade." From the look of the stills, it seems that the French may have done one of those opulent Maria Montez fantasies which have been so missed. Starring Anna Karina, above, as the lady of a thousand stories, the film is full of the haute-conture elegance of Paris a la Byzantium. A fashion model, Anna first made "Une Femme Est une Femme" with Jean-Luc Godard, which was a semi-critical success for him but a total one for her.

Another Cleopatra! This is a quick film obviously made to capitalize on the Liz Taylor epic. Its young star is the black-haired beauty Pascale Petit who will be rolled out entirely nude on a carpet before Caesar, bathe nude and no doubt do quite a few other things nude. The reason of course will be to draw a comparison between the figures of Misses Petit and Taylor and increase the box-office returns . . . Judging from the still above, it will be a good contest for the audience anyway. Miss Petit was seen in the States in that film which shook up the older generation in France, Marcel Carne's "The Cheats."

Above is the new Paris rage Jean-Claude with Françoise Brion, who is one of the three girls he seduces in Vadim's production "And Satan Conducts the Dance." The other two are Bernadette Lafont and Catherine Deneuve.

Another episode film is due from Paris, this time by one director, Julien Duvivier. Titled "The Devil and the Ten Commandments," it stars Charles Aznavour (star of "Shoot the Piano Player"), Danielle Darrieux, Alain Delon (of "Eclipse"), Dany Saval, Micheline Presle, Jean-Claude Brialy, Madeleine Robinson and Francoise Arnoul, shown above with Mel Ferrer. In this sketch, Francoise is a Paris housewife tempted by a diamond necklace. After she "wins" the gift, the humor begins with her explanation to her doubtful husband.

ITALY

Gina Lollobrigida has returned to Italy to renew the contest with Sophia Loren for the title of the Italian Cinema Queen. Playing a wayward ex-chorus girl married to a petrol station owner, Gina (above) does some things which are bound to draw attention. First her hair is dyed blonde for the film, second she does a torrid dance in plumes and feathers, and third she lolls around in black bra and panties, a situation generally reserved for the eager newcomer. The film is titled "La Bellezza di Ippolita" and she has completed it and is now working on "Imperial Venus" in which she plays the part of Pauline Bonaparte, a girl who had her own distinct, but similar, ways of gaining attention.

The young beauty of Germi's testy comedy "Divorce — Italian Style," Stefania Sandrelli is the star of Mario Missiroli's "La Bella di Lodi." The film is a panorama of that area in Italy which had been through an economic miracle. The plush motels and restaurants of Bologna, Modena and the Po are used for a background to the light amorality of the lovers Sandrelli and Aranda (shown above).

The erotic nature of the night club, and in particular the strip tease, is being put to use by the Italian directors as well as the French. Fellini probably started it all in "La Dolce Vita" which was followed by Bolognini in "Il Bel Antonio" and Antonioni in "La Notte." The latest is from Rossellini's "Anima Nera" shown above.

De Sica has chosen Sophia Loren to play the actress Johanna in his adaptation of Sartre's "The Condemned of Altona." The extrovert, authoritative and sensual qualities of Miss Loren's acting make her perfectly cast as the woman who draws the German officer (Robert Wagner) out of the attic where his father and sister have been hiding him and maintaining his belief that Germany is destroyed. With Loren in the lead and De Sica directing we can be sure that the film will convey individual depth of character, not only the overworked German issue.

Fellini's harem-like illusion of a director in his mid-forties who has given up his dream to make a film about himself, and contented himself with the dream that he can live with all the women that have tantalized his dreams, will star Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimee, Sandra Milo and Claudia Cardinale (shown in 1st picture with Mastroianni). Fellini nowadays can be counted on to shock — one incident in particular will draw comments. The young actress Barbara Steele (second and third pictures above) plays a young starlet living with a man 25 years older than she who in a dream sequence whips her for trying to capture the attention of a young director. Fellini is one of the few directors who could bring this off.

Luchino Visconti (director of the second episode in "Boccaccio 70") has just completed the shooting of "The Leopard" in Sicily for Titanus. The story involves Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily. Don Fabrizio (Burt Lancaster) opposes the new political order and his favorite nephew Trancredi (Alain Delon of "Eclipse") is in favor of it. The other complication is the financial necessity of marrying Trancredi to Angelica (Claudia Cardinale) though Fabrizio himself is disturbed by her sensual beauty. It is the story of a great figure in a passing age, disturbed by the urge of youth. Claudia Cardinale has been handled knowingly by her advisors, appearing in large or small parts in the films of only the best directors.

JAPAN

The major actresses and actors in Japan have joined together to form the first talent union in the Orient. Among the top names involved is Toshiro Mifune (shown above) who has become famous here for his roles in "Rashomon," "Seven Samurai," "Yojimbo" and now "The Bad Sleep Well."

"Adorable Schemers" is a Daiei film aimed at the ever increasing exploitation market. The story of three girls who will stop at nothing to further their careers (that sounds familiar) the film has a lot of real cinematic beauty and although cheaply and quickly done it contains a lot of hard biting commentary and a kimono full of entertainment.

The latest Kurosawa export will be "The Ransom" from the novel by Ed McBain. Starring Mifune (above), it will be another modern drama with all the tension the title implies.

It will probably be some time before the Japanese contemporary film will become common commercial fare in the U.S. Meanwhile, the samurai pictures and the more erotic "new wave" pictures will be getting some play in the art houses. The latest of these is Nagisa Oshima's "The Sun's Burial," which has symbolic implications unfavorable to the Japanese establishment even in its title. The star Kayoko Honoo (above), who plays Hanako, a scarlet flower blooming in the black underworld, displays enough erotic authority and visual domination to become international merchandise long ahead of the Japanese film industry.

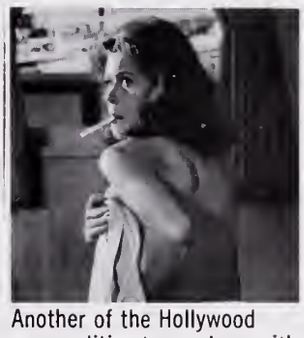
UNITED STATES

Alfred Hitchcock's new film "The Birds" will introduce his new star "Tippi" Hedren (above with Hitchcock) and a host of small feathered animals which have their own idea of who's going to run our world. Hitchcock seems to be saying, "Look out! Don't trust a soul!" For our money we trust him to make a fine film but are a little skeptical still about taking showers.

The international influence has come to Hollywood not only as a financial necessity. In David Swift's ("The Interns," "The Parent Trap") "Love Is a Ball" starring Glenn Ford and Hope Lange (above), the French Riviera is the background for the maneuvers of an artful marriage broker and a wealthy heiress

Melvyn Douglas is back again after his brief but effective part in "Billy Budd." This time he is Homer Bannon (above) in Martin Ritt's "Hud" also starring Paul Newman and Patricia Neal.

Dino de Laurentiis' "Congo Vivo" has been sitting on the Columbia shelves for nearly a year. Starring the "new" Jean Seberg (above with Gabriele Ferzetti), it was filmed while all the trouble in the Congo was going on. In the film Jean Seberg expresses a love for a black man and resists her white lover. The story may have caused some qualms at Columbia, but they have signed Jean to a new contract, one which she has long deserved.



Another of the Hollywood personalities to go along with the trend in showing greater respect to their local heritage is Elizabeth Montgomery. The situation might be obvious since she is the daughter of Robert Montgomery, but the relative motif has not always proved sound. Starring in "Johnny Cool" with Henry Silva (top picture), Miss Montgomery will be seen in her first big role. Her performance in "The Rusty Heller Story" on the "Untouchables" TV series led to an Emmy nomination and her current role. From this she will go to her role in "Lady in a Cage" with Olivia de Havilland, and then perhaps she can arrange a film with her film idol Bette Davis.

In "Toys in the Attic" George Roy Hill is reported to have extracted a fine performance from young Yvette Mimieux. He did a great job for Jane Fonda in "Period of Adjustment" and the Mimieux coup can do nothing but further the talent that Guy Green brought out in "Light in the Piazza" but almost buried in "Diamond Head." The film will also spotlight the return of Gene Tierney, who had little to do in "Advise and Consent."

The latest international cinema rage, Elsa Martinelli (top picture), is completing "Rampage" for Warner Bros. in Hawaii. She stars with Robert Mitchum and a host of animals, which brings to mind the character she played in "Hatari." The proud Elsa does a nude scene in the film, on the set of which her boy friend Willy Rizzo was the only still photographer admitted. Nude or dressed, she has a charm one can't qualify. Atop the Chapman camera crane (above) are director Phil Karlson and Robert Mitchum checking a location.

Angela Dorian, the first discovery of this magazine, has finally, after several good parts on television, been cast in a major film, J. Lee Thompson's "Kings of the Sun." She reports that she neither gets beaten up, is raped, bathes nude, is kissed, dances erotically nor is seduced in the film. This could be a switch. A dark beauty (above), she is perfectly made for the costume film.

Debbie Reynolds brings her toothpaste charm to "How the West Was Won," the long-awaited Cinerama epic from MGM. With directors like Hathaway and John Ford doing portions of this film, much could be expected. From the look of Miss Reynolds' goings-on, however, one would think that those scarlet doves who inhabited the theatres and cribs of the West smelt of pablum instead of whisky.

With the financial success of "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" behind him, Robert Aldrich can now pick his own films with a little more authority. This should happen to more directors of Aldrich's caliber. Aldrich's next film will be "Two for Texas" to star Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Anita Ekberg. The story is an Aldrich original which will be filmed on location in California. Shades of the old days when a Fairbanks or a Griffith would make greatness right in his own back yard!

Andrew V. McLaglen, who directs the latest John Wayne (above) epic "McLintock," took his apprenticeship under the great John Ford. He was Ford's assistant on "The Quiet Man" which starred his late and sadly missed father Victor McLaglen. He has also directed 116 of the "Have Gun Will Travel" and 75 of the "Gunsmoke" episodes on the tube. "McLintock," which also stars Maureen O'Hara and Yvonne De Carlo is a ripsnorting comedy-drama-western similar to the ones made in the Thirties. Director McLaglen has quite a heritage to live up to, but he has one of the greats who made that heritage behind him to show the way.

Howard Hawks has often said that he tries to make every script a comedy first. This time he is doing it with Paula Prentiss and Maria Perschy (above) in "Man's Favorite Sport."

From a look at the record of Joseph L. Mankiewicz's films ("All About Eve," "A Letter to Three Wives" and "Julius Caesar"), "Cleopatra" may have a lot more to offer than a love affair between Liz Taylor and Richard Burton.

John Ford's "Donovan's Reef" will be one of those shoot-em-up, bang-bang, rock-em, sock-em, lovable, exotic comedy-dramas that have been so few and far between lately. John Wayne and Lee Marvin as "Guns" Donovan and "Boats" Gilhooley beat each other up all over a small South Pacific island. Based on the story by Michener, it also stars Jack Warden, Elizabeth Allen, Mike Mazurki and Dorothy Lamour.

"Bye Bye Birdie" takes a good healthy laugh at the teen-age craze of volatile-hipped young male singers and the film according to Life magazine will be dominated by a teen-ager Ann-Margret (above), who as of this date has garnered nothing more than good publicity. From the talk and the stills, the film's humor belongs to the beautiful, and this time black-haired, Janet Leigh and the young comedian Dick Van Dyke of TV fame. Van Dyke is the closest thing to a Cary Grant that has been seen in some time and is no imitation — his likeness is strictly in his timing. It's perfect. We'd like to go on record for predicting that Van Dyke will be one of those really great ones . . . if he only stays away from one of those so-called serious psychotic roles.

Eli Wallach (above) is the American sergeant in Carl Foreman's "The Victors" who runs into one of the many female stars in this film. His particular victory is Jeanne Moreau, but from the look of the female line-up — Moreau, Romy Schneider (above with Foreman), Elke Sommer, Melina Mercouri, Rossana Schiaffino, Senita Berger and Elizabeth Ercy (of "Phaedra") — the victory will go to the female. Carl Foreman has tried several times to make an anti-war film and each time he says he failed. With a look at this group of female divinities, the Mother Goddess may dominate the film and leave the audience thinking the whole war was worth it. Mr. Foreman could lose again.

As for the divine female, the latest has just completed a film, "Island of Love," shot on one of those Greek Islands where Aphrodite once ruled. Georgia Moll (above) has given up her harem days of being crushed in the arms of Steve Reeves for a role in Morton DaCosta's new film.

"The Pink Panther" is a beautiful bit of nonsense produced for the Mirisch Company by Blake Edwards and Maurice Richlin. The last film they did together was "Operation Petticoat." Starring Peter Sellers, Capucine (together above), Robert Wagner and Claudia Cardinale (above), it concerns, supposedly, one real Hindu princess (guess who?), a knight who is a thief of we don't know what, and a sometimes dauntless police inspector.

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES
BY NANNI LOY

Selected by the Italian industry for competition in the Academy Awards, this is a dramatic documentary in the style of Eisenstein's "Potemkin." Covering the spontaneous uprising in Naples between September 28 and October 1, 1943, the film stars the people of Naples recreating the many separate incidents that brought about the successful expulsion of the Nazis.

The success or failure of this type of film is completely dependent on the director. His organizational ability, command of crowds, amateurs and time must be superb. Nanni Loy succeeds. Carefully impartial and accurate, he creates the dilemma of a people who are overjoyed by the prospect of peace and then terrified by their friends turned enemy. Artfully Loy puts each incident, each building block into place until the crescendo of uncertainty is almost unbearable.

At one point a nine-year-old boy, thinking himself a giant of a man and filled with the glory of sand-lot battles, asks, "Is this where the war is?," and in his own humorous, tragic and courageous way finds out. "We are all giants now!" shouts a veritable bull of a man as he leads the charge. They are, and so is the film. J.S.

PRODUCED BY GOFFREDO LOMBARDO • SCREENPLAY BY CARLO BERNARI, PASQUALE CAMPANILE, MASSIMO FRANCIOSA, NANNI LOY • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY MARCELLO GATTI • RELEASED BY MGM

SODOM AND GOMORRAH
BY ROBERT ALDRICH

Since our admiration for the work of Robert Aldrich has caused us to review it with great favor, we turn with distaste to the task of criticizing his last released film.

Mr. Aldrich seems to have been confused as to the type of film he was making. His content here is split between (1) an ancient "free the slaves" social study and (2) a rip-snortin', hell-bustin' exotic spectacle, incidentally taken from The Bible. He splits it down the middle.

The first is absolutely, irrevocably impossible from any serious Biblical, historical or anthropological point of view. He tries and fails.

The second might have made it. Aldrich's inventive use of special effects, new viewpoint on the erotic costume (below on Rossana Podesta and Pier Angeli), and uncanny understanding of occult sadism (Scilla Gabel is hugged to death by a blind slave wearing a breastplate that projects daggers when pressed against) point a direction that he might have gone. An exotic fantasy similar to those made in the Thirties.

As the film is, it fails brutally. A third possibility is what Aldrich might have made of it. He has done better with far less going for him ("Kiss Me Deadly"). If he had imbued the battles with the pagan characters from "Attack." If he had just shown the conditions of a society as he did in "The Big Knife." If he had . . . but he didn't, and since after this he made his masterpiece "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," all we can suggest is that he doesn't "look back" at "Sodom and Gomorrah." J.S.

A GOFFREDO LOMBARDO & JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION OF A TITANUS PRODUCTION • STARRING STEWART GRANGER, PIER ANGELI, STANLEY BAKER, ROSSANA PODESTA, ANOUK AIMEE • MUSIC BY MIKLOS ROZSA • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY SILVANO IPPOLITI • RELEASED BY 20th CENTURY-FOX

THE ISLAND
BY KANETO SHINDO

A rare, moving, and beautiful work of poetry, "The Island" is surely one of the great films of all time.

Not since the Apu trilogy has a picturegoer been made to feel himself an actual member of the family he views upon the screen, but such is the case here. When the film is over, he knows these four so well, he has experienced their lives so intimately and fully, he is one with them. An art form that can make an American picturegoer a member of an East Indian family and a Japanese family in a single decade is a wondrous thing. If only its potentialities for empathy could be tapped more frequently, national hostilities might become obsolete.

Everyone must know by now that Kaneto Shindo's "The Island" is a movie with sound but without dialog. Its characters are a man, his wife, and their two little boys who farm a tiny island which is their home, off the coast of Japan. They have little occasion for speech. The parents' lives consist of rowing to the mainland for buckets of fresh water and rowing back to painstakingly ladle it out to thirsty plants. It is a life of unending hardship and drudgery, and yet to share it with them is a thing of wonder. A day when the younger boy's capture and sale of a fresh fish affords the family a rare holiday visit to the mainland warms and delights the heart. The death and funeral of one of the children near the end of the film is a long moment of unutterable poignancy.

Zenith International Films' publicity tells us that four actors, with no ties of blood or of name, played the leading roles, but we refuse to believe it. They were a family. We know, we were part of them.

Go see and experience this movie. If you don't, you're a plain damned fool. R.G.

A KINDAI EIGA KYOKAI PRODUCTION PRESENTED BY ZENITH INTERNATIONAL FILMS • DIRECTED AND WRITTEN BY KANETO SHINDO • PRODUCED BY KANETO SHINDO AND EISAKU MATSURA • CAMERAMAN: KIYOSHI KURODA

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
BY DAVID LEAN

Underneath the titles of the film a lean bronzed Englishman crosses a cobblestone drive, fills his cycle with petrol, returns the dented can and crosses back to the khaki vehicle. The titles end and the figure mounts the cycle and rides into the rolling countryside, over brown earth and under elm, faster and faster to his poetic, puzzling and permanent death. For the following three and one-half hours David Lean, with an uncompromising beauty, penetrates the lonely totality of a man almost deified — the matchless ardor of a stranger for the fragments of a forgotten empire — the politics, the power, the brutality of enemies and of friends — the heat, the lazy shifting sands, the long, low, hollow moan of the desert as it silently seduces its unwelcome lover — the glory of a true hero — the terror of a false god — the story of a man. What was a forgotten hero is now remembered, what was a glowing mystery of history is now a cinematic heritage, David Lean has brought Lawrence of Arabia back to life. J.S.

PRODUCED BY SAM SPIEGEL • SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT BOLT • STARRING PETER O'TOOLE, ALEC GUINNESS, ANTHONY QUINN, JACK HAWKINS, JOSE FERRER, ANTHONY QUAYLE, CLAUDE RAINS, ARTHUR KENNEDY, DONALD WOLFIT • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY F A. YOUNG

THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL
BY JEAN RENOIR

Too often the later works of a great artist like Renoir are unfavorably compared to his earlier works. Such is the case with Renoir's "The Elusive Corporal." It suffers at the hands of its early counterparts "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game." It is, however, better than either. Technically it is superior and Renoir is older, wiser and more at home with the motion picture art form. The intercutting of the newsreel footage, the visual structure of each scene, the human understanding — all are simply the best. The film could not only be understood but just as much loved if it were a silent.

The story is simple. A young French corporal is captured early in World War II and sent to a work camp in Germany. He wants to escape. He is unbearably human but cannot bear being imprisoned. He must escape, freedom is a necessity to life; his honor, dignity and gentle patriotism demand it. He tries. He tries again. Then again. Each try is foiled. Each is hilarious. Each is perfect pathos. Each is cinema perfection. After locking a guard in an outhouse, the corporal and his partner climb into a truck filled with rubble. The driver returns and drives out of the work camp, down the road, stops and slowly dumps his rubble, the corporal and his friend into another work camp. The fruitless but hilarious efforts continue until he finally escapes and returns to his beloved Paris, where he can continue to fight for the freedom of other individuals.

Renoir's choice of Jean-Pierre Cassel ("The Love Game" and "The Joker") probably came without hesitation. His image (bottom picture) is at once human, cries for sympathy and conceals a human dignity, honor and worth which Renoir (below) believes lies in the least of his brethren. The corporal has none of the garments of the hero, he is naked in his humanity, but he is heroic. J.S.

A FILMS DU CYCLOPE PRODUCTION • STARRING JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL, CLAUDE BRASSEUR, CLAUDE RICH, JEAN CARMET, MONO DAVID, JACQUES JOUANNEAU •

MADAME
BY CHRISTIAN-JAQUE

Sophia Loren explodes beautifully into wit, charm, glamour, beauty, sex and director Christian-Jaque doesn't miss a smile, a pinch or a contour. Taken from the play "Madam Free and Easy" the content is light and fluffy and flows free and easy. Filled with bulging Empire gowns, cannonades, light cavalry, camp followers, brocade uniforms, epaulets, and wet blouses, "Madam" makes no other attempt than to frolic with an unreal past and Sophia Loren. It succeeds.

The framing of shots, camera movements and editing are used in a conventional manner to report the adventure line of the film. The story of a laundress who falls in love with a sergeant, follows him to war, is captured in the hay, escapes, is promoted with her husband to court, and ends up back at the laundry, it offers few unexpected treatments of these incidents. Sophia, however, brings it off. Arguing with the Emperor Napoleon, she reminds him she knew him when. Her large Italian warmth and rotund beauty are so compelling, it makes you wonder whether, if Napoleon had met Sophia early in his career, the corporal would have gone any farther than sergeant.

Not an art film. Not a bad film. Good for a light evening. J.S.

A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • STARRING SOPHIA LOREN, ROBERT HOSSEIN, JULIEN BERTHEAU, MARINA BERT • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO GERARDI • AN EMBASSY PICTURES RELEASE

SUNDAYS AND CYBELE
BY SERGE BOURGUIGNON

Hardy Kruger plays Pierre, an ex-army pilot who was shot down in Viet-Nam and has lost his memory. He is loved by his one-time nurse, Madeleine, who takes care of him. His days are spent watching trains and visiting friends until he meets Cybele. Does he fall in love with Cybele? With a girl he had killed while flying? Or does he fall in love with his own childhood?

Patricia Gozzi plays Cybele, the child left by a disinterested father at the orphanage in Pierre's town. With a child's wile, Cybele convinces the nuns that Pierre is her father so that she can go with him for walks on Sundays. Their walks are fantasies created by the childlike imaginations of both Pierre and Cybele. Pierre is her father, her toy — or is he her lover?

Nicole Courcel plays Madeleine, the nurse. Her love will not let her believe that he no longer loves her, that he loves another or is insane.

Serge Bourguignon tenderly moves his characters in and out of fantasy and reality. Each scene, each shot moves the characters closer to an unexplainable love, farther from an unattainable end. One device is to begin the dialogue of a coming scene while the camera is still on the previous scene. At one point you are listening to the tragic scene that's closing while you are watching the character it most affects, Madeleine, as she gets a premonition of what is to come. Her viewpoint is also that of the audience, and you are suspended between the dreadful premonition and the awful reality just long enough so that when the camera does cut to the expected scene, and you know it is real, your emotions are so distraught you almost refuse to accept it.

Kruger, Gozzi and Courcel are excellent, but Bourguignon is the one to watch. This is his first feature film and it is excellent. Henri Decae's camera work ("The 400 Blows," "The Cousins") is again excellent. Maurice Jarre's music is a welcome relief from the usual theremin "insanity" backgrounds. J.S.

PRODUCED BY ROMAIN DINES • FROM THE NOVEL "LES DIMANCHES DE VILLE D'AVRAY" BY BERNARD ESCHASSERIAUX • PRESENTED BY DAVIS-ROYAL FILMS • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY HENRI DECAE

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES
BY JEAN-GABRIEL ALBICOCCO

Forget the Balzac story. Forget the story. Forget that there must be a story told. Just watch the images on the screen and realize what this seventh art is capable of, what a beauty it can project, what illumination it can bring to the darkness in our lives. Director Albicocco with the assistance of his cinematographer father Quinto Albicocco has created an ideal of what a movie can look like.

Albicocco's mastery of the individual scene is so perfect that in the opening moments each new scene exposes a new possibility for the film you are about to see. The high fashion shots depict a startling society elegance. The shot of the conspirators in the car seem to have the criminal authority of a Bogart picture. The cat mask shot (below) simulates an occult mystery, and the very next cut to the roomful of men immediately creates a sense of political conspiracy. None is true but each is truly exciting.

The Balzac story was better, and neither the Lesbian love affair nor the normal one in this film stimulates an affection on the audience's part. It is the story of a mysterious girl who traps a lover in her web only to have him find that his female business partner has been keeping her. Hence tragedy.

The material can honestly be forgotten this once, for here, as opposed to the cold and not too frequent brilliance of Antonioni, Albicocco is continuously brilliant, with images that definitely point toward a beauty that can and should be attained by the entire industry. J.S.

A KINGSLEY INTERNATIONAL RELEASE • STARRING PAUL GUERS, MARIE LA FORET, FRANCOISE PREVOST • MUSIC BY NARCISE YEPES

TERM OF TRIAL
BY PETER GLENVILLE

Perhaps because so much was hoped for from an alignment of the talents of Olivier, Signoret and Glenville, the critics generally found much to carp about in "Term of Trial." It isn't a wholly successful movie, yet to miss it is to deny oneself many things of value. Overmasteringly, there is more of that pictorial preoccupation with poverty, with dowdiness, with cheapness, shoddiness and decay, which the British have elevated to a high art. Except for a scene or two in Paris, the interior and exterior settings are almost unrelievedly gloomy, yet there is a matchless beauty and fascination in their most depressing aspects.

The story is of a fifty-ish schoolmaster vindictively accused of indecent assault by a young pupil whose proffered love he has gently refused to accept. As the schoolmaster, Olivier is splendid, utterly believable, a joy to watch. Glenville wisely gives him many closeups. So expressive has the Olivier face become, so sensitive an instrument for conveying emotion, one feels that a stationary camera ought one day to be focussed full upon it allowing it to tell its own wordless story for an hour or so. Miss Signoret has far less to do. By glamour-queen standards she's a little old, a little overweight, but she remains an actress of thorough persuasiveness, and a woman of enormous physical impact. Sarah Miles is fetching as the student, but it is the poorly conceived-and-written scene in which she tearfully retracts her accusation against Olivier that doesn't quite come off, concluding the film on a false note. Terence Stamp registers strongly as a juvenile thug.

Glenville effectively uses his camera to make story points, and a scene in which the wrongly accused Olivier strolls past shop windows filled with guns, switchblade knives, nude art magazines, and sexy paperback books makes a dramatic comment on the confused values of present-day society.

R.G.

A ROMULUS PRODUCTION RELEASED BY WARNER BROS. PICTURES • WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PETER GLENVILLE FROM A NOVEL BY JAMES BARLOW • PRODUCED BY JAMES WOOLF • PHOTOGRAPHED BY OSWALD MORRIS

ECLIPSE
BY MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

The content of this film is much the same as "L'Avventura" and "La Notte": people unable to love because the conditions of their environment hold their senses in prison. In "Eclipse" Antonioni's particular concerns are the power money holds over Piero (Alain Delon) and money, capital and the stock market in general. He hates money. Antonioni's hatred of money, however, is much the same as the medieval Christian hatred of Mohammedans. They are bad. No questions. No explanations. No suggestions. As for the people in the film, Vittoria (Monica Vitti) and Piero, Antonioni has answered the question, "Does man have free will?," in the negative. Vittoria and Piero are helpless. They are human vegetables subject to any form of tyranny . . . political, economic, religious or cultural. Here the tyranny is more boredom than economics. Boredom is the content and boring it is.

Regardless of the content, Antonioni in "Eclipse" fails in form also. The subtle designs of "L'Avventura" gave way to dramatic graphics in "La Notte," and in "Eclipse" Antonioni treats every object in an abstract fashion. His eye is good. The last five to ten minutes of the film are beautifully put together. Abstract images cut and blended into a strong nostalgic mood. The rest of the film is weak. Each visual idea is overdone to the point where even the most unaware moviegoer could predict the next move. Monica Vitti walks away from the camera, dead center on the screen, about 30 times. A head partially appears from behind a pillar or similar obstruction at least 15 times and then inevitably comes around the pillar to center screen for a close-up and says nothing. Each action — dancing, running, the stock market clamor, the act of love — is cut short of its climax. Deliberately interrupted by the director as if to prevent the act of life.

Without the presence of people, especially Vitti and Delon who are too strikingly alive, Antonioni might have made a good 20-minute short on the beauty of inanimate objects.

J.S.

A ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM PRESENTATION • PRODUCED BY INTEROPA FILM-CINERIZ (ROME) & PARIS-FILM PRODUCTION (PARIS) • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY GIANNI DI VINANZO • MONTAGE BY ERALDO DA ROMA • RELEASED BY TIMES FILM CORPORATION

I COULD GO ON SINGING
BY RONALD NEAME

This is JUDY GARLAND's show, and she is even a better show today than she has been before. The story involves a famous singer (Judy) who visits her estranged lover (DIRK BOGARDE), now a widower, in London. She connives to see their son, who is living with his father but does not know who his real mother is. Judy steals him away for a few days with her in London, where he watches her perform. The father returns and the situation is inadvertently exposed to the son, who must now choose between them — or so it seems. Actually the choice is whether Judy will "go on singing" or become a mother. Neame, with very little build-up at this point, takes the story away from the boy and gives it to the mother. It's not good drama or good cinema, but since the leading lady, Judy Garland, has been carrying on the most turbulent and passionate affair with show business this century has seen, the audience makes the transition very quickly and will accept anything if only she'll sing another song. She does . . . and as in very few such cases the story rings true. For once, Mommy is better off not being in front of a gas range, but on a stage. No matter how lonely it may be for her, it is better for her and better for us.

Director Ronald Neame, who made "The Promoter," "The Horse's Mouth" and the immortal "Tunes of Glory," has an ability always to get to the heart of his characters and hence to that of the audience. A director with a real warmth, he puts Judy's infectious personality right back up on the screen where Andy Hardy first found her.

J.S.

PRODUCED BY STUART MILLAR AND LAWRENCE TURMAN • CO-STARRING JACK KLUGMAN, WITH ALINE MACMAHON AND GREGORY PHILLIPS • SCREENPLAY BY MAYO SIMON BASED ON STORY BY ROBERT DOZIER • BACKGROUND MUSIC BY MORT LINDSEY • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY ARTHUR IBBETSON • RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS

FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT
BY ANATOLE LITVAK

SOPHIA LOREN'S animal vitality is not enough to pull this one out of the mire of mediocrity. Badly cast and badly directed, she presents three distinctly different characters on the screen . . . a good, kind-hearted wife who has babied her husband (ANTHONY PERKINS) until she no longer respects him . . . an exotic adventuress on the make . . . and a weak woman, tortured by her husband until he drives her to insanity. Which one she is is never made plain. Your attention is divided between sympathy and suspicion.

Anthony Perkins is not much better off. His character of a selfish schemer, a spoiled boy gone bad, is more consistent but not convincing. He is never strong enough to control Sophia but the script says he must and so he does.

Both characters are moving at the command of a force that has not made it clear what it is in the film. That force was director Anatole Litvak, who has to his credit "Snake Pit," "Decision Before Dawn," "Sorry, Wrong Number" and "Act of Love." In fairness to those who will go to see this film, I will not bother with detailing the story line. It is enough to say that "Five Miles to Midnight" is a suspense mystery in the Hitchcock genre of a woman (Loren) supposedly threatened, driven and tricked into helping her husband commit a crime. Her life and safety are supposed to be in danger throughout the film. In addition to the confusion in the nature of the characters, Litvak fails to surprise the audience and get it on the edge of its seat. Everytime Sophia seems safe, she is. Everytime in danger, she is. You know what to expect. The casting alone could have been a surprise. Upon seeing Sophia and Tony together, one would never suspect they are married, yet Litvak ignores the possibility of having what seem to be brother and sister, or even mother and son, suddenly and unexpectedly congeal in a passionate embrace. What an opportunity for a Hitchcock or an Aldrich! There are many more opportunities, and almost all missed.

J.S.

SCREENPLAY BY PETER VIERTEL AND HUGH WHEELER • MUSIC BY MIKIS THEODRAKIS • ALSO STARRING GIG YOUNG AND JEAN-PIERRE AUMONT • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY HENRI ALEKAN • RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS

SEVEN CAPITAL SINS
BY CLAUDE CHABROL • EDOUARD MOLINARO • JEAN-LUC GODARD • ROGER VADIM • JACQUES DEMY • PHILIPPE DE BROCA • SYLVAIN DHOMME

The subjects are Greed, Envy, Laziness, Pride, Lust, Gluttony and Anger. Good subjects and good directors. Somehow the two don't always get together. Perhaps an avant-garde agility to avoid obvious possibilities didn't help here.

The best are "Laziness" by Godard, which tells of a sensually bored film star (EDDIE CONSTANTINE) and a young starlet out to "make" her career (NICOLE MIREL, below), and "Gluttony" by De Broca. De Broca seems to have mastered a sense of comedy ("The Love Game" and "Cartouche"). He is perfect here, with star GEORGES WILSON (below) as a Rabelaisian-type farmer off to a family funeral or is it feast?

ALSO STARRING DANY SAVAL, LAURENT TERZIEFF, MARIE-JOSE NAT, MARINA VLADY, JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL • A JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTATION • EMBASSY RELEASE

SPENCER'S MOUNTAIN
BY DELMER DAVES

Boy, are the critics going to have fun with this one! The film opens with a scenic shot of the Grand Teton with the music blasting "America the Beautiful," then alternated through the film you hear "God Bless America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Shall We Gather at the River," "The Garden of Prayer," "Graduation March" and "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." The film is Americana. Schmaltz. Family Love. Heartbreak. Sacrifice. Triumph. Everything good about America. Everything critics usually deplore.

To make the schmaltz believable, director Daves punctuates the script with some good hard double-damned cursing, several good healthy drinkers, and a good bite of adolescent sex. What he comes up with is a real picture of Americana. Seventeen-year-old Mimsy Farmer and James MacArthur take a good long roll in the hay, but get up a little wiser, having enjoyed it and still in love. No traumas. No incurable guilt. No psychiatrist.

Perhaps the absence of this type of film from our screens makes it all the more welcome despite its faults. It is not good cinema, but it is a good show. It is all too highly polished. Clothes too new. Make-up too "hip." The lighting unreal and extremely flattering. The jokes are gag lines, not cinematic, and Delmer Daves has no particular style ("The Hanging Tree," "Susan Slade," "Parrish"). Henry Fonda is great as the modern-day hell-swingin', hard-liquored, good-hearted mountain man, however, and the rest are fine. Above average in content, weak on form, but more than welcome. J.S.

FROM THE NOVEL BY EARL HAMNER JR. • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY CHARLES LAWTON • STARRING HENRY FONDA, MAUREEN O'HARA, JAMES MACARTHUR, DONALD CRISP, WALLY COX AND MIMSY FARMER

THE STRAY DOG
BY AKIRA KUROSAWA

Made in 1949, "The Stray Dog" will finally appear on the American screens this year. Its appearance will, I hope, clear up many of the unjust, ridiculous and degrading interpretations that American critics have imposed on the works of Kurosawa. Time magazine has gone so far as to compare the struggle in "Yojimbo" to the conflict between Russia and the U.S. A damning compliment for a director of Kurosawa's caliber.

Kurosawa's films — that is, those which he has both written and directed — have a basic human theme that uses the external situations, historic or contemporary, simply as passing symbols of an internal conflict in man. The conflict is between good and evil. Kurosawa's particular viewpoint is clearly stated in "The Stray Dog."

The story is of a young detective who has lost his gun. During his efforts to find it, different victims keep popping up killed by his gun. The young detective finds that he is chasing another man of his own age, who has had environmental misfortunes similar to his own and has become, in the detective's mind, a stray dog. His sympathy goes out to him.

At this point the story is very familiar . . . all too familiar. American moviemakers have thrived on this theme for a long time. From "Dead End" to "The Asphalt Jungle" they did well with this theme, but in the past few years they have failed miserably. Perhaps the makers have forgotten the other side of the coin. Kurosawa hasn't.

Kurosawa's vision is perfect. He sees both sides. His sympathy for the young killer is honest, but his belief in humanity and his respect for those killed and those about to be are greater. The young detective is put to work on the case for an old-timer (Takashi Shimura . . . remember the leader in "The Seven Samurai"?) who with patient understanding and perfect wisdom shows the young detective that it is the duty of the philosopher and the scholar to debate the effects of environment and poverty . . . but that it is his duty to catch the killer. There is a right and wrong, a difference between black and white. The stray dog has gone mad and he must be caught.

Kurosawa's belief, as made clear in "The Stray Dog," is that the private person must decide between right and wrong, and he is completely intolerant of any man who feels he can do nothing. The individual must act.

Often such action is crude and awkward but full of the force and purpose of first passion. Such is the case with Kurosawa's handling of this, his first important film. Tough. Brutal. Sharp. Quick cut. Relentless montage. Demanding. It projects all the rugged beauty of an uncut gem. J.S.

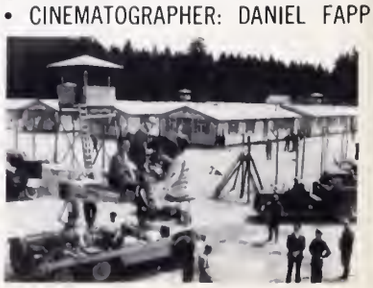
PRODUCED BY TOHO LTD. • STARRING TOSHIRO MIFUNE AND TAKASHI SHIMURA • CINEMATOGRAPHY BY ASAKAZU NAKAI

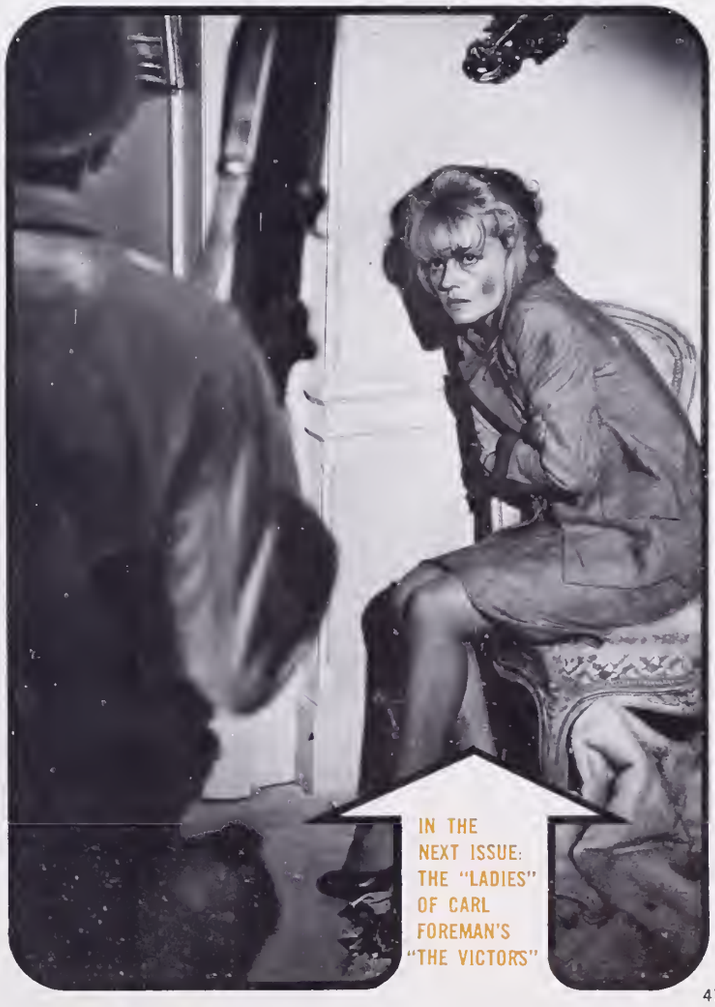
THE GREAT ESCAPE
BY JOHN STURGES

"The Great Escape" is a Mirisch-Alpha film based on Paul Brickhill's true story of a plot by captured Allied airmen to tunnel out of a Nazi prison camp in World War II — a plot that resulted in the greatest mass breakout of POW's in military history. The Mirisches have given it color, wide screen, German locations, and Steve McQueen, James Garner and Richard Attenborough, heading a rugged all-male cast. The director is John Sturges ("Bad Day at Black Rock," "The Old Man and the Sea," "The Magnificent Seven") who gives an added infusion of virility to any picture he makes. In this case Mr. Sturges has come up with a rollicking, roistering, brawling film that alternates high comedy with scenes of gripping suspense. The film's one major flaw, in fact, is a kind of schizophrenia of intention. Comedy predominates in the first half as the airmen are tunneling their way to hoped-for freedom under the very noses of their German captors. They make clothes, draw maps, forge identification papers, and work out hundreds of large and small details with an untrammeled collegiate enthusiasm that is very funny, if a little incredible. But once the actual escape is underway, and as the 76 escapees are making their separate ways across Germany, the effect upon the viewer becomes one of almost unrelieved tension. Some of the men do get away (and not the ones you'd think), but most are caught, and many are grimly dealt with. When the film has concluded, there's been a little too much grimness for total enjoyment of the comedy, and a little too much comedy for a credible adventure in suspense.

