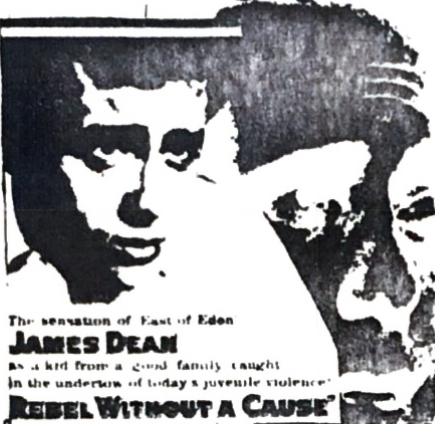


YALE FILM



The sensation of East of Eden
JAMES DEAN
 As a kid from a good family caught
 in the undertow of today's juvenile violence
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE



HUMPHREY **BOGART**
 LAUREN
 Ernest Hemingway's
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"
 THAT SENSATIONAL
 NEW WOMAN
 LAUREN BACALL
 RENNAN LAUREN BACALL
 HOWARD HAWKS Production

HUMPHREY LAUREN BOGART AND BACALL

Humphrey Bogart Joan Fontana Paul
BOGART BERGMAN HENREID



HE M...
 RIDES LIKE...
 HE CAN PUNCH...
 A BATTERING...
Casablanca
 JOHN WAYNE
 DAN DAILEY
 MAUREEN O'HARA
THE WINGS OF EAGLES
 THE
WINGS OF EAGLES
 LUPINO
The Searchers

ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Suspicion!
 CARY GRANT
 JOAN FONTANA
 H! H
 WIND
 LIKE

EAST OF EDEN
 The
Searchers

BUILJETIN V.2.N.4

The Yale Film Bulletin

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Our cover this month
was designed by John H. Dorr.

All articles in the Yale Film Bulletin
express only the opinions of their authors,
not necessarily those of the editors or
of the Yale Film Society.

Notes from the Editor

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER seems to have been disliked by most of the New York critics, especially the Times, so I assume that many at Yale went to see it. It seems not only Robert Mulligan's best work, but easily one of the best American films of the last year. I will give here a few general observations, there being a very detailed account later in this issue.

The story of a teenage girl's overnight rise to film stardom, Inside Daisy Clover is about the Cinema and the meaning of Acting. I would guess, in fact, that it is among the best American films on this frequent subject, only Singin' in the Rain being clearly superior. The sequences of film-making in Inside Daisy Clover are nearly as good as those in Singin', and during the filming of the circus number, where Daisy confronts herself before a series of mirrors, one might think even of Magnani on the stage of The Golden Coach.

There is, however, an essential difference between the two films: in Singin' the cinema is both a reflection of the world and more "real" than it, while in Daisy the cinema is portrayed as a deceptive reflection which deforms the natural personality and makes relations with others impossible. Yet the case is by no means this simple. For if the world is deformed by the cinema (and Daisy's ultimate realization of the schizophrenic deformation which she herself has undergone), it is no less true that the "world" which Mulligan shows us is already a very desolate and pathetic one, characterized by insanity (Daisy's mother), impotence (Swan, the film producer), and homosexuality (Wade Lewis). The film's ending, where Daisy abandons her cinematic career and goes off in dungarees to become again the "natural" girl that she was in the beginning, is equivocal, to say the least.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW is the first film of Pier Paolo Pasolini, an Italian poet, novelist, and cineaste, to be released in this country. Its great critical success is more or less deserved, although the film has often been praised for the wrong reasons.

First of all, I do not think that this Gospel is a "religious" film; that is, it is not concerned with demonstrating God's existence or with explaining His meaning (which one would better look for in Rossellini, Dreyer, or even Mizoguchi), but with a mainly poetical vision. Pasolini seems more interested by landscape compositions, quality of faces, effects of camera and sound, than by religious themes. The techniques of "direct" cinema are often used: hand-held camera, directly recorded sound, non-professional actors. Yet these

techniques are not used in the attempt to give an impression of complete reality, but to poetical ends, as with Godard.

