

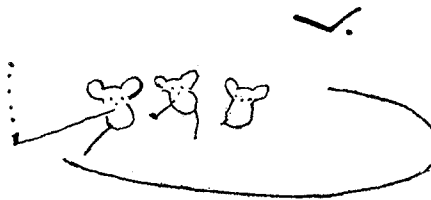


The Goldfinger Syndrome

IT IS PERHAPS a little late to start analyzing the traits that have so startlingly endeared the James Bond movies to audiences all over the world, but it is altogether pertinent to note the effect of this series on other movies. Even now good old Tarzan is being revived and refurbished in the Bond image. Americans have already met *That Man from Rio*, a French effort in this direction, while currently awaiting release is *Fantomas*, a rather heavily tongue-in-cheek revival of a Saturday-afternoon serial character popular in France around World War I. The combination of sex, sadism, and satire is paying off so handsomely that producers everywhere are tumbling over themselves to rush to the screen adventure stories that wink at the audience even as they shock.

Latest of the British imports bottled in Bond is disarmingly titled *Masquerade*, which sounds as if it should be a Viennese operetta but isn't. Actually, no one (or *practically* no one) in this swiftly paced thriller is quite what he pretends to be, and no small part of the fun is trying to guess which of the characters will be unmasked next—and if there isn't possibly still another mask underneath that one. Like *Dr. No*, it all starts straight enough when Jack Hawkins is called by Britain's Foreign Office to thwart a plot that would bring to the throne of a Near East state powers inimical to British oil interests. Hawkins calls upon Cliff Robertson, his junior officer in the desert campaigns of World War II, for assistance. The scene shifts to a gorgeous villa on the Costa Blanca in Spain, where we meet the inevitable sexy girl and a clutch of *mysterioso* types—and immediately people start getting banged on the head, shot at, kidnapped, and killed.

There is nothing in *Masquerade* that has not been done dozens of times before, especially in serials and low-budgeted haunted-house thrillers. The wonder is that the thrills are still there. The camera moving over cobwebbed statues in a shadowed and sinister hall can still raise the hairs at the nape of the neck—particularly when it comes to rest on a snub-nosed revolver poking out from behind a plaster saint. Still serviceable is the fight on a trestled bridge swung perilously over a rocky gorge, with the supporting ropes tearing loose one by one. But what makes them work is the director's wink, his tacit admission that he knows it's nonsense, but isn't it lots of fun? In *Masquerade*, director Basil Dearden and writers Michael Relph and William



Goldman go a long step farther. They wink not only at their melodramatics, but at the cynicism of the Foreign Office, the oil interests, and oil-rich Arabians as well. No small part of their picture's charm is the contrast between this worldliness of outlook and the ingenuousness of incident.

In sharp contrast, also from England is a new production of H. Rider Haggard's *She*, a curious compote of *King Solomon's Mines* and *Lost Horizon*. It is difficult to believe that in this day and age anyone could play with a straight face the hoary line, "She who must be obeyed." Especially with Ursula Andress as the wooden but curvaceous Ayesha, the "she" of the title. But straight it is—and square, too. All the preposterous nonsense—the medallion from 2,000 years ago that links our hero, John Richardson, with the ancient Egyptian priest Killikrates; the pseudo-archeological interests that persuade scientist Peter Cushing to journey across the Desert of Lost Souls and the Mountains of the

Moon to the fabled city of Kuma; the flame of eternal life that burns deep in its secret caves—is still there, and offered as solemnly as a fundamentalist interpretation of the Book of Genesis. "Is your world so much better?" Ayesha demands of the shocked Englishmen after she has dumped fifteen slaves who had revolted into a fiery furnace. A reassuring wink from the director indicating that he knew our world was better, but not much, would have helped.

While the Civil War was no laughing matter, *Shenandoah* manages to extract a modicum of humor from it—enough, at least, to make James Stewart, a Virginia farmer who believes neither in slavery nor war, a warm and appealing figure. It helps considerably, for as Stewart and his large family are drawn deeper and deeper into the conflict, the story increasingly comes to resemble the Book of Job as written by Margaret Mitchell. Unfortunately, neither the humor nor the momentum of the earlier sequences is enough to propel the film the entire distance, and it peters out into the kind of sentimentality that reduces some to tears and others to irreverent hysterics.

Finally, far away in time and place, is *Joy in the Morning*, based on the Betty Smith novel that recalls college life in the late Twenties. To be sure, the values that she celebrates are commendable—hard work, understanding, and, above all, tolerance. But Richard Chamberlain, from television, sleepwalks through his role of the dedicated young law student; while Yvette Mimieux over-emotes as the wife who almost costs him his degree.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I.Q.

