

even Odetsian; and director Alexander Singer makes the most of it, displaying a nice precision in placing and maneuvering the figures about.

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."

—DAN BATES

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 Thelonious 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