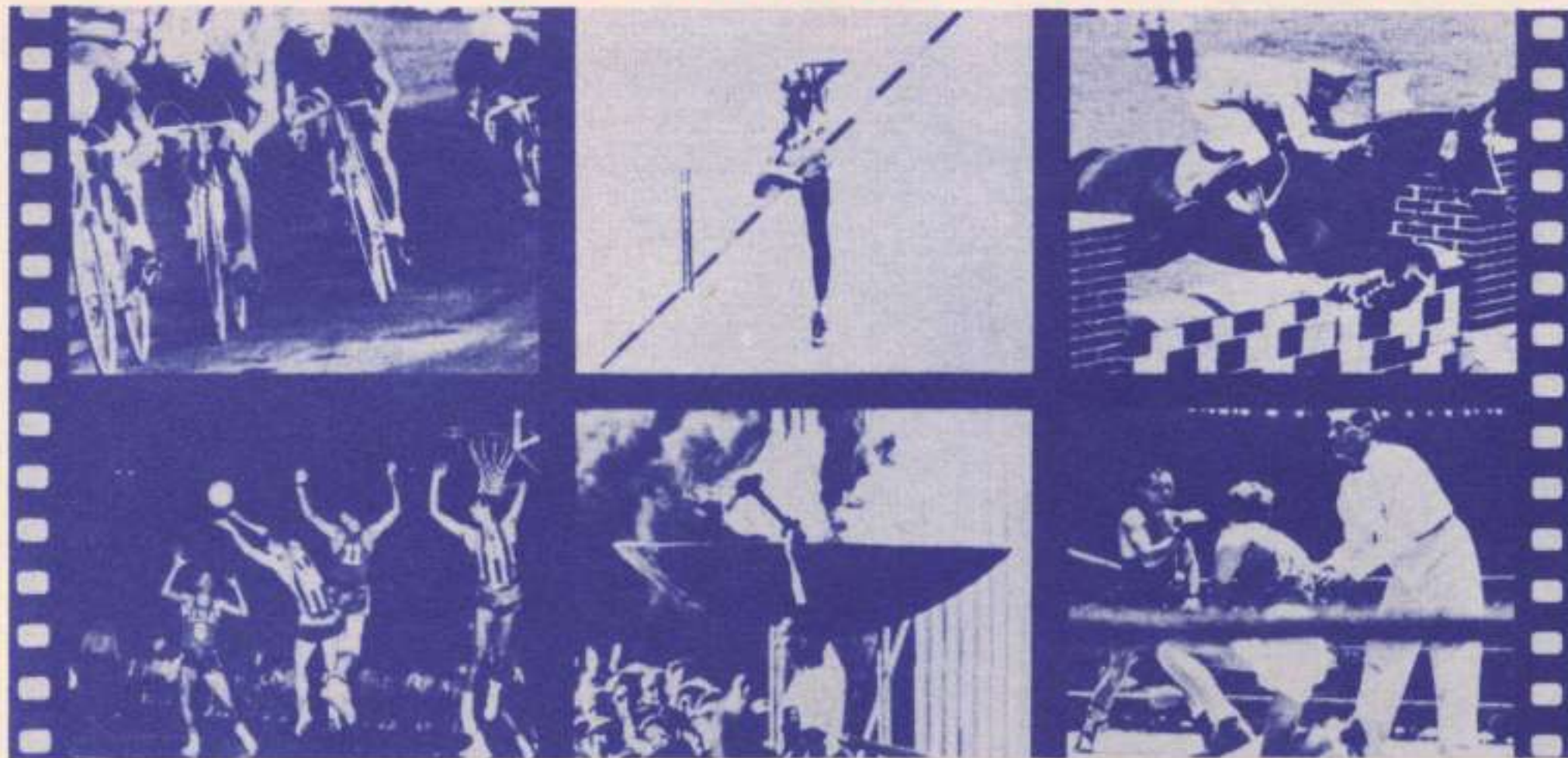


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the World's Greatest Athletes



**Five thousand champions from eighty-four nations vie for the coveted Olympic Trophy...
A hundred spectacles in one! All true!
The most colorful pageant of sport on film!**

THE GRAND OLYMPICS



1 SHEET POSTER AVAILABLE IN FULL COLOR.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS

The New York Times.

