

Friday, February 28, 1964

DAILY AMERICAN

Page 9

LEND ME YOUR EARS:

Burton 'Hamlet' Opens In Toronto

THE JOHN GIELGUD PRODUCTION of "Hamlet," with Richard Burton starring as the Prince of Denmark, opened to a packed house in Toronto Wednesday night. The much-publicized friendship between Burton and actress Elizabeth Taylor attracted many non-Shakespeare fans but Miss Taylor, who created a commotion at Tuesday's dress rehearsal preview, disappointed them by remaining backstage during the premiere. The Gielgud version of "Hamlet" is acted in rehearsal clothes, without the traditional sets which are usually part of the play. On stage are a table, a few chairs and a platform, and actors have been encouraged to wear whatever they like. Burton wore black slacks, and a black sweater over a white T-shirt, and Canadian-born Hume Cronyn, playing Polonius, pointed to the red lining of Laertes' raincoat when he gave his famous advice about "rich, not gaudy" apparel. The reason for the stripping of the play, according to Gielgud's program notes, is to allow "the beauty of the language and imagery" to come through "unencumbered by an elaborate reconstruction of any historical period." The Burton Hamlet is the fifth major interpretation of the role in recent seasons, coming after those of Peter O'Toole in England, Maximilian Schell in Germany, Jean Louis Barrault in France, and Giorgio Albertazzi in Italy. The play's four-week preliminary run in Toronto is already sold out, and it is scheduled to open on Broadway in late March.

Here And There

Italian actress Gina Lollobrigida spending her spare time in Hong Kong doing the shops and the sights. She's on the "Fragrant Isle" to present "La Bellezza d'Ippolita" at a two-week show of Italian pictures. Then it's on to similar shows in Tokyo and Manila. Rosanna Schiaffino is also making the jump, and Claudia Cardinale expected in Tokyo in March for presentation of "La Ragazza di Bube". Mexican trio "Los Tres Caballeros" due in Italy today for a series of radio and TV appearances. The group is Mexico's most popular, and has toured the U.S. and Latin America already. Rumer Godden's best-selling "Battle of the Villa Fiorita" will be filmed soon with Maureen O'Hara playing the tweedy English lady and Omar Sharif (of "Lawrence" fame) as the Latin lover who teaches her to like pasta. French dancer Zizi Jeanmaire taking her company to the Orient for a tour. James Bond creator Ian Fleming and his wife vacationing in Jamaica until March 15. Might there be another book in the offing? Upcoming Columbia film "Synanon House" will star James Cagney and Sidney Poitier as two narcotics addicts. Young director Tinto Brass, after two years of uninterrupted work, has finished his film "on all the revolutions in history, from Pancho Villa to the funeral of Kennedy". Gianfranco De Bosio, artistic director of the Teatro Stabile in Turin, has talked with French writer Jean-Paul Sartre about rights to produce Sartre's play "Red Gloves" in Italy. Sartre has refused requests for rights for the past two years, but if De Bosio convinces him, the drama will be presented in March with Gianni Santuccio, Giulio Bosetti and Marina Bonfigli among the entertainers at the Folk Studio this weekend will be



LOOKING ON during the trial of Italian actor Franco Silva are Anita Ekberg and husband Rick Van Nutter. Miss Ekberg has accused ex-escort Silva of attempted extortion, while he contends she promised in writing to make a film with him. The trial opened on Wednesday, and will be concluded March 3.

Teddy Schaeffer-Phillips, traveler, singer, dancer and student of Buddhism, who brings with him an interesting bag of songs in five or six languages and cuts a cool figure in a wild cowboy costume. Giovanna Marinetti Salvucci and Maria Theresa Bulciolu will also do some of their duets of Italian songs before they leave for recording sessions in Milan.

