

SOPHIA LOREN: *"Married or not I'll have my baby!"*

MOTION PICTURE

JUNE 35¢

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*Why Jackie wants
to go*

but is afraid!



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TV's Secret Agent PATRICK McGOOHAN:

"WOULD YOU WANT YOUR SON



■ He's an extraordinary character by any standards —Patrick McGoochan—TV's fast-moving *Secret Agent*, the spy who never carries a gun and rarely kisses the many beautiful women in the series.

Yet, for all the magnetic power he generates on the screen, he is, in real life, as strait-laced as his Victorian ancestors, with almost obsessively Puritanical views:

"TV is a gargantuan monster that all sorts of people watch, and as such, it has a moral obligation to its audience. The producers wanted me to carry a gun and have an affair with a different girl every week. But I refused doing *The Saint* TV series for just that very reason."

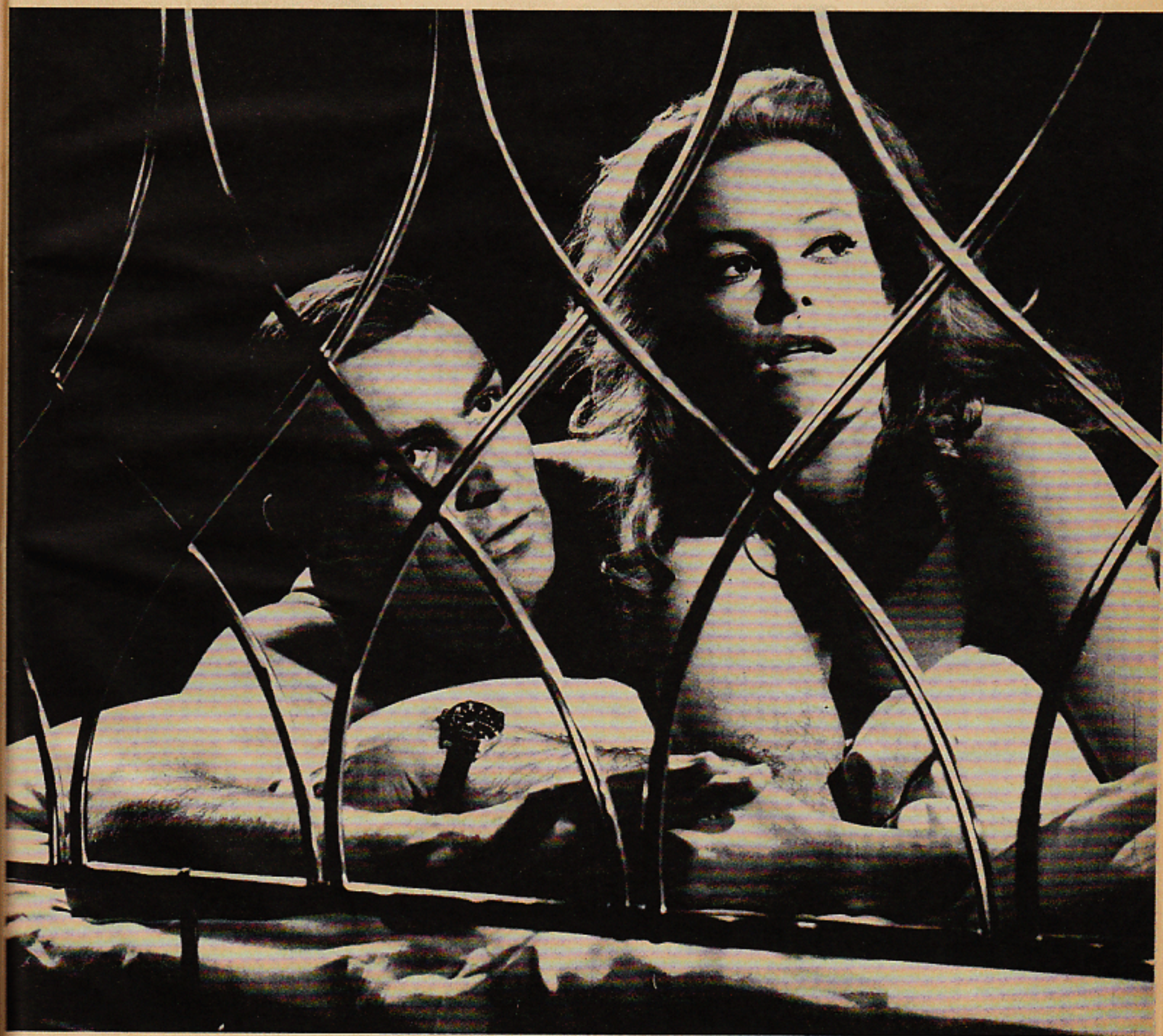
He just won't do it the easy way and, naturally, he hates the James Bond-image.

