

is a fact that the buildings that get the highest praise nowadays, like the Stirling and Gowan Department of Engineering at Leicester University, and the Smithson's *Economist* Building in St James's are splendidly non-art. They are only too aware of the destructive effect of the physical limits and individuality of a particular work of art. However, as Vincent Scully has pointed out, most English architecture in the last ten years has been better on the outside than on the inside. England has usually excelled in architecture seen from the outside. It is in the manipulation of interior space that there is at present in England a general sense of everyone waiting for something to be done; no great creation of interior space has taken place here so far to compare with achievements in America or Germany. Whether the creation will take into account all the possibilities remains to be seen, but there is a real hope that churches will be put up that will be a direct contribution to the modern movement in the way of interiors: the kind of thing that has been hinted at in structures as diverse as Ronchamp, La Tourette, and the Berlin Philharmonic Hall. It is in the manipulation of spaces such as these that stained glass should make a contribution, though not in the individualistic way of Coventry, and most probably not using the medium of lead or concrete as we know it today. It largely depends on church authorities picking on those young architects who realize what an interior as a work of art can be within the framework of the modern movement in architecture.

2 The Cinema: Prognosis – Hopeful by Maryvonne Butcher

It may sometimes seem to the disenchanted observer that the health of the cinema is never very stable, alternating feverishly between lysis and crisis, with crisis inevitably the more newsworthy of the two precarious conditions. All the same, the troughs of lysis may well be more productive of a higher general level of cinema, the fallow periods permitting the second rank of directors to catch their breath and consolidate the advances made by the Antonionis and Bergmans of this world.

At the time of writing it would seem that 1964 comes into the category of a non-crisis year though, since we go to press before Venice has revealed its treasures—among them the first film Antonioni has made in colour – it is perhaps rash to predicate too sweepingly and too soon anything about the quality of the year as a whole.

At Cannes this year, certainly, there was nothing like the breath-taking eruption of 1959 when the new wave of young French directors swept in, virtually obliterating the memory of any more conventional films shown here that year. The winner, Jacques Demy's *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, was streets ahead of anything else in its sheer originality and imaginative use of the medium; but there was no overlooking the fact that it had been seen widely before the Festival ever opened. All the same, the way in

which Demy deployed his boldly clashing colours – wallpapers patterned with gigantic arabesques and stripes and flowers of orange, scarlet and magenta; blues, purples and greens modulating to a minor in a key scene of lesser tensions, meant that the gentle climaxes of the story were given an altogether clearer emphasis through the background than they were by the narration, which is something that nobody has achieved quite in this way before. He also keyed colour to character, so that Catherine Deneuve's youth and beauty were as recognizable by the colours she wore as by the motifs which accompanied her in the music. Anne Vernon, her still young mother, wore deeper, stronger colours but Madeleine, the girl who after patiently waiting got Guy in the end, had good clothes but of quite unremarkable colours. Demy himself said at his press conference that he aimed to make colour the most forceful, arresting element of his film. No wonder he is the cineast's director, as Spenser is said to be the poet's poet.

Though other established directors showed films at Cannes this year, Truffaut and our own Jack Clayton among them, the interest of the 1964 Festival lay much more in the large crop of films entered by young directors for the competition proper, quite apart from the parallel 'Semaine de la Critique' which deliberately sets out to present films not invited to compete. In the past this has given us *The Connection*, *Le Joli Mai* and *Nuovi Angeli*; this year perhaps the most notable was Alain Jessua's *La Vie à l'Envers* which contrived to make of schizophrenia a subject comic as well as moving; it has already won commercial distribution in Paris. Another in this medium which was new this side of the Atlantic was *Point of Order*, the riveting picture made from TV films about the McCarthy investigation; but probably the most unusual in either section was the Japanese film, *Woman of the Sands*; poetic in its images, extraordinary in its atmosphere, hallucinatory in its final impressions, it will be interesting to see how British audiences take it when it eventually arrives in London. This kind of phantom characterization and sense of no-place surely suggests a whole new field of cinematic territory for exploration.

