

summit—and, with teddy in his lap, begins a languorous ride down the hill in a children's wagon.

Eventual capture by Establishment reps and escape into his personal freedom with prosaic use of fireworks and surging waves abruptly ends film which, at its finer moments, reveals what Rice might have done had he lived. *Tone.*

The File of the Golden Goose
(BRITISH—COLOR)

Straightforward meller with contrived plot and fair amount of violence as Yul Brynner outwits an international band of forgers. Fair, routine top-dualler.

London, May 29.
United Artists release of a Carolan-Dador (Edward Small) production. Stars Yul Brynner, Charles Gray, Edward Woodward. Features John Barrie, Adrienne Corri, Karel Stepanek. Produced by David E. Rose. Directed by Sam Wanamaker. Original story, John C. Higgins; screenplay, Higgins and James B. Gordon; camera (De Luxe), Ken Hodges; editor, Oswald Haefenrichter; art director, George Provis; music, uncredited; sound, Ken Ritchie; assistant director, Ray Frift; production manager, Pat Green. Reviewed at Pavilion, London, May 28, '69. Running Time, 108 MINS.
Novak Yul Brynner
Owl Charles Gray
Thompson Edward Woodward
Sloane John Barrie
Collins Bernard Archer
Reynolds Ivor Dean
Frenos Anthony Jacobs
Tina Adrienne Corri
Mueller Karel Stepanek
Leeds Walter Gotell
Anne Hilary Dwyer

It makes a change, at least, to find a meller based on wiping out an international crime organization which isn't hinged on dope running or a political or power-lust attempt to take over world domination. This one is a straightforward thickcar drama which is good value as topper in a dualler program, with a slightly contrived plot, but plenty of action and a reasonable quota of violence.

Directed by Sam Wanamaker with punch though not overmuch subtlety it has Yul Brynner as an American agent brought in to help Scotland Yard in tracking down a corps of killer forgers which is flooding the international market with phoney dollars. Brynner, playing with his usual strong downness, but this time with a slight sense of humor due to the John C. Higgins-James B. Gordon screenplay, is a loner, suspicious of everybody, even the Scotland Yard man (Edward Woodward) seconded to him as a lieutenant.

The two pose as members of a notorious Golden Goose gang of bullion robbers and in Liverpool are accepted into the counterfeit syndicate. The trail leads to London, Brynner discovers The Owl (Charles Gray), his first step towards getting to know the organization chain of command which will eventually lead him to "Mr. Big."

In a miasma of danger, double-crossing and intrigue Brynner eventually stages the showdown which ends in an attempted getaway and a blazing helicopter.

Though Brynner dominates the picture he's surrounded by some brisk thesping. Charles Gray (a strange, debona'r homo) as the Owl, Karel Stepanek, the gang's

engraver, Anthony Jacob, as one of the counterfeit toppers, Walter Gotell and Adrienne Corri, (though costarred it's a bit role), as "Mr. Big's" ruthless elegant mistress all contribute usefully. There's a particularly effective underplayed performance by Edward Woodward as the Scotland Yard man teamed up with Brynner.

Storyline sometimes plods as it moves from one twist to another, but audiences will be kept alert as to who's who — and why. A good asset is the artwork of George Provis and Ken Hodges's De Luxe camerawork takes full advantage of the London topography which is both credible and varied. Oswald Haefenrichter has cut to a logical 106 minutes and has helped to move the action in straightforward manner towards the climax. *Rich.*

Charles Lloyd—Journey Within
(DOCUMENTARY)

Superb study of the musician avoids all cliches of the jazz documentary.

Produced, directed, photographed, edited and recorded by Eric Sherman. Music, Charles Lloyd. No distributor. Reviewed in N.Y., May 19, '68. Running Time, 58 MINS.

Eric Sherman, 22-year-old Yale alumnus and son of Hollywood director Vincent Sherman, may have produced the best jazz documentary ever made with this extraordinary hour-long study of Negro jazz clarinetist Charles Lloyd. No long "colorful" interviews with black relatives, no close-ups of sweating foreheads, no over-preponderance of audience reaction shots. Rather an intense — and highly successful — attempt to get the essence of the man and his music.

Among other things, "Charles Lloyd—Journey Within" may be the first documentary on a Negro musician which would have been exactly the same had it been about a white musician. That's important, because the classically-trained Lloyd (holder of a graduate degree from the U. of Southern California) produces a highly-sophisticated brand of music which suggests little of what some whites consider a "primitive" feel. Still, the temptation for Sherman to include more expected material must have been great, and his decision against it may explain the film's inability so far to find a regular distributor, although it's been at about 20 colleges, 12 underground theatres and on education television in Connecticut. Sherman has been handling it himself.

The filmmaker, who handled all technical aspects, keeps to a middle distance when photographing Lloyd in performance. As a result, the cerebral intensity experienced by members of the quartet is not interrupted, and the spectator is allowed to recreate the hypnotic experience. Lloyd's communion with nature is conveyed via scenes of the group playing in the woods (emanating from Jean Renoir's "Picnic on the Grass" and anticipating Jean-Luc Godard's "Weekend"), and a spectacular final sequence of the

musician enjoying himself at the seashore.

