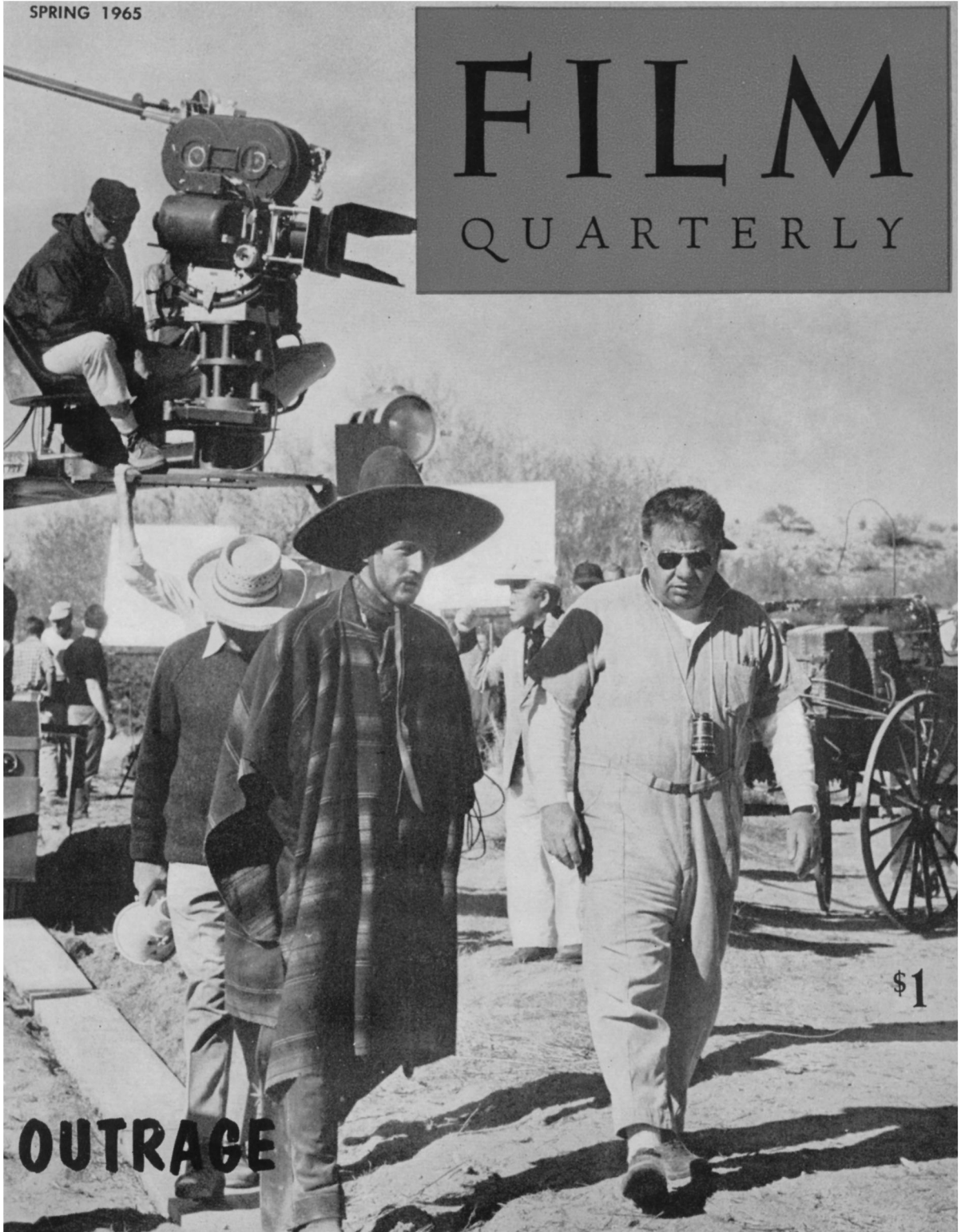


SPRING 1965

FILM

QUARTERLY



\$1

OUTRAGE

DIRECTOR'S SHOWCASE

Michelangelo Antonioni
IL GRIDO (The Outcry)

Busby Berkeley Musicals
DAMES
FOOTLIGHT PARADE
42nd STREET
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937

Robert Bresson
THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC
(Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc)

Clive Brook
ON APPROVAL

René Clair
LES DEUX TIMIDES
(Two Timid People)
THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT
A NOUS LA LIBERTE

Vittorio De Seta
BANDITS OF ORGOSOLO

Carl Dreyer
DAY OF WRATH
ORDET (The Word)

Federico Fellini
VARIETY LIGHTS
(Luci del Varieta)
I VITELLONI
THE WHITE SHEIK

MARCEL CARNE:
CHILDREN OF PARADISE (LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS)

Georges Franju
THERESE DESQUEYROUX

Jean-Luc Godard
MY LIFE TO LIVE (Vivre Sa Vie)

Howard Hawks
THE BIG SLEEP
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

Jacques Demy
LOLA

Roman Polanski
TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE

Jean Renoir
A DAY IN THE COUNTRY
THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL
(Le Caporal Epinglé)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS

Alain Resnais
NIGHT AND FOG
(Nuit & Brouillard)

Jean Rouch & Edgar Morin
CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER
(Chronique d'un Eté)

Orson Welles
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CONTENTS

After the Nouvelle Vague	STEPHEN TAYLOR	5
Poster Competition Results		10
Francesco Rosi: An Interview	GIDEON BACHMANN	50

SPECIAL FEATURE:

Outrage	SYDNEY FIELD	13
---------	--------------	----

FILM REVIEWS

<i>Major Dundee</i>	ERNEST CALLENBACH	40
<i>Enjo and Andy</i>	WILLIAM JOHNSON	42
<i>The Pumpkin Eater</i>	STEPHEN TAYLOR	45
<i>Maftoso</i>	YALE UDOFF	48

BOOKS

<i>I Lost It at the Movies</i>	ERNEST CALLENBACH	57
<i>Movies</i>	E.C.	59

ENTERTAINMENTS

	R. M. HODGENS	59
--	---------------	----

COVER: During the shooting of *The Outrage*: James Wong Howe on camera crane; Paul Newman and Martin Ritt walking in foreground.

Any extended tour of film circles abroad teaches you that there is a curious escapist tendency in film thought everywhere. This is partly the simple human belief that the grass in other cinemas must be greener. Partly it is also cultural boredom: what can be more tedious than a bad film exemplifying all the best-hated traits of your own society? (It may of course happen that a good film exemplifying them is hardly more exciting.) I suspect that even in Paris—which despite everything really does have the best claims to be the throbbing heart of world film consciousness—such regrettable factors operate.

It is commonly said that the cinema is an international art—once upon a time because its silence transcended language barriers, and now I suppose because its massive commercial distribution and publicity machinery is more visible than that of music or literature. But what is really interesting is how this internationalism is filtered by the culture barriers which still, despite two decades of homogenizing coca-colonization, define how men live. The subject demands full-scale treatment: how the passion for American films which gripped the Truffaut-Godard generation in France selected certain elements from the Hollywood film; how the Italian film is misunderstood by writers who don't grasp the importance of Italian Catholicism and its associated family structure (even in the films of Antonioni); how grotesque disparities, for instance in the evaluation of Jerry Lewis, arise between sincere men not merely as a result of publicity ploys; how international animosities, and their internal converses, affect critical postures. (I wonder, for instance, if Losey would be paid so much attention in Britain if he were British?)

The above represent, of course, a tiny sampling of the questions that need to be posed in this area. The practical upshot however is clear: that films are seldom looked at with sufficient interest or clarity in their own countries; and when they are

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The above represent, of course, a tiny sampling of the questions that need to be posed in this area. The practical upshot however is clear: that films are seldom looked at with sufficient interest or clarity in their own countries; and when they are

looked at with sufficient interest by foreigners, they are nearly always grossly misunderstood. This is most obviously apparent in British reviews of American films (and American reviews of British films, no doubt); but it is a universal and perplexing phenomenon. — Perplexing, because blindness to certain qualities of a film may be an advantage. In the case of Sam Fuller, for example, a French person will not know American life intimately enough to see the silliness of most of Fuller's "content"; he sees only the rambunctious form, which to him will seem pleasantly energetic, while to his American counterpart it will seem stupidly vulgar. And perplexing also because, in the postwar era, European film-making has in fact, if such a phrase can be used, been more exciting than American film-making; so that we in *Film Quarterly*, like practically every other film magazine in the world, have written more about foreign cinema than our own (such as it is).

The question is, whether better can be done. For we have not gone out of our way to ignore the American film: we have diligently searched for films that would please us, or at least be worth the fun of demolishing in some serious way (film criticism is not an activity paid like a job). Almost all of the American films made during our tenure have simply seemed irrelevant: how *could* you care about them, one way or another? You can keep score of yeses and nos, if you are a daily reviewer; but this is not an activity of more than passing interest, even to Aunt Minnie.

Well, you can write sociologically: how this irrelevance is itself significant. It is not easy to do this well; sociologists tend to be naive about films, and critics haughty about sociology.

Or you may sometimes discover, upon closer inspection, that these films are not precisely irrelevant, but only relevant on some level felt to be contemptible. Contempt is a dangerous emotion, especially in intellectual circles; in mutual contempt much of the potential energy in the relation between American film-makers and film critics is wasted—both sides find it easy to be falsely condescending.

Moreover even contemptible films may be important, as it is necessary to understand even a venal enemy.

Or you may try to perceive, in the abortion of great hopes, the shapes of a conceivable American cinema.

Or you may wish simply to sharpen your teeth, in hopes that there will later be something worth

chewing on. (I do not wish to limit our thinking to admirable reasons.)

The most serious reason for close attention to such films is, however, this: by understanding how and why they are badly made, to see how they might be done otherwise; and on the occasions when they are well made, to see how this happened, and to applaud those responsible, in hopes they could do it anew.

None of these are matters upon which there will be unanimous opinions. And so secondary debates are sometimes necessary.

The chief curse of film criticism is opinion-mongering which is not interesting. It is far harder to make opinion-mongering interesting than is generally thought: it takes a lot of personality and style and gall to do it without retreating into phoney metaphysics—in which case the film must play second fiddle to all that too, as well as the critic. (Readers sometimes propose to us articles in which they will explain what ninnies film critics are, to which I nowadays rather testily reply that first they should write some criticism which will establish that they are not ninnies themselves.)

The most boring kind of opinion-mongering consists in preparing lists of favorite directors and films. The only way this activity can be made interesting, I suspect, is for us to begin making book on the next Ten Best or Pantheon.

And the only route I see by which such vices can be escaped is analysis: the closer and more "textural" the better, coupled with a healthy appreciation that films are significance beyond style: political or psychological or cultural significance. (The reason *Movie* was ridiculed was not that it attempted close readings of films, but that it attempted it on a too-elementary level—though, beginning with Vincente Minnelli, the result could hardly have been otherwise.) For it is only by close attention to the work itself that the act of criticism can avoid bad faith, in the sense of being falsely condescending: if a work does not seem worth serious attention it is better to leave it alone. Because the real excitement, which can generate fine criticism, lies in playing the game in the biggest league you are capable of; and also because if a work does not seem interesting enough to deserve close analysis it is likely that you will not bother to understand it (such as it is) and will make a fool of yourself. As we have all done on one occasion or another.

A kind of Crocean criticism—second-guessing the creators—is hence forced upon us.

This may mean second-guessing bankers and other unpleasant surprises. It certainly means more attention to “the circumstances of production”—not in the usual sense of extenuating circumstances, but in the sense of how the thing is done. (We have tried to make a beginning in this direction with *The Outrage* in this issue.) It means more attention to small novelties of production arrangements which may bring forth larger novelties on the screens. The financing, organizational, union, and distribution patterns customary in the United States at present may indeed conspire against the possibilities of film as a personal art; well, they are not eternal, and it is up to us to say in detail what would be better, so that it can be struggled for in actual practice. —On such matters also there is no unanimity of opinion.

Although we should pay more attention to the American cinema, I do not mean the Hollywood cinema alone. In our pages heretofore we have dealt at more like sufficient length with the New York cinema; but we have also skimmed other forms of cinema: the factual film (except for its cinéma-vérité side), the poetic film, the 16mm film generally, the film for television—that terrible hot-house from which it is possible most cinematic talent will henceforth emerge. It is necessary to understand what is being done in all these areas, and to sort out for detailed attention the film-makers of talent.

The reason I emphasize these problems and do not propound any solutions is that only through a long-term wrestling with the problems will we find any genuine American solutions. On the whole American critics are much too interested in European criticism—with its by now cumbersome paraphernalia of festivals, critical associations, and “professional” in-groups—to do a proper job of developing our own. How much more fun to react to the *Cahiers* line!

But it is necessary to escape this sense of cultural inferiority. The best possible way is to spend some time in Paris, but perhaps this is not essential; the study of film history also helps. It is only in the last decade or so that Hollywood has lost—what, its nerve?

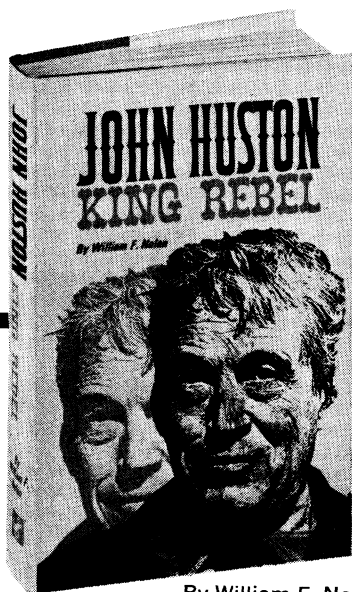
Confronted with the crisis at the box office, which happened to coincide with a crisis in more or less everything in American life, Hollywood film-makers have not known which way to turn. (In their de-

fense, it must be admitted they are not unique; it is mostly intellectual commentators who write as if *they* knew which way to turn; but this is usually only a professional pose, which breaks down on any practical test.)

The American cinema has been a genre cinema, and at the moment it is pretty well out of genres. This is not only a commercial problem (it never is). The Western, after a phase in which it turned back upon itself in a Freudian mood, has been sacrificed to television. The thriller can hardly be made anymore without a killing self-consciousness, and it too has largely migrated to television; but it has spawned one of the few new genres, the half-satirical, half-comic thrillers like *Manchurian Candidate* and *Dr. Strangelove*. Of the musical, what can be said except that it is dead? Of comedy, what except that we have Rock Hudson on the one hand and Jerry Lewis on the other—this from a land which produced Keaton and Lloyd and Langdon and the Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields, and nurtured Chaplin? (Perhaps one of the saddest things about what has happened to Hollywood may be seen in the names of the tenth-rate talents which litter the sidewalks of Hollywood Boulevard while Chaplin's name is excluded; his departure, said Hedda Hopper, was “good riddance to bad rubbish.”)

The root of the situation is that our film-makers do not have any idea what to do. Plans are constantly announced for independent, low-budget pictures that will “come to terms with American life.” But they cannot adopt the devices of the avant-garde theater in any substantial way, for they do not command a highbrow publicity machine which might ensure the precarious acceptance of such works among a tiny audience. (And they must find audiences of millions even for modest low-budget films.) They cannot adopt the themes or styles of the European directors, so they settle for franker bedroom scenes and dialogue which is supposed to be brightly sexy and comes out lewd. They cannot make socially radical or satirical films because they are not sure what is wrong or what is funny, and because they have an exaggerated respect for the topical—the “problem” of the moment about which, they think, it should be easier to have an incontrovertible view.

Yet it is clear to all that plenty is wrong and much is funny—there is no lack of material! Unless our society is far closer to falling apart than it seems, it should be possible to rely upon a certain consensus in these things; and not a mere con-



By William F. Nolan,
film critic, writer, biographer

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sensus in the politician's sense of a lowest common denominator, but something rather more flexible and human. We have quite a few funny *writers*, I notice, and no lack of angry ones.

But little of their work is getting through to the screens. Why not? You can jump at various obvious conclusions. Unfortunately, we do not have any systematic evidence that might support or invalidate them. *We do not know*, though everybody in Hollywood and outside it can offer appealing conjectures. Elephantiasis in finance? Role of the star, agent, "packager"? Cantankerousness of the unions? Meanness of distributors, bad publicity? Stupidity of exhibitors? Atrophy of the training-schools of vaudeville, stock, and borscht-belt? Adolescence of the public? Some mysterious, frightening withdrawal of talent, that precious quantity—as if potential film-makers of genius simply do not care?

The only way to understand is by looking at cases; and this is what we hope to do in our coming issues, along with our continuing attempt to print the most intelligent criticism we can find of worthwhile films from everywhere.

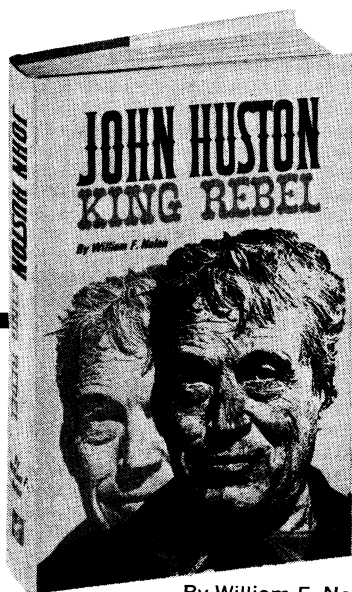
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story. This plot creaks like the door to Dracula's crypt. The big shocker is supposed to be the fact that Price is enjoying the embalmed corpse of his first wife, but why anyone would think the second wife much livelier is beyond me. Anyway, the real problem is that Corman just doesn't know how to deal with fantasy material. To be believable a fantasy must operate by a rigid internal logic of its own; one that can't be violated, no matter how wild the premises. But Corman thinks that anything goes, and ignores internal consistency for the sack of shock effects. No doubt this film will be the rage of the 16-year-old French critics. Give me a good George Zucco movie anytime.

—JOHN THOMAS

The *Yellow Rolls-Royce* is probably the longest—if not the liveliest—commercial ever made, the sales pitch in all three episodes being that the back seat of a Rolls beats a bedroom for sex. Rex Harrison gives style, humor, and dignity to a cuckolded lord, and George Scott has a whale of a time as a Capone-era gangster; but the movie's real fascination comes from its trio of leading ladies. Jeanne Moreau vibrates between melancholy and merriment as her unfaithful ladyship; a blonde and gum-chewing Shirley MacLaine enchants as the gangster's moll who knows the difference between amoral and immoral; and Ingrid Bergman, as an FDR-hating aristocrat willing to roll up her Castillo-designed sleeves in a crisis, retains her beauty and pathos of twenty years ago. *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* is indeed a fine vehicle for stars: it's a pity that Anthony Asquith tries to drive it with the brakes on.

—WILLIAM JOHNSON

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EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued from page 4)

ters; Kautner's film is called *Die Rote; politisches Kabarett* has only a satirical connotation, not musical; a passage on page 12 should read "For most (not all) of the young directors, the film tends to signify a formal practice, a search for subjective expression *rather than* the reflex of objective reality"; one on page 14 should read "What dominates in this film is the taste for *over-prepared* calligraphic pictures. . . . On the other hand Khittl's *Die Parallelstrasse* is a work of heavy *although not very clear* philosophical intentions." A better term than our "questionable films" would be "interrogatory films," and Petra Krause, it turns out, is a lady announcer who does not sing. Apologies to all; and my gratitude to Colin Young, Christine Leefeldt, and our indefatigable printers, who managed to pull together proofs from Rome, Berkeley, and Los Angeles at a time when life in all three places was, to say the least, far from tranquil.—E.C.

PERIODICALS

Movie has returned to the scene as a quarterly, published at 3 Cork Street, London W.I.; \$1.00 per copy. The first new issue devotes almost half its space to Richard Brooks, who is an entertaining interviewee if not a very good director; unfortunately it also includes his disheartening "Foreword" to *Lord Jim*, which reaches the apotheosis of *auteurism* in the remark, "Perhaps it is best to say that the style is myself." Also featured are Cotafavi, Hitchcock, Losey, *Tours 1964*, and a conversation on *Deserto Rosso* between Godard and Antonioni.

STEPHEN TAYLOR

After the Nouvelle Vague

A good time to look in on a vanguard, once it has won its initial battles, is during the crisis of regroupment which inevitably ensues. In France, the flood of new productions by the Nouvelle Vague's followers caused a severe distribution backwash and a financing crisis for all except obviously commercial projects. The most persistent and astute directors, however have managed to continue working. To make *Contempt*, Jean-Luc Godard accepted a million dollars and Brigitte Bardot from Joseph E. Levine, who, as everyone knows, is Lorenzo the Magnificent of a cinema whose products are tailored to the distributor's measurements. By the same token, François Truffaut has been able to parlay his new authority into something like an academic appointment; not only is he writing a book on the films of Alfred Hitchcock; but in his latest film, *The Soft Skin*, he manages what amounts to a thesis in dual homage to those techniques of Hitchcock's that have captivated the French and those techniques of Truffaut's that have captivated Truffaut. Of the two, Truffaut's would seem to be the lesser concession if it were not for the fact that he has succeeded so very well in making it. Godard, meanwhile, was so disrespectful of his million dollars that even Stanley Kauffmann, writing in *The New Republic*, scored him for "the nonchalance with which he treats an expensive medium." Nonchalant or not, *Contempt* is proof enough that all that money failed to inspire Godard with much in the way of awe.

The thesis-like aspects of *The Soft Skin* originate in Truffaut's adherence to current academic canons with something like the zeal of a newly graduated scholar. His attention to detail is scrupulous, he exhausts his incontestably enormous technical virtuosity on a subject that

stubbornly refuses to be enriched by the illumination he brings to it, and, most irritating of all, he maintains that dubious objectivity known as scholarly self-effacement. And these from the man whose three previous films, culminating in *Jules and Jim*, promised that he was learning how to bypass mere compassion (a quality by now doped out with such refinement that any second rate director can build it into his picture as easily as he can make them "stimulating," "provocative," "arresting," or what have you) in favor of affection, which is perhaps less lofty a sentiment but infinitely harder to make ring true on film.

Now, having exchanged this affection for his characters in favor of a vaguely sympathetic directorial omniscience, about the only thing other than camerawork and fast cutting that links *The Soft Skin* with Truffaut's earlier work is the persistence of the theme of wounded naiveté. The story concerns one Pierre Lachenay (Jean Desailly), a starchy, stuffy, solidly married publisher of a literary review who is delighted when he discovers a little lechery in himself, confused when it turns to love, and surprised when it ruins his marriage. Nicole (Françoise Dorleac), the airline stewardess with whom Lachenay has his liaison, is precisely the sort of girl—wholesomely vapid, wholesomely pretty—to whom the world's airlines prefer to entrust the comfort of their passengers; she juggles coffee, tea, milk, and love affairs with an efficiency just barren enough to confirm the suspicion that concupiscence is pretty much the only one of her attributes not specifically taught her in stewardess training school. As the affair takes on more and more complexity—and in the manner of Hitchcock the complexity is circumstantial, not psychological—Lachenay proves to be indeed too naive to cope with it.

His naiveté, however, owes nothing to idealism or cynicism or to that ingratiating tendency in Truffaut's earlier characters to have their adolescences hotly pursue them into manhood. Lachenay is simply an overgrown baby fully in accord with Western industrial society's concept of the mature adult. Among his gadgets and conveniences, his comfortable family, comfortable apartment, and comfortable job (he seems to edit not a literary review but a weekly newsletter at Young and Rubicam), his childishness appears as self-enforced as it is essential to the routinized and desensitized existence that is the natural concomitant of voluntary participation in our social machinery as it now stands.

Yet, to make quarrels with the characters tantamount to quarrels with the film would be decidedly inappropriate if *The Soft Skin* were, as Truffaut says, about "modern love; it takes place in planes, in elevators; it has all the harassments of modern life." But, on screen, the characters are in perfect harmony with the objects and devices that clutter their lives; it is finally they themselves who harass one another. Toward the end of the film, for example, Lachenay demonstrates his love for Nicole neither with fancy words nor fancy deeds but by showing her the fancy apartment they will live in. And Nicole, in rejecting him, gives every indication that she is one of those "emancipated" women who resent being relegated by men to the status of objects and then exercise their mancipation by choosing freely to *become* objects. From all available evidence one has to conclude that objects, far from being a source of harassment to these people, are their final consolation. Which is why the last scene of the film, despite the widespread objection it met with, stands in some ways as Truffaut's cleverest touch. For not only does Lachenay's fiercely possessive wife, having learned of her husband's adventures, at last perform a thoroughly human and passionately honest act in killing him; she invokes the double irony of blasting him with a shotgun that might have appeared in an Abercrombie and Fitch catalog, and while he is lurching at a Paris restaurant

that looks as if it were modeled, down to the last formica panel, on an Upper East Side ersatz bistro.