At San Sebastian, the second major festival, the level of entries was far from outstanding; the Catholic jury, for one, found itself unable to award a prize at all since no film seemed to have the necessary qualifications of positive subject and aesthetic and technical competence. John Huston's *The Night of the Iguana* was widely considered to be the best film shown in this Festival; it certainly makes statements about human relationships that are both true and compassionate. For once Tennessee Williams seems more interested in the pain of others than of his own, though this may well be due to the extreme intelligence of the direction and the acting. I have always thought that this idiosyncratic dramatist, the Tchaikowsky of the screen, is far more effective when directed by anyone rather than the much praised Kazan.

At San Sebastian, then, the young directors were less in evidence and at Berlin the

level was also disappointing. In spite of its self-denying ordinance about films from beyond the Iron Curtain, Berlin has always prided itself on being the best-organized and most level-headed of Festivals. Something seemed to go wrong this year, for those present report that many of the films were boring in every way, though the Japanese showed two good pictures, one of which, *She and He*, was confidently expected to win the Golden Bear. To everyone's stupefaction the prize went to a Turkish picture called *Dry Summer*, which, one critic sourly observed, might conceivably have deserved the prize for the best Turkish picture shown. There was only one. We must look forward to seeing *She and He* which sounds exceedingly promising in every way: the Japanese are clearly having a good period of production at the moment.

If the state of the cinema, as deduced from the Berlin Festival, was nearer lethargy than lysis, it is all the more agreeable to survey the home scene where things are altogether livelier. The dominant symptom is still the production of good work by relatively unknown young men. There have been some very good British pictures in 1964 so far. Jack Clayton's *The Pumpkin Eater* at Cannes and Karel Reisz's *Night Must Fall* at Berlin were expected to be good pictures, and lived up to their expectations; at San Sebastian *Seance on a Wet Afternoon* was received with great enthusiasm and, it is reported, stood up very well in comparison with continental works. Certainly the two main characters, played by Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough, could hardly have been presented more tellingly, and the chill alarm which this sensitive study of spiritualism spreads from start to finish is remarkable. But the picture which most of us think one of Britain's best this year has been kept on ice for Venice wisely, for it was a smash hit with the New York critics as soon as it was shown there – *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, scripted by Edna O'Brien from her own novel, *The Lonely Girl*, is directed by Desmond Davies whose first feature this is. Let us hope that he can keep up the standard, for this is a very good film indeed – just the kind of thing a young man ought to be doing.

Davies uses the medium with the fearless and exhilarating freedom of a good test pilot throwing a new machine about the sky, and yet evades all the traps of self-conscious trickiness. He eyes the lush landscape with clear-sighted affection, and employs the Dublin scene to expand and emphasize his characterization, while from Rita Tushingham and Peter Finch he has drawn performances of the greatest restraint and intelligence. This is a very grown-up film, with a nice sense of *lacrimae rerum* and yet no sentimentality at all.

Finally, no account of the cinema this year can afford to leave out *A Hard Day's Night*, which seems to give pleasure to almost everyone, teenagers, children, housewives and academics alike. Not only is it infectiously high-spirited, refreshingly

anarchic and endlessly comic, but it is also beautifully made, extremely inventive and tremendously fluent. The camera is used as a camera should be, as creatively as Picasso's brush seen from the far side of a glass screen, and the performances of the Beatles are as relaxed as they are agreeable. It would be a grave error to dismiss the film about pop idols as a minor form of cinema; this year we have had *What a Crazy World* with Joe Brown and his Bruvvers, as well as Sidney J. Furie's *Wonderful Life* with Cliff Richard and The Shadows. None of these has been bad cinema and all have been good entertainment in the most precise sense of the term; good pictures made without pretension to entertain without fatuity. 1964 may not have been a vintage year, but it has certainly given us some good cinema: better still, it has introduced to us some directors who may, in the course of time, produce better cinema still – and best of all from our point of view, a fair proportion of these are to be found in the British cinema.

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