Film skips sans break to and from various engagements played by the quartet, including some in Austria, Czechoslovakia and other European countries. The international appeal of the group is thus conveyed but not overbearingly emphasized.

There seems little reason why some courageous 16m distrib can't promote this pic for extensive playdates with jazz and film groups at colleges across the country, and it also lends itself to handling in a "concert" package. Theatrically, art and specialized usage is suggested. Sherman, incidentally, has since made an interesting if ultimately unsuccessful 72-minute dramatic feature vaguely based on Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician" which is not intended for commercial presentation. *Byro.*

Destroy All Monsters
(JAPANESE—COLOR)

Monsters rally to preserve planet Earth from visitors from cosmic outback.

Hollywood, May 23.
American International release of Toho International. Produced by Tomoyuki Tanaka. Directed by Ishiro Honda. Screenplay by Kaoru Mabuchi; music, Ifukube; photography (Berkey Pathe color), Taiichi Kankura; editor, Ryohji Fujii; sound, Shoichi Yoshizawa, Hisashi Shimonaga; special effects, Eiji Tsuburaya. Reviewed at Joe Shore's screening room, Los Angeles, May 23, 1969. (MPAA Rating: G.) Running Time, 88 MINS.
Flight captain Akira Kubo
Dr. Yoshida Jun Tazaki
Dr. Otani Yoshio Tsuchiya
Queen of the Kilaaks Kyoko Ai Manaba
Nishi Kawa Yukiko Kobayashi
Nishi Kawa Kenji Sahara
Dr. Steveson Andrew Hughes

Sci-fi addicts and monster fans might find escape in this 1969-oriented Japanese release with English dubbing, but plot is on comic strip level, special effects depend on obvious miniatures, and acting (human) is from school of flash Gordon. Strength relies on monster rally, with Rodan, Mothra, Manda and Godzilla, all in joint comeback, pitted against outer space monster King Ghidorah.

Pic kicks off at the end of the 20th century with exploratory base on the moon and monsters herded together on earth island called Ogasawara, where they are kept in check by electronic devices.

Reps from the planet Kilaak unleash the monsters, implant electronic devices in scientific team, and begin destroying cities around the world. Kilaaks' goal: Domination of planet Earth. Flying saucers, towers of flame, and space ships are realistic, but the rest, including dubbing, is weak. Kubo's acting is wooden, and Miss Kobayashi, the heroine, is fair in appearance and acting. Miss Ai, as the Queen of the Kilaaks, is beautiful but is required to do little to demonstrate any talents she might possess.

Final battle of monsters is clever if not frightening. Score is barely routine, and color okay. Honda's direction of Tanaka production is static. *Tone.*

Cannes Festival

Valerie
(CANADIAN)

Cannes, May 27.

Cinepix Inc. release of Julien Parnelle production. Directed by Denis Heroux; camera (B&W) Rene Verzier; screenplay, Louis Gauthier; music, Joe Gray & Michel Paje; editing, Jean Lafleur. At Cannes Film Festival (non-competing) 1969. Running Time, 95 MINS.
Cast: Danielle Ouimet, Guy Godin, Michel Paje, Yvan Ducharme, Claude Prefontaine, Andre Flamand, Kim Wilcox, Pierre Paquette, Hugo Gelinas, Henri Norbert, Clemence Desrochers.

(In French with English Subtitles)

Denis Heroux a Canadian film maker, has joined the sex film game with financially rewarding results. Heroux, who has made films for National Film Board and Canadian Broadcasting for several years, has, independently, slapped together a film so simple and naive that its chances of success would seem non-existent in view of the extremes to which the underground and Scandinavian sex films have gone. But it is this very simplicity (and a low production budget) which is responsible in part for its success.

Valerie, a simple, physically well endowed T-shirt type, flees a convent, finds the boys slow, becomes a topless dancer, takes to the money-making world of highclass callgirls, and actually ends by finding "true love" with an artist (the father of a small son) who is madly in love with her and prepared to forget her follies.

It is non-erotic, though Danielle Ouimet as Valerie provides an almost constant display of breast-work. But this with unaffected ease and naturalness. This is actually the key to the film success: It is never nasty, smutty, or oppressive. It has a lightness, innocence and feeling of pleasure which is very French-Canadian and a welcome change from the frustrations and despair which mark so many Quebec films.

Guy Godin as the artist is likeable enough, the photography is adequate, direction slight, but much too loud, insistent pop music on the track is distracting. Backed by an attractive ad campaign ("a film of tender sensuality") "Valerie" is doing capacity business in Montreal and has made a commercial impact on the market here at Cannes resulting in sales to several countries including Japan and Israel.

"Valerie" is the kind of film a director makes as a means to earn quick money to go on to something better. The risk is that such monetary success may tempt him to make more of the same. *Prat.*

L'Amour De La Vie
Artur Rubinstein
(Love of Life: Artur Rubinstein)
(FRENCH — DOCUMENTARY — COLOR)

Cannes, May 27.

MIDEM release of Bernard Chevry production. Directed, written and lensed by Francois Reichenbach, S. G. Patris.