What remain to be enjoyed in *The Soft Skin* are the many stretches of superbly realized film for its own sake. Raoul Coutard's photography is present in all its inquisitive and nervous inspiration, and Truffaut has edited his footage in a staccato, almost pointillistic fashion, so that, increment by increment, the feeling of being in a plane or car or elevator is ingeniously recreated. But, ultimately, because Truffaut's eye is still so deadly accurate, we miss the added presence of his sensibility so much the more. We have Hollywood to give us swatches of the social fabric; it was the moths in it that the old Truffaut best understood and best depicted. *The Soft Skin* lacks nothing less than the force of its director's personality. It is Truffaut without Truffaut.

In *Contempt*, by contrast, Godard's sensibility almost completely replaces what would be the inner logic of a more conventional story. Never are we allowed to feel that the film is proceeding by dint of its own momentum, with the director serving merely to isolate the inherent inexorability of the circumstances and then speed the story on to its conclusion. There happens, in fact, to be no trace of inexorability in the circumstances of *Contempt*, and only very loosely do they comprise a story. Instead we are presented with characters, an indeterminate situation, an infinity of options, possibilities, and variously relevant details, and, in place of the likelihood that anything will be resolved, only unrelieved uncertainty. The control Godard exerts over his film—however personal or arrogant or arbitrary it might seem—is the sole reason for *Contempt's* not decomposing into chaos on the one hand or degenerating into bathos on the other. To juxtapose *The Soft Skin* and *Contempt* and then observe that both were made by Nouvelle Vague directors (who are friends to boot), that both were photographed by Raoul Coutard, that Georges Delerue's extremely narrow-ranged music can be heard on both soundtracks, that both concern

AFTER THE NOUVELLE VAGUE

literate men bewildered by their love lives, and that both end in sudden violence, is still to find the two films miles apart. What makes it interesting to examine both at the same time is that, despite a proneness to lump these directors together, Truffaut's modest, craftsmanly, reticent approach differs so sharply from Godard's assertive one that we have, virtually ready-made, not only a thesis and antithesis to Oscar Wilde's proposition that in art there is no first person, but an example of the kind of art to which the first person is absolutely essential.

There are two subjects (or, better, primary situations) in *Contempt*, the filming of Homer's *Odyssey* and the puzzlement of the man just hired to write the screenplay when his wife's love for him is replaced abruptly by contempt. The relationship between these subjects is complex and full of questions; Godard stays clear of the well-made storyteller's coy omniscience, confining himself instead to the collection and presentation of an almost haphazard array of evidence. He attempts neither to try a case nor to implicate, as the source of his characters' unhappiness, one of those disembodied, perennially available scapegoats who go by names like "decadence," "affluence," or "urban alienation." Certainly these and their confrères make their presences felt in *Contempt*, but passively, as spectators, as part of the atmosphere. This attenuating of social forces without altogether scrapping them has always been central to Godard's method. His characters are very much alone on their respective stages; shadows of their environment stalk them quietly but never challenge their prominence as protagonists. They are, in a word (the existential argot might as well be used where it pertains), responsible.

Of the two subjects mentioned, each has its own pair of principal characters. Paul and Camille are the married couple who become estranged when Camille's love turns to loathing, and Jeremy Prokosch and Fritz Lang (Jack Palance and Fritz Lang) are respectively the producer and director involved in the proposed filming of the *Odyssey*. A fifth character, Francesca (Georgia Moll), who is Prokosch's trans-



LE MEPRIS

lator, secretary, and doubtless a good deal more, functions as a linguistic link between the pairs, since Prokosch, an American, speaks only English and both Paul and Camille speak only French. (Just to round out the picture, Francesca and Lang are variously competent in English, French, German, and Italian.)

This is where Godard's somewhat gimmicky and yet astonishingly successful approach to the cliché-battered communication problem comes into play. Onto what is otherwise a reasonably faithful transposition of Moravia's novel *A Ghost at Noon*, he first superimposes a kind of miniature Babel and then constrains it with a set of rules worthy of a Parker Brothers game. In Prokosch's presence, the semi-privacy in which Paul and Camille may carry on their disputes depends wholly on Francesca's declining to translate their French. Similarly, Lang and Prokosch often argue their conflicting interpretations of the *Odyssey* while Paul has only Lang's occasional French wisecracks to save him from total bafflement. When Prokosch

talks about the film to Paul ("talks" is really incorrect; Palance speaks Prokosch's lines in a brutally declamatory style—as though he were admonishing a horde of marauding barbarians), Lang, who is usually within earshot and abhors both Prokosch and his opinions, is compelled to listen to each statement twice, first the English, then Francesca's almost sardonically demure rendering in French. And worst of all, Camille has to put up with Prokosch's endless propositions, these generally in the form of a collection of leers, vaguely salacious gestures, and a few phrases bellowed in (to her) incomprehensible English, followed by Francesca's genteel translation into something like "Mr. Prokosch wishes to know if you would be so kind to join him in . . ."

But linguistic inconsistency is only half the problem; along with the confusion of languages is an additional confusion of quotations. Lang, for instance, habitually couches his opinions and responses in quoted poetry, his taste leaning to those lonely verses of Holderlin of which Heidegger was so fond. Paul likewise augments his conversation with borrowed phrases and ideas—not only with poetry but with the sort of stories that set out to be serious parables and end in the self-mockery of a trite punch line. And Prokosch, not to be outdone, regularly salts his bombast with epigrams—each more irrelevant than the last—which he reads out of a tiny compilation in the manner of a supercilious schoolboy. Early in the film, when we first recognize this pattern of eccentricities, we might make the premature assumption that the point of it all is to demonstrate that Paul and Lang are steeped in a species of natively European acculturation from which Prokosch, owing to his venality, his gaucherie, and his very Americanness, is permanently excluded. But the quotations start rolling in in quantity, along with spoken footnotes identifying their sources. "B.B. said that." (Bardot is on screen.) "Ah, yes. Bertolt Brecht." And the effect becomes something else entirely. Paul and Lang, no less than Prokosch, cannot *help* but speak this way. Each is in fact quite securely isolated from his own spontaneity and, as pronouncements come

to be increasingly embedded in quotation marks, even from his own speech. A major component of the ambience that pervades *Contempt* is the hint of a growing delirium as each goes fishing in his reservoir of aphorisms, *bons mots*, parables, and memorized poetry for the proper metaphor, the proper phrase, the epigram that will impart authority, validity, and even reality to his feelings.

This, mainly, is what *Contempt* is all about. It is about the false comfort gained in seeing your feelings echoed in "great books," about the debilitating habit of commiserating with great authors and great characters, about the danger of forcing great works of the past—even the past itself—into conformity with your present circumstances. Godard rejects the device in which a modern story is made to run parallel with an ancient myth, in this case Paul and Camille's ruined marriage with the *Odyssey*. If anything, the tension in *Contempt* can be ascribed to the *Odyssey's* adamant refusal to illuminate Paul's difficulties. Because Paul has lost his wife's love he wants to reinterpret the *Odyssey* to personal terms: he wants Ulysses' failure to return promptly to Ithaca to be motivated by an awareness that Penelope no longer loves him. But, as Lang maintains, the *Odyssey* is simply not that flexible. It cannot and will not bend. In both time and feeling it is too far off. Prokosch has transported a crew to Capri to shoot the exteriors of his film, but when Godard's camera pans away from the frenzy and frivolity of film-making and stops to peer along the steep island slopes out into the Mediterranean horizon, the fallacy of Paul's thinking is made explicit. What to Paul and the others is a picturesque movie set was, to Homer's Greeks, the world itself. When, every so often, without preparing us, Godard intercuts the present-day proceedings of *Contempt* with sequences from the Lang *Odyssey* in progress, and we see a Greek dressed in coarse clothing and carrying a crude sword climb out of the water onto the rocks, we are reminded that what a second ago was pretty scenery is now environment and potentially a very brutal one. Everything we are shown of these Lang-

Homer Greeks—the violent smears of color on their statuary, their moving like bad dancers, their faces painted almost like those of circus clowns—lays stress on their alienness, on the discontinuity between their time and ours. The *Odyssey* that Lang means to sneak past Prokosch's vigil is one from which we may inherit poetry and nothing more. To corrupt it with our own dilemmas wrongs and weakens both it and us.

Needless to say, this is not the sort of thematic material one encounters in the usual course of film-going. And when films do get this serious they are more often than not so bloated with pretensions that movie-house seats begin feeling like church pews or chairs at museum lectures. But if Godard has any one surpassing virtue it is an ability to make a serious point or two without bringing on the familiar stench of profundity. Perhaps this more than anything else is what puts so many people off him. To someone accustomed to having his insights served up in the form of epiphanies, Godard is bound to seem somewhat casual or frivolous, and since there is nothing particularly grandiloquent or pietistic about his approach either to his themes or to movie-making, a charge of nonchalance is really as perfectly legitimate as it is irrelevant.

Roughly midway through *Contempt*, for example, Godard confines Raoul Coutard—armed to the teeth though he is with Technicolor, CinemaScope, and a wonderful flair for outdoor camerawork—to the few rooms of an apartment for fully half an hour, this in defiance of the fact that Rome and Capri are right outside and blazing with visuals. The flat belongs to Paul and Camille, and it is to finish paying for it that Paul has reluctantly signed up to write Prokosch's film. A pivotal incident has just taken place. After inviting Paul and Camille to come to his villa to negotiate Paul's contract, Prokosch has insisted that Camille ride with him to the villa—he has only a two-seater—and Paul, over his wife's protestations, has permitted (or at least failed to forbid) her to go with Prokosch while he himself has to go alone by taxi. With a tiny but significant

kernel of his wife's honor at stake, Paul has answered Prokosch's ballsiness with tolerant passivity. Now, in the apartment, he learns that this has cost him his wife's love, and for half an hour he tries to discover why he is being made to pay so dearly. For half an hour, going from room to room, traversing hallways, opening and shutting doors, moving from bathtub to bed to kitchen to sofa, he probes, clowns, reasons, argues, analyzes, tempts, caresses, reminisces, slaps, shouts, engages in every coercive activity at his disposal, and still Camille does not yield up the truth of what has happened. He begins the half hour in high curiosity and ends it in helpless frustration.

Conceivably all of this might have been compressed into two or three minutes of playing time. Conceivably Paul and Camille might have been two more of those neatly drawn dramatic characters who can package all their feelings in a few cogent sentences and be done with their disagreements in no time flat. Paul, for that matter, asks nothing more of Camille, his rhetorically undistinguished twenty-eight-year-old typist of a wife, than a telling phrase, a bit of logic, a reasonable explanation, any tidy bundle of words that he can easily get his mind around. If she could supply only that, then he and Camille and Coutard and all of us spectators could go back out into the sun, into the Roman streets and to Capri, out among all that scenery.

Unfortunately for most of us, however, scenery is the stuff of vacations. The bulk of our lives—working, arguing, loving, learning, understanding, failing to understand, deciding—is conducted between walls, in rooms. It is in classrooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, factories, offices and laboratories that most of us experience and will continue to experience our most crucial moments. We have chosen to live that way, and a cinema that is faithful to our life style must accustom itself to that basic fact of our lives and must evolve techniques that encompass it. Godard is doing just that and doing it well. Assuredly his successes are erratic and incomplete, but there is still every reason to bear with him.

Poster Competition Results

The competition announced in our Fall issue brought in designs from every section of the country—some 120 in all. It was predominantly a student entry, perhaps reflecting the discouragement with film posters which seems to afflict the professional design fraternity. But as a glance at the adjacent illustrations will show, the standard of much of the work was high; while none of the entries were perhaps of superlative quality, they certainly establish that talent is not lacking in the United States for the development of more exciting visual film publicity. We hope that through such efforts as this competition it will be increasingly clear that there is more to a good film poster than a girl sprawled on a wall-to-wall bed, a couple of more or less irrelevant stills, and a couple of lines of still more irrelevant teaser copy. There is no reason why the posters outside our theaters should be so inferior to the films inside them. It would be to the commercial advantage of the distributors and exhibitors, and an enticing pleasure to the public, if the posters in our theater lobbies and entrances had some of the taste, honesty, and design verve reflected here.

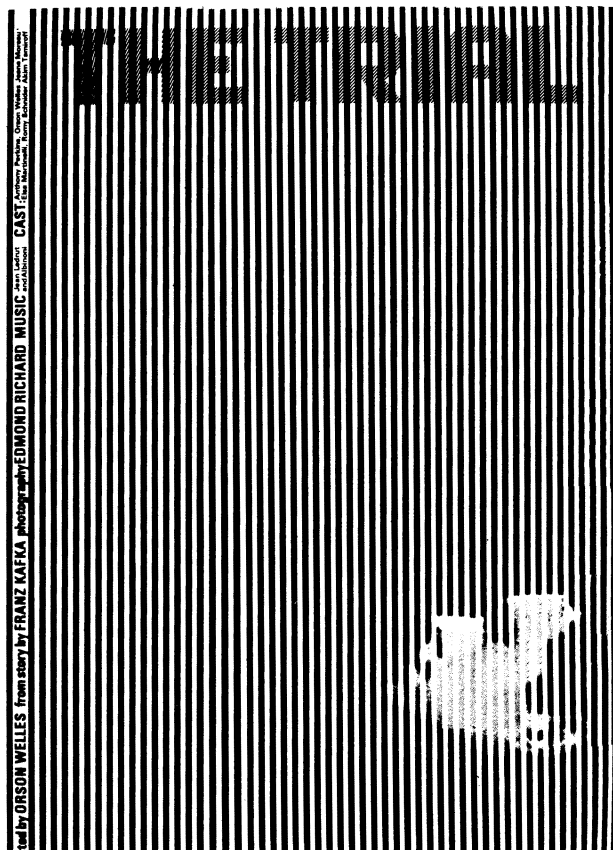
Participating in the judging reported below were Jack W. Stauffacher, designer at Stanford University Press (chairman); Robert Greensfelder, of Contemporary Films; and Melvin Novikoff, of the Surf Theater in San Francisco. We regret the unavoidable absence of John Korty (who was engaged in pressing work shooting a feature film) and of Lorenz Eitner.

REPORT OF THE JURY

In the opinion of the jury, none of the entries was a clear and definitive "best." Therefore the jury decided to award three prizes: the United Artists Prize of \$300 was split between two contestants, in effect making two Second Prizes; and a third entrant received the \$125 Brandon Films Prize, in effect a Third Prize.

Dennis Earl Moore (Cleveland Institute of Art), 11141 East Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio, wins one of the \$150 United Artists Prizes for his striking "op art" experiment for *The Trial*. This eye-vibrating design, it was felt, employs simple but effective means to create an unnerving impression strongly appropriate to the film (indeed echoing one sequence in the film) and memorable to the potential spectator.

Dale Graff, 2182 Filbert Street, San Francisco, California, wins the other \$150 United Artists Prize for *The Passenger*, which the jury considered an austere, forceful expression of mood; its elegance and balance in typography was especially commended.



ANDRZEJ MUNK'S
**THE
PASSENGER**

DIRECTED BY ANDRZEJ MUNK / PRODUCED BY WILHELM HOLLENDER
ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY ZOFIA POSWISZ & ANDRZEJ MUNK / PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARZYSTA
WISNIEWSKI / MUSIC BY TADEUSZ SANTI / WITH ALEXANDER GUSAK & HANNA GEFREYENOWA



Page Graphics, 385 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., wins the Brandon Films Prize of \$125 for *The Cool World*. The jurors noted that this design utilizes photographic material in an arresting way, and possesses an informal quality suggestive of the New York street scenes of *Cool World*, despite the puzzling graffiti on the doors, which appear to belong to some other picture.

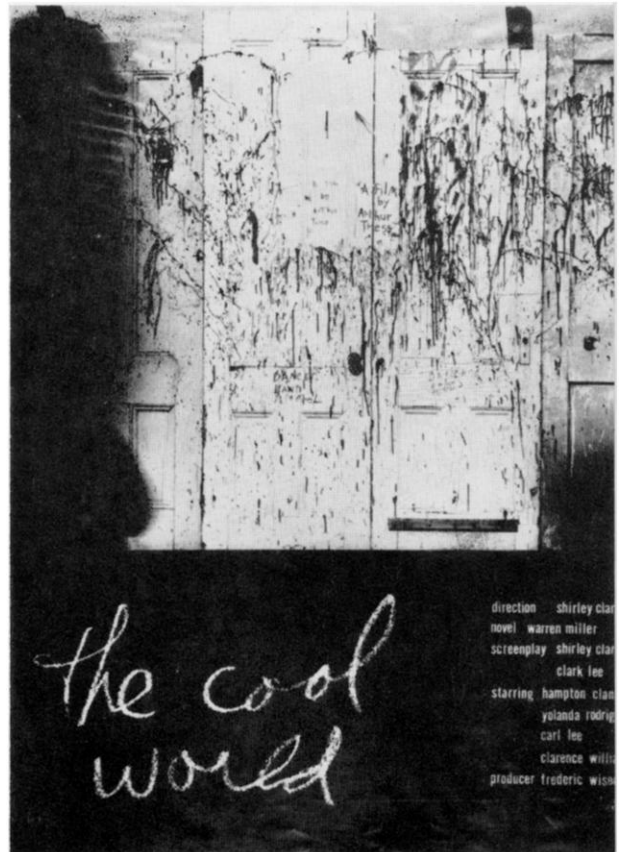
It is surprising and curious that the winners are all black-and-white posters. This result was certainly due to no prejudice against color on the part of the judges; but in their opinions the three works above deployed their resources more excitingly and with more finish than any of the color entries, though some of the latter were appealing.

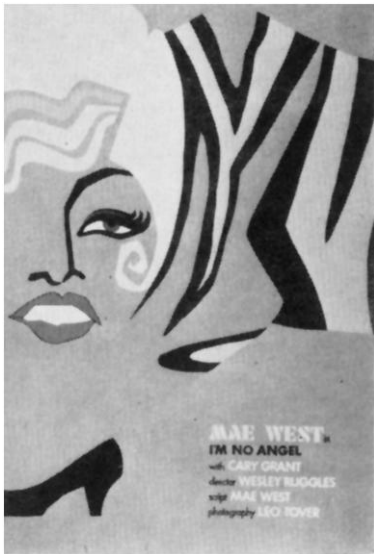
Six further entries were singled out for Honorable Mentions without cash awards:

Leonard Blasko, 4918 Tuxedo Avenue, Parma, Ohio, for *Harlow*, a subtle transformation of 'twenties graphic style (the figure is in a drippy lavender, the lettering black).

Charles Almon (Pratt Institute), 65-73 162nd Street, Flushing, N. Y., for *I'm No Angel*; its brashness and showmanship in use of color was outstanding for the show, although the tiger motif is regrettably cliché at the moment. (The colors are a livid chartreuse, red, black, orange, deep orange, and magenta.)

Ronald Chase, McDowell Colony, Peterborough, N.H., for *Fragments*, a pleasantly classic layout which, with its three "shots," was the only entry to successfully attempt a sequential filmic feeling.





Bill Grauss (San Francisco Art Institute), 1822 26th Avenue, San Francisco, for *Seven Samurai*, a clean and simple layout making powerful use of a suggestive photograph.

Tom Tongue (Maryland Institute), R.D. 2, Frederick Road, Ellicott City, Maryland, for *The Brig*, which showed a well-controlled sparseness and simplicity.

William D. Hancock (Maryland Institute), 1507 Decatur Street N.W., Washington, D.C.,

for his *Band of Outsiders*, an appealing ochre-and-black design.

The jury also wishes to cite the high level of quality and the craftsmanship (especially in typography) in student entries from the Cleveland Art Institute, others of which exhibited the same search for original and striking visual ideas which resulted in Moore's entry for *The Trial*.



CHANAN VAFI



FRAGMENTS

a film written by mary lee settle
produced by j. van gonsic|robert berman
directed by ronald chase



Outrage

SYDNEY FIELD

A PRINT "DOCUMENTARY" ON HOLLYWOOD FILM-MAKING

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The process of making movies in Hollywood is easy to ridicule, but it remains important to understand its nature—its complexities, its ambiguities, its strengths, its weaknesses. (And of course it is not fundamentally different from the movie-making process elsewhere.) About a year ago, when we began thinking of useful ways to document it, we cast about for a film project which would be fairly characteristic of current Hollywood operations on their better levels, and THE OUTRAGE seemed the most interesting then afoot. What we were concerned with was not, however, the qualities of the end-product; the point was to study how it was made. Sydney Field, a writer and associate producer on Wolper television documentaries, undertook to interview at length the men who had made the film. We expected, naturally, that the inquiry would have its own RASHOMON aspects; and we asked Field to interview the others associated with the film, to get their particular perspectives, before he talked to Ritt, whose directorial viewpoint would presumably provide a concluding over-view.*

Field received excellent cooperation from all concerned and was able to conduct his interviews shortly after the film was completed, while memories were still vivid. He has edited the tapes down (leaving out his own many questions) to the versions below. From the raw materials which follow, we hope the reader may discover something of the "truth" of contemporary Hollywood.

Jean Renoir once commented that the film should not be considered an art, in the classical sense, because one man does not command absolute control over his medium. The film-maker is not like the individual artist working on a novel or painting or symphony, because he is dependent upon other people, either to contribute ideas or to execute his own. Even for the most dedicated *auteurs*, men like Welles, or Hitchcock, Renoir was not exaggerating, and of course the impersonal Hollywood "style" speaks for itself.

There are only rare exceptions when the Hollywood film fails to elicit howls of frustration from the critics. Even so, most of us still cling to the belief that the day will come when Hollywood will make films that are vital and dynamic and honest and personal; films that come to grips with life as it is, not as it is envisioned from behind the massive barricades of a Beverly Hills mansion. But these hopes and dreams are forever being shattered when

we come face to face with today's "product." We learn to resign ourselves like Miniver Cheevy to just shake our heads, "call it fate, and go on drinking." But our perennial optimism was awakened again when production began on *The Outrage*. Despite the proverbial jinx of the remake, this one had the potential of a fine film. The story was taken from the play *Rashomon*, which was an adaptation of Kurosawa's film masterpiece. The film was to be directed by Martin Ritt, one of Hollywood's ablest directors. Included in the cast were gifted performers: Paul Newman, Claire Bloom, Laurence Harvey, Edward G. Robinson. James Wong Howe, one of the finest cameramen in the world, was to photograph the film; and the score was to be composed by Alex North, an outstandingly original composer.

But when the film was released, it was received with a vehement chorus of condemnation, mixed with a few notes of equally ardent praise. It was branded "an Outrage" because it had the audacity to transpose the Japanese elements of *Rashomon* into an American Western. It was scorned for being "an Outrageous imitation"; *Time* termed it "a slick, shallow olio of rape, murder and violence." Though it was also hailed as "a new-wave film done with Hollywood professionalism" (whatever that means), the serious critics all but avoided it, and perhaps pretended it did not exist.

In reality *The Outrage* is not a great film, it is not even a really good film, but it is not a bad one either. If anything, it falls into that category of limbo, the interesting failure. The comedy sequence, as told through the eyes of the prospector, is much too broad, much too farcical. The scenes set at the railroad station (the transposition of the *Rashomon* Gate) are marred by a phony set, bad dialogue, and (with the exception of Robinson) bad acting. The only redeeming virtue of these scenes is the slow, moody camera which accentuates the loneliness and isolation of the priest, the prospector, and the con man. But the film suddenly surges into life in the desert sequences, with their harsh, austere photography, the dynamic editing heightening the contrasts of mood with a liquid, relentless flow of imagery. Moments in these sequences rank among the very best in American film-making.

The interviews which follow attempt to shed some much-needed light on the perilous and complex course a film follows to reach its finished state.

SYDNEY FIELD

THE WRITER

A film, like any creative endeavor, begins with an idea, a desire to transform a personal vision into a reality. In *THE OUTRAGE*, this initial impulse came from the writer, Michael Kanin. Winner of an Academy Award for the screenplay of *WOMAN OF THE YEAR*, he has also written *THE CROSS OF LORRAINE*, *RHAPSODY*, and *A DOUBLE LIFE*. His plays have appeared on Broadway, and his new play, *THE WHITE QUEEN*, is scheduled to open this fall.

