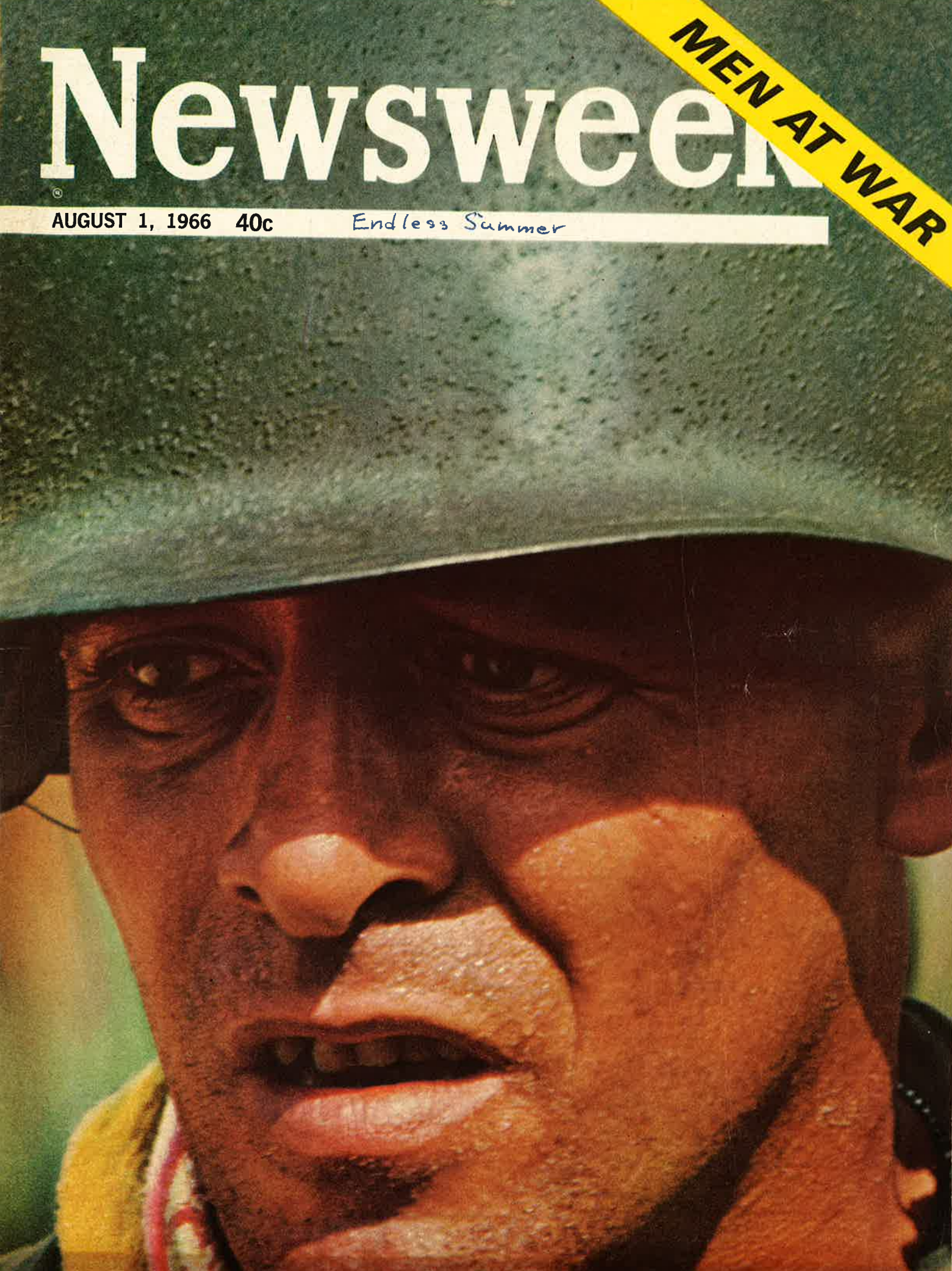


# Newsweek

AUGUST 1, 1966 40c

*Endless Summer*

**MEN AT WAR**





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## MOVIES

tice Blanche DuBois in New Orleans. These motifs are still potent, even in the hands of a committee of writers. But these hands have no grasp of the sort of intuition that prompted Williams to have the young boy ask "Why ain't you in school?" and have Willie reply "I quituated." Committees want everything explained. Committees change the name of the Cannonball Express to the Honeydew Express because it sounds more Southern.