But if "The Great Escape" isn't the greatest or most "unified" motion picture of all time, it is nevertheless high entertainment that rivets the attention for almost three hours running time. The cast is uniformly impressive. The cheekiness of McQueen, the confident roguery of Garner contribute hugely to the comedy. Attenborough as the master plotter and James Donald as senior British officer in the camp exude controlled authority which counterbalance the comedy to make the suspense more plausible. There are striking supporting performances by Angus Lennie, Charles Bronson and James Coburn. R.G.

A MIRISCH-ALPHA PRODUCTION FOR UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE • PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JOHN STURGES • SCREENPLAY BY JAMES CLAVELL AND W. R. BURNETT, BASED ON THE BOOK BY PAUL BRICKHILL • CINEMATOGRAPHER: DANIEL FAPP





CINEMA

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TWO EXCLUSIVE FILM DOCUMENTS: ALFRED HITCHCOCK ON FILM STYLE AND AKIRA KUROSAWA SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF IN HIS ONLY U.S. PRESS INTERVIEW

A VISUAL LOOK AT FELLINI'S LATEST FILM

CAROL LYNLEY (COVER STORY)

THE DIRECTORS PICK THE TEN BEST FILMS

THE LADIES OF CARL FOREMAN'S "THE VICTORS"

SOPHIA LOREN, ANTHONY MANN AND THE FALL OF ROME

SADISM FOR THE FAMILY, THE 2ND JAMES BOND FILM

DEAN MARTIN BREAKS UP URSULA ANDRESS ON THE SET OF ROBERT ALDRICH'S "FOUR FOR TEXAS" BEING SHOT AT WARNER BROS. IN HOLLYWOOD. URSULA STARTS AS A RIVERBOAT DOXY AND ENDS UP A RIVER QUEEN WITH FULL LENGTH NUDE PAINTING BEHIND THE SHIP'S BAR AS PROOF OF HER STATUS.

THE DIRECTORS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

CINEMA regards the principle of individualism as the source of creativity. Having applied that principle to the movies and singled out the director as the principal individual in motion picture creation, we have extended the pages of the magazine to the directors as a platform for their own opinions.

In the opening interview of this issue, Alfred Hitchcock takes a diametrically opposite viewpoint to that of this magazine in regard to film authorship . . . Federico Fellini takes out after all critical interpretations of his latest film . . . the directors pick their own favorite films on page fourteen . . . and the emperor of Japanese films Akira Kurosawa, in the only interview he has granted the American press, gives his own interpretation of his much-discussed style and content.

CINEMA is proud to have these men's opinions in its pages, and as an extension of this policy, will seek out other responsible individuals who contribute to the creation of motion pictures, regardless of their dissenting opinions.

THE EDITOR

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ALL CORRESPONDENCE REGARDING ADVERTISING, PUBLICITY AND SUBSCRIPTION SHOULD BE MAILED TO CINEMA • BOX 1309, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA. SUBSCRIPTION RATE IS $3.75 PER YEAR. ALL EDITORIAL MATERIALS SUBMITTED WILL BE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED BUT WILL BE RECEIVED WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THE PUBLISHER AND EDITORS SHALL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSS OR INJURY. REPRODUCTION IN ANY MANNER, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IN ENGLISH OR OTHER LANGUAGES, PROHIBITED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A. SIX TIMES A YEAR. APPLICATION FOR SECOND CLASS MAILING PRIVILEGES ENTERED AT LOS ANGELES POST OFFICE. CINEMA IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY SPECTATOR INTERNATIONAL, INC.

COVER PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

An Interview With Alfred Hitchcock

HITCHCOCK ON STYLE

The Hitchcock office is now at Universal City, the busiest lot in Hollywood. Speed! Change! Work! All the commodities of bursting TV factories and desperate film industries are there. Streets are torn up. Lines form in front of casting offices. Urgency, glamour, excitement and fear are shared with each cup of coffee. But not at the Hitchcock office. This sanctuary is just off the main studio thoroughfare, yet the difference is immediate. The office is English. Impeccably tasteful. Quiet and warm. When CINEMA'S interviewer arrived, Mr. Hitchcock, dressed in a classic black suit and tie, had just finished washing and drying his hands and extended one of them, still rather pink from the toweling, to be shaken. Told that CINEMA would like him to define, if he could, his film style, he readily agreed, and from that moment on stayed firmly on the subject with the agility of a man who has long been manipulating the minds and emotions of audiences all over the world.

° ° °

HITCHCOCK: What is CINEMA?

INTERVIEWER: CINEMA is distributed nationally in the United States, a magazine for what we think of as the "intelligent motion picturegoer." Our premise . . .

H: Are there intelligent picturegoers?

I: We presume so . . . Our premise is that there are intelligent motion picturegoers who look to directors as the creators of motion pictures. Now what I'd like to talk to you about is film style. You stated recently that the two things common to all your films are style and suspense, whereas otherwise they are all quite different. I presume your films are all pre-designed by an art director. Do you do the drawings yourself?

H: Well, art director is not a correct term. You see an art director, as we know it in the studios, is a man who designs a set. The art director seems to leave the set before it's dressed and a new man comes on the set called the set dresser. Now there is another function which goes a little further beyond the art director and it is almost in a different realm. That is the production designer. Now a production designer is a man *usually* who designs angles and sometimes production ideas. Treatment of action. There used to be a man . . . is he still alive? William Cameron Menzies. No, he's not. Well, I had William Cameron Menzies on a picture called "Foreign Correspondent" and he would take a sequence, you see, and by a series of sketches indicate camera set-ups. Now this is, in a way, nothing to do with art direction. The art direction is set designing. Production design is definitely taking a sequence and laying it out in sketches. Now to give you an example, where I do a lot of my own production design (in fact, I do most of it today) . . . would be a sequence like the airplane chasing Cary Grant in "North by Northwest." You remember that sequence? Well this has very careful design because I designed it purely to avoid the cliche. Now in movies, or in films if we want to call them by a more dignified name or motion pictures to go a little further: The cliche of the man being put on the spot is usually a place of assignation and it takes form of a figure under a street lamp at the corner of the street with the rain-washed cobbles shining in the night . . . maybe a cut to a blind being pulled aside, and a face looking out.

I: A cut to?

H: A shot of it . . . a shot of it. Every time I use the word cut . . . I mean a shot, a separate piece of film. And another piece of film that would be a cut would be a black cat slinking along the wall . . . Anyway this is the cliche atmosphere in which you put a man who has been deliberately placed in danger. Somebody is going to come along and bump him off. In the gangster films they went by in a black limousine that went da da da da da da da with a gun and the guy fell down. Well of course, this is such a cliche thing, you see, that one has to fight shy of it and run as far away from it as one possibly can because it's all predictable. The audience has seen it so many times, students of the cinema are so familiar with it. Now I decide to do something quite different and I say to myself, What shall I do? Well, let's have it with nothing so that the audience will have no conception as to how this man is going to be bumped off or shot. So therefore, I take the loneliest, emptiest spot I can so that there is no place to run for cover, no place to hide, and no place for the enemy to hide, if we can call him that you see. Now we get him off the bus and we stand him, a little tiny figure, showing, establishing very clearly, the complete wasteland everywhere.

I: Would this be an establishing shot?

H: It could be. It does two functions: It sets up the man being placed in position, and it sets up the nature of the surroundings so that the mind of the audience says,

DRAWING BY GUY DEEL

"Well. This is a strange place to put a man." Now we go down and we go close on him, and this is where design comes in. And he looks around him and cars go by. So now we start a train of thought in the audience, "Ah, he's going to be shot at from a car." And even deliberately, with tongue in cheek, I let a black limousine go by. And I let it go right by, you see. Now, the car. We've dispensed with the menace of possible cars or automobiles, we'll say. Now a jalopy comes from another direction, stops across the roadway, deposits a man, the jalopy turns and goes back. Now he's left alone with the man. This is the second phase of the design. Is this going to be the man? Well, they stand looking at each other across the roadway. Grant, our hero, decides to investigate . . . and casually walks across and talks to the man . . . and obviously nothing is going to emerge from this man or you feel that, until his bus begins to appear. Now the local bus comes and *just* as it pulls up — and this is a matter of timing — just before it gets to the stop, the man says to Grant, "That's funny." And Grant says, "What's funny?" He says "There's a plane, a cropdusting plane over there dusting a place where there are no crops." Before this can be gone into in any way at all he's on the bus and gone. So now you've got the third phase. The audience says . . . "Ah, the airplane." Now, what's gonna be strange about the airplane, and you soon know. And from that point on you have a man trying to find cover. There is no cover until he gets into the cornfield. Now, you do in the design a very important thing. You smoke him out with the very instrument that you're using, a cropduster. Theory being, don't have a cropduster without your using it, otherwise you could have any airplane. So the dusting of the crop, the dust rather from the cropduster, smokes him out of the cornfield and he dashes in front of the truck desperately and the plane makes a last dive, mistimes it. Or the truck does come to a stop by his frantic waving and out goes the whole lot. So you see, this is the design. This sequence is very carefully designed step by step both visually and to some extent in its menace . . . the menace of its content. So that's production design, exemplified in terms of its function. What does it do?

I: Selection primarily of the framing of the shot.

H: Of the images and what they do.

I: What about the direction of the subject movement within the frame?

H: That's axiomatic you see. The action itself is self-evident. For example, as many variations as one can get of a plane attacking a man. Even to the point where the man is running toward the camera, and you go with him and the plane comes down over the top of him into the camera practically. This is giving the audience the sensation of having the plane dive at them. So here we come again, now this brings you into the manner of style. You see. They'll say, "Well, only Hitchcock could have thought a thing like that out." So style . . .

I: The entire situation determines it more then an individual cut or . . .

H: Oh, well a cut is nothing. One cut of film is like a piece of mosaic. To me, pure film, pure cinema is pieces of film assembled. Any individual piece is nothing. But a combination of them creates an idea.

I: Is this what is referred to historically as montage?

H: Montage, you can call it that. But there are many kinds of montage. For example, there was a lot of it, more of it in "Psycho" than many pictures I've ever made. "Psycho" is probably one of the most cinematic pictures I've ever made. Because there you had montage in the bathtub killing where the whole thing is purely an illusion. No knife ever touched any woman's body in that scene. Ever. But the rapidity of the shots, it took a week to shoot. The little pieces of film were probably not more than four or five inches long. They were on the screen for a fraction of a second.

I: How long was the entire scene?

H: I would say about a minute and a half. That's all.

I: Would this be speeding up action or slowing it down . . .

H: No . . . no . . . No, this is the action told in terms of pieces of film. Expressing violence by the juxtaposition of the angles, and the pieces of film assembled. In actual practice — this has nothing to do with the final result — but in the course of handling a nude girl, I actually used a nude girl. But I shot her in slow motion, and turned the camera slow as well, so that when it's projected at normal speed this slow motion is speeded up. I made her work very slowly because I wanted the breast, the bare breast to be conveniently covered with the struggling arm at the right moment. Doing it with rapidity, you could never time it right. But having her do it in slow motion, and turning the camera in slow motion, when it went through at the normal speed the arm came up quickly. And the timing was worked out that way. But that's nothing to do with the technique, that was only a means of achieving that covering up you see.

I: More technical than style.

H: Yes, that was a technical thing. Now let's go back to talk further in terms of style, in the use of film and the juxtaposition of pieces of film. We have two kinds. We can have the pieces of film that are put together to create an idea, or the pieces of film that are put together to create an emotion. Now the bathtub scene was an emotional putting together of film . . . an expression of extreme violence. Now also in "Psycho" you had a scene where the detective was coming up the stairs. Now the audience knew that there was a menace around. A monster. So he came up the stairs and when he got to the top of the stairs, I took the camera very high, extremely high. So that he was a small figure. And the figure of the woman came out, very small, dashed at him with a knife. And the knife went out, and we're still very high, and as the knife started to come down, I cut through a big head of the man. And the knife went right across the face, and he fell back from that point on. Now the reason for going high, — and here we're talking about the juxtaposition of size of image. So the big head came as a shock to the audience, and to the man himself. His surprise was expressed by the *size* of the image. But you couldn't get the emphasis of that size unless you had prepared for it by going high. In music going high would be like the tremolo of the violins and suddenly the brass goes GRRR! as it comes out with the big head expressing his shock. Now that's juxtaposition of pieces of the film to create emotion. Now we have the other type of pieces of film *which create ideas:* "Rear Window," a very cinematic picture. But a static figure — in one position, in one room, for the whole picture. And yet this is pure cinema. I'll tell you why. Mr. Stewart is sitting looking out of the window. He observes. We register his observations on his face. We are using the visual image now. We are using the mobility of the face, the expression, as our content of the piece of film. Let's give an example of how this can vary, this technique, with whatever he is looking at: Mr. Stewart looks out. Close-up. Cut to what he sees. Let's assume it's a woman holding a baby in her arms. Cut back to him. He smiles. Mr. Stewart likes babies. He's a nice gentleman. Take out only the middle piece of film, the viewpoint. Leave the close-ups in — the look and the smile. Put a nude girl in the middle instead of the baby. Now he's a dirty old man. By the changing of one piece of film only, you change the whole idea. It's a different idea. One was a benevolent gentleman, his character *changed* even with that. So this is what I mean by pure cinema. It doesn't relate to what a lot of movies are, which I call photographs of people talking. That's a different thing entirely. I'll tell you another interesting thing in the manner of style or the use of cuts. . . . creative imagery . . . and what you convey to an audience by the cuts. One of the people working on the picture asked me could they lay out the sequence of the detective going up the stairs. I said sure if you want to have a go, lay it out in a series of sketches. I happened to be home sick that day, so I said to the assistant, I said you've got the sketches, it's a hand going up the rail, it's the feet on the tread going up, it's a close-up of the man going up, and now you get feet again and these different things, and I let them shoot them. Then when the cutter put the shots together for me, I realized they couldn't be used. The whole thing was wrong. The reason it was wrong is because these cuts belonged to a furtive individual of a menacing nature. But the detective was an innocent party, therefore you wanted an innocent shot. And I threw the whole thing out. It was a wrong use of the montage. Of this type of montage. So I'm illustrating all of these to show what style is, and how you use it and for what purpose. Every piece of film that you put in the picture should have a purpose. You cannot put it together indiscriminately. It's like notes of music. They must make their point.

I: Can we get an example, say from "The Birds," of this type of thing?

H: Yes, well, you get a different thing in "The Birds." In "The Birds" you get a sequence, the main sequence . . . of course, you get the girl in the attic, there is clear montage. That's the same as the scene in "Psycho" with the girl in the bathtub, the attack . . . by a series of pieces of film assembled together of all facets of the scene. Now the reaction of the people where the birds are attacking the house, and you don't see them, *there* is a matter of shots assembled together to create a panic of people who are running from what? I don't know. I can't see anything. Now I gave two kinds of shots. I gave the mother and child a dotty movement. Can't find cover. They end up in a corner. The girl retreats from nothing. So her image was an emptiness in the foreground, symbolizing nothing. And she backs up against the sofa, and starts to climb the wall, rolls around the lamp. I build her up as she goes along. Well these images are angles chosen to express the fear of the unknown. They're not shot just without any thinking about what the intention is, you see.

I: In seeing the film I was trying to be conscious of this and it got very hard because I got involved in the story, but there was one sequence — I guess you would term it cross cutting — after Tippi Hedrin has crossed the bay, and deposited the present of the birds and starts back. Then there is the sequence of her rowing across, and the car, and back and forth. . . .

H: That's right, well that's her viewpoint.

I: That's her viewpoint. Now would this be termed cross cutting?

H: Ah, no, no, that's subjective treatment. Subjective treatment is the close-up of the person and what they see. You see I use it a lot. A tremendous lot of subjective treatment in film. I put the camera, as it were, I make the person in close-up and what they see. "Rear Window" is purely subjective treatment – what Jimmy Stewart sees all the time. And how he reacts to it.

I: Could we say that a strong point in your style would be this subjeetive treatment?

H: Subjective treatment. As against the objective. You see, the objective is the stage. Is the theater. We are audience looking at the people on the stage. We aren't with them, we aren't getting any viewpoint you see.

I: So, with this you're getting the camera within the mind of the viewer.

H: You know the young film director always says, oh, let's do a scene where the audience is the camera. That's the prime cliche of *all* cliches. Bob Montgomery did one called "Lady in the Lake." It's quite unnecessary. You might just as well do a close-up of who it is. You know, it's a trick and there's nothing to it. You'd much better have a close-up and then what they see. Move with them – do anything you like – make them go through any experience – anything.

I: But Chabrol and Truffaut have in a sense imitated this style of yours, or learned from it.

H: Yes, they have. But after all, the greatest example of that which has been traditional, I think, in movies is the experience of a person on a roller coaster. You know when they brought that out with Cinerama, people said "Oh, my God, isn't Cinerama wonderful? Nothing, of course, nothing like it at all!" That old roller coaster angle has been shot ever since silent films – way, way, back. I remember when they made a film years ago called "A Ride on a Runaway Train" and they put the camera up front and looked the world in the face. I ean go back as far as 1912, maybe earlier, maybe 1910, when they used to have a thing in London called "Hale's Tours." And the audience paid their money and they went into a long car, like a pullman car, with rows of seats and a screen at the end. So you sat there, and all they did, they back-projected a film taken on the front of a train in Switzerland. Going through the Alps and so forth, and you sat there, and you were taken for a ride on a train. This is the same thing. This is purely subjective treatment.

I: Well, that would then be one major aspect of your style. We are also defining pretty well what is pure cinema here. What would be another aspect?

H: Let me say this to you. I put first and foremost cinematic style before content. Most people, reviewers, you know, they review pictures purely in terms of content. I don't care what the film is about. I don't even know who was in that airplane attacking Cary Grant. I don't care. So long as that audience goes through that emotion! Content is quite secondary to me.

I: Now is this a philosophic viewpoint? . . Or is this something that just happened, like the man who makes cartoons likes to make people laugh?

H: Well, I believe this. I believe we still have in our hands the most powerful instrument, cinema, that's been known. I know of no other medium where on a given night in Japan, in Germany, in Paris, and in London and in New York, the different audiences of different nationalities can be shocked at the same moment at the same thing on that screen. I don't know of any other medium. The theater? How far does that get? It never gets to Japan. Well, by God, you go outside of a movie on The Ginza, and you will see a great big head of Hitchcock up there. Because they think so much of the director with oriental eyes! Really! Yes! But, this is my point when you say what do I enjoy? I enjoy the fact that we can eause, internationally, audiences to emote. And I think this is our job.

I: As an entertainer? As a creator?

H: As an entertainer. As a creator. What is art? Art is an experience, isn't it? You know? Now the art of the talking picture, I think, belongs to the theater. You see, the only thing wrong with silent pictures was that sound never came out of the mouths. But unfortunately, the moment sound arrived, all these horrible commercial people rushed to the theater, and borrowed from the theater. And they are still doing it today. I've done it myself! They say "Will you make a film of 'Dial M for Murder'?" I say O.K., all right. But I refuse to open it up like they do in the movies. I said it's nonsense. What do you do? When you take a stage play, I said? What do you call opening it up? The taxi arrives, we have a long shot of the street. The taxi stops at the front door of the apartment house. The characters get out, cross the sidewalk, go into the lobby, get into an elevator, go upstairs, walk along the corridor, open the door and they go into a room. And there they are, on the stage again. So, you might just as well dispense with all that, and be honest and say it's a photographed stage play and all we can do is to take the audience out of the orchestra and put them on the stage with the players.

I: You didn't do this completely though. In "Dial M"?

H: Yes, and I'll tell you why. Because I've seen so many stage plays go wrong through opening up, loosening it, when the very essence is the fact that the writer conceived it within a small compass.

I: But you would still treat it cinematically?

H: Within its area. If I can. As much as I can.

I: Do you design each production? Design eaeh film in advance completely? With drawings, and . . .

H: Yes, "Psycho," yes, to some extent with drawings, but you see "Psycho" was designed, first of all to lead an audience completely up the garden path. They thought the story was about a girl who stole $40,000. That was deliberate. And suddenly, out of the blue, she is stabbed to death. Now, a lot of people complained about the excessive violence. This was purposely done, because as the film then proceeded, I reduced the violenee while I was transferring it to the mind of the audience. By that first impact, so the design of the film was very clearly laid out. So that that audience, by the time we got toward the end when the girl was going over the house, wandering, they didn't particularly care who she was . . . They will yell LOOK OUT! when a burglar is going around the house. They will still have the same fear of being caught or being attacked or what have you. So, I was transferring by establishing the violence strong in the beginning and then got less and less violent as the film went on, thus letting their minds carry. That's what the pattern of the film was. The pattern of "The Birds" was deliberately to go slow. And with an unimportant kind of relationship.

I: This has been highly criticized by some critics.

H: I deliberately made it slow.

I: You deliberately made it slow?

H: Oh, no question about it.

I: But it was still – to me, interesting.

H: But the point is, that's where the critics were wrong, you see, because the effect on an audience isn't there unless I've made them wait deliberately and gone slow.

I: This is timing?

H: This is truer timing. Well, it's just like designing composition in a painting. Or balance of colors. There is nothing accidental. There should never be anything accidental about these things. You've got to be very clear in what you are doing and why you're doing it. You know, for example, I think it was the New Yorker once – they don't review pictures. They don't review them, they make jokes about pictures anyway. They always have a man who's supposed not to like the movies – But they had the ridiculous effrontery to say a picture like "North by Northwest" was unconsciously funny. You know. They really did. Or, Hitchcock is doing a parody of himself. Of course, I'm doing it with the tongue in the cheek. "Psycho" was the biggest joke to me. I couldn't make "Psycho" without my tongue in my cheek. If I'd been doing "Psycho" seriously, then it would have been a case history told in a documentary manner. It certainly wouldn't have been told in terms of mystery and oooooh, look out audience, here comes the bogy man! This is like telling a story to a little boy. It's like telling a fairy story. You tell it in hushed tones: "Ssh! and then the woman went up the stairs!" That's all I'm doing. And you've got to have a sense of humor to do this.

I: In "The Birds" then, there is really no – what you would call theme or message?

H: All you can say about "The Birds" is nature can be awful rough on you. If you play around with it. Look what uranium has done. Man dug that out of the ground. "The Birds" expresses nature and what it can do, and the dangers of nature, because there is no doubt if the birds did decide, you know, with the millions that there are, to go for everybody's eyes, then we'd have H. G. Wells' Kingdom of the Blind on our hands.

I: I think you took advantage of a natural human trait though, that when, say uranium, or the Bund movement in the 30's, or the plague in the medieval times starts to descend upon a given group of people, they don't want to believe it. They fight against it.

H: Well, or they're helpless with it. You see, the idea of the people in the house, when the birds are attacking and not knowing what to do . . . I only had the shutter blow open and the young man try to close the shutter, to tell the audience what it was really like outside. Otherwise, I was asking too much of their imagination. So, I gave them a little sample: White shadows go for his hand . . . bloody it up. I'm saying "Audience, that's what it's really like outside." Only by the millions, not just two, as I've just shown. Now the helplessness of the people is no different in that sequence than people in an air raid with nowhere to go. Now, that's where the idea came from. I've been in raids . . . in London and the bombs are falling, and the guns are going like hell all over the place. You don't know where to go. Where can you go? Can't go down to the basement. That's kind of sissy, you know.

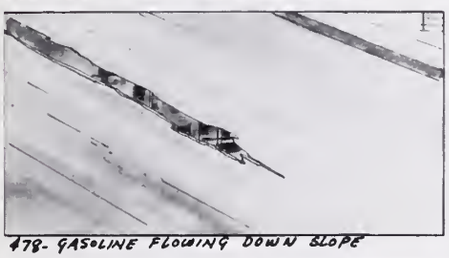
I: I see . . . So you're just caught.

more Hitchcock on page 34

SUBJECTIVE TREATMENT

These drawings for "The Birds" are by Hitchcock's production designer Robert Boyle. To the left is the establishing shot of the interior of the Tides Bar. Gulls have just attacked the attendant at the gas station. Mitch leaves to help. Melanie continues to look out the window at right of frame.

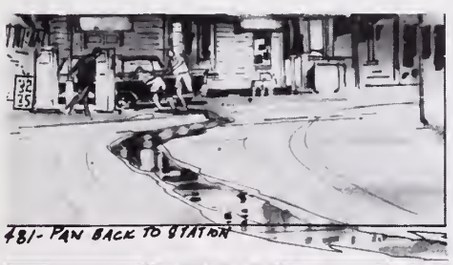
Profile close-up as Melanie looks down.



Cut to fluid running down the street.

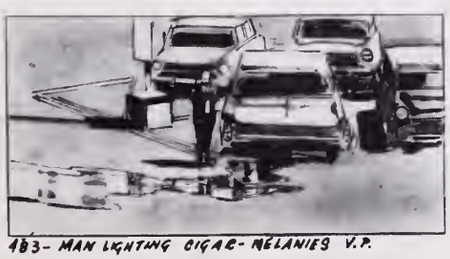
Close-up of the liquid.

Full face shot of Melanie as she turns her head towards the gas station.



Pan shot picks up fluid on the street and moves up to the gas station where men are helping the injured attendant as gasoline gushes from the hose.

Cut back to Melanie who is now concerned and looks to see where the gas is flowing. Hitchcock is cutting from close-up to small figure shots. The drastic image change also adds to the excitement.



From Melanie's viewpoint, a man is seen lighting a cigar near the gasoline puddle.

Melanie's face reacts with fear.

The man drops the lighted match.

Melanie reacts with horror.

The man and car explode.

Melanie, horrified and afraid for Mitch, turns to see . . .

Gas burns up as camera pans up with it showing audience what Melanie sees: The car, gas station and men all explode. The action has been told from the viewpoint of the central character, thus involving the audience in both the action and the character.

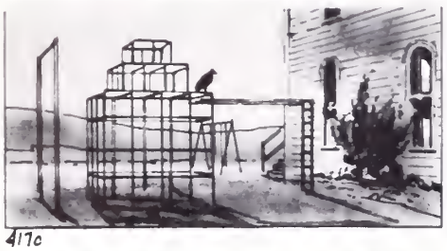
More

A VARIATION

The audience becomes so accustomed to seeing what the characters see in a Hitchcock film, so accustomed to the subjective treatment, that the director often takes sly advantage of the fact. Here Melanie sits outside the schoolhouse smoking a cigarette.


417 B

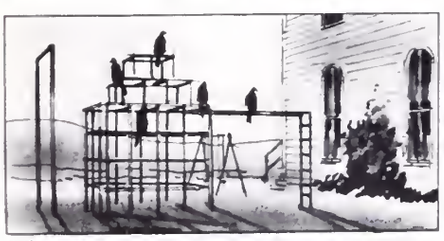
Hitchcock cuts to a single crow behind Melanie perched on the jungle-jim. This is a scene that Melanie is not aware of, but the audience is.


417C

Camera moves in a little closer on Melanie and watches her smoke.


417D

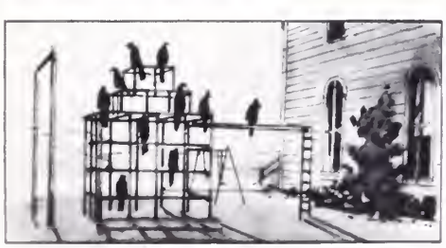
Cut to scene behind Melanie. Now there are five crows . . . the audience gets worried.


417E

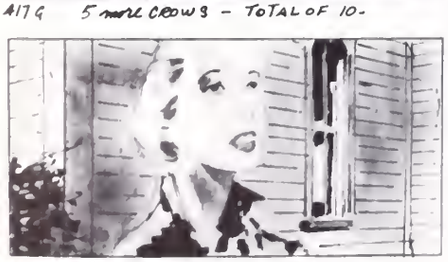
Back to Melanie, a little closer.


417F

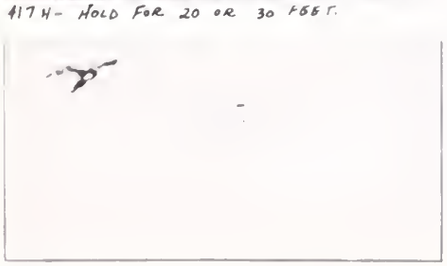
Cut back to the jungle-jim. Now there are ten crows. The audience is scared.


417G 5 MORE CROWS - TOTAL OF 10-

Close up of Melanie. The camera holds on her for twenty or thirty feet of film allowing the imagination of the audience to add more crows to the jungle-jim at the pace Hitchcock has established.


417H- HOLD FOR 20 OR 30 FEET.

Cut to single crow in the sky. Hitchcock's creative use of design is seen here. The sky is purposely clear and light in value, in preparation for what is to come.


418

New angle on close-up of Melanie against a clear sky also. Her head turns as she notices the crow.


419

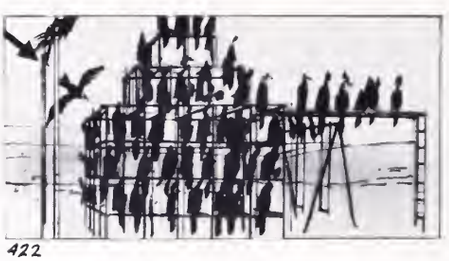
Shot of crow flying over building.


420

Melanie watches the crow and turns to see . . .


421

Jungle-jim is now loaded with crows. The screen that was light and empty is now filled with black crows. The contrasts between light and dark, and empty and filled, has emphasized the emotional impact.


422

Close up of Melanie as she leaps to her feet with shock showing on her face.


423 CAMERA WHIPS UP AS MELANIE LEAPS TO HER FEET

Closer in on the crows.


424

Tight close-up of Melanie, totally horrified.


425

Tight close up on birds. The audience is shown what they knew they were going to see, but this time they were trapped into being concerned for the subject who for the first time didn't know what was happening until it was too late.

More Hitchcock on page 34

TO THE SPOILS GO THE VICTORS

a speculation
on a possible
misjudging
of the enemy
by director
Carl Foreman

by
HOWARD JAMES

To those of us who have long deplored the crucifixion of Venus, the question raised in this article will be academic. But we are few. The possibility that several incarnations of the Mother Goddess may have tampered with the intentions of a film director would not be questioned. The Mother Goddess is usually recognized by our Puritan culture only in the extreme form of a pagan motivating the lives of a primitive society or corrupting the morality of an over-sophisticated "establishment." Her influence is relegated to the purely sensuous rather than the purely female. The notion that her presence is felt in everyday situations would be denied or dismissed as sin.

She is there, however, and one of the most likely places to find her influence is in the cinema. This may be most natural, since the first Great Mother was the headwoman of the tribe who took unto herself the attributes of a goddess, and by costume, mimicry and the symbols of desire became the very power she invoked. She acted the part. The power she won by her performance compelled the male society of Rome to class the actress as a prostitute and the Christians to ban women from the stage altogether. Even the Elizabethan stage employed young men to play the female roles. But fortunately the girls have since then forced their beautiful presences back onto the stage. It would be a sorry sight today to see Richard Burton play Anthony to Tony Curtis's Cleopatra. Or vice versa.

The presence of the female on the screen has been accepted since the first nickelodeons. However, certain deities like Theda Bara and Jean Harlow have from time to time found their more revealing performances on the cutting room floor. Today such performances can be the sole purpose of the film. Both Brigitte Bardot and Elke Sommer have made bad films that have been highly entertaining by their feminine identities alone. When casting an actress whose physical presence alone may awaken in the picturegoer a realization of his unity with life, the director must take great care that she will serve his purpose. Casting becomes critical. Ingmar Bergman has been expert in this realm. Perhaps his belief that "it is woman who makes life function," alerts him to the possibilities of disaster if the female roles are miscast.

The question I raise here is whether director Carl Foreman may not be in for a little female hell from the women he has cast in his war film, "The Victors." Surely he has timed each explosion, framed each private horror and focused on each internal loss, each death with the intention of exposing a reality he deplores, the reality of war, of death and destruction. Yet in telling the story of an American rifle squad's exploits in Britain, Italy, France and Germany he has fed his soldiers more than K rations. George Peppard, Eli Wallach, Vincent Edwards, Michael Callan and George Hamilton are fed or fed to Melina Mercouri (Never On Sunday), Jean Moreau (The Lovers), Rosanna Schiaffino, Romy Schneider (Boccaccio 70) and Elke Sommer (Sweet Ecstasy). Foreman seemingly has done a excellent job. The men include some of the best young talent from Hollywood and one of Broadway's finest stars. With the exception of Rosanna Schiaffino whose first major role is in "The Victors," the women are the leading actresses of Europe. The women are more than that, however. They are the symbols of a female revolution now taking place in Europe. It is not a revolution for equality in politics, economics or job opportunities, but for the mystery of the female, the independence and difference of women, the resurrection of Venus.

Whether or not Carl Foreman's men will be right, whether the film will depict the tragedy of war or whether the presence and performances of the actresses involved will stir in the viewer the sacred fire of life remains to be seen on the screen. It is possible that each female could serve the purpose of showing the desolation of woman in a man's war. But the combination of Mercouri, Moreau, Schneider, Sommer and Schiaffino could be a too-frequent repetition of the symbol of the female deity, and with them as the trophies of war the whole bloody mess may seem worthwhile.

The female roles are cameos, but Foreman has ably and quite naturally made each cameo a love scene as shown below and on the following pages.

George Peppard meets an outcast Polish woman, Melina Mercouri, who promptly applies her charm and the temptations of a warm bath and a warm woman to lure him as a new source of merchandise — merchandise to be converted to wealth in the black market of Belgium.

jeanne moreau

Eli Wallach discovers Jeanne Moreau, a French woman, in the basement of her dead husband's home the day after D-Day. A truck driver and an aristocrat, they find comfort in each other. During the night bombardment, Jeanne crawls into the soldier's arms to blot out the sounds of death. In the morning she awakes mumbling her husband's name until she notices an unknown tattoo on the male arm across her body.

rosanna schiafino

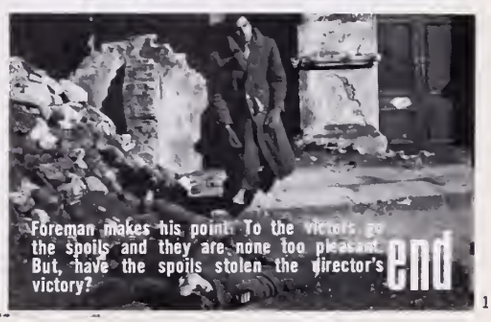
Vincent Edwards plays a shy young soldier with a wife and child at home who is attracted to Rosanna Schiaffino, an Italian widow who has a six-month-old baby, the result of a rape by a Nazi. Their relationship is conversational, but they are in love. They hold their values important, but in a crisis Edwards' tenderness breaks Rosanna's resistance and she invites him to her house.

romy schneider

Michael Callan is a young parasite who turns the sadness and misery of Romy Schneider, a young German violinist who performs in night clubs, into a profitable business relationship for himself. Much to the horror of George Peppard, she makes the change from violinist to whore with astonishing ease and vengeance.

elke sommer

George Hamilton is in love with Elke Sommer, a German girl who lives in East Berlin and was raped by a Russian soldier. He competes for her family's favor with a Russian captain who is courting Elke's sister (played by another German star Senita Berger) by bringing gifts of food. While the parents sleep on the floor, Elke tries to persuade Hamilton in her parents' bed that she has no Russian lovers as her sister has hinted. One night after Elke has turned from him satiated and sleepy, Hamilton leaves her flat and meets a young Russian (Albert Finney) outside. They have a trivial argument. Fight! Kill!



Foreman makes his point: To the victors go the spoils and they are none too pleasant. But, have the spoils stolen the director's victory? end

HERITAGE

A Lady to Remember

by
Schuyler Hicks

Other people went to movies in the Thirties to see Garbo, Harlow and Dietrich. I went to see Edna May Oliver. For Miss Oliver to me was a lady whose screen magnetism made Garbo look like a soulful starlet and Harlow like a bumptious chorine.

I must first have seen her in "Cimarron" in 1932 when one of a series of moviegoing relatives I lived with during my childhood rushed me into a muggy, downtown Detroit cinema to escape a thundershower. If so, it was one of those strange encounters when someone later to be meaningful to you remains, for the time, inexplicably unnoticed. For though I remember Richard Dix, Irene Dunne, and even Roscoe Ates, I have no recollection of Miss Oliver.

She first entranced me in "Little Women." Aunt March was the role she played — a crusty old lady of implacable frigidity who nearly broke Kate Hepburn's heart by taking Joan Bennett to Europe instead of Kate. But for all the forbidding characteristics of the role, no great perception was needed to detect that the actress who played it was a woman of limitlessly outgoing warmth and humor and heart. One could see it in her eyes — they twinkled and melted even when she screwed them up to look stern. One sensed it in her postures and in the marvelous spirit with which she undertook everything she did. Even her waspishness bespoke an avidity for life and concern for those who lived it with her.

In "Alice in Wonderland" she was enchanting — a veritable harpy of a Red Queen, quarrelsome and peremptory, but hugely funny and fun to be with. She and Alice got along famously.

But I lost my heart to Miss Oliver forever in 1935, when I saw her in just two films: "Murder on a Honeymoon" and "David Copperfield."

In the former she was a sleuth with the wit to notice that a tree whose branches had bent east the previous day had been mysteriously replanted so that its branches now bent west. Thanks to her iron insistence, the tree was dug up and a missing corpse discovered beneath its roots. Ah, clever Miss Oliver! Keen and undeceivable Miss Oliver! It was at this time, however, that I was forced to acknowledge the fact that I was not to be the lady's sole admirer, for in "Murder on a Honeymoon" she was romanced by Jimmy Gleason. A man, obviously, of aloofly discriminating tastes for, if you will recall, not once in a single movie did he romance Garbo, Harlow or Dietrich.

And then "David Copperfield." Aunt Betsey Trotwood! Who can forget Miss Oliver's Aunt Betsey descending upon the Copperfield household just as Dickens had described her — "with a fell rigidity of figure" — and taking utter possession of everyone in it until driven away by the scandalous news that she had become aunt not to a niece but a nephew. (Nephew and aunt were later reconciled, of course.)

There were other fine actresses in that film: a radiantly expansive old lady, all lap and bosom, named Jessie Ralph; a querulous little mite named Una O'Connor; and Elsa Lanchester, Violet Kemble-Cooper and Jean Cadell. But it was Miss Oliver who shone resplendently, as she always did, above all the rest.

The fan magazines, infuriatingly, had little to tell me about her. They persisted in writing article after article, printing photo after photo, of such vapid and colorless ingenues as Mae West, Clara Bow and Anna May Wong. So in desperation I wrote away to RKO asking for any information they could supply, and received, after an agonizing wait of weeks, a small pocket photo of Miss Oliver plus her standard studio biography.

