

DELTA KAPPA ALPHA CINEMA FRATERNITY

LOOKING AHEAD

PAN: a journal of film perspective

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May 11, 1973

## I. A BRIEF HISTORY OF PAN

PAN began in February 1972 as a two-page xeroxed hand-out and has grown over the months to become a handsome film publication averaging some 40+ pages per issue, complete with pictures, in-depth interviews, feature articles, book and film reviews, and regular advertising. Published ten times yearly (the June/July and August/September issues are combined), the magazine is approaching a monthly circulation of 1,000 copies and currently reaching wide areas of the Los Angeles basin.

Among film periodicals, PAN is unique: it is based at the oldest and finest film school in America and it is surrounded by the Hollywood film industry. PAN provides a special meeting ground for the ideas of young and old filmmakers alike. Its audience is as diverse as its content-- from Daniel Taradash to Stanley Kubrick, from Jerry Lewis to Luis Bunuel. PAN has the ability and the position to speak with authority to the established filmmaker and to the aspiring film student as well. The magazine is actively developing a name for itself and has the potential of bringing considerable prestige to the Department of Cinema both by inspiring the best from current students and by attracting the finest potential filmmakers.

## II. PAN AND THE FUTURE

PAN's success to this point has been based largely on growth. The magazine has grown in size, readership, and quality. But though these gains are considerable, we do not feel we should stop here. More progress can and should be made to firmly establish PAN as a significant voice in the film community and a publication of prestige for USC's Department of Cinema.

In looking to the future, here is how we see PAN as it relates to its readers, its staff, and the Department of Cinema.

### OUR AUDIENCE

PAN began as an internal publication whose audience was almost exclusively the students and staff of the Department of Cinema. This audience was also the sole source for the articles, interviews and reviews that appeared in the magazine. All this was severely limiting.

As a result, we have tried to gradually open the magazine both in respect to contributors and readership. A diverse audience, we feel, is essential to the magazine's continued development. It will challenge us to broaden our scope and dig deeper as we search out subject matter for the magazine; it will provide a strong and varied soundingboard for our ideas and opinions about film; and it will bring to the Department intimate contact with a whole new range of prospective students, teachers, guests, and friends.

These are some of the things a broadened audience can do for PAN. There are, of course, things that PAN can do for its audience. Again, because we are based at an important film school like USC and literally surrounded by the Hollywood film industry, we have unique and special powers of access to the resources of the film world. For other publications based half a continent or half a world away, obtaining an interview with Alfred Hitchcock, or Jerry Lewis, or Clint Eastwood, or Woody Allan is often difficult. But because of our proximity to this major production center, and because of the film community's high regard for USC's Department of Cinema, there are doors open to us that are closed or perhaps only partially open to other publications. We at PAN see it as our responsibility

to make good use of this position to bring our readers the kinds of information that will be either difficult or impossible to obtain elsewhere. We hope to use this wider audience to attract the kinds of contributors both within and outside the Department who can best utilize these resources.

### OUR FORMAT

The basic format for PAN, we feel, has been adequately established-- interviews, feature in-depth articles, film and book reviews. What we need at this point is embellishment for these areas. For example, a somewhat heftier monthly issue would be desirable. For the past few issues we have averaged about 40 pages. We would like to establish 50 pages as a minimum issue length, thus providing additional space for greater depth and for additional material. This would give the magazine a more substantial appearance and make it appear an even better buy to its readers. We would also like to increase the pictorial content of the magazine, making visuals an important and integral part of the content (highly appropriate for a magazine dealing with a visual art form). And finally, at some point we would like to switch to actual printing for the magazine.

### OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Regardless of how brilliant its art direction, how suitable its format, how reasonable its price, or how wide its distribution, no magazine can be better than its most important element-- the writing. At PAN we fully realize this, and while we want to improve and develop the magazine in all ways, we do recognize that the written content of the magazine is of primary importance. It is for this reason that we must develop the other areas already mentioned. For overall quality is essential in attracting the kinds of writers whose work will be a credit not only to PAN but to the Department of Cinema.

We would like to see a greater diversity in our content-- well written articles prepared by specialists in all fields, but especially those areas of film seldom written about. We would like to include significant new interviews, especially with those personalities often overlooked or those inadequately interviewed in the past (and again, we may be best equipped to conduct these interviews. We would like to explore the strong opinions of leaders in all aspects of film production and film criticism, and at the same time encourage the establishment of Los Angeles as a major center in the exploration of film aesthetics. And finally, we would like to establish a dialogue between our contributors

and our readers, an element so often ignored in film publications.

A WORD ABOUT QUALITY

Each of our concerns for the future really has a single direction--improving the quality of the magazine. We feel that much of PAN's future is tied to this consideration. If we can establish and maintain the highest level of quality for our publication, then matters of staff, of contributors, and of readers will answer themselves. It's like the age old Hollywood credo: Everyone wants to be associated with a hit, but few are willing to take the chances involved in making a hit happen. We at PAN are willing to take the chances.

### III. ACHIEVING THE FUTURE

#### CREATING A STRUCTURE

A serious problem with the PAN organization as it exists, and a major stumbling block for the future and for expansion, is the lack of an on-going framework for the magazine. We need to design a permanent superstructure that will eliminate the present dependence on the motivating force of any single staff member or group of staff members. Such a superstructure could assure the magazine's survival from semester to semester, despite changes in the staff composition and in the contributors.

To accomplish this we propose the following three alternatives:

**DEPARTMENT OF CINEMA ADVISOR:** The assignment of a member of the full-time teaching staff of the Department to oversee the publishing of the magazine, act as liaison between PAN's staff and the Department, and provide continuity for the magazine during periods of changing personnel.

**TEACHING ASSISTANT ADVISOR:** The assignment of an advanced work/study student or special scholarship student in the history/criticism area to oversee the publishing of the magazine, act as liaison between PAN's staff and the Department, and provide continuity from semester to semester. Ideally, this position should be given to an individual willing and able to assume the responsibility for at least a full year, preferably longer.

**INDEPENDENT ADVISOR:** The appointment of either a volunteer advisor or the appointment of a part-time employee, preferably from within the Department of Cinema, to oversee the publishing of the magazine, act as liaison between PAN's staff and the Department, and provide continuity for the magazine.

The first alternative would not require separate funding, the advisor's assignment being given as part of the teaching load of a new lecturer or instructor in the Department (unless other higher ranking members of the Department wish to volunteer for the assignment). The second alternative could use either a work/study student, the Department sharing his cost with the government, or be made part of a special scholarship or similar grant (funding, if otherwise unavailable, might be sought through Cinema Circulus or some other interested group).

The third alternative would require either an advisor/volunteer from outside the Department, or the addition of a part-time employee to the Department of Cinema staff, with the necessary funding for such an addition.

The position of Editor-in-Chief would remain intact and continue to be the principal source of editorial control and responsibility for the magazine. With the development of the magazine and the addition of supporting facilities and staff, the task of recruiting a new editor to fill any vacancy that may occur should become easier. Looking ahead in this area can also help to smooth the transition and make certain that the magazine does not go without an Editor-in-Chief for any length of time. A practice should be established whereby the current editor would be available for training the new editor in his duties prior to the actual transfer of power (a semester being, perhaps, the ideal length of time for the training period).

Other positions on the magazine would be filled by the Editor-in-Chief in consultation with the magazine's advisor and members of the editorial board.

#### FACILITIES AND PERSONNEL

Over the past year, PAN has grown at a rate that makes working out of individual's homes or in the available empty classrooms of the Department highly unsatisfactory. Editorial board meetings, space to work on the magazine's layout, a quiet place to proofread galleys or edit copy, access to a telephone to take advertising orders or set appointments for interviews, storage facilities for back issues, all these daily operations of the magazine have taken on such a scope that they can no longer be effectively and efficiently carried out on an informal and highly unstructured basis.

We propose that a certain minimal amount of office space be set aside for PAN, preferably within the Department of Cinema. What we need is a home base, a place for staff meetings, a place for the daily work of the magazine, and a place to serve as communications center, where we may receive and make telephone calls essential to the functioning of the magazine, a place to type material, to store back issues, maintain files, administer the subscription department of the magazine, and even count the coins of the realm.

In addition to permanent office space, PAN is also in great need of part-time general office help to assist in running the office, maintaining the files, filling subscriptions, typing transcripts, answering the

telephone, etc. Ideally, this position could be filled by either a work/study student or an hourly wage student, again preferably from the Department. A background in either secretarial work or general office procedures would be desirable, as would some knowledge of Cinema. Hourly wage scale would not have to exceed \$2.00 per hour. A minimum of 20 hours per week would be required, with 30 hours per week optimum.

Other members of the staff and editorial board would continue to be recruited on a volunteer, non-paying basis.

### SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE

With regard to circulation, PAN has now arrived at a crucial point in its development. Until now, the magazine has relied solely on small lot sales and free copies for its distribution. In effect, PAN is functioning as an internal house publication, with the severe limitations of that position. To expand our audience, to reach out for new ideas and points of view, and to bring to the magazine and the Department of Cinema the prestige and influence that a well-produced, widely circulated, and serious journal of film is capable of contributing, we feel it is essential to offer subscriptions on a regular basis to interested institutions and individuals.

This program of subscription solicitation would be operated for one year on a trial basis, then evaluated for continued use. The solicitation would be in two phases.

### SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITATION PHASE I: INSTITUTIONS

First to be approached would be the institutional markets: film libraries, museums, archives, those universities and colleges offering courses in film studies, publishers specializing in film books, and the like. These markets are large and anxious for new publications-- witness the fact that UCLA has already requested a one year subscription to PAN and has forwarded the magazine to the Library of Congress in Washington for LC cataloging. A subscription drive among these markets would net a high return of subscription orders. More importantly, it would be the first step in spreading the merits of the University of Southern California as regards film criticism and film aesthetics.

Sources for PHASE I solicitation mailings would include:

AFI GUIDE TO COLLEGE FILM COURSES  
INTERNATIONAL FILM GUIDE, 1973  
GUIDEBOOK TO FILM  
LISTINGS OF FILM BOOK PUBLISHERS  
LISTINGS OF STUDIO PUBLICITY DEPARTMENTS  
LISTINGS OF 16mm FILM DISTRIBUTORS

SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITATION  
PHASE II: INDIVIDUALS

Next to be approached would be potential individual subscribers: those people whose interest in film makes them a likely audience for a magazine like PAN. A carefully mounted, personalized campaign for subscriptions from this audience segment is called for here. These people will fill out the subscription rolls and be largely responsible for word-of-mouth enthusiasm for the magazine. Also, we should not lose sight of their considerable potential as students, teachers, guests, and friends of the Department.

Sources for PHASE II solicitation mailings would include:

DKA MAILING LIST  
SUBSCRIPTION LIST from FILM QUARTERLY  
CINEMA CIRCULUS MAILING LIST  
FRIENDS OF THE USC LIBRARIES MAILING LIST  
FRIENDS OF MUSIC MAILING LIST  
PERFORMING ARTS COORDINATING COUNCIL  
MAILING LIST

In addition, outside sources for mailing lists would be investigated.

We feel it is vital at this point for PAN to reach out and attempt to communicate with this wider audience. The potential for strengthening the Department of Cinema's existing programs in history/criticism is not to be overlooked, nor is the potential for building PAN into a self-sustaining-- even profit making-- part of the Department's extensive Cinema curriculum. But the broadening of the film experience for those who will come in contact with it is perhaps PAN's most significant contribution, and one that we believe deserves to be fully explored.

The problems in mounting such a subscription drive are, of course,

many. For one thing, the continuity of the magazine is critical. We must be able to guarantee regular publication. We think that with the proposals for development already outlined, this problem has been minimized. We anticipate that PAN will increasingly be a part of the Cinema Department that students and staff alike will be interested in becoming involved with. However, we do propose several alternative safeguards. One, that a portion of the subscription fees collected be set aside to allow refunds in the unlikely event that publication ceases. And two, that we explore with other film publications the possibility and costs of transferring our subscribers to some other film publication in the event of our failure.

These two safeguards should adequately protect the Department and the University. After the initial trial period of one year, we would carefully evaluate the subscription program to determine whether or not it should continue and what modifications are suggested by our experience.

We recognize that, despite the preparations, despite the safeguards, we are still taking a chance in tackling the subscription concept. However, we wholeheartedly feel that the advantages to both the Department and PAN warrant at least a one-year trial subscription drive.

#### BUDGET

##### Subscription Drive Costs:

Computer tape run of mailing lists	\$ 50.00
Mailing service charge	25.00
Postage (@5 cents per issue, total 500)	25.00
Extra printing costs for additional 500 copies	150.00
TOTAL:	<u>\$250.00</u>

##### Monthly Expenses for the 10 Month Publishing Period:

Publishing costs (1,000 copies)	\$550.00
Mailing list, postage, addressing & handling (based on a subscription list of 250 copies)	150.00
Part-time office employee @ \$2.00 per hr/25 wk	200.00
Office supplies, postage, and misc. expenses	25.00
Contingency fund	25.00
Per Month:	<u>\$950.00</u>
X 10 for Year:	\$9500.00

Summer Period Expenses:

Part-time office employee @ \$2.00 per hr/20 wk	\$160.00
Office supplies, postage, and misc. expenses	20.00
Contingency fund	20.00
	<hr/>
Per Month:	\$200.00
X 2 for Summer:	\$400.00

Review

Subscription Drive Costs:	\$ 250.00	(one-time cost)
Monthly Publishing Period Exp.	950.00	(per month for 10 months)
Summer Period Expenses	200.00	(per month for 2 months)
Subscription Drive Total:	250.00	
One-year publishing costs:	9900.00	

[Does not include one-time office expenses, such as telephone installation, typewriter, desk, etc.]

Monthly Income for the 10 Month Publishing Period:

Advertising income (average 10 pages per issue @ \$17.50 per page)	\$175.00
Subscription fees (based on the revenue from 250 subscriptions divided evenly over the 10 month publishing period)	167.50
Newsstand Sales (based on a monthly average of 100 copies)	75.00
	<hr/>
TOTAL MONTHLY INCOME:	\$417.50
X 10 for the Year:	\$4175.00

PAN: a journal of film perspective  
Subscription Solicitation Form Letter  
Draft II  
5/10/73

"The task I'm trying to achieve is above all to make you see."  
David Wark Griffith, 1913

More than half-a-century has passed since American film pioneer D. W. Griffith implored the emerging film audience to do more than casually and passively watch movies. He wanted them to "see" film with a deeper critical sense. He wanted film to be an active experience of life.

Today, there is a new film journal dedicated to seeing film in exciting new ways. We invite you to explore this remarkable art form with us in PAN: a journal of film perspective.

Among film periodicals, PAN is unique. Based at the University of Southern California, reknowned as the oldest and finest film school in America, PAN stands at the hub of the film world, not half a continent or half a world away. The people, the films, they all come together on the pages of PAN with a sense of insight and perspective that will help you to "see" film in a fresh new way. Interviews, in-depth articles, film and book reviews and much more-- you will find everything from Daniel Taradash to Jack Lemmon, from Jerry Lewis to Luis Bunuel in this unique film magazine.

PAN is published ten times yearly at a single copy price of 75¢. For a limited time, we are offering special Charter Subscriptions for just \$6.50 per year. Save \$1.00 off newsstand prices and have each issue of PAN delivered to your door. To order your Charter Subscription, simply return the enclosed order form with your check or money order for \$6.50 to: PAN, USC Cinema, University of Southern California, University Park, Los Angeles, Ca. 90007. Do it now, and join us in "seeing" film in a new perspective.

Cordially,

Sameul Erde,  
Editor-in-Chief,  
PAN: a journal of film perspective

# VIEWPOINT OF THE ARTS



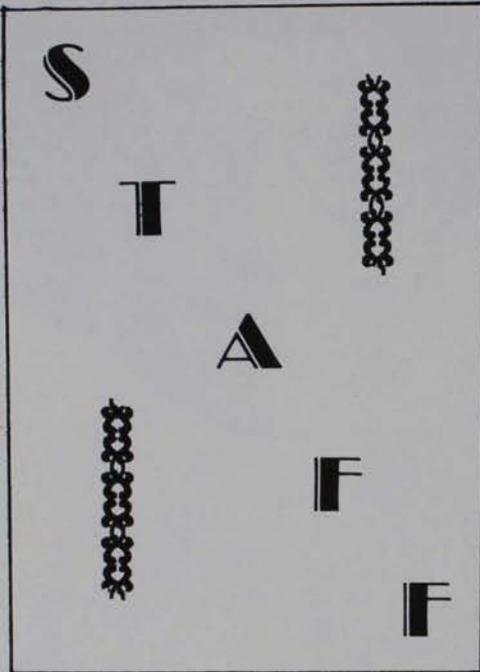
THIS  
●  
ISSUE

“MAKING IT”

NOV.  
1977



# FROM THE EDITOR



## WHAT IS VIEWPOINT?

With this issue, *ViewPoint Magazine* begins its second year of publication. It was begun a year ago by several students at the University of Southern California.