## Dazzling Contrivance

A MAN AND A WOMAN, which won the grand prize at this year's Cannes Festival, is truly a filmmaker's film. The filmmaker, in this case, was Eastman Kodak.

Kodak made the Eastmancolor stock that registered, with dumfounding virtuosity, the succession of scenes, ranging from sunsets to a persimmon-colored bedroom, that Claude Lelouch strung to-



Aimée: The camera takes all

gether in the possibly sincere but woe-fully muddled belief that they would constitute a finished motion picture. Lelouch, who is only 28, served as the film's writer, director, cameraman, co-adaptor and editor.

Yet screen credits are to be read, not necessarily believed. Lelouch is not a writer because he does not write; he indicates. The story he has indicated concerns a love affair between a racing driver (Jean-Louis Trintignant) and a stunt man's widow (Anouk Aimée). Rather than clutter his script with a lot of dialogue, Lelouch the writer has relied on Lelouch the director to provide the necessary characterization.

**Doodle:** But he is not a director because he does not direct; he contrives. Rather than bother with characterization, Lelouch the director contrives to establish exterior relationships through tenuously connected sequences in which people sing bossa nova or go horseback riding. He also allows his actors to avoid much acting by giving them a constant

supply of props with which to doodle: cars, dogs, children, sheep, horses and even high explosives.

Lelouch the director relies on Lelouch the cameraman, and here, finally, is where Lelouch knows what he is doing. The best of his photography is on a par with that of the Japanese color specialists, or France's Henri Decae, or the late Gianni di Venanzo, who worked such consistent wonders for Fellini.

Unfortunately, though, a picture still needs a writer and a director. Truth is not to be established by giving characters the same first names as the actors who play them, or by allowing those actors to indulge in improvised banalities on the theory that most conversations in real life are tedious nonsense. Trintignant's race driver talks reverentially of some engineer who enhances the engine's power and beauty by making exhaust systems out of organ pipes. A pretentious trick, that, much the same as the one Lelouch does with his camera: making dazzling technology look like artistry. The hard part is discovering beauty with no resort to tricks. A man who can do that can play Bach in a Midas muffler shop.

## Wet, Windy, Wild

For two years, surfing master Bruce Brown, 28, followed two of his bronzed buddies around the equator four times on their obsessive odyssey after the perfect breaker. He returned with more than 9 miles of color film which he has spliced into a 95-minute documentary, **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**

A wave is a wave is a wave, but Brown's love of his sport and the breathtaking beach settings from Malibu to Ghana, South Africa, Tahiti and Hawaii turn this potentially waterlogged record into a sweeping and exciting account of human skill pitted against the ocean itself. Brown's wet, windy shots of surfers teetering atop the murderous 40-foot breakers off Oahu carry the same pleasant edginess and wonder that comes from watching the Flying Wallendas. Every pratfall, or "wipeout" as the surfer calls them, has a meaning all its own — comic, perilous or simply disappointing.

When the camera eye swings ashore, filmmaker Brown is as dull as his surfer friends, who goon it up unconvincingly or stand around shifting their feet as they chat about breaker conditions. Fortunately, the sound track doesn't record any of their dialogue; and Brown's surfing expertise saves his own boyish narrative from its damp inanity. For out on the great crests of surging green water, Brown knows his stuff. His illumination of the sport's fine points and his roller-coaster shots of men on boards give even the most adamant landlubber a heady sense of what the surfing cult is about.

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