Pasolini is also a very interesting film critic, and an essay by him, "Le Cinema de poesie," may be found in "Cahiers du cinema" #171.

Shakespeare Wallah, a very good Indian film shown last September at the New York Film Festival, will open in New York soon. The horrible dearth of the best new foreign films continues in New York. We will be lucky enough, apparently, if Pierrot le fou and Gertrud ever open there, not to mention the new films from Italy (Rossellini, Bellochio), Poland (Skolimovski, Munk's Passenger), and Germany (Straub's Nicht Versöhnt).

It seems to have been a law of the last few years that the most interesting American films must be disliked and even quite ignored by most of the critics: Marnie, Hawks' last films, Seven Women, Inside Daisy Clover, among many more. So don't be scared away from The Chase, which has many excellent qualities. Blake Edward's The Great Race should also be seen.

- Gary L. Davis

Juliet of the Spirits

The trouble with Fellini's Juliet of the Spirits is that there is so little real substance to it. After 145 minutes of subsisting merely on fluffy frosting, by the end of the film I was ready to retch. Fellini had nothing to say, but he said it anyway.

The many images, which are the real basis (or excuse) for the film, are served up with all the subtlety of a smoking boar's head at a Roman orgy, which the film closely resembles. The cycle starts with the invasion of the Turks and continues through Grandpa's airplane flight, the circus, the rows of cowled nuns (reminiscent of the monks in Eisenstein's Ivan the Terrible, a good contrast in the proper use of formalism), Bhisma's visions, the orgy at Susy's place, and numberless other apparitions, all of which are collected for the final scene, as if they hadn't been enough by themselves. By the time the key image appears - a pop-eyed woman on a flaming grill, symbolic of the psychic growth of Juliet's abortive martyrdom in a school play - the viewer is ready to cry for mercy. One cannot help thinking that this profusion of images is just a smokescreen to cover up a vacant center. The only worthwhile

image is the spectre of death - three horse corpses on a barge, whose somber browns are a welcome relief from the unrelenting stream of gay pastels. Unfortunately, this high point is immediately negated by a peek inside the Turkish barge, stuffed with more extravagantly grotesque figures.

Just what is Fellini trying to say? After clearing away the brightly colored confectionary, one comes up with nothing but dime-store Freud: Juliet cannot, unlike her grandfather, escape her past, represented by a bad childhood experience - the attempted martyrdom in the school play - and manifested by the spirits which haunt her. At the end of the movie, she frees her child-self; the spirits are friendly now; and, according to the scenario, "Juliet walks toward the pine woods. The trees glow green and lovely in brilliant, warm sunlight." The End. Big Deal. Fellini only left out the birds singing (or, even better, a two-hundred voice choir).

As for the highly touted color, except for some of the outdoor scenes. I found it overdone. Following such tasteful advances as Red Desert and Othello, I expected Juliet of the Spirits to be a capstone to the recent trend away from the old picture-postcard processes. Instead, I was confronted with the same musical-comedy overrichness, complete even to My Fair Lady floppy pastel hats.

Juliet is simply a corpulent film, mildly entertaining while it is up on the screen, but without much memorable beneath the layers of fat. Fellini seems to have been running out of things to say in recent years, and the only satisfactory solution he has found thus far is a film on why he has nothing to say -- 8½. Now that that possibility has been exhausted, and now that he seems, in this film, to have gone the limit in extreme formalism, which is not a solution, let us hope that his future films will see a return to worthwhile subjects.

Martin Rubin

TABU

Tabu is Fred Murnau's last film, finished in 1931; he died soon after it was completed. Alexandre Astruc suggests that Murnau's death was caused by his having moved a "sacred stone" while shooting Tabu "in order to install his camera." One is tempted, indeed, to see some connection between the film and Murnau's untimely death, since death is the very subject of Tabu.

It is the story of two lovers on a pristine island of the South Seas who

are separated by a religious decree: the girl Reri is made a sacred virgin and the boy Matahi must never touch her again, under penalty of death for both. They flee from Hitu, the old man to whom Reri is entrusted, and reach an island which has been colonized by the French. They are happy there for a while, but Hitu finds them and, at night, takes Reri away in a little boat. Matahi chases them into the ocean and drowns.

