



You Must Remember This Presents... "The Old Man Is Still Alive"

## Red Line 7000

### Red Line 7000

*Directed by:* Howard Hawks  
©: Paramount Pictures Corporation,  
Laurel Productions  
*A Paramount picture*  
*Presented by:* Howard Hawks  
*Produced by:* Howard Hawks  
*Unit Production Manager:* Andrew J. Durkus  
*2nd Unit Director:* Bruce Kessler  
*Assistant Director:* Dick Moder  
*Screenplay by:* George Kirgo  
*Based on a story by:* Howard Hawks  
*Director of Photography:* Milton Krasner  
*Special Photographic Effects:* Paul K. Lerpae  
*Film Editors:* Stuart Gilmore, Bill Brame  
*Art Direction:* Hal Pereira, Arthur Lonergan  
*Set Decorations:* Sam Comer, Claude E. Carpenter  
*Property Master:* Earl Olin  
*Costumes:* Edith Head  
*Makeup Supervision:* Wally Westmore  
*Hair Style Supervision:* Nellie Manley  
*Process Photography:* Farciot Edouart  
*Music Composed and Conducted by:*  
Nelson Riddle  
*Sound Recording:* John Carter, John Wilkinson  
*Sound Editor:* Keith Stafford  
*The producer is grateful for the co-operation of:*  
Nascar Inc.

*Cast:*  
James Caan (*Mike Marsh*)  
Laura Devon (*Julie Kazarian*)  
Gail Hire (*Holly MacGregor*)  
Charlene Holt (*Lindy Bonaparte*)  
John Robert Crawford (*Ned Arp*)  
Marianna Hill (*Gabrielle 'Gabby' Queneau*)  
James Ward (*Dan McCall*)  
Norman Alden (*Pat Kazarian*)  
George Takei (*Kato*)  
Diane Strom (*waitress*)  
Anthony Rogers (*Jim Loomis*)  
Idell James (*server*)  
Cissy Wellman (*waitress*)  
Carol Connors (*singer*)  
John Gabriel (*driver from Carolina*)  
Robert Donner (*driver from Carolina*)  
Ann Morell (*brunette in bar*)  
Teri Garr (*singing waitress*) \*  
USA 1965©  
110 mins  
Video

\* Uncredited

The screening on Mon 14 Apr will include an introduction by season programmer Karina Longworth

I was trying to do something, I tried an experiment. I had three good stories about the race track – I used to race, I know it pretty well – but none of them would make a picture, so I thought maybe I can put them together. And just when I got people interested in two people, I cut over and started to work with two more, and when the audience got interested in them, I went over to two others, and pretty soon the audience got disgusted and I got disgusted too. To be serious, I think there were some pretty good things in it, but as a piece of entertainment I don't think I did a good job. I think there were some individual scenes that were pretty good, and there were a lot of great race scenes. But I'm not proud of the picture as a whole.

Howard Hawks interviewed by Joseph McBride and Michael Wilmington, *Sight and Sound*, Spring 1971

*Red Line 7000* is perhaps, in Britain at least, the most under-estimated film of the sixties. The critics more or less ignored it, the public (who hadn't heard of any of the actors) kept away. Hawks himself dislikes it: it is difficult to see why. It is an intensely personal film, based on an original Hawks story and showing in its realisation every mark of close involvement; Hawks's statement that he lost interest in it is belied by every shot. It has precisely what its two immediate predecessors lacked: the degree of creative intensity that prompts a consistent exactness of touch, a tautness and economy and sense of relevance in the total organisation. With its coherence goes a youthful vitality not entirely attributable to the (on the whole) admirably energetic and responsive young cast (though they doubtless proved an important stimulus). The tension and economy in the whole cinematic complex – dialogue, acting, use of camera, editing – are untypical of late Hawks, though every sequence is unmistakably Hawksian.

In any work of art one's response to local realisation is a more reliable guide to evaluation than a generalised sense of what the work is about. Examine any sequence of *Red Line 7000*, and you will find an unfailing rightness in the direction, corresponding to Hawks's sense of what is important in the action at any given moment. Look, particularly, at the sequences where the Mike/Gaby relationship is worked out; or at (a model of economical exposition) the early scenes between Laura Devon and John Robert Crawford. Indeed, the economy throughout the film is such that one feels Hawks was trying to see how much he could leave out – or, alternatively, how much he could pack in; seldom in a film can so much ground have been covered in so short a time.

