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Joanne Woodward— a brat with talent

Movies



She's a "Brando Bohemian"
out to shock the world;
but an Academy Award
and success are
helping her grow up.

by Peer J. Oppenheimer

"IF JOANNE WOODWARD were a man, she'd be the sweat-shirt and torn blue-denim type a la the Marlon Brando cult," insists one of her directors.

"Joanne is the best interview in town," a Twentieth Century-Fox publicist told me, then lamented, "The only trouble is you can't print half of what she says!"

"If Joanne goes to a party and there are ten empty chairs in the room," a girl friend claims, "you can bet your life she's going to sit on the floor!"

"I know her kind of Greenwich Village talk," says another acquaintance. "I went through it myself 25 years ago and I've heard it ever since—about the commercialism of motion pictures; about how she'd like to do Shakespeare and Ibsen and Shaw; why she cooks her own meals; and how she's one girl who'll never 'go Hollywood.' Today she would rather do a lousy play on Broadway than a good picture in Hollywood. But wait till she makes a lot of money—she'll stop driving around in rented runabouts and buy herself the biggest chrome-boat ever!"

Joanne, who won an Oscar for her "Three Faces of Eve," has shocked people for the better part of her 28 years and is proud of it.

"I was never beautiful. So this was the best way to be noticed," she says.

Her bids for attention date back to childhood. When she was six, her father—who also happened to be her school principal—caught her kissing boys under the oak tree on the school grounds. "If anyone does the kissing," he said emphatically, "it's supposed to be the boys."

At seven she upset her mother by bringing her steady boy friend a corset every day. At eight she smoked her first cigaret. "I picked rabbit tobacco and wrapped it in tissue paper. It tasted awful," she recalls.

When she was ten she was the first girl to be thrown out of Camp Burgess Glen, N. C., for violating about 90 percent of the camp's rules. She was late for breakfast, refused to take part in the swimmers' lifesaving course, imported banned movie magazines, and one night even jimmied open the locks of the camp store in search of candy. Although she left enough change to cover her "purchases," 24 hours later she was on her way home.

In school she started more fads than the rest of the students combined—but as soon as any caught on, Joanne promptly discarded them for something different.

HER INTEREST, but not her attitude, changed when she turned 15, by which time her father had become a publisher's representative and moved to Greenville, S. C. There Joanne became the protégée of Robert MacLane, her high-school drama teacher and little-theater director. Recognizing her talent, MacLane became a strong supporter of Joanne's theatrical ambitions. Between the two, they had no trouble talking her father into letting her attend Louisiana State University. "Because," as she puts it, "it had the best drama school in the South and, besides, all my girl friends went to nearby colleges and I wanted to be different."

Joanne stayed through her second year before returning to Greenville where she worked as a secretary. This

She still hates being called a star.



job lasted until she lost a \$50 check between the pages of a movie magazine (the employer found it months later by accident). The oversight caused her to head for the Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School in New York City.

Like many dramatic groups, this one—according to Joanne—had a tendency to be quite "liberal," which prompted her to shock everyone by playing, of all things, the part of an ultraconservative Southerner! She evened the score when she attended a formal ball in Greenville, during a trip home. While her girl friends wore the traditional white formals with crinoline skirts, long gloves, and wide-brimmed hats, Joanne appeared in a flaming-red three-quarter length, low décolleté organdy gown. She also sported bleached blonde hair and the longest cigaret holder this side of Marlene Dietrich.

After several successful television plays and 50 appearances as an understudy in the Broadway production of "Picnic" she was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to a seven-year contract.

She promptly established her reputation for doing the unexpected by