One of the greatest mysteries surrounding this very mysterious film is its relative obscurity: for it seems, in this country at least, very rarely to have been held in the supreme critical regard which it obviously deserves, and it is virtually unknown even to most of the sophisticated American audiences. Perhaps the fact that it is not generally recognized as the consummation of Fred Murnau's career and the apotheosis of German Expressionism is not too surprising; but even on a more easily approached level, as a uniquely moving love story or a perfect poetic evocation of the South Sea islands, it has rarely received the praise and study it merits.

This puzzle may be partly explained by an account of the film's production, which led many people to develop very erroneous preconceptions about it. Murnau and Robert Flaherty had planned to collaborate on the project, and they went together to the remote island of Bora-Bora. It hardly seems surprising now that they disagreed, for Flaherty, one imagines, intended the film to be another of his documentaries on primitive cultures, while Murnau planned a film about Fate and Death, that is, about the ultimately metaphysical and tragic themes which always interested him. Flaherty left the islands, and Murnau made all of Tabu: it is indeed far more like Nosferatu and Sunrise than like Moana.

Tabu, then, belongs to no genre at all. What could have been an ethnological study or a lyrical poem to natural beauty, both established genres, becomes something much greater. This is not to suggest, however, that documentary naturalism à la Flaherty is not present; Murnau uses it, but it is only a means. In fact, the obvious realism of each shot, the certainty that it was all made thousands of miles from any studio, is an important factor in the film's beauty. For the huge fake sets of Die Nibelungen and The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari seem quite outmoded now; Murnau does not need such monstrosities to express the presence of the metaphysical, but succeeds with the simplest means of realism. His tragic vision is therefore far more convincing today.

There is a profound nostalgia in Tabu, a basically romantic nostalgia for the Natural Life, and the film begins with a short sequence showing the

islanders frolicking in the pools, weaving wreaths of orchids, and discovering love, a vision of paradise. The subject of the film, however, is the impossibility of this vision. Not only for us, who, like the colonizers, must think of pearls and money and destroy the beauty of primitive life, but, more importantly, for the islanders themselves. There is a fate which they cannot escape, and death is imminent. (An interesting literary parallel for much of this is Pushkin's The Gypsies.)

The film's final shot is a view of death - the small boat in which Hitu has taken Reri goes farther and farther across the sea into the night. Hitu himself, obviously, represents the lovers' death (as do the Vampire in Nosferatu and the City Woman in Sunrise, to relate Tabu to Murnau's earlier work). The sea also, omnipresent in Tabu, represents Fate, as do the boats that are guided across it. Yet one can hardly speak of "symbols" in Tabu unless one realizes that everything in it is a symbol - all the physical world is a symbol of destiny, of the Other World from which Hitu has come and to which he finally takes Reri. The fish which Matahi is spearing in the film's first shot are his death and finally await him under the sea. The flower which Reri leaves and the pearl which Matahi drops beside it symbolize the vanity of human beauty, love, and striving. The dances represent human submission to religion, that is, to destiny.

Evidently Murnau controls this imagery, which I have only begun to elucidate, with a perfect hand. It is so beautifully modulated (and a musical term seems more appropriate to Murnau than to any other director) that one feels no artificiality in it. Murnau does not seem, that is, to have found certain themes and then to have imposed them onto the world, but, on the contrary, to have discovered them in the natural world and miraculously to have revealed them.

Murnau once said: "All great art is simple, but simplicity requires the greatest art." He proves it in his films. The style of Tabu is so carefully controlled, so completely stripped of all which is not essential, that each slight detail, each inch which the camera moves, has great meaning and beauty. Murnau's sense of rhythm is quite as fine as Eisenstein's and Bresson's: rarely have actors been directed with such expressiveness, rarely have close-ups been so successfully integrated into the movement of the whole (if there are real closeups in Tabu at all). Even on the merely technical level, Tabu remains remarkable (one wonders, for example, how the final sequence on the sea at night could be made even today, let alone thirty years ago).