The Outrage had its inception a number of years ago with a chance remark after my wife and I had seen the Japanese film, *Rashomon*. We admired it very much, but as we left the theater it seemed to me we'd just seen a play that had been made into a superb motion picture. Only three basic sets were used: the forest, the court, and the Rashomon Gate. And the more we thought about it, the more enthusiastic we became about the idea of *actually* adapting this film for the Broadway stage. We negotiated for almost two years before we could obtain the rights to the film, as well as to the two short stories on which the film was based. (These were written by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, whose work has provided a good deal of source material for Kurosawa.) We also obtained a cutting continuity script of the picture. And that was such a startling surprise, that we almost dropped the whole idea. Though the film had seemed like a photographed play, the continuity script told us quite another story. True, while there *were* only three major locales, the film was treated so cinematically, so stylistically, with such a minimum of dialogue, the whole thing fell through our fingers. There were pages and pages of shots describing a man running through a forest, which were meaningless for the purposes of a stage play. There was very little dialogue that could be used. And we realized we would have to start back at the beginning, basically with the original source material to build our play. To a great extent, it turned out to be an original play, based on the general patterns set by the Japanese short stories and film.

We had a tremendous cast, a fine production,

and the play was very well received on Broadway. However, because of the heavy running expenses, it had what today is considered a limited run of about six months. What's interesting, though, is that the audiences, particularly the younger age groups, were much intrigued with the ideas presented. We received many intelligent letters discussing the substance of the story—the nature of truth. The locale was Japan and most of the audience was unfamiliar with the legend, but that didn't matter at all. It was the *ideas* which they found interesting. And it was this basic interest which led us to the conclusion that the material could be made to reach much more widespread audiences than those of the art houses and the stage. We were convinced that the movie-goers of the English-speaking world would respond and be enchanted with a philosophical concept of this sort, if it were done well and with theatrical effectiveness.

I began by searching for a key to the adaptation that would keep it close to the original and yet have its own individuality. There were many ways this could be done. The story itself is timeless; it could be told in almost any locale or period with equally good results. But two ways seemed to be the most effective. One was to do it as a contemporary story, set in the Middle East. A few years ago (in Iran, I believe) a notorious bandit killed an American envoy and his wife who were riding in a jeep. This suggested a wonderful jumping-off place, because there was much speculation about the bandit's motives. Was he just a bandit, a rebel patriot, a guerrilla fighter, a communist? Nobody quite knew.

The other idea was much purer—to set it in the early West. For the West transposed itself perfectly in every respect. It was a time of legends, of great heroes, that are vibrant to this day. The Mexican bandit comes right out of our own history: the Cisco Kid, Juan Murieta, Pancho Villa, all the Mexican bandits who roamed back and forth across the Texas border. It was easy to transpose the samurai and his wife into fallen, Southern aristocrats. Thousands of Southerners migrated to the West after

OUTRAGE

the Civil War. Their lives broken, their holdings lost, they came to seek out a new life. The Buddhist priest became a minister. The cynical wigmaker became an old-time con man. It all “worked.” In fact, *Rashomon* might have been written originally as a Western.

And so, *The Outrage* was to be a Western. And, as such, it needed to be broadened, opened up, taking advantage of the natural beauty of our Southwest. Obviously, this version had to be done with much more vigorous colors and strokes; not in the pale, beautiful, and subtle Japanese tones.

But, adapting the play back into a film was a knotty problem. The two media are different in their needs, their demands, their technical resources. Many plays turned into films have been butchered by reverence. A producer will spend half a million dollars for the rights to a play and insist that, for that investment, the property should not be “tampered with.” He’ll treat it like a Tiffany jewel. Please, he’ll say, don’t take a chip out of it. The results generally have been disastrous. Plays are written to be expressed in words and limited action. Motion pictures, quite simply, are pictures that move. They have to be done visually. The story has to move, not only with a forward thrust but from place to place to sustain interest. Nothing is more important in a film than the underlying story line, its forward movement. It’s like getting on a roller coaster. It goes somewhere—up, down, around, always moving, always going somewhere. That’s what holds the audiences’ attention, and makes for a dynamic and interesting film.

After the play opened on Broadway, a number of people expressed interest in doing it as a film. But many felt that the financing would be difficult and the audience limited. One major studio questioned the philosophical overtones. The fact that we told four different stories, then knocked them down, saying truth is relative, was a disturbing concept. They didn’t feel the audiences would accept it. They said they would buy it, however, if we would change the concept—make it into a who-done-it, a sort of guessing game in which one of the



Paul Newman, whose participation made the project viable, as the bandit.

stories turned out to be the whole truth. Of course, we could not agree to this. And so, the motion picture rights to the play were not sold for about six years.

Ronald Lubin knew the property, and for a number of years we had discussed the prospects of making it into a film. He suggested that if a screenplay were written it would be easier to sell. Finally, I decided the time had come when the screenwriter in Hollywood had to be a little bit more adventurous. So I wrote the screenplay. Lubin showed it to Marty Ritt, who was interested. And the project was on its way.

As the pre-production planning began, Marty had a number of ideas which were incorporated into the script. A great many decisions had to be made and, since we were working in close proximity, we could resolve them fairly easily. One of the biggest decisions was whether or not to use the baby at the end of the film. I thought perhaps a different ending, one which hadn’t been done before, might be better. We were attempting to reach a large audience, and I felt a more clear, less symbolic, ending might be helpful. So I experimented and wrote a few variations. But the consensus of opinion was that we were better off if we stuck to the original. Many reviewers resented the use of the baby at the end. They thought it offered no resolution, that it was tacked on as a convenient *deus ex machina* device.

The original Japanese film, *Rashomon*, directed by Kurosawa, was made in 1950, when the impact of the atomic bomb was terribly and keenly alive. The use of the baby was a simple symbolic idea—that out of death and destruction emerges newborn life. To the Japanese, it was a highly meaningful comment to make. And we all decided that it was still a meaningful comment to make. It is timeless and universal. The violence of our world, its injustices, cruelties, agonies—man's inhumanity to man—causes most of us to become pessimistic at times, to lose hope. But, just as the preacher in the film rediscovers, there is a basic goodness and worth in mankind which, like the candle in the wind, must be remembered, appreciated, kept alive. In short, we must never give up hope.

Many people do not understand how vital and necessary the relation between writer and director is in the making of a film. I firmly believe that the closer and more harmoniously they can work together throughout the production, the better. Only in that way will they be able to incorporate into the script a set of mutually acceptable solutions to whatever problems may arise on the set. When the director arrives on the set, there is another element he has to face. For it may be that for one reason or another, the way the scene is written, and the way the scene plays, do not express the intent of what should be stated. In that case, the problem must be resolved either by improvising, or rewriting, or even restructuring the entire scene. But if the director and writer have worked closely together, the director will be able to improvise without doing any violence to the mutually agreed-upon idea. This is why the director's contribution should begin during the conception and writing of the script—just as the writer's contribution should continue until the final completion of the film. It is just as idiotic to ignore the writer when shooting begins, as it would be for a writer to shut himself off from the director's creative ideas during the words-on-paper period. On Broadway, it would be unthinkable for a writer

not to be an integral part of the production from the inception to opening night. In the movies, the fullest contribution a writer can make is, more often than not, untapped.

On *The Outrage*, I was a member of the independent company that made the film, functioned as associate producer, and was thus privileged to be "in" on the proceedings from beginning to end.

Marty and I entered the production of the film in substantial agreement about it. But, as always, there were some things that didn't work out as we had planned. One was in the first reel of the picture—the scene at the railroad station. It was shot on the sound stage with simulated rain. Location shooting was out of the question because, obviously, we couldn't put in a request for rain on such and such a day. Even on the set, Marty wanted to be as realistic as possible, to shoot it with the actors talking against the rain as if we were on location. He was assured by the sound technicians that everything would be fine. But later, we found it wasn't good enough. The levels between the rain and the voices were almost the same pitch, and it took some effort to hear the dialogue. We knew that if the audience had to strain to hear what's happening in the first reel, then the unusual story which unfolds thereafter would be almost incomprehensible. We tried it out at some previews, but it was apparent that it would hurt the picture, so we had to loop almost the entire first reel.

Another problem existed in the husband's story, told through the Indian. In the Japanese film, it was entirely supernatural—a medium was summoned to the court to bring back the voice of the dead man from the spirit world. But a Western is much too realistic, and we simply couldn't inject the supernatural element. So, we assumed that the old Indian had come upon the husband in the woods while he was dying of his stab wound, and had heard the husband's version of the story just before he expired. At the trial, he intones some ancient Indian incantations, saying he wants to summon the spirit of the dead man to "help me tell true." He starts to recall the dead man's words

but his memory fails him. As he gropes to remember, the husband's voice is heard, presumably as it recurs in the Indian's memory. This gave us a realistic approach to it, with the slight overtone of the supernatural. Another aspect of it was a problem, too. The old Indian's incantations, combined with his halting ritualistic dance turned out to be rather comical to the pragmatic American audience. And so, to eliminate this distortion of our intention, we had to cut out a considerable portion of very interesting footage.

There was one sequence with which I felt we might have gone a bit further. The whole story revolves about a rape. Because of it, there is inevitably a strong sensual element inherent in the plot. I had written the husband's sequence with strong sexual overtones, particularly after he has witnessed his wife's seduction. He says, "Never did I see my wife look like that before." The bandit kneels, telling the wife that they can go away together, explains what kind of a life they will lead, and so on. And the wife turns and kisses him. I felt she should be shown at her most lustful, in order to justify the husband's lines. However, Marty staged it more delicately, with the kiss partially obscured by a tree.

How can you know whether your ideas would be more effective than the director's? The truth is, you never know. In the one case, the scene is made up of words on paper—your judgment, your guess. In the other case, it is realized on film and tested with an actual audience. Occasionally, when budget permits, more than one version of a scene is shot and tried out. Then you know. Otherwise, it is usually the director's version which is done. This is the way it is, and must be, in commercial movie-making. One man must make the final decisions. If a writer wants that final authority, and is willing to do the work and accept the responsibility, he becomes the director of his own work. A number of writers in Hollywood have done this very successfully—Billy Wilder, George Seaton, Delmar Daves, Panama and Frank Richard Brooks, and others.

During the previews, there was some con-

cern that the audiences seemed to accept the prospector's story as being the true version of what really happened. Even though the con man says to the prospector, "You're a lying hypocrite, just like all the rest," some of the audience overlooked the line. We felt that there should be no mistake about this. So I had to add a line during the fight between the prospector and con man to emphasize further that this story, like the others, is not the whole truth.

What is the truth of the motion picture? As I see it, the truth is that there is no such thing as absolute truth. Truth is a many-faceted diamond. Hold it up to the light and it has various appearances. But it's the one diamond. In a broad philosophical sense, I believe that none of the four different versions of the story in *The Outrage* is a deliberate lie. All the stories are true, but each contains only a *part* of the truth—the truth as one person can see it. It's like the ancient fable of the three blind men and the elephant. Colorfully and lucidly, the fable points out that each man is right, but only within the context of his limited knowledge. Each can sense only part of the whole.

In *The Outrage*, all four people tell their stories from their own points of view. But stand above, see the whole landscape, as it were. You find that it is the combination of all the stories which represents the closest thing to the *whole* truth. Each character is the amalgam of many things; he is great and small,

*A pre-shooting planning conference:
Ritt, Bloom, Newman, Harvey*



noble and mean, heroic and cowardly, simple, yet filled with contradictions. This is what the preacher learns at the end—about himself as well as the others. He realizes that it was wrong to forget the all-important flashes of goodness and greatness in mankind, cowardly to run away from his world and his sacred task. And, learning this “ultimate truth,” refreshed by it, he goes back to be once again a man among men—to rejoin the frail but noble human race.

THE PRODUCER

Not too long ago, Jerry Wald succinctly described the function of the Hollywood producer: “A producer,” he stated, “is the man who stands on top of the heap and controls everything.” Wald did just that.

In contemporary Hollywood, this attitude still exists, but it is far rarer. Today, the term “producer” is clouded in mystery and ambiguity. Generally speaking, the producer should be the man responsible for raising the money so that a picture can be made. But that is all. He should not demand final artistic control.

One cannot deny the importance of these men; one can only take issue with what they stand for if they decide to bellow myopic standards of kitsch and masscult to the American audience. Without their ability to gather the vast resources of capital, the American cinema, whatever its shortcomings, would not exist. In their own way, they are as essential as the creative talent.

A. Ronald Lubin is a producer at MGM. He is now producing ARMAGEDDON, MILA 18, and SIMON BOLIVAR.

As a producer, I look for certain things in a property before I even consider doing it as a film. To me, they are selling points, because they are the elements which attract the financing. They vary with each script, not only in kind, but in degree. In one case, it may be the story; another might be the interest of certain stars appearing in the film; another might be that a director wants to do the property. But it's up to me to be able to sift through the property and see what these selling points might be. I like a property that is intellectually exciting, perhaps even controversial. But these

elements should be combined within the fabric of a good action story. For then, the story is always moving toward a climax, and the audience is interested in how it will come out. But while I may look for this type of property, I may not find them. They're few and far between. In Hollywood today, the emphasis seems to be on the epic, and situation comedy. I've always tried to associate myself with films that mean something, that try and make people sit up in the theater and think about what they have just seen. I felt that way when I first saw *Rashomon*, some twelve years ago. I wondered then, why can't Hollywood make films like this? Later, when I saw Michael and Fay Kanin's play *Rashomon* on Broadway, it stimulated me enough to try and see what the chances were of making this into a movie. It's a dramatic story, intellectually stimulating, and I felt it could be tailored to reach a very large audience.

I contacted Michael Kanin and broached the idea to him. But he wasn't too interested. He wanted to produce it himself. But this didn't faze me too much. Everybody says no at first. You just have to wear them down. But I felt this way: if I could help him make this into a film he would be happy, and I would be too. So I went around to certain people at the studios, and to certain actors, and proposed the idea to them without even having the right to do so. To my surprise, these people were interested, but there was always something which killed the idea. People had commitments, and without anything tangible, the studios were rather reluctant. Perhaps it was the wrong time, or the wrong place, or the wrong approach to make the film at this particular time. But I personally believed in the film, and I vowed that someday, somehow, and somewhere, I would make this film. Maybe my interest stemmed from the fact that I was a philosophy major in college, I don't know. But the basic fact that this is an entertaining story which states quite lucidly that truth is relative, that there is no single kind of truth, fascinated me then, as it does now. Joseph Conrad once remarked that good and evil are

the same except in the fabric of experience. He knew, and Akutagawa knew, that man is really a bundle of contradictions. He's both good and evil, large and small. But this type of preaching rarely comes across unless it's in some kind of powerful, dramatic form. And, of course, from the producer's point of view, the financial returns from a commercially successful film are quite substantial.

So, I went back to Kanin, and said, in effect, let me take this off your hands and try and package it for you. That's my job. I take an idea, gather up the diverse elements, and channel them into one solid unit. I told him he's got a dead duck, but I wanted to fly it for him. It was a dead property, from his standpoint, because it had been rejected so many times. But I still believed it could be done. Whether it would be a low-budget film of about \$400,000 made in Spain without any stars, or a large spectacle, didn't matter too much. Rather reluctantly, he agreed to let me try and package the idea. So, once more, I went back to the studios and offered them the property. As before, they turned me down, even cautioned me by saying, no don't make this film, it's too off-beat, too strange. Well, that just reinforced my desire. I had nothing to sell except the idea. That failed. So I had to take a new approach. I've learned that only by persistence will you accomplish anything substantial. I failed for years before I packaged *Spartacus*, or *Paths of Glory* as an agent, or produced *Billy Budd*. So I went back to Michael, and said if I had a screenplay the chances of selling the idea would be greatly improved.

Michael agreed, and we sat down and discussed the film. He told me his ideas of putting the story in the Middle East, or making it a melodrama, or a Western. I, myself, wanted a Western, because a Western is more lucrative and it would be more readily acceptable.

When the screenplay was about half completed, I could see everything was working. The whole idea had solidified into something that had style, and quality. I thought it was in sufficient shape to try and sell the film just

on the basis of this half-finished script. So I took this, and sent it to Marty Ritt. I knew he was looking for something powerful to do, and he is always careful in selecting his properties. I felt the script offered him those things he likes in a story. Marty was my first choice because I felt he could infuse the film with strength and vitality while still retaining the intellectual concepts.

Marty liked it, and said if the second half were as good as the first half, he would do the film. With Marty almost committed, I was certain I could get the financing. There was always the possibility, with this type of film, that his name alone wouldn't be enough to get all the backing. But I knew he could attract enough players to take part in the film so the problem of money was greatly reduced. Now, I went back to the studios. Because I had an allegiance to Columbia, I felt obligated to present it to them first. I was promptly turned down. Marty had a commitment at Fox, but they also refused. Both studios gave the same reasons for their rejection. Basically, they felt the property had been around too long, that it would be uncommercial. And now something else happened; Paul Newman, after first refusing to do the film, changed his mind. Now, with Marty Ritt and Paul Newman, the chances of success were almost positive. So I took the package to MGM and Paramount. I did this simply because we wanted the security of knowing that two studios might be interested. Newman made the whole thing viable, for he's considered to be the best box-office attraction in the world. And both studios made us an offer. Now, the roles became reversed. Suddenly, we stood on top. We chose MGM over Paramount because they put up more money faster, and gave us the best terms, including the artistic control over the film. They gave us a budget of \$3.2 million, a good solid figure, and offered us certain stars.

They suggested Sophia Loren for the girl's part. Any producer would be happy to have her in his film. She's not only talented, but she's also a tremendous box-office attraction. But we felt she wasn't right for the part. The



Claire Bloom

role is extremely demanding, for it carries the etchings of four entirely different personalities. If these characterizations didn't come across, the film wouldn't make sense. What girl could be so plastic that in the first episode she would be seen as a rare, fragile flower, yet in a later episode possess the harsh qualities of a prostitute? Loren couldn't play the first episode, only the very sexy one. And Claire Bloom, we felt, was the best actress who could play the part. Besides having done the play on Broadway, she was physically right for all the twists and turns and nuances which the script demanded. Some people criticized us for choosing a girl who really isn't a great box-office draw. We didn't care. We wanted the girl who could do the best job.

But the real casting problem turned out to be the husband's role. Hollywood is a town of bruised, inflated, and tattered egos. This may sound somewhat stupid, but the billing a

OUTRAGE

star is to get often plays an important part as to whether or not the actor will accept the role. Because the story concerns two men and a woman, the husband would have to take third billing. It's literally amazing that some actors are more concerned over where their name will appear on the screen than on the part itself. Then, there was the size of the part. Throughout most of the film the husband is tied to a tree. He cannot use most of the tools an actor usually works with. Many actors refused the part. Yet Marty and I felt there was something in this role which would make the right actor see that these apparent minus qualities in the script could be channeled into a plus quality. We wanted an actor to say to us, the hell with the old clichés, they just don't apply in this situation. Laurence Harvey was the only actor who had the integrity, the guts, and the belief in the film, to take a chance and make something of the husband's part. I have the greatest respect for him because of it. It just illustrates the myopic vision of some people in Hollywood.

Once I had managed to acquire the financing, the time had come for me to step aside and let Marty take over the entire artistic control of the film. It's like a relay team. A man runs his quarter of a mile, then passes the baton to the next runner. I wouldn't have it any other way. In most cases, the producer usually has the final artistic control. And even though this is what my contract reads, I made it known to Marty that his voice would prevail in any difference of opinion. It was understood that if I happened to disagree on certain things, he would listen to my suggestions, weigh them and then let his own sense of what's right or wrong guide him in the final decision. This way we were always able to reach an agreement on how something should be done.

There was some disagreement on the comedy sequences. We've been criticized for making this one section of the film too broad, too comic. I wanted the scene to be as funny as possible. Michael Kanin thought it shouldn't be too funny because the entire picture might

be over-balanced. But I feel this way: if you have almost twenty minutes of continuous laughter, it can't be that wrong. But people have disagreed about this sequence; many like it, many dislike it.

At first, I was somewhat concerned over the abrupt changes from time present to time past. I'm fairly certain that to many people the cutting from flashback to flashback might be somewhat jolting. But jolting in an exciting and dynamic way, not necessarily a confusing way. I thought dissolves should be used as a means to soften the transitions. But Marty didn't agree. And now, looking at the finished product, I agree with him. They would have been used as a conventional device, nothing more. And we wanted this film to be unique.

Looking back, I see that we might have handled things a bit differently. At the time, we felt we were right in taking the direction we did. The reviews have either been very good, or very bad. A lot of critics have just chosen to ignore it. There are fine things in this film which have never been mentioned: the editing, Jimmy Wong Howe's superb photography, Marty's direction, the acting. As of now, the film is drawing well. In time, I think the film will bring back a good return. The story, after all, is taken from an accepted classic. Paul Newman is a very talented actor. It has a fine title, and a great action struggle of life and death. For most of the American audience, the title *The Outrage*, the element of rape, and a life-and-death struggle, are very commercial ingredients.



DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Few cinematographers have equaled the reputation of James Wong Howe, whose contributions to the American film include BODY AND SOUL, SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS, BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE, ROSE TATTOO, THE LAST ANGRY MAN, THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA, and HUD. Howe has just returned from Mexico where he filmed THE GLORY GUYS; next he will begin work on John Frankenheimer's GRAND PRIX.

Marty Ritt and I got along very well when we made *Hud* together. When he told me he was going to do a film based on the play *Rashomon*, I was interested, yet doubtful. I had seen *Rashomon* a number of years ago, and thought it a lovely film. When I read the script of *The Outrage*, then called *Judgment in the Sun*, I was impressed. But then when Marty and I ran Kurosawa's film, I was literally floored. It was suddenly as if I had seen it for the first time. It was a beautiful film in every way. When the lights came on in the projection room, Marty and I kind of looked at each other and laughed. How, I thought, were we going to make a picture that's better than this? Marty felt the same way, but as we began talking about what we could do with such plastic material, we both became very excited. We knew that remaking this film would be a great challenge. There were two reasons why *The Outrage* appealed to me. One was the challenge of doing something different with the material; the other was that it gave me the opportunity to work with Marty Ritt again. I knew he would give the film all he had, both in ideas and artistry. I consider him one of the finest directors around. But I knew *The Outrage* would be a very controversial film, one that a lot of people would like, as well as dislike. And I felt the critics would be laying for us because of their reverence for *Rashomon*. But this, to me, was part of the challenge.

After carefully reading the screenplay, I thought that we could use the Southwest sun to our advantage, perhaps shoot the entire film using back light. I discussed this with Marty,

◀ James Wong Howe

and he agreed, but he felt we should wait until we were actually on location before we made any final decisions. As we talked, I tried to visualize Marty's ideas in photographic terms. I believe that the director and cameraman should work very closely together, to find out the various ways of reading between the lines of the script, perhaps expand the story to capture a certain mood. The beginnings of a film are more or less like the beginnings of an orchestration. For, after I talk with the director, I get together with the art director and get his ideas on how he's going to build the sets. Only in this way can I orientate myself in the direction the film might be following. I get an idea of certain things I can do, and ferret out any ideas that may not work.

I wanted to use the sun as much as possible in this film. I knew that if I did this there would be many problems. But I thought I might have the chance to solve a lot of them by shooting the picture using infra-red stock. It's a dangerous film to use because you don't know what it will do—Eastman cannot give you an ASA reading on it, and the only way you can get any kind of a reading on it at all is by shooting your own tests. Even then, the results are erratic, but I still wanted to try it. Newman was playing a Mexican bandit, but he has blue eyes. To make his eyes go dark is relatively simple with the infra-red film, for this stock makes blue turn out black. When we shot the tests though, he was wearing his Mexican make-up which was a dark reddish color, and we found that his eyes went dark all right, but his skin complexion turned out to be a pale white. But as it turned out, we didn't have the time to pursue this any further, so I dropped the whole idea. I haven't give up the idea of using this stock, and one of these days I hope to be able to make a complete picture using infra-red film. But it will have to be a subject that can utilize this effect, and not be used as a device. But this is the way you begin to get your ideas, by trying things. They may work, or they may not, but it's always important to try them. This is why it's so important to talk these things over with the director.

