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Deathless Prose Reviews Shows

By LOUIS BELL and JIM KUTTLER

By popular request and from fear of a premature and grisly death, we designate this week (and this week only) as return-to-culcha week and forfeit our right to confuse you with the popular ambiguous abstracts barf, grunch, sleaze and mad.

Instead we will write in unconscious but deathless prose, with the express purpose of intimidating our most malevolent and opinionated critics with a choice selection of equally ambiguous, though Webster-originated words.

They're Gone High Brow

The first cinematic triumph to receive this nauseaing intellectual and high-brow review is William Wyler's "The Big Country," now at Loew's. Played up in the ads as a peer to such well-received pictures as "Shane" and "Giant" this western proves to be an advent in unwonted technique, a successful experiment in almost total deviation from the ordinary.

Outstanding not only for dramatic and technical achievement, "The Big Country" is easily appreciated and admired for its entertainment value, an element often missing in the usual run of art films and Oscar winners.

Lusty Humor

Its scope is both quantitative and qualitative. Lusty humor and raw passion, rugged grandeur and simple philosophy, are made proportionately compatible through superior writing and direction. Plot development is planed on an epic scale, with anti-climaxes calculated to hold you in awe before the classic final duel.

Vintage Tradition

Breaking away from our vintage tradition of four weeks, we feel that in the case of this potentially strong Oscar candidate a short resume ought to be presented. Gregory Peck comes to a Texas frontier town from his coastland shipping concern to take the final vows with fiancée Carroll Baker, daughter of the state's raunch owner.

Greenhorn Greg

Greenhorn Greg (please pardon this reversion to unsolicited and habitual crudity) is too steeped in Eastern etiquette to be repulsed by some ungentlemanly keelhauling by the rascality faction, and is given an unhospitable reception by the big and littlewigs despite all his indefatigable efforts to bring suavity and discrimination to the tense and turbulent grass metropolis.

Heston Hates Him

He immediately becomes the butt of foreman Charlton Heston's implications of cowardice and impotence, and has to break in the ranch wonder-horse before he will be fully acceptable even to his bride-to-be. A ranch war of the Hatfield-McCoy vying soon becomes the most predominant enigma for him to solve.

Heiress Simmons

He decides, unwisely, to arbitrate by purchasing the disputed land from heiress Jean Simmons, who almost gets raped as a result. He also precipitates the verbal war into a no-hold-barred explosion. Still, all of his ignorant misdeeds are performed in the manner of a saint, and all is resolved for the best.

Memorable Scenes

The picture is abounding in memorable scenes. The dusk-todawn fistfight is the most well conceived. Also figuring in major importance are the pistol duel scene with Chuck Connors and the hilarious joke-telling contest with Miss Simmons, a sort of under-the-table affair sans whiskey.

The performances are all commendable, with Peck's being the surprise of his long career. Burl Ives is a new Orson Welles. Carroll Baker's beauty is rare and wholly disconcerting, although (Continued on Page 4)
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(Continued from Page 3) her Actors Studio method is sometimes a little too pronounced.

Not Like Moses
Charlton Heston is nothing like the Moses that he made so infamous. In the role of an apple-polisher he is more in his medium, and scores a new high in underplaying.

Jean Simmons and Charles Bickford are type-cast but thoroughly capable. Chuck Connors performs his tour de force with unrestrained emotion, and the Mexican actor, nameless here because of our atrocious spelling, outpaces Cantinflas for sheer hysteria.

Unrewarded Talent
If all this talent goes unrewarded next March, the camera crew and color co-ordinator are sure to be in line for top honors, their work being the highlight of the show. No increase in price obliterates your least feeble excuse for missing it.

Subordinate But Available
“The Blob”: Beats “Onionhead” for laughs: might remind you of commons food.

“His First Affair”: The Avalon’s newest French offering. This one is better than most for scissor-leniency and is the made with a sex - a necessary evil - theme is your wife but can’t we go lend - lease? French students will enjoy comparing the spicy original dialogue with the soap-in-mouth bottomward version.