Doris Day Is Dead, Part II, or
How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

Having recently taken my chances on a local sneak preview, you can imagine the thwarted hope of myself and the rest of the audience when pro-credit footage brought first the voice then the face of Arthur Godfrey and then the face of (perhaps you had already guessed) that arch-criminal of Hollywood, Doris Day. Like all arch-criminals, she somehow manages to rise again and again from her own cinematic ashes. But panic lasted only until the last of the credits; for the director was not Norman Taurog and not Delbert Mann, but Frank Tashlin, king of the vulgar. Tashlin is perhaps that director who is most suited to and who takes best advantage of Hollywood's potential for guad-ness and vulgarity. He is best known for his films with Jayne Mansfield (The Girl Can't Help It, Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?) and Jerry Lewis (Cinderfella, Who's Minding the Store) who themselves are our highest hold symbols of American vulgarity (although Lewis on his own has moved far away from this image). Doris Day presents Tashlin with a unique chance for grotesque characterization and he comes through in appropriately gaudy colors.

The film is The Glass-Botton Boat, in scope and color, with Day, Godfrey, Rod Taylor, and all those very familiar supporting freaks whose names one can never remember but who always turn up in grotesque comedy bit parts — all the earmarks of the typical Doris Day comedy. And we all know how to watch a Doris Day comedy: you sit back and relax and empty your mind, since everything you are to pick up in the film will beat you over the head with its presence; her films are not known for their subtlety, and one musn't forget to groan all the way through Miss Day's necessary and pointless songs; there is nothing to be picked up here either. This is usually the correct approach, but not in this case; Tashlin is a deliberate and intelligent director with an amazingly gross and perverse character that comes across strongly in this film. If Stanley Kubrick or Tony Richardson had directed this film in black and white in New York, not one of its symbols, its clever lines and potentially gross details of characterization would have gotten past the predominantly Yale audience, usually so ready and willing to make sexual interpretations. But they actually missed some blatant bits and were slow to catch on to others.

Tashlin is famous for two things: ridiculing his actors and bringing out potential perversity in gadgets and situations. He once ridiculed Jayne Mansfield's famous bust in a scene where she carried two quarts of milk, one at each breast. He does similarly with Doris Day. Miss Day's career runs from

her early wholesome days through her pseudo-liberalized American working girl days, with her retention or loss of virginity recently holding with some imagined "popular" taste. Tashlin contributes to the new awareness movement by presenting Miss Day apparently typically, but cleverly undermined. During her routine soliloquy, for example, she sings of her lover. But in the process she snuffs out some five or six candles (with Tashlin anything resembling a sexual metaphor is intended) and then lies down on her bed. Cut to an overhead view: she arranges herself most seductively and, not unlike Little Annie Fanny or Candy, holds a sweet and innocent sparkle on her face. Here the typical Doris Day has been perverted; and, if it is not incongruously funny, Tashlin holds the shot for such a long time that the inappropriateness of the combination in Doris Day eventually gets to the whole audience. The soft focus photography designed to hide the wrinkles in Miss Day's face adds a bit of humor that is always inherent in the use of Miss Day for such parts. In another singing number she breaks out with "Que Sera Sera," a memory from the 50's that again recalls the old image and points out the absurdity of the new. It might be added that this is her best picture since she originally sang this song as an integral part of the plot of Hitchcock's The Man Who Know too Much.

A bit on sexual implications. The plot concerns the love affair between a scientist working on a secret space program, GISMO, and Miss Day, who is mistaken by U.S. undercover agents for a spy trying to sex the secrets out of the scientist. She obviously is after sex, the agents claim she is after GISMO; either way she is after the scientist's gismo. The scientist gives a party. In the center of the room is a huge cake with an erect rocket shooting out of its center; everyone ohs and ahs around the cake. A later shot shows three women all passed out in rather sensual positions around the phallic rocket. There is one particularly vulgar transvestite scene where an agent, in drag, follows Miss Day into the ladies' room, one homosexual scene, a rendez-vous in the "rod room" by two of Miss Day's accusers, and one lesbian implication. The last scene, a simple variation of the train going through the tunnel, is a ship coming into a harbor. Everyone seemed to miss this, even though all the rest of the film centers on the desires toward union of the two principals.