But while you may visualize certain things in advance, the only real way you can see what you are going to have to cope with happens right there—on the set. We get the actors together and they rehearse the scene. At this time a lot of things that look good on paper, and read well, may not play well, either in the staging or in front of the camera. Above all, the action must be played smoothly, moving in a certain direction. So many things are shot out of sequence that everyone concerned with the film has to know where they are at all times. Like Shakespeare said, the action must fit the words, and the words must fit the action. If it doesn't, then you have to change one or the other. But any time you change it will affect the lighting, in some degree, because the action always determines the lighting. I can never arbitrarily say that I'm going to light a scene in such and such a way because the lighting must fit the scene. If anyone becomes aware of the lighting, it isn't right. So, I always have to conform with the action. It all revolves around the story. We're subservient to it, it dictates what we have to do, and we can never forget it. The minute we do we're going to find ourselves going in different directions, and then nothing will fit together.

As Marty is rehearsing the scene, I think over the various ways I might photograph it. After he's finished with the actors, and everything is staged, I walk around and select the best way to photograph it in the simplest way. That's what both Marty and I aim for, simplicity of action, the isolation of things we don't want to interfere. In *The Outrage* we were in the desert. We couldn't cut down the cactus because we were in a national forest, so we had to rearrange the scene as best we could. Sometimes in this rearrangement for the camera, it becomes necessary to rearrange the action so the actors can remain free. We can never restrict the actors, for they are the direct lines of communication to the audience. Everyone must be flexible on the set. That, in itself, is part of the enormous limitations and compromise which all film-makers face. In fact, after doing many films, you automatically come

to accept them. For instance, during the wife's trial scene, the Panavision lens we used had so many elements in it that when we shot into the sun we had a tremendous number of reflections. The only way I could compensate was to place a large piece of plate glass, about 5 or 6 feet square, in front of the camera. It was just large enough to give the actors enough latitude for their action. They could move, but only up to a certain point. Then I sprayed a neutral-density color paint on the glass, a gray, and then toned it down for the correct lighting. In this way we were able to get the shot the way Marty wanted it. Above all, if I were to say what the cameramen's function is, I would say that it's to give the director and actors as much freedom as possible.

This same principle applies whether it's a difficult shot or a choice of angles. I choose my angles because of certain light factors which will enhance the scene. But it may not work for Marty; he may have certain things required for his action. Other times he may not like the angle and then we go with his set-up. When that happens I have to adjust my lighting, and many times it works out better. Sometimes it doesn't. But it always creates other problems. But I'm there to solve my problems, and work them out for the director. The same thing applies to the actors. I can't put down tape marks and say, look, you must get your toe right on that mark at this particular moment. If you do that, the actor's going to worry about getting his toe on the mark at that moment. But what about his performance? In *The Outrage*, I told Paul Newman to forget about the camera and play the scene anyway he wanted. We have pan handles, tilt handles, and so on, and I made sure that he was free in every way to express himself. If he wants to throw his hands up in the air I don't want the camera operator to say "I'm sorry, but I cut him off at the wrists." I didn't want Paul to do the scene without throwing his hands up in the air, or have to remember to pull them in so many inches. How can you make a picture that way? I will not restrict anybody. If we can't get the shot the way the actor is playing

the scene, then I have to back the camera up another foot or two just to give him that freedom to work. That's the only way you can make pictures. If the camera is supposed to run with the action, you have to *find* a way to run with the action. It's the ability to adapt to the situation which becomes so vital and important. Being a photographer is not just going out there with a light meter and seeing how many foot-candles you have, or what beautiful low angles you can get. You've got to say what is this story about, who are these people, and what is the story trying to say. We know, for example, who Paul Newman is, but he's trying to create another character. Now I have to go along with him, and try to make that character become alive. I can't say I'm going to light the picture with a lot of shadows, or play the dark tones off against the white ones. The result would be a mish-mash. There wouldn't be any form. That's the one thing about photography—you must never lose your form. Many photographers think that in order to separate somebody from the background they have to use a backlight. It's false. You can separate things by using different light values. If you want to keep the foreground light, you keep a darker background, and vice versa. But you must always remember, whatever the circumstance, to retain your form; it must never be lost.

There were times during the filming of *The Outrage* when it was hard to keep the form because of certain effects the writer had written into the script. When the Indian is telling the husband's story, we had to sustain this rather weird, supernatural mood, yet retain enough form by lighting contrasts and definition to allow the audience to understand what they are seeing. When I read the sequence I thought I would use the widest-angle lens the Panavision camera has. I call it the "bug-eye" because the field of vision and depth of field is so great that around the edge of the frame there is a great deal of distortion. In this instance, I thought it could be used to our advantage, and be very effective. In the scene where Laurence Harvey is dying, we hear him

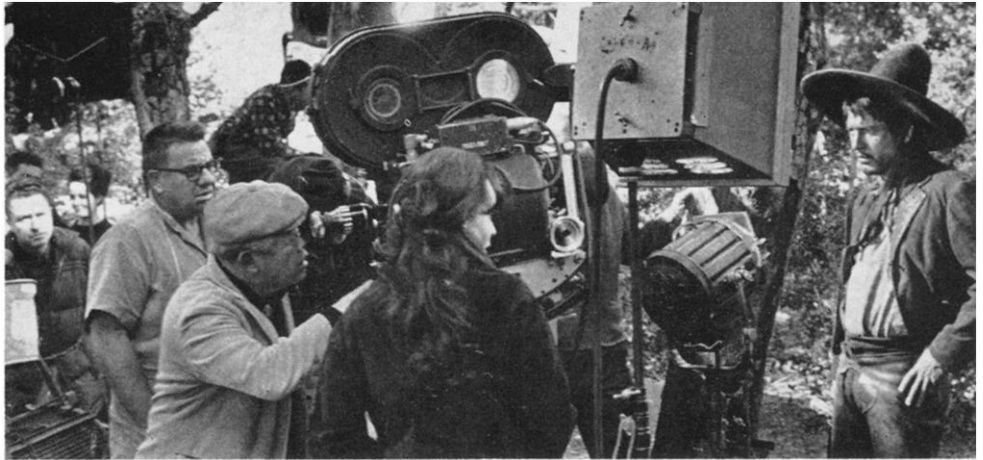
speaking of the darkness closing in, when a shadowy figure comes into frame and takes the knife out of his chest. At that point, the camera begins moving upwards. It was a tricky shot to handle. Originally, I had planned to dig a hole and shoot up past Harvey, moving the camera up past him into the mist. But the crane was so large that it would take hours for the crew to dig a hole deep enough to handle the equipment. We didn't have the time. (It's been estimated that it costs the studio about \$100 a minute to shoot a movie.) So I built a platform instead, put Harvey on top of it, hung branches over him, and packed the sides with sods of grass. I saved at least two or three hours by doing the shot this way, and I could make the move in one shot without having to cut into an optical effect. As we raised the camera up through the branches, I began to blow a mist through the trees at what appears to be a great distance away. The camera keeps going up through the mist to the clear sky, and then we started spinning it around to get the full effect of the cut. As it turned out, it was a very nice shot. We could have used it again, but when you have something good, leave it alone. In most cases you'll only over-do it.

There were times when the dramatic change of tonal values gave a nice visual effect. This happens on location a great deal. You may have visualized many things in your mind about how you're going to shoot the scene on location, but until you get there and weigh the actual values inherent in the landscape, you can't really see what you have. For example, in the scenes where Claire Bloom is walking in the desert, there were a great many weeds and tall grass. On film, I knew they would just wash out, or blend into the background; the bottom of the frame would have no definition or substance. To match my shooting up to this point, I had to keep using the sharp extremes, omitting all half-tones. Claire Bloom was dressed all in white, and her face was covered by the white veil. In order to get the right exposure, I had to hold the background down. This I did by using a light red or light green filter. But because of the

poor photographic quality of the weeds, the bottom portion of the frame would not equal the top half in light intensity. To compensate for this, I had to paint those weeds with aluminum spray paint. When the sun hit them, they glistened. In this way I could keep the "hot" frame, which would be dramatically contrasted with the dark tones used at the trial. A little effect, I admit, probably not even noticed, yet I think it enriches the scene, makes it stand out a little more. I make it a point to always carry cans of aluminum, black, and tan spray paint whenever I go on location. Only when I look through the view finder can I see these things. Then I want to bring them out, and if need be, change their values. Some photographers say they paint with light. I like to say I paint with spray paint in order to improve nature a little bit for our purposes. You just don't find everything you want on location. I even sprayed some rocks black because I didn't want to use any half-tones. When Carrasco is lying under the shade of the cactus, out of the hot sun, I found that the rocks were giving off too much light. I wanted to create an area of coolness in the hot desert. He was in a relatively black area, yet you never lost sight of him, because I played the black off against the light background.

All of us, I think, at one time or another, are tied down to an idea. We think there is only one dramatic and effective way to shoot a scene. But as much as we want to believe this, we all know, deep down, that it is not the best way to make films. Marty had certain ideas about a special shot, or actor's movements that he wanted to use. But when he got on the set, he found they weren't right, and he had to alter them. Whatever his idea, he is one director who is not going to be tied down to any preconceived idea. He's very flexible, and he will be the first to admit that perhaps his way is wrong. I've worked with directors who go home and study the script until they get an idea of how to shoot the scene. The next day they go on the set and insist that the scene be shot that way. When it gets bogged down, and they have trouble, they can't figure out why it hap-

Ritt, Howe,
Bloom
and
Newman



pened. If the director insists that certain ideas should be put together in a certain prescribed way, he's only putting stumbling blocks in front of himself. He's not a live director; today you have to be more flexible. Especially, since we've become so dependent on tools and instruments and techniques. You cannot tie yourself to the machine. You must free yourself from the machine. You must dictate to the machine, you mustn't let the machine dictate to you. In *The Outrage* we shot scenes with a hand-held camera, we walked with the camera; we used an 8-inch lens, a 10-inch lens. I even had a lens which we couldn't rack out far enough because it would fall off. So I took a piece of cardboard and taped the lens down, then slipped it out far enough until it was in the proper focus. We made it work. We couldn't follow focus at all, but we could make the shot. And that's the important thing. I refuse to say to the director, look, I can't shoot this scene because I don't have a lens here which stays on the camera. That's why I spent so many years learning technique. There's more than one approach to anything. I know I can photograph a picture one way and someone else will photograph it in a different way. The only criterion is whether you retain the dramatic value. Let the audience and critics judge whether you do a scene correctly or not. Even if we shoot a scene one way, we never know how it's going to look until it's put together. Who's going to know whether a picture is great until it's played before an audience?

There are times when I feel I must suggest to Marty that he should have a certain shot to cover himself from another angle. I must let him know that he might be overlooking something. Whenever I say something, he's always open and direct; if he likes the suggestion he'll use it; if he doesn't, he won't. But he will always listen. The editor might want another angle, but he's not making the film for the editor. We discuss our ideas there, on the set. There's only that one moment to make your decision. And the way the director feels at that moment is what really excites him to do the scene that way. It's the spontaneity of the moment which is so exciting. You can't predetermine a scene with a certain idea; you've got to be flexible enough to adapt yourself to any change required.

Years ago I made a film about a fighter called *Body and Soul*. Our camera equipment at that time was bulky and awkward. I wanted to get as close as I could to the fighters. I wanted to shoot with a mobile camera, one that would be so flexible that it would register the feelings of the fighters to the audience. I wanted the camera to move with complete freedom. If the fighter was knocked down, I wanted to see the overhead lights as he fell. I couldn't do that with the big camera. So I got the idea of pulling the camera off the tripod and holding it in my hands. And for complete mobility, I put on a pair of roller skates, so I could move with the fighters. It was just sheer chance that I thought of using the skates. A

few weeks before we were going to shoot the sequence, I was driving along and I saw some children skating down the sidewalk. And it clicked; it was what I was searching for. I knew I could never predetermine the exact moments I would have to move the camera to keep up with the fighters. Now, when I wanted to move the camera, I could move it. If the fighters moved, I could move right with them. If I hadn't seen those children, well, who knows how we might have shot the scene.

I think there were many exciting moments in *The Outrage*. Over-all, I think we did a very good job. When I look at my contribution in the final film, I know I could have improved certain moments. But when you're making a film, you make it the way you feel at that moment. The same way with the writer, the director, or the actor. Certain scenes we shot at the railroad station I'm not happy with, but when you're working on a multi-million-dollar picture you just get on the set and begin working. You don't stop and say, wait a minute, give me an hour and I'll think this over. You go ahead and make the picture, and for that moment when you're lighting, you begin to feel the thing. Many times it doesn't come off the way you had visualized it. It doesn't matter that Marty and I talked about what we were going to do before we began shooting. Everyone has certain ideas they want to try out. The same thing applies to the actors. Paul Newman demands two weeks of rehearsal before the picture begins. Many times he receives no pay, but he does it to acquaint himself with the part before he gets on the set. Even though he's intellectually prepared, when he comes on the set there's an entirely new feeling. He has make-up on; the other actors have their make-up on. There are lights, the camera, sound technicians, light technicians, prop men, set decorators, assistant directors, script girls, everyone concerned about what they are doing. To an outsider, a movie set is all noise, chaos and confusion. But, whether you are an actor or a cameraman, you have to adapt to these things, as well as the physical demands of the location, or the requirements of the camera and

so on. Everyone on the set feels the same way. I've never made a picture where I felt that I achieved one hundred per cent of what I set out to accomplish. And I hope I never do, because there's no where to go. I don't want a film I photograph to be pure perfection. I must have a little imperfection in there to give it reality. Reality is not pure perfection.

No matter how hard we try, we always seem to make mistakes. When Marty made *The Outrage* he had a certain idea, a certain concept, and he wanted to see his ideas materialize. If there are shortcomings in this film, I'm sure Marty will be the first to admit it. I think he learned a great deal from doing this film. The only way we can grow is by learning. Today, you just can't play it safe. You've got to have the courage of your convictions. If you're going to make a mistake, you must make your own, but I'll guarantee that you won't make the same mistake over again. I know it was a great challenge for Marty to make *The Outrage*, but it was his statement and he has to live with it. Yet, we can all learn something from it. If we don't have people like Marty Ritt to make pictures like this, what are we going to do? How are we going to advance the art of motion pictures? If Hollywood keeps on making the little trite pictures, then how can any of us grow? That's why you have to have young people with a fresh mind, a fresh vision, with the courage to go out and make something a little different. A lot of times what they're reaching for doesn't make it. But so what. You learn from it, you grow from it. That's why it's wonderful to work with someone like Marty Ritt. He gambles, and he's got the courage to go ahead and do something he believes in. A lot of people may or may not like *The Outrage*. But a lot of people are going to learn something from it. It's not just doing a trick shot because it's tricky. With a camera you can do almost anything. You can shoot a scene upside down, but it doesn't mean anything except that it puts the wrong shot in the wrong place at the wrong time. In the future, there will be new cameras, new types of lens, new types of film. Science will always be there to

build us the new equipment, but then it's in our hands. We must master the technique in order to master the machine. And it's what we do with it that will determine the way of the future.

THE EDITOR

"Editing is the foundation of film art," wrote Pudovkin, and certainly the precept is still honored today. But the manipulation of film in the moviola is only one integral part of the vast technological process which is the making of a film. This, of course, does not deny the importance of the film editor; rather, it places him in proper perspective. General structure is determined by the writer; but clearly, it is the editor who will pace the film, making transitions clean and continuous, or abrupt and shocking, breathing life into the film as a visual structure.

Martin Ritt is one of the few Hollywood directors who demands, and receives, the privilege of controlling the cutting—and the "final cut" of the released version—of his own films.

Frank Santillo, whom he chose to carry out this crucial aspect of the production, had worked with, and assisted, Slavko Vorkapich, often referred to as the "father of the Hollywood montage." (The association with Vorkapich has resulted in his becoming somewhat of a specialist in "montage.") Santillo edited Peckinpah's RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY, and recently cut the train sequence in HOW THE WEST WAS WON, certainly the most exciting episode in that film.

When I'm assigned to a picture, I can usually read the script and more or less visualize how it's going to be shot, even how it's going to fit together. But it was different with *The Outrage*. I had never encountered this type of picture before. The prospect of having to cut sequences of flashback within flashback seemed so enormous that I had doubts about even doing it. I'd just come off a conventional Western, and when I read the script I knew it was going to be a very tough film. I had never worked with Marty Ritt before, but by reputation I knew he was a master. I knew too, that he would do this film the way *he* wanted to do it, not the way anyone else might want to.

My main concern was how he was going to do it. That's why I had a slight case of butterflies in my stomach when I went into the studio on Monday morning. But the minute I walked in, with the script under my arm, Marty looked at me, grinned, and said: "It's a weird one, isn't it?" From that moment on, I knew we would get along well. In his own way he was telling me that he too was somewhat frightened, somewhat unsure as to what he wanted to do. I've never had the chance to work so closely with a director before. I felt we were doing this film together, and whatever the problems, I knew we would make it. Marty made it easy for me.

At his suggestion, I went on location in Tucson for a week so I would be familiar with the way he was shooting the film. He shot the posse and buggy scenes while I was there. We talked about the film a great deal, and he explained what he was trying to do, what he was trying to say with the film. But, he made it clear that this was going to be his film, done in his way. Whatever the outcome, whether it was a success or failure, would rest on nobody's shoulders but his own. I was happy to hear this, because I feel the director should cut the picture. He's the man who creates it, who transforms it into film, and therefore he is the one who knows more about it than anyone else. If you don't give the picture to the man who makes it then I think you're in trouble. Most of the films made in Hollywood today are not completed by the men who should complete them. Usually, the director has the right of the first cut, and that's all. [After that the producer or studio can make changes at will.] The director and editor only have about a week together. The cutter puts the film together, and if there are any problems, the director will look at the film and try to straighten it out. But he's usually off the picture by that time, and he considers the film as something in the past. That's why *The Outrage* was different; it was a new way for me to work. I was there all the time, watching the film shape and form itself under the eyes of the man who made it.

After Tucson, I went back home. The gen-

eral procedure was that while Marty was still shooting, he would send the dailies to the studio for developing, and then they would be returned to him to see if any retakes were needed. After he viewed them, he returned them to me so I could assemble them in a rough sequential order. Sometimes he would have some suggestions about which takes to use, or which takes to transfer. But the actual construction would begin after he returned from location.

When I received the film, I could see that he was literally cutting the film in the camera. There was a lot of film, but it was mostly the same angles with two or three different takes. He knew precisely how that film was going to cut together. Everything in the film went together beautifully. But even though he was cutting in the camera, he was fully covered. There weren't two or three or even four takes from different angles, like some directors shoot. A lot of directors are extremely talented, but I've never seen them get as much economy out of a film the way Marty did in *The Outrage*.

After he got back, we sat down in the projection room and ran all the dailies which I had, by that time, assembled. We had one of those projectors that you can stop and start at will, running the film backwards and forwards. We ran all the circled takes, and then concentrated on the first reel. Sometimes, he would say let's look at the out-takes for a particular scene. He remembered certain things about a shot, and sometimes he didn't see those shots on the reels. He has a tremendous memory for shots. In a sequence he would say that's the best shot, and he didn't even bother to look at the other takes. Or, in other shots, he saw that half of one take was good, but not the other half. So he would say cut the first part of take one, with the last half of take three. He always seemed to know that he would eventually use the best takes. As we sat there, he would say we're going to cut here to get us into another story, or cut here for another angle. It was as if he intuitively knew all along how the final film was going to look. All his transitions worked very well, and we didn't need one dissolve in the

entire film. Sometimes, working with other directors, you're unsure as to how they want the film cut. They themselves don't seem to know. They figure it's the editor's job to show them how the film is going to look. I agree, yet at the same time, I disagree with this attitude. I agree because without some direction, or point of view, the editor can wallow in confusion for weeks on end not knowing whether he's doing the film in the right way. You can finish a cut the way you think it should be. But when the director or producer or executive comes in to screen the cut with you, they feel that it should be done somewhat differently. Yet they don't seem to know what they want you to do to change it. They just feel it's not right, and they offer no concrete suggestions on how to correct it. That's when everyone thinks they might have the solution, and so you have to try it about three or four different ways. It ends up being what I term a "committee" film, with the end result that everything is a textural dilemma. Portions of the film will have mood and flavor, while other parts will go by so fast you don't even know what's happening. By the same token, when someone stands over you cutting each frame, watching each splice, the editor is reduced to little more than a mechanic. And, in the long run, the film winds up losing its originality and freshness. Marty was great because he combined both ways. He left me alone to cut certain sequences after carefully going over with me what he wanted, what point he wanted to build to, and what shots he felt were right to get us in or out of the sequence. I had something solid to go by, and I went and cut it the way I felt it should go. When we ran the sequence, he would leave portions of what I had done, or else he would have definite changes that he wanted made. After I made them, we would run it again until he was completely satisfied with what was there. He never stood over me except when I was having trouble, and then I asked him to be there. We made our decisions right there at the moviola. The main thing I was interested in was whether or not it worked in the moviola.

You'll find that most directors are consistent in the way they cut the film. They'll run the picture in a rough-cut stage, then give the editor notes on what takes should be added, or deleted, or suggest certain shifts in sequences. But they always work towards the conclusion of the film, adding new sequences, or dropping them because of length. After a certain period of time they get to the point where everything is working. Then they begin to give it pace, tightening it up, and so on, until the picture is locked. Marty works differently. He locks the film a reel at a time, and he would not go on to the next reel until that one reel was completed. There is no such thing as a rough-cut stage with him. A rough-cut reel, but not a picture. Whether this is his normal way of working, a carry-over from live TV, or whether he did it just on *The Outrage*, I don't know.

I assembled the reels according to the script, trying to weed out all the bad takes, using only the good ones. Then we ran a reel, and he would tell me what he wanted, how he wanted to build to a certain point, and so on. It was difficult for me because it was such a strange film. How do you assemble a dialogue scene for example? You have many angles, a master shot, takes on the principal actors, point-of-view shots, and insert shots. If you wanted to, you could just use the master shot and have the scene. Well, I couldn't just assemble it, I had to cut it. So I went ahead and cut it. Then, we ran the sequences and he gave me his suggestions, or notes on other takes, and I made the corrections the way he wanted. But Marty gave me leeway to try and do something as I felt it. I think he wanted to be sure that he wasn't approaching this film with a closed mind; he wanted to be open for suggestions. I did the posse scene this way. When I first cut it, I selected what I thought were the best shots. There were about fifty good ones, and I thought I would save Marty the time and effort of having to go through all the posse material. I built the sequence by pacing the tempo of the shots, cutting faster and faster until I intercut with the stationary buggy. This way, after all the fast motion, the feelings were

forcibly focused on the empty buggy. But I did it out of proportion to the sequence. I was doing it only for a nice effect. Marty liked it, but pointed out that we only had to establish the feeling and violence of the posse to contrast the static quality of the buggy. So, we finally cut it down. But Marty was always willing to try things, adding a little touch here and there, which might enhance the effect of the scene. In the wife's story, Claire Bloom is kneeling before Laurence Harvey begging him to forgive what happened to her. But he refuses, and she begins to rise. Ordinarily, I would cut just as she begins her upward movement. But the tail end of the shot was very nice. She just went out of frame, leaving only a diffused close shot of her dress. It was a nice little thing, so I tried it. When Marty saw it, he liked it. So it stayed in. It just added a little mood to the shot. It seems strange, but most films don't have too much mood to enrich the atmosphere. Most movies are shot to keep the action moving from place to place. A few directors will shoot a great deal of mood material, but most of them, I think, feel they don't need it. If the film is over-length, or if something has to be cut, the mood things will be the first to go. Marty has some wonderful mood things. Those beautiful slow dollies at the railroad station give a wonderful feeling. They capture, in a way, the dampness and loneliness of the three men. So I played those scenes in the beginning for as much mood as possible.

From the opening — the station set



There were many problems on *The Outrage* from the editorial standpoint. One of them occurred during the husband's sequence. The Indian is trying to remember what the husband had told him just before he died. The scene was simply there to establish the fact that the Indian had come across the husband while he was dying. Now, the Indian was relating the story to the court, and when his memory failed, the husband's voice took over. But it was the opening, when the Indian begins his story, that gave us the trouble. The Indian was shot two ways; one, a medium close shot, clear and crisp. Every detail of his face, the ground, was clearly accentuated. The other way was a high reverse angle, shot over his shoulder, looking into the sun. With the sun's reflections, this shot was somewhat distorted. Both shots were essential because they were to be the transition shots between the husband and the Indian. But these two shots didn't match, either in tone or mood. Every time we cut, we went from fantasy to realism. It didn't work. So I told Marty that we could blow up part of the frame of the realistic shot, thus making it an extreme close shot of the Indian in order to keep the mood, while omitting the realistic highlights. There are times when you have to do things to a film after it's shot to make a sequence work. And when the optical department had correctly sized and matched the blow-up portion of the frame, the shot matched perfectly, and the sequence worked. We had to do the same thing with Claire Bloom to get the feeling that she's drowning. These are the little things that most people aren't familiar with, yet it can often make the difference between a good scene that is right, and works, and a scene that doesn't quite work. There were times when he had a sequence on the moviola that just didn't look right. Something was missing, a cut, or it was the wrong pacing, or we didn't have the cut-away we needed. Whatever it was, the scene didn't work. Then we would sit and talk over the sequence, or run some of the out-takes, or try it another way.

