

movies that will be showing up over the vacation, but that will have to wait until next week at the earliest.

This week on campus, in the meantime, we find the John Ford series bringing that late, great director's 1937 classic, *The Hurricane*, to 177 Lawrence at 8 tonight, November 29. The film stars Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in one of her earliest sarong pictures, and includes what many believe to be the greatest storm sequence ever filmed.

On Sunday, the Cultural Forum brings that 1939 box-office biggie, *Gone With The Wind*, to campus for the first time, for showings at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. in the EMU. This multiply-honored epic—Oscars for best film, director, screenplay, actress (Vivien Leigh), supporting actress (Hattie McDaniel), color cinematography, and editing—was the longest film ever made at its first release. About the only person

not to get a major award for his efforts was Clark Gable, whose Rhett Butler is for many people the most memorable aspect of the movie.

The weekend is really dominated, however, by the showing on three consecutive nights of Charlie Chaplin's 1928 feature, *The Circus*. The Film Society will present this rarely seen classic, made between *The Gold Rush* and *City Lights*, on Friday and Saturday at 7 and 9 in 150 Science, and on Sunday at 8 in the University Theatre. The Friday and Saturday showings will be open to the public and to Chaplin series ticket holders on the same basis as previous showings, but the Sunday show will be available to Film Society members on their Society tickets in addition to the others.

Pierre G. Dunn

film

'Executive Action' no thriller--it's a dud

And nothing can we call our own but
.. death,
And that small model of the barren
.. earth,
Which serves as paste and cover for our
.. bones;
For God's sake, let us sit upon the
.. ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of
.. kings...

Shakespeare,
King Richard II

Let's not. If our tales are not better than the graceless tribute paid John Kennedy in the new film *Executive Action*, let's just get drunk and forget the whole thing.

The dud in question, which has been playing for two weeks at the Mayflower, is a fictionalization of the assassination of JFK, in which director David Miller and screenwriter Dalton Trumbo attempt to advance a plausible account of certain imaginary conspiratorial dealings which may have led to the disaster in Dallas. But the disaster here proves to be the entire project; the film has so many things wrong with it that it's taken me all of 10 days to enumerate and sort them, thereby depriving many people of the early warning to which they are, God knows, entitled.

Executive Action finds three big businessmen (Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, Will Greer) employing much effort, hard cash, and pull to assassinate Kennedy, who has of late spoken unfavorably of the oil depletion allowance, failed to lean hard enough on the Vietnamese, and (to their eyes) groomed brothers Bob and Ted as his successors. The three hire a trio of sharpshooters for the deed, locate an Oswald look-alike to frame the real Oswald, and have the whole shebang very neatly tied up through the timely intervention of Accident, in the person of Jack Ruby. With Kennedy, Oswald and Ruby permanently out of the picture, and the assassins voluntarily exiled to Europe and fat Swiss bank accounts, the tycoons relax over a friendly game of billiards, and the contemplation of better days coming.

It's at just this point that Miller, Trumbo, et al provide us with a distinctly bizarre denouement which tells where the real emphasis of this stillborn picture should have been all along: the photos of eighteen material witnesses to the assassination are flashed, together with the information that all had died violently by mid-1967, and that the odds against this happening were a respectable 1,000 trillion to one.

Who were they? What did they see? And why weren't they in the picture? What the creators of *Executive Action* have spurned here is an opportunity of untold dramatic possibility, a circumstantial mesh which positively begs for the kind of conjecture which Miller and his accomplices instead divert to an assassination scheme whose success is assumed from the outset, since the assassination's an established fact. Not much suspense there, you can bet—they'll kill him sure. Worse, they'll do it without interpersonal conflicts, twinges of conscience, or any undue hassle over technical matters. These excluded elements don't accord, it seems with writer Trumbo's conception of character.

And they don't accord with my conception of a good thriller. The odds against a shambles like *Executive Action* holding anyone over 12 in thrall are about 1,000 trillion to one. If the guys who put it together are so up on statistics, they should've known that from the beginning.

Chris Houglum

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Sunday Film
by Cultural Forum

GONE WITH THE WIND

December 2
EMU BALLROOM
3 p.m. & 8 p.m.
\$1.00