Perhaps Tashlin's most hilarious work is with gadgets - they certainly provide two of the high points in this film. The scientist's completely automated kitchen, full of "gadgets," besides being a parody on modern automation, is a continuation of the all-pervasive sexual theme. If the cook should drop anything on the floor, a closet door slides open and out darts a small combination vacuum cleaner-garbage eater that scurries over the floor, cleans up

the mess, and returns to the closet. Well, Doris makes an awful mess and the machine literally attacks her. A long hose that projects from the machine not only cleans the floor, but also rises up at Miss Day, going up her leg while the rear of the machine exudes a rhythmic whoosh-whoosh. After a long fight she beats away the would-be attacker and it retreats back into the closet. Another gadget is a microphone disguised as an hor d'oeuvre and placed among real hor d'oeuvres on a plate. Whenever someone tries to eat it, it scurries around the plate eluding the hand.

Tashlin makes the most of all his Hollywood working materials. The colors are gaudy and effective. If his material is vulgar already, he uses it and comments on its vulgarity. Most important, he unifies all his vulgar elements and makes them work as a whole. Consequently, the final statement is wholly original and perversely funny. For once you don't need to worry about maybe liking a Doris Day comedy.

- John H. Dorr

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

BONUS FILM!!

The Film Society's annual Bonus Film will be this year Jean Renoir's THE GOLDEN COACH, starring Anna Magnani, with beautiful color photography and music by Vivaldi. The cast is international, and Renoir considers the English-language version, which we will show, the original. THE GOLDEN COACH will be shown at 4:00, 7:00, and 9:30 P.M. on May 11 and 12. Only those presenting Associate Membership cards will be admitted, but there will be no charge.

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER

The world of entertainers, the relationship of their professional with their personal life has found an important place among film directors in the last twenty years. The theme has been shaped with humanism in Renoir's "The Golden Coach", remanticism mixed with intense irony and psychological overtones in Ophuls' "Letter From An Unknown Woman", the sense of desparation and total alienation in Penn's "Mickey One." Hollywood itself, stardom and its implications for the stars, has been the subject of such caustically introspective American studio films as Wilder's "Sunset Boulevard," Cukor's "a Star Is Born", Minnelli's "Two Weeks In Another Town," and most recently Robert Mulligan's "Inside Daisy Clover."

As Mulligan's style is probably the least solidified of the above-mentioned directors, so "Daisy" is probably the weakest of the mentioned films. It does fail in many respects as a result of the director's frequent lack of control. Nevertheless, the film is a fascinating one on various levels in accordance with the director's particular virtues, and offers a rather different approach in tone to previous commentaries on the cinematic 'girl-who-made-good' legends.

The film portrays a fifteen-year-old tomboy Daisy (Natalie Wood), her overnight stardom during the thirties as "America's Miss Valentine", her complete disillusionment and giving up of the Hollywood starlet's life at age seventeen. Mulligan's view is a brooding statement-of-fact of the unbridgable disparity between the sterilized life the film personality must live and Daisy's dream of it, -or even what she in fact is. Daisy is at first a spontaneous, aggressive girl, worldly in her own limited environment of a California boardwalk town, Angel Beach, but unsophisticated, instinctual. When she enters the Hollywood crowd, she finds she must be stripped of all character, save cheapened peppermint-candy exaggerations of what natural traits serve her public image. Her harmless but eccentric mother (Ruth Gordon) is committed, 'killed' on records, each of her personal affairs are kept track of by the agents of Raymond Swan (Christopher Plummer), her discoverer and producer-director.