Told By The Tiber

Francis Colne, French film director, is in Rome and staying at the Excelsior. Pianist Rosine Nocera will give a recital at the Students and Artists Center of St. Paul's American Church on Wednesday, March 4 at 9 p.m. The program includes music by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Copland and others, and there'll be refreshments afterward. One-man show by Lucio Fontana opens at the Marlborough Gallery Saturday night. Count R. Du Monceau now staying at the Excelsior, as is General Puget, president of Sud Aviation. Tonight's Santa Cecilia concert will be given by the "Trio di Trieste," and will include works by Vivaldi, Ravel and Schubert. It starts at 5:30 p.m. Pierluigi Porciani, Alitalia manager in Rhodesia, now at the Cavalieri Hilton. The Don Chisciotte Gallery will have a show by Viviani beginning March 2. For the 10th anniversary of the Associazione Italia-U.S.A. Count Domenico Larussa gave a celebration dinner at Rome's Tempio di Giove restaurant. Among those taking part were Premier Aldo Moro, ex-Premier Amintore Fanfani, Defense Minister Giulio Andreotti and other representatives of the Italian government and the U.S. Embassy. Foreign Press Club president Patrick Smith, members of the daily press and of Roman society were also present. Count Larussa spoke on the close ties between Italy and America, and read a telegram from President Antonio Segni. The festivities were concluded with a concert.

Irene Rejoins Parents In Ski Resort

LECH, Austria, Feb. 27 (AP) — Dutch Princess Irene and her Spanish fiancé, Prince Carlos de Bourbon-Parm, arrived in this plush winter resort today for a family reunion with Irene's parents, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

The young couple, whose prolonged skiing holiday at Kitzbuehel, just 120 miles east of here, had given rise to speculation about a rift with Irene's parents over her engagement, were greeted cordially by the Queen and her husband.

Dutch officials earlier this week explained the fact that the Royal couple and Irene and her fiancé had spent nearly a week at separate places with lack of rooms in tourist-crowded Lech.

Yesterday a spokesman said that rooms for the two had been found after all, but that Carlos would merely spend the night at Lech and leave tomorrow for Madrid.

Irene and Carlos travelled from Kitzbuehel to Lech in a rented blue car. The Queen and Prince Bernhard greeted them on the highway a few miles outside Lech.

When the Royal Family and Carlos arrived at Lech they were all smiles and harmony. Irene, radiant with a fresh deep suntan, skin-tight ski pants and a green Tyrolean felt jacket, beamed as she jumped out of the Volkswagen. Then she took her mother by one hand and her fiancé by the other and just smiled at them.

All four then walked up to the terrace of the Post Hotel and posed for photographers while a crowd of tourists, among the many Dutch, witnessed the formal family reunion.

The Queen placed herself next to Prince Carlos. When the cameras whirled and clicked, she flashed him a warm smile and he smiled back. The tourists applauded.

Mainly Military

Saturday is opening day for the Italian-American Art Contest at the Camp Darby Riviera Service Club in Livorno. Judges for the event will include Dr. Raffaello Giannelli, director of Livorno Artistic Center, Prof. Piero Cremonini, art critic of La Nazione, Luciano Bonetti, art critic of Il Telegrafo, William King, director of the Camp Darby Special Service Craft Shop, and Col. John T. Poffenberger, commanding officer of the 8th Logistical Command. Entries by Italian and American artists will be judged in three categories — oil, water color and black and white. Among the artists is Marcello Sardelli of Livorno, who will show works in all three media. Judging will be Sunday, March 1. Foodstuffs and staples were donated recently to the Città dei Ragazzi (Boys' Town) in Marina di Pisa by members of the Canadian Navy. Cmdr. R. P. Welland, RCN and commander of four Canadian destroyers which visited Livorno recently, arranged to give the aid through Capt. C. B. Langston, USN, and Mrs. Langston. U.S. Navy ships have also been generous to Boys' Town in past months. Sgt. Vidal Perez of SETAF in Verona has written a letter to the editor of L'Arena, independent daily in the city, to thank the Italians who saved his three children from danger. Sgt. Perez had left the children in his car, and while he was gone it started rolling down the street. Giuseppe Grandis and several other townsfolk jumped in front of the car and halted it. 16 students from the Vicenza American High School at SETAF's Caserma Ederle were inducted into the National Honor Society last week. Membership in the society requires a B average and faculty approval, and is the highest honor the school bestows on its students. Those inducted were: Judy Wayenberg, Michael Jones, Howard Marsh, Jerry Misner, John Lindsey, Linda Miles, Ute Shepherd, Tone Crawford, Susan Lindsay, Marilyn Bratton, Kay Bressler, Leslie Lewis, Toni Repucci, Roger Montemayer, Bonnie Malnati, Julianna Sciolia.