One place, in particular, gave us trouble. It was at the railroad station just before the pros-

pector tells his version of what really happened. It's an important scene, because the prospector is going to confess that he lied at the trial. But it was still an exposition scene, and nothing else. We played it at first in the normal way, looking at the actor who is delivering his lines. But it was dull, the action just bogged down the entire sequence. Both of us didn't like the way it was playing. We tried it a number of ways, but each time the result was the same. Finally, we were considering dropping the whole sequence, but it was too important, so we couldn't. We didn't know what to do, but then something happened quite by accident which changed the entire feeling of the scene. I was running it once more through the moviola trying to think of something to do. But somewhere along the way I lost my sync mark, so the whole scene as I was running it, was out of sync about two feet. What happened was this: the actor's dialogue was now hitting over the face of the listener. And this was the touch we needed. Marty said, "Let's try cutting the scene this way, not in the normal action/reaction way, but by letting the actor's lines fall over the listener to accentuate the lines." This way, the listener would be on camera, while the speaker would be off camera. Well, I cut it that way, and it looked and felt right. It is one of those accidents which happen occasionally that can change the entire complexion of the scene. I think it's one of the nicest little things in the film. Certainly one of the most original things. If Marty hadn't been aware of what was happening, we would have had to do it in the normal, tried-and-true way. And this brings out a certain approach to editing. If there is any basic rule in editing, as much as I hate to say that rules even exist, it is the sequences tried that *don't* work which really makes a film. Without trying things, without experimenting, there is no freshness, no spontaneity, no flavor. The same type of thing happened in the comedy scene. Marty wasn't really sure whether it would work or not. But after I assembled it, he saw it would work, so he went ahead and played it to the hilt. But these are some of the various ways that you make a

sequence work. You try things, and if need be, you doctor the footage by technical means to shape the film to suit your purpose. There is nothing which can compare with the satisfaction of seeing yourself stymied by a sequence, and then using the discipline of patience and manipulation to make that scene conform to your needs.

THE COMPOSER

Alex North is one of Hollywood's most versatile and gifted composers. Included in his list of credits are STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, DEATH OF A SALESMAN, VIVA ZAPATA, MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE ROSE TATTOO, and THE LONG, HOT SUMMER. (For his score on the pompous and jejune CLEOPATRA, he received an Academy Award.) Recently, he composed the music for John Ford's CHEYENNE AUTUMN, and has just completed the score for THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY.

I was asked by Marty Ritt to see *The Outrage* to consider the possibility of writing the score for it. I had seen *Rashomon*, and was greatly impressed by it. And I was interested to see what Marty had done with *The Outrage*. When I saw the film I was very impressed. It had strength, and that kind of dynamic quality that Marty infuses in all his films. Visually it was exciting, and I thought the actors did a fine job. I wasn't too pleased with the comedy sequence, however; I thought that it went too far, and detracted, rather than added to the entire film. But on the whole, I thought *The Outrage* stayed close to the original, both in style and conception. And this is what lured me into writing the score for the film. It was quite different from the *Magnificent Seven*, a score I was at one time considering writing, but which I finally refused on the grounds that I felt it strayed too far from the original. Most of all, I felt *The Outrage* would provide me with virtually a musical feast. Whenever you deal with a film that has such solid form and structure, the texture can only be enhanced by a good score if it's done right.

Music, if it is done correctly, can add an entirely new dimension to a film. It can embellish, enhance, and solidify an emotional mood that dialogue, or effects, or silences, cannot quite capture. Many times, it can help technically. If, for example, the sequences are rather abrupt, music can be a helpful bridge. Sometimes the music can alter the pace on a sequence which seems too long. The same thing applies to establishing the mood of a particular locale, in terms of visual and emotional impact. For the prime purpose of any musical score is to help the film in a dramatic way. There are many ways of doing this, and of course, that's part of the challenge in writing music for the film. For usually when the composer begins his work, the film is in its finished state. The film is "locked," or "frozen," which means simply that nothing can be changed in the picture from the visual standpoint. Many times this will provide enormous restrictions in terms of what you have to accomplish. You might have only a seventy-foot sequence to make a musical point, but a certain inflection has to be reached at a certain point, say 23 feet. So, you have to structure your music around the requirements of the scene. Yet, it is overcoming these restrictions that provides the greatest reward and personal satisfaction. Because you must make those restrictions work for you, not against you. And I think the greatest personal achievement you can get, is when you see a film you've worked on in its finished state, and not really be aware of your own contribution. If it works, it works, and you know it. It feels right. By the same token, if it's the wrong music for a particular scene, it stands out in a blatant, almost embarrassing way. In a great many pictures, the scores are over-written, and the music doesn't lend anything constructive to the film. Rather, it detracts from the film. For certain scenes have the strength to stand alone, by themselves, yet for some reason or other, people feel they have to be scored. This happens quite a bit in dialogue scenes. You have to be so delicate when you score for dialogue because you must always be careful to subordinate your music to the words the

actor speaks. It has to be treated with great care, with the proper orchestration, plus an awareness of the actor's voice range. When I scored *The Long Hot Summer*, also with Marty Ritt, I had to contend with the deep bass of Orson Welles. So I had to avoid using instruments that fell in his particular voice register: in those scenes where Welles is talking, I had to use high-pitched instruments.

The Outrage, like any film, presented its own special problems. As I mentioned, my first reaction was a positive one. And when Marty was involved with some technical things I took the opportunity to run the film by myself and take notes on where I felt the music should begin and end. That way, when Marty and I sat down to run the film, reel by reel, I would be able to discuss my ideas with him and get his reactions. I spotted a good 35 minutes of music, and briefly sketched out a few ideas and themes which I thought could be used. Since the film is almost musical in structure, I thought it would be interesting to try and encompass in each flashback, and therefore, in each relationship, a certain mood which would be a variation on a main theme. I had in mind a simple theme—what I called the “truth theme”—which would be broad enough to expand in any direction in order to capture the particular flavor of each little episode. I could begin the flashback with this theme, then expand it into the direction of the story, and then return to the main theme to end the flashback. Thus, I would end the same way I began, adding the different colors and hues which would give shading and depth to the characters. In one flashback, I could use just strings, in another, possibly brass, in another woodwinds, and so on, all containing their own individual comment on the action, all tied integrally within the body of the main theme.

I wanted to frame each flashback, to start with a piece of music that would help convey the sense that this was the past, but which, at the same time, was related to the personalities of the characters. Then, somewhere along the way I would lose the music, and pick it up later to accentuate the action. Thus, each flash-

back would be almost a self-contained unit, with a form that is musically very exciting. You can start, stop, pick it up, go back to the station to let the natural sounds take over. It would be like a musical dissolve. I had already decided that the scenes at the train station would not need any music. For then I would have to fight both the dialogue and the rain. The same problems existed in the glade, to a lesser degree, because of the waterfall. But this could always be controlled.

With the characters it was different. I don't like to approach any film with the idea that each character is reflected by one particular theme. It's too obvious, too cut-and-dried. Rather, an aspect of the personality in relation to the situation is what I try and illuminate. Claire Bloom might be the projection of the symbolic nature of purity and innocence. I had envisioned a kind of mellow, simple theme for her, which captured these attributes, but which could also be expanded during the evolution of her personality. As she walks through the glade, the veil hiding her face, I used only simple instruments, like the *oboe d'amore*, and strings, to convey her sense of innocence and frailty against the warmth and tranquility of the surroundings. It was too early in the film to establish anything which would be identifiable with her. So I made it a very simple, almost semiclassical folk piece, only adding a little romantic flavor.

With Newman, it was different. I introduce him, when he's lying in the shade, with a delicate piece, using only marimbas and tamborines. There, I wanted just the soft, leisurely mood of the afternoon siesta. And this would be the natural, yet dramatic, transition leading into the sharp desire he has for the girl. It's important to use this objective approach in the beginning. For the audience has to see and associate, before they begin to identify with anybody.

As I mentioned, I had seen the possibility of utilizing 35 minutes of music. After the thunderclap in reel one, I wanted to begin with the truth theme, and sustain the chord under the narration, or start it from the first flashback,

carrying it to the end of the narration. Then I would carry the music over from reel one into reel two, with an abrupt punctuation to the dead body. Then, there was the cut back to the train station where Robinson says, "Go on, go on," at which time the music would be out. During the preacher's story I could do the same thing, all for what I thought would be a dramatic emphasis. But whatever I had intended, either by actually scoring, or sketching, or whether it was still just an idea, it was Marty's decision as to whether or not to use part or all of what I had proposed. So, with these ideas, Marty and I sat down at the moviola, and ran the film reel by reel. When we came to a spot where I wanted to use music, I stopped and explained to Marty the reasons I felt music was necessary. But it turned out that Marty had his own ideas of where the music should begin and end. And he simply said: "I don't think we need it here." So we went on into the next reel. I didn't agree with his ideas, because you must always have a reason to use music. There should never be an arbitrary spot where music should play. It's not there to cover up the camera noise, bad acting, or bad effects, although it can help in many of these instances. Marty felt the film was top notch, that it stood up without too much music, and therefore didn't need as much as I wanted to put in. So, in the final film, we ended up with just eight minutes of music.

It was rather strange, because this is the first time I've ever been caught up in this type of situation. I'm contracted to write a score, whether it's for an hour, or just two minutes. I disagreed with Marty, and I still do; I think there should have been more music. Not because I did the score, that's irrelevant, but because I felt the film needed it. Now I may be wrong; perhaps the film does stand up by itself. I've been wrong before, and I certainly expect to be wrong in the future. After all, we all learn from our mistakes. And in all honesty, I feel it's too early to tell whether I'm right, or Marty is right. The film itself can only be the final judge, the only determining factor of how much or how little music should be used. *Hud* had only

a few minutes of music. It was a success. *Through a Glass Darkly* had very little, and *Winter Light* had no music at all. Everyone searches for their own style, and perhaps the sparing use of music might become a particular stylistic stamp of the Ritt film.

Once the decision of how much music was wanted, and where it was to be placed was reached, I went to work on the score, trying to keep in as much as possible of what I had originally conceived. But now the only sustaining theme would be the girl's, because the film basically revolves around what happens to her. It's her thread which begins the entire search for what did or did not happen, and so kicks off the other stories. Her introductory theme is the integration of mood, locale, and character. Originally, I thought of using a harpsichord to capture her sense of frailty and delicacy, something which would add a pathetic sidelight. But this wouldn't work because I couldn't follow it through. You can't plant a seed which you know in advance won't grow. In one scene, where Claire Bloom runs and jumps into the water, and the natural sound takes over, the music was scored, taken out, and after a few previews put back in.

Many factors have to be weighed and analyzed during the making of the film, as to how much or how little music is to be used. But the only valid criterion, of course, is the film itself. Any film is the sum total of many individual contributions. And it has to be seen in its entirety, not just from one oblique angle of music, photography, direction, or acting. Like any work of art, it is the final product which has to be evaluated. One movement doesn't make a great symphony, and one theme doesn't make a string quartet, or cantata. *The Outrage* was a unique film for me, far different in scope, in structure, in style, in form, from most of the other films I've worked on. When I saw the completed film, at two previews in San Francisco and Berkeley, I had mixed feelings. I liked the style, and the strength and vitality of the film, as well as the message and close adherence paid to the original. On the other hand,

I didn't care for the comedy sequence. I thought the farce was slightly overdone, and somehow rather unbelievable. (And I'm not the only one who felt that way.) Yet, up to a point, the scene worked. When Newman and Harvey start chasing each other around, and jump into the water, I think it just went too far. Certain moments are brilliantly done, with flavor, texture, and mood. They remind me of certain foreign films. And, this to me, is certainly rewarding. It's about time that someone started taking something worthwhile from other people, and incorporating it into our so-called Hollywood-type film. It can do nothing but improve our standards, our sense of taste, and eventually, I hope, our own criteria of making American films that are meaningful and relevant to our time.

THE DIRECTOR

Martin Ritt is perhaps the most versatile member of the group of directors who have achieved prominence in Hollywood after beginning with live TV in New York. His past films convey the gropings of a personal style, and clearly indicate his willingness to experiment, either with material, actors, or technique. After the critical and commercial success of HUD, Ritt was able to command complete control over his next film. Rarely, in Hollywood, is this power accorded to a director.

Ritt was born in New York in 1920, and was educated at St. John's University. He began in show business as an actor, in Odets' GOLDEN BOY. Soon after, while still acting, he turned to directing, his most important production being Arthur Miller's A MEMORY OF THE MONDAYS, and A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. He acted in approximately 150 television plays and has directed almost 100. In 1956, after his television production of Robert Alan Aurthur's A VERY SPECIAL BABY, which he also produced for the stage, he made his first film, EDGE OF THE CITY (also known as A MAN IS TEN FEET TALL) which met with critical favor. Other films include: NO DOWN PAYMENT, THE BLACK ORCHID, THE LONG, HOT SUMMER, THE SOUND AND THE FURY, FIVE BRANDED WOMEN, PARIS BLUES, ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN, and HUD. Ritt is now in England shooting THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, starring Richard Burton.

A lot of projects were offered to me after the success of *Hud*. But none of them really struck me as being bold enough, or imaginative enough, to make the kind of film I wanted. Then, when I was vacationing with my wife, I received the first 50 pages of *The Outrage*. I had always been fascinated by *Rashomon*: I considered it then, as now, a cinematic masterpiece. My first reaction to *The Outrage* was somewhat ambivalent. I think that was tempered by my feeling toward *Rashomon*. But the more I thought about doing it, the more intrigued I became. The characters were interesting, and multidimensional. But more important, the form of the film, and the intellectual content, kept drawing me to it, attracting me almost like a magnet. And the more I thought about doing the film, the more interested and excited I became. But I had to be careful and weigh my initial response. I had to make sure my reaction was valid, and not cluttered up with the emotional residue of *Rashomon*. The first thing I look for in any film property is emotion; or any genuine intellectual stimulation. And this I like to coordinate with strength and simplicity and visual style. *The Outrage* stimulated me more than any property I had received.

But the more I thought about making the film, the more I realized its implications. The whole treatise on the nature of truth became a contemporary and social issue especially valid today. We live in a country where issues seem to have become simplified. Most people seem to want things in terms of black and white. I wanted the people, the general public, to be aware that issues, people, even events, are not either black or white, but are located in a spectrum containing various gradations of black and white. And the film is, in my opinion, the best vehicle to reach the people. It's a mass medium. People have to respond to films—emotionally, intellectually, and aesthetically—for any criterion of movie art to be established. There have been films that were not mass films, remarkably well done, even important, but they lack that something which distinguished them

OUTRAGE

from being truly great films. Film art has to be enjoyed to be valid, and it should contain that spark which makes a person contemplate, reflect on his own life, and the lives of others. It must be a *total* experience, on all levels.

Rarely, I felt, would I have the chance to make a film that was so intellectually stimulating; that was, at the same time, both high-brow and low-brow. Above all, *The Outrage* was a great challenge, for it was a film that demanded a definite, disciplined kind of artistic style.

I was still nagged by my doubts, however. Remaking an accepted classic is a dangerous thing, and I was fully aware of those hazards when I decided to do the film. In all honesty, I think I have never approached a film which frightened me so much. The problems, in terms of depth of portrayal, the cinematic potential, the content, and of course, the remaking of an accepted classic, all entered into it. On this last point, even though the subject matter is the same, it's what we bring to it *today* that makes it valid. We bring our own interpretations, our own personality, to the classic; we make it significant, vital, and personal to the time in which we live.

Even before I began the film, I was warned by certain critics that they were going to pan the film. I found this to be an extremely negative attitude. It got my back up a little. If I had done *Hamlet*, or made a film of *Macbeth*, like Kurosawa, I don't think anybody would have jumped down my throat. Kurosawa remade a number of classics and changed them into the Japanese idiom. I realize that transposing one medium into another changes the value of the work. But if you can do it with novels and plays, why can't you do it with film? I think it's childish to condemn this. I would never condemn conductors who might want to conduct Beethoven, Hayden, Mozart, or Bach a shade differently. It's their interpretation which is important, and *that* is what should be judged. It's true that *Rashomon* is a classic, a great and brilliant film. But its very nature makes it universal. And Kurosawa's way is not the only way of making it, just as Gielgud's



Ritt directing Bloom and Newman

interpretation of *Hamlet* is not the only way of doing that. Now that I'm finished with the film, I am sure there are several other ways to make it. There are a myriad ways to do anything. If there were not, then the artist wouldn't exist, because the artist brings his personal touch, his outlook, his *Weltanschauung* to the work.

I wanted *The Outrage* to be a popular film. I knew it might be difficult material for the mass audience. I won't compromise in terms of content because I don't believe in playing down to an audience. But I wanted to find a theatrical way of reaching them.

Kanin, Lubin and I wanted this to be an American film—a film people could identify with and understand. And, for that reason, we chose the West as our locale. It's the nearest thing to myth we have, and it is the classic idiom. The West also has such a classic, almost formal beauty. Looking for the right location posed somewhat of a problem. But the minute I stepped into the kind of natural forest of cacti around Tucson, I suddenly knew that I was surrounded by the intrinsic core of this film. It was filled with symbolic overtones. And this is when I really realized what this film is all about. It had that kind of misty, almost surreal quality which veiled everything. And you notice, when Claire Bloom goes by and Carrasco first sees her, I zoom in to her face. I wanted her face to be as veiled as possible. The foreground of the natural forest started behind the tree,

ending with another kind of cactus. All of this veiled. And the location enabled me to shoot the film this way, with everything slightly veiled. When I got to the courtroom scene, I knew I had to pick a spot where the sun would go visually against the scene, where the entire audience at the trial would be in complete silhouette. It gave me that quality of extremes which I needed. Anytime I wanted, I could go to that close shot of Newman's bare head when I cut back to the trial. That way I would have a completely different quality.

I had envisioned the film in a series of elements. Every story had to have its own style, its own sense of character. So I looked for the physical elements which could convey this. For instance, I knew right away that in the posse scene, I was going to shoot the posse's hoofs, and legs and shanks and heads and then cut as they got to the wagon. I knew I was going to go from an extreme long shot to eyes and tears dropping. I knew I was going to have to dig holes for the camera. (Never in my life have I dug so many holes to get where I had to shoot!) As I was shooting the film, I knew that I wasn't going to use any dissolves, just cuts. I had a complicated situation to deal with. Going in and out of flashbacks and doing flashbacks within flashbacks. I decided to create a convention of cutting from extreme close-up to extreme long shot and vice versa. I felt this gave the cutting a style. Some people say the film is confusing because of the cutting. I don't think it is at all. I think just about everyone understands the way it goes.

Originally, I wanted to make a film that would be larger than life. Not a realistic film, but a real film. This film is real, but it is highly selective. I show only what I feel absolutely necessary to the fabric of the scene. This means, if I was shooting in a room, and there's a large clock on the wall, all I need to show to make the scene effective would be the second hand. Just that element, and I let the audience's imagination fill in the rest.

This type of thinking applies to the actors as well. I cast actors to the key scene. I wouldn't

cast an actor to play *Hamlet* unless I thought he could play the soliloquies. I cast Larry Harvey because I knew he would play the last sequence colorfully. Claire Bloom has a certain style, a quality, grace, that almost mystical, enigmatic beauty which is so appealing, so feminine. These are the key factors. The rest I can worry about later.

Paul Newman, one of the best actors around, was a bit different. I have enormous respect for him. As an actor he is not afraid to take a chance, to do the unexpected. But when I offered him the part, he hesitated, then backed down. So we tried to get Brando. But, for some reason or other, he didn't want to do it. Then, Newman changed his mind, and looked at the part as perhaps his greatest challenge, the real test to see just how versatile an actor he is. "If I'm going to get clobbered," he said, "I might as well do it with this film. So, I'll do it. There's something vital and exciting about putting your head on the butcher's block. It makes you get out of that rut of security you sometimes find yourself in." And I felt the same way. He's my friend, I respect him as an artist, and I think he did a remarkable job. We've worked a lot together, and we like to work with each other. We come from the same background. We like to improvise, and there was a great deal of that on the set. However, in virtually all cases where the camera and the camera alone could tell the story, the camera positions and movement were predetermined by me. On the other hand, in the scenes where the inner life of the actor might possibly force him into unimagined moves or positions, I would very often follow the impulse of my actors. I won't let the actor do his own blocking because I feel I can see more of the over-all picture than he can. But, if in the course of staging a scene, the actor says, well I don't feel this, I want to move on this line, I'd say, try it, let's see what happens. It is vitally important that the actor embody the content of the scene. And, for that same reason, there are times when I will print a scene that is not technically perfect, because the actor

has captured everything I wanted him to illuminate.

Whenever you make a film, there are so many problems which confront you that you have to be able to sift and weigh each problem as you come to it. The comedy sequence is a prime example. People either liked it or hated it. I was a little uncertain myself when it actually came time to shoot it. But, I had to make my choice. So I approached the scene in what I thought to be the most logical way. The prospector's story really shatters the other stories. Now, the Japanese short story was apparently written in a somewhat bitter, angry tone. The judge asks the woodcutter, "Are you sure this is the truth, or are you saying it just to protect yourself?" When Kurosawa made the film, though I've never discussed this with him, I feel he wanted to make an affirmative ending to the story. And to achieve this positive feeling, he introduced a different element into the last fight. It was farce, which became accentuated by those broad, sweeping gestures peculiar to the Japanese. I had already staged one fight in the film in which I utilized every conceivable element in the glade: stones, rope, mud, water, and so on. Since I didn't have the formal element to work with, like the Japanese swords and gestures, I knew the comedy fight would be almost impossible. I had no idea of what I could do except repeat a fight, or a version of that fight and just hope the characters would balance those elements out. But it dawned on me that there was a dramatic way to round out the stories. The very nature, the core of truth is really subjective; the film says that the truth means something different to each person. And once I started the prospector's version of the fight, I couldn't go back. I had to carry it through, to the extreme if necessary, for it illuminates the prospector's personality as well as rounding out the story. I couldn't cheat it. The scene was farcical, so I played it as farcical as I could. I knew, and Michael Kanin knew, that there was a great deal of objection to this particular scene in the theater. People either liked it or didn't like it.

At the previews, the scene everyone liked the best, or the worst, was this final scene. And if there is a scene which stands out, either in a positive or negative sense, then the people are bound to discuss it. They want to know why it was this way, and this, of course, is the very essence of the film. We might have violated the film by playing this scene as we did. I don't know. I don't think we did. I only know that once I decided to do it this way, I had to go all the way. When I cut the sequence, it felt right. Every cut worked out just the way I had envisioned it. This happens quite a bit to the people who got their training in live television.

The training I received in live TV was extremely valuable. You were forced to cut on the air, and this created the need for severe discipline in visual movement. And you only had one chance to make it. Even now it's almost impossible for me *not* to cut a film as I shoot it. Live TV gave me a perspective on film making that I couldn't have received any other way.

In one case the design of an entire sequence was altered. That was the place where I go from Newman saying, "I didn't kill her," to the preacher sitting by the fire. I had originally designed the shot so the camera would be shooting up through the fire into a nicely framed three-shot. But when we went to cut the sequence, it didn't work. It dragged, the pace was all wrong. It was the ordinary, safe way to cover the scene. So I went with the idea that the camera should be on somebody else all the time the other person was talking. It wasn't the normal action/reaction motif. Rather it was reading what the person was saying by the facial expressions of the listener. I literally forced my way out of the ordinary approach. And I think that this little sequence is one of the best in the film. It's clean, clear, and avoids all the traps which many directors fall into without even realizing it. It was the way it was done, with ordinary film, which made it into something.

