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By Harold Buchwald

ad lib

WINNIPEG (CUP)—You can have your Jane Russells, Dagmars, Mae Wests, Lana Turners, and the other ballyhooed sex machines of the past two film generations. We've found the mistress of them all, and the others can't hold a candle to her, in our humble opinion. There she was, big as life, minding her own business angle deep in an Italian rice paddy. We are referring to Her Majesty Signorina Silvana Mangano, reigning queen of good old-fashioned pulse-quickening of the male animal, and featured star of *Bitter Rice*.

Perhaps we are leaving ourselves open to charges of fickleness by climbing on the Mangano bandwagon after having at various stages been a booster of the other ranking candidates for her crown. We defend ourselves by suggesting—somewhat meekly, albeit—that we had yet to feast our eyes upon Signorina Mangano when we made our previous pronouncements. This shows we have an open mind, something which we are told is a virtue these days.

Signorina Mangano has IT, make no mistake about that. And she can act, too, virtually a rarity among the other sirens of repute. She requires no glorification of garb, either, but, unlike her rivals, she relies strictly on what nature gave her, which in itself is nothing to be sneezed at.

Silvana does not boast the biggest bust on the screen, but she's wholesome. She has a reservoir of natural acting ability, and a pleasing speaking voice. And she does not have to load her phrases with suggestion to achieve effect.

Miss Mae West used to boast she could do more with her voice than most girls can do with everything they possess. Miss West's undulating syllables sound like echoes in a sewer compared to the Mangano personality.

Miss West had to corset, paint and perfume herself to gain attention, besides garbing herself in a flashy, low-cut gown, and draping herself about boudoirs. Miss Russell, once having bid farewell to the haystack, must resort to plunging necklines or expensive (but not expansive) swimsuits. Miss Turner has abandoned the sweater she helped popularize, and the gentry have all but abandoned Miss Turner. Dagmar is ceasing to be the novelty which greeted her debut, and the general consensus of opinion among viewers is that if she says six words on her program this is seven words too many.

Queen Mangano resorteth not to these man-made attraction assistants. In *Bitter Rice*, the most formal attire in which she appears is a peasant blouse and flowered skirt, no stockings, and open-toed shoes. Miss Turner must have run for cover when la Mangano appeared in her two sweater scenes. The Misses Russell and Dagmar must have sunk into the depths of their seats in the darkened theatre when Director Guiseppe DeSantis allowed her neckline to dip. Miss West must be practising in front of the mirror ever since she saw the effect of a few well-chosen (but not-innuendo-laden) words from the Mangano tonsils, and a raising of the Mangano eyebrow. And all this from the drab surroundings of rice paddies or gloomy women's quarters, or a colorless granary interior.

Offhand we can recall but two smooch scenes from *"Bitter Rice"*, and they certainly were not the "torrid flaming passion which sets the screen afire" a la Hollywood. The story is a fascinating one and Signorina dexterously executes the tricky part of a simple young girl who acts more on impulse than on reason.

Sex appeal oozes out of Silvana's every pore, from her every movement. Jitterbug fans will be amazed at what she does with their erstwhile pastime. And if she doesn't start a vogue of wearing nylons with runs in them, we'll chuck away our window glass specs. —(A Canadian University Press Feature Issued by The Manitoban)

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