The main purpose of *ViewPoint* is to provide insights and opinions on the arts. It's an outlet for students to express themselves.

## WHO RECEIVES VIEWPOINT?

This magazine not only reaches the students of the USC campus, but is also distributed at UCLA, and is distributed to New York University, Columbia University, Boston University, Miami University and others. It is also distributed to all the major motion picture, television, and recording studios including the various guilds and unions involved. This is done to inform those who are in the art industry of what their patrons, and future co-workers, think.

## THEME OF ISSUE:

One of the matters which seems to be the most on students' minds is how to make it in the industry. It is to this question that this issue addresses itself. In the following pages there are several interviews with people who are "making it." These are people who, for the most part, are only a few steps away from being students themselves. With this in mind, this issue of *ViewPoint* is dedicated to those people who know the road ahead will be a difficult one, but who, nevertheless, are committed to "making it."

All correspondence and articles may be mailed to:

Editor: *ViewPoint*  
4674 LaMirada Avenue  
Hollywood CA 90029  
663-4800

## OPINION:

### Nudity in Student Films

Overheard in the Cinema Department:

One student to another: "Wait 'till you see my film. I got her to take off all her clothes. It's going to be great! I showed everything!"

It seems that many students have a tendency to place nudity in their films for every reason except practical ones. By having an exposed genital on celluloid, the student filmmaker feels that it gives his film an air of maturity. It supposedly shows that he has professional attitudes. At the same time, it makes a scene 'more exciting to film, not only because of the subject, but because this is the way it's done in the real movie world.

Now, I'm not particularly against nudity in films, but a filmmaker must realize a few things if an unclothed actor is to be used. For one thing, no matter what is occurring, the audience's eyes are going to be on relatively select areas of the actors—the body organs are going to steal the scene and be the main attraction.

Is this what the filmmaker wants to be the focal point of the scene? If so, fine. However, in most student films, the nudity is secondary to the scene (at least in the director's mind); a point to be considered by future bedroom-scene-makers.

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With special thanks to Richard Bonin.

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FUNDED BY



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# FAIRY TALES

by

Mira-Lani Perlman

## CAN COME TRUE

"There are the five stages of an actor: (1) Who is Barry Pearl? (2) Get me Barry Pearl. (3) Get me a Barry Pearl type. (4) Get me a younger Barry Pearl. (5) Who is Barry Pearl? No, that's not original," said the 5'8", 130 lb., 18-27 year old, "... eastern, curly-haired, Jewish or Italian type ...," sitting, animated, before me. "But it's true!"

If indeed it is true, then Barry must be entering the "Get me Barry Pearl" stage of his career. He is talented, energetic, handsome, charming, and above all, extremely confident. Confident with good reason, of course. He has just finished filming his first major motion picture. In the still unreleased screen version of the stage show, *Grease*, John Travolta plays the lead—Danny Zuko—and Barry co-stars as Doodie, one of the rowdy "T-Birds," along with Kelly Ward, a USC student.

Barry has broken through the impenetrable stone wall that surrounds the kingdom of show business. He deserves to be knighted, for it has been a long and trying ordeal, a struggle to which he has devoted most of his life. Happily, it has been graced with more good luck than bad. Because I have already divulged the end, allow me now to relate the beginning of this actor's fairy tale.

Once upon a time, a boy was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His parents divorced when he was ten months old. "I was always a kind of out-there type person." His relatives were not at all the wicked type portrayed in most story books. Our hero had "... lots of love from five women. A grandmother, three aunts, and my mother. And they always kind of promoted that thing in me." At an early age, Barry's mother enrolled him in tap-dancing and ballet classes. Although our hero insists that his mother was not a typical "stage mother" and that she "didn't have to drag me [to auditions]," he did suffer through some unpleasant times during his childhood, brought about by his career. "I did a play in rhyme called *Virginia Creeper*, and I remember that being a very traumatic experience. That was the only time my mother really got down on my case to learn my lines. I remember sitting in the Totem Pole restaurant. I remember sitting in there bawling my head off, 'I'll never get these lines. I'm scared!' And my mother saying, 'You'll learn the lines!' "I was about seven. I was never a jock type in school. I was always kind of frail. I was into the arts, into dancing, and so forth, and I remember the peer pressure. I remember the class tough

telling my other friends that he had seen me in one of the dance recitals. He made fun of me for wearing satin tails and a top hat. I didn't even wear a top hat, which really bothered me."

Despite ridicule from classmates, Barry went on to Broadway replacing Johnny Borden as Randolph in *Bye Bye Birdie*. "At the age of eleven, I was a working man. I just always loved this (he claps his hands loudly and feigns a bow). And the laughing, I always got some kind of crazy thrill out of hearing people laugh."



Thanks to some lucky breaks and chance meetings, Barry worked constantly until he went away to college at Carnegie Technological Institute. "I was not a very good student. I was average and sometimes below. But I had this sense of responsibility to my educative self, that I should go and learn something. So what did I do? I went and studied drama, which was easy for me. I knew that I wouldn't be able to cut anything else but drama, so it was a little bit of a cop out for me. I knew I could handle it." Perhaps it was easier for our hero than for others. Out of a class of 45 actors, he was one of four who graduated. Commendable to say the very least. However, Barry does not hesitate to add that "... academic drama is for the birds."

After graduation, he went back to New York "... to pick up the pieces ..." of his slightly neglected childhood career. He had worked only during the summers while he was at Carnegie Tech. "There I was in New York, in the middle of May, having just graduated from college. I was ready to bust the world wide open and I started to cry (post-college blahs). I felt trapped. I worked for Stand-by Answering Service in a tiny room in between two other people. Cramped. My whole existence that summer was cramped. I was going nuts."

Our hero did work in New York after graduation. He no longer had a manager, but agents' doors were still open to him. He "... wanted to do something on Broadway, but it never really happened big back there again." He came to L.A. to audition for a television pilot entitled "Best Friends." He met Jerry Paris (his fairy godfather?)

The heroes of fairy tales must believe in magic. Barry is no exception. "I'm a very superstitious person. I believe in psychic things. The role that I had auditioned for was the role of 'Gypsy.' Three times that week, 'Gypsy' came into my life. The first time I called the people I was working for, the show that I was doing, I called one Thursday afternoon asking if I could come down and pick up my check, instead of waiting 'till that evening to get it. They said, 'Oh, Barry, you're a real gypsy.'—Gypsy referring to an actor. The character also happened to be a Gypsy Jew. It turned out that somebody working down at the theatre, selling programs, was not only a Gypsy, but he was a Jewish Gypsy. The third thing—I was on the bus and a woman gets on it with a bandana on her head. She had a large nose and an accent. She's a gypsy! I had to get next to her. At the end of the bus ride I said, 'Have a happy day,' and she says, 'You have a happy day!' That was the third time.

"Then I was told that I didn't get the thing, that I didn't get the pilot. Jerry Paris said, 'We really like you in it, but we just think you're too old. If ever I do anything else, I'll give you a call.' About a week after that, I get a call from my agent saying, 'They are not satisfied with the boy they cast as Gypsy. They want you to get out there as soon as possible. Hang on.' My agent puts me on hold. My agent puts me on hold. My agent has this thing set up on the phone that when they put you on hold, you listen to music. (Here Barry smiles and takes a dramatic pause.) The song playing was 'I'm a Gypsy Rover.'"

(Continued on page 15)

# DINNER WITH...

I had clashingly worn my double-breasted navy-blue suit. My tie had a little camera tie-clip which I thought was rather appropriate. While I was waiting at the entrance of the rather expensive restaurant, I kept reminding myself, "I'm having dinner with George Lucas!" I then thought to myself, "George Lucas is really nothing big. All he's done up to this point is *THX* and *American Graffiti*. (This was last fall.) I then pulled out my rarely used pocket watch and glanced at the time. I peeked through the corners of my eyes to see if anyone was noticing my debonair gesture. The stoic waiter was watching me! In the midst of my moment, interrupted a short, bearded fellow dressed in shabby bluejeans and sneakers which had lived beyond their time.

"Hi," he quietly mumbled to me. Oh no, I thought to myself, he's going to ask me for some money.

"I'm sorry but I don't have..."

"I'm George Lucas," he quietly remarked.

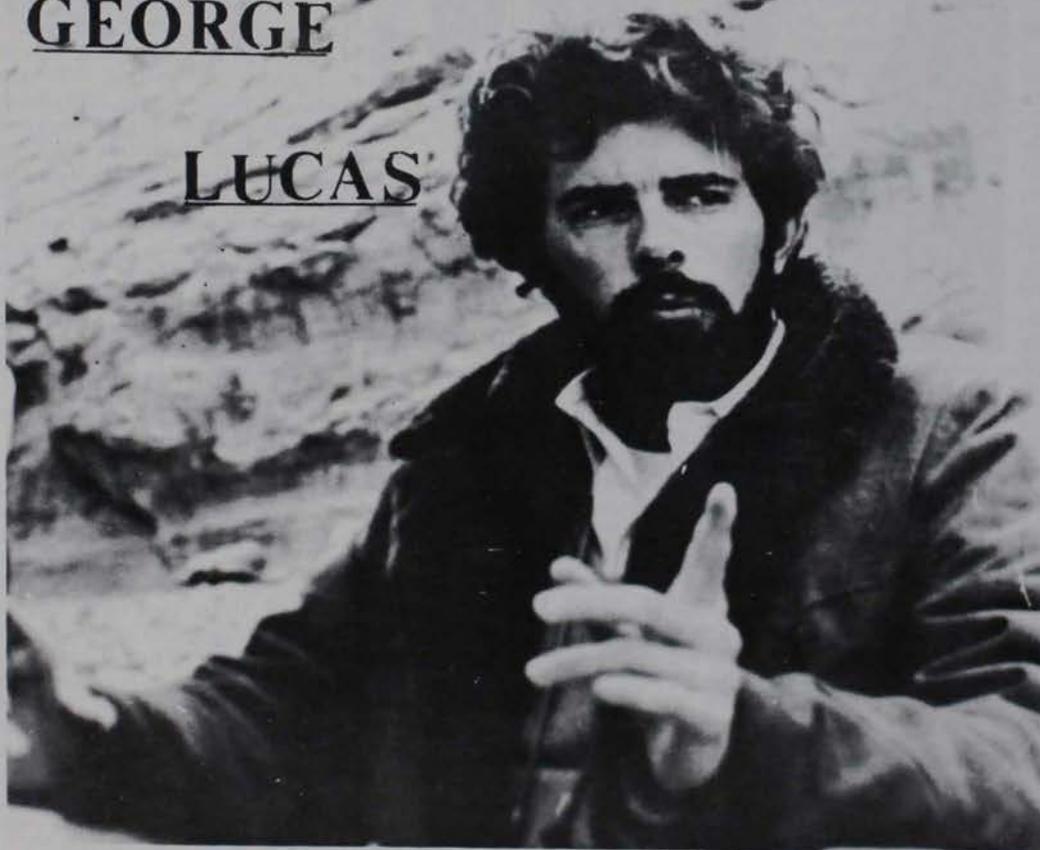
"Oh, I, uh, oh, nice to meet you!"

As I sat there opposite George, watching him eat, I kept wondering to myself, this is George Lucas? I felt very uncomfortable in my suit and tie. Why the hell did I dress up?



## GEORGE

## LUCAS



I noticed that George was very quiet. He wouldn't talk unless spoken to. We chatted about his days as a USC cinema student. I was surprised to learn that he was a journalism major who decided that cinema might be more fun. He also commented on how he rarely received good grades in his classes. He seemed to always have trouble with his teachers. They never liked what he did. Eventually we began to discuss videotape. He seemed to think that that was the medium of the future. He was so pro-video that I began to wonder if he didn't have stock in a company.

As we were leaving I asked, "What are you working on now?"

"Oh, a little science-fiction film—it's giving me a lot of trouble."

"Oh brother," I thought to myself, "Who's going to see a science-fiction film? They never make money."

It was a month later that I saw *Star Wars*. My little meeting with Mr. Lucas taught me many lessons. Here was a fellow who was quiet, unassuming, and unimpressive. Yet he accomplished more than most of the boisterous, colorful loud-mouths that one seems to incessantly meet. As I glanced in my closet at my suit and tie, I thought to myself, it's what's inside the suit that counts. And with that I shut the door and went back to work on a story idea for a film: a science-fiction musical!

Roy Moosa

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O.K. You've shelled out the bucks for the guitars, drums, and amps. You've scrimped and saved for good quality microphones, recorders, and tapes. You may have even learned how to use all of this equipment. And, (the odds are not against it) you might even have that bonus element called "talent." Visions of the Forum and Paladium dance in your head.

Beautiful!

You're even dedicated enough to your dreams to realize and accept the fact that a lot of hard work lies ahead. You've played the gigs in places that are generously described as the world's armpits. You've knocked around and learned from the right and wrong people, and you've met some "names", who've given you a few sincere suggestions and even praise. Now you're ready for the music world—let the gates be opened just a little so you can show your stuff and . . . . .

Tom Croucier is a b singer and songwriter who has had several distinct honors and experiences in a business that's as fickle as a television programmer's logic. In 1967, With a group called "Symbols of Time," Croucier and David Pack (now with the group "Ambrosia") found themselves earning first place honors in the National Battle of the Bands competition. During the next two years Croucier and his band could be heard playing on the same stage with such rock luminaries as "Buffalo Springfield." He also sang in a session up in San Francisco with Carlos Santana and played bass in another group that had a contract with A&M Records. Add to this the untold number of gigs in nightclubs, bars, and even a Holiday Inn cocktail lounge, and you give Tom Croucier a fairly well-rounded performing background. Mix to this his songwriting and production skills and his knowledge of the business end of the record industry, and you get a picture of an artist well on his way, right?

Well, yes. Except for the fact that Tom Croucier has never recorded his work in a professional studio, never signed a record contract, and has never had a single note or word of his published—not that he doesn't want to. That's the bad part.

The good part is that Tom Croucier is neither frustrated nor resentful but rather hopeful, and if possible, even more dedicated towards his goals.

He comes across as a man who is complete; not only in the areas of his talent and ability but in the reality of the steps he needs to take for the work ahead of him. "I've only been for about the last two and a half years with the direct goal of performing my own music and the intentions of a record contract. Before that I wasn't sure whether I wanted to play other guys' music or my own, or just concentrate on my song writing. Now it's come together in my mind that what I want and am capable of is to perform my own work.

It would seem that after taking first place in the National Battle of the Bands competition a record contract would be a reasonable follow-up. Not so.

"Bad management," says Croucier, not bitterly, but without further detail.

At 27, Tom now considers himself a songwriter foremost; upon hearing some of his tapes, the title is not a misnomer. His style combines a feeling of the groups that influence him most; the early Beatle's innocence, the op-soulfulness of the present "Boz Scaggs," the joyful experimentation of the first "Yes" albums, and of course, there's Tom Croucier himself.

## SO YOU WANNA' BE



## A ROCK STAR?

by

Stuart A. Fischman

"There are many ways to write, but I write best out of the immediate feeling and emotion of the experience." But he is not ignorant of the fact that personal statements alone don't make Billboard's Top 40 list. He not only acknowledges that there are formulas common to most hit songs, but he strives for it.

"You've gotta have a hook and you don't wanna bum people out, at the same time it can't be phoney."

What it then comes down to is a fusion between the music scene's demands, which for the most part are dictated by the public's taste in style, and the songwriter's touch of individuality.

Tom Croucier is not unique. Thousands of people each year flood record companies and publishers with tapes of their dreams; only to have them tossed in a Universal Trash bin, or if they're lucky, have them returned with

a form letter of criticism regarding a tape that wasn't even played in the first place.