She was born in Boston, November 9, 1884, a descendant of John Quincy Adams. Her father, who died when Miss Oliver was 14, supplied hotels and office buildings with steam and hot water equipment. One uncle was a first violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Oliver trained to sing in grand opera and did give local recitals. But she damaged her voice in the fog and dampness of open air concerts and was forced to turn to the stage.

She first acted in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in a Boston stock company. After four years of working for $25 a week, minus costume rental, she took a train to New York and trudged forth daily to the offices of Al Woods, Sam Harris, Charles Froh-

HER FAMOUS OPENING SCENE IN SELZNICK'S "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

CROCHETY OLD AUNT MARCH IN THE ALL-STAR "LITTLE WOMEN."

WITH NORMA SHEARER AND ANDY DEVINE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

AN INDIAN FIGHTER IN FORD'S "DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK."

man and George M. Cohan. She supported Arnold Daly in "The Master." She played in Jerome Kern's "Oh, Boy!" for three years. After a series of discouraging assignments in negligible plays, she created a sensation with seven pages of script in Sam Harris's "Icebound" (and did the movie version for Famous Players in 1923.) "Icebound" led to a distinguished three years in "Cradle Snatchers" and an equally long and illustrious run as the lady bossman of Florenz Ziegfeld's "Show Boat."

The then RKO production head William LeBaron saw her in "Show Boat" in Chicago and offered a studio contract. She arrived in Hollywood on April 12, 1930, set up housekeeping in a small but comfortable home with chauffeur and maid, and settled down to stay. Her first RKO film was a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy.

There was little substance in the factual outline of the studio biography to nourish the ardor of a twelve-year-old but it was enough. I needed no encouragement beyond Miss Oliver's films. And in these she got irresistibly better and better.

There followed "No More Ladies," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Parnell" and "Rosalie" and "My Dear Miss Aldrich." In them she was surrounded by such fledglings as Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman, Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. In many films, she continued to develop the basic Oliver character of the battle ax—irascible, opinionated, domineering, with staunch Puritan convictions that would brook no wishy-washy wavering about right and wrong. But good-humored for all that, and indulgent to those she loved. This was the character that stirred in audiences a ripple of delighted recognition when she made her first entrance in each new film. But from this foundation of character, she could and did branch out. There was her longsuffering, complaining old nurse who yet willingly conspired with the lovers in "Romeo and Juliet." Her indomitable frontierswoman in "Drums Along the Mohawk." And her haughty and regal old ladies in the last distinguished films she made, "Pride and Prejudice" and "Lydia."

By the time these were released, my affections had begun to be divided. It was 1942 and I was in the Navy, and there was a girl — a girl taller than most, with an unusually elongated face, a somewhat sour look about the mouth but a warm glint in the eye, who tended to lead when we danced. When she abandoned me for a ship's carpenter, I began to concede the admirability of Betty Grable, a young woman just then widely appreciated for her startling thespian abilities.

I was in the South Pacific when I got the news. My friend Jack, who was even more addicted than I to the movies, came in and found me lying in my bunk. He hit me on the shoulder with his fist. "Hey," he said, "Edna May Oliver's dead." I can't remember whether he'd got the word in a letter, or heard it from someone else or gleaned it from ship's news.

"Edna May Oliver's dead."

I just looked at him. I hadn't thought of her for months, hadn't known of her long illness, yet the news was solemn, and breathtaking and sad. A unique and irreplaceable old lady had gone. One who had, unwittingly, filled my life with affection. For a long time I lay still and looked at Jack and said nothing. At last I got out of the bunk and proposed the only course I could think of.

Jack helped me hold the service. We slipped out on boat deck and in the shadow of the #4 gun read from the Bible and recited the Lord's Prayer and I hummed Taps under my breath. That, I think we both felt reasonably certain, was how they would have done it in the movies.

As we finished and started away, I felt it had not been quite enough and on a sudden impulse turned back and threw my lucky silver dollar into the sea.

And that was all. Goodbye to a wonderful woman. As I've been writing this, I've thought more than once of something she once said to an interviewer: "Sensitive about the way I look? Nonsense! My horse face is my fortune!"

And the fortune, Miss Oliver, of a generation of moviegoers. What on earth would you have thought if you could have known you'd have a memorial service at sea?

THE DIRECTORS CHOOSE THE BEST FILMS

PREPARED BY THE LYTTON CENTER OF THE VISUAL ARTS • HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

COMPOSITE DIRECTORS' SELECTIONS

1) CITIZEN KANE (WELLES)

2) BICYCLE THIEF (DE SICA)

3) GONE WITH THE WIND (FLEMING)

4) BIRTH OF A NATION (GRIFFITH)
THE GOLD RUSH (CHAPLIN)

5) THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (WYLER)

6) LA GRANDE ILLUSION (RENOIR)

7) INTOLERANCE (GRIFFITH)
BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN (EISENSTEIN)
THE INFORMER (FORD)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER (LEAN)
RASHOMON (KUROSAWA)
GREED (VON STROHEIM)

8) CITY LIGHTS (CHAPLIN)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (ZINNEMANN)
GRAPES OF WRATH (FORD)
HENRY V (OLIVIER)
ALEXANDER NEVSKY (EISENSTEIN)

9) MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (LLOYD)
LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS (CARNE)
BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (LEAN)
STAGECOACH (FORD)

10) ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (MILESTONE)
FORBIDDEN GAMES (CLEMENT)
LA DOLCE VITA (FELLINI)
TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE (HUSTON)
CASABLANCA (CURTIZ)
UN CARNET DE BAL (DUVIVIER)
THE LAST LAUGH (MURNAU)

INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

HUBERT CORNFIELD
1) FORBIDDEN GAMES
2) A MAN ESCAPED
3) LA NOTTE
4) THE LONG VOYAGE HOME
5) CITIZEN KANE
6) THE MAGICIAN
7) EL VITTELONE
8) RASHOMON
9) BICYCLE THIEF
10) L'ATALANTE

JULIEN DUVIVIER
1) LE VOYAGE DANS LA LUNE
2) CALIGARI
3) THE PILGRIM
4) THE INFORMER
5) THE CAT AND THE CANARY
6) MELODIE DU MONDE
7) HALLELUJAH
8) TEMPETE SUR L'ASIE
9) CITIZEN KANE
10) STAGECOACH

JOHN FORD
1) BIRTH OF A NATION
2) THE HONOR SYSTEM
3) THREE GODFATHERS
4) NINOTCHKA
5) THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY
6) TOL'ABLE DAVID
7) THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
8) LADY FOR A DAY
9) GOING MY WAY
10) THE ALAMO

HENRY HATHAWAY
1) GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY
First film
2) BIRTH OF A NATION
First use of closeup, diffusion, vignette and dissolve
3) BROKEN BLOSSOMS
First to prove film could create emotion
4) SHOULDER ARMS
First to prove film could create screams of laughter
5) LAST LAUGH
First extensive use of camera movement
6) THE GHOST GOES WEST
First satire
7) THE JAZZ SINGER
First sound
8) BECKY SHARP
First color
9) GONE WITH THE WIND
First to prove quality more important than cost
10) UN CARNET DE BAL
First to break the international barrier

JOHN HUSTON
1) BIRTH OF A NATION
2) BICYCLE THIEF
3) CAMILLE
4) CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI
5) CITY LIGHTS
6) COVERED WAGON
7) DAVID COPPERFIELD
8) THE INFORMER
9) LE MILLION
10) MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS
11) UNDERWORLD
12) ROSHOMON

STANLEY KUBRICK
1) I VITTELONI
2) WILD STRAWBERRIES
3) CITIZEN KANE
4) TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE
5) CITY LIGHTS
6) HENRY V
7) LA NOTTE
8) THE BANK DICK
9) ROXIE HART
10) HELL'S ANGELS

JOSHUA LOGAN
1) HENRY V
2) BLACK NARCISSUS
3) TRADER HORN
4) DOUBLE INDEMNITY
5) HIGH NOON
6) FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
7) THE GOLD RUSH
8) PHILADELPHIA STORY
9) THE GRAPES OF WRATH
10) A PLACE IN THE SUN
11) ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
12) THE BIG PARADE
13) M
14) OF HUMAN BONDAGE
15) RED DUST
16) IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
17) THE WIZARD OF OZ
18) NATIONAL VELVET
19) I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
1) BIRTH OF A NATION
2) INTOLERANCE
3) LAST LAUGH
4) POTEMKIN
5) CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS
6) LA GRANDE ILLUSION
7) BAMBI
8) BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
9) SHANE
10) FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

DANIEL MANN
1) PATHER PANCHALI
2) ROAD TO LIFE
3) GRAND ILLUSION
4) GOLD RUSH
5) GONE WITH THE WIND
6) THE INFORMER
7) BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
8) BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
9) BRIEF ENCOUNTER
10) CASABLANCA

PAUL ROTHA
1) CHILDHOOD OF MAXIM GORKI
2) GOLD RUSH
3) GREED
4) KAMERADSCHAFT
5) LAST LAUGH
6) POTEMKIN
7) RASHOMON
8) TERRA TREMA
9) UMBERTO D
10) WORLD OF APU

GEORGE SEATON
1) BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
2) LA GRANDE ILLUSION
3) CITIZEN KANE
4) REBECCA
5) GONE WITH THE WIND
6) NINOTCHKA
7) THE GOLD RUSH
8) BRIEF ENCOUNTER
9) THE INFORMER
10) ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

NORMAN TAUROG
1) THE GOOD EARTH
2) THE GREAT ZIEGFELD
3) STAGECOACH
4) THE COVERED WAGON (original)
5) IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
6) MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
7) JEZEBEL
8) RANDOM HARVEST
9) LOST HORIZON
10) SEVENTH HEAVEN

KING VIDOR
1) INTOLERANCE
2) GONE WITH THE WIND
3) CITIZEN KANE
4) BRIEF ENCOUNTER
5) THE HUMAN COMEDY
6) BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
7) UN CARNET DE BAL
8) HIGH NOON
9) NIGHTS OF CABIRIA
10) SUNRISE

FRED ZINNEMANN
1) POTEMKIN
2) GREED
3) JOAN OF ARC
4) BIG PARADE
5) THE LAST LAUGH
6) CITY LIGHTS
7) M
8) CITIZEN KANE
9) GRAND ILLUSION
10) LE MILLION
11) BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
12) MY DARLING CLEMENTINE
13) TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE
14) MAN OF ARAN
15) HENRY V
16) BRIEF ENCOUNTER
17) BICYCLE THIEF
18) RASHOMON
19) SEVEN SAMURAI
20) BALLAD OF A SOLDIER
21) LA DOLCE VITA
22) ROCCO
23) THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY
24) VIRIDIANA
25) LOS OLVIDADOS
26) BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
27) PLACE IN THE SUN

"and then come the dancing girls..."

YOU OPEN WITH A BATTLE, get the love interest going, undress the heroine, whip the hero, slaughter an animal, rape a willing slave, pray to a false god, stage another battle with a lot of killing, unleash a big war, rape an unwilling slave, and then come the dancing girls, a little nuder than last year. Then you introduce an organ into the soundtrack and close with a plea for peace, the One True God, and the United Nations.

Such is the manner in which spectacle films are served up to the spectacle-film gourmet. Or is it gourmand? It's a big meal and often tough to digest or even to sit down to.

Many filmgoers just ruminate in silence, remembering the early works of Griffith and Fritz Lang, and the infrequent morsels of Howard Hawks ("Land of the Pharoahs") and Ingmar Bergman ("The Seventh Seal"), which projected onto the screen the true essence, the smell, the dirt and the passions of vanished times. Still more moviegoers wait hopefully for George Stevens to crack the time barrier with "The Greatest Story Ever Told."

Why the time barrier? Why should history be so hard to touch and feel? Only the best directors have even mildly succeeded in the genre. Those who have done so seem to possess several attributes in common: First, an ability to keep their characters from being dominated by vast historical panoply. Second, a talent for recreating faithfully the physical environment of the period. Third and most important, the intelligence and understanding to see past the prevailing political, philosophical and religious attitudes of our own time, and to portray the pagan world from the viewpoint of its own morality.

Three new movies grapple with these problems, each in its own way.

PHOTO BY ZINN ARTHUR

the war between history and the performer

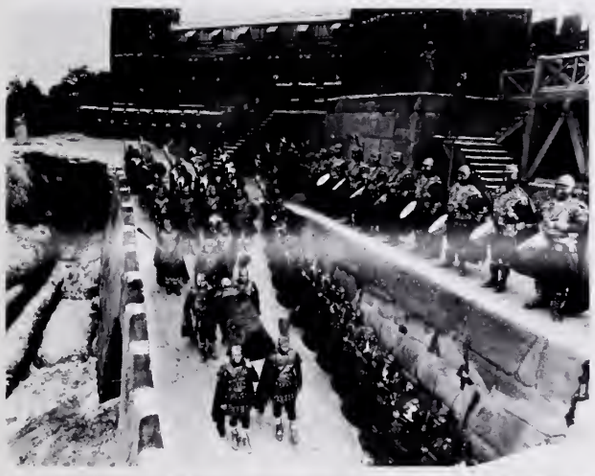
DIRECTOR ANTHONY MANN has recently completed filming "The Fall of the Roman Empire." Of it he now says, "We agreed we would avoid all the cliches and try to tell a realistic story of the people of that day. There would not be the usual dancing girls, we'd have no scenes with rose petals falling from the ceiling, no half-clad beauties squeezing grapes into the mouths of corpulent actors with garlands in their hair. People told us we'd be losing box-office appeal, but I think we have a very good answer to that. With Sophia Loren in a starring role, no picture is going to lack for beauty and sex."

Perhaps more importantly, Miss Loren has a cinematic strength that stands out boldly against history's hordes. The everchanging panorama of peoples, wars and epochs in the spectacle film has a way of bludgeoning performers into the impersonal landscape of events. Not Sophia. The turn of her head can match the turn of a century. Embraced in soft silk, she can mesmerize the audience with the private passions of the heroine and hold her own amid waving red pennants, flashing armor or the clash of nations. She stands alone, a woman, unfettered by shackles of pageantry, wars and orgies. Few can match her.

"Roman Empire" covers the final days of Marcus Aurelius and the horrific reign of his son Commodus. Miss Loren's co-stars are Alec Guinness, James Mason, Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Quayle, John Ireland, Mel Ferrer and Omar Sharif. All, or nearly all, have had previous experience in the genre, and from the look of the pictures on these pages, Mann has costumed and framed his players with unusual effect. Sir Alec alone could probably hold back the Huns with a swagger stick.

The question now is will the characters' sins be Roman, their virtues those of Jupiter and Vesta, their world the Rome of AD 192?

TO THE LEFT IS SOPHIA LOREN AS LUCILLA, DAUGHTER OF MARCUS AURELIUS. TOP PICTURE ON THE RIGHT IS OMAR SHARIF AS SOHAMUS, KING OF THE ARMENIANS, NEXT IS ANTHONY QUAYLE AS VERULUS THE AGING GLADIATOR, STEPHEN BOYD AS LIVIUS THE MILITARY TRIBUNE WHO IS LUCILLA'S LOVER, AND SOPHIA AGAIN.



the wardrobe of a city or an eyelash

"CLEOPATRA" HAS ALL THE CLICHES but it makes each one a unique, imaginative spectacle in itself. The physical creation of the opulent backgrounds of Rome and Alexandria are superb.

Often in lesser films money and imagination are lacking and believability is destroyed. Cardboard swords don't rattle in their scabbards, armies cross the Sinai desert without a drop of sweat, and wild, oiled, unwholesome concubines dance the Twist or Watusi to the strains of the dulcimer.

Not so in "Cleopatra."

From the harbor of Alexandria to the glitter on Elizabeth Taylor's eyes, each is a spectacle unsurpassed. Each defines the gaudy extremes of that ancient world. The opulence surrounding the central characters' lives contrasts violently with the way of life of the legions. And in the scene in which Cleopatra enters Tarsus, director Mankiewicz focuses his cameras upon the ordinary activities of the common people in their homespun browns, blacks and ochres, upon dirt streets and mud huts, and then follows the monochrome crowd as it looks out to sea. And there before them floats the gold-hulled, scarlet-sailed barge of Cleopatra, complete with palm trees and a hundred beauties in pink, red and crimson, throwing rose petals into the sea. The effect is magnificent. Equally magnificent are the entry into Rome, the city of Alexandria itself, each extra's costume, and Cleopatra's eyes.

THE TWO TOP PHOTOS ON THE LEFT SHOW THE FRONTIER FORT IN GAUL BUILT FOR "ROMAN EMPIRE," THE THIRD PHOTO FROM THE TOP DEPICTS THE FUNERAL OF MARCUS AURELIUS, THE NEXT IS LIVIUS' INVASION OF THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BARBARIAN BALLOMAR (JOHN IRELAND). THE BOTTOM PHOTO SHOWS TIMONIDES (JAMES MASON), THE GREEK COUNSELLOR TO AURELIUS, AS THE CAPTIVE OF BALLOMAR.

PICTURES ON THE RIGHT ARE FROM "CLEOPATRA"

the essential costume of the spectacle

IN "A QUEEN FOR CAESAR" Pascale Petit is rolled out of a priceless carpet stark naked before Caesar. This is a Gallic variation of the standard scene in every spectacle when a young beauty, if not a phalanx of beauties, parades onto the screen undulating suggestively and displaying abundant portions of glowing nude flesh. The intended Message: Look, audience, how wicked, depraved and pagan this ancient era was!

Nudity has become the cliche symbol of ancient immorality, the only possible "costume" for the proper pagan. Actually, nudity was as acceptable to the ancients as a cashmere sweater is to us. It may symbolize decadence in a Puritan time, but certainly not in Cleopatra's. Thus the naked female form in the spectacle film is not so much an offence to code as an offence to our artistic standards. While only a few directors will fall into the trap of linking the Pax Romana with the pacifist movement, or Negro eunuchs with the Muslims, many will freely utilize nudity as a symbol of sexual decadence.

The best directors have avoided the cliche. Bergman avoided it in "The Seventh Seal." With a robust pinch, self-flagellants and a crucifixion, he deftly defined the morality and dilemma of the Middle Ages. And in so doing he proved that successful historical epics depend not so much upon the size of the film as upon the size of the director.

ALL THE PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE ARE OF PASCALE PETIT IN HER ROLE AS CLEOPATRA IN "A QUEEN FOR CAESAR" WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PRODUCED IN FRANCE AND ITALY TO COMPETE WITH THE "REAL" CLEOPATRA FOR THE BOX-OFFICE DOLLAR.

FELLINI

8½

Federico Fellini

Barbara Steele

Marcello Mastroianni

"See for Yourself," is an out-of-favor adage for the pseudo-intellectuals. Their method: find out all about what you are going to see, the hidden meanings, the accepted opinions, the avant-garde appraisal, before you deign to take a look.

Director Federico Fellini has been misinterpreted, dissected and disemboweled by those false priests of the word called critics who condition the minds of the mass known as the "smart set." They loved Fellini once, but his portrayal of the character Steiner in "La Dolce Vita," the kind, good, perfect intellectual-without-God who shot himself and his children was too much for their "liberal"

Claudia Cardinale as the actress

minds. Steiner was too close to being their ideal, he was a kind of urban Robin Hood, a paisley hero of the executive washroom.

Fellini's arrow hit home so Fellini was out. Typewriters in all the chicquest offices played Taps.

But there are still primitives who insist on "seeing for themselves." Fellini is visual. He provides a graphic continuity of black and white designs and forms of absolute beauty worth pondering for themselves. In any Fellini film, there is a lot to see.

Fellini's "8½" stars Marcello Mastroianni as a middle-aged director named Anselmi. Anselmi is disturbed as to what his next film will be and is staying at a thermal resort to think things over. He dreams — at one point he visits his dead father and mother at their graveyard, argues with them and then symbolically helps Father back into his tomb. He descends in white robes beneath the spa to visit an aging Cardinal who is simmering in a large tub; he seeks advice but the Cardinal suggests only that Anselmi listen to the birdies that sing. Anselmi recalls his childhood seduction by a mountain of jellied flesh called La Saraghina and his punishment by the priests. He is bathed by a harem of beauties and puts down a revolt of the harem with a whip.

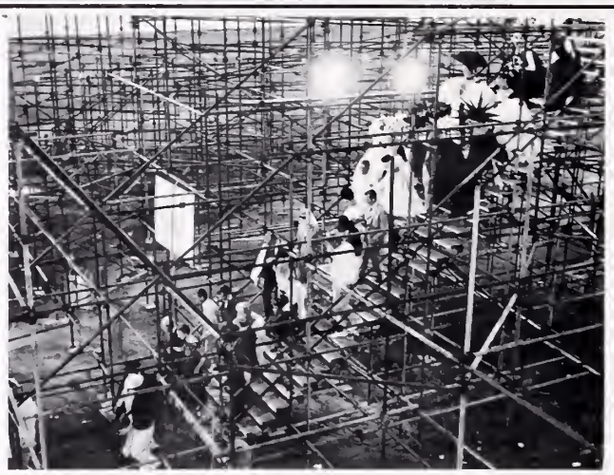
He executes a vitriolic critic by hanging him, puts an end to an interview by crawling under a table and shooting himself in the head, visits the set of a space ship, and finally sees all the people he has known in his life parading before him (see picture) to the tune of a small band led by himself as a child. Anselmi picks up the microphone and again becomes the director of a film about the real world.

The performers are all devotees of Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni, who became world-famous in Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" plays the director.

Claudia Cardinale, the Tunisian beauty seen in "La Viaccia" and "Cartouche," plays the dual role of a pure, virtuous nurse and an actress who is only the beautiful facade of virtue. Anouk Aimee, the wanton heiress in "La Dolce Vita," plays Anselmi's wife. Sandra Milo of "The Green Mare" plays his mistress.

Two other Fellini females are Barbara Steele, one of the harem flagellants, and Jacqueline Bonbon, the aging dancer whom Anselmi sends to retirement thus instigating a harem revolt.

Each performance will be interpreted in many ways. The one opinion that counts, however, will be Fellini's, who has himself been a little awed by the conflicting opinions regarding his films.



the performers

Claudia Cardinale

Marcello Mastroianni at the spa

Mastroianni

Anouk Aimee

Sandra Milo

Some have called him the "Kierkegaard of the screen;" others claim he draws inspiration from Joyce or Proust. Some draw comparisons between "8½" and Alain Resnais' "Last Year at Marienbad," or between Fellini and the man regarded as the somber prophet of unintelligibility and decadence in certain cinema circles, Michelangelo Antonioni.

Fellini, who claims he is no philosopher, warns against the danger of making comparisons or of reading too much into "8½." "Sit back," he says, "and enjoy the film as an informal discourse between the spectator and the man who is confessing everything."

The director makes no bones about his own "superficial" culture or even his "complete lack" of it. "I work by impulse," he says.

"I feel my films before I start working on them. I have never read Joyce's 'Ulysses' or Proust, and I know Kierkegaard by name only."

As for the comparison with "Last Year at Marienbad," Fellini admits he has not seen the film, but from what he has read of it gathers it is a "purely intellectual abstraction."

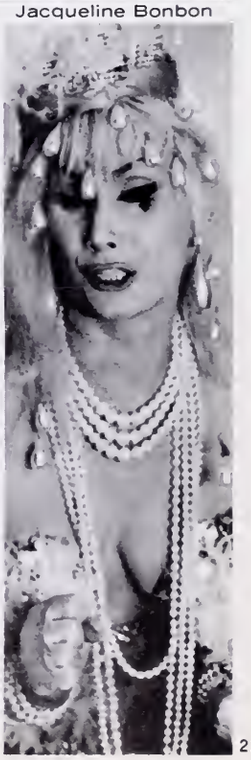
"In this respect '8½' is the exact opposite of 'Marienbad'," says Fellini. "If a man is open in his attitude toward life, he remains open toward culture as well, and

Cardinale as the nurse

Mastroianni

Barbara Steele

Jacqueline Bonbon



the director

Fellini makes up the aging dancer

Federico Fellini

Fellini and Cardinale

can feel and communicate it as a life force without necessarily being swallowed up by it."

Fellini admits he has great admiration for the Swedish director Ingmar Bergman, but says he does not feel he has been influenced by the latter's work. Bergman and Fellini have never met, though they correspond quite often, and Fellini has seen only one of Bergman's films.

The best place to look for an answer to Fellini will undoubtedly be his film.

Carol Lynley

The blue denim virtue of the back-yard vamp of Peyton Place has faded. Cast in Otto Preminger's "THE CARDINAL," her virtue is of other colors. In the dual role of nun and prostitute, Carol Lynley makes a graphic distinction between the extremes of black and white. And in David Swift's "Under the Yum Yum Tree," she's a cashmere exponent of modern virtue. The difference here is that her struggle for Innocence Preserved takes place in a bedroom rather than a rumble seat. Simultaneously shooting both films, Miss Lynley called upon her deft training as a model when obliged to change psychic make-up from comedy to drama on almost alternating days. Amid comment over the facile changes in both her appearance on film and her acting, other changes have gone unnoticed. The Coca-Cola child has become a champagne lady. The sweatshirt charm has become a brocade glamour. On these pages, for the readers of CINEMA, Carol takes her place among the great beauties of the screen and displays still another contrast: the difference between the casual elegance of today's stars and the gilded opulence of the past. In the spirited tradition of her heritage, Carol vamps the vamps and gives you a preview of what her "CARDINAL" sinning will look like.

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

HAIR STYLES BY TOCHI • TOCHI COIFFURES B.H.


CINEMA

this exclusive interview was obtained from Mr. Kurosawa by mail after he had read several copies of CINEMA and was arranged by Mr. Nagikawa of Toho International

AKIRA KUROSAWA

Top picture shows Kurosawa on the set of "Yojimbo" and bottom is from his latest film "The Ransom."

INTERVIEWER: There has been much speculation as to the content of your films, particularly those not adapted from another source. *Time* magazine went so far as to describe the conflict in "Yojimbo" as a symbol of the current East-West struggle. CINEMA has seen a continuing emphasis on the combat between good and evil during an age which, in its struggle to see both sides of every issue, often cannot tell which is which. Can you give us a brief idea of your viewpoint on film content — are there any basic philosophic questions you ask or answer, or are you simply engrossed with telling stories full of the drama and passion of life? If this question seems to imply that we haven't understood your films in the United States, we have been greatly moved and entertained by them and are a little more in love with life because of them.

KUROSAWA: I view the affairs of life as a natural, ordinary man, and I simply put my feeling into a motion picture. Looking back upon the various ages in Japan or, for that matter, the world, how man is repeating the same thing all the time!

INT: Having no knowledge of the earlier Japanese masters of cinema, we tend to compare your style with the earlier American directors like Ford, Hawks and Stevens. Are you aware of their films and have you been at all influenced by them?

KUR: I have respected John Ford from the beginning. Needless to say, I pay close attention to his productions, and I think I am influenced by them. The productions of Howard Hawks and George Stevens may have influenced me similarly, though unconsciously. American pictures are superior to ours in every respect.

INT: Can you name ten favorite American directors, or more?

KUR: If ten names were called for, everyone might presumably raise almost the same ten names invariably. If I may mention just three names, I can readily point out John Ford, Frank Capra and William Wyler.

INT: A comparison has frequently been drawn between your Samurai pictures, "Seven Samurai," "Yojimbo," "Sanjuro" and others, and the Western films of our country. Have you consciously borrowed or learned anything from the latter?

KUR: Good Westerns are unquestionably liked by all people, regardless of nationality. As human being are weak, they wish to dream of the good people and great heroes who lived in olden times. Western dramas have been filmed over and over again for a very long time, have been kneeded, pounded and polished, and in the process have evolved a kind of "grammar" of cinema. And I have learned from this grammar.

INT: We have heard that you want to make a Western. Is this true? If so, what is planned?

KUR: I am a Japanese. I do not think I can make a Western picture.

INT: Can you define your style? What cinematic approaches do you most often use that might constitute a recognizable style?

KUR: Nothing could be more difficult for me than to define my own style. I simply make a picture as I wish it to be or as nearly as it is within my power to do so. I have never thought of defining my style. If I tried such a thing, I would be caught within my own trap.

INT: We'd like to discuss for a moment your use of talent. Your performers seem, for example, to perform cinematically rather than theatrically. In "Yojimbo" Mifune's walk makes him seem at least twice as big a man as he actually is. Did you develop this with him?

KUR: Mifune's walk is his own invention. In order to stress it I carefully selected camera framings and lenses.

INT: The "Yojimbo" walk of Mifune was a radical change from his erratic gestures in "Seven Samurai." Did you help devise these?

KUR: Mifune's performances in both pictures reveal his acting gifts and talents. But between "Seven Samurai" and "Yojimbo" there was a lapse of ten years, and during this period both Mifune and I probably matured. The more or less unusual overacting in "Samurai" calmed down noticeably in "Yojimbo," I think.

INT: Your use of crowd movements in both these films (where the two opposing forces face each other) had an almost dance-like effect. Was this stylization deliberately developed?

KUR: I did not try to stylize the movement of the crowd in either "Seven Samurai" or "Yojimbo." Is it possible that the effect of the music created such an impression? Of course, there is a style of bodily movement resulting from the training in swordsmanship of both the Samurai or the hooligan. This may be what caught your attention.

INT: Your use of sound (not speaking now of dialogue) seems to be another distinguishing feature of your films. Miss Yamada's swishing kimona, in "Throne of Blood," for example, as she proceeded to assassinate the feudal lord was most ominous. Can you discuss the integration of sound with picture?

KUR: Since the silent film gave way to the talkie, sound appears to have overshadowed image. At the same time, the flood of sound has made sound itself meaningless. In motion pictures both image and sound must be treated with special care. In my view, a motion picture stands or falls on the effective combination of these two factors. Truly cinematic sound is neither merely accompanying sound (easy and explanatory) nor the natural sounds captured at the time of simultaneous recording. In other words cinematic sound is that which does not simply add to, but multiplies, two or three times, the effect of the image. I wish to be excused from going into more detail. I have tried to state simply my view about motion picture sound.

INT: Your cutting for continuous action seems to make pronounced use of nature. In "Rashomon" your bandit kept passing behind the bushes of the forest. In "Seven Samurai" the young warrior chases the farm girl, and while the camera covers this action it also glides between the delicate beauty of the trees and the flower patch the warrior and girl are in. In "Throne of Blood" the feudal lords race through the forest to the witches' hut on horseback, and the camera races with them amid frantic shapes of thorn bushes, losing and finding the riders. Each of these seemed to be a series of long takes, cut together for one continuous motion. Is this true?

KUR: I make use of two or three cameras almost all the time. I cut the film freely and splice together the pieces which have caught the action most forcefully, as if flying

from one piece to another.

INT: Each of those three films had a movement of camera which seemed to imitate the movement of the characters: "Rashomon" jaunty. "Seven Samurai" lyric and sweeping. "Throne of Blood" swift, erratic, fierce. Is this true? Is this style?

KUR: Before thinking how to photograph an object, I think first how to improve the object to be photographed. When that object is perfected, I study how and from what point the picture is to be shot to get the best results. And the condition and movement of the camera must differ according to the nature and spirit of a production.

INT: Each of those films used the device of having objects between the camera and the subject. Was this a stylistic device? Why was it done?

KUR: This is because I want to produce in the audience the same feeling the characters have of being trapped.

INT: How much is the cinematographer responsible for the graphic look of a Kurosawa film?

KUR: I explain the desired image in detail not only to the cameraman but also to every member of the staff, and have them do their utmost to produce the best possible likeness to it. This is my responsibility. Speaking of the cameraman alone, the volume of responsibility borne by him should differ in ratio to his caliber as a cameraman.

INT: Do you employ a production designer on your films? Do you design, or frame your shots, in advance of actual shooting?

KUR: No, I do not employ one. It is I who make the frame and design of a shot. But I gladly take the idea of anyone if it is better than mine.

INT: Do you make use of professionals — Tateshi, I think they're called — who teach or design patterns of sword fighting for the stage or cinema?

KUR: I make use of Tateshi. But instead of using the pattern of Tateshi as it is, I endeavor to break the conventional patterns and invent new ones as much as possible.

TRANSLATION BY YOSHIO KAMII

KUROSAWA BY SHINBI IIDA

Since Akira Kurosawa commenced his career as a movie director, he has made twenty-two films. At least half have been controversial. Each has had its own individual merits and identity. And about no two is it possible to generalize. However, if I were to single out one characteristic which might be held common to all his films, I would say, unhesitatingly, a beauty of construction — a communication on film of a positive sense of the beauty of life.

His approach to this constructive beauty, however, has varied with subject and aim. "Throne of Blood" was influenced by the traditions of a Japanese style of painting, *Musha-e*, or warrior painting. "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" followed the forms of Kabuki drama. "Seven Samurai" was what we might call a free-fight painting, bursting with energy. "Rashomon" was a composition created out of a mingling of stillness and motion. Patterns of human complication within a set area figured in "The Lower Depths," "Yojimbo" and "Sanjuro." Those were all period pictures.

Kurosawa has also made such genre pictures of the period after the war as "Drunken Angel" and "A Stray Dog." And there was "Subarashiki Nichiyobi" ("One Wonderful Sunday"), in which he blended reality and imagination.

How did Kurosawa come by his sense of composition and construction?

He himself says, "When I was in the second year of schooling, my family moved to Koishikawa, and I was transferred to Kuroda Primary School. My drawing and handicraft teacher was Mr. Tachikawa who was ahead of his time as an advocate of art education for children, and acted upon revolutionary principles of "genius education." Because of him I became fond of painting. He opened my eyes toward art. And I was encouraged to go see motion pictures!"

When Kurosawa finished Middle school, he entered art school. He made such rapid progress that his paintings were accepted for exhibition by the Nika-Kai Art Society, and he made up his mind to be a painter. But his family opposed him. His father was a man of Samurai disposition and strong-willed. So, giving up the idea, and faced with the necessity of making a living, Kurosawa went to work for Photo Chemical Laboratory, the predecessor of the present Toho Company.

"Once again I was lucky enough to be favored with an unexcelled teacher, the famous director Kajiro Yamamoto. Shortly after I entered PCL, I tried several times to quit. I was disgusted with the job of assistant director. Each time it was my colleagues who made me change my decision, but it was Yamamoto who influenced me to settle down and make my home in this world of the cinema.

"Yamamoto never made a film without actively involving all his assistants in it. He roused in me a passion for my job. He taught me the ABC's of directing, how to write a script, and all kinds of useful knowledge about every phase of production. He gave everyone of us opportunities to substitute for him as director and permitted us to try our theories in practice. For the first time I was able to understand the vital points of motion picture production, and since then I've been fascinated with the bewitching power of films."

From that point on, Kurosawa worked as "my other self," said Yamamoto. "When I was shooting 'Uma' ('Horse'), Kurosawa took over much of the production. He advanced so quickly that, while I was working with Unit A and shooting a musical comedy in Tokyo, he assumed complete responsibility for Unit B and shot 'Uma' on location in Northeast Japan. He must have practiced strenuously. When we both got back, I found him much tougher, much more exacting than I. He would order retakes for a scene I thought acceptable. At first the production crew were amazed, but they soon realized Kurosawa was right and obeyed his instructions. People began talking about this young man's prospects. And everyone regarded him as a full-fledged director."

Kurosawa works like an experimentalist, learning from each experience. His technique grows like a trunk and spreads branches. From his first work "Sanshiro Sugata" ("The Judo Saga") to his seventh, we saw comparatively

The background picture is from "The Throne of Blood" showing the sweep of action in the Musha-e or warrior paintings from which the film style was taken. Top picture is from "Seven Samurai" and the next two are also from "Throne" and demonstrate the use of negative space which is also a feature of the Musha-e school. To the right is the camera viewpoint for the battle in "Yojimbo."

"still" compositions. In his eighth, "The Drunken Angel," there was a beginning of dynamics. This accelerated in his tenth work, "The Stray Dog," and by his twelfth, "Rashomon," he had evolved a counterpoint of stillness against movement.

In "The Idiot" and "Ikiru" he returned to quiet composition, but in "Seven Samurai" he resumed his dynamics on a more original basis. This time his increasing knowhow as a film maker was added to his sensitivity as a painter. Emphasis in his films shifted to dynamic beauty, in contrast to the period when he seemed preoccupied with static beauty. This new "Samurai" trend continued to predominate in "Yojimbo" and "Sanjuro."

Perhaps his most interesting experiment to date was that in which he tried for a compromise between static and dynamic. His "Throne of Blood" was based on Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and in it Kurosawa utilized the style of *Musha-e* in his overall design, and borrowed forms from Japanese Noh drama in staging the dramatic elements of the film. His aim was to transform Shakespeare into pure Japanese by borrowing freely from Japanese art forms. This would have been a highly risky course, at best, had he not by this time been a skillful film maker endowed with an unequaled sense of construction. Fortunately he'd tried a similar experiment in his preceding film, "Tiger's Tail," in which he'd combined the forms of Kabuki with the conventions of the musical. Though the result was scarcely a classic, it armed Kurosawa with the necessary experience to proceed with an even tougher undertaking, and he completed "Throne of Blood" in fine form.

"The castle in 'Throne' was built on the foot of Mt. Fuji," Kurosawa reminisces. "I wanted the topography around that area and its celebrated mist. Once that mist envelops a thing — even an object close to your eyes — it completely enshrouds it. I wanted that castle low and creeping upon the ground to create a wierd foreboding of sinister events.

"The main problem was how to adapt 'Macbeth' to the Japanese taste. In considering this, I hit upon the forms of Noh — its systematic style, movement of characters, positions, composition, and so forth. For this purpose, few scenes could be shot in close-up. They had to be full shots as much as possible. Even in scenes of violence the camera didn't come in for close-up and this was such a radical departure that the staff and the cameramen were completely puzzled."

It would seem Kurosawa is undergoing a self-willed process of evolution, discarding old forms and experimenting with the new and untried, to find self-expression in the film medium.

Other Kurosawa characteristics bear discussion. There is, for example, a primitivism common to his works. His characters are apt to be basic: the righteous person, the egoist, the intriguer, the villain, the coward, the superman. Those types are shown as what they are, their savage instincts undisguised, their brutality nakedly portrayed, their desires and selfishness exposed. Accordingly, his characters are often elemental, even barbaric, and only in rare cases do intellectual beings turn up in Kurosawa's pictures. And when he

treats good-hearted characters, they are depicted as being either innocent infants or god-like beings.

Kurosawa often sets his stories amid violent natural surroundings like stormy rain, heavy wind, dense fog or burning sun. One reason for this may be his desire to add strong flavor to his story. But it may also be that his training as a painter leads him to use strong colors and bold strokes for the sake of better composition — rather like an oil painter who brushes his canvas with primary pigments rather than the artist who uses water color or line drawing. In this he tends to suggest a Western type of film maker, a very rare bird in Japan's film industry.

Kurosawa's emphasis of the primitive might seem the product of an unruly spirit seeking to break with convention. But Kurosawa's "destructiveness" is not destruction for its own sake. It is a constant experimenting to bring new life to the long-since stereotyped Japanese film.

Kurosawa seems to be saying, "Motion pictures should be made as motion pictures, not as anything else. To ensure this, the film maker should look back to the origins of film art." This attitude is evidenced in his serious approach to all facets of production, even in his editing which he insists upon doing himself.

During the making of "Seven Samurai" Kurosawa evolved a system of shooting new to Japanese films in which he used two or three cameras with different focal distances at the same time. Conventional shooting, which required him to stop the action after every shot, must have been intolerable to Kurosawa who strives constantly to achieve an intensive quality of moving scenes. Thus he hit upon his present system of filming the action at different distances and different angles simultaneously. From the resulting negatives, he selects the shots which best suit his purposes, editing as he wishes. Film editing is a very important step in the creation of a Kurosawa picture. Shooting is a task to provide materials for film editing.