"I think the films are grand entertainment, but I think it's pernicious that Bond is becoming a cult. All these Bond raincoats and so on, all the publicity, can easily lead young /

Pat McGoochan on the Bond-types: "Bond is a not-so-good guy. Drake is a really good guy. And that's why Drake would always beat Bond in a fight." But Sean Connery (r.), with Luciana Paluzzi in *Thunderball* scene, certainly looks equal to challenge.

please turn to page 68

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other aspects of her psyche, can the necessary development of her own personality continue," a psychiatrist says.

During infancy, a child and its mother form a natural unit, but the mother who is not careful can, during this time, exclude her husband in a way that may eventually jeopardize their relationship. This is something Annette must keep in mind. For she loves Jack, and in their love she has found herself as a woman, something many another young actress has never achieved. He is not only her husband and her lover, he is her answer to the whole business of living.

She loves this man, passionately and devotedly. And she's forgotten of late—Jack has a life, too, and a demanding one. She doesn't realize that driving all the way back to the Funicellos to pick up Gina late at night is an added and unnecessary expenditure of energy for a man who works hard all day.

Jack has to catch certain previews, attend special functions, have an occasional dinner with select clients. Annette will eventually have to make a choice: She'll have to go with him or stay home and baby-sit. Jack can't be kept under lock and key forever—and why should he? Why should she?

And Annette has been forced to take a step in another direction. She appeared on *Ed Sullivan* recently. Two weeks later she started *Fireball 500*, a film for AIP. She would not have chosen to do either one of these, but she was committed to both long before the baby was born. The very thought of going back to work hurts this girl. But perhaps going back to work, not being with

the baby 24 hours a day, will give her the change in perspective she needs so much. She'll miss the baby but she'll need Jack, need his moral support, his strong arm to lean on. She certainly won't be able to work all day and keep that night vigil.

Sleeping in Jack's arms, nourished by his love, Annette should come to realize that a baby is *all this and heaven too*. Much as she adores her child, she has no right to cheat Jack.

Isn't he entitled to conversation above and beyond baby talk? As a father he is concerned, of course, but not ad infinitum. Isn't he entitled to entertain his friends in his own home, without his wife sobbing out her guilt afterwards?

Isn't he entitled to a life outside their home, to party and socialize in the Hollywood milieu he enjoys, with the beautiful girl who used to enjoy it so much with him?

Isn't he entitled to hold a loving woman in his arms, rather than have her sitting up sleepless, watching television, waiting for a baby's cry—when the baby sleeps peacefully through the night?

Isn't he entitled to Annette?

And she to him. Someday this baby, and all her brothers and sisters to come, will have grown tall, established their own identities, gone off to lives of their own. And what will remain will be the love and devotion of a man and woman who have always been as close as a heartbeat away.

Don't cheat your husband, Annette. You will only be cheating yourself.

—BY SANDRA SMITHSON



Patrick McGoochan

Continued from page 52

impressionable lads into believing the Bond way of life is the right one when, of course, it isn't. It has an insidious and powerful influence on children. Would you like your son to grow up like James Bond?

"The fact: *James Bond* is a *playboy*. All those dames in bikinis and all that high living is good fun if it's not taken seriously, but there's the danger it may be. It's all wrong if kids regard Bond as a hero. He's not. A real hero is always a one-woman guy.

"If ever John Drake came up against James Bond, Drake would win, even if he had the stuffing knocked out of him. You see, Drake is a dedicated man . . . Bond is an anti-hero. He can only exist on the basis of violence and promiscuous sex. If you take these things away, Bond is left with the ability only to read a menu, choose a wine and wear a suit well.

"I'm not against romance. In fact, romance is a fine form of entertainment, but I *am* against phony promiscuous sex on TV. Sex is the antithesis of romance. I'm no prude, but I have three daughters of my own and I refuse to do anything they could not watch."

Yet today he is Britain's highest-paid TV actor, earning £2,000 a week. And *Secret Agent*, the series that began on the proverbial shoe-string budget, is presently one

of the most popular TV shows in the entire world, seen, as it is, in over 65 countries.

"Of course I'm doing it for money, because money means the freedom to sit back and choose later. But I won't do a damn thing I don't believe in or cannot morally justify, not even for money.

Before he became an actor, Patrick McGoochan was a chicken farmer. And he might still be a chicken farmer today but for a mysterious allergy that had him on his back for six months, nearly killing him.

When you meet him in real life he is initially on the defensive. He grants very few interviews, and those are only for 15 minutes—no matter how important the publication. I guess I must have been lucky, because I had over an hour with him.

When I congratulated him on his newfound stardom and earnings he cut me short: "I hate that word 'star,'" he said.

"The price of this so-called stardom is too high for me. I like to be myself and not have to live up to some prefabricated public image. I'm not ambitious that way at all. You can see the ambitious ones everywhere, surrounded by broken marriages and well, it's not for me. I have my first and last wife, and that's my form of dedication. If I were offered a million pounds to make the greatest film in the world and I couldn't take my family with me, I'd turn it down.

"Those who blame the high proportion of show-business divorces on the pressures of work are deceiving themselves. It's just an excuse. *Everyone* has pressure and tension in his life."