The biggest question then is—HOW? If nobody listens, then what's the use? Well, if that's the feeling, according to Croucier, then hang it up. As is true in every endeavor, if you don't believe in yourself you're already defeated. But seeing as this isn't a Father-Knows-Best-Philosophy-Forum, he pointed out several realities that aspiring writers and musicians should know and expect if they are serious about their goals. Ideally, the quality of any demo tape that a person submits should be of the highest standards. For example, Croucier's tapes have been recorded and mixed on a 4-track recorder and, even though the sound is good over low volume home equipment, it is not professional quality and for the most part, that's what record companies demand. "Some record executives can't hear through the home quality and listen to the music and its potential." They want something closer to a Master Tape sound. It takes money, a lot of money, to produce a professional quality tape, but it's not a steadfast rule and, as mentioned, it's simply the ideal situation. Tom believes that by perseverance and the talent of a tape, a publisher will back the cost of studio time and one more obstacle will have been crossed.

Also, the artist should be flexible with his work to the extent that he might have little control over the final sound. You might write for a punk rock sound and end up singing the blues. Frustrating as this might be, don't knock it. As Croucier points out, you're being given the chance to work and if you sell, artistic control will come later.

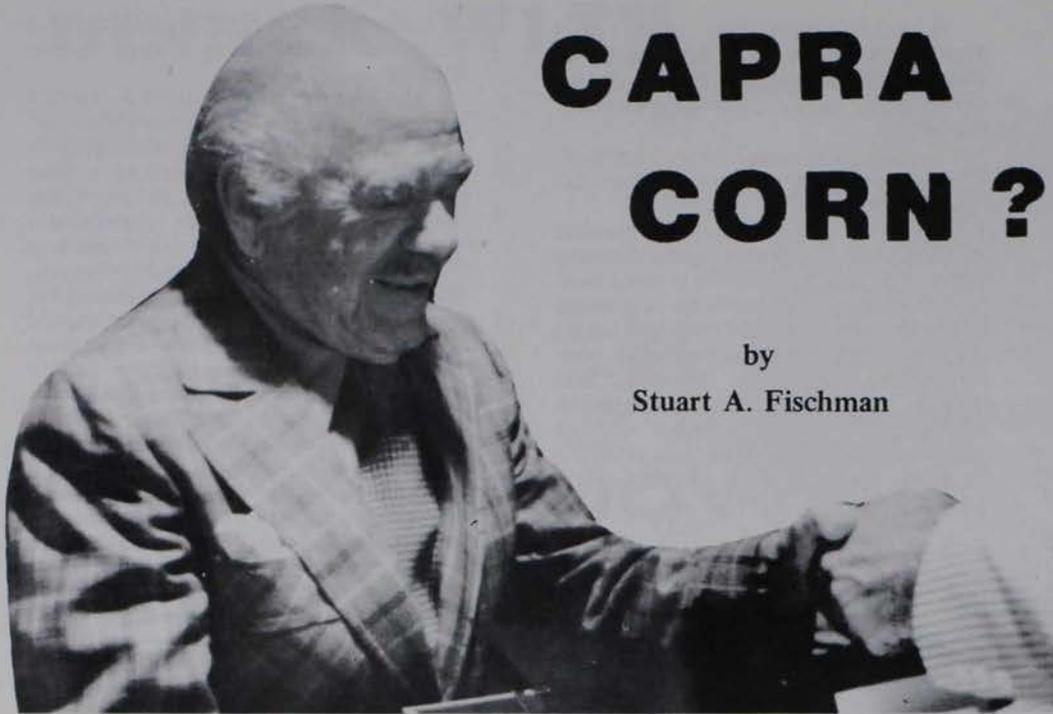
Now, a record company basically has two reasons for signing an artist or a group and neither is too complicated. One is to make money, and the other is to save money. The latter is otherwise known as a tax shelter contract. This type of deal (which is sometimes made known to the artist beforehand) enables a record company to record an album and after printing a minimum of 1,500 copies, stop production, declare a loss, and mark it down as a tax write-off. The advantage to the artist? Besides getting paid, he or she has worked in a professional studio and, who knows, maybe one of those paltry 1,500 copies will end up in the right hands. Another type of contract is a "singles contract." With this type of deal, a record company pays the studio time for a group to record a single. If it sells, you've got an album—if it fails, you're on your own once again.

To all the Tom Croucier's, "making it" is not just a pipedream. There have been too many examples of artists who have worked for years before they became overnight successes. Darry Hall and John Oats' hit single "She's Gone" was released three times over a period

(Continued on page 15)

# CAPRA CORN ?

by  
Stuart A. Fischman



The image of the angry artist is a romantic one. The vision of a creative mind almost driven to distraction in its search for perfection can be fascinating to observe and explore. What drives the artist? What is he saying? What does his work actually mean? People sometimes try so hard to see *into* a work of art that they ignore the fact that the creator might simply be an individual, who, through simplicity itself, can convey exactly how he feels.

Ah, the films of the '30's and '40's. Ah, the freshness of it all. Ah, Frank Capra and his marvelous "bits of fluff". But fluff can have substance and also most certainly does Mr. Capra, himself.

After a recent DKA retrospective of Capra films, Mr. Capra answered questions about his work, life, and philosophies and how, in a sense, they are really all one in the same.

In a way, he struck me as a paradox: a person of the '30's and the '60's simultaneously. He has the '30's feeling of caring about humans, and that people in general are basically good. "There were, still are, and will always be the Mr. Deeds, the Mr. Smiths, and John Does. People who care about people." Coming from Capra it does not sound like a philosophy but simply a statement of fact; not idealism, but rather a sense of realism. Capra carried this attitude beyond the content of his films and into his approach of making the film. "It [the film] is not made with stories and equipment. It is made by people and their creativity."

The '60's part of Capra shows in his fierce belief of individuality, the idea that a man must do what is right for himself. Capra lived this idea. From the beginning he had complete control of his films, from pre-production to final editing. His "one man, one film" theory gave all of his films that definite individual Capra touch,

for they all represent the essence of the man. What we see on the screen is what *he* feels and observes, and we relate. Nothing is too complex. For example, when asked where he first thought of combining comedy and the political scene, such as in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, Capra looked almost surprised, and said, "Why, I always thought that politics is rather comical, don't you?" No social phenomenon or deep insight motivated him, just one man expressing what he saw.

Though the themes and heroes of his films might be viewed as conservative and/or plastic, they must touch us in some way. How else can you explain an audience's tears and cheers as a character's life unfolds. Even the ideas for his films could come from simplistic beginnings. *It's A Wonderful Life*, which Capra calls his favorite film, had its inception from a nine paragraph Christmas greeting card. To Capra, the idea was beautiful, and he translated that beauty to film.

Whatever an artist's medium may be: film, dance, painting, etc., a part of the work always contains an element of the artist's pride. To this extent Capra is no exception. When the question was posed as to what his best film was, he said with a pixieish grin, "That's hard to say, I made so many **great** ones." He means it. He believes in himself just as much as the heroes of his films do. It is not a false pride or ego talking, but a man who knows his craft and himself. Perhaps that is the greatest thing one can learn from Frank Capra.

Showing yourself through your craft is in itself an art. The need to know yourself may not be as important as to *be* yourself. Yes, that is simplicity, but it is also complete and human. It is also Frank Capra.

His films are just as much art as a Michaelangelo or a Van Gogh, in the sense that it will always touch the people who experience them.

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"The mediocre teacher tells.  
The good teacher explains.  
The superior teacher demonstrates.  
The great teacher inspires."

William Arthur Ward

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"If there was nothing wrong in the world there wouldn't be anything for us to do."

G. B. Shaw

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All You Can Take With You is That  
Which You Give Away

There are very few people in life who discover what their purpose is, who realize why they exist. Film director, Frank Capra, is one of those few.

The title of this article was hanging on a wall in a small office of the Bailey Savings and Loan in the Capra film, *It's a Wonderful Life*. This phrase summarizes the themes which run through most of Capra's best films including *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* (1936), *You Can't Take It With You* (1938), and *Meet John Doe* (1941). He constantly re-expresses this motif. It is his belief, his strength, his message to mankind. Because of this, Capra is an artist beyond compare. His films are not only entertainment, but also messages of relevance even today, when they are thirty and forty years old. They say something; they affect their audiences.



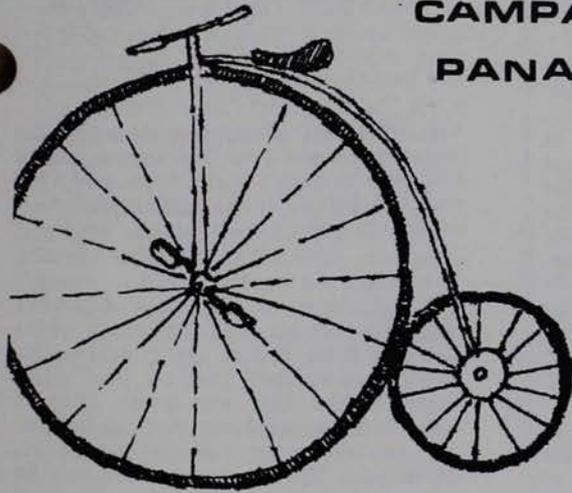
This is the main function of art; to affect its audience; to stir one's emotions; to leave a theater in a daze; to stare at a painting stunned; to be lifted away by a piece of music; to be enthralled in a book—these are some of the greatest feelings in life.

One of the worst feelings is to watch a film or read a book and not be affected at all. The end result is two hours of one's life wasted away. To leave a theater with the same emotions as when you entered is a sad waste of time.

This is a failing that Frank Capra need not worry about, for he has placed in them all a piece of his heart, which beats so loudly that no audience can help but be affected by it.

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He's handsome and virile by any standard. His smile, punctuated with dimples, has a relaxing effect while the eyes, green, reflect his intelligence, kindness, and easy-going manner. Yet, he says what he feels, frankly and unashamedly. But he is not a braggart. Fox is interesting but not overly exceptional in presence and carriage (except that he seems active even when he sits still). Peter just seems to be a really nice guy—who has been around. He is certainly no babe in the "wood"—now.

But four years ago Peter Fox graduated from Harvard University with a major in anthropology and a minor in film. Because one of his two films won first prize at Harvard, Peter thought Hollywood would be waiting with open arms for its new, young ("naive"), aspiring director. He wasn't the first to make that assumption, and he will certainly not be the last. But Fox is doing all right for himself in Hollywood; not directing, but acting and writing. "I spent a lot of time finding out that being a director is even crazier than being an actor." Fortunately, he likes being in front of the camera.

Peter, 27, grew up in Chicago with four brothers and three sisters. "Since there were so many kids in our family, a few of us did television commercials." His mother knew a woman who ran an agency and suggested some of the Fox children get into commercials. It brought in extra cash, and "I learned not to be shy in front of a camera."

There is neither vanity in his voice nor conceit in his expression when he speaks of his ability as an actor. "Just by watching what other people have done, for instance, watching any TV I would say to myself, 'I could do a much better job than that'; not only I, but probably most actors could." So, TV seemed the easiest thing in the world. Film acting, he feels, is much more difficult. He would much rather do films.

So far he has starred in one feature, *Fraternity Row*, and is the new addition to *The Waltons*. Peter has also had his face pasted over regions of the West Coast for Benson and Heges 100s. He has received more

## PETER FOX:

from

# H A R V A R D — TO — H O L L Y W O O D

by Sylvia M. Lowery

notoriety from that than anything; he smiles. "It's fun to do because it's goofy. It's a trip to drive around and see yourself on every corner." "My comment was censored," is the caption next to his picture that is run in magazines and Peter is glad that the advertisers chose that line because, "First of all, I don't smoke, and second, I don't really like advertising."

*Fraternity Row* was the first feature effort of some USC cinema graduates, one of whom, Jim Davidson, has the same commercial agent as Peter. Davidson told an agent what type of person they were looking for to play the character of Roger. The commercial agent told Peter to look into it. The rest is history. Because of *Fraternity Row*, Peter managed to get a role in *Airport '77*, where he met Jack Lemmon (another Harvard graduate), and "I got a good agent." And his good agent got him an interview to audition for *The Waltons*.

Peter's face is not unfamiliar to USC cinema students because of this film and one other student film in which he appeared. Peter will still do student productions as long as the scripts are good and the people are competent, confident, and have a tight schedule.

When speaking of preparing for a role, Peter shakes his head at the traditional acting methods. Be at ease. Become the character. Don't think. "It isn't, to me, a matter of thinking out every line and 46 motivations for it. After you become the character, just do it, and either you're going to come across to the people or you're not."

With an interest in stage acting as well as film, Peter feels that a great stage actor with a certain amount of training and practice could go from

stage to screen. He does not, however, feel that a great film actor can make the reverse transition quite as easily. "If you start off being a great film actor, there's no guarantee . . . that you can make it to the stage. Stage is just so different."

Is Peter able to play a great variety of roles? "No, I don't think I'm that good. There are certain kinds of roles I'm great at and others I may be ready for 10 years from now, after I've had a lot of experience."

Brightening up with a grin of enthusiasm when asked if there are any roles he would love to play, Fox immediately replies with, "Billy Bibbit of *Cuckoo's Nest*." He auditioned for the part at a theatre last fall. It came down to him and another actor. "All modesty aside, I was great. I know I can



do that part at the drop of a hat and just be terrific at it. But they wanted a "goofy-looking" guy. "To me, it's more effective if the Billy Bibbit character is a virile kind of guy who just happens to stutter, so that at the end he makes the transition and . . . doesn't stutter anymore; and all of a sudden there's this guy on the stage, who wasn't there before, with McMurphy, and they're both just on fire!" The guy in the film was great, "but it would have added just that much more to the character if Bibbit was virile-looking." The theatre gave the role to "a goofy-looking guy who stuttered and was kind of cutesy . . ." Remorse is absent from Fox's tone. There is still time enough to get that role somewhere. He wouldn't mind playing McMurphy either. Once an actor has a little notoriety, through a television show, he can play in any part of the country, be allowed to do a play because he has a known name, and can almost call the shots. Peter hopes to be in that position one day.

As far as types of films he likes to see, Fox likes all kinds that are well done. Still, there is an extra smile of appreciation for Frank Capra and Billy Wilder films because of their snappy, fast dialogue "where every body was sarcastic but loving at the

same time." Sounds like some of his friends and family.

"I think if I ever started to become a superstar, or whatever happens, there would probably be an initial period where my head would just—" he demonstrates his head exploding with appropriate vocal accompaniment. "Then I would just be on fire and I'd probably want to do everything, and my ego would probably shoot up, too. But I have seven brothers and sisters and some great friends who would say, 'Fuck you,'" pulling Peter back to earth. Most of his friends are not actors. "In general, I'm not sympatico with a lot of acting people. They may be great, terrific actors, but in real life not interesting. Most of my friends are 'artists' of some kind; either a musician or a writer or aspiring director or somebody like that." There are two or three actor friends who are terrific guys, "You know, who are still 'guys.'" A lot of the girls I meet are actresses. They're beautiful and they're charming, at first, up to a point. And after that I've got nothing more in common with them, so get that sexual thing over with, and it's over with."

Has any casting director or agent ever told him he could be the next Robert Redford? A couple have. Peter did a car wax commercial once for which the advertisers were looking for a Redford type. "But I'm not a Redford type. I think he's a very good film actor. (Now here's an instance of a film actor I don't think would be that good on stage)." Redford has a pretty good public image: nice guy, decent actor, intelligent, concern for the environment, family man. Peter feels people will be able to see him as a nice guy as well as a good actor, too. "Anybody who is a nice person you end up liking. And I think I'm a nice person. I'm also very intelligent—all vanity aside, I ain't no fool!"

Peter still gets star struck. Jack Lemmon heads the list. When Peter received a role in *Airport '77*, that put him in a film with two of the actors he admires most: Jimmy Stewart and Lemmon. He and Jack spent a lot of time sitting on the set and talking. "He was always one of my favorites when I was a kid. When I found out I was going to be in a movie with Jimmy Stewart and Jack Lemmon . . . those two and Spencer Tracy are the three I envision myself being like when I'm 10 years older . . . I see qualities in them that I think I could get across to people too." Peter is very comfortable with fellow-alumnus Lemmon (they have both done *Hasty Pudding* shows at Harvard), but that pleased feeling, that feeling of honor to sit and talk with Jack will never leave him totally.

