

FILM COMMENT

Summer 1965

ONE VARIATION OF SCOPITONE is not found yet in the bars. The newest masterpiece, wholly American, is SENSORAMA, which looks like an artillery trainer mated to a peep show and is now on trial at Broadway's Amusement Center, the Tiffany of the penny arcades, at 52nd Street. SENSORAMA offers real experience in 3-D, color, peripheral vision, binaural sound, and is aromatic, breezy, vibrating splendor. The two pilot films now going for a quarter a piece offer something exotic for every taste: (1) a motorcycle ride through New York that doesn't equal Cinerama vertigo-wise but does feature exhaust fumes and wind, seat vibrations, sound and visual thrills; (2) a *matinée dansant* with an exotic who, to be sure, in real life is a nice Jewish girl from Queens. Mort Heilig, well-credentialed documentary maker and film innovator, has high hopes for his invention. Unlike SCOPITONE, which you just look at, in SENSORAMA you have *the experience*. However, I was disappointed that the belly dancer's bit ends just as she, beckoning, lies down on the richly furbished bed.

Beyond sales and commercial exploitential, Heilig foresees astronautic applications: "Day after day, with nothing to look at but the black void, the astronauts could sit in the machine and see wheat fields in Kansas, smell the hay, walk down the main street of their hometown, see and hear their wives talking to them. I think it would be meaningful."

To hit the big time with this most complete representation of reality yet achieved by the cinema—I mean when the Queens queen wiggles her ample proportions at you, you can almost reach out and touch them—Heilig needs only a few more dollars. Research and development aren't easy to finance in this movie world. But Heilig has a hot property. If you want to get to him before Sony does, call TR 4-2933.