Screen: Great Athletes

'The Grand Olympics' Recalls '60 Games

By HOWARD THOMPSON

LET'S not exaggerate. Let's say simply that "The Grand Olympics," a two-hour, Italian-made color documentary of the last Olympiad in Rome, is an absolute knock-out. This splendid film does such credit to the enterprising Italians, their cameras and the very medium of the screen that one can only wonder why it took four years to arrive here yesterday at the Guild Theater. Importation credit, at any rate, goes to Times Film Corporation.

Here it all is — the whole big, beautiful show, stunningly recorded from spectacle to tiny detail, and stitched together with dazzling technical skill. The color is radiant. Even the musical score is an important, pulsating component. Add, finally, a crisply informative English narration that only strays momentarily and you have what is probably the most attractive and comprehensive sports marathon ever filmed.

Where to begin, indeed? The Italians, commissioned by the Olympiad's official organizing committee, start the picture by soaring straight over St. Peter's Dome toward the stadium. This tingling sequence, juxtaposing the relay of torchbearers from Mount Olympus with the army of international athletes marching on the huge arena, sets the imaginative tone and rhythm of what is to come. It is a thrilling sight, shot from a hovering helicopter, with the massed athletes crossing the Tiber, skirting ancient ruins and the shadowy hulk of the old Coliseum. And it unfurls a rich, pictorial panoply of Rome itself, as the games spread out over the city and all but spill from the screen.

Be prepared. Almost every type of sports competition is represented. Thirteen Italian photographers, under the direction of Romolo Marcellini, have stalked the proceedings like whippets, moving in for moments of personal anguish, pulling back for color, sweep and spectacle. Above all, this picture is a tribute to the human spirit, united by nature itself. Furthermore, the events and vignettes are flicked off with such a sure sense of technical style and tempo that the whole thing moves like a huge, muscular ballet. (The entr'acte is a breezy visit to the athletes' living quarters, Olympic Village.)

Track and field are dominant. One memorable scene shows Wilma Rudolph, the



Rafer Johnson

The Program

THE GRAND OLYMPICS, directed by Romolo Marcellini, edited by Mario Serandrei, Jolanda Benvenuti and Alberto Verdeho; produced by the National Institute of Light for the National Organizing Committee of the Games of the 17th Olympics; presented by Times Film Corporation. At the Guild Theater, West 50th Street near Rockefeller Plaza. Running time: 120 minutes.

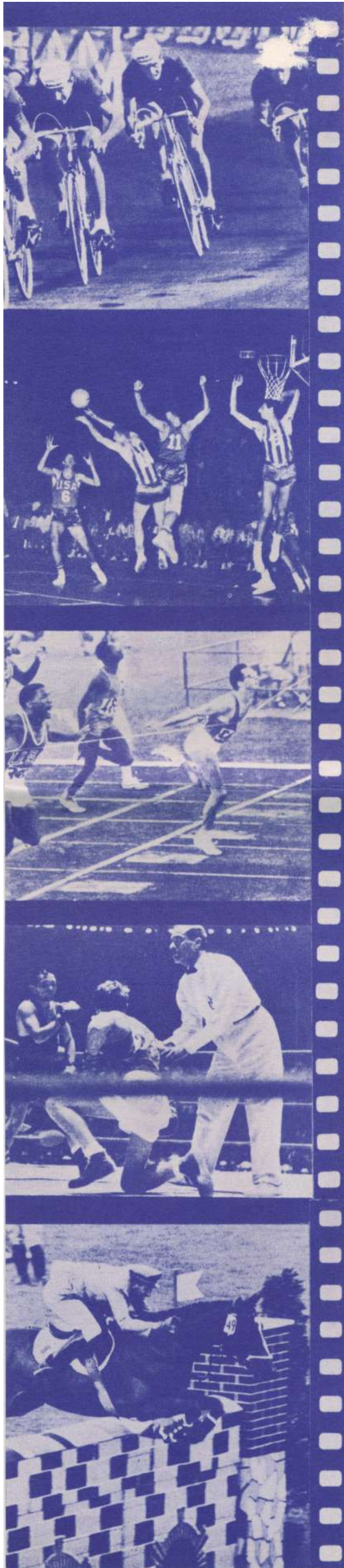
Queen of the Track, streaking the 200-meter final like lightning. In the most moving bit of all, Rafer Johnson, the decathlon champion, consoles his crestfallen Chinese friend and competitor, C. K. Yang. There is one superb, chilling slow-motion shot of a husky, twisting Russian heaving a javelin, another slow gem of Yolanda Balas, a Rumanian bean-pole, snaking upward in a high jump. And wait till you see a beefy bevy of Russian women flexing over a discuss and shot-put.