On screen, Peter does have a magnetic presence which should make it possible for him to receive more, ever-challenging roles. The potential is undeniably there.

Not overlooking Peter's writing talents, he has recently sold an option on a script, a story that takes place in an old folks' home, with Peter as the janitor. The two main characters are Jimmy Stewart and Ruth Gordon

Continuing to write, continuing to act, and continuing to grow, Peter (who has already been dubbed by some as 'the Fox[y]') is on his way.

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"If you tell a man there are 300 billion stars in the universe, he will believe you, but if you tell him a bench has just been painted, he has to touch it to be sure."

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# A LESSON FROM Rodin

I was about 25 at the time, studying and writing in Paris. Many people had already praised my published literary pieces; some of them I liked myself. But deep down within me I felt that I could do better, though I could not determine where lay the fault. Then a great man taught me a great lesson.

One evening at the home of Verhaeren, the famous Belgian writer, an elderly painter was deploring the decline in the plastic arts. I, young, and pugnacious, vehemently opposed this view. Was there not living, and in this very town, I said, a sculptor who took rank with Michelangelo? Would not Rodin's "Penseur," his "Balzac," endure as long as the marble out of which he had fashioned them? When my outburst had ended, Verhaeren clapped me good-humoredly on the back. "I am going to see Rodin tomorrow. Come along. Anyone who admires a man so much has a right to meet him."

I was filled with delight, but when Verhaeren presented me to the sculptor the next day, I could not utter a word. While the old friends chatted, I felt as though I were an unwanted intruder. But the greatest men are the kindest. As we took our leave, Rodin turned to me. "I imagine you'd like to see one or two of my sculptures," he said. "I'm afraid I have hardly anything here. But come and dine with me on Sunday at Meudon."

In Rodin's unpretentious country house, we sat down at a small table to a homely meal. Soon the encouraging gaze of his soft eyes, the simplicity of the man himself, cured my embarrassment. In his studio, a primitive structure with great windows, were finished statues, and hundreds of little plastic studies—an arm, a hand, sometimes only a finger or a knuckle—statues he had started and then abandoned. The place spoke of a lifetime of restless seeking and labor.

Rodin put on a linen smock and thereby seemed transformed into a workman. He paused before a pedestal. "This is my latest work," he said, removing wet cloths and revealing a female torso in clay. "It's quite finished, I think."

He took a step backward, this heavily built, broad-shouldered old man with the faded gray beard, to take a good look. "Yes, I think it's finished." But after a moment of scrutiny, he murmured, "Just there on the shoulder, the line is still too hard. Excusez . . ."



He picked up his scalpel. The wood passed lightly over the soft clay and gave the flesh a more delicate sheen. His strong hands awakened to life; his eyes kindled. "And there . . . and there . . ." Again he changed something. He stepped back. Then he turned the pedestal, muttering strange throaty noises. Now his eyes lighted with pleasure; now his brows knit in vexation. He kneaded bits of clay, added them to the figure, scraped some away.

This went on for half an hour, an hour . . . He never once addressed a word to me. He was oblivious to everything but the vision of the sublimer form he wished to create. He was alone with his work, like God on the first day of the creation. At last, with a sigh of relief, he threw down his scalpel and wrapped the wet cloths round the torso with the tender solicitude of a man placing a shawl round the shoulders of his beloved. Then he turned to go, once more the heavily built old man.

Just before he reached the door, he caught sight of me. He stared. Only then did he remember, and he was visibly shocked at his discourtesy.

"Pardon, Monsieur, I had quite forgotten you. But you know . . ." I took his hand and pressed it gratefully. Perhaps he had an inkling of what I felt, for he smiled and put his arm around my shoulder.

I learned more that afternoon at Meudon than in all my years at school. For, ever since then I have known how all human work must be done if it is to be good and worthwhile. Nothing has ever so moved me as this realization that a man could so utterly forget time and place and the world. In that hour I grasped the secret of all art and of all earthly achievement—concentration, the rallying of all one's forces for the accomplishment of one's task, large or small; the capacity to direct one's will upon the one thing.

I realized then what it was I had hitherto lacked in my own work—that fervor which enables a man to forget all else but the will to perfection. A man must be capable of losing himself utterly in his task. There is—I knew it now—no other magic formula.

Stefan Zweig  
Reader's Digest

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# ELIA KAZAN

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It might be fun if I were to try to list for you and for my own sport what a film director needs to know as well as what personal characteristics and attributes he might advantageously possess.

How must he educate himself?

Of what skills is his craft made?

What kind of a man must he be?

Most directors' goal today is to write their own scripts. But that is our oldest tradition. Chaplin would hear that Griffith Park had been flooded by a heavy rainfall. Packing his crew, his stand-by actors, and his equipment in a few cars, he would rush there, making up the story of the two reel comedy en route, the details on the spot.

The director of films should know comedy as well as drama. Jack Ford used to call most parts "comics." He meant, I suppose, a way of looking at people without false sentiment through an objectivity that deflated false heroics and undercut self-favoring and finally revealed a saving humor in the most tense moments. The Human Comedy, another Frenchman called it. The fact that Billy Wilder is always amusing doesn't make his films less serious.

Quite simply the screen director must know either by training or by instinct how to feed a joke and how to score with it, how to anticipate and protect laughs. He might well study Chaplin and the other great two reel comedy-makers for what are called sight gags, non-verbal laughs, amusement derived from "business," stunts and moves, and simply from funny faces and odd bodies. This vulgar foundation—the banana peel and the custard pie—are basic to our craft and part of its health. Wyler and Stevens began by making two reel comedies and I seem to remember Capra did, too.

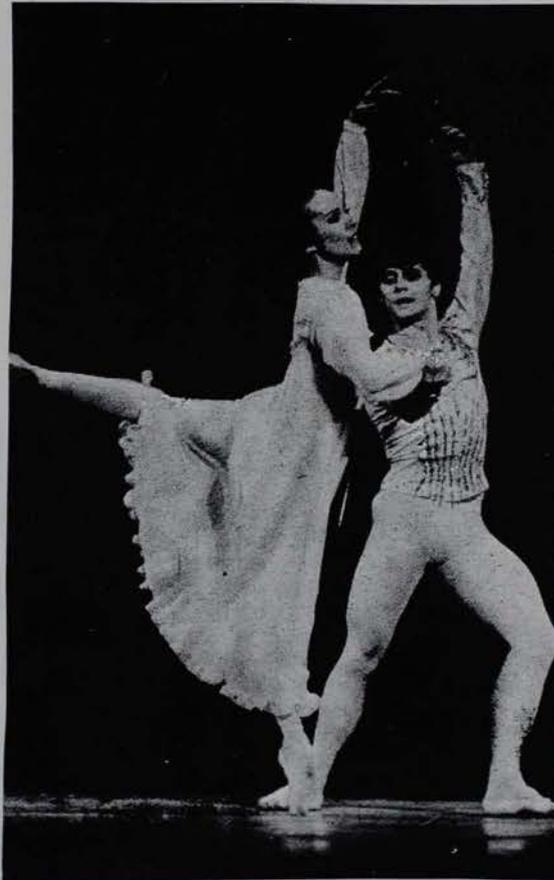
American film directors would do well to know our vaudeville traditions. Just as Fellini adored the clowns, music hall performers and the circus of his country and paid them homage again and again in his work, our filmmaker would do well to study magic. I believe some of the wonderful cuts in *Citizen Kane* came from the fact that Welles was a practicing magician and so understood the drama of sudden

unexpected appearances and the startling change. Think, too, of Bergman, how often he uses magicians and sleight of hand.

The director should know opera, its effects and its absurdities, a subject in which Bernard Bertolucci is schooled. He should know the American musical stage and its tradition, but even more important, the great American musical films. He must not look down on these; we love them for very good reasons.

Our man should know acrobatics, the art of juggling and tumbling, the techniques of the wry comic song. The techniques of the Commedia delle Arte are used, it seems to me, in a film called *O Lucky Man!* Lindsay Anderson's master Bertold Brecht, adored the Berlin satirical cabaret of his time and adapted their techniques.

Many painters have worked in the Theatre. Bakst, Picasso, Aronson and Matisse come to mind. More will. Here, we are still with Disney.



Which brings us to Dance. In my opinion it's a considerable asset if the director's knowledge here is not only theoretical but practical and personal. Dance is an essential part of a screen director's education. It's a great advantage for him if he can "move." It will help him not only to move actors but move the camera. The film director ideally, should be able as a choreographer, quite literally so. I don't mean the tango in Bertolucci's last or the High School gym dance in *American Graffiti* as much as I do the battle scenes in D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a*

*Nation* which are pure choreography and very beautiful. Look at Ford's Cavalry charges that way. Or Jim Cagney's dance of death on the long steps in *The Roaring Twenties*.

The film director must know music, classic, so called—too much of an umbrella word, that! Let us say of all periods. And as with sculpture and painting, he must know what social situations and currents the music came out of.



Of course he must be particularly INTO the music of his own day, acid rock, latin rock, blues and jazz, pop, tin pan alley, barber-shop, corn, country, Chicago, New Orleans, Nashville.

The film director should know the history of stage scenery, its development from background to environment and so to the settings INSIDE which films are played out. Notice I stress INSIDE WHICH as opposed to posed to IN FRONT OF. The construction of scenery for film-making was traditionally the work of architects. The film director must study from life, from newspaper clippings and from his own photographs, dramatic environments and particularly how they affect behavior.

I recommend to every young director that he start his own collection of clippings and photographs and, if he's able, his own sketches.

The film director must know costuming, its history through all periods, its techniques and what it can be as expression. Again, life is a prime source. We learn to study, as we enter each place, each room, how the people there have chosen to present themselves. "How he comes on," we say.

Costuming in films is so expressive a means that it is inevitably the basic choice of the director. Visconti is brilliant here. So is Berman in a more modest vein. The best way to study this again is to notice how people dress as an expression of what they wish to gain from any occasion, what their intention is. Study your husband,

study your wife, how their attire is an expression of each day's mood and hope, their good days, their days of low confidence, their time of stress and how it shows in clothing.

Lighting. Of course, the various natural effects, the cross light of morning, the heavy flat top light of mid-day—avoid it except for an effect—the magic hour, so called by cameramen, dusk. How do they affect mood? Obvious. We know it in life. How do they affect behavior? Study that. Five o'clock is a low time, let's have a drink! Directors choose the time of day for certain scenes with these expressive values in mind. The master here is Jack Ford who used to plan his shots within a sequence to best use certain natural effects that he could not create but could very advantageously wait for.



Colors? Their psychological effect. So obvious I will not expand. Favorite colors. Faded colors. The living grays. In *Baby Doll* you saw a master cameraman—Boris Kaufman—making great use of white on white, to help describe the washed out Southern whites.

And, of course, there are the instruments, which catch all and should dramatize all? the tools the director speaks through, the CAMERA and the TAPE RECORDER. The film director obviously must know the Camera and its lenses, which lens creates which effect, which one lies, which one tells the cruel truth. Which filters bring out the clouds. The director must know the various speeds at which the camera can roll and especially the effects of small variations in speed. He must also know the various camera mountings, the cranes and the dollies and the possible moves he can make, the configurations in space through

which he can pass this instrument. He must know the zoom well enough so he won't use it—or almost never.

He should be intimately acquainted with the tape recorder. Andy Warhol carries one everywhere he goes. Practice "bugging" yourself and your friends. Notice how often speech overlaps.

The film director must understand the weather, how it's made and where, how it moves, its warning signs, its crises, the kind of clouds and what they mean. Remember the clouds in *Shane*. He must know weather as dramatic expression. be on the alert to capitalize on changes in weather as one of his means. He must study how heat and cold, rain and snow, a soft breeze, a driving wind affect people and whether it's true that there are more expressions of group rage during a long hot summer and why.

The film director should know the City, ancient and modern, but particularly his city, the one he loves like DeSica loves Naples, Fellini Rimini, Bergman his island, Ray Calcutta, Renoir the French countryside, Clair the city of Paris. HIS city, its features, its operation, its substructure, its scenes behind the scenes, its functionaries, its police, fire-fighters, garbage collectors, post office workers, commuters, and what they ride, its cathedrals and its whore houses.

The film directors must know the country—no, that's too general a term. He must know the mountains and the plains, the deserts of our great Southwest, the heavy oily-bottom-soil of the Delta, the hills of New England. He must know the water off Marblehead and Old Orchard Beach, too cold for lingering and the water off the Florida Keys which invites dawdling. Again these are means of expression that he has and among them he must make his choices. He must know how a breeze from a fan can animate a dead-looking set by stirring a curtain.

He must know the sea, first-hand, chance a ship wreck so he'll appreciate its power. He must know under the surface of the sea; it may occur to him, if he does, to play a scene there. He must have crossed our rivers and know the strength of their currents. He must have swum in our lakes and caught fish in our streams. You think I'm exaggerating. Why did old man Flaherty and his Mrs. spend at least a year in an environment before they exposed a foot of negative? While you're young, you aspiring directors, hitch-hike our country!

And topography, the various trees, flowers, ground cover, grasses. And the sub-surface, shale, sand, gravel, New England ledge, six feet of old river bottom? What kind of man works each and how does it affect him?

Animals too. How they resemble human beings. How to direct a chicken to enter a room on cue. I had that problem once and I'm ashamed to tell you how I did it. What a cat might

mean to a love scene. The symbolism of horses. The family life of the lion. how tender! The patience of a cow.

Of course the film director should know acting, its history and its techniques. The more he knows about acting, the more at ease he will be with actors. At one period of his growth, he should force himself on stage or before the camera so he knows this experientially, too. Some directors, and very famous ones, still fear actors instead of embracing them as comrades in a task. But, by contrast, there is the great Jean Renoir, see him in *Rules of the Game*. And his follower and lover, Truffaut in *The Wild Child*, now in *Day for Night*.

The director must know how to stimulate, even inspire the actor. Needless to say he must also know how to make an actor seem NOT to act. How to put him or her at their ease, bring them to that state of relaxation where their creative faculties are released.

The film director must understand the instrument known as the VOICE. He must also know SPEECH. And that they are not the same, as different resonance and phrasing. He should also know the various regional accents of his country and what they tell about character.

All in all he must know enough in all these areas so his actors trust him completely. This is often achieved by giving the impression that any task he asks of them, he can perform, perhaps even better than they can. This may not be true, but it's not a bad impression to create.



The film director, of course, must be up on the psychology of behavior, "normal" and abnormal. He must know that they are linked, that one is often the extension or intensification of the other and that under certain stresses which the director will create within a scene as it's acted out, one kind of behavior can be seen becoming the other. And that is drama.

The film director must be prepared by knowledge and training to handle neurotics. Why? Because most actors are. Perhaps all. What makes it doubly interesting is that the film director often is. Stanley Kubrick won't get on a plane—well, maybe that isn't so neurotic. But we are all delicately balanced—isn't that a nice way to put it? Answer this: how many interesting people have you met who are not—a little?

Of course we work with the psychology of the audience. We know it differs from that of its individual members. In cutting films great comedy directors like Hawks and Preston Sturges allow for the group reactions they expect from the audience, they play on these. Hitchcock has made this his art.

The film director must be learned in the erotic arts. The best way here is through personal experience. But there is a history here, an artistic technique. Pornography is not looked down upon. The film director will admit a natural interest in how other people do it. Boredom, cruelty, banality are the only sins. Our man, for instance, might study the Chinese erotic prints and those scenes on Greek vases of the Golden Age which museum curators hide.

Of course the film director must be an authority, even an expert, on the various attitudes of lovemaking, the postures and intertwinings of the parts of the body, the expressive parts and those generally considered less expressive. He may well have, like Bunuel with feet, special fetishes. He is not concerned to hide these, rather he will probably express his inclinations with relish.

The director, here, may come to believe that suggestion is more erotic than show. Then study how to go about it.

Then there is war. Its weapons, its techniques, its machinery, its tactics, its history—oh my—

Where is the time to learn all this?

Do not think, as you were brought up to think, that education starts at 6 and stops at 21, that we learn only from teachers, books and classes. For us that is the least of it. The life of a film director is a totality and he learns as he lives. Everything is pertinent, there is nothing irrelevant or trivial. *O Lucky Man*, to have such a profession! Every experience leaves its residue of knowledge behind. Every book we read applies to us. Everything we see and hear, if we like it, we steal it. Nothing is irrelevant. It all belongs to us.