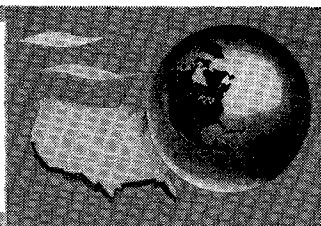
Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WORDS FOR MUSIC

Though usually a person of note in his own right, the librettist is often the forgotten man of opera. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Carbondale, Illinois, lists ten operas and asks you to harmonize each with its composer in Column Two and its librettist in Column Three. Face the music on page 76.

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|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>The Beggar's Opera</i> | () Britten | () W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman |
| 2. <i>Billy Budd</i> | () Gluck | () R. Calzabigi |
| 3. <i>Der Rosenkavalier</i> | () Meyerbeer | () E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier (after Melville) |
| 4. <i>Dido and Aeneas</i> | () Mozart | () John Gay |
| 5. <i>Don Giovanni</i> | () J. C. Pepusch
(et al.) | () Hugo von Hofmannsthal |
| 6. <i>Four Saints in Three Acts</i> | () Purcell | () F. M. Piave (after Hugo) |
| 7. <i>Les Huguenots</i> | () R. Strauss | () Lorenzo da Ponte |
| 8. <i>Orfeo ed Euridice</i> | () Stravinsky | () Eugène Scribe |
| 9. <i>The Rake's Progress</i> | () Virgil Thomson | () Gertrude Stein |
| 10. <i>Rigoletto</i> | () Verdi | () Nahum Tate (after Marlowe) |

As Others See Us



MANCHESTER:

Another Korea?

ARE THE AMERICANS doing the right thing in Vietnam? When they are sniped at from the usual and predictable British fellow-traveling quarters one is reluctant to criticize them at all. Rather than seem identified with those who describe them as aggressors, most of us are naturally tempted to give blanket approval to their Vietnam policy.

That the Americans are not aggressors but are, on the contrary, resisting Communist aggression is evident to all but a cranky few; and it is also widely appreciated that they are fighting not for themselves or South Vietnam alone but to safeguard the independence of many other countries. Their motives are above reproach. But in politics, as in private life, it is never enough to be well-meaning. Policy has to be realistic and effective as well as righteous.

What bothers me, in talking to Americans about Vietnam, is their apparent

belief that they are dealing with a repeat performance of Korea. False historical analogies are a notorious trap for statesmen, and the analogy between Vietnam and Korea seems to me dangerously false. Apart from the difference that the Korean war was technically a United Nations operation, whereas the war in Vietnam has no such status, there are two strictly military differences which stare us in the face.

First, the war in Korea was conventional in the full sense: it was fought between regular armies and confined to the classic pattern of warfare. In Vietnam, however, the enemy is not organized in regular formations, and there is no front line. The war now being waged against the Americans and their allies is a guerrilla war for which the campaigns in Korea afford no precedent.

Secondly, Vietnam—unlike Korea—is not a peninsula. In Korea, even a guerrilla war would be less difficult to cope with, because the enemy's supply problem would be acute, the Americans having command of the sea. In South

Vietnam, the partisans can be reinforced and replenished by land across territory which gives them plenty of protection against air reconnaissance and air attack. And even if North Vietnam were to be bombed into an act of token submission, the Vietcong would not be denied the means to carry on the struggle. The Russians or the Chinese would see to that. . . .

Through politics alone can a solution be found. The war in Vietnam is of the inconclusive sort, which can be brought to an end only by external political decisions. One such would be an alignment of the Russians and the Americans against the Chinese. This may come about one day—but not yet.

The only other practical course is for the Americans to reach an understanding with the Chinese, who, with their overwhelming land forces, are in a position to control the Vietcong one way or the other. At present, the United States Government is prevented by doctrinaire obsession from recognizing Red China or giving it any material inducement to desist from aggression and subversion. The Americans, as a result of their own rigid policy, hold no sanctions for good behavior against the Chinese.

To change the policy would require moral courage in Washington to match the physical courage which U.S. troops are showing in Vietnam. If President Johnson will disregard ignorant prejudice at home, he will have a chance to achieve peace with honor in Southeast Asia. —John Grigg in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

EAST BERLIN:

Gas in Vietnam

THE U.S. CRIME of using poison gas against the Vietnamese people has aroused disgust and horror throughout the world. . . . There is hardly another word that causes so much disgust and horror as "gas."

The June 17, 1925, Geneva protocol "banning the use of suffocating, poisonous, or similar gases, as well as bacteriological means of warfare," condemns poison gas warfare by stating: "The use of dangerous chemical warfare agents is one of the most serious violations of international law." This ban was contractually recognized as international law by all civilized states except the United States.

The U.S. State Department tries to describe the criminal use of chemical warfare agents as harmless and more humane than artillery. Such grotesque efforts to evaluate death by suffocation as a humane deed show the complete unscrupulousness of the U.S. rulers and their intention to mock nations. By the



—Toronto Star.