Music, credited to A. F. Lavagnino, lubricates each sequence, from a crawlingly photographed hurdle race to a wondrously integrated diving meet and a gymnastics stint, performed at the Baths of Caracalla, by surely the supplest Japanese alive. Swimming, boxing, basketball, bicycling, cross-country horsemanship, weight-lifting — name it and it's here. But to one viewer, this extraordinary movie is at its artistic, reportorial best with the Ethiopian sprinter, Bikala Abebe, winning the 26-mile marathon in the heart of Rome, in a magnificently conveyed scene of confusion, din and flickering torches.

The picture closes with a skyful of Roman fireworks. And so, believe us, it should.

TIMES FILM CORPORATION / 144 West 57th Street / New York 19, N. Y. / Plaza 7-6980 / Mr. Jean Goldwurm, President / Mr. Irving Sochin, Sales Director

THE GRAND OLYMPICS



"LET'S NOT EXAGGERATE, LET'S SAY SIMPLY THAT IT IS AN ABSOLUTE KNOCKOUT!"

Big, beautiful, stunning spectacle and dazzling! Color is radiant, the musical score is pulsating. The whole thing moves like a huge, muscular ballet. AN EXTRAORDINARY MOVIE!"

— New York Times

"MASTERFUL AND FASCINATING!"

Striking beauty, superb! PACKED WITH ACTION!"

— Daily News

"THIS FILM IS A MUST!"

An absorbing film, skillfully wrought and remarkable! Exceptional color! MARVELOUS, THRILLING AND EXCELLENT!"

— Herald Tribune

"EXCITING, MAGNIFICENT COLOR-FILM! THE BEAUTY AND POETRY ARE TIMELESS!"

— Cue Magazine

"BEAUTIFUL! EXCELLENT! THE COLOR IS SPLENDID!"

— New York Post

"THE BEST DOCUMENTARY OF ITS KIND YET MADE! SEE 'The Grand Olympics', FASCINATING!"

Beautifully lensed with pomp and pageantry. STUNNING AND SCENIC!"

— Journal American

"IT IS AN AMAZING FILM, MASTERFUL IN TECHNIQUE AND EMOTION! Marcellini incorporates all the devices of his time, of the great Italian directors, the realism of De Sica and Rosellini, even some of the mysticism of Fellini!"

— World Telegram

"THE BEST DOCUMENTARY OF ITS KIND YET MADE! SEE 'The Grand Olympics', FASCINATING!"

Beautifully lensed with pomp and pageantry. STUNNING AND SCENIC!"



THE GRAND OLYMPICS
in EASTMANCOLOR
A TIMES FILM RELEASE

104 200 LINES x 1 COL

300 LINES x 1 COL

On April 21, 1964 "The Grand Olympics" opened at the Guild Theatre in New York. It was received with unanimous rave reviews! Book "The Grand Olympics" as soon as possible and cash in on the enthusiasm and national interest being created not only by this film but by the forthcoming games in Japan! Here they are! The reviews speak for themselves!

