



I, photo taken by Frank Bez

HOLLYWOOD, Hollywood was good to me, I have nothing to complain about it. It opened its doors to me in a magical, unusual way. My story was one of these stories that happened in Hollywood once in a while to just certain people. I had come from Europe to get away from a disastrous marriage after seven years of trying to change a mad-man, a bi-polar husband who had psychologically tortured me from the first day of our 'bitter moon' to the last day of our marriage, but who would not give me a divorce. Realizing that trying to save my marriage was a lost cause and what is worse, that my children were starting to suffer from his madness, I literally walked away penniless with just my spirit, the

gifts God had given me, and my art. Believe it or not, I was so naive and trusting that all the money I had earned as an actress was in a bank account to his name, and he just laughed at me when I told him that I trusted in his integrity to give me what belonged to me. He said he wasn't going to give me a penny and what is more, that he would make sure that I never worked as an actress in Spain again.

But I had Royal connections and when I mentioned my situation to my friends who loved me dearly, immediately I was given a cultural television program on the Spanish TV, yet in order to get out of Spain I worked in a film about Vietnam being shot in Spain and in a segment for TV of the 'Rat Patrol'. After fixing my papers and buying my airplane ticket all I had when I came to L.A. was a friend who had offered me her place to stay until I got myself together and a thousand dollars.

As soon as I got to Hollywood I went to the Columbia Studios talent department workshop to study Method acting with Johnny Strasberg and Theatre techniques with Walter Beckel, for which I had a letter of recommendation from Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson from the Actors Studio, whom I had met in Madrid and who encouraged me to come to Hollywood. I was accepted and started training with both of them. I loved the workshop it was exciting and their teaching very enriching to my acting abilities. The proof is that two months later when I auditioned in Paramount Studios' grand auditions for contracts at the '*fishbowl*' for Bob Evans and Monique James; they auditioned 1,200

couples who needed to present a scene of drama and another of comedy. It was a Marathon! They offered a contract only to 8 actors that they selected out of the 2,400 they auditioned and I was one of the 8. When Bob Evans cut the scene of Tennessee Williams '*Camino Real*' we were doing before we were finished, my partner froze and whispered to me, 'Oh My God, they didn't even let us finish! And I said, 'Maybe, it's a good sign.' Then we heard Bob Evan's voice say (because in the 'fishbowl' you don't see who is seeing you): Miss Saint-Duval Paramount studios is offering you a Contract and also the lead role in a film called '*Blue*', which Paramount Studios is getting ready to start immediately, the male star is Terence Stamp. This was one of the most exciting moments of my life! It seemed that in just such a short time my life was changing from the nightmare my husband made it be into an incredible dream! Hollywood was opening its doors to me and offering me the lead role in a film with Terence Stamp, a British actor with whom I indeed would have loved to work! Yet, even when the Studio was behind offering me a job saying that I was the only one that could play that role, immigration would not give me a work permit. The reason given was just that I had not yet finalized my papers as a resident and had only a visitor's visa at the time.

So, I had to let go of my excitement and wait until I had my legal status as a resident.

In the meantime I continued to attend the Columbia Studios workshop - the best acting workshop in town. Then, one day by just the most incredible synchronicity – as many of the Hollywood stories happen. . . I was waiting for Mike Wayne to finish a meeting with the agents of his father. What happened is that I had a lunch appointment that I had come late for because I was doing a photo-shoot with the Captain Cousteau crew, and this being shot at the Ocean took longer than expected. So, when the secretary said that ‘Mr. Wayne had waited for lunch with me, but now he was busy having a meeting with his father’s agents.’ I felt obliged to wait for Mike and excuse myself personally being that I had stood him up, and had a letter from a common friend that I was supposed to hand him personally. So, I was just sitting there, my hair still wet from the Ocean, when the personal managers of his father John Wayne walked out. They saw me sitting there, and I saw that one of them commented something to the other, then one of them addressed me saying: ‘My, you are beautiful! Are you an actress? And I answered, ‘Yes, and an excellent one at that.’ So, they said, ‘Well, well, well! Can you prove that? What have you done?’ And as I mentioned a few films I had done in Europe, they said: ‘All of that doesn’t count, what have you done here?’ ‘Nothing I said, I just arrived here a few weeks ago, the only thing I have done here was a recent audition for Paramount Studios at the ‘fishbowl’ for Bob Evans and Monique James, and they auditioned 1,200 couples and offered a contract only to 8 actors. I was one of them, they also offered me the lead role in ‘Blue’ a film they are preparing, but I couldn’t do it because

I didn't have my resident papers yet. But now I do, I said. Then Mr. Friedman said, 'Well, we will check with Monique, she used to be my secretary; if what you say is true, we would like to sign you on Monday, you have *'It'*, that magic quality that is needed, so we will make of you a Star.' And they gave me their card and left.

Mike Wayne was staring at me with his mouth open and asked, 'What did you do? My brother and I have been begging them to represent us for more than seven years. They don't sign anybody, their clients have been dying and they don't want anyone new! They only handle 8 of the biggest stars in Hollywood, and the only woman they have now is Susan Hayworth!' I said, 'I didn't do anything, I was just sitting here. . .'

So, yes Hollywood was more than good to me. On Monday I signed with the Gordean and Friedman Agency, the best personal managers in town and in just three months I had not one, but three big Studios offer me a contract: Twentieth Century Fox, Paramount and Universal. Following my agents' advice I signed with Universal because it was a time when the other studios were going bankrupt. As a matter of fact, it was the beginning of the end of the Studio system. . .

But even when professionally things were going great for me, I felt as an outsider. . .

What I saw – and I do not pretend to say, that what I saw is all there is to Hollywood - for others may have seen it as a town of bliss, but what I saw is what I saw. . .