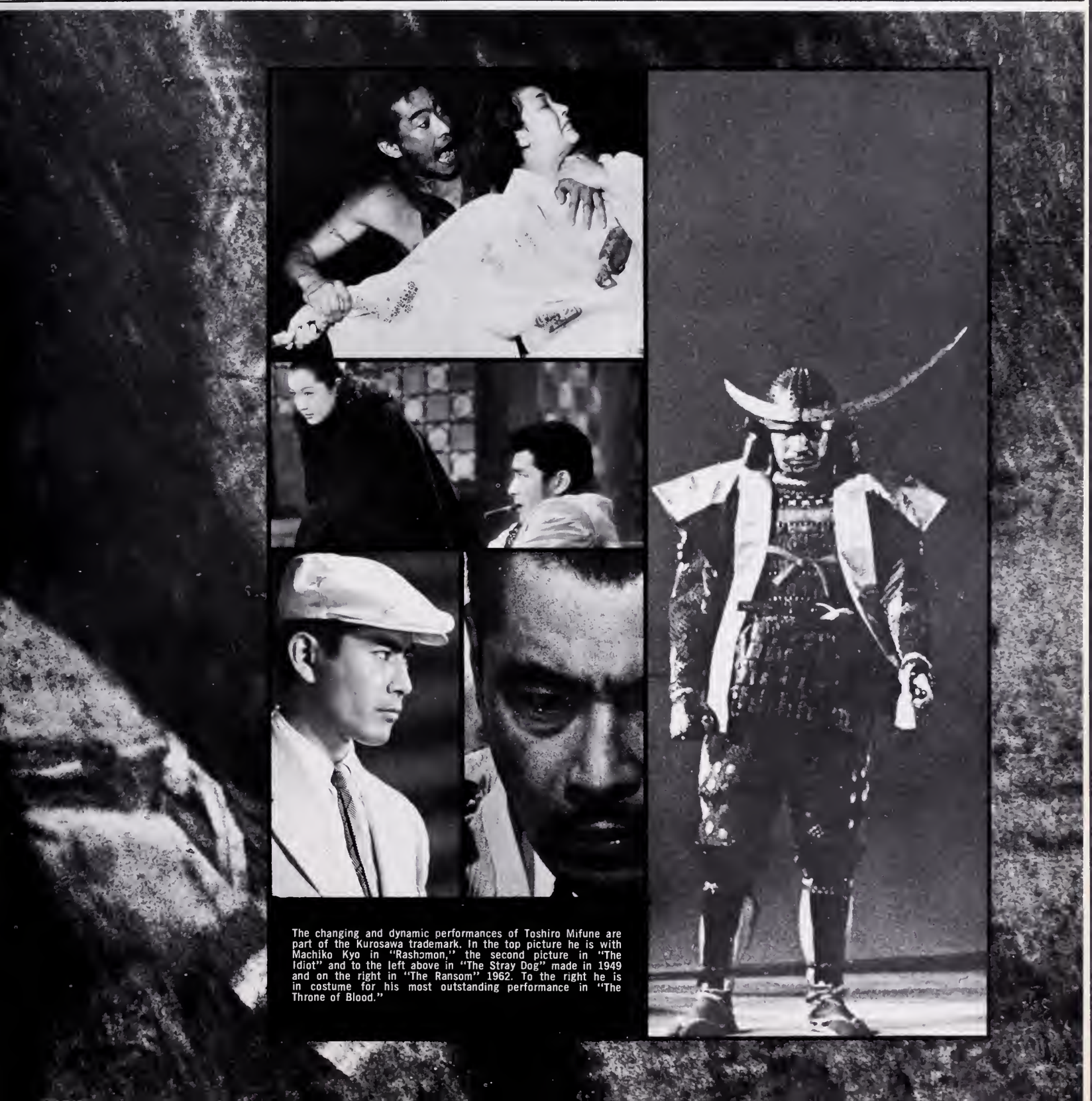
Kurosawa also has strong opinions about the use of sound. He does not like stereotyped music. He tries to bring a climactic scene to vivid life by utilizing natural "live" sounds and rejecting music altogether.

To conclude, I might voice just one criticism of Kurosawa. The motion picture is an art form which strives to entertain an audience by telling a story visually. But at its best it is also to carry the vision of the director — his personal "inner world" — to the audience.

Some of Kurosawa's works have attempted this — "Quiet Struggle," "The Idiot," and "The Record of the Living." But these were not his most successful films. His goal henceforth might well be to depict this "inner world," and it may well be his hardest task. It is one however which must be accomplished by the true cinema artist. Fine directors like John Ford and Kenji Mizoguchi ("Ugetsu") have succeeded in doing so. I hope that Kurosawa will succeed too.

(Shinbi Iida — is one of the senior critics for Kinema-Jumpo, the leading art-film magazine in Japan, from which this was reprinted.)

TRANSLATION BY HIDEO SEKIGUCHI



The changing and dynamic performances of Toshiro Mifune are part of the Kurosawa trademark. In the top picture he is with Machiko Kyo in "Rashomon," the second picture in "The Idiot" and to the left above in "The Stray Dog" made in 1949 and on the right in "The Ransom" 1962. To the right he is in costume for his most outstanding performance in "The Throne of Blood."

SADISM FOR THE FAMILY

"FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE," THE 2ND JAMES BOND FILM • BY RON WILLS

Thousands of fingers have churned out thousands of words about fiction's most famous secret agent, James Bond.

He has been analyzed and counter-analyzed, reviled and adored, laughed at and, occasionally, taken too seriously. And he has been insulted with names varying from 'fascist' to 'a sadistic machine.'

But the James Bond books have made a large fortune for Ian Fleming, and elevated him a close second to Erle Stanley Gardner as the world's most widely-read mystery writer.

President Kennedy is a self-confessed Bond addict. So too, probably, is the white-collared man reading at the table next to yours at lunch.

More recently, and for cinemagoers more significantly, Bond has been transferred to the screen with similar success. Why? What is the reason behind Bond's spectacular popularity?

Nobody can say the public has been hoodwinked by blinding, overpowering publicity. The first James Bond picture "Dr. No" opened with a minimum of ballyhoo, but coined a fortune in a few short weeks.

A Communist secret agent escaping via Anita Ekberg's mouth on a billboard is shot by Bond. In true Fleming fashion, the board advertises another Saltzman and Broccoli production, "Call Me Bwana."

Not surprisingly after "Dr. No" had hit the jackpot, another James Bond film was quickly under way. On April 1, at Pinewood Studios, the cameras whirred on "From Russia with Love."

Lotte Lenya as the lesbian Col. Rosa Klebb, head of the department of torture and death Otydel II, who is in charge of killing Bond.

And oddly enough, everyone seems happy with Bond films. The makers, for obvious reasons, certainly are. The public is. Even the critics liked the first one. Half-forgotten phrases like "entertaining hokum" and "tongue-in-cheek adventure" were dragged out of obscurity where they had languished in disgrace through the era of realism, and bandied about with relish. English moviegoers parted with some £460,000 in 38 days for the privilege of seeing Bond make love, threaten, torture and kill.

Once again, the question is why? Terence Young, the Irisher who directed "Dr. No," who is currently directing "From Russia with Love" and will probably direct the third Bond film "Goldfinger" next year, has some thoughtful, and original, views.

"To begin with, you must remember that the English are a race, a nation with more misconceptions about themselves than anybody else in the world," he says. "They think they are the world's gentlest, most kind-hearted, most tolerant people. And so they are — until a certain point is reached. Then something snaps, something happens that turns them into the most savage people in the world. I saw many examples of this during the war.

"This side of the English character Bond epitomizes. He has a strong streak of violence. He's an Elizabethan gangster, a thug. But the way he acts and lives is the way most Englishmen would like to act and live but can't.

"Make no mistake, Bond is a nasty person, an anti-hero. But you can't help liking him. The thing that saves him is his sense of humor, not exactly "sick," but a sort of graveyard humor which is pretty apt.

Pedro Armendariz as Darko Kerim, head of Station T for British Intelligence, and his girl friend played by Nadya Regin.

"He's the least intellectual character I've ever handled. Never goes near the opera or the ballet. But he does possess a fund of superficial knowledge; he learns and he retains.

"When Dr. No came out a lot of the critics referred to him as a fascist; I was very surprised at this; I don't think he's anything like a fascist. He's non-political and, I think, anti-establishment. I doubt that he's ever cast a vote in his life — he's probably never had the time — but if

Robert Shaw as Red Grant, a renegade Irish assassin who kills for the thrills. Here he extracts a deadly wire hidden in his wrist watch with which he'll strangle Darko Kerim.

forced he would probably vote Tory. Not because of any conviction but because of the people he mixes with."

That then, is James Bond's character through the eyes of the director: a somewhat nasty man, chiefly superficial and enormously sensuous. But tremendously appealing.

"I think one particular incident above all others illustrated Bond's appeal" continued Mr. Young. "Do you remember the scene in 'Dr. No' where he spends the afternoon in bed with a girl and then calmly hands her over to the police? Now, tell me, is there an Englishman in the audience who wouldn't like to have been in a position to do that?

"Or the scene just after that. Where he watches a man pump six bullets into what he thinks is Bond's body on the bed. And then Bond coolly shoots him in cold blood.

"That is the sort of thing that appeals to the audiences, I'm sure it is.

The successor to Ursula Andress is Daniela Bianchi who plays Tatianna Romanova, the Communist specially trained to seduce Bond.

"Actually, we had a lot of trouble with the distributors on that scene. They didn't like the idea of Bond shooting an unarmed man. But we won thank God. After all, that's the sort of man Bond is and has to be. He's not a hero in the accepted sense of the word. He doesn't believe in all that stiff upper-lip business — it's out-of-date anyway, and I don't believe it's real.

"No, the Bond stories are wonderful screen material, as long as they're not taken too seriously. We tried to inject a lot more humor, a lot more tongue-in-cheek into 'Dr. No,' and I think it came off."

The Bond stories are, as Mr. Young says, ideal screen material. Why, then, have they taken so long to reach the screen? Co-producer Harry Saltzman puts it down to the timing of his approach to Ian Fleming and the fusion of their personalities. Mr. Fleming was shrewd enough to hold out until his books became international favorites, named his own terms and made his deal with producer Saltzman and Albert Broccoli. Various figures quoted by people allegedly in the 'know' are astronomical, but a fairly reliable source claims that Saltzman, Broccoli and United Artists paid a quarter of a million pounds down payment on "Dr. No" with, naturally, a percentage of the film's profits.

And expenditure doesn't stop there. "'Dr. No' cost £600,000 to make and 'From Russia with Love' will cost at least £170,000 more," says Mr. Saltzman. "It's a much bigger picture. Just look at this set." He pointed at a Pinewood set depicting a grand ballroom used in the picture's opening chess shot. "We use 160 extras in this scene. The set cost £6,000 to construct. And it's all for one-and-a-half minutes of film . . . without Bond."

Mr. Broccoli added, "We could have cut corners on productions cost — the distributors wanted us to — but we think it's silly to cut corners. We know from the success of 'Dr. No' that Bond films are important. Important because this is the type of entertainment that people prefer. This is what people want to see. Bond is a unique hero. He's hard-hitting and no sucker. There's none of this rubbish about I won't pull my gun until three seconds after he's pulled his.

"Bond isn't going to give his man a chance. He's going to shoot first and this is what people believe in."

Does this mean that the kitchen-sink, realism pictures have had their fling?

"Put it this way — people don't want messages. They want entertainment pure and simple and unadulterated. You say that 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning' was a box-office success. It was, but I think it was because of the film's hero Albert Finney. He was out of the same mould as Bond, and played a similar role . . . a no good S.O.B.

"Bond and Finney don't care about convention. They take what they like. They're selfish."

And what about the sadism in Ian Fleming's novels? "We didn't want to include all the sadism, the stories have plenty without that. But we try to keep the character of Bond as a hard, sometimes cruel man in the films. You might even call it 'sadism for the family.'"

Sean Connery as Bond, true to his role, submits to the invitations of Tatianna while a camera, a hidden Russian camera, records their activities and gives director Young a good excuse to show the whole thing to the audience.

The Gypsy girls who fight for a husband provide director Young a chance to inject a little sex and sadism in one scene. The confusion that follows allows a Communist to escape and gives Bond a chance to put a .25 bullet through several people.

HITCHCOCK ON STYLE CONTINUED

from page 6

H: You're caught! You're trapped!

I: In regard to the use of talent: Do you have any special attitude towards talent? . . . They do not dominate, in any way, your film. You are in complete control?

H: Well, first and foremost, what I look for in talent, especially when we are in the area of the purely cinematic, is the mobility of the face. In other words, expression. The register of expression. Especially in subjective treatment it's a very vital thing, you see . . . The reaction . . .

I: Now let me tie this together. You are selecting talent so that they will work with one of your basic stylistic manners, that is the subjective treatment.

H: Yes. Well, you take for example, the work that I gave to 'Tippi' Hedren in "The Birds" you see. Her face was used entirely to register impressions. Because the story was being told from her point of view. In other words, when after the 2,000 finches have come into the room, the mother is beginning to crack, she's not the strong woman we thought she was, and it's the girl who watches her. The girl's expressions. You see her watching this woman and finally she says "I think I'd better stay the night, don't you?" She didn't say a word until she spoke. But she was taking all that in. Visually.

I: You got the story visually.

H: Yes, and I believe that one should at all cost, try and use that face in the visual, as much as possible.

I: It's part of the subjective.

H: Yes, definitely. It's part of imagery. It's part of what our medium is. The visual image registering thought, mind . . . whatever you like to call it.

I: Do you have any attitude toward the more beautiful woman in a situation like that? Is this a more believable thing for people, or a less believable —

H: Well, to me, the contrast is important. In other words, Cary Grant standing in that wasteland in a business suit was more important than in a tweed jacket and slacks. See, there is a certain amount of value to be got from what one might term visual incongruity. I think, for example, the girl getting into a boat with two birds in a cage, wearing a mink coat in an outboard, is kind of ridiculous, you see. But that again is counterpointing. A visual counterpoint to what would normally happen.

I: Now I've read several criticisms of Miss Hedren's lack of mobility in the face.

H: Oh, they are wrong. They are wrong. I controlled every movement on that face.

I: Her reactions were subtle though and they were not cliche.

H: They were subtle and that was the thing that pleased me about the girl. You know, she never acted before.

I: Is this a help in this case?

H: Of course it is. She had nothing to unlearn. Better than when you have a girl who is mugging all over the place and you say "Please don't mug." I need that face to register an expression, but I only want the one.

I: Unlearned. As opposed to theatrical learning? Theatrical acting?

H: Well, overacting — call it what you like. — Hedren was doing purely cinematic acting of very fine shadings all of the time. Oh, I held those down. She wasn't allowed to do anything beyond what I gave her.

I: So, this was your control, not a lack, say, on her part.

H: No, my control entirely.

I: And, this is the case with every actor or actress that you use?

H: As far as possible — Yes. I say "Too much, too much." Because the image is too big. It's enormous on the screen there. And don't forget that you've got to keep it down so that you get a range. It's like the timbre of the voice. If the voice is too high, when you want it to go high, there is nowhere to go. And it's just the same way to keep the expression to a minimum.

I: And you are attempting though to shock more with the camera — with the use of the camera, rather than with the use of the person's face registering . . .

H: Well, that belongs, quite obviously, when the girl has birds flung at her, you know.

I: You get that reaction but it's a sequence more than letting her just carry it, . . .

H: Yes. Yes. Oh, yes, sure.

I: . . . as she might have to on a stage.

H: Oh, no. Oh, no. No, no, no, that comes under the heading of the theater. You see there is so much theater that's crept into films, that, you know, films are reviewed on the basis of their content and not on their style.

I: Yes. Now this is a point I'm interested in. Content and style.

H: Well, let me say this as a maker of films. Maybe it's a conceit on my part. I think content belongs to the original story or the writer, whoever wrote the book, that you are adapting. That's his department.

I: That's an interesting statement. You don't feel then that the director as such, is responsible for content, as you would select any different . . .

H: Well look, I make a film — "Dial M for Murder" and what have I really had to do with that? Nothing. It was a stage play, written for the stage, written by an author. All I had to do there was to go in and photograph it.

I: But the success or the failure on the screen is going to be dependent upon you — not upon the writer. But . . .

H: No.

I: . . . You don't believe that?

H: No, because if that original material hadn't been there, I might . . . I could have done all kinds of things with it. It wouldn't have helped.

I: But a bad director could have ruined it.

H: Ah! Maybe! Yes, but you see, but my craft is that I handle the camera. It's second nature. It is no effort for me.

I: You see CINEMA has taken the position, frankly, that the director is the responsible person despite the material . . .

H: Right. Well, let me give you an example.

I: . . . because he can so easily destroy it.

H: That is true. Oh, yes. Oh, yes. That is true.

I: And the excitement is going to come primarily from the visual . . . the "visual writing" rather than the paragraph writer.

H: That is true. But you see you take a film like "North by Northwest." That's true Hitchcock. Because he wrote it. With Ernie Lehman. Ernie Lehman and I sat in the room. Ernie Lehman got noted for writing fantasy melodrama.

I: That's what you would term . . .

H: Oh sure. Cinematic nonsense if you like.

I: Now isn't it true that Truffaut is writing all of his own material — if I'm not mistaken?

H: Well, it's hard to say. You see Truffaut did "400 Blows" which was biographical . . . autobiographical you know. Now I don't know how Truffaut is getting on. I saw "Jules and Jim." Now I said "Truffaut, why did I feel that the film could have ended and then it restarted, and so forth." He said "Well, I was following a novel." I said "Truffaut, I don't think you should do that, you know, why should you follow a novel?"

I: Did you see "Jules and Jim?" Did you like that?

H: Yes. A lot of the things I liked in it very much, but I did feel that it lacked the shape. Construction to me, it's like music. You start with your allegro, your andante and you build up. Don't forget even a symphony breaks itself into movements, but a motion picture doesn't. The nearest form to it is the short story. You've got to take it in at one sitting. A play you break into three acts. A book you pick up and put down again. A short story, you read through from beginning to end. That's why the motion picture is the nearest in its shape to the short story.

I: What was Truffaut's response to you?

H: Well, he agreed. But he said he had a reason for it. He was following a novel. I mean he even went so far as to make the photography look like period photography. And I'm not sure whether that's valid . . . any more than if they make a film called "Ivanhoe" and the Castles are 20th Century ruins. And it ought not to be. People forget this. You see a costume picture or a picture laid in a period and it happens to be, we'll say medieval Germany or Tudor, England, they go to the ruins that exist today. The settings ought to look brand new, you know. And sometimes, I feel sure that the pictures that were made in Rome, of the period — the "Ben Hur" period. The only reason they look new is because they aren't existing any more and had to be built anew. But I wouldn't be surprised if those cities did exist they wouldn't go to the Forum and fix it up a bit.

I: To go back a bit, Content to you then is not necessarily a message, but a storyline.

H: A storyline — yes.

I: That is the thing that counts. And telling that story. Not necessarily that it conveys a political . . .

H: No.

I: . . . or a religious . . .

H: No.

I: . . . or any kind of message.

H: I don't interest myself in that. I only interest myself in the manner and style of telling the story. But as for the story itself, I don't care whether it's good or bad, you know. If it serves my purpose.

I: Would you say that Truffaut has that same opinion?

H: I don't know — I don't know whether we ever discussed it. You know he's doing a book on me.

I: I know about that. I understand you spent a couple of weeks with him.

H: Oh, we were in that room there — twenty-six hours the talk we had.

I: Twenty-six hours! What did you discuss?

H: Everything. He went through every film I'd ever made.

I: Film by film? That's got to be pretty fascinating.

H: Yes, picked out certain things, you know.

I: I'd like to ask a question here about believability, reality in your films. You are constantly trying to destroy the audience's confidence in what they think is going to happen.

H: I'm having a fight with them all of the time.

I: Yet you've got to maintain a reality, a believability at all times.

H: Oh, at all times. As authentic as you can possibly be, because you're dealing with fantasy. When you tell that little boy the story on your knee, whether it's Red Riding Hood, you've got to make it sound real.

I: Now, this would then be a part of your style, your effort in this area. Is it detail?

H: Oh — the utmost — When I went to Bodego Bay, to shoot "The Birds," I had *every* school child photographed in the area and *every* living person photographed, so that there would be no mistake in the wardrobe. And had the characters photographed. And went to the place, the location before writing any script.

I: Was the area — the bay and the road around it . . . to that house . . .

H: Exactly the same — that house was a derelict farm.

I: Did that give you the idea for —

H: Oh yes, of course, the whole thing was based on the geography. That house was a derelict farm, we built it up again.

I: Let me get that on tape — The geography gave you the idea of her crossing in the boat while he's racing in the car. And of course that built up to the sequence where the birds gather . . . and you had the audience completely off balance by that time.

H: Yes, that's right — that's right.

I: They were involved in her subjective relationship with him.

H: In light and very inconsequential comedy — making nothing much of it. Then BOOM!

I: Now there have been a great many things said about symbolism within your films. One interview discussed 'Tippi' Hedren as symbolical of . . .

H: Well, she represents complacency — Smug complacency and too many people are complacent today. You know they're smug and they don't realize what catastrophe . . .

I: That is a symbol as such — the personality of 'Tippi.' Now there was also a comparison of her buying birds in a bird shop. Love Birds caged up and then having her caged in the telephone booth again. So it is definitely in your mind . . . intended as symbolism . . .

H: Oh, definitely — the telephone booth was the bird surrounded by humans. The roles were reversed.

I: A complete reversal of the roles. Now, in the sequence, when they finally come upon the man at the farm — that is the man that the birds have killed. Just discussing the technical process there, what did the camera do to give us the . . .

H: It jumped in — it was a stacatto movement, you see.

I: Ah, yes, and very quick so you didn't really know whether you saw it all or not.

H: Well, I did it for several reasons. I wanted a change from the zooming in, but I wanted to be prepared for censorship problems. If I ran into censorship anywhere — you, like so, you can tape it out you see. And another item interesting about that moment, I never show the woman's reaction to it. I cut to the shoulder.

I: Her shoulder?

H: Going out behind the door. I never show her face. I knew I couldn't. I knew very well I could never get an expression strong enough.

I: So you let it stay in the audience's mind.

H: Then I come down the corridor in silhouette. Not until she got to the man — she was inarticulate — couldn't express it. And then I made the truck carry on for her. The whizzing truck and the cloud of dust.

I: This is a visual thing again. We've got no dialogue here really.

H: No, and the speed of that truck expresses the anguish of the woman, and the dust that it creates. Because when I drove the truck in, I had made it go much slower and no dust — we watered it down. I watered all the road down when the truck went in.

I: I can see here now where you are designing these things in advance, you can premeditate these things. Do you use any improvisation in your actors at all?

H: No, not much.

I: You let them give you a picture as such . . .

H: No, you know, if we are doing a dialogue scene or a conversation scene, I let the actors see how . . . I may ask them, Does he feel comfortable here? What do you like to do? You know. But I mustn't — I don't let them get out of hand, you know. I do it as a kindness toward them.

I: I've heard a lot of comments about your comments about actors.

H: Actors are cattle. Children. They are. They're all right, I get along all right with them.

I: Well, they seem to have a great respect for you.

H: Well, I don't direct them on the stage. I don't believe in that, you know. I discuss the thing in the dressing room. They're artists . . . they can go in and do their scene . . . I more or less tell them what points they're making, storywise or cinematically.

I: Much as we are discussing here, so that they know what it is that . . .

H: They know what part of the film this little piece is going to be. I don't care . . . to tell them the whole thing . . . why they are doing this and what contribution it makes toward the whole.

I: Have you ever had to fire an actor because he or she wouldn't cooperate?

H: Well — Oh yes, I wouldn't tolerate for a minute anything like that. As a matter of fact, I ran into it once with an actor when I wanted him to look up. He said, well I don't know whether I would. I said, well you've got to look up — I need the look. Cause I want to show what you see.

I: Are most actresses and actors aware of how much control a camera has over their total effect?

H: I make them aware of it — Yeah — sure.

I: Because in discussing it with talent, they don't seem to be aware of . . .

H: They don't. In the most they don't. They just perform.

I: The way that you move the camera could completely destroy . . .

H: They're not conscious even of the size of the image . . .

I: They are not.

H: No. They just do their stuff and go home at 6 o'clock.

I: Well, let's see here. How are we on time?

H: What time do you have now?

I: About five after four.

H: Oh, you're right, then I must stop! I've got a 4 o'clock game of chess!

FOR ADULTS ONLY

The above description applies to François Brion in three ways. She is twenty-nine years old. She is the favorite of the toughest critics in France, those on the magazine Cahiers du Cinema, and she does some things in her films that are definitely not for children. Cahiers critic Pierre Kast first introduced her to the film audience in "Le Bel Age," then Doniol-Valcroze used her briefly in his New Wave success "L'eau a la Bouche." She had a small part in "Les Parisiennes," and then had her first major part in director Doniol-Valcroze's "La Denonciation" (pics 1 thru 4) in which she did her now famous strip-tease which was in fact the denunciation of the character. She made "Satan Conducts the Dance" for Vadim and has just completed "The Immortal Woman" for first-time director Alain Robbe-Grillet who was the author of the controversial "Last Year at Marienbad." The soundtrack of "Woman" has only thirteen minutes of dialogue, but Robbe-Grillet insists it is more understandable than "Marienbad." The film will be told in pictures; the visual impact of François is what excites the young director. Not just her physical beauty, but the knowing eyes, the erotic mystery, the pagan intelligence of the earth mother, of the immortal woman (pics 5 thru 7). Her next film will be "Codine" and avoiding any translation, it will certainly be "for adults only."

A PERFUMED CIGAR

Alain Delon's image on the screen presents a confusing paradox, like a sweet scent from a cigar. At first viewing his good looks are so strong that one tends to categorize him as just another uncorked bottle of celluloid scent that is being sprayed on the audience until it grows stale. But take a deep breath and you're liable to choke on the strong male odor of a cigar. Delon is remarkably good-looking. But Delon is strictly male, and more important, definitely talented. He was first seen in the United States in Rene Clement's "Purple Noon," and then in Luchino Visconti's "Rocco and His Brothers." Fortunately his talent was seen along with his face thanks to careful cultivation of his cinema image by these two excellent directors. He has been carefully selecting directors ever since for good reason. He worked again with Clement in "Quelle Joie de Vivre" and Antonioni in "The Eclipse" (pic 1 with Monica Vitti). He did a sequence with Brigitte Bardot in "Les Amours Celebres" (pics 2 & 3) and will soon be seen in "The Leopard" (pics 4, 5 & 6 with Claudia Cardinale), again for Visconti. Next he will make "The Black Tulip" for Christian Jacques (of "Fan Fan La Tulip"), "The Love Cage" with Jane Fonda for Clement, "A Man and a Woman" with his fiancee of eight years Romy Schneider, "The Big Grab" with Jean Gabin and "Assez de Champagne" with Jeanne Moreau for Louis Malle.

THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK

In Europe the star who most often undresses on screen is Brigitte Bardot. In Hollywood it's Paul Newman. Newman turns up in every third movie Hollywood makes, and in each he strips down to his britches just as quick as he can. Did someone once accuse Newman of being a torn-shirt actor? Is he overcompensating for his one disastrous venture into costume films, "The Silver Chalice"? Could he be subtly plotting against the garment industry? Back in the Thirties, Clark Gable revealed he wore no undershirt in "It Happened One Night," and menswear manufacturers everywhere went into a sweat. They'd like to get Newman into a sweat shirt — anything to squelch this trend toward going bareheaded all the way down to the belt. There's talk Newman may be forced to switch affiliation from Screen Actors Guild to the American Sunbathers Association. Paul Newman is a fine actor and a dedicated one, and one of these days some enterprising film company will put clothes on the gentleman and discover they have another Muni on their hands. But for now it's evident moviemakers would sooner leave Newman bare-chested, and go right on counting up the cash. At Right: Newman in various stages of deshabille "The Young Philadelphians" (pic 1) with Alexis Smith, in "The Hustler" (pic 2) with Piper Laurie, in "Hud" (pic 3) with Patricia Neal, in "A New Kind of Love" (pic 4) with Marvin Kaplan, and in "The Prize" (pics 5) with Elke Sommer.

LISTEN, KID, MY BROTHER WAS BEAU GESTE

Georgia Moll's lithe young Italian figure has been ravaged by the eccentricities of a variety of costume designers as well as by her muscle-bound co-stars. Her first films found her flesh peeping from behind those transparent hip-huggers known as harem pants, escaping from the folds of Greek chitons, and pinkly blushing behind the regal concealment of a bright red ruby carefully pasted to her belly-button. Avoiding the athletic embraces of her over-developed leading men did not give her much time to develop her talent, and a long journey over the Russian steppes propped on the deltoid of Steve Reeves in "The White Warrior" was all she could take from the push up set. She turned to a serious work by director Nicolo Ferrari for her next effort, "Laura Nuda" with Thomas Milian (pic 2). Her talent improved but her costume kept slipping and censors condemned the film to relative obscurity. After a long search Morton Da Costa found her and cast her as the young Greek girl in "Island of Love" opposite Robert Preston. Costume designer Don Feld put her safely and delightfully in costumes that varied from wedding gown to bikini (pics 3 thru 6). Her most charming garment is her smile, however, and while [illegible] than that it's the best beginning. Costume dramas are not [illegible] either. Robert Preston might well have been inspired to say, "Listen, kid, my brother was Beau Geste."











4



NEWS

Former London Festival Ballet dancer Susan Hampshire has been assigned Roz Russell's old role opposite Albert Finney in MGM-British's "Night Must Fall." Karel Reisz (above) directs.

Karel Reisz ("Saturday Night and Sunday Morning") is equally adept at choosing directors as at directing. Above he is with the author, David Storey (left) and the actor Richard Harris (right) of "The Sporting Life" which Reisz produced and Lindsay Anderson directed. This film could be the sensation of the year.

The Rank organization paid Twentieth Century-Fox just under $900,000 — the largest guarantee ever paid in Britain for any film — for exclusive rights to screen "Cleopatra." The much-publicized film was to premiere on July 31st at London's 1700-seater Dominion Theater where "South Pacific" ran for four years and five months and a record-breaking 2576 performances. "Cleopatra" was expected to top that record.

ENGLAND

Kim Novak (above) is reported to be making a powder-puff assault upon the Cockney accent, and "Of Human Bondage." Henry Hathaway left the set in a huff or a Novak puff, abandoning the task of directing to neophyte Ken Hughes. The meltingly beautiful Miss Novak was born to be a showgirl, not an actress. She'd be precisely right for Busby Berkeley musicals, DeMille epics or Errol Flynn swashbucklers, but nobody takes those kinds of films seriously any more . . . and they are seriously needed.

Director Tony Richardson, whose "Tom Jones" recently opened in London, found it difficult to keep out of the camera's range while shooting several of the scenes and consequently had to scrap them. To overcome the problem, he dressed himself in 18th-century clothes (top above). Above is Albert Finney as Tom

American slang is widely used and easily understood in Britain, but the reverse is not always the case. Joan Littlewood's acclaimed "Sparrows Can't Sing," a rumbustious story of East London life, is being sub-titled for the United States, and no wonder! From "Sparrows": "Pack it in, China. The silly old git might git a whiff of the boozer, but if you start taking the mickey she'll get narkey and start bunging the sticks at your bonce and we'll end up in the nick. Let's put on the nose-bag and take a kip." Roughly translated: "Stop it, pal. That crazy old woman might smell like the corner bar, but if you get sarcastic she'll be annoyed and start throwing furniture and we'll wind up in jail. Let's eat and get some sleep."

FRANCE

Robert Bresson, at the top of the above picture, has this to say about his film "The Trial of Joan of Arc": "The cinema allows one to bring the past up to the present day. I wanted Joan to be a person of today. I wanted to show her as an actual person, and certain objects, her bed, her boots, appertain to this time. I have knowingly put them there at the risk of criticism. I wanted to make this young girl admirable in the eyes of today and I will be happy if my film contributes to this reappraisal. Joan had a great sense of life which we do not consider much. She sacrificed her life to this sense of life."

Thirty-two year old director Michael Deville has joined De Broca of the new film makers in the creation of comedies. His latest is "A Cause, A Cause d'une Femme" which presents several aspects of the weaker sex. Of the American directors, he likes Minnelli, Cukor and Donen. Above are (top) Jacques Charrier and Mylene Demongeot and (bottom) Marie Laforet.

Israeli born Dahlia Lavi made her first impression with Peter van Eyck (above) in "Spanish Festival" in 1960. Since then she has made several films in Italy and France and one film in Hollywood, Vincent Minnelli's "Two Weeks in Another Town."

Another Cleopatra! This time a spoof of the spectacle with Magali Noel and the Italian comic Toto.

A different Jeanne Moreau is seen in Marcel Ophuls' "Peau de Banane." She plays an ex-wife of Jean Paul Belmondo, and in a series of double-crosses she finally wins back her husband in a crooked gambling scheme. This will be the first cinema husband Jeanne has stuck with.

Nineteen year old France Anglade is the latest replacement for Brigitte Bardot. Soon to be seen in the role of Clementine in a film adaptation of Jean Bellus's comic strip, she will have many chances to strip comically. Accidental nudity is one of the basic ingredients of the cartoon and it is doubtful that the film will avoid it with France as its star (above).

Catherine Deneuve's bare back seems to fascinate directors. Top she is seen in Vadim's "Vice and Virtue" as a young girl sent to an Austrian castle for the pleasure of the SS officers.

Jean-Luc Godard's "Les Carabiniers" is said to owe much to the style and symbolism of Bertolt Brecht. Godard used Brecht's statement that "realism is not how things are real but how real are things." Godard states, "There are six principal characters, the two carabiniers who do not have names and four others having names famous in history and humanity — Venus, Cleopatra, Michelangelo and Ulysses." These characters, he says, ignore everything of value in the modern world and live entirely separate until the carabiniers arrive who represent an unknown King, who is nothing more than "a pinnacle that's all, as in fairy tales." Above are Genevieve Galea and Catherine Riberoof the film.

"Cyrano and D'Artagnan" stars the volatile comic Jean Pierre Cassel (top) and Jose Ferrer as Cyrano (second picture above). Directed by Abel Gance, the film will also present two young and vivacious female stars Dahlia Lavi and Sylva Koscina (bottom picture above)

The beauty of Anna Karina in the film "Scheherazade" (above) is the current topic of the French film world. She is spoken of as the first sophisticated heroine of a costume drama. Nazimova's "Salome" seems to have been forgotten.

English born Alexandra Stewart (above) is one of the many British girls pursuing film careers in Germany, Italy and France. Above she is seen in Jean-Luc Godard's sequence for the film "RoGoPaG."

Roger Vadim will make "Angelique," a novel by Serge and Anne Golon. This will give director Vadim the chance to discover another young lady of beauty to play the leading role of the adventurous young aristocrat of the court of Louis XIV. The stories have even more nudity and loving than Vadim's films.

Germany

The Hurdy-Gurdy man, Sammy Davis Jr., sings of the terrible sins of MacHeath (Curt Jurgens, pictured above with June Ritche as Polly Peachum and several of Ginny-Jenny's scarlet friends.) Joseph E. Levine will bring the Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill masterpiece to the American screen. The film was made by director Wolfgang Staudte. (Bottom picture: Hildegarde Neff as Ginny-Jenny)

"Protect Your Daughters" is a German version of "The Chapman Report." Filmed by seven directors, it warns of dangers teen-age girls are exposed to because of their early sexual maturity. Above are Renate Kasche and Alexander Braumuller in director Michael Blackwood's sketch "Money." This is about a young man who sends his girl friend out on loan to a business friend to help him make a deal. The money is so easy, he thereafter sends her out on other jobs.

Daliah Lavi gives Thomas Fritsch an amusing love lesson in Rolf Thiele's "The Black, White and Red Four-poster." It's a costume piece from the Wilhelminic era.

Above are Alexandra Stewart and Karl Michael in "The Confessions of a Lodger." Announced as an expose of the high-priced "furnished room" racket, it's really an attempt to rake in the high prices paid by the international cinemagoer. Francoise Prevost and Cordula Trantow are also featured.

ITALY

Marcello Mastroianni's next role will be Professor Sinigaglia in Monicelli's film about the strikers in the area of Turin, Italy ("The Comrades"). After completing Fellini's "8½" he made "Family Diary" for Zurlini. His success in Pietro Germi's "Divorce Italian Style" may stimulate an American distributor to import some of these new films.

The Italians have come up with another spoof of an American epic film. This one is called "The Shortest Day," and deals with a single event in the First World War. It has 88 stars among whom are Franco Franchi, Ciccio Ingrassia and Walter Chiari (top picture), Sandra Milo and Sandra Mondaini (next picture).

Monica Vitti (above), will soon be seen in Blasetti's sketch for "Three Fables of Love." Also in the film are Leslie Caron, Anna Karina, Sylva Koscina, Charles Aznavour, and Rossano Brazzi. The two other segments will be directed by Rene Clair and Herve Bromberger.

"Women of the World" may not be the sex travelogue the title implies. While focusing upon traditional female behavior (top picture), it will also travel the more earthy areas of female anatomy (second picture) and the seamier habitats of breast development, nose jobs and face-lifting around the world.

Gina Lollobrigida is now making a film in Switzerland for director Franco Rossi. She was slated to make "Four for Texas" for Robert Aldrich in Hollywood but the deal fell through and Ursula Andress got the role.

"La Parmigiana" is director Antonio Pietrangeli's effort to tell the frantic story of Italy's youth. Starring Catherine Spaak (above) and Nino Manfredi

A completely non-professional cast will be seen in the Titanus film "The New Angels" directed by Ugo Gregoretti. In eight episodes, it treats key problems of Italy's 20-year-olds. The film includes a shotgun wedding and a story of a youth who leaves the farm for the city. In the episode entitled "The Initiative Belongs to Woman" (above), an English tourist, (Rochelle Young) who was visiting Riccione gives a real example of woman's initiative in today's male-female relations. The director is pictured above

"Black Soul" is the provocative title of Roberto Rossellini's latest film, the story of Adriano (Vittorio Gassman), who has led a riotous life, and his pure wife Marcella (Annette Stroyberg). In the top picture they argue over his past (next picture).

Italy is not without its usual supply of spectacle films. One of the latest is "I Semiramide" starring Yvonne Furneaux, last seen here in Fellini's "La Dolce Vita," as the suicidally desperate girl friend of Marcello Mastroianni.

Dino De Laurentiis signed Orson Welles to direct the "Esau and Jacob" episode for his film of the Bible. Also signed is Luchino Visconti who directed "The Job" in "Boccaccio 70" and "The Leopard." He'll direct the "Joseph and his Brothers" sequence. Fellini will do "The Flood" and "Noah's Ark."

JAPAN

"The Wonderful Wicked," a Toho film that makes a bid for financial rewards from the international market with a sprinkling of sex and sadism.

Sex and sadism mingled with religion has often proved still more successful on the marketplace. Director Kenji Misumi has made "Buddha" in a true DeMille fashion for Daiei Films. Japan's costume epics have thus far been her most successful cinema exports, and this one seems to contain all the ingredients. If the directors of Japanese film industry could get together on a cooperative system of American distribution that would guarantee their artistic and economic independence, we might get a chance to see more of their better films.

UNITED STATES

Jack Lemmon and Carol Lynley (above) co-star in "Under the Yum Yum Tree" for David Swift, along with Dean Jones and Edie Adams.

Charlton Heston as John the Baptist in "The Greatest Story Ever Told" will be directed by the finest director he has ever worked for, George Stevens. Not the screen's subtlest reader of lines, Heston owes much of his cinema impact to his eloquent physical presence — the same uncanny ability to convey thought, mood and emotion wordlessly and visually that made Gary Cooper a great star. Stevens won't let him miss a trick. Look for the physical acting of Heston alone to carry much of the characterization of the fanatic religious nomad who lost his head to Salome.