So history becomes a living subject, full of dramatic characters, not a bore about treaties and battles. Religion is fascinating as a kind of poetry expressing fear and loneliness and hope. The film director reads *The Golden Bough* because sympathetic magic and superstition interest him, these beliefs of the ancients and the savages parallel those of his own time's people. He studies ritual because ritual as a source of stage and screen *mise-en-scene* is an increasingly important source.

Economics a bore? Not to us. Consider the demoralization of people in a labor pool, the panic in currency, the reliance of a nation on imports and the leverage this gives the country supplying the needed imports. All these affect or can affect the characters and milieus with which our film is concerned. Consider the facts behind the drama of *On The Waterfront*. Wonder how we could have shown more of them.



The film director doesn't just eat. He studies food. He knows the meals of all nations and how they're served, how consumed, what the variations of taste are, the effect of the food, food as a soporific, food as an aphrodisiac, as a means of expression of character. Remember the scene in *Tom Jones*? *La Grande Bouffe*?

And, of course, the film director tries to keep up with the flow of life around him, the contemporary issues, who's pressuring who, who's winning, who's losing, how pressure shows in the politician's body and face and gestures. Inevitably, the director will be a visitor at night court. And he will not duck jury duty. He studies advertising and goes to "product meetings" and spies on those who make the ads that influence people. He watches talk shows and marvels how Jackie Susann peddles it. He keeps up on the moves, as near as he can read them, of the secret underground societies. And skyjacking, what's the solution? He talks to pilots. It's a perfect drama—that situation—no exit.

Travel. Yes. As much as he can. Let's not get into that.

Sports? The best directed shows on TV today are the professional football games. Why? Study them. You are shown not only the game from far and middle distance and close-up, you are shown the bench, the way the two coaches sweat it out, the rejected sub, Craig Morton, waiting for Staubach to be hurt and Woodall, does he really like Namath? Watch the spectators, too. Think how you might direct certain scenes playing with a ball, or swimming or sailing—even though that is nowhere indicated in the script. Or watch a ball game like Hepburn and Tracy in George Steven's film, *Woman of the Year*!

I've undoubtedly left out a great number of things and what I've left out is significant, no doubt, and describes some of my own shortcomings.

Oh! Of course, I've left out the most important thing. The subject the film director must know most about, know best of all, see in the greatest detail and in the most pitiless light with the greatest appreciation of the ambivalences at play is—what?

Right. Himself.

There is something of himself, after all, in every character he properly creates. He understands people truly through understanding himself truly.

The silent confessions he makes to himself are the greatest source of wisdom he has. And of tolerance for others. And for love, even that. There is the admission of hatred to awareness and its relief through understanding and a kind of resolution in brotherhood.

What kind of a person must a film director train himself to be?

What qualities does he need? Here are a few. Those of—

A white hunter leading a safari into dangerous and unknown country.

A construction gang foreman, who knows his physical problems and their solutions and is ready, therefore, to insist on these solutions.

A psychoanalyst who keeps a patient functioning despite intolerable tensions and stresses, both professional and personal.

A hypnotist who works with the unconscious to achieve his ends.

A poet, a poet of the camera, able both to capture the decisive moment of Cartier Bresson or to wait all day for a single shot which he makes with a bulky camera fixed on a tripod.



An outfielder for his legs. The director stands much of the day, dares not get tired, so he has strong legs. Think back and remember how the old time directors dramatized themselves. By puttees, right.

The cunning of a trader in a Bagdad

The firmness of an animal trainer. Obvious. Tigers!

A great host. At a sign from him fine food and heart-warming drink appear.

The kindness of an old-fashioned mother who forgives all.

The authority and sternness of her husband, the father who forgives nothing, expects obedience without question, brooks no nonsense.

These alternatively.

The illusiveness of a jewel thief—no explanation, take my word for this one.

The blarney of a PR man, especially useful when the director is out in a strange and hostile location as I have many times been.

A very thick skin.

A very sensitive soul.

Simultaneously.

The patience, the persistence, the fortitude of a saint, the appreciation of pain, a taste for self-sacrifice, everything for the cause.

Cheeriness, jokes, playfulness, alternating with sternness, unwavering firmness. Pure doggedness.

An unwavering refusal to take less than he thinks right out of a scene, a performer, a co-worker, a member of his staff, himself.

Direction, finally, is the exertion of your will over other people, disguise it, but that is the hard fact.

Above all—COURAGE. Courage, said Winston Churchill, is the greatest virtue; it makes all the others possible.

One final thing. The ability to say, "I am wrong," or "I was wrong." Not as easy as it sounds. But in many situations, these three words, honestly spoken will save the day. They are the words, very often, that the actors struggling to give the director what he wants, most need to hear from him. Those words, "I was wrong, let's try it another way," the ability to say them can be a life-saver.

The director must accept the blame for everything. If the script stinks, he should have worked harder with the writers or himself before shooting. If the actor fails, the director failed him! Or made a mistake in choosing him. If the camera work is uninspired, whose idea was it to engage that cameraman? Or choose those set-ups? Even a costume—after all the director passed on it. The settings. The music, even the god-damn ads, why didn't he yell louder if he didn't like them? The director was there, wasn't he? Yes, he was there! He's always there!

That's why he gets all that money, to stand there, on that mound, unprotected, letting everybody shoot at him and deflecting the mortal fire from all the others who work with him.

The other people who work on a film can hide.

They have the director to hide behind.

And people deny the *auteur* theory! After listening to me so patiently you have a perfect right now to ask, "Oh, come on, aren't you exaggerating to make some kind of point?"

Of course I'm exaggerating and it is to make a point.

But only a little, exaggerating.



The fact is that a director from the moment a phone call gets him out of bed in the morning ("Rain today. What scene do you want to shoot?") until he escapes into the dark at the end of shooting to face, alone, the next day's problems, is called upon to answer an unrelenting string of questions, so make decision after decision in one after another of the fields I've listed.

That's what a director is, the man with the answers.

Watch Truffaut playing Truffaut in *Day For Night*, watch him as he patiently, carefully, sometimes thoughtfully, other times very quickly, answers questions. You will see better than I can tell you how these answers keep his film going. Truffaut has caught our life on the set perfectly.

Do things get easier and simpler as you get older and have accumulated some or all of this savvy?

Not at all. The opposite. The more a director knows, the more he's aware how many different ways there are to do every film every scene.

And the more he has to face that final awful limitation, not of knowledge but of character. Which is what? The final limitation and the most terrible one is the limitations of his own talent. You find, for instance, that you truly do have the faults of your virtues. And that limitation you can't do much about. Even if you have the time.

One last postscript. The director, that miserable son of a bitch, as often as not these days has to get out and promote the Dollars and the Pounds, scrounge for the Liras, Francs and Marks, hock his family's home, his wife's jewels and his own future so he can make his film. This process of raising the wherewithal inevitably takes ten to a hundred times longer than making the film itself. But the director does it because he has to—who else will? Who else loves the film that much?

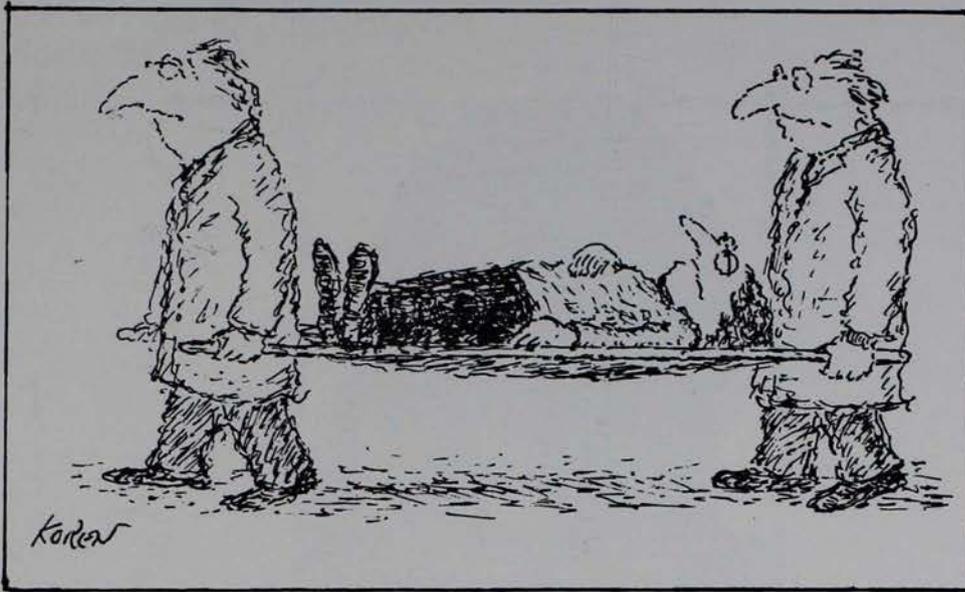
So, my friends, you've seen how much you have to know and what kind of a bastard you have to be. How hard you have to train yourself and in how many different ways. All of which I did. I've never stopped trying to educate myself and to improve myself.

So now pin me to the wall—this is your last chance. Ask me how with all that knowledge and all that wisdom, all that training and all those capabilities, including the strong legs of a major league outfielder, how did I manage to mess up some of the films I've directed so badly?

Ah, but that's the charm of it!



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(Continued from page 3)

Fairy godfathers are not always perfect. The pilot didn't sell. But Barry finally made some good connections in L.A. He was lucky. He had an agent. The William Shuller Agency in New York had another branch in L.A., with whom he signed. "That summer I felt like a magnet was pulling me to come out here. I didn't have any kind of vehicle that I always believed one should have, but I'd made some connections. Paris said, 'If you come out, you can stay with me and my family until you get yourself settled.' He's a wonderful man. I decided to do it. A week and a half after I got out here, I got a TV series." (*C.P.O. Sharkey*, starring Don Rickles.)

This was Barry's big break! At last, he was making his way through that intimidating fortress. He never dreamed, of course, that once he was inside the wall someone would push him right back out. "On my birthday, I got a phone call from my agent. 'They haven't picked up your contract. They're writing you out of the show.' I was devastated. I said, 'I can't talk I'm too choked up.' I immediately ran down to Paramount where Jerry Paris was and I cried on his shoulder. I cried like a baby. I'd never been fired. I'd never been let go from anything in my life! Paris said, 'Don't worry about it. I'll tell you something, it only means good things. It only means something else is gonna happen for you.' Only a few weeks after that, I got a call to audition for the movie *Grease* . . ."

Aware of his transition from "Who is Barry Pearl?" to "Get me Barry Pearl," Barry says that "For the first time in my career, I've entertained the thought of never going on another interview for a commercial. If this film really does what I hope it's gonna do for me, those commercial making days may be over. I want to stay out here and do films in order for me to write my own ticket back there. I want to be able to go back to New York and do theatre, but I want to reach the masses first. The only way to do that is via film and TV.

Fairy tales can come true but, as Barry well knows, they entail hard work and frustration. "I beat my head against the wall, bled, and performed." And what does our hero think is most important in breaking through that tough and invisible barrier that obstructs the way to the top? "Persistence, representation, mentality, and then talent. I mean, you may think that you're incredibly talented. You may not be in some people's eyes, but if you know the right people, and you pursue, you'll get to perform."

And the moral of the story? "Shoot for the stars." Don't be intimidated "... by people who may be jealous or who think that it's not the kind of business you should go into. It's a marvelous business. It's been marvelous to me. Why should I discourage anybody from wanting to do it? If you want to do it, damn it, do it. I did it."

There is no happy ending to this fairy tale. For Barry, the story has just begun. Corny? Yes. Inspiring? Without a doubt.

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### Rock Star

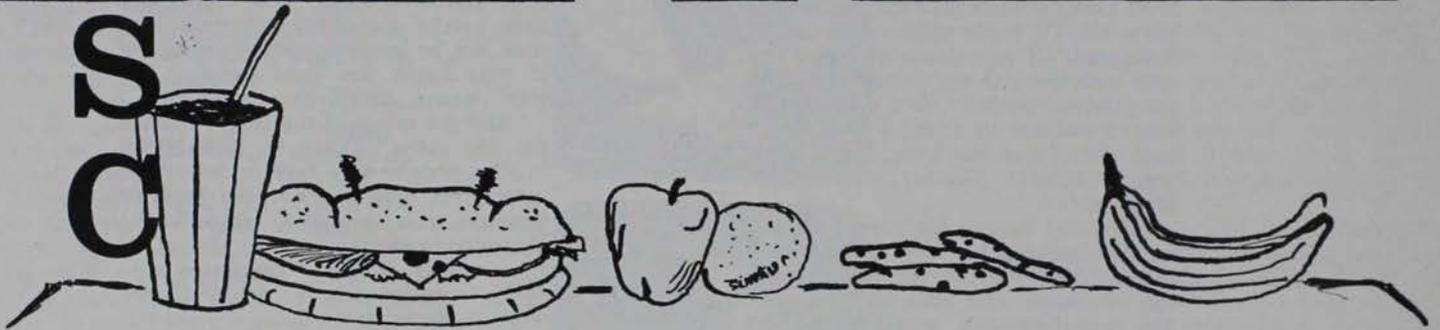
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of two years before the fourth release turned it into a Top 10 hit. The 12-year rise of "Fleetwood Mac" has been noted time and again as a classic example of talent, perseverance, and timing. And believe it or not you rock hopefuls, Peter Frampton, yes, even super-star Peter Frampton has come from Humble Pie beginnings.

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# VIEWPOINT

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To: All Faculty Members

November, 1977

From: The Editor of Viewpoint Magazine

With this issue of VIEWPOINT we begin a new format of publication: a U.S.C. magazine devoted to the world of students and professionals in all facets of the performing arts.

VIEWPOINT will provide students with an outlet for their talents and perceptions, their experiences and opinions in the fields that interest them most.

We will also take you behind the scenes of professional theatre, dance, music, film, and other artistic productions - the people and the events.

We hope you enjoy this and forthcoming issues, but more over we hope you will encourage the students in your department to participate in VIEWPOINT by contributing work that interests them, whether it be interviews, artwork, reviews, or pure opinion pieces. VIEWPOINT is distributed beyond the campus and into the professional businesses of all the arts. We feel that this is an added incentive for students who want to be heard in their fields of interest. They can write to the above address or call 663-4800 or 379-0604 for any information.

Thank you,

Roy Moosa - Editor in Chief



April 29, 1977

UNIVERSAL'S ALBERT WHITLOCK TO RECEIVE

DKA'S 'PIONEER IN FILM' AWARD MAY 15

Academy Award winner Albert Whitlock, who has received world-wide acclaim for his special visual effects will be honored with the "Pioneer in Film" Award May 15 by Delta Kappa Alpha, National Honorary Cinema Fraternity.

Jerry Goldsmith, who composed the music for Universal's "MacArthur," a Richard D. Zanuck/David Brown Production, produced by Frank McCarthy, will be honored also at the event.

Alfred Hitchcock will present the award to Whitlock, who was associated with the director on such motion pictures as "The Birds," "Marnie," "Frenzy," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz" among others.

Whitlock won Academy Awards for Universal's "The Hindenburg" and "Earthquake," both Jennings Lang Productions. Whitlock's recent credits include "Airport '77," "MacArthur," and "Bound for Glory."

The DKA Annual Awards Banquet will be held at 7 p.m. Sunday, May 15, at Universal Studios.

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# VIEWPOINT

ON THE ARTS

BEHIND  
THE  
SCENES

DEC.