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

"THE GRAND OLYMPICS"
GUILD THEATER

A full-length documentary in Eastmancolor about the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome, directed by Romolo Marcellini, produced by The National Institute of Light, distributed by Times Film Corporation. Running time: Two hours.

By Robert Salmaggi

"The Grand Olympics," a two-hour color documentary on the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome, is an absorbing film, skillfully wrought by a group of Italians who know their way around a camera.

The coverage is remarkable, but beyond that, through thrilling close-ups, intelligent narration (in English), and attention to personal side-line activity, the athletes are not just cardboard figures. They emerge as real people, with feelings that run the gamut from anxiety to heartache to sublime joy.

With narration serving as a sort of inner voice of the athletes, we brood with Rafer Johnson as his spirited Chinese protege, Yang, almost upsets his mighty mentor in the impressive decathlon event; we pull for an African student as he steadfastly strides to victory—barefoot—in a grueling, all-night walking race; we exult with Wilma Rudolph as she sprints easily to three gold medals; we chuckle at the colossal

conceit of Germany's 100-meter ace, Arman Hary; are impressed by the quiet confidence of New Jersey's Don Bragg as he ponders his pole-vaulting competitors. There are many such vignettes.

The field action itself is expertly captured. The cameras are all over the place, with fine close-ups and angles; the slow-motion sequences are marvelous with every muscle, every quivering sinew shown. The color is exceptionally crisp, warm and bright (even the night scenes have a vibrancy.)

All the sidelight events and ceremonies are covered, including Pope John's welcome to the contestants; the Olympic torch bearers, and the pageantry of the opening and closing rites. And there are excellent shots of the magnificent sports arenas of Rome.

Add to this an imaginative score, waxing mischievous, majestic or comical according to the particular on-screen happening, and the well delivered narration, shared by several people.

This film is a must of course, for Olympics fans but it is exciting enough in itself to be enjoyed by a wide audience.

MOTION PICTURE
EXHIBITOR

The Grand Olympics

DOCUMENTARY
120M.

Times Film Corp.
(Eastman Color)
(Italian-made)
(English Narration)

ESTIMATE: Excellent record of 1960 Summer Olympics in Italy.

CREDITS: Directed by Romolo Marcellini; edited by Mario Serendrei, aided by Jolanda Benvenuti and Alberto Verdejo; music by Italian Symphonic Orchestra; Franco Galliano in charge of production.

STORY: Races on land and in the water, running, jumping, field events, weight lifting, gymnastics, long distance walks and runs, wrestling, boxing, horse racing, etc., are to be seen as the world's top athletes compete against each other in and around Rome.

X-RAY: A battery of cameras and expert operators have filmed the Summer Olympics in Italy in 1960 in most remarkable and revealing fashion, and this, plus some very fine editing and assembling, has resulted in an interesting and outstanding entry that should garner some wonderful comment from followers of this type of film. Rarely has color been used to such advantage. In addition to the sports events, backgrounds of Rome and even some humorous sidelights of the athletes in and out of competition are to be seen. Special tie-ups with sporting associations, schools, etc., can prove of benefit at the box-office.

DAILY NEWS

Film of '60 Olympics Packed With Action

Twenty-two Italians trained their cameras on the 1960 Summer Olympics in Rome, and their reams of film have been masterfully spliced into a fascinating record of

the games—"The Grand Olympics." Sports and bench-warming enthusiasts alike will find much of interest in the rapid-fire account of the events, despite the picture's length.

Star billing should be reserved for the movie camera, for its interpretation of the striking beauty of an athlete's movements caught hitting the peak of his performance. The camera's maneuvers dominate; it slows action, capturing the floating lift of a broad jumper and his nervous grimacing. It hovers over a ponderous weightlifter, closes in on the bare feet of a long distance runner, raises its eyes to the take-off of a high diver. Its movements are superbly controlled and cut to sustain maximum interest.