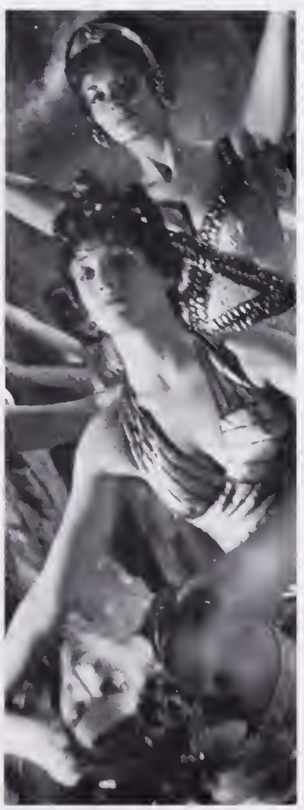
Fran Jeffries (top above with Peter Sellers) delivers a Henry Mancini song in Blake Edwards' "The Pink Panther" that will turn other songbirds green. Her moment on the screen is hers alone. The beauty of Claudia Cardinale and Capucine and the wit of Sellers get upstaged graciously and with style.

Distributor Edward Harrison who distributed Satyajit Ray's "Apu Triology" will release the great Indian director's "The Music Room" this September. The film stars Chabi Biswas who played the father in "Devi."

Director Stanley Kubrick has described his current film "Dr. Strangelove" as a nightmare comedy. The hope is it won't be a nightmare. In an effort to do the "grand theme" of the atom bomb, he may miss the human element and come up with a tiny pop. Peter Sellers (above) who plays four roles in the film had this trouble in "I'm All Right Jack." The temptation to propagandize is easy to yield to and makes for bad cinema.

J. Lee Thompson's casting of George Chakiris and Shirley Anne Field (together above) in "The Sun King" confronts audiences with certain incongruities. While Yul Brynner (bottom picture above) is made for this type of film, Shirley Anne's fine features look anything but Aztec and Chakiris's good looks are almost too pretty in costume. The audience may well look for Miss Field to revert to a black-lace slip and Chakiris to switch back from spear to switch-blade.

Ursula Andress posed nude for a painting to hang behind a riverboat bar in the Robert Aldrich film "Four for Texas." Though the painting is a bad likeness and its style doesn't suit the period it is intended to depict, there is no controversy over Miss Andress' beauty, nude or clothed.



Associate producer Ray Harryhausen has come up with some fantastic effects for Don Chaffey's "Jason and the Golden Fleece": A seven-headed hydra, the Bronze God Talos, flying harpies, and a giant Triton all have their moments upon the screen. Nancy Kovak (above) adds her own brand of strong visual effect. Also pretty fantastic: the dancing girls (above).

Above are the makers of "Hallelujah the Hills." The still captures the joy the creators had in making the film and, according to reports from France, the exuberance and exhilaration that is on the screen. In this tricky avant garde film two actresses, no less, play the leading feminine role. Shelia Finn (centered on the leopard skin) plays the role of the winter Vera. Peggy Steffans plays the summer Vera. Adolfas Mekas directs, and next time, Adolfas, let's go for all four seasons!

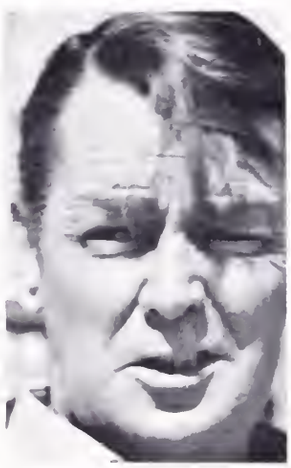
The motion picture "Fail Safe" will showcase such fashionable items as the President's private bomb shelter, the War Room in Omaha, Nebraska, the recently redecorated interiors of the White House and a very high-styled atom bomb. Taken from the highly successful novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, the film will strive to capture the same tension of the book. Sidney Lumet directs and Henry Fonda (above) plays the President.

Jill St. John (top picture) and Elizabeth Montgomery (above) are two of the lively, lovely, giant-size "teddy bears" who want to play nursery with Dean Martin in Daniel Mann's "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?" Not for children, it's a bedtime story with assorted twists, strips, laughs and some more than predatory bear hugs. It's Kildare and Casey who are being "put on" while everything else comes off as Martin does a masterful dissection of an epidemic affliction: TV doctors.

Carroll Baker doesn't quite managed to escape the clutches of Peter Van Eyck in Seth Holt's tough drama "Station-Six Sahara." Miss Baker (with Eyck above) has made a habit of doing the offbeat film. "Something Wild" wasn't quite that "wild," but "Sahara" may be something else: Carroll disrupts the lives of five womanless men in the desert by turning up on the scene for a little sunbathing.

Elke Sommer has made the move to Hollywood to appear with Paul Newman in Mark Robson's "The Prize" for MGM. The studio has signed her to a three-year contract.

Director Robert Wise has created haunting visual effects for "The Haunting" which stars Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson and Russ Tamblyn. Above, the distortion of a mirror reflects the panic of Julie Harris.



Above is Alan Ladd as Nevada Smith in "The Carpetbaggers" on location in the desert town of Boron. Edward Dmytryk will direct with Carroll Baker, George Peppard, Lew Ayres, Bob Cummings, Archie Moore, Martha Hyer and Tony Bill.

Delmar Daves is currently editing "Youngblood Hawke." It stars James Franciscus (above with co-star Suzanne Pleshette) and Genevieve Page (second pic with Youngblood's novel in her hands. In the story, the writer changes places with the book and all hell breaks loose.)

The Burton-Taylor combination will be seen again in "The VIP's." Anthony Asquith directs and the film will have other welcome faces: Orson Welles (second pic) and Margaret Rutherford (third pic). Also Louis Jourdan, Elsa Martinelli and Rod Taylor.

Above are the two faces of Joanne Woodward in Melville Shavelson's "A New Kind of Love." Joanne (top) masquerades as a spicy Parisienne in an effort to seduce Newman, but is discovered to be a simple career girl at heart (second)

Stathis Giallelis (above) with director Elia Kazan is the star of Kazan's new film "America, America," a story of the search for liberty within Kazan's own family. Kazan cast Giallelis in Athens, but the boy borrowed money to follow Kazan to New York to be sure he got the part. Kazan introduced a lot of new talent: Brando, Saint, Beatty and Dean. Giallelis could be another.

THE L-SHAPED ROOM
BY BRYAN FORBES

From England there has emerged an epidemic of films which define the reality of sani-flush, bed bugs and bad breath. The small detailed discomforts of life provide the background upon which the urban heroes play out their asphalt lives. A few of these films, "A Taste of Honey" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," for example, have given birth to characters who have been able to lift themselves out of the common muck by their sweat-socks and to walk like heroes amidst the refuse of a London dock or the garbage cans of a Northern industrial town. "The L-Shaped Room" makes the same effort.

A plain young French girl named Jane has come to London and been made pregnant by an inconstant lover. She looks for a room, and settles on the only one available. It comes complete with bed bugs, broken plaster and broken down whores in the basement. In this room she finds friends, a new lover, a new hope for her life.

Little need here to describe the infinite detail with which the scenes are played. Leslie Caron is a masterful, compelling performer and Tom Bell as her backstep lover plays the undistinguished common boy with a leveling reality.

The weakness is that Caron stands out from Bell and the background too distinctly. She is the heroine, but you don't know why.

Director Forbes has framed the drab contents of "The L-Shaped Room" so distinctly that when another girl occupies the room at the end of the film, you find yourself wanting to know her story also. You never do. You never really know anyone. You have cried for a stranger who might have been a friend. J.S.

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND DIRECTED BY BRYAN FORBES • PRODUCED BY JAMES BOOTH AND RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH • CINEMATOGRAPHER DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE

LILIES OF THE FIELD
BY RALPH NELSON

This poetic, precious, small story is very big inside. While touring the American Southwest, Homer Smith (Sidney Poitier) comes upon five strangely-garbed ladies working in the field. They are German nuns, fled from behind the Berlin wall and settled on a small plot of land bequeathed to their church by a German immigrant. One of them is Mother Maria (Lilia Skala), a proud, virtuous tyrant who by the power of prayer and her own strong will compels Homer to stay and build the nuns a chapel. There follow some cinematic moments of good-humored genius: the nuns' English lessons with Homer, Southern drawl and all, as teacher; the AY-MEN not AH-MEN spiritual session; and a simple march to church that puts to shame the most noble crusade.

The real brilliance, however, lies in the scenes between Mother Maria and Homer. Miss Skala's fierce, scalding purpose as a matriarch of the Church towers to an unyielding beauty as you realize that this harsh, unforgiving, barren woman is at once desert saint and mother. Sidney Poitier with his great open smile and unbroken charm, plays the GI roustabout with a pride, honor and muscled virtue that breaks upon the audience like first love.

Director Ralph Nelson presents the film as a vagrant prospector might show a golden nugget. It has a raw, untouched beauty that seems to well up from the land. When it is over you will find it difficult to realize that a man made this film. It just seems to have happened, and now it is yours. Both Homer in building his chapel and Nelson in building his film seem to have had the help of greater hands. Both will some day raise a cathedral . . or perhaps they already have. - J.S.

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY RALPH NELSON • SCREENPLAY BY JAMES POE FROM THE NOVEL BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT • CINEMATOGRAPHER ERNEST HALLER • ALSO STARRING STANLEY ADAMS, DAN FRAZEO, LISA MANN, ISA CRINO, FRANCESCA JAEVIS AND PAMELA BRANCH.

IRMA LA DOUCE
BY BILLY WILDER

Billy Wilder films are expected to be laced with satiric characters, frilled ladies, a slightly macabre humor, a bawdy beauty or two, and sight gags productive of naked, roaring laughter. Not to be denied his trademarks, director Wilder has filled "Irma la Douce" with the wildest, willingest assortment of semi-clad females the screen has yet seen, and has them walk a street with the most colorful sidewalks in Paris.

Dealing with the poules, the prostitutes of Paris, Mr. Wilder does not titillate the audience with the exotic wonders of prostitution in one wildly revealing, flash nude scene. Flesh is a common sight. Irma, in fact, appears partially dressed from the moment she appears on the screen. Transparent blouses, plunging cleavage, lace lingerie and nudity are the packaging of Irma's stock and trade. Shirley MacLaine wears them artfully and with style. Irma is the top poule, the best pro on the block, but Irma is not a transparent trollop.

Billy Wilder, while accepting the hard physical facts of the film's environment and making them as colorful as he could, has not accepted the situation. While exposing Irma, he has exposed himself. Part way through the film, it becomes apparent that Wilder could just as well have made it in the style of "Ace in the Hole" as in that of "Some Like It Hot." There seems to be a deepseated hatred exposed in the film and the naked laughter ends up wearing a muffler. When Irma first appears on the screen, she walks slowly down the boulevard. All the poules are on the street waiting for their customers, but none of them speaks to Irma, not even an 'allo. Despite her bright, gay attire, her frivolous ways, there was never a lonelier whore than Irma.

Up against this situation is Jack Lemmon as Nestor. First as a reforming policeman, second as a jealous mec, and third as the phony English count, he evinces a comic behavior precisely made for what might have been a hilarious film. But somehow some of his best efforts don't come off. He does a series of imitation of English actors, but it isn't until the last one, a gap-toothed imitation of Terry-Thomas, that you realize what he was attempting.

Billy Wilder is still one of the greatest cinematic authors making films, and he always makes a film worth seeing, but in "Irma la Douce" he seems undecided. He presents a cynicism that cares, a satire that saddens, a laughter that cries. It is time for another "Ace in the Hole" and we're sure he has one up his sleeve. J.S.

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER • SCREENPLAY BY WILDER AND I. A. L. DIAMOND • CINEMATOGRAPHER JOSEPH LA SHELLE • MUSIC BY ANDRE PREVIN • ALSO STARRING LOU JACOBI, BRUCE YARNELL.

HARAKIRI
BY MASAKI KOBAYASHI

This is a must for the cinema fan. Kobayashi is a distinctive film stylist. Somewhat awkward and primitive in his approach, he pounds again and again like the crash of a sea wall on a granite cliff to make his points.

The story Kobayashi tells is of the struggle between the strong, unyielding code of the samurai and the honor and life of an individual. A young samurai begs a lord permission to commit harakiri on the grounds of his estate. He secretly hopes for a grant of money as a charitable inducement to stay alive. Unfortunately, the particular lord in question is outraged and forces the young man to go through with the suicide.

The young ronin commits the act with a bamboo blade which he can cause to pierce his stomach only by falling on it. In the act of killing himself he bites off his tongue. Kobayashi is as unyielding in depicting these scenes as he is in making his points. For three full minutes the audience is compelled to watch the execution.

An older samurai arrives later and also requests permission to commit harakiri. But the three men he has chosen as seconds do not arrive and while waiting for them he tells the story of a young samurai who was trying to keep his sick wife and starving child alive.

Finally it is revealed that he is the father-in-law to the young man forced to commit harakiri and that the three seconds are missing because he has cut off their top knots to dishonor them and their lord. There is a wild fight, but the old samurai takes his own life before he can be killed.

Kobayashi stages the film in three parts: an exciting, foreboding opening which includes the young man's harakiri; a slow, plodding, tenacious middle section with little visual action; and a final section which explodes with action. The stagings of the sword fights are entirely unique and were filmed at the foot of Mt. Fuji to make graphic use of the strong winds and ominous dark cloud formations of that area. Tatsuya Nakadai as the old samurai must be seen to be believed. He is absolutely superb. He deftly crescendoes from singing a lullaby to a baby to performing superhuman feats of animal vengeance.

PRODUCED BY SHOCHIKU CO. • DIRECTED BY MASAKI KOBAYASHI • CINEMATOGRAPHER YOSHI MIYAJIMA

55 DAYS TO PEKING
BY NICHOLAS RAY

The film is plagued by two diametrically opposed extremes: too much and too little. There is too much overstatement of sentiment that builds to a maudlin sentimentality. The action of the performers is obvious and predictable, the result of playing a script overwritten and overshot. In shooting too much, director Ray has gone back and edited out facts pertinent to the story. He loses a general on the cutting room floor, for instance. In the film the general goes off to arrange a treaty, and is never heard from again. Other pertinent facts are lost.

Ray has developed a considerable following among the art-film critics for his strong cinematic style. Ray does use a cinematic technique, a visual story-telling process in a time when many directors are photographing plays. This technique, however, should not be confused with style. In the opening sequence he cuts from one military band to another while the soundtrack blends national anthems of the different countries together. As his camera pans to each new band the soundtrack brings up the tune of that nation and we understand immediately that this is an international compound within China.

The idea is conveyed visually. But this is not style, unless overstatement is style. He uses the same device at the end of the film. When the besieged soldiers and citizens of the various nations are about to be done in by the redskins-in-kimonos, the cavalry comes racing in — at least ten versions of cavalry and as we see them we listen to the national anthems all over again. The idea is as old as the Seventh Cavalry and cannot be acknowledged as style.

One note of worth. Charlton Heston as major Matt Lewis of the United States Marines is excellent. When Ray's camera is on him, a story is told. The visual power of this performer is quite underrated while the director is surely overrated. J.S.

PRODUCED BY SAMUEL BRONSTON • SCREENPLAY BY PHILIP YORDAN AND BERNARD GORDON • SET DECORATION, COSTUMES AND PRODUCTION DESIGN BY VENIERO COLASANTI AND JOHN MOORE • ALSO STARRING AVA GARDNER, DAVID NIVEN.

SHOCK CORRIDOR
BY SAMUEL FULLER

In Samuel Fuller's new movie, a reporter has himself committed to a mental institution to solve the murder of an inmate. Little detective work is required: He questions three patients in their rare moments of lucidity. The first tells him the murderer wore a white uniform. The second says the murderer was one of the attendants. The third names the murderer. And that is Mr. Fuller's story except for a "shock" twist at the end which has been so thoroughly set up throughout the film that it comes as little surprise.

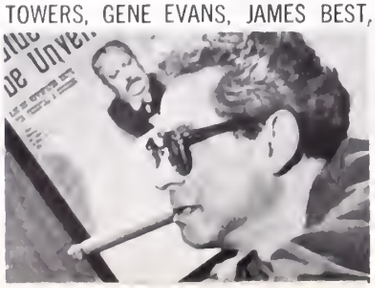
But obvious though his story is, it is never dull. For Fuller the moviemaker is like a garrulous old sea captain at a polite dinner party — a little loud, a little vulgar, lacking in polish or sophistication, but with so colorful a storytelling style and enough flashes of individual brilliance that the whole table listens, fascinated, to what he has to say.

Fuller's most original conceptions in "Shock Corridor" are his three mental patients. The first is a brainwashed Korean GI who now supposes himself a Civil War general. The second, a Negro student broken by the strain of gaining admission to a Southern university, fancies himself a fanatical white supremacist. And the third is a once-brilliant nuclear physicist who has retreated to a childlike state. These brilliantly realized characters provide striking commentary on the peculiar strains of life in America today.

Fuller weighs down his film with all manner of gratuitous sensationalism: a strip tease, incest, an attack upon the hero by a gaggle of nymphomaniacs, and a pointless series of sexy nighttime dream sequences which any sensible cutter would have made nocturnal omissions.

But Fuller invests his storytelling with such visual force, vigor and conviction that he grips the audience's attention every frame of the way. Even while you're deploring some outrageous gaffe, your eyes remain glued to the screen to see what's gonna happen next. And a measure of Fuller's dynamism as a director is the fact that, however trite, overwritten or improbable the lines he may give his actors, they read them with totally believing conviction that tends to carry the audience right along with them. R.G.

A LEON FROMKESS - SAM FIRKS PRODUCTION • WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY SAMUEL FULLER • PHOTOGRAPHY STANLEY CORTEZ • STARRING PETER BRECK, CONSTANCE TOWERS, GENE EVANS, JAMES BEST,



CLEOPATRA
BY JOSEPH MANKIEWICZ

Too much has been said already. Every journalist and critic across the world has pounded out thousands of words to define and discuss this uncommon motion picture.

It is at best difficult to describe. There are no comparisons to be drawn with other spectacles. "Cleopatra" was an attempt at a serious motion picture. It is the story of three uncommon people in unusual circumstances. And the story is reasonably well told. Individual pieces of dialogue are choice gems, and germane to the historic genre. Individual scenes are grand monuments of color and size. The film has the mark of an individual film maker.

The film's creator Joseph L. Mankiewicz is one of the few men who could have managed to put this film together. Perhaps where he has failed to do that, where others have intervened and done the cutting for him is where the film has failed. Storylines are dropped. Sequences contain unexplained detail. But this is — once again — an uncommon film and should not be put alongside nor compared with Mankiewicz's earlier films. To do so would serve no purpose.

"Cleopatra" is entertaining. No one has failed in that respect. Burton is fine. Elizabeth Taylor is beautiful and every soft inch the queen. Rex Harrison is superb; it will be hard hereafter to imagine another Caesar. The production, costumes, sets are the very best.

One exception to the attitude of acceptance which this review takes is the performance of Roddy McDowall as Octavian, who becomes Augustus, Rome's first Emperor. Watching this thin, quiet boy grow into one of the supreme politicians of all time is well worth the price of admission for those who study the ancients. Both McDowall and Mankiewicz understood the character of Augustus perfectly. Like the character he plays, McDowall seems to have been ignored by the press amid the fume over other performers. Quietly he did his job and he did it with unequalled distinction. J.S.

PRODUCED BY WALTER WANGER • SCREENPLAY BY MANKIEWICZ, RANALD MacDOUGALL & SIDNEY BUCHMAN • CINEMATOGRAPHER, LEON SHAMROY • PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY JOHN DE CUIR • ALSO STARRING PAMELA BROWN, HUME CRONYN AND CESARE DANOVA.

TOYS IN THE ATTIC
BY GEORGE ROY HILL

Want to see a lady get her throat slashed open by a trio of thugs? It all happens right on camera, blood spurting, the works, in George Roy Hill's film based on Lillian Hellman's stage play.

The Hellman work was no lavender-and-old-lace affair. Miss Hellman can sling a neurosis with the best of 'em, and in "Toys," after an absence from Broadway of some years, she seemed vengefully bent on reclaiming from Tennessee Williams the title as Broadway's most uncompromising writer about the sordid South. Among her characters: a sister with an incestuous attraction to her brother; a second old maid sister; a weakling brother constitutionally unable to make his own way in the world and dependent on his sisters; a psychotic child bride; and a woman of wealth who lives openly with her chauffeur.

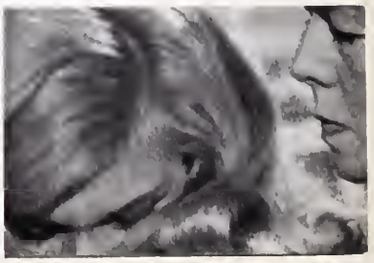
Mr. Hill has seen fit to highten Miss Hellman's sensationalism in a number of ways, typical of which is the interpolated bloodletting scene described above. The result is not honest, adult drama. The result is an unpleasant film liable to send picturegoers away with a feeling of angry resentment for having been pointlessly assaulted with so much downbeat material in the course of an evening.

"Toys" might have been redeemed were one able to believe in the persons portrayed. One cannot. Dean Martin as the wayward brother is so indivisibly Dean Martin, one waits rather hopefully for Frank Sinatra to show up with a walk-on quip. Geraldine Page, an actress of brilliant capabilities, gives a distractingly busy, over-mannered performance. Her fluttering, gesticulating, mouth-pursing should have been restrained by a stronger directorial hand. Yvette Mimieux, the young wife pathologically afraid her husband will leave her, is lovely and fragile but gives no hint of the arrested mental development which made believable the character as written by Miss Hellman.

Wendy Hiller and Gene Tierney come off best, if only because they seem a trifle more self-possessed.

But that bloody knife scene! Unjustified dramatically, cinematically, morally, or financially, it seems just one more flagrant effort to brutalize cinemagoers into sitting and watching anything at all. R.G.

A MIRISCH PRODUCTION • DIRECTED BY GEORGE ROY HILL • SCREENPLAY BY JAMES POE • CAMERA JOSEPH F. BIROC.



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HOWARD HAWKS: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW ON ACTORS, ACTRESSES AND "MAN'S FAVORITE SPORT"

NATALIE WOOD ON GLAMOUR (COVER STORY)

THREE DIRECTORS IN DANGER: ROBERT ALDRICH, OTTO PREMINGER AND ELIA KAZAN

THE COSTUMES FOR GEORGE STEVENS' "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"

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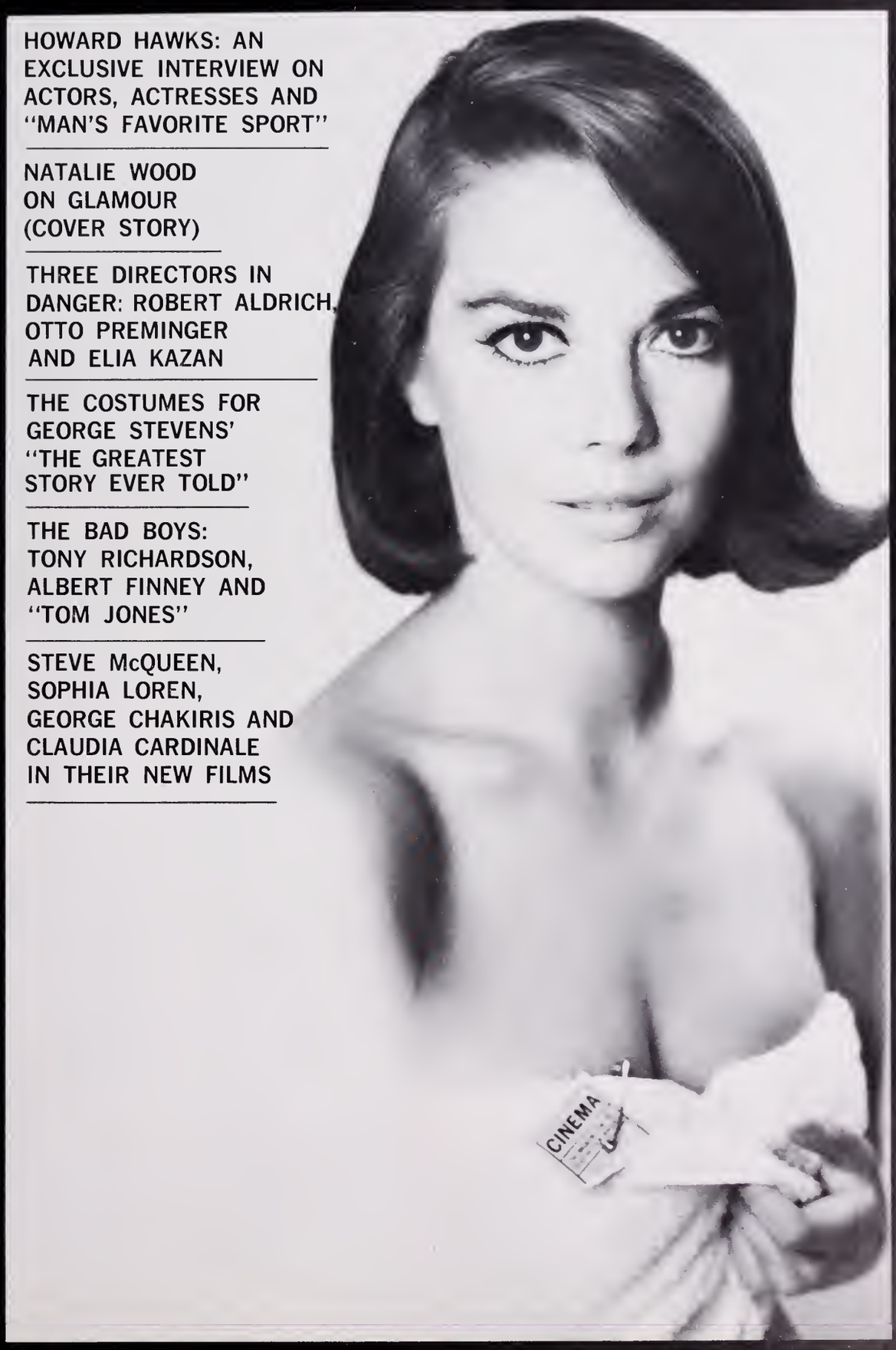

The leading lady of films Sophia Loren as she appears in "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." See page 24. PHOTO BY PIERLUIGI

BAD CATS AND FOUR-LETTER MORALISTS

As a child in Oakland, California, I once asked my father, a Baptist minister, what chance he had in telling the story of "Samson and Delilah" in Sunday School when C.B. DeMille was telling it differently all week long at the Roxie with Hedy Lamarr and Technicolor? In time he led me to discover that the way he told it was simply the truth. It has occurred to me many times since what a powerful story-telling medium films are and that working within the medium there must also be some good men telling the truth. A year and a half ago, with the creation of CINEMA, the search began. Who are the men?

They are difficult to define, difficult to discuss in a collective manner. Each takes a different creative form and like a maverick horse each bucks at being saddled with a name. The hazards they are up against are definite, however, all too definite. Unlike the days when David Wark Griffith started as a director and was able to learn his art by making two one-reelers a week from 1908 to 1915, today's director has to claw himself forward with a predatory will until he is handed a film. Then it's showdown! Shoot it right or be shot down. On his way, the director faces the tyrannies of trade unions, established studio systems, and the vindictive vengeance of creative parasites who have backed down at their own showdowns.

It's a tough, bitter angry jungle where a director must wear his ego like a sidearm, ready to cut down the creative bandits eager to strike him down, cut him off from his creative water hole and force him into their own empty perdition.

This new breed of long-horned director has "had it" with the accepted socialist doctrine of socio-economic environmental control in which man's morality is formed by the garbage can he keeps. They've thrown out the system and kept the can. Now that can could become the fighting armor of a Hercules. These directors are defining a new hero: cowboys who have grown old and tired but not weak, a samurai who stinks and sweats and has the strength of ten thousand. These directors are "bad cats" who are likely to define God in four-letter words. They like a big fight, actors who can cause a whole lot of hell, a script that bleeds, actresses who are more animal than female, and given them they'll make you laugh right where you cry.

CINEMA will make every effort to brand these celluloid cowboys for what they are . . . men with some guts for life and movies. On occasion the magazine will be a bad cat itself, and if we let loose with a right cross at Robert Aldrich or try to take an arm off Peckinpah, they'll probably bite right back and we'll both be the better for it.

THE EDITOR

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COVER PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

ROBERT ALDRICH WARLORD ON THE WARPATH

On location with "Four For Texas," the strong man of films takes on the heavyweight temperaments of Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.

The West is wild again. On location at Mojave director Robert Aldrich moved his big frame about the rocky terrain like the strong arm of the law, corralling those reckless renegades of the acting profession, Sinatra and Martin, into performances that will be anything but tame. Aldrich is a big man. He demands a big story, big action and big performances. "Four for Texas" is an Aldrich original, a male story of two raw men who meet on a stagecoach, fight it out for the rest of the film, and become friends at the end. There's a hold-up, gunfights, the threat of a landlord foreclosing the mortgage, and brandy-laced tea. Parts of the story have the wobbly motions of "The Drunkard," but the similarity ends there. In an Aldrich film, the characters drink big, and if they get drunk, it's a big drunk. Characters make an Aldrich film. Joan Crawford and Bette Davis in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" matched the strength of the warlord himself. In another of his westerns "Vera Cruz," Aldrich wound up his job as director shortly before the end of shooting by delivering a right cross to Burt Lancaster's jaw. Aldrich is always in charge, and he's big enough to back it up. You've got to be big in an Aldrich film. The Sinatra-Martin temperaments are big. Sinatra's is wild; Martin's is quiet but just as deadly. But a director like Aldrich needs something to pit himself against, to make the outcome a good show. He likes the contest. The story, as usual, calls for a love affair. Aldrich makes it all a little bigger and has two. Sinatra is matched with Anita Ekberg, Martin with Ursula Andress. Somehow there is always a threat of danger on an Aldrich location. Whether this is attributable to the director himself, his volatile performers or the action he demands is hard to tell. The stunt men all have their day too with $365 falls being shot over and over again and horses being jackknifed into the dirt. The danger comes out on the screen and that's what the public goes to see whether it's demented Baby Janes or hard-liquored cowboys.

Peace Conference on the Mojave desert location

OTTO THE GREAT

The cold eye of the aloof Otto Preminger turns its attention to a variety of Catholic questions in "The Cardinal."

Behind the mask of his own ornamented greatness hides the cold, calculating ruler of a film world that is his alone. The publicity facades that Otto Preminger builds up for his films . . . the casting of Joseph Welch in "Anatomy of a Murder," having director John Huston play Archbishop Glennon in "The Cardinal" and arranging for the blessing of the film on the opening day of shooting . . . create an exalted image for the public, but hide both the greatness and weakness of his films. The artful casting of offbeat personalities slyly suggests that he gets great performances from his talent. Actually, he is weakest with performers. Choosing offbeat subjects like narcotics in "Man With the Golden Arm," conservative politics in "Advise and Consent," and Catholic questions in "The Cardinal," and touting these subjects in artfully plotted publicity breaks creates the promise of sensationalism. Actually he is the least "sensational" director working. There is no emotion in his films. Preminger is strictly an objective director. His camera never frames the subjective reactions of his performers, but remains aloof, without sentiment, without heart. His style and his greatness lie in his constant and completely objective camera. His best films are subjects like "Anatomy of a Murder" which demand an objectivity. In "The Cardinal" Preminger's clinical camera will have the chance to dissect such issues as an over-eager priestly fund raiser; a Catholic and Jewish marriage; the Catholic position of saving the child, not the mother, in childbirth; a Southern negro priest being attacked by the Klu Klux Klan; and the love affair of a priest. It's a delicate operation, but the incisive cuts of the surgeon on duty will determine the life or death of "The Cardinal." The risk is always that the audience will find no character in the film to love: the camera cares for no one, and since it is a visual art, the audience can identify with no one. But a great ruler can so move his pawns that the action, characters and the consequence can compel attention as if discovering a new world.

Otto Preminger's cold, objective eye looks into the

KAZAN THE VIOLENT

Directing a passel of his friends and unknown Stathis Giallelis in his new film "America America," Elia Kazan may escape the excessive violence that usually erupts and damages his films.

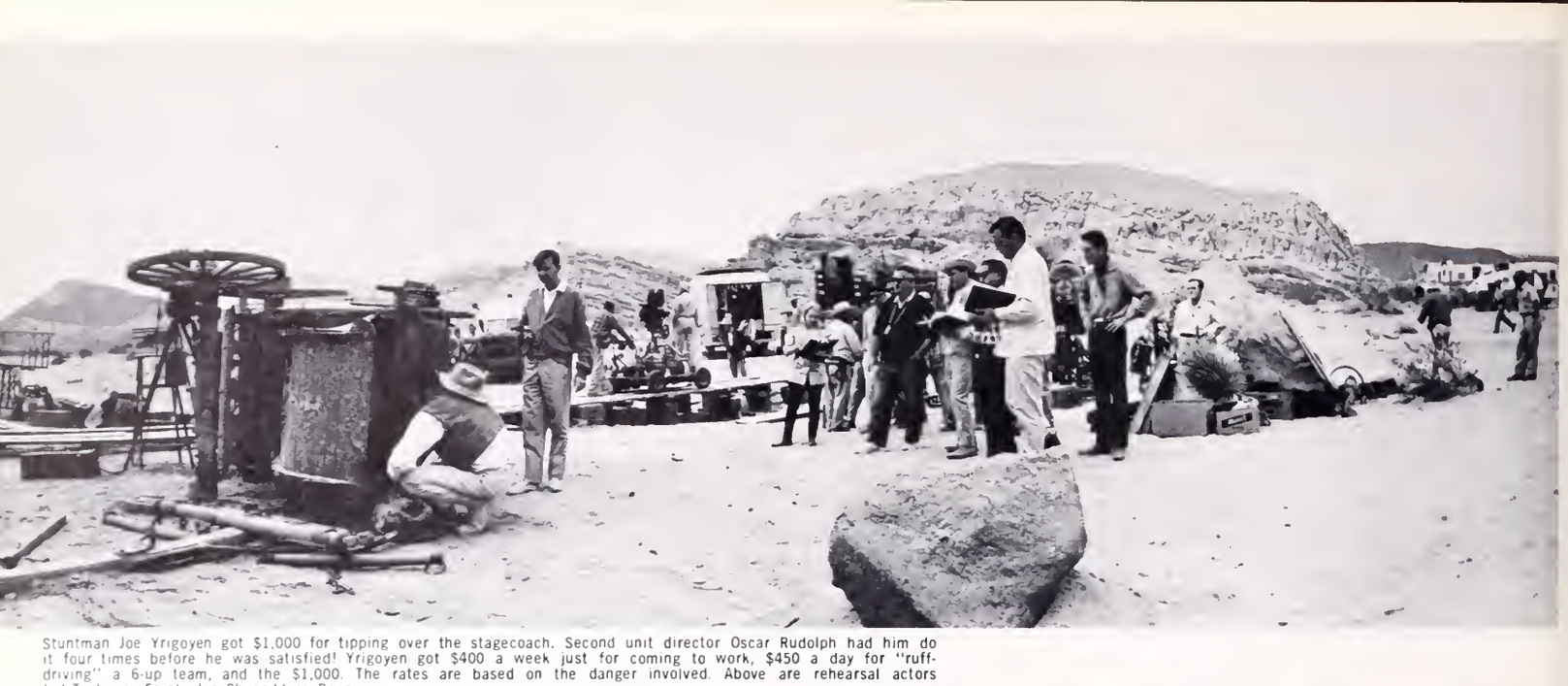
Kazan has a way with people. His performers' dedication to him is almost religious. By some quiet virtue he is able to compel them to give their best, and in the process he has given the film world some great ones: Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and James Dean. Lately, however, his films have fallen short of expectations. His ability with people has not been matched by his talent with the camera. Invariably when a performer — Montgomery Clift or Natalie Wood — is in a state of complete hysteria, Kazan's camera rushes in to watch, and the contorted face looms twenty feet high on the screen. The violent contortions of a face in close-up shock for a few seconds, and then the continued shooting and animation convey the idea of insanity rather than the emotion. Kazan is a fine dramatist. He senses the feelings of people, he understands the horror of blood, he is capable of telling a great story. "America America" may be it. The original story and screenplay are his, derived from a collection of Kazan family legends of travels from Turkey to the United States. All the ingredients of the true film author are promised, including a strong visual attitude. Kazan's performers have the look of reality. Cast mainly from among his friends, and other as yet unknown performers, they appear to be looking out from the pages of a 1913 newspaper. A typical example is Frank Wolff, who appeared in Nanni Loy's "The Four Days of Naples." Wolff's visual reality is so convincing that audiences could believe him a native of Naples, Kansas City, Calcutta or Istanbul. Making his acting debut in the principal role of Stavros is Stathis Giallelis. Though small and slight, the Greek Stathis has a dark, romantic look about him that commands attention. One of the most promising features of the film is Kazan's choice of Haskell Wexler as director of photography. Caught by the intimate hand-held camera that Wexler used so well before in "Face in the Crowd" and "The Savage Eye," the authentic faces of the cast and the battered locations of Istanbul, Greece, and an ocean liner, will have living, breathing reality as if they were images from a newsreel. Kazan's camera has always needed a consistent point of view, and the documentary viewpoint may be just what he needs to keep his violence in check.

Elia Kazan (second from

of "Four for Texas" between director Robert Aldrich, Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.

private life of a cardinal.

the right) gently instructs Paul Mann in a scene with Linda Marsh (back to camera) and Stathis Giallelis (far right).



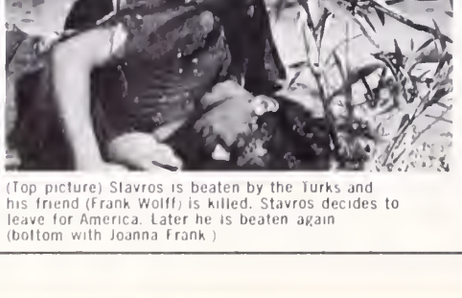
Stuntman Joe Yrigoyen got $1,000 for tipping over the stagecoach. Second unit director Oscar Rudolph had him do it four times before he was satisfied! Yrigoyen got $400 a week just for coming to work, $450 a day for "ruff-driving" a 6-up team, and the $1,000. The rates are based on the danger involved. Above are rehearsal actors Jud Taylor as Frank, Jon Shepodd as Dean.

Preminger (on right) goes over scene in which the priest (Tom Tryon) tries to persuade his sister (Carol Lynley) to leave the sinister Spanish dancer (Joe Duval).

Lynley and Tryon go through the scene.

Preminger's camera will record the sordid and tragic childbirth scene with a clinical intensity. (above: Carol Lynley).

Stathis Giallelis as Stavros surveys his home in Turkey



(Top picture) Stavros is beaten by the Turks and his friend (Frank Wolff) is killed. Stavros decides to leave for America. Later he is beaten again (bottom with Joanna Frank.)

Stavros makes his way to Constantinople and works as a porter nicknamed "America America." A friend introduces him to his daughter (Joanna Frank above), who teaches him about women while stealing his money.

Special rig No. 2, designed by Aldrich, was pulled by a camera car. The handheld camera is covering Dean in the stagecoach window. Henry Wills takes a "standard" fall from a horse for $150.

(Above left) For the opening sequence of the story, Joe Yrigoyen races the stage carrying Frank and Dean. (Above right) Coach is driven through a wall of men. Chuck Roberson (on far right in pictures) begins a "horse fall with man." He earned $250 for that and came up without his front teeth. (Lower left and right)

CONTINUED

Director John Huston plays Archbishop Glennon, head of the Boston Diocese, who has compromised with wealth and power. With Preminger his corruption will be for the record though, not the heart.