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DENNIS THE MENACE



VISITS SCHOOL — Princess Paola of Belgium, wife of King Baudouin's brother, Albert of Liege, is shown here after a visit to La Hulpe School. During the recent absence of King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola, the Italian-born princess undertook a greater number of public engagements than usual, and her popularity with the Belgians is reportedly much greater than it was before (AP photo)

THE BOOK CORNER

Novel provides a political matching game

CONVENTION. By Charles W. Bailey II and Fletcher Knebel. Harper, \$4.95.

Considering the huge success of "Seven Days in May," the logical question to ask about this novel was whether Messrs. Knebel and Bailey could do it again.

The opinion in this corner is that "Convention" probably won't match the sales of "Seven Days," but that as a smoothly written, well-paced novel, it should do well on its own. And if it doesn't do anything else it ought to tantalize many a political observer into wondering who the authors were thinking of as they put each character into the book.

Who, for instance, is the counterpart of Charles B. Manchester, the Midwestern banker-turned-politician who goes into the Republican convention with the nomination virtually assured, only to find himself fighting for survival because of an inadvertent remark at a press conference?

Or try to pick the alter ego of Gov. Bryan Roberts, the bulky Westerner whose cunning and preparation allowed him to capitalize on Manchester's bobbie.

And how about Gen. Wesley Shaw, the hero of two wars whose second speech for one of the candidates had nationwide repercussions?

Not that everybody is mysterious. Nobody would have any trouble recognizing Oscar, the well-oiled tenant of a walk-up suite near the convention center. But Oscar's role in the convention holds a surprise or two.

Perhaps the most effective thing about the book is its air of authenticity. It's a big lark, to the delegates who type with only two fingers to the volunteer clerks who regard politics

as a big lark, to the delegates who admit they aren't so interested in being on the right side as on the winning side. Any one who has attended or covered a political convention will run across plenty of people here that he has met before.

—JLB

Story of a Milan family

IL VELOCIFERO by Luigi Santucci. Mondadori, 418 pages, 2,000 lire.

A long story about a family through a couple of generations, laid in Milan around the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of our century.

The book is attracting a considerable critical attention mostly because of its cordial, at times humorous, and always vivid telling.

Santucci, who had already in the past made his mark with "Con mio nonno in Australia" and "Lo zio prete," is usually labeled a "Catholic writer" though this is not immediately apparent in his books.

The "Velocifero," which gives the title to the present one, is the name of a huge rickety disused horse bus that stands in a corner of the old farm where the children, who eventually grow up to become the main characters of the novel, used to visit their grandparents.

Into the old "velocifero" they would climb and pretend to travel, or otherwise while away the hours dreaming their "long long thoughts of youth."

The book is distinctly divided into two parts, the one centered on a smiling, old-fashioned, shopkeeper's world in the old Milan of the Nineties, and the one dealing with the children grown up.

World War I closes in tragedy and redemption a story which one is sorry to leave.

—JW

1984 comes twenty years too soon

THE NAKED SOCIETY. By Vance Packard. McKay, \$5.95.

THE PRIVACY INVADERS. By Myron Brenton, Coward-McCann, \$4.85.

Is the Brave New World, in which Big Brother knows all, being translated out of the fiction of Huxley and Orwell into grim reality? You'd almost think so after reading these books.

Packard's earlier explorations into the jungles of modern society and business touched sensitive nerve centers, and he has done a thorough job once again.