But Pat McGoochan is not some 19th-century prissy prude.

At 38, 6 feet 2 inches, he is fit, lithe (he

lifts weights and plays squash often. He likes a night out with the lads occasionally, too, and sometimes he can be found playing darts in the public bar of old London pubs.

In May 1964, at South Western Court, London, he was convicted, after pleading guilty to driving under the influence of alcohol, and banned from driving for a year.

It was an extraordinary and highly unlikely thing to happen to a man like McGooohan, who drinks sparingly and takes good care of himself. But Patrick disdained the help of studio cars after his sentence, and as if almost to punish himself for his temporary slip-up, he bought a bike and rode all the way from his home to the studios at Elstree, some five miles away, every working day.

In the studio parking lot, the space allocated to the car of Patrick McGooohan, star of *Secret Agent*, was occupied by his bike!

His sense for danger also runs high, and while doing a film in Africa he had a scene where he was being stalked round a room by a ferocious lioness. For the sake of realism—a typical McGooohan desire even in those days—he decided to do the whole scene himself in one long tracking-shot. No cutting or camera tricks involved.

"Unknown to me, on the day of the shot the trainer had starved the animal for 24 hours. I had to hold a piece of liver on a stick by my side hidden from the camera.

"The only precaution was a white hunter up in the gallery with an elephant gun and several people about with revolvers. But if the lioness had jumped on me, they'd have had to shoot through my head, so I felt pretty unsafe.

"I was backing away and its claws were flashing within inches of my face as it tried to grab the liver. I was really terrified because I knew there was no such thing as a completely tamed lion.

"But we did get the shot! In the end, I just dropped the liver and took off! Years later, I heard the lion had turned on his trainer and he'd been forced to give it to a zoo, so my fears were well-founded."

Patrick McGooohan's success today is no fluke. Even 11 years ago he was being hailed by critics as the actor most likely to succeed. In 1958 he was nominated Best British TV Actor Of The Year for his role in *The Greatest Man In The World*.

He was born in New York of Irish farming stock, but his family moved back to Ireland when Pat was 6 months old and they lived there until he was 10. Then his parents moved to Sheffield, England, and after college (best subject: mathematics) he got a job in a wire-making firm.

He was told he could become an executive there if he stuck it for another three years, but McGooohan blew the job.

"Security of that kind was the last thing I wanted," he says. He looked round for another job but found nothing more exciting than that of bank clerk.

"It wasn't what I wanted," he smiles ruefully at the memory, "but it was a change, and I was expecting to be called up soon."

But the war ended and it was then that

Patrick became a chicken farmer. But after his allergy had laid him low, he didn't know what to try next.

"One day I was walking past Sheffield Repertory Theater and I thought I'd go in and ask for a job—any kind of a job." He got one—as one of those amorphous ASM's (assistant stage manager—which involves everything from running errands, painting scenery to boiling glue).

In four years he became one of the company's leading players and it was there also that he met his wife, actress Joan Drummond. They were married between a rehearsal of *The Taming Of The Shrew* and a matinee of *The Rivals*.

For a time, McGooohan worked in several small repertory companies, finally reaching London's West End stages some 11 years ago. Put under contract by the Rank Organization, his talent really first came to light when he played a sadistic truck driver in the movie *Hell Drivers*. He did well in other films, but then economic blight hit the film industry in the '50's.

Today he laughs at that memory. "It was inevitable that I should be axed in a crisis. I was not considered a good boy by many of the executives. Not ambitious enough."

A year later he went into television. A few plays won him many new admirers among the influential critics. One of these plays was Clifford Odets' *The Big Knife*. Even then the rebellious McGooohan had his own inflexible ideas.

"I didn't want to do it at first, because it was all about a film star. And the author had used the play to say some very nasty things about Hollywood. I told the producer, 'The play has to be cut for television anyway, so let's cut out all the rubbish about Hollywood—then I'll do the part.'"

The producers of *Secret Agent* saw that play and offered the starring role in the TV series to McGooohan on the strength of his performance.

At home, in a pleasant house in Mill Hill, Northwest London, Patrick lives a quiet life with his wife Joan and daughters: Catherine, 14, Anne, 7, and Frances, 4. Pictures of them are dotted about everywhere. His living room has white walls, a mustard carpet and polished brass lamps.

He doesn't like to talk about his family, but he does admit he sometimes forgets his wife's birthday. "But then I buy her lots of unbirthdays presents to make up for it. It's more romantic that way somehow."

It is his work that makes him happier than anything else. "If I can make somebody forget about the tax man and the mortgage for an hour, then I think I'm doing some small public service," he says.

But don't run away with the notion that Patrick McGooohan is a man without a sense of humor.

One of his thousands of fans—an 8-year-old boy—wrote to him: "My dad and I have had a bet. I say you dive through the window every single morning on your way to work."

Patrick didn't want the boy to be too disappointed, so he wrote back: "Only when I'm late."

—BY NICK REEVES

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