Preminger shows Tryon how he wants him to stay visually away from the group, showing the audience he is not yet part of the accepted Catholic establishment. On the right is Huston.

CONTINUED

Stavros pleads with his friend (John Marley) for the return of his money: another violent scene that can be either great or overdone.

Above Kazan instructs a child. In this kind of natural acting situation, Kazan is a master.

Again violence! This time Kazan has the Turks throwing prisoners into the sea.

Above are Giallelis and Lou Antonio, who plays an old man who parts Stavros and his money.

CONTINUED

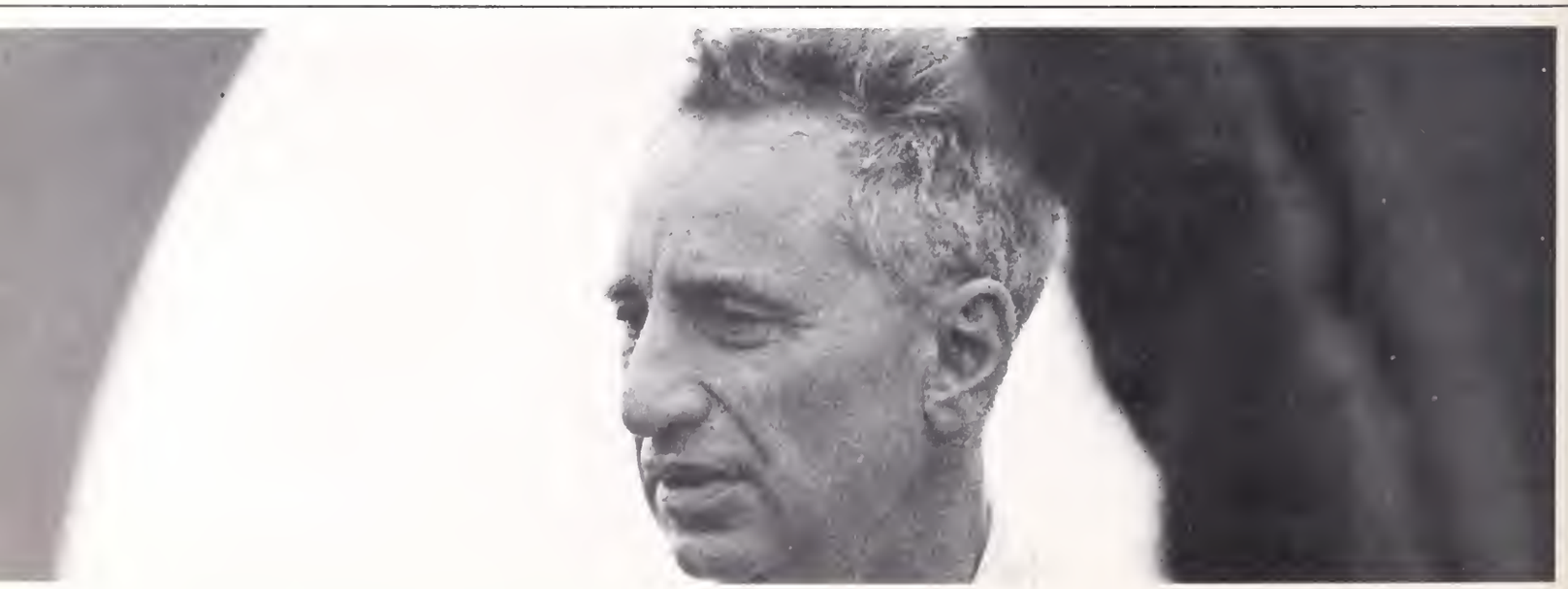
Arriving on location in the Mojave desert, after the stunt work, Martin and Sinatra listen to Aldrich explain their opening sequence in which Dean steals Frank's gold.

Aldrich explains to Martin why Sinatra's rifle bullets are reaching him and his pistol shots are falling short.

Aldrich goes through Sinatra's action atop the stagecoach for Frank.

Still bound by his vows the priest is tempted by a student (Romy Schneider, above with Tryon) who falls in love with him. Personalities as compelling as Miss Schneider can break through the icy coating of a Preminger film and make it great as did Lee Remick and Jimmy Stewart in "Anatomy of a Murder."

John Huston as an actor may have that force of character, which he possesses in real life, to heat up the blood of the film.



Kazan in a moment of meditation ponders the next scene. A quiet, kind and sincere man, the eruptive violence of his films is not in keeping with its author.

In the story Frank is waiting for Dean to get out of range so he can pin him down and get his gold back.

Martin puts down his pistol and returns to the fallen stagecoach, returns the gold, then pulls a Derringer from his hat and makes off with gold and rifle.

The Warlord rests in the sun after the two actors have left the location.

THE END

he smoldering male virility of Raf Vallone (above) is garbed in the obes of a Cardinal. Vallone's strength will surely come through s a warm guiding hand in the role of the young priest's teacher.

Preminger, above with Schneider, goes over a detail that can be improved. The details will undoubtedly be in place, but the big question marks are Tryon and Lynley. Can they melt the Preminger freeze?

THE END

Stathis Giallelis has believable good looks that may well put him into the ranks of his predecessors Dean and Brando. On the right he spontaneously lets go in a Greek dance upon sighting the Statue of Liberty. Giallelis's ability to change from reserved young man to vibrant boy could be compelling if the camera doesn't make it too violent.

THE END

In a Howard Hawks film, the men are professionals whether they're gunfighters, gangsters, or big game hunters; and the women, the beautiful Hawks women, are out to win them. What more could a man ask for? Ever since his first film "The Road to Glory," Mr. Hawks has been interested in character — the stronger the better. His characters are both real and dramatic. One of Hawks' devices is to start with performers who have some character of their own, and then let it emerge on the screen. Carole Lombard, Rita Hayworth, and Lauren Bacall were Hawks discoveries. His eye for beauty and character has not diminished. In "Man's Favorite Sport" he has three more distinct female animals for the audience to cope with and remember: the volatile brunette Paula Prentiss, a smoldering blonde Maria Perschy from Austria, and a tall redhead from Texas, Charlene Holt.

A tall, grey-haired, lanky man of 67, Howard Hawks walks with the step of a young wrangler. Meeting him, you get the feeling that he already knows you a little better than you'd like. But his generous courtesy and interest are compelling and flattering. Today he is recognized by international critics as one of the true film artists.

As a professional himself, he has outlasted many a critic and while he is on the top of the heap at present, his concern is still to make audiences laugh or cry by telling stories of people he admires . . . which is what this whole business is about.

INTERVIEWER: *Your style has been defined as presenting an eye-level point of view, as being predominately subjective as opposed to objective. Can we discuss this?*

HAWKS: What would your definitions be of subjective and objective?

I: *Subjective, for example, would be concerned primarily with the reaction of a character. You show him, you show what he sees and his reaction. In other words you tell the story through the eyes and feelings of a subject or subjects, as opposed to moving your camera off and watching the action objectively.*

H: Oh, yes, well then I'd say that what I do is very subjective. Because very often in a conversation between two people, you cut so that you show the face of the person listening and his reaction, rather than the mood of the person who is speaking the line. The speaker's mood is rather evident from the way he speaks, so by this technique you get the double reaction. You get much more characterization. Today any plot you have is bound to be an old plot, everything has been done. So your freshness, your creativeness is in your method of treating it, how the character reacts in the situation. Subjective style is the only way that you can do a film intelligently as I see. You decide the story you're going to tell, and on your choice of characters depends your method of telling it. With a bright man, you are able to tell it one way, and with a stupid man, another way. And with a funny man, another way. You are telling that same story but through the eyes of different characters, and that comes down to purely a director's choice.

I: *Then this choice of character is your choice, the director's choice, in telling any story.*

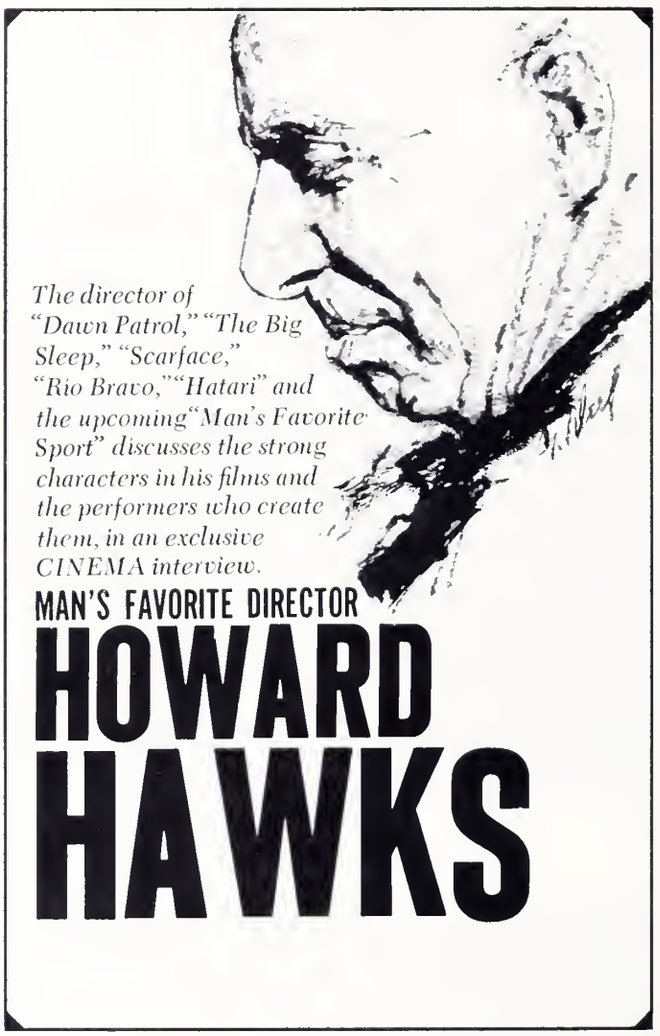
H: I very seldom do a novel or a play. I haven't done one for years, and even in the musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," we actually changed quite a little bit, tailored it to suit the two girls, Monroe and Russell. Of course, as a director, I have a great deal to do with choice of story and the writing. I work with the writers, and though the story becomes not so much an invention of mine, the decision as to the characters *is* mine. Characters are very often invented by the writers, but they're interpreted by the director. The decision is my final decision as to the best way to tell the story.

I: *Do you expand and develop the characters as written? With the camera, say, or with the performer?*

H: Well, for instance, in the last picture "Man's Favorite Sport," Rock Hudson on a motorcycle runs through a mud puddle and into the hind end of a bear. And he falls off and looks up, and the bear is riding the motorcycle. Now the characterization of all this comes in as a little girl comes to Rock Hudson and says, do you own the motorcycle that just ran around the corner? And he says, yes, I do. And she says did it take you long to teach the bear how to ride it? Well, call that a very odd reaction, you know, and it becomes a different characterization altogether, rather than the stock way of doing it.

I: *Your development of characters, types, in your various films, have taken on, from my point of view, a certain similarity. While each character is different, there's a certain attitude, for instance, towards women, that is specifically a Hawks point of view. And towards men. The male characters in a Hawks film are apt to be top professionals in their given fields in almost every case. Do you agree with this?*

H: Oh, very much so, because those are the people that interest me, the gunfighter or flyer who is good, a race-driver who is good. However, the exact opposite of this would be my last picture where the man — supposedly a great fisherman — is utterly a novice at what he's trying to do. And the whole story becomes amusing because of that fact. So that's really the same point of view, except it's just reversed.



The director of "Dawn Patrol," "The Big Sleep," "Scarface," "Rio Bravo," "Hatari" and the upcoming "Man's Favorite Sport" discusses the strong characters in his films and the performers who create them, in an exclusive CINEMA interview.

MAN'S FAVORITE DIRECTOR

HOWARD HAWKS

I: *You have an attitude towards professionalism, an admiration for a man who really does something well as a man.*

H: Why, I think they're the only people who are interesting. In a western a would-be gunfighter who is no good is just pathetic, and I'm not so interested in making a picture about anybody pathetic. I don't think it makes particularly good entertainment.

I: *This is, I would say, a classic point of view towards entertainment, towards drama form, in that you are giving us something better than the norm, larger than life, in the way of characters.*

H: Well, in a very good picture called "High Noon," Gary Cooper was threatened by bad men and ran all around town trying to get people to help him. And nobody would help him. And eventually he succeeded in beating the villains by himself and with the help of his wife. In another picture, "5:10 to Yuma," the man who was captured by the sheriff taunted the sheriff and had him sweating and I didn't agree with those things at all. I did a similar situation with Wayne where he was in a tight spot and somebody offered to help him, and he said how good are you with a gun? The fellow said, well, I'm pretty good. And he said well, unless you're good enough to go up against the best you'd just be somebody I'd have to help, so stay out of it. He was a professional: he didn't want any damned amateurs around messing up his work. And so it becomes simpler immediately, and you're not inclined to make false scenes, you're inclined to make much truer scenes.

I: *Could you clarify that for me?*

H: Well, in "5:10 to Yuma," when the prisoner taunted the sheriff, all the sheriff would have had to do was go over and hit him over the head with his gun, and he'd shut up in a moment. Instead the sheriff took it. In my film Wayne looked at the same bad character, and warned him you're around the corner here, before anybody can get in to help you you're gonna be dead. And that finished the problem right then and there, it was over. In one word you can take care of the whole situation. It doesn't create an imaginary situation, it creates a real situation. And you underplay it, and it affects an audience a lot more. The other way of doing it the audience starts wondering is that really true or not, and the bottom falls out of your story.

I: *There has been a tendency in films lately to deal with characters that are molded or tampered with by their circumstances, who are like putty in life. Now your characters never have this weakness, they're always in charge, at least of themselves.*

H: Your ideal character is the character that Hammett wrote of in "The Maltese Falcon," the character Bogart played. This fellow was having an affair with his partner's wife, but when his partner was killed he just became implacable about going after the man who killed his partner. He didn't mind having an affair with his partner's wife but he didn't like the idea of his partner being killed by somebody. So he became a real character, not a wishy-washy sort of a person. Here was a man — very much of a man — with his own odd ideals.

I: *Hasn't the character with ideals become almost a passe thing to some degree?*

H: Well, the ideals don't have to be storybook ideals, they can be his own highly individual ones. It makes him a character.

I: *Moviemakers today frequently resort to sadism and violence and sex to try to instill entertainment into a film. Your films have had everything going for them since the beginning, and yet they have never had to become salacious. You're doing the same kind of films that essentially you always have, is that true?*

H: I'm using less and less plot and more characters constantly. I'm learning more about characters and how to let them handle the plot, rather than let the plot move them. And because of the familiarity of audiences with plot, we are paying much less attention to plot and more to characters. "Hatari" was just a story of a hunting season. A bunch of men, a man is hurt and they need a new man. And when the story is over it is the finish of the hunting season. A very normal hunting season. Nobody got killed, one man was hurt, a girl grew up and another girl fell in love. So that, as a plot, was a very simple plot without any heavies. Only the conditions under which they worked were the heavies, and it's possible to repeat that approach in many backgrounds and many ways if you just stick to what would be normal. Audiences seem to like it.

I: *And you people such a story with strong, arresting characters who have their own specific ideals and attitudes . . .*

H: Oh, yes, they have their own way of doing things. In "Hatari" there was a little orphan girl who in the old days would have been played with curls and very helpless. We played her as a great big, lusty, robust youngster, and Wayne, instead of being afraid for her, was very pleased that she'd found a fellow she liked.

I: *In that film, or in most Hawks films as I recall, your men never seemed to be pursuing the women. Their first interest is their profession, whatever they happen to be. And secondly, it's as though there's always a hurt . . . Wayne had a bad memory of a woman, and he'd been hurt by one at some point . . .*

H: He'd gotten his fingers burned, and he was kind of leery about getting them burned

again. And the more he liked somebody, the more he rather tried to stay away. That's as common as anything could be. I always have trouble with a story where a man is supposed to be on the make for anything that comes along. It makes a kind of an ass out of a man so I don't care about using it.

I: *Now your females in your films, in order to get things going, are apt to become almost aggressively female, wouldn't you say?*

H: Well, they're forced to be honest. They're not so aggressive as they are honest. In other words they have the reactions of, or a great many of the reactions of a man.

I: *Yet they're female.*

H: Oh, they're very feminine. If you ever analyze all the Dietrich pictures which made her successful, she had a very masculine response but she became terribly feminine by being that. She was one of the first to recognize the character in "To Have and To Have Not." She said to me, that's me, isn't it, and I said, sure. And there's no lack of femininity in Bacall, in her honesty, in that picture. She said, I'm hard to get, all you have to do is ask me. And so she becomes a character. When movies started, they had ingenues, and the trend in acting was to act as an ingenue. And then there gradually came a change. And as soon as you take away the ingenue, you have a real woman, and you get an honest one. Or she can be honestly dishonest, and then you get much more fun out of her.

I: *A year ago the trade papers reported that Hawks takes a dim view of Hollywood female stars. What about the performers available today in American films?*

H: There are very few of 'em.

I: *Very few good females. Why is this?*

H: Well, right now there's no school of acting. They're thrown into television and they romp through a scene, and if they say their lines, it's printed. They don't have any particular attitude or individuality, and they're all kind of inclined to fall into a mold. As soon as you get somebody with a different attitude, you've got somebody that stands out. It happens with this girl Paula Prentiss . . . a real character. She's exciting and fun to watch. She doesn't follow the school of trying to be pretty, she's just utterly natural and, consequently, becomes very interesting.

I: *Who are some of the others who have this female quality?*

H: Shirley MacLaine is a prime example. There are not many.

I: *How about Elsa Martinelli?*

H: Martinelli is a very attractive girl. In real life she is terribly attractive. I met her in the south of France and I always thought that she would be good if she could act the way she did in real life. But in most of the pictures that she has been in, she wore wigs and played a part and didn't act herself. I told her I'd like to have her if she'd start being herself. No wigs. She had fun in "Hatari," she showed it on the screen. And she's doing very, very well in movies now by just following that policy. This way her personality comes out.

I: *This is essentially the great value of John Wayne, too, isn't it, as a performer?*

H: Wayne is underrated. He's a much better actor than he's given credit for being. He's an awfully good actor. He holds a thing together, he gives it a solidity and honestness, and he can make a lot of things believable. If he's kind of grousing around in a scene, you know that there's something wrong with the scene. He maybe can't tell you, but you can find out what's bothering him. He has a very true sense of cinema.

I: *This is becoming more and more apparent as new performers who are supposedly replacing the stars come up, and there's no strength. Wayne looks bigger every day.*

H: Well, that's because he's more at ease, he's made a great many pictures. You can run Wayne into a scene where you have him catch a rhino and he will improvise the right dialogue. You can't write that beforehand. From the time you catch an animal to the time he's either in a cage or has gotten away, from the time you *see* one, is only about four minutes, so you haven't any time to do any rehearsing. And I would hate to put the average actor in the position that I put Wayne into. The other two boys in "Hatari," the Frenchman and the German boy — German boy is a fine actor, and the French boy is a very good actor — but they were amazed at Wayne's ability, and they fell right into the situation by following Wayne. But without Wayne, if I'd had an actor who had to rehearse everything and wouldn't think naturally, I'd have had an awful time making the picture.

I: *So this is a kind of obligatory improvisation?*

H: It's an improvisation because no writer can imagine what a rhino's going to do when you get a hold of him, and your scene becomes an entirely different scene from anything you might visualize.

I: *In other words, you had them really get in there and catch these animals.*

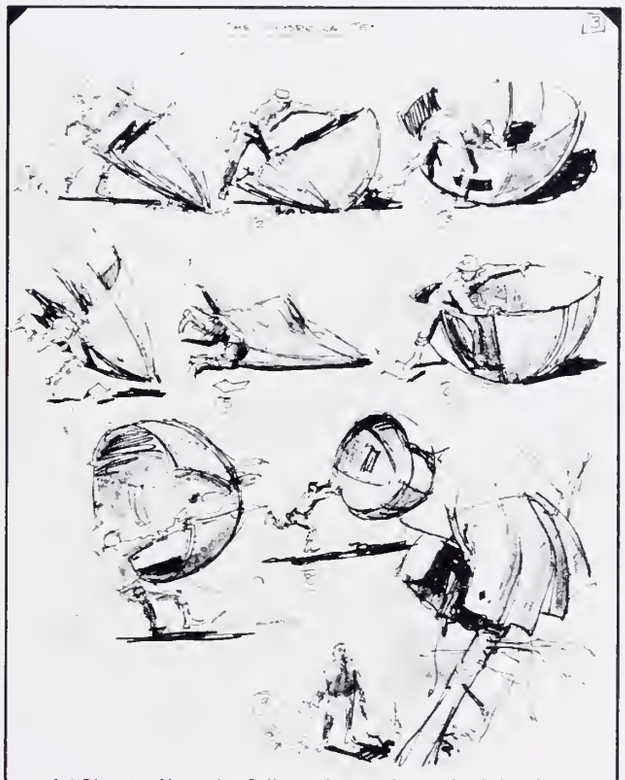
H: They did it themselves.

I: *The whole thing?*

H: There were no doubles or tricks in that picture, they really did it. And that's one of the reasons it was popular. The audience saw them doing it, there were no tricks.

I: *But is it easy to get this kind of people to go along with that?*

H: You have to choose very carefully. If I'd taken the average leading man instead of Wayne, I'd probably have killed somebody. Wayne is like a big cat on his feet, he thinks quickly and he thinks right. Also he contributes to what other people do. If he sees somebody who is not moving, he tells 'em to move, and it becomes part of the story. And the German boy was a very good sports car racer and flies his own airplane, and the French boy was a paratrooper and is one of the best boxers that you've ever seen, and the three of them handled themselves beautifully. They were perfectly capable, with a little knowledge, of going right into that background and performing as a pro would.



Art Director Alexander Golitzen drew and conceived the above and the following picture sequences which Hawks used in the film. Above is an umbrella tent sequence.

I: *In a sense then we've got something in "Hatari" that can't be done by anybody else ever?*

H: Well, there are a lot of people that wouldn't want to get in with animals like that, that aren't equipped, they don't think that way, they don't move instinctively. And they'd have been in trouble. But that's just a form of making a picture. Instead of sending out a unit to do all your work for you and then going to process where it becomes phony, that was actually all done "live." The only process shots that were made were where we rode alongside the catching car, and made our shots as the catching car was going, instead of coming back to the studio and doing it.

I: *How did Martinelli fit into this adventure?*

H: Those were all true characters, you see. The character Martinelli played was that famous German girl. Else, who was killed falling off a truck in Africa. She was a very attractive girl and men gave her the opportunity to make the best photographs of animals that were ever made. Well, that's exactly the story of Martinelli in that picture.

I: *What about the other girl in "Man's Favorite Sport," where did you find her?*

H: Maria Perschy. Well, Perschy's a Hungarian girl with a very interesting background, and very good photographically. I met her in Paris, had a test made of her, and signed her. As long as there were three girls in the picture, a brunette, a blonde and a redhead, she fitted in very well as the blonde. The moment she spoke you knew she had a little accent.

I: *Did she play herself?*

H: Oh yes, surely. And the other girl, Charlene Holt, is a very lovely redhead. A Texas girl who lost her accent, got it back again for the picture, and played the picture as a Texan.

I: *She again has a natural character.*

H: Oh, yes, she looks like she's going to go on and do well.

I: *You've discovered several top female performers during your long career in films.*

H: For a very simple reason. I usually use an established man, and I believe it's terribly interesting for the audience to see a new girl playing with a man who's well established. For that reason, I've started people like Lombard, Bacall, quite a number of people . . .

I: *Hayworth, too.*

H: Rita Hayworth, Angie Dickinson. And it's just that it seems to work and people seem to like it, so I keep on doing it. If you're lucky enough, you get a good character with a style of playing. For instance Bacall had a little quality that she could be quite insolent and she was attractive being insolent. So I told Bogart, watch yourself because you're supposed to be the most insolent man on the screen and I'm going to make a girl a little more insolent than you. He said well you've got a fat chance of doing that. I said you forget I'm the director, and I'll tell you something that's going to happen. In every scene in the picture she's going to walk out and leave you. You're going to be left standing with egg on your face. He said that isn't fair, and I said I know but I'm the director and I can do that. So that alone, just that little simple trick, enabled us to turn the whole scale of things. Now Bacall was smart enough to keep on playing that way. The girls that have trouble are the girls that do well in a picture and then think their public wants to see them play a different kind of a girl. And the public has an image of that girl as they saw her the first time and they don't like it the other way.

I: *Young actresses often seem to feel that artistically they are obliged to be able to do a great range of roles.*

H: Well, that's a lot of nonsense. It's much better to be a personality and do it well. For instance, if I go home to work out a scene for Cary Grant, I know about what he's going to do. I know his attack on it and it enables me to write a scene for Cary that becomes not only playable but plays well. But if Cary changed his character all around, where would I be? A girl — I won't say who it was — played a good part in a picture we made and she played it with rather straight hair and very direct and simple clothes. And as a result she got a contract with a studio for about four times the money she'd ever got before. She used the first money to go out and buy little fluffy clothes, peasant dresses with a lot of bows on them, curled her hair up, and in a year she was fired and wondered what was the matter.

I: *You have been critical in the past of your own film, "The Land of the Pharoahs," is that true?*

H: Yes, for two reasons. One, in getting into it I found that I didn't know how a Pharoah talked or reacted and had no way of learning. I had two writers. One, William Faulkner, said I don't know how a Pharoah talks, so he wrote his dialogue with a Southern accent. And the other, Harry Kurnitz, said exactly the same thing, said I'll try it as though it was a Shakespearian character. And we ended up by not using either one of them. But I felt kind of lost. Another thing was that in the whole picture, there wasn't one character that

CONTINUED 11

had any qualities you might like. Therefore the audience was left very cold about the characters and the picture depended entirely upon the plot, and for that reason I didn't like the picture.

I: *It did have a mood in it that I particularly liked. It had an attitude towards death, too, I felt that was quite . . .*

H: Well, that I thought was going to be much more interesting to an audience than it was, the fact that a man would spend his life preparing for a second life, and would live in a rather ordinary place, comparatively, and then build a magnificent edifice to live his second life in. That's the thing that interested Faulkner in the story. But as it turned out, either we didn't do a good job, or else the audience wasn't interested.

I: *How about Joan Collins in that film? She again seemed to have this identity as a Hawks female.*

H: Joan is a very attractive girl and a good actress, and probably only lacks a style. If she had a style, I think she'd be a big star.

I: *She was very strong in that film, I think, because you played her as a pagan . . .*

H: And the moment she plays an ingenue, she just becomes a pretty girl playing an ingenue.

I: *In "Man's Favorite Sport," you have Paula Prentiss, Maria Perschy and Charlene Holt. How do you bring out the development of their character in a particular situation — ?*

H: It's very simple. While you are testing, and while you're having somebody read for a part, you begin to see the things in which they're at home and where they're most attractive, so you write the scene to bring out that quality.

I: *And when you say most attractive, do you have a particular attitude toward glamour, towards beauty? Your men are very strongly men, they're good-looking, they're very male. Do you prefer the good-looking woman as well?*

H: Well, I prefer the good-looking woman to the pretty woman. Almost all of the people that I've started, if you pick their features to pieces, have faults. Those faults are the things which you try to emphasize. They make them a character. Bacall had Slavic high cheekbones, and didn't photograph too well face on. But if she was looking a little sideways, the cheekbones showed up and she became an entirely different person. So that's the way we photographed her.

I: *How do you photograph Paula Prentiss?*

H: You just trust in God. You can't tell where she's going to be. Paula is so natural, that she's utterly unconscious of the camera, and you really don't have to worry about that. Something comes through.

I: *What about Perschy?*

H: Perschy makes a very good foil for Paula. Because Paula is dark and exuberant and very natural, and Perschy is much more reserved, and probably a little more feminine than Paula.

I: *And Charlene Holt?*

H: Charlene has a great quality. She has a great giggle and a laugh, and she's most attractive when she is just being natural. Consequently that's the character we played.

I: *Kept her laughing?*

H: Well, you know, she was amused, she's got a good sense of humor and she can show it, which very few girls can do on the screen. Her laugh is not a false laugh. It's a natural one and she seems to be enjoying herself. That is a quality I always look for, because to the average girl the chance to do a good part in a picture is a very serious thing. So they're inclined to become serious. And the harder a scene is, the more serious they become, and they become very dull. But if you can get them to say here goes nothing, and just go in and be natural, then you come out with a good scene. I can tell you a story on Lombard. I don't think it's an entirely new story, but she was one of the most attractive girls that you could find. And she acted like a schoolgirl. And she was stiff, she would try and imagine a character and then act according to her imaginings instead of being herself. The film was "Twentieth Century." We were rehearsing the first day and John Barrymore began to hold his nose. I made him promise that he wouldn't say anything until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but I could see him getting very worried over her stiffness, and obviously nothing was happening with this girl. Well, I took Lombard for a walk around the stage and I said you've been working hard on the script. She said I'm glad it shows. And I said yes you know every word of it. And I said how much do you get paid for the picture? She told me. I said that's pretty good. I said what do you get paid for? She said, well, acting. And I said well what if I would tell you that you had earned all your money and you don't owe a nickel, and you don't have to act anymore? And she just stared at me, and I said what would you do if a man said such and such a thing to you? And she said I'd kick him right in the balls. And I said well, Barrymore said that to you, why didn't you kick him? And I said, what would you say if a man said such and such to you and she went Whnnnnah — snarled, you know, with one of those Lombard gestures. And I said, well he said that to you when he said such and such a line. Now we're going back in and make this scene and you kick him, and you do any damn thing that comes into your mind that's natural, and quit acting. If you don't quit, I'm going to fire you this afternoon. You just be natural. And she said, are you serious? And I said I'm very serious. And she said all right. And we went back in and I said we're going to make this scene and Barrymore said oh, we're not ready. And I said who's running this? And he said, you are, okay. And we made about an eight-page scene and she made a kick at him and he jumped back, and he started reacting and they went right through the scene. He made his exit, and I said cut and print it. And he came back in and he said to Lombard, that was marvelous, what've you've been doing, kidding me? And she started to cry and ran off the stage. And he said, what's happened? I said you've just seen a girl that's probably going to be a big star, and if we can just keep her from acting, we'll have a hell of a picture. And she became a star after the picture. And she used to send me a wire every time she started a picture, saying I'm going to kick him right in the balls. I don't know how it got by Western Union!

The sight gag is still the means by which comedy is best told on the screen. The above scene, when cut by Hawks into its essential pieces and shown as a whole, will only enlarge the humor

I: *Could you talk a little bit about directors now? Do you go to films?*

H: Oh, yes. But I don't go to films unless I think it's going to be a good one.

I: *How do you determine that?*

H: By who makes it, by the story. You soon know. I mean Billy Wilder, Hitchcock, there are not too many of them. Some of them start out as though they're going to be very good and then they begin to mess things up.

I: *Do you see many foreign films? Have you seen any of the French New Wave films?*

H: Oh, yes, I've seen a lot of 'em. I think they're terribly interesting and they're made just for almost local consumption. They're not made for world entertainment. They don't present a rounded entertainment for the world. A great deal of this is due to financial reasons. We spend the price of a French film deciding whether or not we're going to do a story. Whenever I go to Paris almost all of the directors want to get together and talk, and spend an evening. The last time I was there I said that I knew what their troubles were and I knew that some of them would like to make what we might call an international picture, and if they found a story they couldn't do for financial reasons, I'd be very glad to read it and produce it and let them direct it. And as a matter of fact, I've been getting some very interesting stories.

I: *Who are these directors?*

H: A lot of the good, younger men. You see, they only have a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to make a picture. And most of it is black and white. A few pictures find their way over to an art house here and people who like to go to an art house find them very acceptable and interesting, because they're generally about subjects that we cannot tackle in an international picture. The moment you spend three million dollars making a picture, you'd better want to get it back or else you're not going to get the three million the next time to work with.

I: *Do they want to make films like this?*

H: They'd be very happy to. Not all of them. Some of them are very content. But fellows like Dassin are doing a very fine job. Some of Dassin's stuff is really international. And David Lean is doing a good job. Of course, the English get more money to make a picture, they're trying to make a picture for showing to the world. You see, a picture like the Wayne picture I made called "Rio Bravo" will get a half million dollars out of Japan alone, and it was just voted the best picture that went into Poland. And that picture and its gross show that it's a purely international thing. Now this new picture with Rock Hudson should do very well abroad, because it's so visual. A half a dozen of the funniest situations are purely visual. There's no dialogue to help it out.

I: *This is a method many of the art critics prefer — the silent or the film storytelling, as opposed to the dialogue.*

H: Oh, half of the critics don't know what they're talking about. I talked to a bunch of critics in New York a year ago about "Hatari." I said you're not going to like "Hatari" so what do you want to talk about it for? They said why aren't we going to like it? I said you fellows remind me, you're what in music they call squares. You know just what to say about a plot that you *know*. You can criticize it, you've got all your cliched remarks that you put down and you know just what to write about it. But you're not gonna know what the hell to say about "Hatari." And they switched around and we got some of the best notices that we've ever gotten on a picture. Because they started looking at it from a little different viewpoint.

I: *You had no great social message, either, which is . . .*

H: Oh, that's a lot of nonsense. You know, sometimes you fellows pick things out of pictures that I make that I don't know was in it. That's all right. That may have crept into it unconsciously or subconsciously, and that's very fine. To be perfectly truthful, I begin to be very much afraid of a picture that is well liked by the critics.

I: *Just for fun now, could we cast a couple of characters? For example who would you cast as Nefertiti?*

H: I don't quite understand what you mean.

I: *Could you give me suggestions of performers that might play these particular parts? We've picked people that are, from CINEMA'S point of view, very female and very much Hawks types of people.*

H: Well, that isn't a good question to ask me because I'm not at home doing characters that I really don't know. The only thing I could do would be to follow a popular conception of what they looked like you know, and that would be kind of dull because I don't

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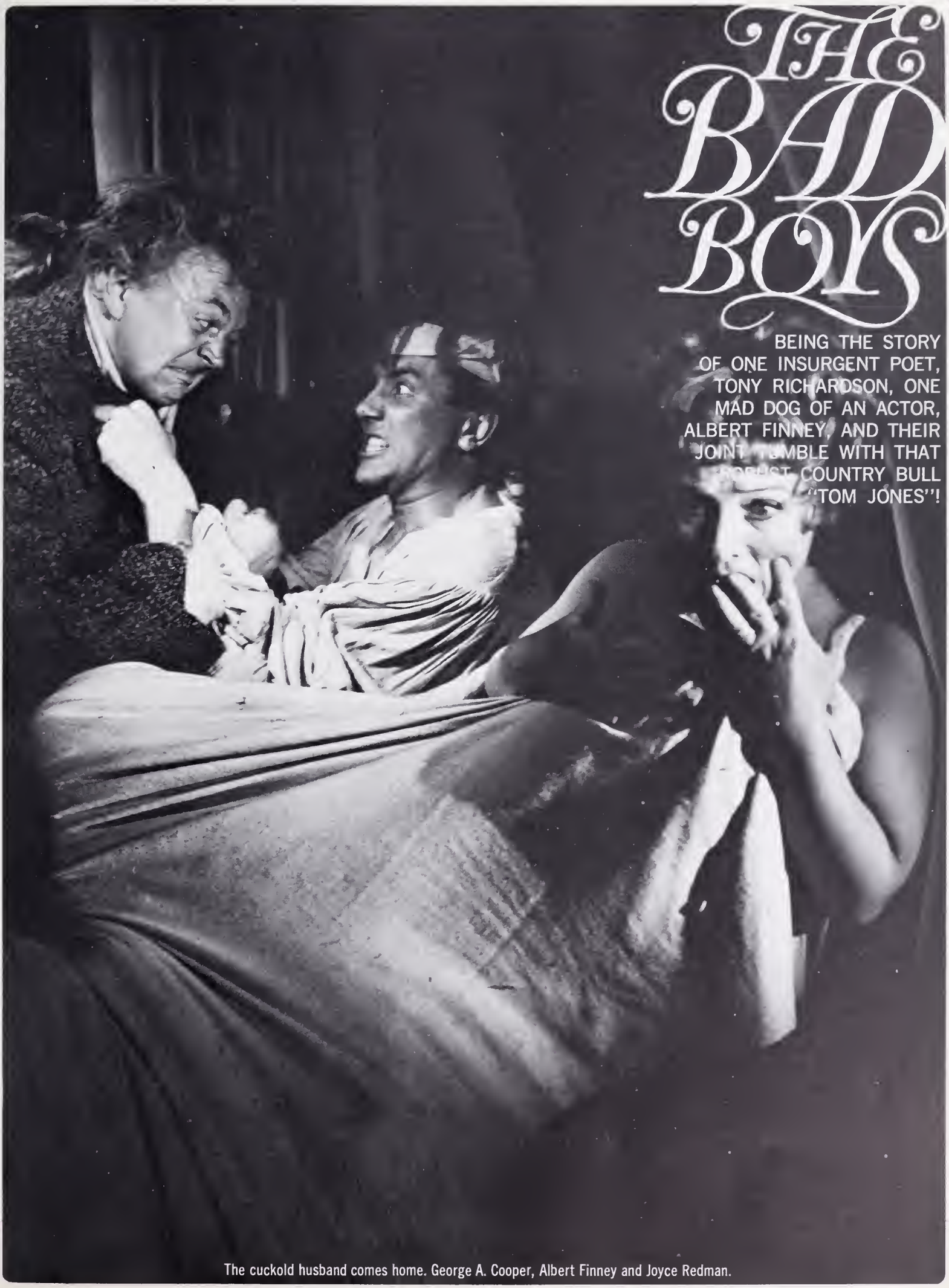

THE BAD BOYS

BEING THE STORY OF ONE INSURGENT POET, TONY RICHARDSON, ONE MAD DOG OF AN ACTOR, ALBERT FINNEY, AND THEIR JOINT TUMBLE WITH THAT [illegible] COUNTRY BULL "TOM JONES"!

The cuckold husband comes home. George A. Cooper, Albert Finney and Joyce Redman.

The good life ends, now off to London Town.

Discovered by a father. Finney with Hugh Griffith as Squire Western.

Too full of life to die.

Blast that rascal Tom. He's female haunted. There's a bawd hid in every hollybush! Brocade and bosom! Muffled intimacies in the misty moonlight. He can't stay away from them: Lusty Molly in the hay! Mrs. Waters in her husband's bed!! Lady Bellaston on Covent Green!!! The film is filled with bawds! Budding bosoms, pressed high with wadding and whalebone stays, touch their very chins! And what with Tom jackaboxing from hayloft to heath, rushing down the servants' stairs to the flick-flack-flitter of flirtacious eyes, there is no peace!

Now, understand. All this popping out and poppycock is entirely theirs: Tom Jones', Tony Richardson's and Albert Finney's. Like butchers' apprentices in Hockley on the Hole, they have cut a raw piece. Stag hunts, duels, beatings, hangings. And everywhere, ruby lips: scullery maids, ladies-in-waiting, and chocolate-house ladies. "Tom Jones," in truth, is a bawdy red beauty of a film. A film of fact. A "Taste of Honey" with bitters and gin.

hastity has a narrow escape from a wealthy lord. Susannah York as Sophie Western.

Director Richardson has stolen from reality the necessities of fiction. His 1750 London will spawn a villainous litter: Gouty-legged charwomen. Trumpeter with a topknot displaying a six-legged pig. Drab strumpets. Chimney-sweeps. Bedlam, and a hanging at Tyburn. All facts that feed fantasy.

"The prose Homer of human nature" was Lord Byron's six-word summation of Henry Fielding, author of "Tom Jones." Substitute "film" for "prose," and you have Tony Richardson. Richardson steals from life what is real. Not merely toilet bowls and bouncing breasts. Not just premarital affairs and masked-ball revels. Not just sordid detail, but the reality of life. The particulars define the big, swearing, robust lust for life within. Tom Jones has his women, but the earth doesn't move or the waves crash in a splash of meaningless eroticism, so much as the world turns.

