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TINA LOUISE

*Exclusive*  
Rossellini talks about Bergman.



Photoplay's  
MAN OF THE MONTH

# Meet Mr. M



**W**E were sipping ale in a deserted bar when Patrick McGeehan said to me :  
"I'm not a tough guy and I'm not a beast. I'm soft-hearted, gentle and understanding. I don't even beat my wife."

McGeehan—branded as the Brute of Pinewood after such films as *High Tide at Noon* and *Hell Drivers*—rubbed his bearded chin and continued :

"Those films were not good. I was not good. The love scenes in *Hell Drivers* were done the same as the truck scenes. And no-one is going to pretend that *The Gypsy and the Gentleman* (his current picture) is a classical piece of work."

"But," I said, "you are a newcomer to pictures and although your films have not been outstanding they have been meaty enough to keep the wolf from the door."

McGeehan, however, seemed to be a little peeved about the whole business.

"I only have to make two pictures a year," he said, almost gratefully. "When this is over I'm finished for a while."

Now I'm all for people speaking their mind. And if there's one thing that makes me sick it's those so-called stars who lean smugly back on their contracts and take what comes without a word.

But I think McGeehan is overdoing it. Since Rank took him over

## Who

**I**F you ask ten Hollywood stars to name their greatest ambition they will almost certainly reply, "To win an Oscar."

To them it means everything.

But has anyone stopped to wonder just how important an Oscar really is to the career of a star?

The truth is that the power of the Oscar has been ridiculously exaggerated!

Certainly there are those who have benefited from winning this coveted award.

Take Frank Sinatra. His career was in a rut and heading for rock bottom when he desperately clutched a small part in *From Here to Eternity*. He was paid £500 for this picture and he won an Oscar for his performance. Since then he has never looked back—except to the statue on the mantelpiece.

Eva Marie Saint was put in a Broadway show because the producer believed she transmitted an inner purity. The show flopped—and so did Eva.

**I tell you—the**

"I'M NOT A TOUGH GUY"



# Menace

his career has progressed rapidly.

When I went to see *High Tide at Noon* I noticed that people leaving the cinema were not talking about the stars of the film, William Sylvester and Betta St. John.

**THEY WANTED TO KNOW WHO THE TOUGH-LOOKING CHARACTER WAS.**

True, no-one wants to play sex-starved slobs (as McGoohan was in this film) all the time. But it was a good start.

In *Hell Drivers* he played another morose tough and again he came off well. Now he is in company with Melina Mercouri.

Has he reason to feel dissatisfied?

I wonder what McGoohan would have done—and said—if he had had to take part in those well-known tragedies *True as a Turtle* and *Miracle in Soho*?

## He Is A Character . . .

Whatever he may think—those unpleasant wretches that he plays have done more for him than any other part could.

"It's all very well playing these tough guy parts," he argued. "But surely what is interesting is *why* the fellow is tough. In British films characters are either black or white—good or bad. We merely scratch the surface of the story."

There is a lot to like and admire about McGoohan. He is a character. He has ambition and enthusiasm. His main fault, it seems, is that he wants everything to go his way.

I don't mean he wants to rule the roost. But he wants to get on in his own particular way and do the things he wants to do. And they



McGoohan as seen in *Hell Drivers*

don't include playing toughs.

He pushed his empty glass away.

"I've worked hard in the theatre," he said. "I don't think I have much to be grateful for as far as my career is concerned."

He has big plans. Next year he's going to hire a West End theatre and present five plays. He spends hours hunting for material. One of the plays he wrote himself. It's a farce and takes place in a caravan.

He pointed out that he would have actors and not stars in the cast. He shudders to think there are people in films today who have not done a play and that girls can get parts on the strength (or should I say size) of their busts.

In fact he is rather old fashioned in his ideas. He still thinks genuine talent should count for something.

I asked him what he thought of The Method.