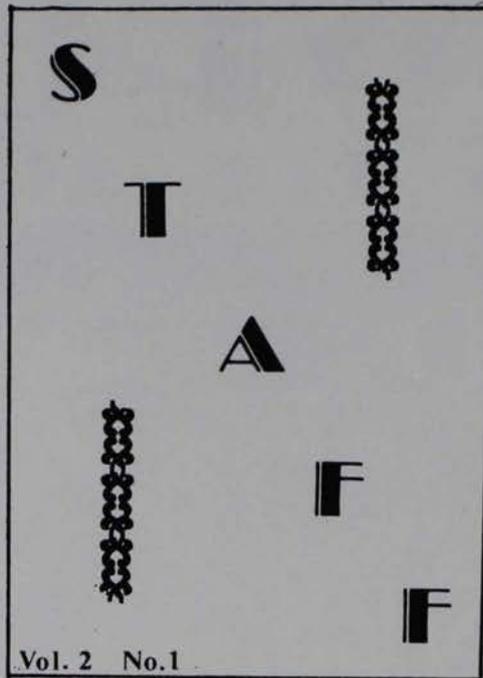
1977

THE DEATH OF ELVIS

It has been over 3 months since Elvis Presley passed away, and yet we are constantly aware of him and his name. There are Elvis Presley hours and weekends on the radio stations, his albums appear on every other commercial on the television, the gossip papers are having a heyday with Elvis on the covers, one radio station has begun a campaign to have President Carter set aside a day in Elvis' honor, theaters are having tributes to the "King" by showing his previously ignored films, and the list goes on and on. What is the cause of this phenomenon? Other celebrities have passed on before yet never received the treatment that Elvis has.



Roses are red,  
Violets are black.  
Elvis Presley looks better,  
With a knife in his back.



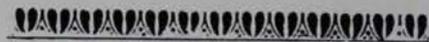
- Roy Moosa . . . . *Editor-in-Chief*
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*With thanks to Ellen Pigott*



It was 1962, and I was in elementary school when I first heard this poem. I had never heard of Elvis and thought he was a minister because I associated "Elvis" with Elder Presley. They sounded alike.

Later that same year, I saw my first Elvis film, *It Happened at the World's Fair*. I was impressed by the film's easy going attitude and the fact that Elvis always had the girls hanging all over him. I was beginning to notice them too.

Through the years thereafter, I saw one Elvis film after another and heard his songs on the radio from *Devil in Disguise* to *Suspicious Minds*, *In the Ghetto*, and *Burning Love*. I felt as if I had grown up with him. I guess I wasn't the only one, for people still seem to be bereaved by his passing.

I think that beyond the nostalgia and losing a friend, Elvis represented much more. First of all, Elvis has the aura of a martyr for having died at an early age, and from apparent over-exertion which some attribute to his inability to cope with stardom. Not only did Elvis symbolize martyrdom, but he also served to remind us of our hectic, nervewracking, and highly pressured society. Through Elvis, we were able to witness the gradual and steady decline of an individual. We watched and heard rumors of Elvis' weight problem, of the drugs, the marriage breakup, and the growing seclusion. We saw what appeared to be a fresh, innocent, Southern poor-boy, make a recording for his mother, reach stardom, become a fad, become an institution, become neurotic, become ill, become a loner, and eventually pass on, years before his time. In a way, we witnessed an exaggerated example of what is happening in many of our own lives. For this reason, Elvis is a reminder to many of us of our own mortality.

In an otherway, Elvis was also the first real casualty of the rock'n roll era. Sure, there was Buddy Holly, Janis Joplin, and Himmy Hendrix, but none of them were around long enough to leave as lasting an impression as Elvis; after all, he was around for 21 years. He began when the rock era did. Through him, we are reminded of how relatively young certain things are, how we tend to take for granted these things. There are a great many people who can remember the pre-television days when the family sat around the radio; there are others who can remember a society without automobiles and radios. This century has seen the birth of many things, from motion pictures to radio, to television, to the phonograph, to rock'n roll. Twenty years

(continued on page 10)

Being a member of the so-called "boob-tube generation," I must confess to spending thousands of hours mesmerized by that magic combination of video and sound. From Darleen of The Mouseketeers (no offense Annette but I felt I stood a better chance with her) to Kate Jackson of *Charlie's Angels* (no offense Farrah but I've grown to appreciate a bit of talent besides), I admit to being forever hooked on that sometimes mind expanding—oftentimes mind numbing effect of TV. Captain Kangaroo led into Walter Cronkite, Gilligan strolled up to Alistair Cook, The Shadow and Fibber McGee, and . . . wait a minute here. Those last two . . . I don't remember seeing them, but I sure can visualize them.

## TRYING TO VIEW RADIO

by Stuart A. Fischman

. . .  
. . .



It starts with an R . . . it's . . . that's it—RADIO! And I wasn't even alive when their shows were on. I've just heard several of their excerpts, but they're as vivid to me as Archie Bunker or Mrs. Olson; and in a way, more real. I can imagine an entire lifestyle for The Bickersons between shows whereas with Rhoda, all I know is that the studio audience goes home, the janitor cleans up the set, and Valerie Harper splits until the next rehearsal.

I've tried to find the remnants of the old radio on the new and the closest I came was the CBS *Radio Mystery Theatre*. This was fine, except E.G. Marshall is the host. Now there's nothing wrong with Mr. Marshall's talent or voice, except that the latter made me think only of *The Defenders* TV series and I wondered where Robert Reed was. I finally found him on TV in a *Brady Bunch Variety Special* and I was plugged into the tube once again.

But I still do get my earful of radio. I'm constantly punching the buttons on my car radio in search of something different and/or entertaining. I can hear the same news story repeated twice around every hour on all the news stations. I can hear a pop song overplayed to death on my favorite *Top 40* rocker. And on FM I have a basic choice of Beautiful Music, or hearing a progressive rock DJ nod his way through a show in a stoned stupor. Don't get me wrong though, radio still has a few high points. There's the humor of Lohman and Barkely, the sports-casts, the time-saving traffic reports and some fine public service programming. I can even have a choice of music to fit the mood (as long as the mood slips between the commercials).

I still like radio enough that I invested a good sum of money and time into a radio workshop so that I could learn the workings of radio broadcasting and, hopefully, become part of the medium. I came away not only knowing the basics of preparing a radio show, the importance of pushing the right buttons, and how to figure Antenna Ratio Currents, but also with an insight into why radio is what it is today.

(continued on page 10)



# VIEWPOINT CLOSE-UP= JOHN HOUSEMAN

by  
Stuart Fischman

*John Houseman has earned the title Dean of American Theatre given him by his peers. With over 45 years in the business, he has not only produced and directed shows, but he has been a major force in shaping many important advances in theatre. He produced the first Black production of Macbeth in 1935, he participated in the founding of the Julliard School of Drama, he was directly involved with the origin of the L.A. Center Theatre when it had its beginnings back in 1959 at UCLA. In 1937, along with Orson Wells, he created the Mercury Theatre. He has produced films for Paramount, RKO, and MGM. From 1956 to 1959 he was a producer at CBS. He's produced opera and in addition to Julliard he has taught at Vassar, Barnard, the University of Missouri, and is currently directing and instructing at the University of Southern California. Mr. Houseman won an Academy Award for his portrayal of the tyrannical Professor Kingsfield in The Paper Chase. His other film credits include Rollerball and Three Days of the Condor. He has most recently been seen on tele-*

*vision in Washington: Behind Closed Doors, Aspen, and as host of the PBS series, The Best of Families. In 1972, he published his memoirs in a book entitled Run-Through.*

*All of these are remarkable accomplishments, but as I spoke with Mr. Houseman I felt that there was something even more remarkable about him. At 75 years young, he is a man with great compassion and love for his work. There was never an ego speaking, but always an interest and concern regarding the business and the people that have filled his life.*

*Mr. Houseman is not an animated man outwardly, his almost dour expression is only believ'd by a constant twinkle in the eyes and the feeling of inner peace that flows from him.*

VP: Let's start with the basics. How did you get involved in theatre?

JH: I got into the theatre at the age of 30. I'd been at something quite, quite different. Then the depression came and I went broke and so I was able to go into the theatre which is what I really wanted to do.

For the first 2 or 3 years I earned a rather meager living translating plays, adapting plays—almost entirely on the literary side of theatre. But that brought me into the theatre and I was able to watch some of the things I'd done being produced. Then, quite by chance I came to be the director and virtually the producer of a mad piece called *Four Cents in Three Acts*, and from then on I became producer and/or director.

VP: Had you had any formal training?

JH: Not in the theatre. It was mostly modern languages, literature and so on.

VP: Why did you make the change from director to producer? Was it for more creative control?

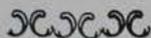
JH: Well, I think by temperament I'm more a producer than I am a director. I don't know, I seem to be an organizer. It may have been because of the 10 years I spent in the business world. But I would say that my achievements in the theatre are really more as a producer than as a director.

At the present time, Gene Taft is a motion picture producer. He and I chatted for several hours about films and his experiences. Below is the first of two parts describing his life with films. In this article, Gene relates his times and opinions on working with Barbra Streisand.

Roy Moosa

I love creative people; I've learned that I love talent and it's the schmucks in this business that are intimidated by talent that fiddle their way up. They're so frightened that they're not going to get ahead, they don't understand that in the position these people have, they should lay their feet down for talent, because talented people make *them* more talented by recognizing that trait. I've heard so many stories about Barbra Streisand, and what "she does" to people that (a) I don't think they understand her or (b) they're not talented. You've gotta know what you're talking about with Barbra, because she's nobody's fool. She is one of the most remarkable women in the world. She is a phenomenon, she is a walking, talking, breathing phenomenon, and she's honest, she's paranoid, and insecure. They've only had bad things to say about Barbra Streisand because she is the biggest thing in the world. She has won every award that you could conceivably win in every field of endeavor, and she doesn't compromise, and she takes the rap for it herself.

I didn't like *A Star is Born* that much, I think she lost her balance and place as an executive, but I saw it six times. I was fascinated by something she did; it was all live sound, not pre-recorded. She did it, and it's grossed about \$40 million. She has overtime ears. If you take a set of violin players and put them on a stage, and you take one violin string and put it out of tune, she can tell you which one. She sees color breakup on the nash; she can see the color within colors. She can carry on five conversations at one time with five different people and not lose her place.



# STREISAND

## ONE OF A KIND

by  
Gene Taft



She is that thing which she calls perfectionist; it can wear anybody down. She rehearsed one tune with me for about 12 hours straight just to get it "right"—not for her vanity, to show that she is the power. She didn't

order me to be her slave, she didn't order anybody to do it, she did it.

The night of her opening in Las Vegas, she looked down at the Plexiglas runways and they were dirty. She got some Windex and a paper towel and she cleaned them. She'll do what all of the people will do. She'll jump in and do it; she'll work! Yes, she is temperamental, why not? It's her being on the screen. If the picture's a failure, she'll take the rap for it, so therefore, why shouldn't she exercise some controls? She is the hardest working, most professional person I've ever dealt with in my life, and it's a joy to work with someone like that. She drives you crazy, and she tests you, but she has a right to. It's her money, her time, and you gotta come up to the line, you gotta measure up to her, because if you don't know what the hell you're talking about you end up an errand boy.

We got along, but I was intimidated by her person because of the aura but that was my problem, not hers! Emotionally I wasn't threatened. We had a couple of arguments, nothing serious. She had her own problems. I have the most enormous respect for that woman; and not because I want a job with her. I touched her, and I know I contributed something to her. She's also a person who doesn't easily give credit to many people, but if you push her hard enough she will—she's also the best singer in the world: the most unique, the most individual, the most outrageous, the most clever. She has to be controlled, but her talent and her aura and her charisma and all that makes her run. It's so strong that you've gotta be strong right back! Look what she did to this world; she made the oddity a beauty. She has white skin, a huge nose, a funny head, funny teeth, strange ears, blue, blue eyes, hands that are 17 feet long, and small legs. Barbra's shy, and funny, and angry, and bad-tempered, but it's all there—she doesn't make any bones about it. She's an experience that I relish and I'm glad that I can say I worked for her. There is no one like Barbra Streisand, she will go on, and stay right where she is, because she is one of a kind.

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# THE



# DIRECTOR

by  
Mira-Lani Perlman

In an explosion of frustration, the underfed, shabbily dressed playwright hurls his revised script at the enemy, the man sitting complacently on the canvas throne that bears his name and reeks of genius and authority. The man, who casually dodges the flying mass of beauty and discouragement, continues to puff on the expensive cigar that dangles from his stern mouth. The smoke seems to form a halo above his bald globe. The actors gasp convincingly. They know that this man has a temper, that he is not to be contradicted. Still, they are ecstatic that someone has finally stood up to this tyrant of the artistic world. He butchers scripts and humiliates actors. He will do anything to assure commercial success. They steady themselves for the eruption that is sure to follow.

Ah yes! "The Director." We know this villain all too well. We have encountered him in novels, in movies, in plays, on television, and in person. Nevertheless, there are those who do not emerge from the stereotypic mold.

Daniel Petrie has directed countless stage, television, and film productions including *Eleanor and Franklin*, *Sybil*, *Buster and Billie*, *Life-guard*, and the recently completed, *The Betsy*, starring Laurence Olivier.

Petrie carefully balances his coffee cup on his knee, apparently terrified of staining the spotless white furnishings of his Brentwood home. His voice is extraordinarily soft. I do not want to smoke. Somehow, I sense that it would disturb him, although I am sure that he would never mention it. I listen to this almost meek man describe his working procedure, and I realize that, although he has the classic canvas chair, a drastic characterization revision in this episode of "The Director" must be made.

Picture a quiet set early in the morning. A teddy-bear like man sits patiently with two actors. They are reading and re-reading a scene. The actors, who have been sitting placidly in their seats, become restless. They are anxious to get up and move to the dialogue that they now know so well. "The Director" (Petrie) asks them to read through the scene once more. All the work is accomplished in this slow, relaxed, and satisfying manner. "The Director" does not rush his cast. Because of this, hysterics is virtually nonexistent on his set. An actor never faces the dismay of fretting over something that could have been more effectively done in a scene shot 6 hours before. An actor will never be unhappy at the end of a working day due to personal doubts about an early morning performance. And, if he is unhappy, he will probably blame no one but himself. For it is up to "The Director," a raging, temperamental actor will never be seen in one of his productions. He knows that there are innumerable performers who have pleasant dispositions and tremendous talent. It is not necessary to deal with arrogant artists. "The Director" has been true to his philosophy. The majority of *Buster and Billie's* cast was composed of residents of the rural Georgia town in which the movie was filmed. They had never before been on camera, but they played themselves splendidly. This "Director" could not care less if an actor's name will cause a box office boom. If he can help a talented unknown get started, he is more than eager to do so. He has displayed this eagerness consistently.

Joan Goodfellow, the star of *Buster and Billie*, was working as a waitress in an ice cream parlor when she was cast. After being told Billie's sad story, Miss Goodfellow's eyes filled with tears, and "The Director" knew that he had found his girl.

Before he could cast her however, he had one uncomfortable job to do. He nervously called his secretary into the office. He had to see what his "Billie" looked like, free of clothing. "The Director" was amazed when Miss Goodfellow laughed at his uneasiness, stripped, jumped up on the couch, and proudly paraded her wares. It was necessary for plot development that the discreet nude scenes in the film be included. They were lovely and few.

"The Director" will not tolerate explicit sexual activity on the screen, the stage, or on television. He believes that the most exciting romantic encounters are those that are implied and then left to the viewer's imagination. Perhaps this explains "The Director's" original refusal to direct *The Betsy*, the screenplay based on a Harold Robbins best-seller. He insisted that the story should emphasize the quest for power rather than irrelevant eroticism. Obviously, the producers decided that "The Director" was worth it. Script revisions were made.

"The Director" has also been responsible for other screen play alterations. He gave "Billie" lines to drawl in a shy southern accent instead of allowing his audience to wonder if she was mute or catatonic. He developed the penetrating theme of *Life-guard*, the choice between conforming to societal standards of achievement and that of fulfilling one's own hopes and dreams. Despite the fact that no one thought the plight of a woman plagued with 16 different personalities could be convincingly portrayed on television, he made *Sybil* a success. He does not make changes because he thinks that they will make millions. He makes them because he knows his craft and refuses to sacrifice quality for commercialism.

He is probably better known for his work in television than in film.

## INSIDE A CINEMA STUDENT

by  
Richard Bienvenu

One Christmas morning when I was eight, I received a silent 16mm projector along with some Woody Woodpecker, Abbott and Costello, and W.C. Fields shorts. I hung a bedsheet across a chair and can remember sitting for hours on end watching these few films over and over again fascinated by the movement on the makeshift screen. Sometimes I would slow the projector down by pressing my finger against the flywheel and watch each frame individually. How is this possible? Movement created by running still images past a light?

Those films were run through the projector so many times that gradually they began to deteriorate. One day, accidentally, I made an angular tear about a foot long through the celluloid and was distressed to find that the film was no longer showable. But, with the assistance of a

relative, I eliminated the torn frames and scotch taped the broken ends together. At first I was annoyed at the loss of continuity the splice created, but the more I watched it, the more I became entranced with the jump in action. Maybe this is the way film is put together, I thought.