Albert Finney has switched from the contemporary England of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" to old London, but has kept the sweat and anger of the former. In white silk waistcoat, he moves with the aplomb of a talent agent at a union meeting. In breeches and white linen, like a tool worker at Windsor. In nightshirt, like a Teddy Boy in the West End. A

A wealthy wench. Finney with Joan Greenwood as Lady Bellaston.

An unwashed wench. Diane Cilento as Molly.

A married wench. Finney with Joyce Redman as Mrs. Waters.

great natural movie actor, Finney's talent is all male.

Bad boys! Thieves of reality, hustlers of life! Poets who enter by the servants' quarters, Richardson and Finney have loved all they could. And for all the female forms with which their film abounds, you can't take your eyes off that bumpkin "Tom Jones." Bedlam! Bitches! Blasphemies! And a bloody hero.

Soon to be released in the United States by Lopert Pictures Corporation, the film also stars Dame Edith Evans, George Devine and Peter Bull • Screenplay is by John Osborne • A Woodfall Production

Director Richardson and Finney.

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NINO NOVARESE AND GEORGE STEVENS

THE COSTUMES FOR GEORGE STEVENS' "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"

Designer Nino Novarese discusses the problems he met and solved in costuming the principal characters for what he calls "one of the finest movies ever made."

Nino Novarese is one of those rare individuals who possesses both a sense of, and love for, the realities of the past. The Italian-born designer's greatest affinity is for those steadfast foot soldiers who once marched across his homeland, the Roman legionnaires. A significant part of Novarese's professional life has been devoted to costuming the epic films of the Roman period. His first movie costumes in Hollywood, for "Spartacus," caught George Stevens' eye. Novarese's legionnaires looked like men who fought, sweated, and bled. They were not the popinjays on parade who often fill the epic film. The look of the Roman era was on the screen in "Spartacus," despite the falseness of the film.

And then came "Cleopatra." Novarese did the male costumes, and as a result the few scenes in which the army was alone on the screen had a special look of actuality. The characterization of Roddy McDowall, one of the film's best, was no little abetted by the costuming. McDowall has acknowledged himself indebted for Novarese's skill and help in what was the actor's first costume film.

In mid-July Novarese had completed fourteen months on Stevens' "The Greatest Story Ever Told," and like most of the crew he went through a physical and emotional letdown. "What will I do next? Well, after Stevens, I don't know. After a film like this, you just can't take on anything." The film is still being cut for release late in 1964, and Novarese's enthusiasm is still unabated. "I was there for every shot, you know, and the settings, the light, everything was exquisite. But when I would see the rushes, I could not believe. With Stevens there is always something more, it is always more beautiful than you think it can be."

Regarding the job of costuming the film, Stevens' instructions were explicit and simple. "He wanted it like a newsreel of the time. Stevens has an instinct for understanding the real essence of a period. This is the first time I have had this impression of a director and I've done a lot of historic films. There are only two anachronisms. We made Dorothy McGuire as Mary look like the Madonna of Sassoferrato because the Renaissance painter's interpretation is closer to the audience. This applied to the way in which she wore the veil. It always cast a shadow which helped in the age change which Miss McGuire accomplished mainly with the expression of the face. But after all, for you the face of your mother is eternal . . . she doesn't change. The other anachronism was that Stevens asked me to make the Roman helmets look slightly like the Nazi helmet." Because of the extreme significance of the roles, photos of Max Von Sydow as Christ and Dorothy McGuire as Mary the Mother are being withheld from publication until the film is nearer release date. Following are Mr. Novarese's drawings for the other principals, the performers who portray them, and the designer's comments.

JOHN WAYNE AS THE CENTURION

Wayne said I could do whatever I wanted. He is a marvelous centurion. The border officer who has risen from the ranks is close to the history of the centurions, their age, build. They were the real commanders. I thought of the role as the same character Wayne played in "Fort Apache." He knows war and what a man must do. His job is to take Christ to the Cross. All soldiers have a dislike for a police job; he has an anger for it. The centurion begins to admire Christ as a man. But he is used to seeing people die and watches Him die. His line, "This is really the Son of God," a most casual comment for a Roman with all their gods, comes from his admiration for Him as a man.

The centurion, a legionnaire, was compact, a tower of strength, a foot soldier, a heavy, slow man. Wayne understood without explanation. He was so right, I just put on the costume.

DONALD PLEASENCE
AS THE DARK HERMIT

Problem was I didn't know who was going to be the actor. Stevens said "Don't show too much that he is from the other world." He is the devil, but we show him as an everyday man, much the same as in "The Devil and Daniel Webster." The first costume was black, no specific garment of a particular religion or country. Since Pleasence is such a fine actor and shorter than I originally had conceived the devil to be, we changed the costume, made it more simple and let Pleasence carry the satanic part with his face.

He looks like a monk with a simple costume which can frame his face. He doesn't belong, yet goes unnoticed — no details to distract an audience. Then when you see him excite the crowd, he taunts Peter, he looks just like a man — but you suddenly know he's the devil.

It is easy to dress the devil — tail, ears etc. — but this is the real devil, one you could meet in the street without knowing. If he's in a uniform, it is easy to guard against him. This way, he could be anywhere!

CHARLTON HESTON
AS JOHN THE BAPTIST

He is always in a goat skin. The Baptist always lived in the marshes, ate wild honey and locusts. There are these kinds of men today. Heston has a great physical strength. We played him like a man of great inspiration, the mad dog of God, full of sweetness and violence. Heston was something! He stood in the icy water of the Colorado river for hours, saying lines like he was on a stage. I had a skin and a man and I put it on him — I had to keep it free and decent.

RODDY McDOWALL
AS MATTHEW THE TAX
COLLECTOR AND DISCIPLE

Roddy has to make a complete change of character in the film. Of the tax collector Stevens said, "I would like to see this man in the uniform of his rank, is this possible?" Of course. The tax collectors are represented in sculpture. I added the dark red Roman collar and a medal around his neck, showing the Emperor, which was insulting to the Jews. The costume and Roddy had to convey the attitude of a small employee; a great deal of social importance comes from the uniform. The character is too nice with the women, has under-the-table graft, is a little mean. Even after the switch, he wears the disciple's robes in Roman style, because this is what the character has at home. All the people's costumes show that they have a real life.

JOANNA DUNHAM
AS MARY MAGDALENE

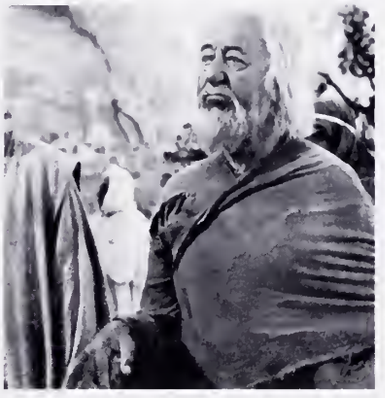
Stevens combined the professional harlot and the adulterous woman of Capernaum into one character in the film. When she is stoned, she appears in the only bright red costume in the film, a bright red, sort of a Greek garment revealing arms, legs, and breast — not nude, but provocative. Then at the end she appears in a simple, pure homespun white.

DAVID McCALLUM
AS JUDAS

When you see him, he is in the Jordan River being baptised. He is from a middle-class family and as a treasurer has cultivated quite an education. Because he has a sort of cruelty towards himself, he is the only character who goes barefoot, even in the desert. It is an attack on the pride in himself: he wants to believe, but without success. He is not a nationalist, it is something in his person that is wrong. McCallum is excellent! Stevens saw him in "Billy Budd" as that lieutenant. He wears a typically Jewish costume, very simple, no ornaments, always the same. When he leads the Sanhedrin to Christ, they give him a dark cape. He drops it after the arrest before committing suicide. The color of the cape is a little similar to that of the Dark Hermit.

TELLY SAVALAS
AS PONTIUS PILATE

This was my favorite. Most unusual! Stevens said "Can't Pilate be bald?" Pilatus in Latin means bald, but Stevens didn't know, he just sort of senses. When you see Savalas, you will think that Pilate was really this way — not a bad man but he has the responsibility to keep order. His position is that Jesus did nothing against his company. He wears the costume of a Procurator, the personal representative of the Emperor. He is not a senator, but a knight who has married the niece of Augustus. He wears a black toga, which judges wore during capital punishment trials, and he covers his head when he pronounces the death sentence just as is done in England today.



ED WYNN AS OLD ARAM
THE BLIND MAN

Such a wonderful man! For him we had to have just the white wig and beard. For the blind there is a respect: They are considered as men who see more than other people see. A dirty old man in rags who doesn't see what he is wearing, but can see God. A blind man is a man who must learn to trust. Ed Wynn was perfect.

JOSE FERRER
AS HEROD ANTIPAS

Most difficult! Antipas's father was Herod the Great, a strong politician, a vassal of a foreign country, a stranger to the Jews, with no care for religion. His son is a weak man like most sons of great statesmen. His three brothers have been killed by his father. He is afraid. He dresses in grey so he won't show himself too much and won't catch the attention of his father. After his father dies he always wears purple in his clothes to remind himself that he is king, but he changes to green when he visits Pilate. He is dominated by his father, his wife and Pilate. He constantly seeks the purple, to be made King of the Jews, but is only the Tetrarch of Galilee. For the entrance of the Roman General Varus into the city, he wears a purple cloak which he later places on Jesus to mock him — thus mocking himself.

Natalie Wood

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

"What's Nudity?"

By what process does the actress enhance that sacred mask, her own inherent beauty, by which she expresses virtue, truth, justice, pity, hatred and love? By what magic is the beautiful human face, the most affecting image in the world, made more beautiful and more effective?

The answer is glamour, a process of magic that was for years the leading commodity of the motion picture business. But lately glamour has been discarded for an asphalt

"I never do this."

"The big secret is to know how you look best."

reality. It has been pilloried as a surface appearance that masks the inner image. The cosmetics of coal dust and sweat have replaced perfume and powder.

Even so, a few tenaciously beautiful actresses are still glamourous. Natalie Wood is one. CINEMA called on Miss Wood to see what her opinions on the subject of glamour might be, and discovered that they haven't so much to do with magic as with projecting an inner reality:

"If you are not really honest, really yourself, every minute, *then the dishonesty comes through sooner or later, and you're no longer attractive. The big secret is to discard all the formulas and find out how you look best. Remember that usually it's the features that are offbeat about a person's appearance that are the most interesting."*

And how does Miss Wood feel about coal dust and sweat?

"This school that is absolutely so realistic that it's ugly, I do not like. It's phony, too! I do like to see the beauty!"

Whatever her thinking on the subject, Natalie Wood has discovered the true essence

of glamour. Her appearance on the screen enchants millions. She presents an image that promises much more than it probably intends to deliver. And that promise is, after all, the very core of glamour.

In motion pictures, it is the image of a personality in motion that creates the effect of glamour — a beauty of motion recorded by the camera. Unlike the models who fill the pages of men's and women's magazines, Natalie Wood is more attractive in

"This beats shopping for groceries."

motion than posed. The essence of her natural beauty is her relation to the physical act of living. CINEMA found that whether Miss Wood was breaking into laughter over a bit of business with a grocery bag . . . applying the eye cosmetic that is the only make-up she uses . . . swinging into a twist on a table top . . . or casually passing a brush through her hair before posing for the cover photo . . . she possesses the animation, the sense of life, that compels attention. Natalie Wood is a timeless proof that through the creative use of the camera, the image of a natural beauty which has been heightened rather than manufactured, reflects the reality of a personality and provides an effect of glamour — a glamour which, in turn, has the effect of magic.

"I think that in any art form, there must be a sense of beauty."

THE CAST

The first principles of film acting, and the stars of three new films.
by JAMES SILKE

The rules of the casting game are known by only a handful of skilled directors and perhaps a tenth as many critics. De Sica, Ralph Nelson and Luigi Comencini have a go in three colorful new films. As a start try your own skill on these. Answers below.*

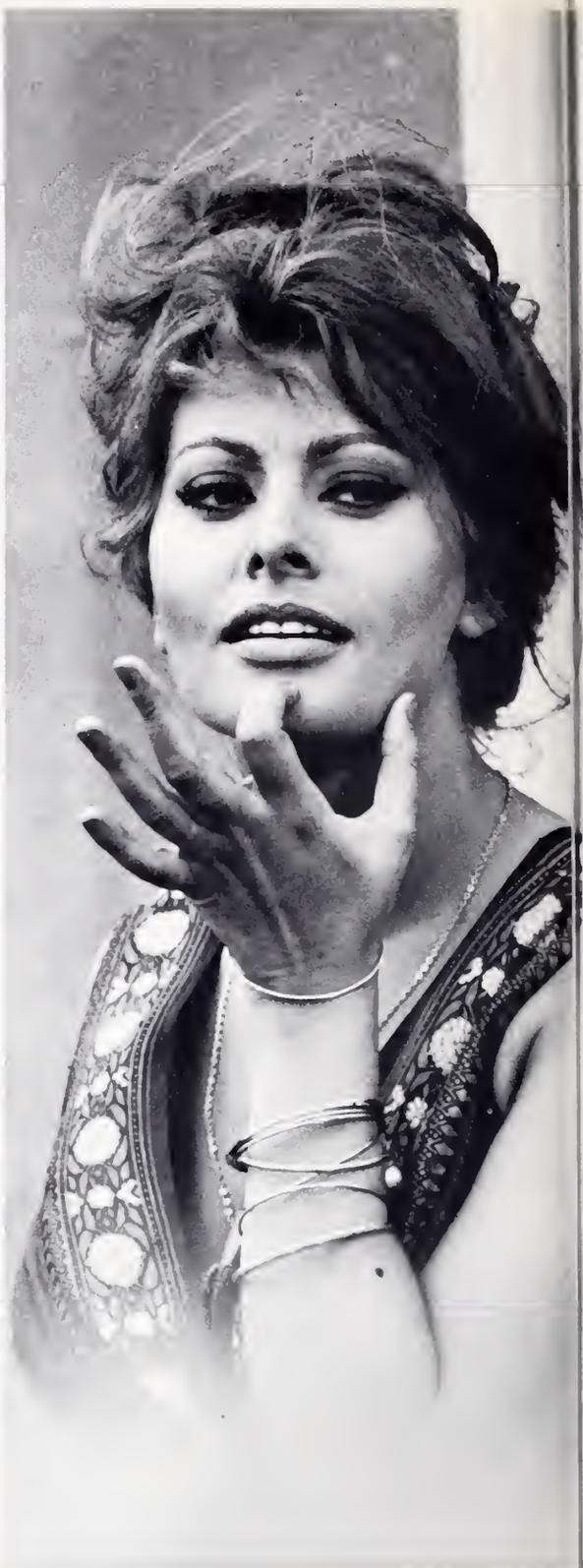
Casanova

Jean Harlow

A WOMAN PREGNANT FOR SIX YEARS

Dr. Watson

HYPPOLYTA THE AMAZON



Sophia Loren, the solution to any cast.

PHOTO BY PIERL

NOW BEGIN HERE

In the consensus of critical opinion today, Geraldine Page is one of the leading film-acting talents. Actually, from a cinematic point of view, and with her films as criteria, her talent is not comparable to John Wayne's, whom the same critics usually dismiss.

The intent here is not to discredit Miss Page whose undoubted talents have been all but obliterated by bad direction. The continued efforts in her films to get long takes of Miss Page's "stage performances" are a complete denial of film art. With Wayne it's a different matter. His performances are cut into pieces of film, showing a meaty hand, a broad back, a walk, or a big dangerous man, fighting mad. As was true of his late friend Gary Cooper, Wayne's shortest lines are his best.

Cooper also was often ignored or disparaged by the critics. It took a long time, in many cases too long, before the critical press began to acknowledge that the Cooper walk, smile, and self conscious smirk that preceded that single "Yup," were hallmarks of one of the greatest acting talents the films have ever had.

Geraldine Page is allowed to create the characterization of her film roles largely by stage technique. Wayne's characterization is, essentially, composed by his directors from the visual materials

*Casanova will be played by Marcello Mastroianni. Jean Harlow imitated by Carroll Baker as Rina Marlow in "The Carpetbaggers." The pregnant woman by Sophia Loren. Dr. Watson will have to be cast by Billy Wilder; Peter Sellers has been rumored a possibility for the part. Hyppolyta is unannounced.

John Wayne, at the least a contender for the best male actor now working.

Claudia Cardinale, the newest great performer, and George Chakiris who could become one.

PAUL APOTEKER

Marlene Dietrich, one of the greatest female images the screen has known.

Wayne provides. This is the difference: On the stage, the performer is the dramatic medium, the actual "material" which conveys the art form to the audience. In the film, the performer is only a technician who helps create the many shots that make up a film. The materials of motion pictures are film shots. And the manner in which they are put together, composed in time, is the dramatic medium.

The control of the dramatic medium is in the hands of the director. By his positioning of the camera, the lights, and, most importantly, his arrangement of the pieces of film, he creates a character with the actor. The most descriptive explication of this process is perhaps Pudovkin's in his "Film Technique":

"We took from some film or other several closeups of the well-known Russian actor Mosjukhin. We chose close-ups which were static and which did not express any feeling at all. We joined these close-ups, which were all similar, with other bits of film in three different combinations. In the first combination, the close-up of Mosjukhin was immediately followed by a shot of a plate of soup standing on a table. It was obvious and certain that Mosjukhin was looking at this soup. In the second combination, the face of Mosjukhin was joined to shots showing a coffin in which lay a dead woman. In the third the close-up was followed by a shot of a little girl playing with a funny toy bear. When we showed the three combinations to an audience which had not been let into the secret, the result was terrific. The public raved about the acting of the artist. They pointed out the heavy pensiveness of his mood over the forgotten soup, were touched and moved by the deep sorrow with which he looked upon the dead woman, and admired the light, happy smile with which he surveyed the girl at play. But we knew that in all three cases the face was exactly the same."

This example points up the basic function of the film performer: simply that he compel the audience to watch him and desire to know what he will do and how he feels. On the stage the essential acting implement is the voice. In the film it is the visual image. That image in motion, or at rest while the camera moves, makes up a film performance. A film performance is an image in motion. The test of a performer's ability is how he or she moves, whether in full figure or in the close-up of a single hand. Even a highly-stylized actor like Douglas Fairbanks Sr., created his style by the way in which he moved. That movement derived from the nature of his real personality, and in turn recreated his personality upon the screen.

At this point we have reached a paramount essential of film acting: the personality of the performer. The best image an actor can bring to the screen in his own. In films, the demand for personal character exceeds the demand for technical characterization. This does not mean that a great film actor must always play himself. Some of the best — Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" and "Now, Voyager," Alec Guinness in "Tunes of Glory" and "Lawrence of Arabia," Toshiro Mifune in "Rashomon" and "Yojimbo" — have played distinctly

CONTINUED

The offstage humor of Sophia (left) is part of the virtue of her performance (center) as are her relaxed beauty and casual attitude towards her body (right).

different roles by carefully selecting and emphasizing different aspects of their personalities and physical appearances. But a less versatile Bogart Dietrich or Wayne can give great performances also, because Bogart, Dietrich and Wayne are people of great character. The personal character of Miss Page has not yet been exposed on film or to the audience, except for a brief moment in "Hondo," and cannot yet be judged

Now the extreme extension of the idea of "natural" performers is the use of non-professionals. Eisenstein in "Battleship Potemkin" and De Sica in "The Bicycle Thief" used non actors Such a practice, however, must necessarily be restricted to films of contemporary events and common people — films of a documentary flavor. The screen portrayal of uncommon stories, super-fantasies and great characters of fiction or fact demands great performers — great personalities of great character And it is this individual greatness which is the essential ingredient of all art forms. With these "first principles" of film acting as a basis, and with knowledge of the director involved, we will examine the casts of three upcoming films, on the following pages.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

PHOTOS BY PIERLUIGI

CAST:
SOPHIA LOREN,
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
DIRECTOR:
VITTORIO DE SICA

Loren and Mastroianni co-star in each episode of this three-episode film. In the first Loren plays the prostitute Mara, Mastroianni her lover Rusconi, a pair whose love affair is almost destroyed when a young seminary student's infatuation for Mara threatens to make him forsake his vows.

In a De Sica film, character is everything, plot almost nothing. In "Shoeshine" and "Bicycle

Top to Bottom: The young priest and Sophia. The twist. Another twist. Mastroianni.

De Sica instructs Sophia as to the action of the sequence, with perfect confidence in her understanding of the personality she portrays.

Thief," he used natural actors to tell his warm, human stories of Italy after the war. In "Bread, Love and Dreams," "Gold of Naples" and "Two Women," he gave Sophia Loren the chance to portray characters full of a lust for life, an earthy humor, an essential goodness, and an over-generous beauty. True to his tradition of using the "natural" performer, he selected an actress who possessed those qualities herself.

With a magnetic personality matched by her exotic screen image, Sophia brings a great sense of good taste and elegance to what is essentially a bawdy creature of the earth. She has created a new screen heroine, one who has found a more basic morality within that which has always been considered immoral. At the same time, she is redefining the shape and manners of the high-fashioned international beauty.

Few actresses today could handle the role of the prostitute in De Sica's film. Miss Loren undoubtedly will play her as herself, radiating that essential goodness within her character which seems able to withstand the most sordid conditions in which she might find herself. From a hovel emerges a heroine. The film undoubtedly will be played with a great deal of the humor that bursts from Sophia herself. Her smile, the way she smokes a cigarette, her shoulders, her lips, her laughter, her grace will define the image of a fascinating woman, essentially good, essentially Loren.

Her co-star Mastroianni is fast becoming one of the great international stars. His indifferent, vulnerable, almost intolerably human appearance on the screen led directors to cast him as a kind of handsome buffoon, a butt of jokes. Fellini saw him as the perfect victim of the fantastic society of "La Dolce Vita." Antonioni used him in much the same manner in "La Notte." Pietro Germi, in "Divorce Italian Style" used him as the same character, but with a difference: beneath the facade, there was another man, a kind of devilish anti-hero. In "8½" Fellini added another dimension. He realized that Mastroianni's human appearance compels audiences to a feeling of great sympathy. Mastroianni is a very human hero. And in "8½" Fellini made him a hero who, in turn, learned to love his fellow man.

De Sica will use Mastroianni in the De Sica way. Through the genteel indifference is apt to come an impassioned man, one who would forsake riches and reputation for the one he loves. Mastroianni's genius for satirical comment upon himself will be broadened into a great good humor.

In the second episode of "Yesterday Today and Tomorrow" Sophia will play a Milanese woman who outwits the forces of law who would put her in jail by contriving to stay continuously pregnant for six years. One can only imagine how Sophia will look! Unquestionably the character will be a woman of the warm Italian earth, and even fat with pregnancy. Sophia will explode with that laughing lust for life which is her essential beauty on and off the screen.

Still another episode, with the same stars and director, is now being shot in Naples.

"THE CAST" IS CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE.

Top. Bube (Chakiris) has asked his girl (Cardinale) for her picture, an image of reality. Bottom: The long electric wire look of Chakiris, reminiscent of "West Side Story," could be his fortune.

PAUL APOTEKER

Claudia, thumb in mouth and breaking into laughter, is the same off camera (above) or on (below).

Bube's Girl

CAST:
GEORGE CHAKIRIS,
CLAUDIA CARDINALE
DIRECTOR:
LUIGI COMENCINI

The story of an accidental meeting, a flirtation that turns to love, a separation, a false love, the reunion of the lovers, and the rediscovery of love, "Bube's Girl" has a not uncommon plot. The film's distinction will have to come from the characters.

George Chakiris plays a young partisan soldier who bears the fame of a hero. Filled with revolutionary passions and unrealized ideals, he has committed a murder and is forced to go into hiding. The character is very like Bernardo of "West Side Story" which brought Chakiris an Oscar and wide critical acclaim: a pensive, sincere, good youth with a compulsion to act, rightly or wrongly. A boy who has become a man too soon.

Off stage Chakiris is a serious, quiet and intense young man who works very hard at his career. His dark, brooding good looks front a strong but still immature personality. He has the visual charm of the goodlooking loser. Unfortunately, Chakiris was committed to play unsuitable roles in "Diamond Head" and "Kings of the Sun" before he was sufficiently established to control his own career. If he now sticks with the character of Bernardo, which first won audiences to him, he may become one of the great talents of the screen.

Claudia Cardinale has always been herself on the screen. She is a completely visual actress. It has even been rumored that her Italian as well as her English dialogue is dubbed, because of her strong Tunisian accent. As "Bube's Girl," she is an innocently voluptuous country lass with an amber charm, bubbling naivete, and animal passion. Afraid of Bube's violence, she, by the earthborn power of some ancient female deity, disarms his heart and hence his person. Instinctively chaste, she is just as instinctively passionate. When she finds her love is to leave her, she holds onto him in the only way her body knows how.

The naive earth child that Claudia Cardinale plays is one of the most compelling images the screen has seen in the last few years. Under Visconti's direction in "The Leopard," Cardinale emerged as a star. Garbed in Italian lace, her fullbodied Italian warmth still comes through. Her most charming gesture is simply the running of her thumb over her lips while her face blossoms into a welcoming smile. It is an instinctive gesture, a natural movement of mirth

WILLIAM CLAXTON

Steve McQueen: a physical assurance and a big grin.

that both Fellini and Visconti have put on film. Comencini will undoubtedly do the same.

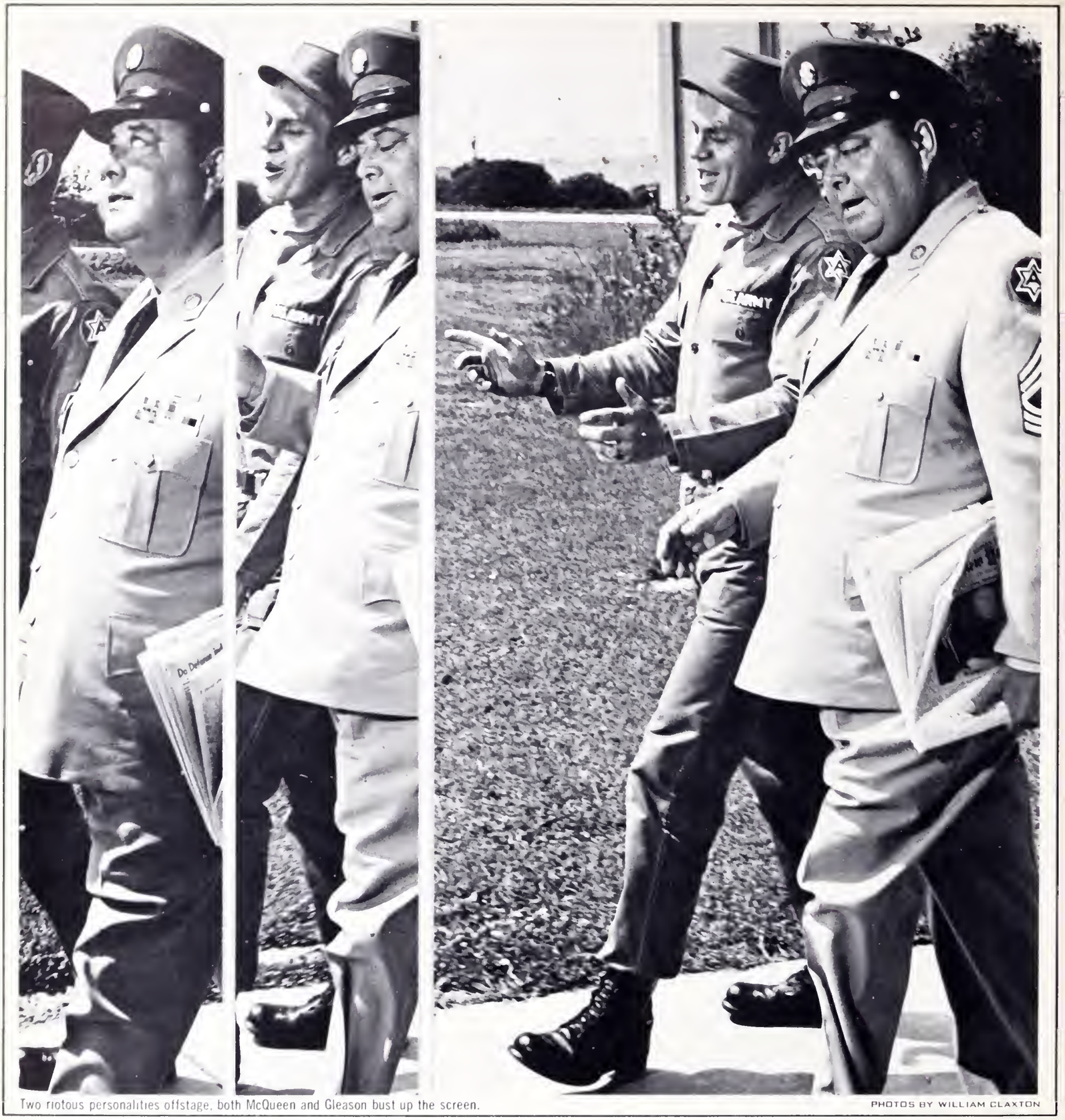
Soldier In The Rain

CAST:
STEVE McQUEEN,
JACKIE GLEASON
DIRECTOR:
RALPH NELSON

Steve McQueen is in charge. Leading the current candidates as the first great new male talent since James Dean, McQueen has come slow and hard to the top. Small, compact, with a roughneck smile that is as dangerous as it is friendly, McQueen creates the physical image of a guy who's able to handle any situation. In this respect, he suggests John Wayne. Just as Wayne was obliged, without camera tricks or stand-ins, to bring down a wild mare elephant with a single shot in "Hatari," McQueen performed his own motorcycle stunts in "The Great Escape" and then put on a Nazi uniform and doubled as the German motorcyclist who was chasing him. The physical ability is there, and it has given McQueen the assurance of the professional athlete which his onscreen image evokes. He is in charge. He is a man. And that's how his audiences see him.

As Sgt. Eustis Clay in "Soldier in the Rain" McQueen plays a sharp-practicing army hustler who makes off with the best the military can provide. Socially uncouth, he operates from reveille to Taps, making bets, brawling in barrooms, and fixing up his buddy M Sgt. Slaughter (Gleason) with the teenage sex tramp Bobby Jo Pepperdine (Tuesday Weld). Directed in the sympathetic, subjective style of Ralph Nelson, who made "Requiem for a Heavyweight" and "Lilies of the Field," McQueen could emerge as a kind of Robin Hood in olive drab.

Jackie Gleason is always Gleason, "the Great One." Cast as a fat and ugly master sergeant who talks of the great things he will do when he gets out of the army — great things he knows he will never do — Gleason could in actual fact be great. He is the



Two riotous personalities offstage, both McQueen and Gleason bust up the screen.

PHOTOS BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

epitome of the natural screen personality. Gleason's problem is one of restraint. It was distressingly evident in "Gigot" and "Papa's Delicate Condition" that he needs a powerful directorial hand to contain the Gleason flamboyance within the form of fiction.

Properly photographed and edited, the images of these two men could bust the guts right out of the pretentious heroes of our time. At their morning coffee break, they share their dreams and find a kind of human glory in their double scoops of ice cream. Chocolate and Vanilla. One is awfully lonely when the other has gone.

HOWARD HAWKS
CONTINUED
FROM
PAGE 12

understand the character. There's nothing written about any of these Egyptian characters that gives you any indication as to what kind of people they were. If you were doing King Kamehameha of Hawaii why, you can get a very good idea of what he was, because it's much fresher. If you're going to do Billy the Kid, you can go and listen to the legend and somebody begins to come into mind who you think might be good for that. I've done things like Al Capone and Scarface, and we approached that characterization with a very simple thing. In the scene where Scarface discovers the machine gun, I did my very best to make the scene like a boy finding a new toy. And he becomes three times as dangerous as if it's a villain finding it. He said, look, Johnny, it's light, you know you can carry it around. And Johnny said why you murdering ape, and Capone just stood and stared at him and he said get out of my way Johnny, I'm gonna spit. And Johnny jumped to one side and the machine gun went off. Well, that's Ben Hecht and me working on a scene, the dialogue has no relation to the average dialogue that would go into that scene you know, where a guy says I'm going to spit and a man jumps and this machine gun goes off and then that looked good so I got a whole rack of cue balls, billiard cues and shot a machine gun into 'em just to create a little more havoc. But characters you know about, you can cast, but Aphrodite is not a good one. Have you got any others?

I: *What are some characters whose stories you would like to tell?*

H: Oh, I worked for a long time to do Don Quixote and was never satisfied with what I got out of it. I had ideas to do it with Cary Grant and Cantinflas, but I could never make it jell. A lot of the famous characters haven't too much interest for me. Little odd characters that you hear about, that come out in odd stories, are much more interesting to me.

I: *How about casting somebody to do Carole Lombard?*

H: Well, right now, Prentiss would come much closer than anybody because of that exuberant, natural quality.

I: *How about Marilyn Monroe?*

H: Marilyn was a stage character. She had no reality whatsoever and, as a matter of fact, I only made "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" because Zanuck asked me to come in and help because Fox thought they had a potentially great box office thing in Monroe and they weren't realizing it. And I said well, that's because you try and make her be real. She's really musical comedy. Why don't you put her in a musical? You've got a great story here, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." And he said oh, she couldn't do that. I said sure she could. She could carry a tune, I'd heard her. But she needed somebody to back her up who's very strong. And he said who, and I said well Jane Russell. He said, well you couldn't get her and I said sure you can. I found her and started her. We got Jane on the phone, and I said we've got a picture for you. She said when do we start? I said don't you want to hear about it? And she said I don't care, if you want me, it's all right. And I said well somebody else has got a better part. She said you still want me, when do we start? So she did it. She was a great help because Monroe was so terribly insufficient, so terribly frightened, that Jane was great for her, and I think that was probably Monroe's largest grossing picture. But Monroe herself would be a very hard part to cast because it would have to be somebody who would have her kind of fairy-tale quality. You see in the picture I made, sex became kind of funny. We used more of a little childish quality . . .

I: *Which became Monroe's image after that.*

H: But you see it'd be very dangerous trying to do either Lombard or Monroe because each one of them was distinctly a character. Some-

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CHARLENE HOLT

PAULA PRENTISS

thing happened to Monroe. She would sit on a set, practically . . . you know, very insufficiently dressed and people paying no attention to her, but when you called "camera" she did something and people liked it. So what're you gonna do? That's a very hard quality to get. I wouldn't be any good doing that because I'd be inclined to play for reality and you don't want to play for reality at all there.

I: *What are you going to do next?*

H: We're working on a story that should be a great deal of fun if it works out. Actually, about half of the stories we start on get to the screen. You go into them and they seem as if they're going to work out well and after a couple of months, you give it up. "Man's Favorite Sport" started nine to ten years ago, and we tried it one way, and tried it another way, and then finally got an idea as to what we could do with it. It's really the old story about the famous jockey who's never ridden a horse, but we made him a great fisherman who has never been fishing.

I: *Did you do any of this film in the same manner as you did "Hatari"; set up the action and see what happens?*

H: Ohhhh, you see that's a little bit of a . . . that's a misnomer, people say you're ad libbing. That is not true. All you're doing is that you sit in a room and you write the best scene you can and it has an ending, and it has a place in the story, and you go out to film it and everything changes. The background, everything. And you make little changes to make it go right, and people say you're ad libbing. Well, you're not. I told the studio manager the story of "Man's Favorite Sport," and we estimated the cost of the picture, and we came out within seven thousand dollars of the amount we estimated. And as far as he's concerned everything went just as we'd planned. Sure, you can ad lib some things. For instance, we were working on a pretty dull scene, a story scene that we had to do, and it was supposed to take place while the characters were eating dinner. We had a lovely patio, so I said move the table out there, we'll hold the scene on the patio under that big tree. And while we were working something unexpectedly fell out of the tree. So I said to Paula Prentiss let's have a caterpillar fall out of the tree into Rock's salad, and you see it just as he's taking a bite and you say, don't, don't. He says, what's the matter? You say, never mind, it's too late. And she started to laugh and I said, that's the way to play it, just start to laugh and not be able to talk to him. And the scene plays humorously and they both laugh way into the middle of the next sequence. Now, people call that ad libbing. Well, that isn't ad libbing at all. If so, every Chaplin and Lloyd and Fairbanks picture was ad lib. You've got a set, you've got the people, you know the story you're supposed to tell, and if you find something that happens during the scene, you just go ahead and use it. You don't have to have dialogue for it. For instance, in "Male War Bride," with Cary Grant, we were riding to location and we saw the army floating a pontoon bridge across a river, so we went down to the army and said can we use the pontoon bridge? So Cary comes down the river in a boat and he can't get through the pontoon bridge so he slyly unhooks it. Then you've got a funny scene, but those are things that happen spontaneously. The main thing is to pick a story and characters that allow you to do things. We have a great character in the last picture. The art director drew a phony Indian, a con man who sells special lures and mosquito prevention things, and we fastened onto the character, and he gets some of the biggest laughs in the picture.

I: *The art director?*

H: Yes. He was responsible for another marvelous gag. He visualized a pair of waders that men wear for fishing. If you pressed a gas bottle down at the side they inflated and kept afloat a man who got caught in a torrent, so we took Rock Hudson out and he pulled a cord to start the boat and the motor roared on full and Rock went over the end into the water and he couldn't swim and he went down to the bottom and he pulled a gas lever and his pants inflated and he came up to the surface, and then the girl yelled you're getting too much air, and his pants were ballooning until they became enormous and then pretty soon they became so inflated that they ballooned out of the water and that put his head under, with his legs standing up in the air. And the girl couldn't right him, so she threw a rope around his foot, started the motor and towed him, and that pulled his head out of the water. And it's terribly funny. And then another fellow told me a true story about a man who'd gone fishing. He was pulling a fish out of his boat and he practically backed into a bear. And he saw the bear and turned around and ran so fast he practically ran on top of the water. So we did that sequence. We built a thing just under the surface of the water so that Rock could run on it in about this much water and you couldn't see it. And apparently he runs right on the water, getting away from the bear. So many pictures made today have a certain budget and in order to stay within that budget, a director shoots the scene as it's written in the script and that's all. Hitchcock, or Wilder or myself, we're not confined to that extent. If we get an idea and it takes another day, nobody says anything, it doesn't bother 'em. So we're able to ad lib if you want to call it that, and we do it. And that makes it interesting to make a film.