This character stripping is no less than has happened to all around her. Hollywood gigolo and sex-symbol, Wade Lewis (Robert Redford), who flees from one brief relationship to another, is a miserably ungainly homosexual. Swan, recalcitrantly aloof, formal, correct, offers us, in his one confession scene, a painful view of a man incapacitated by social pressures, sensitive to but unable to deal with personal problems save through politeness and the promise of luxury. Melora (Katharine Bard), Swan's wife, frigid queen and a model of social poise, whose surface warmth, kindness to Daisy and others would seem to allow no kind of ugly or any past at all, has been heartbroken by Wade Lewis and once tried to slash her wrists. In the midst of all this, Daisy's character temporarily becomes literally as well as publicly stripped. She accepts her transformation passively, falling in love with Wade, as her other futile acts of rebellion with a blindness we might not expect of her were it not she so keenly needs to believe in, have something in the otherwise barren studio world.

Mulligan expressively captures this grotesque disparity--between Hollywood's promise of romance and the fact--with unusual force. It is, in fact, Daisy's natural Angel Beach life that is more romantically shot, and her Hollywood days most prosaically, 'anti-romantically' filmed. The few exteriors of the film, the fewer naturalistically shot ones, are the scenes of Daisy at home and on the beach with her mother. Here are also the few tracking shots with Daisy in an exterior--Daisy at home in her natural environment. Sick as the Dealer, Daisy's mother, may be, Daisy's relationship to her is a healthy, affectionate one. Mulligan obviously has fun portraying the boyish hyperactivity of Daisy's body at home. Her 'attack' on a boy who makes a pass at her towards the beginning of the film, her blowing up of her house at the end and jauntily walking away from the burning remains, her over-eager attempt at suicide--all stress Daisy's essential, innocent and instinctual involvement with life, her incapacity to enter the kind of life the Hollywood puppets have, or leave life altogether.

The barrenness, impotence behind the Hollywood glamour is blatantly exposed.

At Daisy's first screen test the camera holds on a close-up of her after she has finished her number; she gazes blankly into the camera, then around her, not knowing what to do next. In one lavish musical number, Mulligan's frames take in the cameramen and technicians following Daisy's antics, creating the special effects. At a 'coming-out' party thrown by Swan for Daisy, we see a suave, slick impressive promotional film of Daisy, warmly and naturally performing amid every live and animated spectacular Hollywood gimmick in the book, followed by her unsure, strained entrance to the superficial party crowd.

Shock value is given to probably the finest disparity-exposure sequence in the last scene we see of Daisy in the studio, during which she has a nervous breakdown. The task is to record some thirty seconds of a song to be synchronized with the film image of Daisy shot silent. Daisy and Swan with his sound engineers are in separate sealed glass booths, visible to both. Daisy has been greatly upset by her mother's recent death and tells the engineers she wants to record without any run-throughs. She doesn't do it well however, and must do it over several times. With progressively shorter shots, the camera cuts between four images. Daisy is shown singing in the booth, her voice, the only sound on the soundtrack getting tenser and more frenetic as she repeats the lyric over and over. She is also seen from outside the booth staring at the screen image, the black and white film itself is seen, including the countdown leader and Daisy's comic dance movements, and finally the booth with Swan and the engineers is viewed,--all three with silent soundtracks. The accelerated cutting, shifts from sound to grotesque silent images, color to black and white ones, the constantly varying camera positions (close, medium, angle shots) in treating any one of these four images, plus the lighting and composition of the set and frames all contribute to the heightened sense of insecurity, tension that makes us sympathize with Daisy, makes us unmistakably aware of the intense isolation of each of the three centers of action of the scene--Daisy in her booth, the screen image, Swan and his men in their booth.

A second theme or element of the film is the significance of the love rela-

relationship for the major characters. Daisy's helplessness draws to Wade Lewis, as well as Melora's, has a strong sense of inevitability to it. He is the closest symbol of freedom, sympathy, independence from the system Daisy can find, though he proves to be a false one. She flees with him from a premiere of one of her films and the two get drunk on Wade's yacht. Wade jokingly simulates an interview with "America's favorite valentine", and Daisy mimics a handful of the characteristic coy Miss Valentine questions as she answers his questions. Wade brings out a radio announcing the star arrivals at the premiere and tosses it into the water. The two laugh as it disappears. The film cuts to the yacht the following morning: Daisy lying undressed in bed, deserted by her one-night lover.