A few Christmas's later I received a Kodak Brownie 8mm movie camera. I must have shot at least 5 rolls of film that day. I can remember making all of my Christmas gifts disappear from the sofa. That became my hallmark for a while, making things disappear. I got pretty good at it too, I made everything disappear.

All of the antics of the neighborhood kids were quickly filmed and just as quickly exhausted. There were other things to film like trees, dogs, clouds, rocks, strangers, anything that caught my eye. Of course all of this excess shooting was quickly labeled by my family as wasting film. On long car trips my brother would give my father a by the minute report on my filming activity. "Daddy, Rich-

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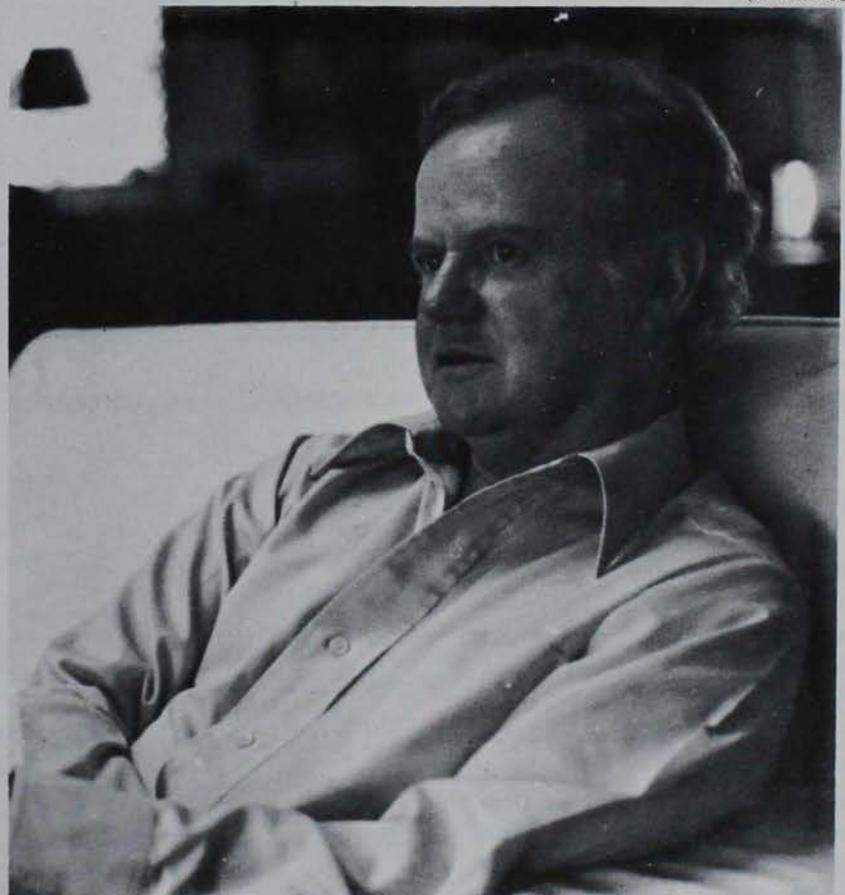
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Winner of the Emmy for Best Director, *Eleanor and Franklin* and *The White House Years* probably mark his greatest successes. On the other hand, his feature films are too moving, too tender, to receive the acclaim they rightly deserve. Hopefully, the public will continue its current surge toward stories about people rather than stories about crashing airplanes, sinking ships, tumbling buildings, and psychotic killers.

In the meantime, one of the most talented men in the business sits peacefully in his unobtrusive canvas chair. He will continue to meet one person in fifty who knows and loves his work. He will continue to treat all those around him with affection and respect. He will not concern himself solely with sensational piles of ticket stubs. He is aware of them predominantly because they serve as tangible evidence that audiences are enjoying and benefiting from his work. He is sensitive. He is brilliant. Daniel Petrie is "The Director."

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# SHE SANG THROUGH THE ARIA WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

by  
Stuart A. Fischman

If you are something like me, the "classical" arts may intimidate you just a bit. Without having any formal education or experience with opera, you might imagine the slight apprehension I had when I interviewed a lady who is formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang in the first televised version of *Rigoletto*, performed with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and who studied and performed with the San Francisco Opera Company at the age of 17.

Mona Paulee put to rest immediately any fears I had. Her charm and natural graciousness made me feel like I was with an old friend. What Ms. Paulee had to say dealt not only with opera and her own life, but also a basic understanding and philosophy regarding life within any area of the performing arts.

Ms. Paulee is one of those rare people who, at an early age, set the goals for their lives and who rarer still, achieve them. "When I was 12 years old I decided to be a singer. I knew at that time in my life that I would sing at the Metropolitan Opera." She wasted absolutely no time in preparing for this end. This petite, pretty girl from a gypsy family in Portland, Oregon (by way of Canada) sang everywhere and every chance she got. From up in her room with Caruso on records, to a world-wide radio broadcast. From a beer hall to a meeting of the First Ecumenical Council. At 17, she became one of the youngest members ever to audition for and be accepted by the San Fran-

cisco Opera Company. Was she scared? "I didn't know what it was to be afraid of anything, at least vocally. I didn't have enough sense. I sang a very difficult aria from *Il Trovatore*. It even had some high C's, but it didn't phase me. I just stood up there and sang."

While she was with the company, she studied not only voice but acting, dance, and languages. It was by this first actual studying that she realized how much more she really needed to learn. After a year in San Francisco she decided to study privately and moved to Los Angeles, staying for 3 years and studying with John Patton.



In early 1941 she felt it was time to go to New York and audition for the Met. She was 21. But it wasn't just self-confidence or a teacher's urging that decided her, it was something a little more abstract; World War II. At this time the U.S. was not at war but most of Europe was and Ms. Paulee knew that the "foreign supply" of artists into this country was being drastically cut back. America was going to be in need of American singers and she was ready to do her part. It is interesting to note that between 1941 and 1946 about one-half of the Met singers were Americans whereas today, approximately 75% are foreign. Ms. Paulee draws no conclusions about this, "I'm not in management so I don't know what goes on in their minds. Although America does have the talent available."

And in 1941 Ms. Paulee was available as well as talented. She stayed under contract with the Met until 1955. During this time she not only played varied roles in various operas (from the chorus to leads) but embarked on a personal concert profession with which she found even more satisfaction and excitement. Mona Paulee is a people-lover and the traveling and the new people she'd meet on tours gave an added spice to doing what she already loved to do—sing.

Were there any singers whose style she tried to emulate? Well, her idol was Rosa Ponnell and she says that there were several people who compared their voices, but it wasn't something she strived for. "I believe that you are what you are. You have your own individual talent and quality. You cannot create, and anybody who tries to create something that they're not will be very unhappy about it." So this lady who was her own woman continued to build her career, and also her private life. She married her concert accompanist and in 1951 she gave birth to a daughter. It was this event that was to shape the decisions for the rest of her career. When her daughter was 4, Ms. Paulee decided that traveling all over the country was not in the best interests of the child's development,

so she settled into staying around New York. But this was not choice of family over career because she continued to work and build her range of experience. Who says you can't have your cake and eat it too?

In 1956, she created the role of Marie in *The Most Happy Fella* on Broadway which she stayed with for 2 years. She also continued her concert performances around the area and ended up staying in New York until 1965.

At this point she felt she had gotten all that she could out of the Big Apple, so she returned to California where most of her family now was. But again, Ms. Paulee's career didn't stop, she just shifted gears again and began teaching. Today she not only teaches privately but is also on the Music Department faculty at Cal State Los Angeles. Last winter she adjudicated the Orange County auditions for the Met, so she is not out of music by any means. Photos proudly displayed on her piano of some of her students will attest to that. She is now helping others train for the world of music that she lives.

Is it easy for today's aspiring singers to do what they dream of? For the first time in 3 hours I was with her, Ms. Paulee's bright and alive eyes clouded a bit and there was even a touch of anger in them. She feels that the training and talents of Americans are good, but where can they go to display it? "I'm not terribly optimistic, and it's more or less economics. Until everything [in opera] can be secured, it's going to suffer. That's what the pains are right now—economic pains. Look at Los Angeles; here's a great big marvelous city and we don't even have a local opera company." As far as Mona Paulee is concerned it's not the artists who need training . . . "What we need is to educate the whole city."

Could television, a mass medium, help at all? Her eyes brighten again. "Oh yes, it's definitely helping. Mass exposure is the most important thing in the world. Why almost every week you can see some opera on television. It's wonderful!"

Ms. Paulee feels that even though the training and the talent are available in the States, if a person wants a full career in opera, Europe is still the best place to perform. But she warns the young artists to make sure they have a sponsor before they go wandering halfway across the world in search of a theatre to sing in. Just as an actor must have, so must a singer have an agent. And just like for the actor, the agent is hard to get. Not impossible, but it might seem that way at times.

How does Mona Paulee reflect on her life so far? Does she regret any of her choices? "I've never really known any unhappy times. In taking every stage of my life, in looking back, I basically don't believe I would have made it any different." I thought it might be difficult for this fine lady to pinpoint the high spot of her life, what with the Met, Broadway, and concert tours, etc. But she didn't hesitate a second when asked. "I've had great joys in my life and the greatest ever was having my daughter. If I haven't done anything else in this lifetime, I've known great happiness through her.

But Mona Paulee continues to accomplish a lot. The only thing I felt she's missed has been film. When I told her that I thought her energy and intensity would transfer well to the screen, she said she had never even thought of it. At this point though, she thought it was probably too late and no one would ask. Never say die. "Oh I won't!" Then she laughed. The lady and the room brightened. "You know I'm probably dead right now. I just won't shut my mouth long enough for anyone to tell me."

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FUNDED BY





# Professionally Speaking...



## In Theatre . . .

The "One Singular Sensation," *Chorus Line* will be bowing out of L.A. and the Shubert Theatre giving its final performance on New Year's Eve. There are special prices for the gala farewell . . . . . The original Mrs. Levi, Carol Channing will continue to hear *Hello Dolly* at the Pantages through January 4th . . . . . Trevor Griffiths' *Comedians* at The Mark Taper Forum closed out its run on December 18th . . . . . Rosemary Clooney, Rose Marie, Helen O'Connell, and Margaret Whiting are the *4 Girls 4* entertaining at the Huntington Hartford through December 11th. . . . .

Continued from page 2

ago the first motion picture founders began to pass on; Elvis represents the first of rock.

And so for all these reasons, people are still unwilling to forget the memory of Elvis. His death hit too close to home; his life reminds us too much of our own lifestyle.

by Roy Moosa

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## In Music

December is a month of rock and ballet. There will be two different ballet companies performing at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium and both will be doing their versions of *The Nutcracker*. The Theatre Ballet of San Francisco is first with performances December 9th through the 11th . . . . . The San Diego Ballet then displays their production December 29th through the 1st of January . . . . . The Ambassador Auditorium will host the Los Angeles Ballet December 20th, 22nd, 25th, 26th, 29th and 30th with a full length version of *Cinderella* . . . . . Rocking the Long Beach Arena will be *Queen* on December 21st. On December 22nd they move north to the Forum for a second show . . . . . The Arena will continue rocking on New Year's Eve with *Kansas* . . . . . *Rod Stewart* will personify the title of his latest album *Footloose and Fancy Free* for three nights at the Forum; December 12th, 13th, and 14th . . . . . The elements of *Earth Wind and Fire* will precede Rod at the Forum with shows on December 7th and 8th . . . . . Also on December 7th, *B.B. King* will perform at UCLA's Royce Hall . . . . . And if you think that laughter is music to the ears you can enjoy *Steve Martin* at the Anaheim Convention Center on December 18th, with him will be *John Sebastian*.

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## RADIO

Continued from page 3

The answer is not complicated and I should have seen it sooner, Radio has simply followed the steps of all the other mass entertainment arts: the search for the bucks! Radio, for the most part, doesn't have time to be inventive or let us use our imaginations via their programming. It's too busy trying to get, and please, the advertisers. You see, commercials are radio's *only* source of revenue.

Let's say you find a station on your radio that has a sound you like, and you're thrilled that there are only about 3 minutes of commercials an hour. You might feel that you've stumbled onto a gold mine. But don't celebrate too soon. One of two things is very likely to happen: (1) if thousands like you find this station and its ratings go up, the station will proudly show ratings' rise to advertisers, and if the demographics are right, these advertisers will flock to the station. The FCC sets a maximum of 18 commercial minutes per broadcast hour, and your lovely pure music station won't stop until those 18 minutes are filled. Or, (2) You'll be the *only* one to like the sound and, since the station can't survive on 3 minutes of commercials, it will have to find a new format that will attract more listeners (and it won't be like the old style of radio for that can be costly), or it might

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VP: Well you do have the title of *Dean of the American Theatre* . . .

JH: That's because I'm so fucking old.

VP (after the laughter subsided): Well it certainly goes beyond just age, but mostly your experiences and firsts in the theatre. For example, your production of *Macbeth* in 1935 was the first black version, wasn't it?

JH: Yes, it was.

VP: How did you become involved with Black theatre?

JH: Because I had done *Four Cents in Three Acts* and, because the lady who was the head of it was a very dear friend of mine, a black actress named Rose McCleinden requested that I work with her. She

VP: How long did you stay with the Negro Theatre?

JH: A year and a half. Then I felt the time had come when it should be given over entirely into Black hands.

VP: What did you move onto then?

JH: Orson [Wells] and I went downtown and created the Tasco Theatre.

VP: Was this prior to the formation of the Mercury Theatre?

JH: It was prior, yes, but Mercury Theatre in a way stemmed out of that. The experience we got out of doing Tasco plays for the Federal Theatre gave us the courage and the knowhow to start the Mercury Theatre.

VP: How did you meet Orson Wells?

JH: He acted for me and I was very impressed with him. I needed a very powerful man with a very wonderful voice.

VP: Why did you choose to move from theatre to radio?

JH: No, there was not a choice. There were just jobs coming along.

VP: And there were no choices in the theatre area?

JH: Well, we were all fired from the Federal Theatre for putting on *The Cradle Will Rock*. There was a big scandal. Orson and I had been working together, and we wanted to continue working together so, within about 6 weeks, we created the Mercury Theatre.

VP: Are you still in contact with Mr. Wells?

JH: No.

VP: A parting of artistic or personal way?

JH: Both. Both.

VP: It seems, more often than not, you're involved with several projects at the same time?

JH: I was a professor at Vassar for one year, and it was the same year we started the Mercury, for example.

VP: How did you get involved with teaching?

JH: It was a little complicated. Hallie Flannigan, who was the head of the Federal Theatre, was also the head of the drama department and experimental theatre at Vassar. When I left the Federal Theatre she asked me if I'd be interested in taking her job at Vassar for a year, and I said sure. Unfortunately it was the same year we started the Mercury, so I was leading a very divided existence. But that seems to be my destiny.

VP: Did the Mercury Theatre take over as far as importance or self-satisfaction?

JH: No, I enjoyed what I did at Vassar very much. I would have enjoyed it more if I hadn't had the Mercury at the same time. I was doing some pretty hectic commuting between Poughkeepsie and New York. But it was fun.

VP: Did you direct much at Vassar?

JH: Yes I did. I directed all three of their main shows.

VP: Now that you're at USC in 1977, do you find much difference artistically among the students compared to say the students at Vassar in 1937?



had a feeling, probably not entirely unjustified, that even in those days it was very difficult for a black to be taken seriously and get the consideration of the establishment. She asked to put me in as her partner. Then unfortunately, very soon after, she died and so I was left with the Negro Theatre. It was an enormous project. There were almost 800 people on it and it was a great problem to decide what sort of shows to do. What I did in fact was to divide it into two parts: one devoted entirely to Negro plays by Negro writers, directed by Negroes and acted by Negroes. In those days they were known as Negroes you know, we didn't call them Blacks. (The Twinkle increases.)





JH: There's a big difference. At Vassar we were in the middle of the depression so there was a great deal of political ferment. When we started the drama division at Julliard we ran into it again with the anti-Vietnam movement. It started with the student strikes in the middle and late '60's. In that sense, I find a great absence of political ferment today at USC but then that's true of universities all over the country. Generally speaking, students are more concerned with their studies and not with political matters.