This time it is in the field of privacy and the protections of the Bill of Rights, his thesis being that all of us are being subjected to multiple pressures from all sides — not just the governmental.

He tells about the rapidly growing business of selling surveillance equipment (hidden microphones and cameras, easily concealed tape recorders, wire-tapping devices) and the proliferation of investigative agencies (for banks, credit bureaus, loan companies, insurance companies and large corporations).

Packard describes the snooping of business organizations on their own executives, the spying on and counter-spying for trade secrets and market data, the use of polygraphs (so-called lie detectors) for prospective and current employees, the hidden questionnaires contained in school questionnaires.

He shows us bureaucrats at all levels, spying on citizens and each other; the compiling of lists by government and private agencies; a hangover from the McCarthy era; the spreading of "national security" techniques far beyond normal necessities.

He also gets into the subject of mass intrusion by blaring loud speakers; the tricks used against captive audiences; the insistent pressure of telephone solicitors and the lucrative business of compiling and renting out mailing lists.

One of the most disturbing points that Packard makes is that there is a growing tendency among count-

less private, federal, state and local agencies to swap information. He tells about bribes, tips and under-the-table payments to moonlighting public employees, all creating a situation in which even the most confidential information may be circulated.

It is no wonder that Packard's title seems justified by his material.

Brenton has been a private detective and an insurance inspector, so he has had a personal background in collecting his information on what he calls "The Goldfish Age."

He builds up masses of information on credit bureaus that go beyond mere financial credit, and has a good many stories to tell about industrial espionage — the stealing of data on research and development. He also describes at some length the techniques of fund raising organizations.

Together, the two books can give the reader a real scare. Which is the whole point.

—MAS

For the serious drinker...

IL VERO BEVITORE by Paolo Monelli. Longanesi, Milano, 316 pages, 13 drawings by Novello. 12 illustrations, 3,000 lire.

A book to guide the bon vivant to the discerning choice and use of wines and spirits, by Italy's best-known after-sunset writer.

There is hardly a barman from Hong Kong to Rio who, at one time or another, has not seen the monocled face of Monelli ordering a drink.

Never over-indulging, Monelli probably knows more about the juice of the grape and the distilled fermentation of other plants, than any first-class writer and journalist alive.

Late hours have kept Monelli young and healthy (he wrote his first best-seller "Con le Scarpe al Sole" during World War I).

Now the concentrated wisdom of his long experiences in the small hours is philosophically concentrated into a book which can safely be recommended to the young and old for it teaches above all the virtues of enjoyment without excess.

Novello's drawings of bar files of every vintage are up to his usual A-grade standard.

Adventures of O'Brady

ALL TOLD. By Frederic O'Brady. Simon & Schuster, \$4.95.

It would take a considerable search to find anyone who has lived such an adventuresome life as O'Brady.

In some respects he is like Alexander King, who also had many fabulous tales to tell about his experiences. But O'Brady's talents span an even greater variety.

Hungarian-born, unhappy in his childhood and provided with little formal education, he became a wandering actor and jack of many trades, mainly in France.

For years he jumped around from one odd job to another, performing in mediocre plays and musicals, and even with a troupe of dwarfs; he acted in films and radio plays, wrote and conducted music, and served as a ghost writer for one of his mistresses.

Somehow in all this incoherent employment he managed to become proficient in nine languages, which proved on several occasions to be a handy talent. He became a professional puppeteer, composed some serious music — including operas — and wrote several novels.

His wartime experiences included a nightmarish year in the Foreign Legion and after the German occupation of France he had some narrow escapes from execution as a spy.

He came to America as an actor in "La Plume de Ma Tante," and last report was teaching Latin in an American private school.

O'Brady often had to live in squalor and dingy hotels, so his life was not all glamor, but like a cat he always managed to land on his feet.

—MA

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ART

If one were trying to imagine what the art of the future was going to be like (something that would fit in well with a space mogul's villa on Mars) it seems likely that you would turn to the work of Lucio Fontana for inspiration.