Most of the critics have rejected *The Outrage*. Some of them simply ignore the creative elements in the film. Yet I can look at *The Out-*

rage, and I see things, good things, which have never even been mentioned: the editing, acting, or the visuals. And yet I don't know whether a creative person is the best judge of his work. D. H. Lawrence once said: "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale. The proper function of the critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it." Now, whether he meant this in jest, or in earnest, doesn't really matter. What is important is that the tale, or film, be judged on the validity of the execution, the interpretation. I haven't read any serious review of *The Outrage*. Some people liked it, others disliked it. That's their prerogative. But when I read a review that says this would be a good film if the other film hadn't been made, what can I say? There were several bitter notices about the acting. But I think everyone did a first-class job. A critic is a human being, and therefore entitled to his opinion, right or wrong, good or bad. That again, of course, is what *The Outrage* is all about. For instance, I recently read a long and thoughtful review of *Hud*. The critic found things which other critics didn't find, very perceptive things. But she said one thing that was terrible. She said *Hud* was made by Jewish film-makers, and this, to her mind, satisfactorily explained her concept that we deliberately and shrewdly had chosen the execution of the cattle to exploit the mass feelings of the horror and revulsion associated with the concentration camps. That never even occurred to me. But I can see how she might have arrived at her conclusion. At one of the showings, I happened to be sitting next to a girl who had escaped from Germany during the war. And when that scene came on, she couldn't look at it because it reminded her of a moment in her life which she will never be able to forget. But until that moment, I had never even remotely associated that scene with the concentration camps. And yet the critic said I did it purposely because it would be exploitable. Now she's very bright, and if she's going to come to a conclusion like that, the least she can do is call me and ask: "Is that what you really meant in that scene?" And I'd tell her no,

I was simply showing cattle being slaughtered. In this case the critic had chosen a specific that questioned my artistic honesty. That seems cavalier to me.

I don't mind a bad review if it's substantiated and takes the film seriously. I may not agree with it, but it certainly is a valid point of view. A good critic will make an artist conscious of things he may have taken for granted, or failed to take into consideration. One critic asked why I changed the ending of the film to bring in the baby. Now what can I say to that? Unfortunately, that's the way many of the reviews have been.

But by and large I think *The Outrage* is successful. I think the sequences work, and there are a lot of marvelous moments in it. It is entertaining, and it doesn't compromise with its statement. Some things, I know, slowed it down, like the unveiling of the story which takes place at the station. I would have loved to shoot the entire episode on location. But we couldn't wait for rain, and so, physically, it doesn't have the strength and clarity you can achieve on location. I would not be afraid to measure what exists in this film physically against any American film. But regardless of whether the film is well received or not, the lessons I learned from it were extremely valuable.

In terms of physical manipulation of all the paraphernalia which goes hand in hand with the Hollywood system of film-making, this film was a breakthrough for me. I'd never before done some of the things I did in this picture. Friends said to me: "I hope this film doesn't fail because you may never have the courage to do those things again." In the essential structure of American film-making, the emphasis has always been, and will continue to be, on the commercial success of the film. The studios don't care how many good or bad notices a film receives. All they want is for the picture to return the initial investment and make a profit. There is nothing so thick as the hide of an American dollar. When a film does not succeed financially, the maker of the film always places his career in jeopardy. But whatever the finan-



cial success of this film, the making of it has been, in many ways, its own reward. No matter what the critics say, no matter whether it's well received or not, *The Outrage* gave me the courage to assault what many believe to be an invincible shield in Hollywood.

My next film is *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. I like what it has to say. And I'm

going to shoot it so that it will be rough and strong and bitter and critical and tough and sharp. I'm not going to be afraid to take those extra chances. I won't be afraid to avoid the easy, safe way of making the film. I'm not going to be afraid of what the critics might say. I only hope I don't lose my nerve.

Film Reviews

MAJOR DUNDEE

Director: Sam Peckinpah. Producer: Jerry Bresler. Photography: Sam Leavitt. Music: Daniele Amfitheatrof. Script: Harry Julian Fink, Oscar Saul, and Sam Peckinpah; based on a story by Harry Julian Fink. Columbia.

Ride the High Country was a fairly low-budget film, but it was also small-scale in the sense of having a tight focus on a few major characters, and a small supporting cast. In *Major Dundee* Sam Peckinpah has taken on the challenge of a virtually Fordian epic western—the movement of some seventy men and horses through hundreds of miles of Mexican desert, in the apparently futile pursuit of a marauding Apache. Yet here too the real concern is with an intimate question of character. Where Wayne in *The Searchers*, for example, is after a real enemy to solve an objective (though hardly serious) problem, Charlton Heston's Dundee is like Ahab: his Indian is virtually a pretext for a fatal personal vendetta.

Oddly enough, Peckinpah succeeds easily with the logistical side of his epic. The frequent Indian fights, cavalry charges, river-crossings, and so on are well handled, though there is one inexplicable lapse (for which studio penny-pinching is surely to blame) in the re-use of the same shot of Indians against the sky. And what he was trying to do on the personal side of the film is very interesting. The growing mania of Dundee is defined and given background through a series of encounters with a Confederate officer who is his captive in the prison-fort he has been sent to command: this is his old friend and fellow-cadet, and his moral tormentor. Despite the somewhat theatrical tenor of Richard Harris's performance—complete with greenish bags under his eyes—the scenes of confrontation between the two men have that curious tension which is Peckinpah's forte. This conflict between two obstinate strong men (who come from the ends of the earth literally enough, Tyreen being an Irish immigrant) is handled with the same finesse that marked the

scenes between Joel Macrae and Randolph Scott in *Ride the High Country*. And the exploration of the ambiguities of power and honor is subtle enough, with the exception of a scene bearing on the racism of the Confederate men.

Embarrassingly intertwined with this, however, is a ludicrous sexual appeal involving Senta Berger, a cow-like girl with no acting range to speak of, and sundry other luscious lovelies who seem to have been stuck in as commercial afterthoughts. Berger is so far from the plain but interesting women Peckinpah has directed in film and TV that I suspect she was forced on him for this picture; indeed she is not a woman at all, but what we call a sex symbol—somebody who conjures up booby-fantasies. (So is the deep-cleavage girl with the guitar, who appears briefly, but not too briefly to raise a laugh.) Only one woman seems to be drawn in a manner not alien to the story: an Indian girl of stocky figure who comforts Dundee and is half-heartedly seduced by him. Even she may be a little unduly luscious under the circumstances, but at least she doesn't talk much.

You can sometimes assume that a director has been coerced into having a little fun at his own picture's expense: but what can you say when Senta Berger as Teresa, a young widow, emerges from her village to announce that they have neither food nor drink nor women for the troops—opening up her shawl as she does so to proffer an unusually capacious bosom in a cocktail-party décolletage? Or when she leans against a freshly painted studio-built wall as the troops ride away, like the heroine of some nineteenth-century painting?

Unfortunately, these matters seriously undermine the central story; they are *not* irrelevant and possibly harmless decoration. The portrayal of Dundee was a very large and delicate task; and Charlton Heston's unwieldy presence may have made it an impossible one. Dundee is supposedly a man of immense talent and energy, gripped by growing obsessions and fight-

*Entry
into the
village:*
MAJOR
DUNDEE



ing stubbornly to regain his pride; he is a little mad. But we are led to this understanding chiefly by external evidence. (“After all, he *looks* OK.”) Hence the failure, for example, of a capital line when, having enjoyed Teresa in a sylvan seduction scene, he proposes to her that she come along with him: “The war won’t last forever.” To which she replies: “It will for you, major.” Now this should cap the scene: it should verbalize what we have already felt, in a large way without being pompous; it must be said wryly yet warmly. But since it is delivered flat, and by a woman who is a figure of conventional fantasy, it draws a deserved laugh, and a crucial moment in the film is destroyed.

On Peckinpah’s behalf it must be said that this scene, like others, evidently suffered from severe studio cutting aimed at increasing the “action” appeal of the film, but which in fact destroyed its psychological credibility. (Its rather gruesomely bloody battle scenes came through this process all right.) As the picture was released, Peckinpah asked to have his name

removed from it, stating that he had been denied the chance to edit his own version and preview it, as promised by the producer, and that arguments over the cutting led to his being in effect fired from the project—despite the hoopla of Heston returning his salary to the studio and Peckinpah deferring most of his own, reportedly to get the opening they wanted.

The music, incidentally, is a constant embarrassment—full of sloppy violins in the weak romantic scenes, over-insistent in the opening scenes in the fort, and nauseatingly would-be-commercial in the title song, which is sung by “Mitch Miller and His Sing-Along Gang” and is totally forgettable.

What are we left with? A rather appealing failure: a film with some luminous scenes of confrontation, some relaxed but not pointless humor, some effective scenes of tension in the camp at night when the unseen Apaches are nearby, some charming scenes in the village dance. There is also an odd Peckinpah touch: the escape of Dundee from Durango—a short madcap sequence which makes one wish that

he would next turn to comedy again. But these elements are not satisfactorily fused into a style—whether because there are too many passing defects, or because the basic structure (which means the personality of Dundee) is not really strong enough to support such a long and expansive film. It is a film, whether it went through Columbia's electronic preview system or not, such as one would expect from the system: things on which viewers turn thumbs down can be cut out, but the subtraction of wrongs does not necessarily produce a right. *Major Dundee* will probably please a lot of people a little, but it will not please anyone enormously. And that is still the real challenge.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

ENJO

(Conflagration). Director: Kon Ichikawa. Scenario: Natto Wada and Keiji Hasebe (from the book *KINKAKU-JI* by Yukio Mishima). Photography: Kazuo Miyagawa. Music: Toshio Mayuzumi, Daiei (1958).

ANDY

Written, produced and directed by Richard C. Sarafian. Photography: Ernesto Caparros. Music: Robert Prince. Universal.

There is no question of trying to force parallels between these two films. *Enjo* is Japanese, classical in spirit, its action largely sequestered from everyday life. *Andy* is American, eclectic, its action grounded in the grimmer sections of New York City. They have only two things in common. One of these is an inarticulate hero—a stuttering neurotic (*Enjo*) and a mental defective who only makes noises (*Andy*). This accidental similarity has no significance. What is important—and what prompted me to group these reviews together—is the fact that Ichikawa and Sarafian have, in their distinctive ways, enabled us to understand these heroes; I found myself more immediately responsive to their feelings than to those of many screen characters with full powers of communication.

This is not a back-to-the-silent-days argument against screen dialogue—which would lead to the equally fallacious counterargument that these particular heroes are less complex than most articulate ones. In both films, there is plenty of dialogue from other characters, and this dialogue plays an important part in acting on the heroes or setting their actions into relief. Of course, both Ichikawa and Sarafian do rely heavily on visual means for making us understand their heroes. But it is a blend of the various means at their disposal that accounts for their specifically cinematic success. The two heroes would be impossible on the stage, tedious in a novel; but on the screen they are in their element, and we are in theirs.

Ideally, a foreign film should be able to make its characters and their actions as familiar to us as those of our own country. It is certainly a measure of the directors' stature that Westerners can enter into the family life of Ray's *Pather Panchali* or Ozu's *Tokyo Story*. But sometimes the cultural differences are so wide that the foreign spectator must remain a baffled outsider. Watching Ray's *World of Apu*, for example, a non-Indian can only withdraw emotionally at the point where Apu offers to marry Aparna because her bridegroom has failed to appear for the wedding.

Thus a Westerner has justifiable misgivings about *Enjo*, which is based on the true case history of a neurotic Buddhist arsonist in Japan. The setting is contemporary, which rules out the kind of picturesque exoticism that makes Japanese period pieces (*Yojimbo*, *Sanjuro*) more immediately appealing than their twentieth-century counterparts (*The Bad Sleep Well*, *High and Low*). Nor does Ichikawa have the panache of Kurosawa. Few of Ichikawa's films have been commercially shown in the States; the only one I had seen previously was *Fires on the Plain*, a grim period drama which erred in one direction by being graphic to the point of crudity and in the other with too slack and meandering a construction.

he would next turn to comedy again. But these elements are not satisfactorily fused into a style—whether because there are too many passing defects, or because the basic structure (which means the personality of Dundee) is not really strong enough to support such a long and expansive film. It is a film, whether it went through Columbia's electronic preview system or not, such as one would expect from the system: things on which viewers turn thumbs down can be cut out, but the subtraction of wrongs does not necessarily produce a right. *Major Dundee* will probably please a lot of people a little, but it will not please anyone enormously. And that is still the real challenge.

—ERNEST CALLENBACH

ENJO

(Conflagration). Director: Kon Ichikawa. Scenario: Natto Wada and Keiji Hasebe (from the book *KINKAKU-JI* by Yukio Mishima). Photography: Kazuo Miyagawa. Music: Toshio Mayuzumi, Daiei (1958).

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FILM REVIEWS

Yet *Enjo* turned out to be a beautifully made and moving film. If I had to choose the one film at the second New York Film Festival that came closest to being a work of art, I would name *Enjo*.

Its construction, far from being slack, is an intricate nest of flashbacks. In the opening scene the police are interrogating Goichi, the young priest, to find out why he set fire to a Buddhist temple. Goichi says nothing, and the film proceeds to answer for him. It first goes back to the time when Goichi seeks admission as a novice in the Buddhist monastery where his father, now dead, had been a priest. Thereafter the film makes several excursions into Goichi's adolescence to show his relations with his father—a frail, tubercular man whom he adored—and his mother—a foolish, unfaithful woman whom he despised. The procedure is not in the least original (there is an obvious and close parallel with *Citizen Kane*), but Ichikawa handles it so deftly that it seems neither artificial nor confusing, and in the end it proves to be justified.

Ichikawa tries a little too hard to squeeze significance out of the characters surrounding Goichi. Some of them are types (though not, to Western eyes, stereotypes), unchanging from scene to scene: thus Goichi's mother, perpetually trotting and obsequious, and the assistant superior priest, feline and mercenary. Goichi's only friend, a crippled and embittered schoolteacher, might have been "significant" in the same limited way. By contrast to Goichi, he is over-articulate; and he continually works off his bitterness at being a cripple by reference to Goichi's disability, a stutter. Yet the character—played with saturnine brio by Tatsuya Nakadai (Mifune's chief opponent in *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro*)—is developed beyond this illustrative point, and the relationship between the two men comes convincingly to life. The subtlest characterization, apart from Goichi himself, is of the head priest: a man who would like to be spiritual but cannot resist worldly temptations. He probably understands Goichi better than anyone else does, but because Goichi's asceti-



ENJO

cism pricks at his own conscience he responds with increasingly less sympathy.

Most of the flaws in the construction and characters of *Enjo* are neutralized by the film's sheer visual integrity. Part of the credit here is due to cameraman Miyagawa, who photographed *Rashomon* and *Ugetsu*; yet *Enjo* has little of the former's bravura or the latter's atmospheric beauty. The photography is designed not for virtuosity but for aptness. The compositions within the wide Daiescope format are balanced without seeming calculated. The lighting of the interiors is often low-key without melodramatically pitting pools of light against black shadows. With its directness and control, the visual treatment of *Enjo* reflects the obsessive integrity of Goichi himself—yet also, from time to time, it reveals Goichi's pent-up emotions through some breath-taking images. Each flashback within the major flashback—that is, each time Goichi harks back to his past—is introduced by dissolving the background from the present scene to a brighter past scene, while the foreground remains the same. In the most striking of these transitions, Goichi is looking at the temple; then his father's voice is heard, and the next moment Goichi is standing beside his father, looking at the temple on a summer's day years before.

The film's most unusual images are, not surprisingly, of fire. In the flashback of the father's funeral, his coffin is set on a pyre on a beach. There is a close-up of the coffin as its sides begin to burn; then, with a great crash,

the lid bursts open and a huge flame roars up from inside—to Goichi, perhaps, his father's spirit; to the spectator, Goichi's grief. In any event, this searing image helps explain why Goichi decides in the end to set fire to the beloved temple, preferring to destroy it rather than see it desecrated by people to whom it means nothing.

After the temple has flamed up, Goichi runs away panting, up and over a hill. From here Ichikawa gives us an extraordinary view of the conflagration: the temple and flames are hidden below the hill, and the frame is filled with swarms and eddies of sparks in the night sky. Just as Goichi may have seen his father's spirit rising from the funeral pyre, here he may be seeing the temple's liberated spirit of beauty and serenity.

The fire is the supreme moment of eloquence for *Enjo's* inarticulate hero. This scene points out, in retrospect, how far Ichikawa has made images speak on behalf of Goichi. With the spare, brooding interiors of the monastery and the gray, crowded streets of the nearby city, the calm clarity of the temple and the bright sunlight of the flashback memories, Ichikawa has opened window after window on Goichi's seemingly inaccessible soul. This is his great achievement—that he succeeds in making his neurotic Japanese Buddhist priest both familiar and fascinating.

To urban Americans, at least, the terms of reference in *Andy* pose no problems of unfamiliarity. But, in outline, the film may sound just as off-putting as *Enjo*. Andy, the only son of a Greek immigrant couple living in a Manhattan tenement, is a man of about forty with the brain of a small child. His aging parents reluctantly decide to commit him to an asylum. The evening before he is to leave they give him money to go out and buy a new suit, but instead he gets involved in various adventures in various parts of the city.

Well, most moviegoers begin to shudder when they hear of yet another low-budget film which centers around a man wandering through

a city, emoting here and there. And yes, *Andy* does include such standard features as a sequence in the subway, quite a lot of hand-held shooting, and subjective shots with a wide-angle lens. Moreover, some of the plot incidents are patently contrived (would the parents of a mental defective really give him \$50 to buy a suit by himself?) just as if *Andy* were one of those routine independent movies in which the plot is a pretext for cramming blocks of city streets and whirls of crazy motion into the lens.

But Sarafian is interested in far more than effects, and he has a remarkably good sense of how much meaning an individual shot can be made to convey. He sets out to draw significance not from abstractions—intricate motions of the camera or configurations of movement within the frame—but from concrete objects and human actions. Thus he quietly establishes the fact that Andy never goes out without putting on a knitted cap, so that we can see Andy's childlike dismay when he mislays it. Like a child, too, Andy is fascinated by the hissing exhaust pipe of a chestnut vendor's stove, and by the dolls that a neighboring little girl arranges in her window. When a drunken prostitute takes Andy to her sleazy apartment and begins to caress him, he stands inert, gazing raptly over her shoulder at the twinkling flames of her gas fire.

These simple scenes form a solid foundation for bolder and more lyrical attempts to enter Andy's world. Of these, the least successful are the subjective hand-held shots which send the camera/Andy juddering along streets or up and down fire escapes at moments of tension or excitement. In themselves they are clichés, and in a lesser film they would be a gratuitous strain on the eyes; yet in this well-considered context they do carry some of their intended force.

Another cinematic cliché—the “purple passage” of stunning photography—is transformed here into a triumph. Wandering the deserted streets in the middle of a wintry night, Andy recognizes the distant hissing sound of the chestnut vendor's stove. He stares down the

street, which now takes on a fairyland aspect: the lamps form radiant stars of light, plumes of steam swirl gently up from gratings in the pavement, and through this romanticized cityscape the vendor passes smiling across an intersection. Andy runs after him; but when he reaches the intersection the steam subsides, the lamps are just lamps and there is no vendor on the dark avenue.

Sarafian later develops the idea of this brief illusion into an extended sequence of dazzling and justified virtuosity. Andy is walking in Riverside Park when he hears a voice calling him. Silhouetted against a haze of light, his little girl neighbor is sitting on a swing in a nearby playground. She runs up to him, saying "Oh Andy, I was waiting for you . . . I'm so glad you've come." She leads him back to the playground and they begin to seesaw. Rhythmically, but slowly at first, the scene cross-cuts between them, she being outlined against the haze of light and the star pattern from a lamp, he rising against the black sky. Their seesawing quickens, and so does the cross-cutting; now with each cut the scene zooms in on them in turn as they rise smiling into the air; and now the scenes begin to overlap. I cannot remember the full sequence in detail, but it reaches a climax of fragmentation in which three or four Andys float and shiver with delight; then, as the illusion fades, their movement slackens, and the multiple images merge into a single Andy, lonely in the cold emptiness of the park.

Of course, most directors are capable of devising visual fireworks; and when the script calls for an illusion or a dream, most of them do. This particular sequence impresses not only because it is apt and imaginative but because it is balanced by the general restraint with which Sarafian handles the rest of the film. There is restraint, above all, in the performance of Norman Alden as Andy—an easy, unself-conscious characterization in which the eyes are opened only a fraction wider than normal, the mouth held only a fraction slacker, the walk having only the trace of a shamle. The music,

too, comes in sparing wisps of melody with a hint of Greek folksong about them—a hint that is not merely descriptive of Andy's parentage but, as it accompanies scenes of a New York winter, evokes a general sense of alienation in keeping with the theme of the film.

In short, although I have singled out individual scenes for praise, these are not the sort of incidental felicities that one can find, if charitably enough disposed, in mediocre films. On the contrary, it is the plot flaws and misjudgments of *mise en scène* that are incidental: capable of blurring but not of obscuring Sarafian's vision into Andy's hidden world.

—WILLIAM JOHNSON

THE PUMPKIN EATER

Director: Jack Clayton. Script: Harold Pinter. Photography: Oswald Morris. With Peter Finch, Anne Bancroft, James Mason.

The Pumpkin Eater has all the earmarks of a middle-aged women's chest heaver, one of those mournful domestic dramas of the 'forties and 'fifties in which Hollywood eagerly sacrificed Bette Davis or Joan Crawford to a conspiracy of callous husbands, irresponsible lovers, and thankless children. These were the movies to which one sent one's mother in full assurance that she would return feeling saddened but appeased, perhaps not vindicated but at least remembered. The genre proliferated in England as well, and might even be said to have attained its zenith there when, at the end of World War II, Noel Coward, David Lean, Celia Johnson, Trevor Howard and Rachmaninoff joined forces to make *Brief Encounter*, one of the most exquisitely viscid motion pictures of all time. A redeeming characteristic of these films was their view of women neither as mannikins nor Moms nor creatures who had infiltrated the lives of their men-folk in lieu of a reality of their own; if nothing else the stories

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dealt with women as protagonists, not merely as adjuncts. More often than not, though, lacking both intelligence and copious reminders from the mass media that a sexual revolution is in progress, the so-called "women's films" were too provincially feminine; many men found in them a forbidding, overly private, vaguely menstrual quality that ranked them with beauty parlors, women's diseases, corset shops, and all the other sexually determined domains in which men may not comfortably trespass. It is to this rule that *The Pumpkin Eater* is a rare exception, and Jack Clayton's variably successful efforts to burst the bonds of so dismal a stereotype render his film the most sympathetic failure of the season.

It should be said at the outset that *The Pumpkin Eater* tries to get along on a loose and sometimes inchoate succession of incidents instead of a plot, that its theme emits more reverberations than a single film can possibly hope to keep contained, and that it never quite evolves the half dozen or so cinematic metaphors that might have bound its welter of loose ends satisfactorily together. And all without being in any way an unprofessional job. For the fact is that it is overwhelmingly professional. Oswald Morris's scrupulously lit, posed, angled, and dollied footage makes all but a few recent films look like the most modest of home movies. The soundtrack is clean, noiseless, perfectly balanced, immensely faithful, fraught with "presence," and engineered to the teeth. The whole film, for that matter, is so well engineered that even its location exteriors appear to have been shot in the controlled environment of a sound studio. But cumulatively the effect of all this superb technicianship is often to frustrate and vitiate the material. Godard may look to Brecht for tips on how to achieve a desired measure of remove or impersonality, but, compared to the remove that can come simply of having been made in a modern, well-equipped film factory like Shepperton Studios, Brecht remains decidedly the poor man's source of alienation. Having had, in recent years, to develop the faculty of seeing through the rawness and

crudity of many inexpensive new films in order to penetrate to their essential seriousness, we now find *The Pumpkin Eater* provides an opportunity to penetrate sundry layers of polish and fine machining to its seriousness. For it is, finally, a serious film, even—if the word is still admissible—a provocative one.

The Pumpkin Eater concerns itself with marriage—not really with any special aspect of marriage, but with marriage in just about all of its imaginable ramifications. Under pressure from his Anglo-Saxonhood to avoid and be wary of flashy generalizations, director Jack Clayton exhibits none of the continental genius for extracting a single filament of meaning from an endemically furry subject (Godard succeeds in doing just this in *Contempt*, which is the only other film in recent memory to give intelligent consideration to the subject of marriage; Cayatte's *Anatomy of a Marriage* is entertaining but hardly intelligent). Instead, Clayton allows his themes to unravel virtually at will, and what we are left with is an almost limitless series of possible titles for articles in *Woman's Home Companion*: "Should You Divorce a Second Time?" "When to Stop Having Children," "The Husband as Stepfather," "Feeding a Big Brood on a Small Income," "What if Your Husband Works at Home?" "How to Find Privacy in a House Full of Kids," "Stepping Up Your Life to a Stepped-up Income," "How to Cope with Your Husband's Infidelities," "How to Cope with Your Husband's Lecherous Friends," "How to Cope with Your Psychiatrist." The list is only a partial one, for Clayton has left hardly a marital stone unturned.