One particularly interesting feature of *Red Line 7000* is the world in which it is set. It is, characteristically, a world apart, yet it bears a remarkably close relation to certain of the more 'advanced' aspects of modern civilisation. The action of the film is played out against a background of machines, transistor radios, pop music and brand names: the sense of impermanence characteristic of the adventure films (for instance, *Only Angels Have Wings*) is here linked to the impermanence about us. Only Hawks, perhaps, among great artists – with his 'primitive' qualities, and his lack of interest in tradition – could face that impermanence in so positive a spirit of acceptance; that he can do so suggests both his strength and his limitations. After the slightly old-fashioned quality of *Man's Favourite Sport?*, *Red Line 7000* comes across as an intensely

### Become a BFI Member

Enjoy a great package of film benefits including priority booking at BFI Southbank and BFI Festivals. Join today at [bfi.org.uk/join](http://bfi.org.uk/join)

## You Must Remember This Presents... "The Old Man Is Still Alive"

**The Tiger of Eschnapur** Der Tiger von Eschnapur  
Tue 1 Apr 20:45; Sat 12 Apr 12:00 (+ pre-recorded  
intro by season programmer Karina Longworth)

### A Hole in the Head

Wed 2 Apr 20:40; Sat 5 Apr 15:00

**The Indian Tomb** Das indische Grabmal

Sat 5 Apr 20:30; Sat 12 Apr 15:00 (+ pre-recorded  
intro by season programmer Karina Longworth)

### Cheyenne Autumn

Wed 9 Apr 20:10; Sat 19 Apr 14:20 (+ intro by  
season programmer Karina Longworth)

### Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Sat 12 Apr 17:30; Fri 18 Apr 14:00 (+ intro by  
season programmer Karina Longworth)

### Red Line 7000 + intro

Mon 14 Apr 18:10 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Sat 26 Apr 20:50

### The Liberation of L.B. Jones

Tue 15 Apr 18:00 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Sun 20 Apr 14:50

### The Only Game in Town

Tue 15 Apr 20:35 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Fri 25 Apr 17:55

### Frenzy

Wed 16 Apr 20:35 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Sun 27 Apr 18:35

### Such Good Friends

Thu 17 Apr 20:45 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Mon 21 Apr 13:45

### True Grit

Fri 18 Apr 17:50 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Sat 26 Apr 17:35

### Rich and Famous

Sat 19 Apr 17:45 (+ intro by season programmer  
Karina Longworth); Wed 30 Apr 20:40

### Avanti!

Sun 20 Apr 14:40; Wed 23 Apr 20:15

### Movie Movie

Sun 20 Apr 18:30; Mon 28 Apr 20:50

### Under the Volcano

Mon 21 Apr 18:35; Tue 29 Apr 20:50

## Sight and Sound

Never miss an issue with **Sight and Sound**,  
the BFI's internationally renowned film magazine.  
Subscribe from just £25\*

\* Price based on a 6-month print subscription (UK  
only). More info: [sightandsoundsubs.bfi.org.uk](http://sightandsoundsubs.bfi.org.uk)



## BFI Player

We are always open online on BFI Player where  
you can watch the best new, cult & classic cinema  
on demand. Showcasing hand-picked landmark  
British and independent titles, films are available to  
watch in three distinct ways: Subscription, Rentals  
& Free to view.

See something different today on [player.bfi.org.uk](http://player.bfi.org.uk)

modern film: its principle of precariousness and impermanence relates right back to *Only Angels Have Wings*, yet at the same time is very much of the sixties. Much of the film's excitement derives from its surprising juxtaposition of mechanised civilisation and intense instinctive vitality – the vitality, as in *Only Angels Have Wings*, deriving partly from the sense of impermanence, and its resultant tension and exhilaration.

In dealing thus with the groundwork of *Red Line 7000*, one is not claiming any profundity for the extractable moral-metaphysical ideas, which are quite simple and straightforward, though never stupid or trivial. Hawks is an artist, not a 'thinker'; the fact that nothing in *Red Line 7000* is incompatible with the idea that the moral-metaphysical basis was quite unconscious is simply the measure of how completely he is an artist. All the 'meaning' of the film is implicit in the action, never imposed on it. There is no obtrusive symbolism, the camera is at no point used to force a point of view on the spectator. Hawks is perhaps too completely an artist for many critics to see that he is one at all: they need some symbols and 'striking' camera-angles and overt moral points flourished at them before they think they're seeing anything significant. The greatness of Hawks's films lies not in the extractable moral viewpoint itself, but in the intensity with which it is felt and realised in concrete terms.

Robin Wood, *Howard Hawks* (revised edition, BFI, 1981)

## A contemporary review

Stock car racing provides Hawks with another good excuse for exploring his favourite mystique – men who live dangerously, and the women who watch, love and wait. The track scenes are rather perfunctory, though excitingly shot (particularly the crashes), and Hawks concentrates almost exclusively on a tangle of love affairs where the characters fall instantaneously in and out of love with alarming regularity in a variety of decorative sets. It should all be faintly ridiculous, but somehow – partly the old Hawksian knowhow, partly the sympathetically written dialogue – it manages to be immensely engaging. Nearly all the intimate scenes have a quiet, probing conviction, and as played by a largely unknown cast bringing genuine freshness and warmth (Gail Hire, Marianna Hill and Charlene Holt in particular), the conventionally conceived characters become clothed with real flesh and blood.

For a time, as more and more characters are introduced, compensating for the absence of a plot by bringing in more and more complications, there seems to be no reason why *Red Line 7000* should ever end: like *Hatari!*, it is a film capable of infinite expansion (or contraction). In the last reel, unfortunately, somebody presumably decided it was high time to force an ending of sorts, and the film disintegrates into silly melodrama, with a final sequence which clumsily hammers home the waiting women theme. The colour, incidentally, is excellent throughout.

Tom Milne, *Monthly Film Bulletin*, February 1966