Fontana, whether you like his work or not, appears to be remarkably in tune with the space era and somehow imagine that his "spacial-

ism" would have appealed to Albert Einstein.

Fontana's "space" is inorganic, unrelated to anything but the area on which it acts, an abstract gesture as free from personality as the pure mathematics of Planck's Constant.

His new and much-talked-about exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery on Via Gregoriana is filled with changes in his "spacial concepts" however.

The well-known slashed one-color canvases of 1958-1961 have given way to pockmarked paintings with irregular holes, often surrounded by boundary lines of paint.

Whereas the earlier work (in our futuristic thinking) could be pure space and peepholes into infinity, the new canvases are like that infinite space being torn open. It equals me as we know leads not only to space travel and nuclear power but also Hiroshima and the H-bomb.

If the earlier paintings were space trails, the new ones might well be described as a city after overkill.

It's amusing to think that the prize paintings of the exhibition are in the shape of Easter eggs ("How appropriate for the season," said the matron) but the humor is more than a little black.

The Easter egg is the natural symbol of rebirth and peace and even innocence but Fontana's Easter eggs are blasted full of jagged holes like a firing range target and have the unsettling collective title of "The End of God." Appropriate for the Easter season they may be but one hopes that in this case the artist's peep into the future turns out to be wrong.

Fontana, though usually considered Italian, is actually another example of the splendid ideas in art in Italy today that come out of Argentina. He was born in Rosario di Santa Fe in Argentina in 1899 and his first great manifesto on "spacialism" was issued in Buenos Aires in 1946.

Since then of course he has become one of the best known of contemporary artists and his paintings are in most of the important museums of modern art in the world.

☆☆☆

Another artist who perceptively reflects the world in which he lives is 24-year-old Oliano, now showing at the 83 Gallery on Via Margutta.

The clue to the whitish pale faces peering out of the dark backgrounds of his canvases lies probably in the climate (both meteorological and moral) of the city in which he lives — Milan.

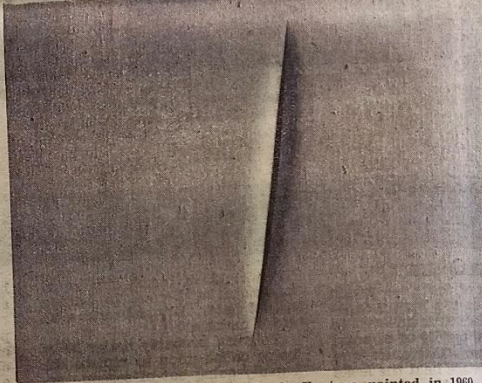
What is beautiful in Milan is always tentative, desperately trying to shine through the factory-induced smog, hopefully trying to shrug off the need to appear materially successful.

Oliano's defeated faces are turned inward, thinking about suffering, the disconcerting reverse of the economic miracle.

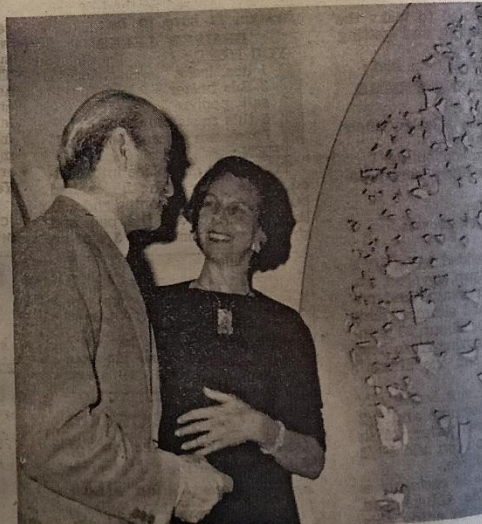
—KEN WLASCHIN



ITALIAN ARTIST OLIANO with one of his paintings



"SPACIAL CONCEPT" by Lucio Fontana painted in 1960



ITALIAN ARTIST LUCIO FONTANA discusses one of his 1963 "spacial" paintings with Titi Blaffer Hudson of Dallas at the Marlborough Gallery in Rome