It need hardly be said that in hoping to circumscribe so much material in a scant two hours of film, Clayton must necessarily evolve some manner of concise notation, and this without going as far out on a limb as, say, Antonioni did when he approached a subject of comparable scope in *L'Avventura*. Clayton has shown himself, in his first two films, to be a bit too literal and *The Pumpkin Eater* shows itself to be a bit too redolent of closely supervised English money for a risk of that sort to

be seriously undertaken. Hence the system of notation that Clayton does adopt is inconsistent, intermittently successful, always interesting, and ultimately unsystematic.

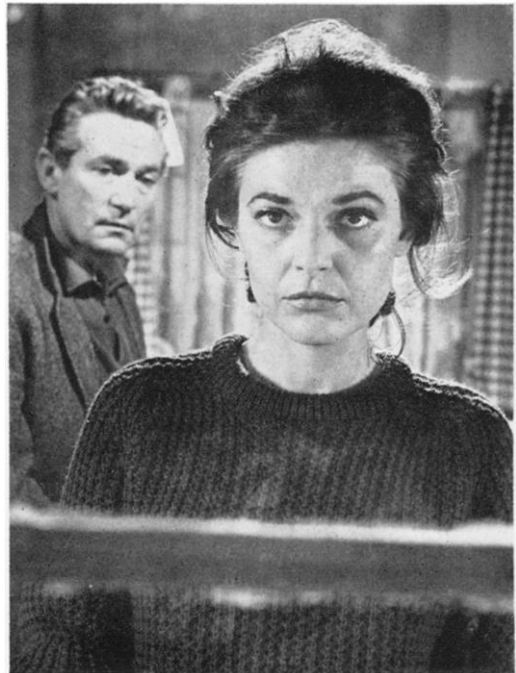
Some examples. Jake Armitage (Peter Finch) first meets Jo (Ann Bancroft) in the home of Jo's second husband. While playing with her numerous children Jake looks up at Jo, Jo returns his glance, there is an instant of silent but pregnant reciprocity (the prose analogue is "Their eyes met"), and forthwith the two are married and furnishing a home. Now this sort of abbreviation is by itself perfectly innocent, but in the context of the film Clayton never quite establishes whether he means it to serve as cinematic shorthand or as an example of arty, English, upper-middle-class socio-sexual shorthand.

A related but somewhat different problem arises over the question of Jo's intelligence: Ann Bancroft *acts* Jo as though she were intelligent, a minor but authoritative character *proclaims* that she is intelligent, but we never see her *do* anything intelligent. Which is not to say that a woman who makes and unmakes two bad marriages, contributes heavily toward ruining a third, and has four times as many children as she needs is perforce not intelligent. Rather, we have to confine ourselves to accepting the fact of her intelligence in much the same way that Mary Bunting or Bruno Bettelheim would have us accept the fact of the intelligence of *all* women; that is, in a film aiming deliberately to be personal, Clayton invests Jo with an intelligence that is less an attribute of her own special character than a representative fragment of that immense corporate female cerebrum that Bunting and Bettelheim enjoin us to harness and subdue before it turns once and for all against us.

A third problem emerges from having had Harold Pinter write the screenplay. Pinter's previous work in film, both on the screenplay of *The Servant* and in the filming of his own play, *The Caretaker* (retitled *The Guest* for distribution), places him among the most promising screenwriters ever to be subsumed

by the big-time cinema establishment. But Pinter is oblique where Clayton is straightforward, eerily allusive where Clayton is expository, ironic where Clayton is earnest. As a consequence, when Peter Finch or Ann Bancroft, both of whom perform more than competently under Clayton's earnest and straightforward direction, open their mouths only to speak Pinter's oblique and allusive lines, the results frequently verge on being a joke. There were times, in fact, when one almost thought oneself a witness to the creation of a wholly new style of serio-comic dramaturgy, and that James Mason, who plays a bitter and foul-mouthed cuckold, was the only principal actor let in on the innovation. Pinter and Beckett may have disabused us of the notion that comedy in serious drama must take the form of relief and be confined to the prattling of jesters and

THE PUMPKIN EATER



buffoons. Still, when Miss Bancroft, nearly broken by the weight of her tribulations, visits her psychiatrist and is told from under accusingly raised eyebrows that it is her unconscious need to justify the pleasures of sex which accounts for her having had all those children, the suspicion that Pinter is having fun at the film's (and even most of its audience's) expense becomes a real one.

Yet, if Pinter is guilty of having subverted *The Pumpkin Eater*, it must also be said that he makes at least a beginning toward rehabilitating it. Without the several scenes in which he is more or less completely given his head, the film would be in serious peril of resembling an Erich Fromm case history transplanted to the United Kingdom. With all its apparent modernity it would be atavistic à la Joan Crawford after all; looking so up-to-date and "representative" and even a trifle clinical it might have turned out to be nothing more than an indication that psychodrama has vaulted the tariff barriers and arrived in England at last.

Instead, *The Pumpkin Eater* represents a valiant, somehow pardonably inaccurate, stab at the problems in practical psychology that constitute so large a part of our twentieth-century existence. The level of aesthetic insightfulness is held well below the minima that Antonioni or Godard or Bergman might have imposed, but Clayton may still be relied upon for an occasionally telling social perception, and Pinter is always good for an inward and downward glimpse at our collective personal abyss. True, a more positive meeting of minds between director and writer might have allowed Morris's cameras, in their persistent close quarters searching of faces, to better decide when they were hunting for grotesquerie and when for verisimilitude, and might have better allowed the actors to make roughly the same decision. All the same, Clayton has made a film about a woman's problems that a man can watch without leaving the theater as though caught in the embarrassing aftermath of a panty raid, and safe conduct for the next director to bring his cameras to the hairdresser's is so much the more assured.—STEPHEN TAYLOR

MAFIOSO

Director: Alberto Lattuada. Script: Marco Ferreri, Raphael Atzcona, Age-Scarpelli. Producer: Dino de Lavrentiis. Zenith International.

As the opening credits and first few minutes of *Mafioso* bounce across the screen, one is led to believe that it will be yet another sketch of the differences between the North of Italy and that rough, rock-strewn, but beautiful island that has sunned so many conquerors in its history, and has recently come under the economic domination (and perhaps exploitation) of the North—Sicily. But as the film progresses, one becomes aware that it is less concerned with the differences between North and South, between Milan and Palermo, than an acute and detailed study of Sicilian customs and manners. Nor is it a mordant comedy of contradictory sexual codes. It is, instead, a study of that strange brotherhood which operates within the Sicilian social system—the Mafia.

On the boat-train crossing the Straits of Messina we see Marta, the lovely, chic, blonde wife of a Sicilian named Antonio, sigh as the shoreline of the Italy she knows grows fainter while the outline of Sicily grows steadily clearer. Marta is Milanese by birth, and Sicily is as strange and unknown to her as it is fondly remembered by Antonio. Filled with boyish enthusiasm, he grins happily at the prospect of returning to Colanzano, his native village. Antonio is puzzled by Marta's sadness; aren't they returning to his family and boyhood home for a two-week holiday? "Isn't Sicily, Italy?" he asks. The answer, as provided by director Alberto Lattuada and his screenwriters, is an almost unqualified No.

The subtle manner in which the local Mafia pulls the reins in on Antonio, eventually forcing him to commit murder, is magnificently catalogued by Lattuada: the reminders by various Mafia men of "what a good kid—a fine hunter," Antonio was as a young boy; the help Antonio received from his village, personified by Don Vincenzo (the chief man—"Mama"—of the local Mafia), who made it possible for him to migrate and find work in Milan; the sly references

buffoons. Still, when Miss Bancroft, nearly broken by the weight of her tribulations, visits her psychiatrist and is told from under accusingly raised eyebrows that it is her unconscious need to justify the pleasures of sex which accounts for her having had all those children, the suspicion that Pinter is having fun at the film's (and even most of its audience's) expense becomes a real one.

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Instead, *The Pumpkin Eater* represents a valiant, somehow pardonably inaccurate, stab at the problems in practical psychology that constitute so large a part of our twentieth-century existence. The level of aesthetic insightfulness is held well below the minima that Antonioni or Godard or Bergman might have imposed, but Clayton may still be relied upon for an occasionally telling social perception, and Pinter is always good for an inward and downward glimpse at our collective personal abyss. True, a more positive meeting of minds between director and writer might have allowed Morris's cameras, in their persistent close quarters searching of faces, to better decide when they were hunting for grotesquerie and when for verisimilitude, and might have better allowed the actors to make roughly the same decision. All the same, Clayton has made a film about a woman's problems that a man can watch without leaving the theater as though caught in the embarrassing aftermath of a panty raid, and safe conduct for the next director to bring his cameras to the hairdresser's is so much the more assured.—STEPHEN TAYLOR

MAFIOSO

Director: Alberto Lattuada. Script: Marco Ferreri, Raphael Atzcona, Age-Scarpelli. Producer: Dino de Lavrentiis. Zenith International.

As the opening credits and first few minutes of *Mafioso* bounce across the screen, one is led to believe that it will be yet another sketch of the differences between the North of Italy and that rough, rock-strewn, but beautiful island that has sunned so many conquerors in its history, and has recently come under the economic domination (and perhaps exploitation) of the North—Sicily. But as the film progresses, one becomes aware that it is less concerned with the differences between North and South, between Milan and Palermo, than an acute and detailed study of Sicilian customs and manners. Nor is it a mordant comedy of contradictory sexual codes. It is, instead, a study of that strange brotherhood which operates within the Sicilian social system—the Mafia.

On the boat-train crossing the Straits of Messina we see Marta, the lovely, chic, blonde wife of a Sicilian named Antonio, sigh as the shoreline of the Italy she knows grows fainter while the outline of Sicily grows steadily clearer. Marta is Milanese by birth, and Sicily is as strange and unknown to her as it is fondly remembered by Antonio. Filled with boyish enthusiasm, he grins happily at the prospect of returning to Colanzano, his native village. Antonio is puzzled by Marta's sadness; aren't they returning to his family and boyhood home for a two-week holiday? "Isn't Sicily, Italy?" he asks. The answer, as provided by director Alberto Lattuada and his screenwriters, is an almost unqualified No.

The subtle manner in which the local Mafia pulls the reins in on Antonio, eventually forcing him to commit murder, is magnificently catalogued by Lattuada: the reminders by various Mafia men of "what a good kid—a fine hunter," Antonio was as a young boy; the help Antonio received from his village, personified by Don Vincenzo (the chief man—"Mama"—of the local Mafia), who made it possible for him to migrate and find work in Milan; the sly references

to Antonio having been a fine "carrier pigeon" (actually a messenger boy in the Mafia hierarchy).

Nothing is ever stated directly. Antonio is never ordered to kill an unruly "little son" who happens to live in New Jersey (the international ties of the Mafia are hinted at when the general manager of the Milan plant, an American of Italian descent, asks Antonio to deliver a package to Don Vincenzo); it is almost as if he has been asked, very chivalrously, if he should like to do a favor for his mother and relieve her of this bothersome task. Could any faithful son refuse? And then there are the consequences if this "little son" should refuse.

Alberto Sordi is magnificent in the difficult central role of Antonio. He succeeds in conveying how his love for his native land, and his adherence to certain age-old traditions, actually serves to imprison him, leaving him with no choice but to execute the "commission" that so thoroughly repels him. Sordi's change-over from the efficient, rather stuffy Milan factory foreman, is accomplished with such consummate artistry that it gained him the Italian film critics' best actor award for 1963. Slowly, through his own good nature, his fidelity to the rigid traditions of honor and loyalty which Sicilians demand of each other, Antonio helps draw the noose tighter around his own neck.

And it is precisely the cruel manner in which the Mafia perverts the values of honor and loyalty, uses tradition for its own ends, that the film exposes so mercilessly. For it is not only the threat of reprisal against his family, but Antonio's sense of almost familial obligation to Don Vincenzo that impels him to fulfill the "commission." Lattuada makes abundantly clear how integrated the Mafia has become within Sicilian society—how its tentacles stretch from the past to the present, from one economic class to another—when a young boy, maybe seven or eight years old, a reminder and a bridge to his own "carrier pigeon" days, calls Antonio to the villa of Don Vincenzo.

Beneath the surface formalities which so strictly govern Sicilian life runs a swift undercurrent of violence and brutality, which not

only permits the inevitable, periodic inter-family flareups, but also provides an atmosphere conducive to the continued survival of the Mafia. Lattuada demonstrates how honor and loyalty are not only viciously and cynically used by the Mafia for its own ends, but, as is frequently the case, are adhered to with such unbending passion by the Sicilians, that they lead to ridiculous and stupid cruelties. An example is a hilarious but grotesque fight between two withered, toothless old men due to a *minor* misunderstanding.

Death is ever present in the daily life of the Sicilians; they live with death and there is a strange matter-of-fact acceptance of it which indirectly tends to aid the Mafia. Throughout the first half of the film there are quick and expert glimpses of the end result of the brutality that lies just beneath the surface of Sicilian life, as well as the almost passive acceptance of death by violence. Arriving in the village, Antonio and Marta pass the dead body of a young boy. Antonio asks how he died; the answer, stated blankly and with calm resignation: "Two pistol shots."

Lattuada looks upon this calm acceptance of violence and death with cold irony. What he shows up is not man's courageous acceptance of his fate in the face of nature, but rather a perverted and imposed fatality—imposed by centuries of living as underprivileged human beings in a land ruled, for the most part, by a band of thieves and murderers. When "Mama" tells Antonio that, "What must be will be," it is obvious that the end result of "Mama's" fatalism will be the death of a human being, not through any natural causes or by honest accident, but rather because human minds have *directed* it. And it is only because Antonio has been brought up in a society in which loyalty is honored to the point of absurdity that "Mama" is able to ask such favors, and expect compliance, of a "little son." And there is also, of course, the other face of the Mafia: quite early in the film it is established that "Mama" is also a respected member of the community, a man who has done much good for the town and its citizens.

The implication here is that the power of the Mafia and the loyalty (at least the refusal to inform on it) it receives from many Sicilians are due, in part, to the Italian government having reneged on many of its obligations to the island. At times, in the face of Northern exploitation, the Mafia has been the only agent protecting the interests of the Sicilians. Perhaps the film is saying, thus, that Italy has gotten the Sicily it deserved, and that given the chances offered by education and social reform, these stout people could play a vital part in contemporary Italian society, as did Antonio in going North.

I do not mean to undercut the film's achievements by stating that cinematically, it provides no surprises, and needs none. A film concerned with social documentation requires no more than the direct, narrative style that Lattuada has wisely seen fit to make use of. Technical credits are all first-rate, especially the harsh black-and-white tones captured by Armando Nannuzzi's cameras which add a documentary flavor while also excellently serving to high-

light the violence which underlines this film.

The material explored in *Mafioso* is so engrossing and the performance of Sordi so expert, that it would be easy to overlook the film's minor faults. However, though Lattuada subtly details the manner in which the Mafia tightens its hold on Antonio, a little too much time is spent observing material extraneous to the dramatic structure of the film. The film, as a result, tends to drag after the first hour. Two further minor points of criticism: When Antonio arrives in New York, the director goes wild with sharp camera angles and abrasive cutting. Antonio had, it is true, made the trip to New York in an airfreight crate, but it's still overdone. Finally, the director's image of American gangsters is derived exclusively, it would seem, from the George Raft and Edward G. Robinson films of the 'thirties and 'forties. These American Mafia heavies would have better been replaced by some direct observation of their current counterparts.—YALE M. UDOFF.

GIDEON BACHMANN

Francesco Rosi:

AN INTERVIEW

Rosi is still a virtual unknown to American moviegoers, though in Europe he has been a major figure since winning, in 1963, the Golden Lion of San Marcus, the first prize of the Venice Film Festival, for *Mani Sulla Città* (*Hands Over the City*). And now Rosi has completed another film, *Momento della verità*, which is anxiously awaited by the critics. As the title, *Moment of Truth* indicates, it is a bullfighting story, and in it Rosi attempts to solidify his

formula of finding his story in reality, of creating a dramatic form of documentary film, which he believes eliminates "the boredom of truth." The only film that Rosi has made which has been shown in the United States on anything resembling a public scale is *Salvatore Giuliano*, the story of the Sicilian bandit leader of the Mafia, killed under mysterious circumstances some years after the war to the accompaniment of one of the biggest scandals in the Italian gov-

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Rosi
directing
MANI
SULLA
CITTA



ernment. But Salvatore's story (a real story, documented and re-enacted from the historical records) was not Rosi's first film—he had already completed *La Sfida* and *I Magliari*—but it was the first film that created a stir, largely because of its combination of an explosive subject matter and a form which in its mixture of actuality and dramatization showed the way for Rosi's later amalgamations of the real and the construed. This film was immediately successful, garnered prizes at a number of festivals, brought about some serious political double-taking in Italy, and put Rosi in the class of film maker generally—and often wrongly—known as “engaged.”

In fact, Rosi is not a man who seems really to know what his own political views are, and his films do not really take positions in that sense. Nor does he seem to be secure in his aesthetic principles. His first films, those before *Salvatore Giuliano*, while dealing with ostensi-

bly social themes—a feud among market racketeers in Naples and the adjustment problems of Italian workers in Germany—did so in fully dramatic terms, with chase-buildups, name actors, intercutting, sombre lighting, and the rest, and while the viewer was being called upon to participate in the particular plights, he was not led to any conclusions other than the realization that some things in the world were bad. But in *Salvatore Giuliano*, through a coincidence of circumstance and ability to utilize it filmically, Rosi suddenly became the standard bearer, *malgre soi*, of the group of young Italian film makers who have chosen a sort of engaged realism as their form: Olmi, De Seta, Pasolini, Bertolucci, Brass, and Festa Campanile.

Perhaps I should not use the adjective “young” in so sweeping a manner. This group is not a group, but their films follow similar lines, and some of these, like de Seta's *Bandits at Orgosolo* and Olmi's *The Job*, have found at least

sporadic American exhibition. But these are all men in their thirties or early forties. What makes them young is the concern that their works show for the conflicts in today's Italy between the accepted and the underlying realities of daily life—that is to say, between that which the normal Italian accepts as his lot and that which he really feels; in short, a concern for the injustices that Italian society inflicts upon itself.

But Rosi is a bad standard bearer, although he makes good films, because he has not decided to be one. He makes his films out of a consciousness that he lives in an unjust society, and out of an artist's capacity of showing this injustice on the screen. He has a knack for finding the small detail, the significant pebble, as it were, and to reconstruct, out of these found elements, a rather traditionally theatrical continuity. While telling his stories, he reverts continually to naturalism, and while he portrays the slums of Naples in documentary manner, his camera simultaneously dramatizes. He is not a documentary film-maker and he is not a teller of stories. His new film about bullfighting, in which he is no longer aided by the presence of an extraordinary actor like Rod Steiger in *Mani Sulla Citta*, shows his weaknesses completely: it is formless, non-coherent (not incoherent), it cannot decide whether to use the techniques of *cinéma vérité* or Gianni di Venanzo's romantic dusk-color camera, his staged scenes clash badly and ineptly with the endless, and bloodily realistic, corridas, and finally, his point that bullfighting is a poor man's way of gaining wealth and attention until he falls victim to his ambition and therewith to the system, is in no way upheld consistently and we are carried to moments of exaltation that tend to glorify rather than to attack the corruption of the ring.

It seems safe to assume by now that Rosi's name will, in the next few years, loom larger in Italian cinema. The success of his films will continue to be fostered by their subject matter, and perhaps he will find a more single-minded conviction and a style to express it. There seems no doubt today that he is one of the most dynamic

of Italian directors, a Neapolitan in blood and derivation, and that he has chosen to follow a hard road for an artist in Italy: to buck the establishment, to enter courageously those halls where producers often fear to tread, and to make his statements without pity. There is danger in his road, but it is a danger he could overcome.

As a young man he studied law, and in fact there remains an interest in law in his film work: both *Salvatore Giuliano* and *Mani Sulla Citta* are concerned with legal and courtroom procedures, and contain lengthy sequences set in court. Rosi today, however, feels that his sole reason for having studied law was because he had not properly decided his life's road, and not because he had or has an intrinsic interest in it. As he says:

Perhaps the fact that there are scenes of courts in these two films of mine is a residue of my studies, a sort of remorse for not having finished them, but I didn't insert them because I want to make a point about our legal system or because law interests me still.

But you do seem to have interests in making films that go beyond cinema; I mean, from seeing your strong, often programmatic films, one retains the impression that film-making for you is only the best way to say something of a value that goes beyond film making. In SALVATORE GIULIANO you tackle the problem of the Mafia and make some courageous attempts to brand government corruption, and in MANI SULLA CITTA you attack, rather severely, corruption in city government and tie-ins with monopolistic industry. So your films become carriers of messages that go beyond entertainment, beyond art.

This is not my intention. I do not want to create works of propaganda. I think my interest in these matters derives from the fact that we, in Italy, have arrived at the conquest of democracy rather late, and that in fact this conquest is still continuing, and thus each one of us is actually participating in this conquest through his own conscience in his daily life. So I think that I make these films simply out of a sense of participation in the daily development of the

society in which I live. I am probably making them in this way in order to deepen my own understanding and the understanding of others of our daily reality.

Do you believe that making films can be solely a pursuit of personal research? Or does it always have to be at the same time a clarification for others?

Well, I'll give you an example. This may show you that there is no difference between the two possibilities. When I made *Mani Sulla Citta* I was amazed to find out how intrinsically important, and far-reaching for each citizen, can be the discussions in city council in a large city. Because my film dealt with corruption in the city administration, I had to do research to discover how this corruption travels, and finally I included in the film both my research and the conclusions I had found. Thus my own search became a clarification for others.

MANI SULLA CITTA carries an end title which says: "All the characters and events in this film are fictitious. The social and economic situations which have given birth to them, are not." And you treat things that many other directors would be afraid to treat, with accuracy and courage. Do you consider yourself a pioneer of a new kind of Italian cinema? Or do you feel that your work falls into the tradition of SPERDUTI NEL BUIO and classic neorealism?

Of course, I benefit from a certain tradition of realism in Italian art, but I also think that my work is very timely and tied to this particular historical moment. What I try to do now, is not to apply a story that I have invented to an existing reality—as has been the practice in Italian cinema—I rather try to analyze that which really exists around me, and to find a story in it. I try not to invent characters and situations, but to find them in actuality, in the life around me. I want my stories not to express themselves solely in their mechanical progressions, nor through a traditional psychological analysis of the participants, but rather through the morality, the behavior, the dialectical placement of the participants in history, as condi-

tioned by the environment and the society of which they are part. I want to find characters that are hidden in reality itself, not characters whose actions and emotions can be prejudged and guessed as in novels. Unfortunately the cinema has established a whole tradition of fiction and invention, so that today it is only unreal characters and foreseeable conclusions that the public wants in films. I am trying to break this tradition by looking for characters in real life, whose actions and reactions may not always be so predictable; characters less literary and closer to life.

Does that mean that you are more interested in making a statement about history than you are in telling the story of individuals?

No. I always concentrate on the stories of individuals. But I am trying, through these stories of individuals, to relate a condition, to "tell a city" (*raccontare una citta*). There is no space or time in a normal film to do this by showing everything and everybody that exist in reality in a specific place, nor can I do justice to a specific time through the psychological concentration on a few people. Thus I must find a middle way, and in *Mani Sulla Citta*, for example, I have tried to show only a few individ-

Rosi directing Rod Steiger



uals, but to show not their private lives but their public lives, and thus in telling the story of few I hope to have alluded to the story of the many. By telling the public lives of the men that I choose, I can indicate a larger truth than I could by telling only the souls and the private lives of some few citizens.

Unlike documentary films, you do not try to provide, in your work, all the information that could be gathered by an objective observer. By choosing pieces of reality, selected typical characters, you weave a pattern that leaves a lot to be filled in by the viewer. Do you intentionally want to make the reviewer work more than is usual in traditional films?

It shouldn't be too great an effort for the public, but they should have the sense of participation, yes. I don't want them to be simply sitting there, following everything only with their emotions; I'd like them to employ their logical and rational faculties as well.