I saw the mad striving ‘*to get there,*’ and ‘*to be the right thing*’ - that trait characterizes the part that actors play in the film industry - devour without mercy people’s beauty, and true identity.

I saw manufactured plastic forms and faces eat up the God-given natural beauty and individuality of people who were perfectly beautiful as they were before they got ‘*under the knife*’ to plastically ‘reconstruct’ themselves to meet Hollywood standards.

I saw so much insecurity, so much fear and so much striving to be accepted. . . So many efforts to build the ego. . . The whole thing never made sense to me. . . Somehow everything that humanity lacks and everything it wants - to exalt the ego - was magnified in Hollywood to the max! Of course, not everybody was living like that. There are always exceptions to the rule but they are few and difficult to find. . . But, there were also friends who were beautiful people and natural. . .

But - there is a big problem - everyone is too busy building their careers to build true friendships - It’s a price everyone has to pay. . .



Clint Walker, his daughter Valerie and I
at Yoyo's birthday party (my rabbit).



Me as a blonde.



Me as a brunette.



Me, just arrived from Europe!



Bonanza Dan Blocker and I



Name of the Game 'The White Birch' Boris Karloff, John Pysler,
film director, and I



Me, Marie Gomez, Carlos Rivas, another friend



"... And I can have at least 50,000 more of these thanks to the new "3M" brand Dry Plate," says Malila Saint Duval. The Hollywood starlet, selected as "Miss Perfect Type of 1970" by the Printing House Craftsmen, watched as the new plate was used, without water, on a standard lithographic press at Stationers, Inc. of Los Angeles, to turn out reproductions of her image.



Lee Graham, Hollywood reporter and I



Ravi Shankar, myself and Michel Rostand

I met extraordinary people in Hollywood also, like Ravi Shankar and Boris Karloff, whom I had the pleasure to work with, someone very special to me – because he was one of the most terrifying ‘monsters’ of

my childhood, Frankenstein none the less! Mr. Karloff, who played the original Frankenstein, was not only a perfect gentleman but a beautiful person whose hobby was to put fairy tales on tape with children's voices relating them! I can say the same about Christopher Lee – Count Dracula – who I also had the pleasure to meet. So much for Hollywood monsters!

The real monsters have empty hearts and camera smiles. . . An emptiness that is always masked with a nice smile, so one cannot detect it so easily. . .



Hollywood '*say cheese camera smiles*' Clint Eastwood and I

So, in more than one way, Hollywood was illuminating to me, for I saw a condensed sample of what is wrong with humankind,¹ human beings needing to be approved – not being powerful as individuals or as creative beings - just accepted as the ‘*right product*’ whatever the ‘*accepted product*’ is at the time. People scared to not be the ‘*right product*’ or ‘*image*’ implanted in the minds of the masses by clever public relations people who move them to whatever place it fits them!

The ‘*right product*’ includes age, color, look, hair style, size, weight, height, size of chest, butt, nose, lips, upper and lower cheeks, etc. Everything must be the ‘right size’ breasts, butts, waist, hips, wallets, houses, cars even popularity! As a result Hollywood is populated by frightened people pretending to have more \$\$\$\$ than they have, more credits than they have, bigger breasts than they have, as a consequence you have a bunch of ‘plastic’ people wandering about ‘in insecurity’ all pumped up with lies or silicon or with the newest material in the market – be it tricks or plastic - to make themselves, or those parts which ‘must be big’ bigger and bigger and bigger!

If not, people run the risk of being considered - a zero to the left! All this pulling and stretching and pumping and trying, begging or bragging and lying to just be the ‘*right thing*’ and ‘*get there*’ was scary

¹ I tell my Hollywood story in my book ‘The Return of The Little Prince.

to me! Especially when it didn't seem to have an end! One would think that all of this happened only when people were at the bottom, or half way up the ladder and that they would be able to rest in their fame and fortunes when they got to the top. But no! Those who had already 'gotten there' even if they were really up high were 'afraid of losing their status, beauty or their youth; it had to be maintained with whatever implants, stretching and pulling or whatever can keep them up and frozen in time! Anything goes - injections, pills, implants etc. Drinking and drugs to help them to bear the problem.

It was like a mad carnival!



How I felt was captured by Frank Bez in this photo

I couldn't just accept that the aim of human life was just to be born, grow up, do whatever you do professionally to get a massive acceptance from the masses, or feel that your life is not worth it if you are rejected by them.

On the other hand, I felt the same about just simply getting married, having, or not having children, getting old and finally die! No, it didn't make any sense to just pass by, do all that and then exit!

'If that was it,' I thought 'life is a bad joke 'Someone' up there, played on everyone!' That *'Someone'* being the one who had started the whole thing of course! *'It cannot be'* I thought, *'there must be 'a sense a la vie'*. . . In a sense I felt like an alien Who had landed on the wrong planet, although in the mundane sense I was socially and professionally fairly successful, because, oh yes, 'they had decided' that I had all the accoutrements necessary – with a small problem, though - I had a foreign accent! I was told that 'Middle America' doesn't like that although, in my case, they said, 'the accent could be turned into an asset.'

I couldn't understand this either! I couldn't blind myself to what was all around me and become comfortably numb in this mad carnival, I was afraid to die out into it as others had. . . . However, even when I was seeing all these things I was still immersed in that world. . . and for many days I wandered without meeting an adventure worthy of

remark. . . until one day. . . without notice. . . Death knocked at my door!² That's how I learned what Life really is! And that was my good-bye to Hollywood. I broke my contract and after much meditation became a Hypnoanalyst and a Rejuvenation Expert.



² Read my story in 'The Return of The Little Prince'