HAPPILY TOO, the camera works in Eastmancolor, marking particularly the contrast of day and night. The white brilliance of an arid summer day and the lights gleaming in the night, outlining Roman antiquity, intensify

the Olympic drama and its appropriately historical setting.

The eyes have so much to see, such brief sequences as the overhead view of the Italian team in trim blue jackets and white pants marching across the Tiber on an ancient bridge, a glimpse of the late Pope John and his entourage in their cerise robes, the face of Queen Frederika of Greece and other royalty, a passing reflection of a swimming race in a pair of sun glasses.

THE COMPETITORS have not been buried in all this. In fact their distinctive personalities come across very strongly—the bravado of a German runner who wins because, after all, he is "the fastest man in the world," the decathlon, grueling even for the experienced sinews of Rafer Johnson, the majestic grace of Wilma Rudolph, the heady grin of a gold medalist, and the jaunty strut of a distance walker. The music adheres to each event, a staccato drum beat for the sprinters, national anthems inspired by the victors.

KATHLEEN CARROLL

New York
Journal and American

Italian Film Lights the Torch

By ROSE PELSICK

IF YOU COULDN'T get over to Rome yourself four years ago for the 1960 Olympiad, the next best thing is seeing "The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary which arrived yesterday at the Guild.

It's a fascinating production, much more of a dramatic presentation than just straight newsreel coverage as most such film records turn out to be.

Beautifully lensed in lush color, it offers a front-row seat not only for the games but for the pomp and pageantry and the human interest sidelights of the event as well.

ALL THE various sports competitions are shown in detail, and there is one view after another of the numerous contests and of the numerous contenders of different nationalities in action. A good bit of the footage, by the way, is devoted to the American entries; the de-

cathlon victory of Rafer Johnson, the swimming of Chris Van Saltza and the sprinting of Wilma Rudolph, among others.

The cameras have caught close-ups of the battling athletes and many of the contests are explained via slow-motion photography. There are day and night scenes, aerial and underwater shots and stunning vistas of Rome's scenic grandeurs.

IN ITS SELECTION of material, staging, handling and, especially in its camera work, the film is the best documentary of its kind yet made.

On the plus side, too, is a comprehensive narration in English.

VARIETY

The Grand Olympics—1960
(Italian)

Italian coverage of the 1960 Olympics, recently acquired by Times Films and set for U.S. preem at the Guild Theatre April 21, was reviewed by Hawk from Rome in Feb. 8 1961 issue of VARIETY.

Critic opined that pic, originally titled "La Grande Olimpiade," was "a magnificently exciting human and pictorial document of the Olympic Games... it gives everyone a peerless up-front seat. It should pay off handsomely in all markets."

Orig running time has been edited from 142 to 120 mins., with scissors bits dealing with offbeat sports not of general interest to American audiences. Film has English narration.

New York Post

Reviewing Stand
By ARCHER WINSTEN

'Grand Olympics' Opens at the Guild

It's taken a long time to get here, but "The Grand Olympics," the Italian filming of the 1960 games in Rome, now showing at the Guild Theater, is an event both cinematic and athletic to be placed by the side of Leni Reifensahl's classic treatment of the '36 games in Berlin.

There are two distinct advantages here: the color is splendid, and the helicopter that follows the bike riders on their 50-kilometer race gives a kind of coverage not possible in that pre-war era.

In certain aspects these games are less coverage for the specialist than for a general public looking for impressionistic color. There is no attempt at being all-inclusive or to piece out the record of all the winners. Rather they try to catch dramatic climaxes and concentrate on their build-ups.

Athletes Seen Better

Thus we see in considerable detail the epic struggle between Rafer Johnson and C. K. Yang in the decathlon, the triumph of the Tarzan-to-be, Don Bragg, in the pole vault, Ralph Boston's breaking of Jesse Owen's broad-jump record from '36 (Owens is there to watch it) and the memorable sprinting of Wilma Rudolph.