"I heard a story about the late Humphrey Bogart," he replied. "He went to a party and everyone was talking about The Method and how wonderful it was. Someone turned to him and asked him how he tackled his parts. Bogart, who until then hadn't said a word, replied: 'It's easy. I just learn my lines.' That sums up what I think of The Method."

Patrick McGoohan is a man who says what he thinks.

We drank to his future. But I warned him: "Take it easy, Pat. Or you'll be in trouble."

**Peter Tipthorp**

# wants an Oscar?

But a film producer spotted her and although she was unknown he cast her in *On the Waterfront*.

She gave an Oscar winning performance—and is now one of the highest paid stars in Hollywood, making first class films like *A Hatful of Rain*.

Certainly there are a few who in some way or another owe their success to an Oscar. But they are few.

Karl Malden won an Oscar for the best supporting actor of the year for his performance in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Then he played a supporting role in the Oscar laden *On the Waterfront*.

Now he has been promoted to leading parts in some of Hollywood's finest pictures—pictures like *Baby Doll* and *Fear Strikes Out*.

Ernest Borgnine had played only secondary parts until he made the Oscar winning *Marty*.

But the point is this: Borgnine would be earning just as much money today and he would be just as popular if James Dean had won the Oscar that year for his performance in *East of Eden*.

It is no guarantee for a golden future.

Ingrid Bergman, immediately after winning an Oscar for *Murder on Thornton Square*, made two other films. They were bad and her status dropped drastically.

Paul Muni's career was going fine when he won an Oscar for *Louis Pasteur*. It was a great performance. But what happened afterwards? Muni could not find another decent film script and he surrendered his contract and left Hollywood.

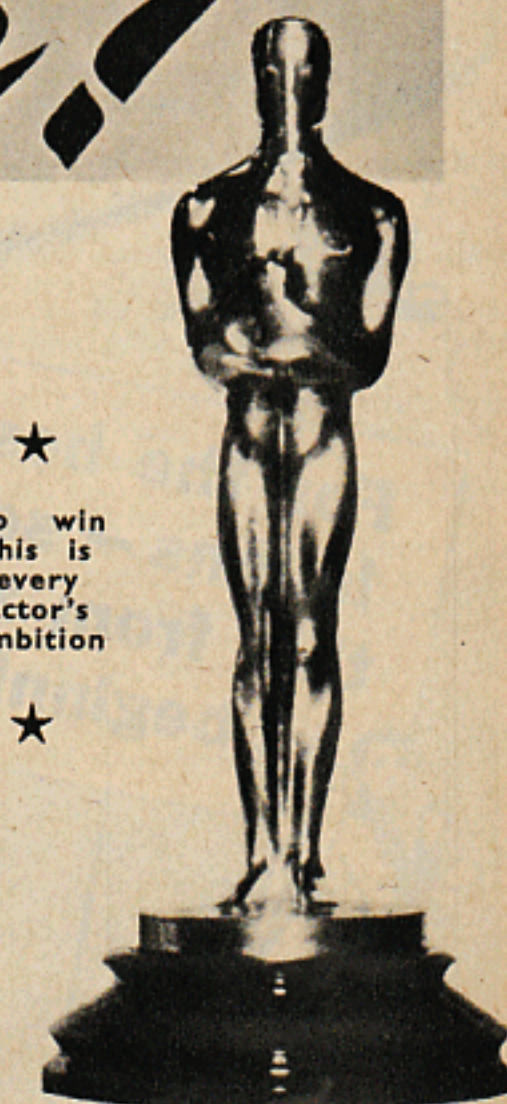
There are others who, in recent years, have faded somewhat from the limelight. Shirley Booth has done nothing worthy of note since her magnificent show in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Others who have not shone so brightly since winning Oscars include Judy Holliday, Donna Reed, Broderick Crawford and James Cagney.

Today the importance of the Oscar is dying.

If you don't believe me ask Bob Mitchum, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Gardner or Rock Hudson.

They have never won one. And they're worth millions!

★  
To win  
this is  
every  
actor's  
ambition



**power of this little gold symbol is dying . . .**