Wade deceives her one more time, marrying her, sleeping with her on their wedding night in a cheap and isolated Arizona motel, then abandoning her. When Daisy returns to Swan's home the following night, Melora confronts her in the garden, drunk and hysterical, confessing her own love for Wade, how he had once abandoned her too. The following morning, Swan himself, having witnessed Melora's scene and evidently having been drinking or slept little, though painfully lucid, clarifies for Daisy his own unhappy insight into the myth of Wade Lewis, Melora's doomed infatuation, his sense of guilt and helplessness at being forced to sign Wade for another three pictures in spite of his dislike of the man. The scene is played with few cuts, holding on Swan, worn, disheveled looking in the sunlight and is moving. The two, in sharing their unhappiness, make contact; Daisy turns to him instinctively for affection. He befriends her for awhile, and their touching rapport is skillfully portrayed. The insight Mulligan gets into these characters and their situation in these confrontation and breakdown scenes is brought across through very vivid performances as well as a flexible camera sensitive to the significance of following certain restless movements, remaining static at others.

Mulligan's visual style tends to be somewhat passive; its expressiveness involves what is put in front of his camera more than the way he positions or moves it. There are impressive exceptions as well. Extremely effective use is made of

significant gestures. When Daisy confronts Wade months after he has first left her, she is on a set in clown's make-up and costume, he in dark glasses. Wade removes his glasses, and in a single medium shot lasting about a half minute, he slowly wipes most of the paint off her face, 'wiping away the past', as he tells her. In spite of his awkward line, the action does thoroughly convey this for Daisy and for us. The same is true of Wade's throwing the radio in the water, Daisy's attempted suicide. Daisy scrawls imprecations on walls when she's a star as well as when she's the tomboy of Angel Beach. When she lies in bed near the end of the film, after suffering her breakdown, she is visited by Melora, Wade and Swan. Melora, with her characteristic insecure protectiveness, pseudo-warmth, blows Daisy a kiss at the door as she leaves. Wade, having an unexpected visit after his second desertion, tans her head with a yellow rose, 'their flower', thus 'restoring her to life', as he tells her. We see Daisy's face in close-up as the rose rubs against her hair, her disgust at Wade's impotence, his horrifyingly poor timing. When Swan returns, losing money by Daisy's refusal to return to work, blindly jealous at Wade's return, he wrenches the covers off Daisy, then forces a kiss from her. One of Mulligan's adroit techniques in the film is the physical relationship in which Daisy is shown standing to each of the other characters.

In addition to these symbolic actions, Mulligan uses very evocative static-shot imagery. The studio Daisy first comes to for her screen test is huge, nearly dark, nearly empty; the barrenness of this world is quickly established. The dead Dealer is discovered in bed by Daisy, her body covered with playing cards. Melora standing outside Daisy's sickroom, her back to the window, has a terrifying resemblance to an angel of death. At Daisy's second desertion by Wade at the motel, Daisy is seen in a high shot, alone, surrounded, as it seems, by a limitless expanse of empty desert.

Irony is tightly threaded into Mulligan's style. As Daisy comes to realize Wade has left her at the motel, the camera follows, holds on her pained facial expressions for some time. The study is interrupted by the old lady manager entering the frame asking for her autograph. She signs it as Myrna Loy and walks out

into the desert. During Daisy's attempt to commit suicide, her former nurse returns to the house to ask for an autograph for her sister. One of the most expressive single shots in the film has Swan on the soundtrack promoting Daisy before the coming-out party, asking her who her favorite stars are. The response is 'Fred Astaire and Myrna Loy because they have a poise I have always desired.' The image is of Melora, dimly lit and dressed in black, straightening herself in the mirror.

Mulligan's shortcomings may or may not disappear with age or crystallize into a more conscious and coherent part of his style, but they do at present limit "Daisy's" total achievement. His natural but uncontrolled sentimentality often works counter to the film's general effect. What results is a frequent overlaying of his effects, and an amount of zaniness for the sake of zaniness. The humor in Daisy's attempted suicide, fine and important as the scene is in the total context of the film, is awkwardly cute, tending to make Daisy to delightfully perverse as executed. The Dealer seems a left-over pet kookie from "Breakfast At Tiffany's". Gavin Lambert's script tends to emphasize the cliches of his novel.