The triumph of the Ethiopian marathoner is beautifully documented.

The bicycling and the swimming show more to the camera than any single spectator could possibly have seen. Similarly, in the diving, the gymnastics, and the cross-country horse-racing, there are film gifts going far beyond those possible to the thousands of people who were actually there.

Cornflakes Get Credit

There are a few peculiarities. For one, they have supplied an English commentator who

speaks an incredibly egotistical internal monologue for the German sprinter, Armin Hary. Since he seems not to have sued, perhaps it's an accurate portrait of an egomaniac athlete. Another reference that brings you up short is the one attributing a diet of cornflakes to American Negro athletes.

In the flat races there is excellent recording of the Australian Elliott's 3:35 victory in the 1500 meters, the New Zealander Snell's drive to the tape in the 800 meters, the three American's grunting and groaning in the shotput, Nieder, O'Brien and Dallas Long, and the long distance running of Murray Halberg.

Gaps in the Record

When you think of it, there are gaps in the record. Some of the great swimming duels between the Australians and Americans are scanted, but Dawn Fraser is there, Chris Von Saltza and the famous disputed 100 meter finish between Lance Larsen and the Australian Devitt.

They don't give you enough of the background, so that those who don't know the history won't get a lot of it, but you do see it bright and clear. The finale of fireworks ends it with a proper bang. All those interested in Olympic athletics of all varieties will want to see this picture without fail.

Outstanding omission: light heavyweight champ who doesn't show once: Cassius Clay.

is the rare picture that can be exploited both from the sports page and theatre page. For this reason it affords an excellent opportunity to the exhibitor for opening night benefits for the Olympic fund raising committees. You can create further interest by arranging special screenings for local school coaches and columnists. Among the groups who express great interest and are already sponsoring special showings, are The Boy Scouts of America, The American Legion, Col. Ed Eagan's "People to People Sports Committee," and local Jr. Chambers of Commerce. Get after one of these groups in your territory and arrange a tie-in. Here is a sample of what some columnists have already written . . .

New York World-Telegram

Old Stars Born In Second Issue Of Olympic Film

By PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Almost three years ago a wondrous thing was exhibited to a handful of New Yorkers and then quickly whisked away. The Italian film, *La Grande Olimpiade*—The Great Olympics—made a one-day benefit showing here, completely floored all who saw it and disappeared.

Maybe it's the spur of the upcoming Tokyo games but the film is back in town. The Guild Theater has booked it for an indefinite run, starting with the premiere a week from Tuesday. For all who missed the breath-taking documentary of the '60 Olympics, we urge a hasty visit. You won't be disappointed.

Everything's there, the beauty and majesty of Rome, the spectacle of the competition, the heartbreaks, the triumphs. Color photography is magnificent, musical score is ingenious. Romolo Marcellini's direction lifts the film from mere documentation to the level of the accepted classic in the field—Leni Reifenstahl's famous movie of the '36 Games in Berlin—Olympia.

Some of the faces will be around again in Tokyo. Valery Brumel is shown in the first of many victories over John Thomas in the high jump; Peter Snell races to an 800-meter record to the mounting throb of kettle drum and cymbals; Dallas Long floats through a dreamy, slow-motion shot-put sequence to the wail of high-register strings.

Beauty? It'll break your heart. Chris Von Saltza flashes through the water as the British narrator recalls her famous words: "Swimming is one of the loveliest things that ever happened to me." An exhausted C. K. Yang embraces his father—and then Rafer Johnson—after losing the decathlon. The barefooted Ethiopian palace guard, Abebe Bikila, pit-pats through the gathering darkness of the Appian Way in his marathon triumph. . . . "In Africa, this is the hour when the animals are drinking," . . . narrated words that blend with the mystery of this graceful athlete.