MARIA PERSCHY

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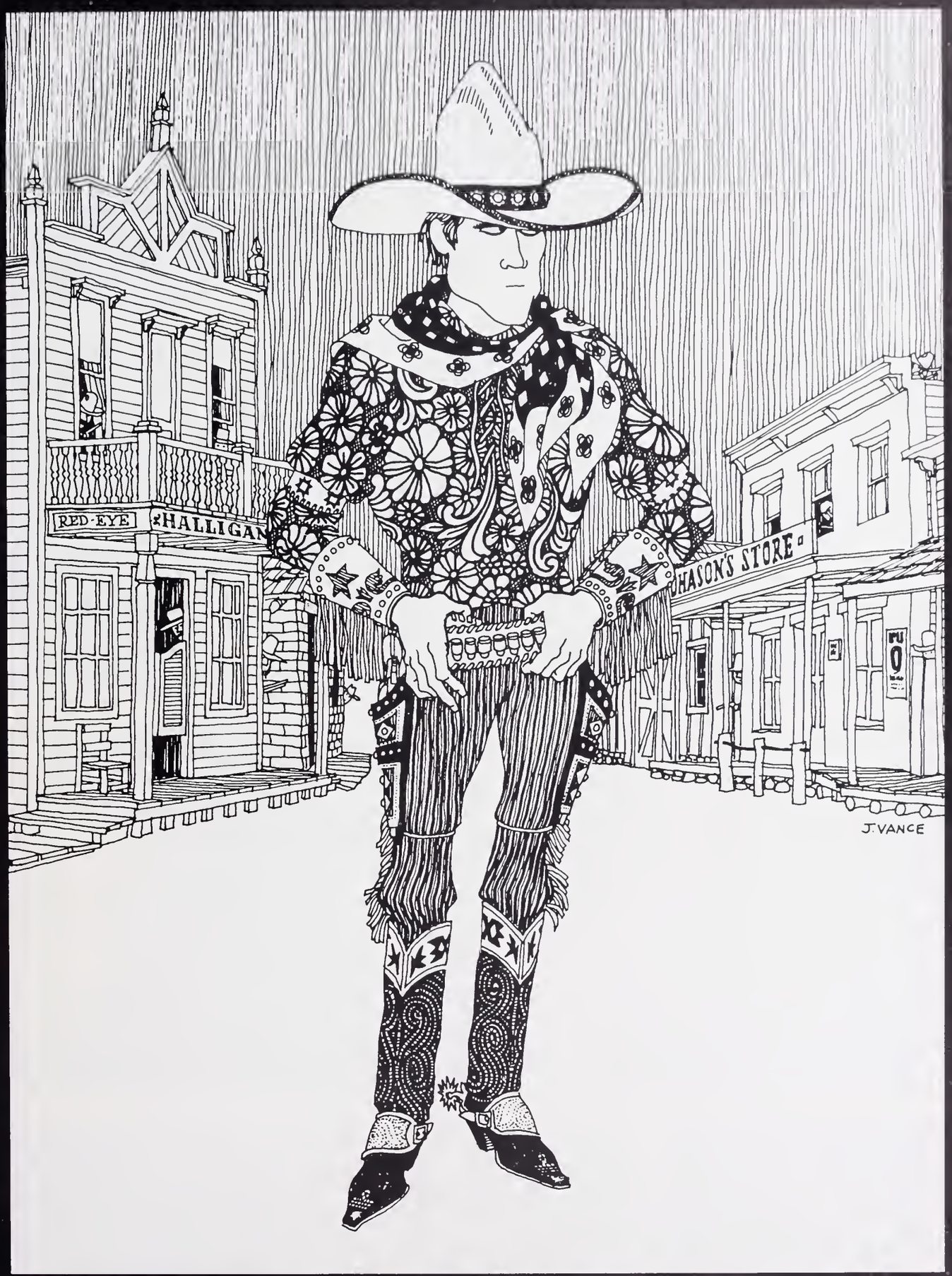


THE HERO

CINEMA PRIMER NO. 1

He was tall, silent, strong, professional and proper. He went to Sunday meeting and loved his horse. Gone now, his greasepaint virtue has been replaced by the small fantasies of vice. Gone, embalmed, buried with his eyeliner still on - but not dead. Slowly he brawls his way back, with swear words belching past his lips, his face dirtied, smelling of sweat . . . unknown, unseen, undefined for what he is, the greasepaint is gone but his virtue isn't.

THE WINNER OF THE SKIN GAME

SIDNEY POITIER has beat them all. For years producers and directors have played the skin game in an effort to appease dissident groups at home and abroad. Vincent Price and Herbert Lom ended up playing blackamoors in tan-face more often than we care to remember. When the race films began to be made in the early Fifties there was only one actor casting directors could see, Poitier. They did him no favors. He is good, and he was great in Richard Brooks' "The Blackboard Jungle." In others, however, even in the much praised "Defiant Ones," his personality was obscured behind the image of his race. True enough, the intention was to portray an individual, but the stereotypes set in and locked Poitier out. In Ralph Nelson's "Lilies of the Field" (pic 1), Poitier bursts through — perhaps a little too much, but it lets you know what's there. The story is of a roustabout ex-G.I. and five nuns and it's the G.I.'s story, no one else's. In Jack Cardiff's "The Long Ships" (pic 2 with Rosanna Schiaffino and pic 3) he plays an Algerian Moor the way it should always have been done. In George Stevens' "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (pic 4 with Stevens) he plays Symon of Cyrene. He's in that film for no other reason than he's good. Stevens only works with winners and Poitier is a winner.

DISCOVER, DIVORCE, STRIP, SEDUCE AND ABANDON

These five words sum up the career of seventeen-year-old STEFANIA SANDRELLI. Director Pietro Germi is the man responsible for most of the dastardly deeds perpetrated on Miss Sandrelli's youthful innocence. Impressed by her impertinent figure and offbeat beauty, he cast her as the virginal bait for Marcello Mastroianni in "Divorce, Italian Style" (pic 1). With the help of the Joseph Levine packaging unit, she flooded onto the international market. The audience loved her and wanted more. Director Mario Missiralli immediately unwrapped her in "La Bella di Lodi" (pics 2 and 3) and she made the rounds of the plush night spots dressed in little more than a light amorality. On a second look Germi decided she was a pretty good product indeed and cast her in "Seduced and Abandoned" (pics 4 & 5 with Germi), to play Agnese, the seduced girl. As in "Divorce," Germi satirizes Sicilian laws including one that provides a maximum of three years imprisonment for raping or seducing a minor, and another that permits a rapist or seducer to go unpunished providing he subsequently marries the girl. In "Seduced," Germi uses Stefania not as a glamour girl, but as a natural beauty. A tactic that certainly does not abandon the audience and may well seduce it.

"IF YOU'RE GONNA BE A BEAR, BE A GRIZZLY BEAR"

LEE MARVIN is a big loud man — on stage, on the set, at a bar or at home. Marvin has a roustabout talent that is most likely to assert itself with a left hook. His admiration runs amuck for the only other actor who can be more animal on the screen than he. "I thought I was the best #!!=! actor in the world until I saw that cat! Hrrruh!!!" With a yell that comes from some place below the belt, Marvin will launch upon a detailed reenactment of the first ten minutes of "Seven Samurai." Toshiro Mifune is his god. A stinking, sweating, itching, belching, swearing, hard-drinking, nose-picking god. Like a mountain man who respects an oak tree because he can't knock it down, Marvin has a respect for anyone rougher than himself. He played second lead to John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart in "Man Who Shot Liberty Valance?" (see pic). "I was really busting into Stewart in this scene and Jimmy couldn't get his line out. I was really knocking the wind out of him and he was flat on his back. Finally the old man (John Ford) came over to Stewart and bent over and said 'Jimmy, you're not a coward,' and Jimmy got it out. Now, how about that?" Marvin can work for tough directors: "Ford's not so tough — if you're right!" He co-starred with Wayne in Ford's "Donovan's Reef" (pics). He may work with Sam Peckinpah in "Major Dundee": "Sam's a rough cat!" Marvin is not so tough to work with. All it takes is another grizzly bear.

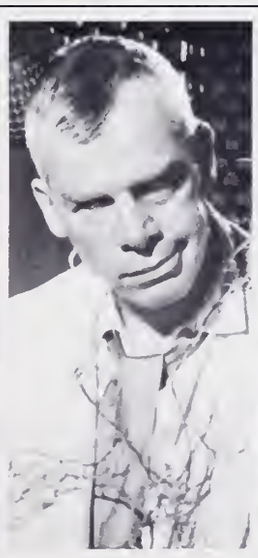
FATHER, PLEASE! I'D RATHER DO IT MYSELF!

And so she can! ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY, much to the credit of her father Robert Montgomery, has had to make it in the film world on her own, the hard way. With the slender curves of a flapper she flipped her way through the .38 caliber underworld of "The Untouchables" as Rusty Heller. Slapped, kicked and loved as the bootlegged girl friend of a hoodlum, she came up begging for more. In the film "Johnny Cool" she again gets her lumps from two .45 caliber thugs (pics 1 and 2) as Dare Guiness, a bored divorcee, who goes with Johnny (Henry Silva), a Sicilian gangster out to eliminate unwanted mobsters. Johnny is none too easy on Miss Montgomery as a hoodlum lover (pic 3). In "Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?" Elizabeth gets her turn to play roughneck (pics 5 and 6). As the fiancee of a TV doctor (Dean Martin) who doubles as part time, night time marriage counselor for his poker buddies' lovely wives, Elizabeth offers her own version of a high caliber hipshooter who lands Martin on his back. A tall, lithe beauty, Elizabeth Montgomery brews a distinctly high-spirited performance of her own that is definitely not bootlegged from her father.










NEWS

ENGLAND

TOM COURTENAY

If casting is touch and go in Hollywood for all but a handful of top stars, the situation is perhaps even worse in the British film industry. Tom Courtenay won critical raves in "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," went immediately into John Schlesinger's "Billy Liar" (pic with Helen Fraser), but has had nothing since. Terence Stamp was unemployed for more than a year following his Oscar-contending performance in "Billy Budd." Stamp has just signed to star in "The Collector" for Columbia, as a Post Office clerk who wins a fortune in a football lottery.

ALBERT FINNEY

Starring as the strange young psychopath Danny in Karel Reisz's re-make of "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney also co produces the film. Explains Finney: "If an actor has a hefty part in a film, it's not unnatural that he should be closely interested in its overall conception. I want to be something more than just a hired actor. And, anyway, doing something else on the side helps to take an actor's mind off his neuroses!"

O'Toole & Burton in "Becket"

After 3½ hours of screen celibacy in "Lawrence," Peter O'Toole gets to dally with three women as King Henry of England in "Becket." The three: 25-year-old Australian actress Linda Marlow (pic 1), 20-year-old English beauty Jennifer Hilary (pic 2), and voluptuous French starlet Veronique Vendell (pic 3). There's a fourth woman in "Becket," Sian Phillips, who in private life is Mrs. O'Toole. She portrays Gwendolyn, Becket's (Richard Burton's) mistress.

CLAIRE BLOOM

Producer-writer-director Val Guest follows up his gripping "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" with the story of a killer epidemic in England "80,000 Suspects." Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson and Cyril Cusack star. The story was filmed in Bath, and, in the scene above, Miss Bloom takes one.

EUROPE

INGMAR CASTS INGRID

Sweden's two best-known Bergmans, Ingmar and Ingrid, get together next spring for a film based on the Swedish play "The Chief Madame Ingeborg" by still a third Bergman, Hjalmer. It's doubtful Max von Sydow, whose agreement with George Stevens forbids further films until "The Greatest Story Ever Told" has opened, will participate in this one. Ingmar Bergman completed his first color film during the past summer. The title for Swedish release: "Not To Talk Of All These Women." Bergman's appointment as managing director of the Royal Dramatic Theater in Sweden has also kept him busy. One of his pet projects is said to be a stage adaptation of "Don Quixote" to star Von Sydow.

"GOLDEN HEATHER"

Polish director Jiri Weiss has put on film an old folk tale about a young shepherd who falls in love with a nymph of the woods (top: Karla Chadimova). The title refers to a golden fern which is woven into a shirt by the nymph and given as a token of love to the shepherd. The shirt gives him a magic power to perform dangerous feats for his general's daughter (Dana Smutna: 2nd pic.), who has him in her power and alternatingly tries to seduce him and refuse him. In the end, he is partially hanged and crawls back, bleeding and disfigured, to his nymph who has been turned into a wild fruit tree for having given him the golden fern. Apparently all efforts at fantasy have not disappeared from the screen.

FRANCE

"WILL-O'-THE-WISP"
Louis Malle ("The Lovers," "A Private Affair") directs Maurice Ronet, Lena Skeria (1st pic above) and Jeanne Moreau (2nd pic) in the story of a man who is weak and destroyed by his society. The action covers the last forty-eight hours of his life which ends in his return to the bottle and suicide. The Venice critics, who love these death marches, have acclaimed the film highly. Malle's style could make the film either an erotic exercise ("The Lovers") or a complete bore ("A Private Affair").

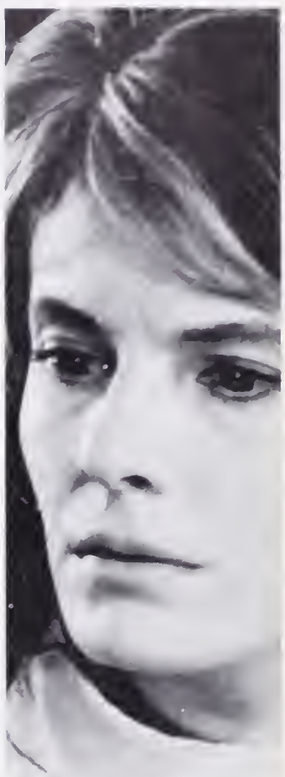
"WARRIOR'S REST"
Already an old film in France, this Brigitte Bardot starrer (above), is yet to be released in the U.S. Time can dim the brightest star.

BRIGITTE BARDOT AND JACK PALANCE are joined by a distinguished "non-actor" in the cast of "A Ghost at Noon." Playing himself throughout much of the footage is director Fritz ("M," "Fury," "Scarlet Street") Lang (above) The story is of marital disillusionment in the European film colony. Also appearing: Georgia Moll, Michel Piccoli.

FRENCH STARLETS don't seem to mind working together. Above center are five who have had starring roles of their own: François Brion (see CINEMA No. 5), Pascale Roberts, Andrea Parisy, Alexandra Stewart and Valerie Legrange in a French parody of "West Side Story."

DELON HANGS AND TIPS!
Alain Delon will mount a gallows, as have Terence Stamp in "Billy Budd" and Albert Finney in "Tom Jones," in "The Black Tulip" for director Christian-Jacque. He also co-stars with Jeanne Moreau in Louis Malle's "Assez de champagne." We'll have the same, Alain, but isn't that Scotch and water?

AMBROSE BIERCE IN FRANCE
France's Robert Enrico won the San Sebastian Festival's "Best Director" award with a trilogy of three stories by Ambrose Bierce, all with American Civil War backgrounds. The film: "In the Midst of Life." The macabre stories of the American writer who vanished inside Mexico in 1913 have been neglected by Hollywood. Vincent Price may yet get around to them, when he exhausts the works of Poe.



AFTER "MARIENBAD," WHAT?
Alain Resnais's new one is "Muriel," again starring Delphine Seyrig, and Unifrance describes it as "another dreamlike excursion into the ambiguities of the past and present." The story is of a middle-aged woman whose memories of a youthful romance threaten her new love affair. "Muriel" is in color; and in Resnais's hands the use of the color palette could achieve some surpassing filmic effects.

ITALY

MOVIE SPOOF
The French spoof the cinema industry itself in the satirical "Sweet and Sour," and the cast should guarantee sweet box-office returns on both sides of the Atlantic: Signoret, Moreau, Belmondo, Vitti, Vadim, Vlady and Anna Karina, to name just a few. Jacques Baratier directed. Baratier's "La Poupee" starring Poland's young Zbigniew Cybulski ("Ashes and Diamonds") puzzled U.S. critics.

CARDINALE AND STEIGER IN "DIFFERENCE"

The novels of Alberto Moravia seem as indispensable to Italian filmmaking as the plays of Tennessee Williams are to Hollywood. The opulently-sculpted face and figure of Claudia Cardinale decorate the newest, "A Time of Indifference." Directed by Francesco Baselli, it co-stars Rod Steiger, Shelley Winters and Paulette Goddard.

The Life and Loves of...

Marcello Mastroianni as "Casanova" — costarring all the women of 18th-century Europe! The Joseph E. Levine-Carlo Ponti co-production films this fall in six of the countries in which the Venetian adventurer conducted his famous (and self publicized) amours — Italy, France, Switzerland, Spain, England and Holland. Casanova also got to Russia, from which he was banished after a great scandal. It's doubtful that the USSR will extend an invitation to the filmmakers

TITLES

Sex grows more flamboyant not only on the screen but in film titles. In Rome, Andre Hunebelle was directing "How To Seduce Them," with Danielle Darrieux, Michele Morgan and Sandra Milo; Pietro Germi was directing "Seduced and Abandoned" with Stefania Sandrelli, above. Elio Petri was guiding Charles Aznavour and Claire Bloom in "High Infidelity." Already playing on U.S. screens: France's "The Flamboyant Sex."

ITALIAN SLUMP?

Who says there's a slump in the Italian film industry? Italian films walked off with four top festival prizes: Visconti's "The Leopard" won at Cannes, Fellini's "8½" won at Moscow, "Il Diavolo" ("Love in Stockholm") won in Berlin, and "Mafioso" (above: Alberto Sordi) won at San Sebastian. In addition, Italian director Dino Risi took the Best Director award at Mar del Plata for his "Il Sorpasa."

JEAN PAUL BELMONDO

The image speaks for itself. He stars with Gina Lollobrigida (below) in "Wild Sea." Gina plays the role of a drab, sour spinster whom no man wants. The success of Sophia Loren in "Two Women" and Daniela Rocca in "Divorce,Italian Style" as rather ordinary looking women has started a trend in Italy to renounce glamour.

DANIELA ROCCA plays her beautiful self again in Jacques Deray's "Sinfonia Per Un Massacro."

SCIENCE FICTION — Renato Salvatori (above) of "Rocco and His Brothers" fame plays "Omicron," an invader from the planet Ultra. Disguised as a workman he decides that his people should invade another planet. Perhaps Venus!

FELLINI'S BROTHER

Riccardo Fellini's "Storie Sulla Sabbia" is three tales that speak of the simple life, a world without lies and without evil. Directing a non-professional cast (above), he tells the stories of three charming girls Francesca, Anna and Lucia. His cast is charming indeed.

JAPANESE TITLES have a ring of melodrama — "Invisible Black Hands" (above), "Yellow Zone," "All Rascals," "Girls Without Return Tickets" and "Daddy Long Fingers"???

"THE EMPTY CANVAS"

Currently filming in Italy the Alberto Moravia novel "Boredom," director Damiano Damiani and producer Carlo Ponti have put together an international cast — Bette Davis, Georges Wilson and together above Horst Buchholz and Catherine Spaak. Embassy will release in the U.S.

JAPAN

"HOGS AND WARSHIPS"

Voted the best film of 1961 by the Japanese critics, this has not yet been set for international release except in the cinema clubs of Britain. Dealing with the rackets that spring up around an American naval base in Japan, from prostitution to the raising of hogs, this film by thirty-six-year-old Shohei Imamura could have a wider exposure than the politicians, both Japanese and U.S., have allowed it.

KUROSAWA, WHISKY & JOHN FORD

Preparing "Red Beard" with Toshiro Mifune for an October start, Akira Kurosawa reminisced in Tokyo about a one-time meeting with John Ford in the bar of a London hotel: "I was sipping a glass of port wine, and a man came up to me saying, 'Hey, Akira!' It was Ford. He carried a bottle of Scotch and two glasses, and, eying my port wine mistrustfully, said, 'Don't drink such a thing!' He poured us both a whisky, and we had a good talk." Afterward, Ford sent a bouquet of chrysanthemums to Kurosawa's room. "He is very warmhearted and like a father," said Kurosawa. "I thought him just like the old army officer in his own film 'Horse Soldiers.'"

JAPAN'S MONEY MAKER

The summer's big money-making film in Japan was Titanus-Metro's "Tiko and the Shark." Also drawing crowds was John Sturges' World War 2 epic set in Nazi Germany, "The Great Escape."

UNITED STATES

HARLOW

The name of the Thirties' most flamboyant star found its way fleetingly into the news when a Beverly Hills realtor advertised for sale the three-car garage and servants' quarters of Jean Harlow's old Benedict Canyon home, redesigned as a large guest house (33'x20' living room, bedroom, two baths, built-ins). The property had been subdivided from the lot containing the main house, now owned by Milo Frank, where Miss Harlow's second husband Paul Bern committed suicide in September, 1932. Miss Harlow died in June, 1937.

ELKE SOMMER turned traveling saleslady for "The Victors," praising the Carl Foreman film to exhibitors in the seven Common Market countries. Foreman, with three more films to do for Columbia, was already preparing a new one: "King Rat." Elke's newest: "The Prize" with Paul Newman. (below)

HEPBURN AND GRANT PLAY "CHARADE"

The director of some of M-G-M's finest musicals of the Fifties ("Seven Brides," "Singing in the Rain") Stanley Donen tries his hand at Hitchcock-type suspense in "Charade." Audrey Hepburn plays a very-recent widow, and Cary Grant Cary's off one of those is-he-villain-or-is-he-hero roles he did to a turn some years back in "Suspicion." (below)

ROBERT ROSSEN ON "LILITH"

Of his first film since "The Hustler," Robert Rossen says, "It is a probe of a mad love, a love that knows no laws or limits. For me, the fascination of Lilith is that her amorality amounts rather to the purity of innocence — of **nature**." Rossen's stars in "Lilith" are not new to portrayals of amorality: Warren Beatty ("All Fall Down") and French-exile-reclaimed Jean Seberg below ("In the French Style").

PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

TUESDAY WELD RETURNS

Miss Weld, at the ripe age of twenty, is making a comeback in Ralph Nelson's "Soldier In the Rain" as the teen-age girl friend of Jackie Gleason. A stint in TV and a slowing down in her growth rate have formed an even more delightful image than before (above).

PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

TWO HOTTEST STARS

Natalie Wood and Steve McQueen, two of the most wanted performers in Hollywood, have completed the Alan Pakula Robert Mulligan film "Love With the Proper Stranger." Pakula and Mulligan are also going over many offers after their success with "To Kill a Mockingbird." Their next will be "Traveling Lady" with McQueen and then Ray Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles" for which they are holding a contest among leading architects to design a Martian city.

FAY WRAY

In an interview with Los Angeles Times writer Charles E. Davis Jr., Fay Wray recalled the good old days when making movies was "just like clockwork. I started a new film every four weeks." Somewhat reluctantly, Miss Wray also confided the name of her all-time favorite leading man: not King Kong, but Spencer Tracy.

JULIE ANDREWS IN "MARY POPPINS"

Broadway's "My Fair Lady" Julie Andrews got passed up for the movie version, but is doing Disney's "Mary Poppins" instead. **And** she may do "The Americanization of Emily" and William Wyler's "The Sound of Music" as well. In "Poppins," Miss Andrews flies on invisible wires, along with most of the rest of the cast, and gets 15 new songs to sing. Robert Stevenson directs.

NANCY KWAN
AS "TAMAHINE"

n "Tamahine" Nancy Kwan
lays a Tahitian girl sent to
England to be educated at a
amous British public school.
nstead Miss Kwan teaches
he school's 400 teenage boys
nd the faculty a few
Tahitian lessons in life.
Philip Leacock directs.

OUCH!

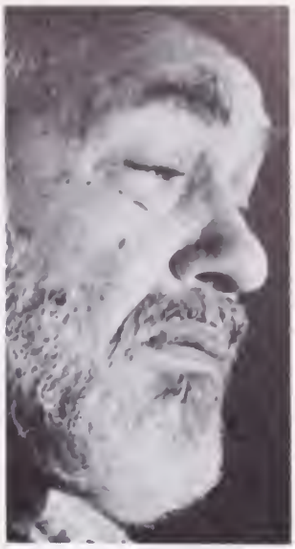
While director J. Lee Thompson puts his battlefield in view (first picture below), his ancient Mayan warriors wait patiently to play dead (second pic). The film is the Mirisches' "Kings of the Sun" starring Brynner, Chakiris, and Shirley Anne Field.

ZINNEMANN AND CAST

Fred Zinnemann switched the location shooting of "Behold a Pale Horse" from Spain to southern France when the Spanish government became edgy about the possible political content of the film. In the pictures above Zinnemann confers with his stars Omar Sharif and Gregory Peck and Anthony Quinn. Also pictured: Sharif gets his tonsure made up to cut down camera glare.

GUESS WHO?

Much the best news to come out of Hollywood during recent weeks was the return to the screen of long absent favorites: Margaret Lindsay, a Jimmy Cagney leading lady of the Thirties, made a warm and gracious comeback in "Tammy and the Doctor." The ingenue of the Will Rogers films Rochelle Hudson signed for "Strait Jacket" with Joan Crawford. Fifi D'Orsay joined Tony Curtis in "Wild and Wonderful" and then went into "What a Way To Go!" with Shirley MacLaine. Audrey Totter ended an eight year absence to appear in "The Carpetbaggers." Lauren Bacall nabbed the role of the lady psychiatrist in "Shock Treatment" also featuring Douglass Dumbrille and, for good measure, restaurateur Mike Romanoff as a mental patient! And Pola Negri, off the screen since a one-shot comeback in 1943's "Hi Diddle Diddle," joined Hayley Mills and Eli Wallach for Disney's "The Moon-spinners." Bad boys of the earlier talkies Jack LaRue, Allen Jenkins and Robert Armstrong were signed to play retired gangsters in Sinatra Enterprises' "For Those Who Think Young."
Lee Tracy went back to the sound stages to recreate his Broadway role in "The Best Man."
And, finally, a welcome re-teaming: Those super-sleuths of such late Thirties mystery films as "There's Always a Woman" and "The Amazing Mr. Williams," Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell, support Glenn Ford and Stella Stevens in "A Company of Cowards."



EDWARD G. ROBINSON, ANTHONY NEWLEY BOTH SAMMY!

One of the great faces of the American screen, as instantly identifiable around the world as a Coca-Cola bottle, is the weathered old phiz of Edward G. Robinson, above. He stars here in "Sammy Going South" with boy actor Fergus McClelland, filmed on location in Africa. Another "Sammy" is making film news too, largely because of its cyclonic star. Anthony Newley (above) is said to be the whole show in "The Small World of Sammy Lee."

LEWIS ALLEN AND JOSEPH STRICK, partners in the production of "The Balcony," have acquired rights to the late Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust" with a view to producing it at a cost of about $250,000. "Locust" is a bitter book about Hollywood, and the people who never made it. Its settings: a third-rate boarding house, a Mexican cockfight, a movie premiere that turns into a mass riot. Shelley Winters as Faye Greener?

WALT DISNEY MAKES "THE SWORD IN THE STONE"

Taken from the delightful novel by T. H. White, whose book "The Once and Future King" was the basis of the Broadway show "Camelot," the film will bring to life Archimedes (top), the pernickety pet owl of Merlin (second from top); Wart, the little boy who is turned into a sparrow (third picture); and Mad Madam Mim (bottom). Many more characters will have their fling as Merlin changes Wart and himself into various animals.

CENSORSHIP

The scissors are out again, this time to clip some of the creative efforts of a young wife (Marina Vlady top). Her demanding efforts to become pregnant prostrate her husband (Ugo Tognazzi 2nd and 3rd pictures) and send him off to a health resort to recover. Despite the cutting, Miss Vlady received the best actress award at the 1963 Cannes Festival. The film is directed by 34-year-old Marco Ferreri.

GARBO

In London the reissue of Garbo's "Ninotchka" gave the Empire Theater its biggest box-office week since the house reopened last winter. Receipts were fifty per cent over the next biggest attraction. English favorite Margaret Rutherford's "Murder at the Gallop." But Garbo (below) disappointed old desert fox Sam Spiegel who, after entertaining her aboard his yacht, sadly reported: "The lady says she never wants to make another movie."

"THREE PENNY OPERA"

The robust nature of this film, released here by Embassy Films and directed by Wolfgang Staudte from the musical by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, is shown in the twisted grimaces of Gert Frobe as J. J. Peachum, "The King of the Beggars." Equal animation will come from Curt Jurgens, Hildegarde Neff, Hilde Hildebrand, June Ritchie, Lino Ventura and Sammy Davis Jr.

VIKINGS • GIRLS • MOORS

Director Jack Cardiff's "The Long Ships" stars Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, Russ Tamblyn and Rosanna Schiaffino. While introducing a new face, Beba Loncar (top picture with Tamblyn) the film's robust adventure is in the tradition of those old greats, Flynn, Fairbanks, and Montez. In the second picture, the Viking prisoners line up for the Sultan (Poitier). Later they attack the harem, (bottom picture) while escaping.

RITA HAYWORTH & CARDINALE IN "CIRCUS"

The beauty of Rita Hayworth (below in "Gilda") and Claudia Cardinale will be captured by not one but two leading cinematographers, France's Claude Renoir and England's Jack Hildyard for Sam Bronston's "Circus," Henry Hathaway directing. Shooting in Madrid, the film also stars John Wayne, and Lloyd Nolan.

WILLIAM CLAXTON

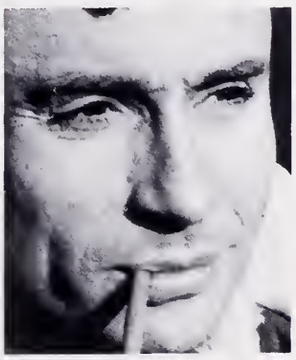
SHIRLEY MacLAINE HAS 8 HAIR STYLES

What a Way To Go!" is going to the New York World's Fair. Producer Arthur P. Jacobs and Director J. Lee Thompson announced the film would get a global press premiere next spring at the Fairground's $4½-million Theatre Music Hall. The film is a kind of fairground itself, with 80 sets, plus 72 costume changes and 48 elaborate hair styles for Shirley MacLaine (above), and a cast that also includes Paul Newman, Robert Mitchum, Dean Martin, Gene Kelly and Dick Van Dyke.

JOHN FORD (above) has commenced production on his epic Indian story "The Long Flight." With Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Dolores del Rio, Sal Mineo and Pat Wayne already announced, the cast sounds like a re-gathering of most of the players from "How the West Was Won," and then some! But this time Ford won't mess with Hathaway and Marshall. He's going to direct the whole thing himself. Also upcoming for Ford: Irish playwright Sean O'Casey's autobiographical "Young Cassidy," with Sean Connery as O'Casey.

WILLIAM WYLER & DAVID LEAN

William Wyler withdrew as director of "The Sandpiper" when the film, scheduled for an early shooting, was postponed. One of the hang-ups was said to be that Elizabeth Taylor was reluctant to undertake Northern California locations while Burton was filming "Night of the Iguana" in Mexico. At last announcement David Lean was hopefully sought as replacement for Wyler. Definitely on Lean's schedule: "Dr. Zhivago." Wyler is preparing "The Sound of Music."



BOURGUIGNON AND NATALIE WOOD

For all of Hollywood's avowed admiration for European film directors, few have so genuinely aroused local interest as Serge Bourguignon (above). The young genius of "Sundays and Cybele" has already been snapped up for "Cassandra at the Wedding," starring Natalie Wood as twin sisters, with Martin Manulis producing. He's also set to direct "Matador," the Barnaby Conrad novel to be shot in Spain next summer, Arthur P. Jacobs producing.

FRANKENHEIMER TO DIRECT FOR WILDER

John Frankenheimer took over when Arthur Penn walked out as director of "The Train." The United Artists film stars Burt Lancaster, Jeanne Moreau and Paul Scofield in a story of the Nazi effort to smuggle Louvre treasures out of Paris just ahead of the victorious Allied entry. But the provocative news on the Frankenheimer front was the announcement of plans for a collaboration with Billy Wilder on a suspense film for 1964 production, with Wilder to write and produce, Frankenheimer to direct. Wilder must first do "Dazzling Hour" with Dean Martin and Peter Sellers, and "Sherlock Holmes" with (hopefully) Peter O'Toole. Frankenheimer next does "The Confessor" with Tony Curtis.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

THE CARPETBAGGERS

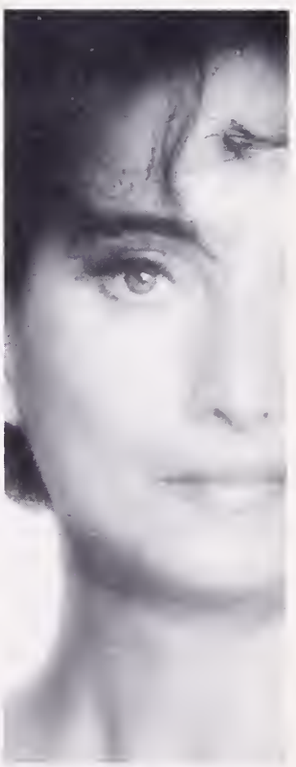
Carroll Baker disrobes for "The Carpetbaggers" (above), but told Variety reporter Army Archerd she would remain well draped in John Ford's "The Long Flight." Aloof to the indiscriminate uncovering of such wantons as Bardot, Miss Baker announced the limits beyond which she would not go: "One exposure a year is enough!"

LEVINE LOVES BRONSTON!

Joseph E. Levine shattered another Hollywood precedent by nonchalantly saluting rival filmmaker Samuel Bronston's "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (left: Alec Guinness) as the "best picture I ever saw in my life." Levine is currently distributing "Zulu," shot in South Africa with Stanley Baker starring. Bronston is preparing "The French Revolution," for which he is reportedly seeking Audrey Hepburn as Marie Antoinette, as well as "Nightrunners of Bengal" from the John Masters novel, and Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World."

DRACULA

The ghost of Bela Lugosi rose up to haunt his former movie studio Universal. Lugosi's son and widow, Bela George Lugosi and Hope Linninger Lugosi, asked in Superior Court for an accounting of the studio's profits from the sale of Dracula dolls, alleged to resemble the famed Lugosi (above as Dracula).



MERLE OBERON'S COMEBACK FILM "Of Love and Desire" got only a so-so reaction from critics who were more impressed by the Mexican settings than the story. Much of the action was filmed in opulent homes owned by Miss Oberon (above), one of which was built in the 1500's by Spanish conquerer Hernando Cortez.

THE V.I.P.'S
BY ANTHONY ASQUITH

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton owe nobody a good movie. They have well earned their box-office admissions on the world stage where, through the medium of the international press, they have set the world agog with entertainment nonpareil. At this publicity pinnacle of their careers, audiences might well flock to see them if they played Tarzan and Jane, Blondie and Dagwood, or Lum 'n' Abner.

But they appear here in a good movie — cracking good, as the expression goes. It is opulent in the old M-G-M way in sets, in story and in stars. With Liz and Burton are Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Elsa Martinelli, Louis Jourdan, Maggie Smith and Rod Taylor. They play Very Important Persons detained at London Airport when fog prevents their various planes from taking off. All the stars sparkle with their own individual magic. Despite the competition, Welles, as a greedy-eyed Middle-European film magnate, and Miss Rutherford, as an impoverished English duchess, nearly walk away with the show. Miss Rutherford in particular, with great Terence Rattigan lines, is hilariously funny, is screamingly funny, is twenty times funnier than she's ever been before, in a performance that ranks with the best of Dressler's as a classic of the screen.

The Burton-Taylor-Jourdan triangle is purely a storybook situation, palatable only if accepted as such: Miss Taylor, Rattigan would have us believe, is jilting billionaire husband Burton for gigolo Jourdan because the latter **needs** her and Burton apparently doesn't. Once the spectator goodnaturedly swallows that premise, it all becomes great fun: a dandy film, a smashing film, a lollapalooza of a film.

Anthony Asquith directed, and it's very definitely a case of Asquith and ye shall receive! R.G.

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WOMEN OF THE WORLD
BY GUALTIERO JACOPETTI

Taking much from its predecessor, "Mondo Cane," this globetrotting glamour-log could more aptly be called "The Naked and the Dread" for director Jacopetti has applied the same freewheeling camera technique and rhythmic editing as he did previously, but carelessly has lost much of his perceptiveness in the subject transition. With a theme that has challenged artisans through the ages, what could have been a major cinematic canvas somehow slows to a jarring, jagged cartoon peek at a strangely bizarre human species. Where woman should have been portrayed with the compelling mystique of her essence, mood, and eternal beauty, she somehow appears to have undergone a sullen metamorphosis into a grotesque, unholy creature of abstract needs.

Throughout its 97 minutes the producers have used ample footage of bare-bosomed islanders to stimulate lagging audience interest in a potpourri of film clips that undoubtedly were retrieved from the cutting room floor of "Mondo Cane." Lacking cohesion or even a point of view, Peter Ustinov's uninspired narration is little more than a dull, cliche-ridden guffaw at the female gender. Such obvious shockers as an eye operation that transforms Oriental women into almond-eyed coquettes, or the incredulity of female breasts being inflated to balloon proportion by the injection of paraffin do little but present women as vanity-driven mannikins. Among its better scenes, an austere glimpse of natural childbirth in Africa and America permits the film to touch on the genre of its subject. Occasionally the camera takes graphic advantage, as in depicting a summer weekend of free-loving Swedish collegiennes, to capture the fleeting moods of youth, love and anxiety. But even this brief enchantment concludes in the antiseptic atmosphere of a Swedish home for unwed mothers.

On the whole this bosomy array of imponderable femininity in Technicolor relies on bare flesh for a safari that is only skin deep! E.S.

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HIGH AND LOW
BY AKIRA KUROSAWA

This excellent film is a perfect example of the proper use of the greatest asset the movies have . . . motion. Not subject motion, or the movement by editing, which are indeed here, but the overall filmic action. No other medium can match the cinema in portraying an overall action: the hunt in "Hatari," the chase in "Stagecoach," the unraveling of a mystery in "The Maltese Falcon."

Kurosawa here has concerned himself with a modern mystery. Essentially it is the story of an honorable man who offers his fortune to ransom the son of his chauffeur. The story breaks into the intricacies of modern police work using every scientific method imaginable. Maps are combed. Sounds analyzed. The ransom satchel bugged with powder that ignites into red smoke. It is a counterpoint of details.

Tatsuya Nakadai plays the detective with professional assurance but with a suggestion of human fallibility necessary for the suspense. It is the process of events and the manner of their function, however, that comes up with the surprises, and Kurosawa weaves the pieces of the overall filmic action into one long pounding crescendo.

The underlying theme is one Kurosawa has stated before. The impoverished young man lives in the shadow of the great man's mansion, and is inflamed with envy. Audience sympathy goes to both the rich man and the kidnapper. But a crime is committed, and the rights of all men are involved. Evil must be punished.

Toshiro Mifune does not carry this film, the motion carries it. But Mifune's magnificent personality is always there, as at the end when the wealthy man goes to the imprisoned kidnapper. Not outraged or seeking revenge, he just wants to know "Why?" Sensing the greatness of the man before him, the prisoner shouts his despair and screams "Why are you rich and not me?" Mifune sits. His silent image answers. J.S.

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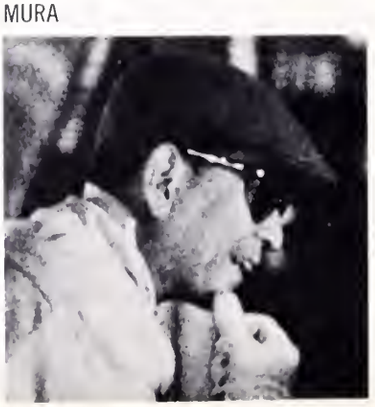

RAMPAGE
BY PHIL KARLSON

With each succeeding film Robert Mitchum more pronouncedly resembles a droll mismating of dromedary with turkey gobbler. But the Mitchum charm is indestructible, and it, and the spectacular femaleness of Miss Elsa Martinelli, are the only things that keep a spectator who is forced to watch this movie from committing self-destruction in the aisles.

The plot is one that Buster Crabbe almost certainly would have rejected: Mitchum is a big-game trapper, Jack Hawkins a big-game hunter, sent by a German zoo to the Malay jungles to capture a rare big cat. Hawkins takes along his mistress, and, of course, she falls for Mitchum, and Mitchum isn't a man to say no. Poor old Hawkins glares, and perspires, and gnashes his teeth, and when at last they all get back to Germany, he sets the cat loose in the hope it will devour Mitchum. Casting one horrified look at its calorie chart, it takes off over the rooftops instead, and finally, on one rooftop in particular, kills Hawkins just as Hawkins has cornered and is about to shoot Mitchum. Miss Martinelli's tearful summation to Mitchum: "It had to end this way, didn't it, Harry?"

In an upcoming issue of CINEMA, Karl Malden tells how an actor tries to do a salvage job when saddled with bad material. Mitchum doesn't perceptibly appear to be salvaging. He just walks through it all imperturbably as though he couldn't wish for a finer vehicle. In the Mitchum way, it's kind of a stunning tour de force.

By the way, Sabu is on hand too. Welcome back, Sabu. R.G.

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