VP: Then you think that the political or sociological situation of a time has a direct effect on student creativity?

JH: Oh, yes. I mean it's inevitable, especially in theatre. At Julliard it came in the third year of our first class, and I've always felt that the excellence and maturity of that class had something to do with the student unrest. I think it suddenly threw them into a real world which was very beneficial for them artistically. It gave them certain things to chew on that they wouldn't have had if they'd simply gone on with their studies.

VP: Did many of those students become successful in the arts?

JH: Oh, a lot of our kids work all the time, and some have quite a reputation. Just as your USC kids have, the ones who were here in the '60's. There's a remarkable selection of actors, directors, and everything else.

VP: Do you find that that sort of thing comes in blocks? For example the cinema department here at USC turned out a group of directors, George Lucas among them, who are making great names for themselves in the business. And they all graduated at about the same time.

JH: Yes, that's a very mysterious business. We don't know how that happens. It has with some extent to do with pure luck and also with the faculty. You have universities with fantastic drama departments like Carnegie Tech which throughout the early '50's turned out an incredible collection of people, and which today is completely down the drain. At Julliard, we'd have one year with 7 or 8 marvelous people and another with only one. You can't predict that. Very mysterious, the way it works.

VP: Do you believe that university or professional school training is the better way to "break into the business?"

JH: I don't have any exclusive or pronounced views. I think there are at least 10 different ways to get into theatre. If you want to do theatre as a way of life, you're much better off if you're properly trained. It's much easier for a well trained young actor to make a living today in the theatre than it was 24, 30, 40 years ago. And that training is best gotten in universities or conservatories.

VP: You say it's easier to get into theatre today. Isn't it more competitive and, therefore, more difficult?

JH: No, no. You know the theatre arts departments have been turning out tens of thousands of people for years and years and you often wonder what the hell happened to them all. A lot of them became teachers and another thing that happened that, in a sense is rather wonderful, is that this whole renaissance of the American (today in the regional theatres) is largely attributable to the enormous numbers of people who had had a certain amount of dramatic exposure in theatre arts departments. They found themselves in a world where there was no theatre. Then When theatre began to stick its head

out; buildings were built and theatres were available; these people constituted the big theatre audience.

VP: You say that theatre is growing, but there have been several articles written on the poor quality of theatre in L.A. and the so-called demise of Broadway. Where then . . .

JH: Broadway is in a very bad way economically. Terrible. Broadway stinks. If you look at Broadway and you look carefully, you'll find, even in a good year, there are probably not a half dozen shows that pay back half their investment. Broadway is a tax device. There wouldn't be any Broadway today if the losses were not deductible. Though theatre in general is alright, as long as it's aware of its identity and exploits, its very special and particular virtues. If anybody in the theatre starts to compete or even starts thinking along the same lines as "show biz", then you're in trouble. Terrible trouble. Theatre reaches a minimal number of people but that doesn't mean it's not just as important. In some ways that's more important. But, you've got to get rid of any ideas of quantity.

VP: Where then is theatre finding its growth?

JH: There are 5, 6, 7, a dozen good regional theatres. L.A., San Francisco, Seattle, San Diego, Minneapolis . . . mention any fair-sized town and you've got a viable theatre group.

VP: Going back to your many positions in theatre as writer, director, producer, and your other fields of interest, I get the feeling that you float into whatever is available and what peaks your interest. Is that accurate?

JH: Sure. That's why I'm here (motioning to his position at USC).

VP: But hadn't you set out with any specific goals? For example, winning the Academy Award for *Paper Chase*?

JH: Oh, hell no! It's all terribly pragmatic. I had no intention of ever acting in my life.

VP: Why then did you?

JH: Somebody asked me. It's that simple. Really that simple.

VP: Was *Paper Chase* your first acting role?

JH: No, I'd done a favor for a friend of mine. I played in a picture called *Seven Days in May*. I did that because John Frankenheimer asked me to. The same was true of *Paper Chase*. A friend of mine, a very dear friend and a protege of mine [James Bridges], had written and was directing it and he was stuck. He couldn't find a distinguished old gentleman. So he asked my advice and I gave him several names, but none of them were available. Finally, they were in production and they still didn't have a Kingsfield, so he asked if I'd do it. I said that that was ridiculous, the studio would never go for

it. Forget it. Then they were still in trouble and the date was getting closer, so I said "Well, I know enough about studios, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a test for you and if the test turns out very well then we can talk about it." It did, and so I played the part.

VP: I understand you're filming a television pilot of *Paper Chase*...

JH: Yes. We just completed it.

VP: You were involved with television as a producer for CBS for several years. Would you do more than just act if it turns into a series?

JH: I'd do that just as an actor. But if you're going to play a leading part in a series, you obviously want some say in the form, shape, and style of it. Essentially though I'd be an actor.

VP: Is "creative say" the most important thing in any project you do?

JH: It depends. But, yes. If it's being run by people whom I know and respect, I'm perfectly happy not to have anything to do with it. If I feel a project's in jeopardy, then obviously I want to step in.

VP: Were your television roles in *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* and *Aspen* done just as an actor?

JH: Oh, yes.

VP: Were those done as favors too?

JH: No. A lot of dough. Those are very lucrative jobs.

VP: Would you ever consider directing yourself in a play or a film?

JH: It depends. I would have no moral objection to it, but I'd rather someone else did it that I respected. I've produced something like 25 films, but I would never produce films today.

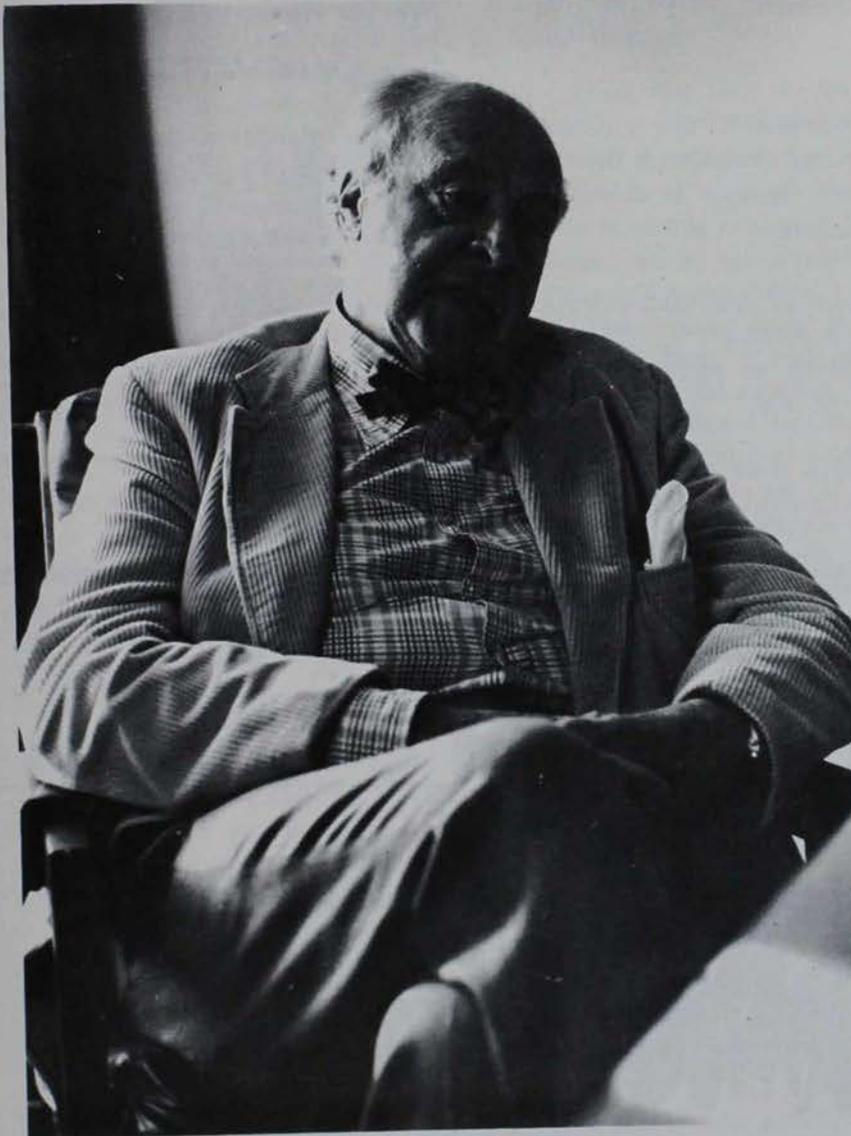
VP: Why not?

JH: Because it's a muggers' game. You see in my day the producer was the number one creative element in the picture. You were the one who chose the property, you chose the writer and worked with him, you chose the director, and cast the picture. That was a lot of fun. But today there's no such thing. You're at the mercy of the backers, at the mercy of the agents and the stars. And for independent producers, it's a dreadful thing. They wait 4, 5 years just to get a project off the ground. That's no fun.

VP: Are you too impatient for that sort of thing?

JH: Too impatient, and also it's an ignominious position. You go around begging stars to be in your picture, or begging the banks to put up the money, and they won't put it up unless you've got the stars. I mean it's a dreadful business.

VP: Do you see yourself more as a director, producer, actor, or what?



JH: All of them. And anything else that comes along. At the moment I'm having a ball acting because it's new. When you reach my age there's a great danger that whatever you do you realize halfway through, "Jesus, this is no different that what I was doing 40 years ago." But, since I didn't start acting until 4 years ago, is a constantly novel thing to me.

VP: While you were filming *Paper Chase*, did you have any inkling that it could lead to the Academy Award?

JH: No, of course not. Though after it was cut and people would see it and say 'Academy Award,' naturally the concept of it began to form itself.

VP: Does outside opinion effect your creative decisions in any way?

JH: I don't go into a project with a set concept, I don't think one should. It's all very elastic, but ultimately I always make up my own mind.

VP: You've said that you're optimistic about the future of the theatre—how about film?

JH: I think the number of film houses continues to diminish, and I think you'll see a time where there may not be any, except in a few big cities. Why should anyone drag themselves out when you can see the same thing at home. The screen may not be as big, but you adjust to that. The business of going to a box office to see a movie is declining. Everybody fools themselves a little bit because the price of tickets has gone up so much you set new records. But in fact, in numbers of people, it simply isn't so. The biggest movie hits you can see in 10 months on TV.

VP: But that's with commercials. Don't you feel that distracts from the work?

JH: That's true. Aesthetically it's indefensible. But people get up and buy popcorn in a theatre; at home they get a beer. You adjust.

VP: How about another medium, radio?

JH: I lament the decline of radio; a very special medium. And I think it's a great, great pity that economics has forced radio into non-existence in this country.

VP: Could it ever come back?

JH: Could be. There are a lot of quite serious people at work on it.

VP: Would you ever work again in radio if it did make a comeback?

JH: Oh, yes. I love radio. . . a writer, a director . . . I love it. It's wonderful.

VP: Is it your first love?

JH: No, my first love is theatre because that's the core of all entertainment business.

VP: Which of your achievements are you most proud of?

JH: Nothing in particular. I've had a lot of fun.

VP: Well, is there any way you'd like to see yourself wind up your career?

JH: (Just shakes his head.)

VP: Have you been this content all your life?

JH: I'm not content. I'm terrified three-fourths of the time. In a way though, after a while, that becomes a method of work.

VP: Are you happy?

(The soulful eyes and weary expression never changed. The tone was mellow yet almost challenging as he leaned forward.)

JH: Don't I look it?

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## WHAT IS VIEWPOINT ?

With this issue, *ViewPoint Magazine* begins its second year of publication. It was begun a year ago by several students at the University of Southern California.

The main purpose of *ViewPoint* is to provide insights and opinions on the arts. It's an outlet for students to express themselves.

## WHO RECEIVES

## VIEWPOINT ?

This magazine not only reaches the students of the USC campus, but is also distributed at UCLA, and is distributed to New York University, Columbia University, Boston University, Miami University and others. It is also distributed to all the major motion picture, television, and recording studios including the various guilds and unions involved. This is done to inform those who are in the art industry of what their patrons, and future co-workers, think.

All correspondence and articles may be mailed to:

Editor: *ViewPoint*

4674 LaMirada Avenue  
Hollywood CA 90029

663-4800



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drop its signal altogether. There are exceptions of course. Sometimes a station's management believes that too many commercials will hurt its basic format so, if the ratings are high enough, they'll simply charge the advertisers more per minute. As long as the ratings hold, so will the sponsors. But if they drop, you'll be sure to hear a few more Clearasil commercials.

They told us in the workshop that above being a news person, a DJ, or announcer we were first and foremost salesmen and women. We had to sell the station to the public so that the ratings could sell the station to the advertisers. And if the advertisers stayed, we would keep getting paid. Bad poetry, but basic economics. All of this is just another example of the emphasis being put on the word "business," the word I had always thought followed "show."

It is said that television replaced radio because it allowed us to actually see the people we once only heard. So radio switched to a style television needn't try to copy or replace. "Before we could use our imaginations, but now we don't need to" is a standard argument against TV. But I'm not opposed to TV. As I said, I'm a proud member of the grand boob-tube generation. All I ask is for radio to give us the *choice* to use our imaginations. Talk about ratings and audience potential, why whole generations await to experience what is now history and could so easily become contemporary once again. And it's a generation on wheels, where TV can't compete.

What evil lurked in the hearts of men? The Shadow knew. I hope he'll know again.

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Continued from page 7

ard's wasting film again," and then after informing my parents of the nature of my last shot he would turn to me with half closed eyes and a big grin. My father usually said nothing. He would just slowly shake his head, heave a long sigh, and perhaps mumble something about hard earned cash. You see if a member of the family was excluded from even one shot, I was said to be wasting film. Well, as it turned out, my travel films usually were better than most, simply because I had shots of other things besides my family.

I went on to bigger things. A 10 minute monster movie about a cellophane clothes bag that ate people was next. It turned out to be a hit. Then I made two spaceship movies which were technically a little better, but lacked the pizzaz of the first effort.

From this time on through high school I sort of stagnated. I then entered the Communication Arts Department of a small Jesuit institution in Mobile, Alabama. The department was in the process of being thrown together when I arrived for my first semester there. It was chaos. The one thing it had going for it though was the excellent film equipment, and since I was the only one there truly interested in film, I had almost exclusive use of it. But I had all of this equipment and no idea what to do with it. Sure I knew how to *use* the camera, I knew how to frame and expose, but I knew very little about editing and sound, and the school did little to teach me these things. I took a lot of BS courses, so what I did learn I had to learn on my own.

I was surprised in my senior year that I was allowed to make a promotional film for the college. Basic editing procedures were strange to me and I made many mistakes, but somehow the film turned out OK. The admissions office still uses it.

Well, I got my BA and there I was. I had no idea what to do next. The idea of ever actually getting into

the film industry seemed so remote that I saw it as a dream that would never come true.

As luck would have it, I somehow got a job working for a documentary film company. Because I did everything, I learned a hell-of-a-lot. The conditions were primitive, but somehow my boss had managed to stay in business for 22 years. Sometimes it was tough going, but he survived. For a year and a half I stayed on with him, until I was accepted into the USC graduate school. It was time to move on anyway, for there was little more I could learn there.

Since I have been shooting in 16mm for the last 3 years, I was understandably insulted when USC notified me that I had to take a Super 8 camera course. How dare they! Well, surely I can waive out with no problem. Well, I didn't waive out, because I flunked all the tests. It was then I discovered that I didn't know as much as I thought I did. And during the course of my first semester, I began to realize that I knew absolutely nothing aside from the mechanics of newsreel photography. I was surrounded by people who knew a hell-of-a-lot more than me, who used words I had never before heard in normal conversation. Some had even made award winning films. I became exposed to aspects of film I never knew existed. I realized how little I did know.

At the present, I go through phases. Sometimes I get so involved and fascinated with the seemingly endless possibilities of film that it becomes all-consuming. At other times I get so disgusted with the whole idea of film that a sinking feeling develops in the pit of my stomach, and I wonder what the hell I'm doing here, and why I didn't go to law school instead. One time this feeling was so strong that I actually had to walk out of a class. It seems so senseless sometimes, for the reward can be so small. I do not find filmmaking easy and many times it is anything but fun. It's a love-hate relationship I have with film, a relationship that began one Christmas morning a long time ago.

\*\*\*

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SNEEZED AT."  
george colman, the younger