The technical brilliance of Marcellini's special effects is stunning. Reifenstahl, in *Olympia*, used devices that were 20 years ahead of their time: the multiple camera angle; the incisive lens, seeing the marathon as the runner would, the trees, the ground speeding by, the wavering stadium at the finish. Marcellini incorporates all the devices of his time, of the great Italian directors, the realism of DeSica and Rossellini, even some of the mysticism of Fellini.

The close-ups are fascinating. Al Cantello rolls his eyes and puffs his cheeks, his face filling the screen, after diving on his stomach after the javelin throw. The veins strain and quiver on North Shemansky's temple and neck as he fights to lift a record weight. An Italian bicycle rider curses at the camera after losing to a Russian. A crowd shot rests on a posh Near Eastern magnate with his plump blonde girl friend.

Like *Olympia*, there is a slight tinge of propaganda and this is perhaps its only weakness. Some of it is amusing. "I am Armin Hary. . . . I was born 23 years ago . . . what is more interesting is that I am the fastest man in the world." A sneering, smiling Hary warms up in cowboy hat and torn, checked lumberjack shirt before his 100-meter victory.

But some is painful to Americans. "American Negroes, raised on a diet of cornflakes and oatmeal," is the commentary on a dining hall scene. Robert Shavlakadze, "the ordinary every day man who has succeeded by hard work," defeats John Thomas, "who floats off the surface of the earth with an angel's tread," in the high jump. The victorious American basketball players cut off the nets . . . "as though cutting off scalps of unfortunate victims."

But annoyances to the contrary, it is an amazing film, masterful in technique and emotion. It's nice to have it back.

NEW YORK POST

Cast of Thousands

By JERRY MITCHELL

"The Grand Olympics," a color spectacular which will have its U.S. premiere the evening of Tuesday, April 21, at the Guild Theatre, is a most unusual film. It's probably the only movie ever made in Italy without Sylvia Mangano, Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren.

Everyone else in Rome in the summer of 1960, however, in addition to the athletes of the world there for the Olympics, got into the act judging from the almost endless list of credits. It looked as though they might run out of footage before they ran out of names.

There were so many credits some suspected they had just taken all the names out of the telephone book of Rome and its suburbs, then reached for the Venice Classified.

The U.S. Olympic Committee needs help to send the best possible American team to Tokyo next October and some of the needed funds will be realized by the benefit premiere. The Guild seats 500 and the price is \$10 per ticket—first come, first off the starting blocks.

The picture should amount to a box-office success if only because, after the disappointments of the past Winter's skiing and skating competition in Austria, the citizens will relish the sight of some American victories.

Gina, Sophia and other busty belles aren't in it but there are plenty of outstanding cupcakes of all nations, clad in fetching Olympic lingerie, throughout the picture.

At yesterday's preview in Gallagher's Steak House, where "The Grand Olympics" was previewed with the help of Gus Steiger, the old Vero Beachcomber, the ballet-like form of the dolls in the gymnastic competition was voted the number most likely to bring the house down.

Depicted are such outstanding U.S. successes as the sprinting of Wilma Rudolph, who won three gold medals; the stirring decathlon victory of Rafer Johnson and the swimming of Chris Von Salter. Also seen in vivid action are triumphant Don Bragg, Al Carter, Bill Neider, Ralph Boston, Glenn Davis, Les Calhoun, Otis Davis and others.

The human touches, close-up action photos, scenic pagantry and great music by the Italian Symphonic, qualify "The Grand Olympics" as a standout effort good for the nabe and all other trade.

Worth the price of admission alone was the shot of the cyclist, beaten out in the last seconds of the 1,000-meter bike race by Italy's Sante Gaiardini, as he responded to the photographer's request for a picture. It looked like Ted Williams talking to a Boston cameraman.

Armin Hary, winner of the 100-meter dash, proved a Cassius Clay in spikes. Commenting, through an interpreter, he said, among other things: "They said the course was downhill, then that the wind helped me, but one hour later in the preliminaries I did it again. I leave the starting block like the bullet being fired. I am the fastest man in the world. I am the greatest. . . ."