Do you want to create a non-emotional cinema?

Oh, no! The road of the cinema is the road of emotions. It cannot follow the logical progression of an essay. The first impact, the language of the image, is emotion. All logic can only be expressed, in cinema, through the emotive door. But we cannot stop with the emotion: it should be utilized for the expression of a deeper meaning, as an entry to an involvement on a logical level. And film should help its viewers to develop judgment. That's also why I don't believe films should be too long—this hampers the growth of something inside the person, something that he could otherwise go home with, think about, and maybe derive some positive use from. Constant bombardment with emotions dulls his sensibility and capacity for thinking. At the same time I try to keep him amused, but I hope that he will obtain a sense of participation from that part of my films that makes him think. I like it, when people laugh, but I like it equally well when they cry, or when they ask questions. I think people should feel that film is something that calls to them, not something

that arrives, all ready, leaving them all their laziness. One cannot watch a work of art, especially a film, in complete laziness. If you go to a museum, and see a Goya, you are shocked, you feel ill, perhaps, or wonderful. But not indifferent. You can't walk out feeling the same as when you walked in. I don't think it's possible, anyway. The same should happen in films—I mean, in those films that try to be more than mere escapism. There should be, behind the images, the feeling of culture, the feeling of the "civism" of the men who made it. If not, it is an insult to the intelligent viewer.

Are you so sure that the public doesn't sometimes prefer to be insulted, in return for not having to work? And isn't it inherent in the form of the cinema that it makes the decisions for you? For example: you can watch your Goya as long or as little time as you choose; but in cinema, it is the director who decides how long a shot will be held on the screen, and thus it is he who controls your emotional reactions, at least as far as the time element is concerned. And with color and photography, acting and direction, he also controls, almost completely, all your other reactions. How are you going to leave the viewer enough freedom to react as an individual?

I think that all the films that really reach people reach them precisely through this process of control. The film-maker takes the public by the hand, and for two hours, or an hour and a half, he leads you through his world. It's a completely emotional relationship, and that's why it's such an enormous responsibility to make films. The cinema is the only art form, the only means (and I include television in the definition of cinema in this context) which allows you to make thousands of people think the same thing at the same time. It is the most terrible responsibility. Just think how the cinema has changed the face of Europe: even if we had not wanted to, we couldn't have helped becoming, in a certain way, Americanized. And not only we in Europe. Look at Japan, for example. Think about youth all over the world today: it's

becoming uniform, it changes to adopt an image suggested by the cinema. Can you imagine this responsibility? The fact is, that making films is not a private function, like poetry can be (or like some think it can be). So it is better to think about the effect of your films before making them. Not with a conscious decision to “do good,” but with the knowledge that they will be heard widely (and I’m saying “heard” and not “seen” consciously). But I don’t think an artist should start with the clear notion of trying to change society. This could easily lead to works that have very little to do with art. I don’t want to make manifestos, but I try to remember that films can influence the customs of a whole historical period. The way I am, if I express it openly in film, can be of meaning to others, but only if I don’t consciously try to impose myself. If the work is really part of me, and thus really resembles me, then—through the fact that I am part of a certain historical moment—the work can have contemporary meaning.

Does there exist, for you, an objective truth?

There exists an objective reality. But truth is that which each one of us manages to harvest from this reality, to interpret and to express.

Then if you make a film that is to speak—as you say—to millions, you must consider also the truth seen by others, because it may differ from yours?

Consider it, yes, but bow to it, no. I must consider it from two points of view: first, because I hope my films will have a wide distribution, and if I expect a positive result, I must make them so that they can have this distribution. And secondly, because I am also one of the millions, and hope that my truth corresponds to the basic truths of my time. All arts, today, have become more public. Even paintings have come out of the palaces of the nobility into general circulation, and thus have become social movers, in a certain sense. And of course film has always addressed itself to the mass; that is its function. By “positive result” I simply mean that it fulfills its function in that sense. It is destined to “arrive,” and the man of the cinema must

occupy himself with this—also commercial—arrival. But this is a problem that artists have in all disciplines. The only difference is that the cinema is such a big industry. A painter can work in a certain revolutionary way all his life without being understood, and he can say to himself that this is fine, because one day he will be understood, that he is ahead of his time, that he understands things the others do not yet understand. But in cinema there exist other rules, rules not only for the distribution of film works, but also for their creation. It’s because it costs more than a painting, very simply. And although we often see changes in these rules occurring as a result of the courageous departures on the part of one or another man of the cinema, and although the public taste may often cause a change in these rules, or a change in public taste may be caused by such a departure, the basic facts remain: film is destined for the mass. One keeps hearing the same tired old stories from producers: that the public is infantile, that it lacks any cultural refinement, that it is insensitive, and often the financial results of a film bear out these theories. But often there are exceptions: films that are difficult of language but manage to have an enormous success. This is the area in which research is important: how to make films that can carry serious thoughts but at the same time obtain wide circulation. In cinema the discovery of the relationship between the creative origins of an idea and its creative expression is much more important than in the other arts. We must learn to relate the levels of creation with the levels of comprehension.

How do you avoid “talking down”?

It’s not just a matter of low common denominators, as you seem to imply. It’s also a psychological fact: people, when they are in groups, somehow seem to be more readily convinced by more accessible forms. The individual judgment is influenced by the suggestivity of the mass, by many small factors that cannot be controlled. A man alone judges a work differently than one who is part of even a small group of, let’s say,

ten persons. This can be both good and bad—sometimes people alone do not find something funny in a film, but if others are laughing, they find it funny, too. Or else, they may be taken aback by the lack of reaction of the group to something they feel is funny, and be stifled into silence. Man is a social animal. And all this is on top of the fact that films are often projected badly and the sound is reproduced badly. It would be wonderful if you could control everything until its “arrival,” but one can’t. So what is left to do is to take into consideration the thousand possibilities of wrong or unexpected turns in the road.

Does this “taking into consideration” imply adjusting the work to the possibility of misunderstanding? What I am trying to find out in this entire conversation, is the point where consciousness enters—at what point does the thing that is being said become more important than the work of art as art—or does it ever? And if it does, how do you keep from being propagandistic?

It is a question that each artist must answer for himself, and each member of the public as well. I am not so sure that to speak to the mass means lowering one’s standards, and certainly not diminishing what one wants to say. There is a common language in the world, it is the language of emotion. We each love, hate, feel joy, hunger, cold and happiness. Each one, from the “lowest” to the most intellectually refined, speaks this language. I think your “point of consciousness” doesn’t always have to be reached at all—the artist expresses himself much less consciously than critics often believe (or want to allow him), and it is through this language of emotions that things often get said without being said in clear terms; it is in this way that I think the *being* of an artist speaks directly to his public, provided he is really part of his time. And it doesn’t depend on the story, the world success of the Olivier *Hamlet* is caused by its universally recognizable language of emotion, not by its contemporaneity. Its truth is believable everywhere.

I see a great danger in believability. Nobody cares about the “real truth” in a clearly fake film like GONE WITH THE WIND. But when one makes films like you—shooting in real streets and utilizing real situations—people see trees, streets, people that are real and therefore believable. And so they automatically assume that the overriding truth that is inherent in your film is also the real truth—the objective truth—and they are misled into believing not only that such an overriding truth exists, but also that it is the one you present. What then happens to your stipulation that the viewers should be allowed, each one, to make their own interpretation of reality? It seems to me that you become, whether you want to or not, an apostle for a very specific reality, for a personal truth.

No, because I demonstrate it dialectically. I must make people understand that what I show is *one* truth, and that others may exist. What I try to show is this inner fight, my inner fight, to find my truth, in the things that I show. But even my own interpretation of the truth that I see is a dialectical interpretation. I must make the public participate in my dialogue with reality, in my research. It is only if I fail to make them understand that mine is just one interpretation, that I could fall victim to the danger that you outline. But I try always to make clear in my films that what I say is what I see, not what objectively exists. That is, as in all other arts, I see a certain reality, interpret it, digest it, and try to render it to the public in the way in which I see it, but not by saying to them that it is the only one that exists. Thus reality, digested by me, becomes the expression of my personality. And it doesn’t matter whether you make films that are contemporary in setting, or deal with history or drama—what a man says in film is what he has understood from life, is that which he is.

Books

I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES

(By Pauline Kael. Boston: Atlantic-Little Brown. \$6.00)

How do you review a friend's book? People will always suspect that, as Shaw said in noticing a volume by William Archer, you "roll each other's logs with a will." (Or else that you are evening old scores.) So let me begin by saying: everybody who has any real interest in films ought to buy this book. It is the best book of film criticism since Agee; and I note with satisfaction that it is selling like hotcakes.

Miss Kael reads even better collected than she did scattered in the periodicals; the extraordinary force of her personality is here on sustained display. There is no one who can match her—which of course is what is so maddening to readers, for everyone reacts to at least some of her opinions as wildly off-base and irritating; yet, when you come to the concrete questions on which the arguments turn, you usually find her position much sounder than it originally seemed.

In a sense, the very energy of her prose stirs up misunderstandings; and since I cannot review the book in any ordinary sense I propose to clarify some of these. (Incidentally, the jacket blurb is no help—half of what it says isn't true, and it naturally falls into the title trap, demurely noting that Miss Kael lost "her illusions" at the movies. As far as *I* can make out, Miss Kael has always been too busy watching the movies to lose—or miss—much of anything there.) For one thing, despite the ardor of her attacks on Communists and what she considers the imbecilities of liberals, Miss Kael is not a rightist. When she says that the United States has now achieved "a prosperous, empty, uninspiring uniformity" or pokes fun at people who get agitated about political issues, she is not trying to do a conservative whitewash. It is just that her focus is on cultural and personal style (on art) rather than on politics or social realities as such. In fact, if her political position had to be classified, I venture she is rather like

what my friends and I used to be called, in student political struggles: "Trotskyite wreckers"—which is to say, persons of left views who refuse to ignore the unfortunate knobby realities that obstruct the supposed march of the good. It is, of course, more fun to do this than simply to attack the establishment: both because the forms of the establishment are so dull and because you know that if you attack a liberal with convincing arguments it will mean something to him, whereas to the establishment it is only words. But to notice this does not mean you can discount the arguments. For instance, in her famous piece on *Salt of the Earth*, Miss Kael's diagnosis of the film as an opportunist political tear-jerker is perfectly sound. She may be a trifle over-wrought in making a horrified case that Communist propagandists use local issues and homey traditions (as if this were some novel subterfuge they invented) and she does not, I think, see how blandly reformist the action of the picture would seem to a labor historian. But her piece offended so many readers precisely because of its great moral passion: to indict the filmmakers for hypocrisy, and the audience for succumbing to it. (She didn't, unfortunately, get around to indicting the projectionists' union for refusing to run the picture.) Well, nobody likes to be called a sucker, but sometimes it's necessary; and no one does it better.

There are readers (and critics) who consider Miss Kael a vengeful individual, and talk of "terrorist criticism." Now of course the expression of her particular kind of fervor is, to use one of her phrases, her idea of a good time; one of the compensations of writing unremunerative things like film criticism is that you are practically bound to write as pleases you or not write at all. As to Miss Kael's private private life, I am not informed. But she likes to pretend that her attacks on film-makers, audiences, or other critics are purely impersonal acts—part of the cultural body-politic as a political tirade might be, and separable from the persons involved. She maintains this is because of her Western upbringing (and when she "calls somebody that," she *does* smile);

but I think it is because, as a zealous moralist, she persists in hoping that people can rise above personal disputes. Of course they can't—critics bleed just as easily as anybody—but this always comes as a shock to her, and I suspect she puts the resulting enmities down as further miserable evidence of corruption and stupidity.

Nor is Miss Kael an unreconstructed Hollywood conservative, as has already been charged. She may lay a trifle unbending emphasis at times on the idea that movies ought to be *fun*, dammit; but the films she likes, when you look them over, are not particularly a jolly lot. Nor is her aversion to certain recent stylistic patterns a rigid one. It is, again, easy to think her more dogmatic than she really is. For instance, in her introduction she laments the European experiments, like *Marienbad* or *La Notte*, which abandon the strong, direct narrative line of the American films on which she was brought up; and she speculates on the cultural and economic significance of this trend. But the film she uses most as evidence is *This Sporting Life*, against which she brings up such a variety of ammunition that you cannot help feeling sympathetic to poor Lindsay Anderson. True, he scrambled his time sequence—but for the same reason as Prévert and Carné in *Le Jour Se Lève* (which Miss Kael likes): flashbacks can directly confront the past and apparent present and hence generate a suspended poetic tone which is especially useful in character studies of this rather romantic type. But she is so eager to clobber Anderson that she cannot resist a tendency to “Kael and Over-Kael,” though it may damage her own general argument or even make her appear dense in having trouble with a plainly perspicuous film. (We have argued over this kind of thing at length, and both of us still think the other is unreasonable.)

Every reader, naturally, will find passages where he thinks that he has caught the lady with her pants down. *Viridiana* “incomprehensible”? I would have thought it more likely to seem sophomorically simple, or at least a demonstration whose rigor verges on the ghoulish. The end lines of *Seven Samurai* (“Again

we survive.” “Again we lose—the winners are those farmers, not us.”) “a little ‘deep thought’ which is not only highly questionable but ludicrously inadequate”? I would have thought it a nice irony: that these three samurai have indeed survived, once more and so far, courageous remnants of a class that has all but vanished; and also a dry but resounding statement—honorably understated—about just what their magnificent heroism comes to, which seems to me notably Kurosawan in its laconism.

But it is discussion of disagreements which has made the film scene, in Berkeley as elsewhere, the liveliest segment of postwar culture; it is films above all which the intellectual community has thought about and talked about, films which have been *worth* talking about because they could provide a common body of artistic experience lacking in the more fragmented worlds of fiction or art. Through her brilliantly concise program notes at the Cinema Guild and her radio broadcasts on KPFA, Miss Kael was the chief stirrer of this local stew; and through her articles in the journals her unsettling and stimulating influence reached out into the film world generally. As I write this she is off to Los Angeles and New York to plug the book, and we in the sober quarterlies may not see much of her but dust from now on. In which case our loss will be the greater public's gain—Miss Kael is the only critic around who is tough enough to break the witless spell of trivial amusement cast by the critical clowns in the big magazines. Congenital optimist though I am, I think things are even worse than Miss Kael fears: it is the highly personal “art films” she deplores (which as she says are what attracts the real talents) that are going under in every film industry on earth, while the Levine-DeSica or Doris Day confections, with only a very occasional *Baby Jane*, are cleaning up. If box-office is any guide, we are witnessing a polarization toward precarious, infrequent experiments on the one hand and big, frivolous entertainments on the other. The movies in the next few years, I predict, will offer so many “good times” that even Miss Kael will have her work cut out for her. —ERNEST CALLENBACH

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worst in interpreting films. "[In *L'Avventura*] the lost girl may symbolize love or passion, the barren island where she disappears is surely the world. The symbols are clear and potent. We cannot doubt them." (Not even a teeny bit?) But if you want to get things straight and simple, this is the book: it is full of truisms like "Film is by its nature a narrative art as well as a visual art." Ready, class?—E. C.

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he's left with hardly anything to do at all.) But Foote and Mulligan aren't afraid of excitement even at the risk of melodrama; and there is one tremendous moment when they swerve triumphantly away from what seems to be a maudlin impasse.

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The Disorderly Orderly. Jerry Lewis directed by Frank Tashlin, with sentimentality in decent bounds. As usual, the humor comes in bits and pieces, but most of it works well enough. Lewis even exhibits a certain restraint—not that he tries *too* hard not to try too hard. Tashlin can make the opening of a door look rich and strange; and while this is not always appropriate, that hardly matters in so arbitrary a film. (The hospital-sanitarium is pretty rich and strange itself.)

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How to Murder Your Wife; or rather, how to get away with it without having done it. Jack Lemmon only plots the murder of the remarkable Verna Lisi for his wretched comic strip, but he confesses anyway, and the male jury acquits him in order to intimidate all the domineering wives of America. George Axelrod's script has tolerable comic ideas and details, but the plotting is loose and illogical; it also has satirical pretensions, and sitting through the concluding sequences is too much like sitting through another inferior remake of *An American Tragedy*. Richard Quine tends to direct for comedy, and all that works well are the farcical touches. But Jack Lemmon can make anything amusing, even the unconvincing impulse to dispose of Miss Lisi.

Hush, Hush . . . Sweet Charlotte does not begin with the most shocking scene ever filmed, as advertised; it begins with perhaps the longest pre-titles sequence ever filmed, including a few disgusting shots with which producer-director Robert Aldrich out-Castles Castle. Years later, still before the titles, during the titles and in the film proper, Charlotte (Bette Davis) is still understandably upset by this butchery. She tries to hang on to the gloomy Southern mansion where it happened, and appeals for help from her cousin (Olivia de Havilland), who does something in public relations. ("It sounds pretty dirty to me," says Charlotte, and it is.) The house-keeper (Agnes Moorhead) does not welcome this intrusion. What happens bears a certain resemblance to *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane*, *Diabolique*, and a lot of other films. Very cinematic things keep happening in the dark; few of them work well as part of the whole cliché, but they are impressive for the force which Aldrich and his extraordinary cast bring to them—especially Bette Davis.

Invitation to a Gunfighter. A deplorable, significant

Western which makes little sense and concludes in deep, ironic confusion. Gunfighter Jules Gaspard D'Estaing (Yul Brynner) is more interested in social comment than his work, because he is a mulatto, but he tends to think of dissent in terms of breaking store windows and shooting people. He comes to a bad end, but perhaps it is a moral victory.

Joy House. From a puritanical viewpoint this is a bad film—not because it's full of joy (the title is ironical) but because René Clément now exemplifies the saying, "When good directors die, they become photographers." Startling angle shots, intricate dolly shots, dizzy pulled-focus shots, bizarre compositions, shots through glass and water and into mirrors, all these and more are plastered over a rickety and preposterous story about two predatory women (Lola Albright and Jane Fonda) in pursuit of a nimble layabout (Alain Delon—even worse in English than in French). However, anyone who can forget about plausibility and aesthetics can also enjoy this film. Its technical virtuosity is both exciting and amusing; for Clément, in his second incarnation, is a very good photographer indeed.

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Kiss Me, Stupid. A peculiarly grimy comedy. Rather than prostitute his loving wife (Felicia Farr) to a venal singer named Dino (Dean Martin), an insanely jealous song-writer (Ray Walston) substitutes a real prostitute (Kim Novak). The film is not a total loss; the prostitute's overplaying her part, for instance, works quite well. But the characters are miscast and unpleasant, the double-entendre and name-dropping sound tired at best, the staging rarely seems more than competent and the tone seems contemptuous.

Love Has Many Faces—like abuse, unhappiness, humiliation, rejection, degradation, sacrifice, violence and death. . . . This certainly is a woman's picture, and Kit Jordan (Lana Turner), a rich woman who cannot have children and adopts beach boys, is certainly miserable throughout—from the time an old beach boy of hers washes up on the sands of Acapulco, dead, till a bull gores her and the beach boy she married (Cliff Robertson) decides to stick with her. (But if you think this one's bad, go see *Where Love Has Gone*.) *Love Has Many Faces* is odd enough to be interesting: at least one-third of the lines in Marguerite Roberts' rather untidy script are amusingly fruity,

in *the Sky*, but it soon turns into a disaster of dramatic technique. After the pre-credits plane-crash there are nothing but unconvincing dialogues and flashbacks, all about mysticism. Everybody but Glenn Ford and the audience thinks that, mysticism aside, the pilot made some error. Finally, Ford and the stewardess who survived (Suzanne Pleshette, whose reactions galvanize things a little) decide to duplicate the fateful flight. They almost do. They save themselves just in time, but it is too late to salvage the film. Ralph Nelson directed.

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Marriage, Italian Style is an Italian movie, Hollywood style. It has all the earmarks of the commodity commercial American cinema: the production is big and flashy, needlessly in color; and emphasis is on stars, not story. (Considering the splendid stars and trifling story, perhaps the last point can be judged in the film's favor.) Armando Travololo's music isn't any help, either, sounding as it does like the best of Max Steiner or Alfred Newman. Granted, despite the watercolor tints, it all looks native enough: De Sica direction, earthy Neapolitan backgrounds; yet the total feeling is of almost complete artificiality, even if Loren is glorious, in looks and acting, and Mastroianni, who looks as if he were made-up to look like Gable, again asserts that he is the best film actor going. The key is the executive producer. What Godard said about another Levine-De Sica-Loren effort, *Two Women*, applies equally here. "It's commercial; it's a good one, but . . . there is nothing artistic in it."

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None but the Brave. Frank Sinatra has been an *auteur* for some time now, but with this film he emerges as a producer-director, too. The direction is a bit haphazard, and it can hardly sustain so weak a script; there are moments, but the character work is atrocious. Japanese and Americans find themselves stranded together on a small island during the war; they cooperate after a while, but not for long. It is all narrated in English by the moralizing Japanese commander. Naturally the Japanese are a little more peace-loving than the Americans—ironic parallels are pursued doggedly, up to a point—but naturally they blunder. You might expect a narrator to survive, but the film has at least one surprise in store. Then there's a message, boldly written right up there on the screen. "Nobody ever wins," it says, but it does not add that some people lose more than others. (A better moral might be, "Be prepared.")

Rio Conchos. A gratifying, hard-core Western with only a few lines too many, merely a touch of unlikely sentiment, a slight overemphasis on violence, hardly any miscasting, and two or three poor sets that are more than compensated by the surrealistic Southern mansion under construction among the mesas for a mad general who wants the Apaches to

carry on the War. . . . Gordon Douglas directs without much style, but with a certain force.

Sylvia, though it was directed by an old-line Hollywood regular (Gordon Douglas), has the atmosphere of an amateur "serious" movie. There is the professor who astonishingly guesses Sylvia's Pittsburgh origins by an allusion in her poetry; a pick-up in a Brentwood bookstore; and a borrowed fancy Beverly Hills house for Peter Lawford to live in. Unlikelihoods rear like serpents on every hand: Carroll Baker is constantly being called beautiful, and George Maharis, a stiff sub-Cassavetes type, is a private eye who has late, but not quite too late, second thoughts about his profession. The idiocies of the script are due to Sydney Boehm, who worked from a novel reportedly by Howard Fast ("E. V. Cunningham" during the worst of the witch-hunt).—E.C.

Thirty-six Hours. Everybody seems to agree that adapter-director George Seaton's tall story collapses after the puzzle—with the Germans tricking the kidnapped U.S. Intelligence officer (James Garner) into revealing invasion plans by pretending that the war is over and he has amnesia. On the contrary, the trouble is consistent throughout: Seaton's characteristic obviousness is just as unfortunate when he applies it to the devious plotting, which is not quite clever enough to do without stupid and arbitrary characters, as when he applies it to the running, hiding and sentimentalizing of the conclusion. Moreover, *36 Hours* looks like a hasty job for Seaton, and this time he has not extracted very good performances from his cast, except for Rod Taylor.

The Tomb of Ligeia. Roger Corman's monthly contributions to the Art of the Film are hot stuff in some circles, but I'm still with the squares. His latest Poe adaptation is even worse than usual, with Vincent Price sporting a pair of shades that would petrify Thelouise Monk and giving his standard (awful) performance; the usual hellfish effects (who would have thought a stone castle would burn so easily?); and an over-done climax in which the already dead Ligeia is killed off at least three or four more times. This one lacks even the pretty optical effects—not a puff of smoky color or a double exposure in the whole mess. Maybe part of the trouble is with Corman's new writer, Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont are hacks, but at least they know how to tell a

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The *Yellow Rolls-Royce* is probably the longest—if not the liveliest—commercial ever made, the sales pitch in all three episodes being that the back seat of a Rolls beats a bedroom for sex. Rex Harrison gives style, humor, and dignity to a cuckolded lord, and George Scott has a whale of a time as a Capone-era gangster; but the movie's real fascination comes from its trio of leading ladies. Jeanne Moreau vibrates between melancholy and merriment as her unfaithful ladyship; a blonde and gum-chewing Shirley MacLaine enchants as the gangster's moll who knows the difference between amoral and immoral; and Ingrid Bergman, as an FDR-hating aristocrat willing to roll up her Castillo-designed sleeves in a crisis, retains her beauty and pathos of twenty years ago. *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* is indeed a fine vehicle for stars: it's a pity that Anthony Asquith tries to drive it with the brakes on.

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