There are times when the extremity of Daisy's passiveness in the Hollywood crowd also seems annoying, somewhat self-biting. Whether it is a serious fault is harder to tell; the film is, after all, "the story of what they did to a kid," and Mulligan is more interested in what Daisy sees and goes through, largely through her point of view (the film begins and ends with Daisy narrating) than the detailed psychological nature of her participation, growth in it. If Mulligan seems to regard the glamour-factory world with an awe undervaluing Daisy's potential to respond, a viewpoint recalling and more befitting his little girl Scout in "To Kill A Mockingbird," it is perhaps Mulligan's own personality coming out. "Love With The Proper Stranger" and "Baby, The Rain Must Fall," Mulligan's two other later and somewhat similar films may validate this speculation.

Andrew Sarris wrote in the Spring 1963 issue of Film Culture: "Mulligan's direction on every occasion is ultimately too frivolous to justify serious expectations that this competent technician will ever be anything more...(It) is unstressed, impersonal and uncommitted." Francois Truffaut, on the other hand, es-

teems him highly among the newer distinctively stylized American directors. There are weaknesses but also many fine virtues in "Inside Daisy Clover." Mulligan's heroine manages to free herself of the frustrated crowd of image-bearers in resisting their machinery, that substitutes contracts and social conventions for personal relationships, and following her "simple healthy instincts." If this seems saccharine, predetermined optimism, we cannot deny Mulligan's accurate and effectively expressed insights into a very chilled and tortured world.

---Robert Edelstein

VAMPIRE

In Vampire (1931), Carl Dreyer attempts to create an atmosphere of horror and other-worldliness through a series of disjointed, ephemeral images and incidents in an otherwise routine story. His technical proficiency is present as always: some striking visual images are created (such as the old man with the scythe, the weathercock, and the shadow-figures); and the editing maintains an eerie, slow cadence. The photography is excellent and atmospheric (especially in the soft-focus scenes in the woods); each frame is a composition in itself. The dialogue is superbly suited for the atmosphere: it is very sparse and hollow and barely discernible, like echoes in a deserted gallery. Dreyer mounts his forces impressively, but unfortunately he falls short of bringing off a victory, and the final result is slightly exasperating.

One major fault is that the plot is simply too dull: Man goes to lonely hotel. Man sees strange things. Girl gets bit. Vampire takes it in the heart, and everyone lives happily ever after. This mundaneness is too antithetical to Dreyer's desired atmospheric effect, which in itself is not powerful enough to transcend the plot. Some of the best of the fleeting images appear and then drift back down the silent halls from which they came, never to reappear. At the same time, some of the dullest ones, such as long pans of uninteresting rooms and desks, are dwelt on too long. The only really good sustained image is that of the hero's imaginary funeral, seen from within the coffin. The other

~~images are not enough to create an atmosphere, but they are not suf-~~

(played by Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg), whose perpetual benumbed gaze emphatically reflects the viewer's own emotions and bewilderment. However, when all the other parts are played with the same apparent aimlessness, the effect is monotonous. This lack is most seriously felt in the absence of a terrifying villain. The chief vampire, a doddering, infirmed old character, is rarely seen, much less developed. One is forced to settle for her assistant - a scoddy, comical-looking doctor who never poses much of a threat. A convincing force of malevolence, so desperately needed to unify the images, transcend the plot, and heighten the effect, is never developed.

However, even a great director's least successful films are worth seeing, because, like all artists, his mistakes are often more revealing than his successes. This is true of, for example, Orson Welles, who, though he has never matched the pinnacle of Citizen Kane, continues to fascinate and reveal himself to the viewer with the sheer force of genius in his later so-called "failures." On the other hand, when a film by Carl Dreyer, whose cold, keen observance and order and clarity are in direct opposition to Welles' grandiosity and flamboyance, fails, the result teeters dangerously close to boredom.

- Martin Rubin