The Evening Bulletin PHILADELPHIA

Sports Parade

Olympic Spirit a Sure Cure for Jaundice

By HUGH BROWN

THERE WAS A PHILADELPHIA preview yesterday of a motion picture entitled, "The Grand Olympics," and the least that can be said about the two-hour drama in flawless color is that it is Stupendous, Colossal, Magnificent and Breathtaking—the finest imprint of athletic endeavor ever put on film.



Hugh Brown

After leaving Universal's projection room on Vine Street, this viewer felt he had lost all his jaundice and in its place, there was a glowing spiritual uplift and a feeling that the human being can, in the proper setting, be a noble creature of courage, stamina, self-sacrifice and brotherly love.

Maybe the mood music was to blame for that surge of sentiment, but take it out of "The Grand Olympics," and Rafer Johnson, the American and Olympic decathlon champion, would still have his arm around Yang, his Chinese

friend and closest competitor, consoling him after they both stumbled, faint from exhaustion, past the finish line in the 1,500 meter finale.

"I am a movie man out to make a buck, not a sportsman," said Irving Sochin, sales director of Times Film Corporation. "But when I watched this for the first time, I was entranced. I knew that here was no mere film-clip documentary, but a work of art and inspiration."

The words were addressed to Jack Kelly, Jr., who was in Rome participating in the 1960 rowing Olympics, and still was tremendously impressed by the Italian-made film with English commentary.

Kelly said, in turn, that "Grand Olympics," distributed locally by David Rosen, of Mutual Films, Inc., will be shown in theaters here and given the widest possible exposure before athletic and youth groups to arouse interest in the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo and attempts to bring the games to Philadelphia in 1972.

Human Form at Its Pinnacle

"THE GRAND OLYMPICS" opens with the viewer skimming over the golden cross of the dome of St. Peter's, past the Coliseum, up the turbulent Tiber to the dazzling white beauty of the Olympic Village. Then follows the lighting of the torch on Mount Olympus in Greece; its passage via a relay of runners to Rome; Pope John XXIII receiving the multitude of athletes, and the parade of the athletes, by country, into the arena.

The camera work is close to genius. Almost every shot is closeup, showing the agonizing strain under which the competitors labored. Scenes showing the divers and gymnasts, both male and female, are unmatched in technique and beauty. Here is displayed the human form at its pinnacle of grace, symmetry and strength in the Eternal City that was the birthplace and showcase of the sculptor, Michelangelo.

Thrill is piled upon thrill. Murray Halberg, withered arm dangling at his side, running away from the field in the 5,000 meters, then collapsing in a heap at the finish. Armin Hary, the cocky, unconventional German sprinter, taking the 100 meters by an eyelash from America's Dave Sime. Don Bragg giving his Tarzan scream in the darkening stadium after pole-vaulting 15 feet, 5 1/4 inches for a new Olympic record (earlier, he had seen a Russian rival, his ankle broken, writhe in anguish in the sawdust pit).

Every contest was photographed and telescoped to provide the utmost in tension and drama and build up to the finale—the incredible marathon that ended at dusk at the Roman Gate as torches flickered.

While a blood-red sun sinks behind the ancient hills, the slender Ethiopian, Bikila Abebe, a lieutenant in Emperor Haile Selassie's palace guard, pads the last kilometer in his bare feet, to set a world's record of 2 hours, 15 minutes, 16.2 seconds, which is almost a five-minute mile for all of the 26 miles.

Ever see the 290-pound Russian weight-lifter, Yuri Vlasov, powdering his neck before hoisting a world's record 1,182 1/2 pounds? You will, when you see "The Grand Olympics."



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ON EARTH.

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OUT! Big, beautiful, stunning spectacle and
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muscular ballet. AN EXTRAOR-
DINARY MOVIE!"** —Howard Thompson,
New York Times



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—New York Times



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... 85 nations...5,000 champions
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the World's
Greatest Athletes




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