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**Campanadas A
Medianoche**
(Chimes at Midnight)
(SPANISH-SWISS)

Cannes, May 10.

Harry Saltzman, Emiliano Pierda, Angel Escolano, Internacional Films Espanola production and release. With Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau, Margaret Rutherford, John Gielgud, Marina Vlady, Alan Webb, Norman Rodway, Walter Chiari, Keith Baxter, Fernando Rey. Written and directed by Welles, based on several plays of William Shakespeare; camera, Edmund Richard; editor, F. Meuller. At Cannes Film Fest. Running time, 113 MINS.

Falstaff	Orson Welles
Henry V	John Gielgud
Doll Tearsheet	Jeanne Moreau
Hotspur	Norman Rodway
Hal	Keith Baxter
Tavern Keeper	Margaret Rutherford
Lady Hotspur	Marina Vlady
Shallow	Alan Webb
Silence	Walter Chiari

That American international journeyman filmmaker Orson Welles now surfaces with a Swiss-Spanish pic, coproduced by Harry Saltzman. It chronicles the story of Shakespeare's Falstaff. Taken from several plays, it details the last days of Falstaff's relationships with the Prince of Wales and the future King Henry V of England. A personal viewpoint, it mixes the grotesque, bawdy, comic and heroic, and does have a melancholy under its carousing and battles.

Welles has tried to humanize Falstaff in dwelling on his intimations of old age that make him accept a buffoonish part in the young prince's life. He contrasts this with the sombre reflections of the real father on whose uneasy head lies the new crown of England. The Prince finally has to choose between an indulgent father figure, Falstaff, and the real adult father who means responsibility, dedication and adulthood.

The choice is the most moving part of this uneven pic as Falstaff is disdained by the new king at his coronation and sent off to die of a broken heart in exile. Here the stuff of tragedy peeps out after the bawdy play of Falstaff. Stylized recreation of the times is adequate if some Spanish exteriors seem too ornate for the more sombre England of the times. But the Inns have the noisy swagger that is right.

Also Known As
"FALSTAFF"

However, it is the playing that counts. This is fairly consistent if some noted players falter in small roles. Welles himself is gigantically bloated and full of swagger that yet shows glints of lonely pride and fear of rejection under a pompous, exterior. John Gielgud, on the other hand, is sombre, suffering and stately as the new King Henry IV trying to sort out of the problems of the court and his vassals in order to unite his nobles.

The battle against the rebel Hotspur is the turning point as it tempers the fledgling Prince in combat, aided and abetted by a Falstaff imbedded in massive armor. Here there is a fury in the editing and a decided tempo of ebb and flow of battle that makes this one of Welles' most flashy and yet filmically taking segments of many a film.

Welles tries to veer from the theatrical in creating visuals that attempt to make many of the statements implicit in the text come over in an eyefilling as well as earfilling manner. He succeeds sometimes and at other times detracts from the language or replaces life and content by showiness and overdone angles.

Film looms mainly an arty house possibility for abroad on its Shakespearean backdrop and intermittent sparks of the state of loneliness and old age. At other times it does not blend the playing and times which make it repetitive and slow.

John Gielgud has the right poise as the King with Keith Baxter a right blend of youth and man as the young Prince. Jeanne Moreau is wasted as the strumpet Doll Tearsheet. Hence, this is another personal, showy but uneven pic from Welles who goes his own way and leaves his mark on films technically.

Lensing has the right contrasty edge, editing is exemplary and it adds up to an irritating, yet sumptuous, too personal, yet knowing, Shakespearean pic. Mosk.