CineFiles University of California Berkeley Art Museum & Pacific Film Archive

Document Citation

Title	**Cinema Guild and Studio - October - November - December 1966**
Author(s)	
Source	*Berkeley Cinema Guild*
Date	10/1/1966
Type	program
Language	English
Pagination	5
No. of Pages	5
Subjects	Berkeley Cinema Guild, Berkeley, Berkeley, United States Motion picture theaters -- California -- San Francisco Bay Area Motion picture theaters -- California -- Berkeley
Film Subjects	Ivan groznyi (Ivan the Terrible, part 1), Eisenstein, Sergei, 1944 Les Parapluies de cherbourg (The Umbrellas of cherbourg), Demy, Jacques, 1964 Shadows, Cassavetes, John, 1960 La notte (The night), Antonioni, Michelangelo, 1961 Yotsuya kaidan (Illusion of blood), Toyoda, Shirô, 1966

WARNING: This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)

CINEMA

NEW CINEMA GUILD POLICY

For the convenience of those of you who wish to plan ahead, the CINEMA and GUILD will henceforth operate on locked schedules. The STUDIO, no longer listed in the calendar, will be used as a move-over house for particularly popular films from the CINEMA or GUILD. Occasionally, if nothing warrants holding, unannounced films will be brought in. To keep informed of the STUDIO schedule, we suggest you call 848-2038 or check the Daily Movie Guides of THE CHRONICLE, EXAMINER, TRIBUNE or DAILY CALIFORNIAN.

GUILD

PROPERTY OF
PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE

AND

STUDIO

OCTOBER · NOVEMBER · DECEMBER 1966 15TH YEAR

ILLUSION OF BLOOD CINEMA: November 10-23

THE CINEMA: Shattuck & Haste • TH 8-2038 • GUILD & STUDIO: Telegraph at Haste

WARNING: This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)

CINEMA
Shattuck & Haste

DROPPED FROM OUR MAILING LIST?
Recently, we've had a number of complaints from people who seem, inexplicably, to have been dropped from the mailing list. If this has happened to you or any of your friends, we're sorry; if you'll write or phone our office at 845-2381 we'll be glad to reinstate you.

GUILD
Telegraph at Haste

Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

SEPT.29 Fri. 30 — **OCT. 1** Sun. 2 — Mon. 3 — Tues. 4 — Wed. 5 — Thurs. 6 — Fri. 7 — Sat. 8 — Sun. 9 — Mon. 10 — Tues. 11 — Wed. 12 — Thurs. 13 — Fri. 14 — Sat. 15 — Sun. 16 — Mon. 17 — Tues. 18 — Wed. 19 — Thurs. 20 — Fri. 21 — Sat. 22 — Sun. 23 — Mon. 24 — Tues. 25 — Wed. 26 — Thurs. 27 — Fri. 28 — Sat. 29 — Sun. 30 — Mon. 31 — **NOV. 1** Tues. 2 — Wed. 2 — Thurs. 3 — Fri. 4 — Sat. 5 — Sun. 6 — Mon. 7 — Tues. 8 — Wed. 9 — Thurs. 10 — Fri. 11 — Sat. 12 — Sun. 13 — Mon. 14 — Tues. 15 — Wed. 16 — Thurs. 17 — Fri. 18 — Sat. 19 — Sun. 20 — Mon. 21 — Tues. 22 — Wed. 23 — Thurs. 24 — Fri. 25 — Sat. 26 — Sun. 27 — Mon. 28 — Tues. 29 — Wed. 30

Charlie Chaplin in THE GOLD RUSH

He enters, "pursued by a bear," the man who for generations of film-goers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow" — humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in a world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl too. The 1925 film was selected by the international jury at Brussels in 1958 (and to POTEMKIN) of the greatest films of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. (original silent version)

and 4 LAURE & HARDY COMEDIES*

THE HOOSEGOW — Laurel & Hardy are not for you. In HELPMATES (1931), Hardy, his wife on vacation, has been having himself a ball. A telegram wire informs him of her imminent arrival. In a panic, he calls on them to help him straighten up the house, and the shambles that follows is beyond the conjuring power of language. The subject was typical of Laurel & Hardy's brand of comedy, but this time they executed it to perfection. We promise you 20 minutes of unadulterated hysteria. Occasionally, Laurel & Hardy switched identities, and sometimes they impersonated animals; in THE BRATS (1930) they play not only themselves, but their little boys as well. The film was one of their costliest, with oversized sets and bizarre camera angles calculated to enhance or diminish the actors. The result, a curious and upsetting comedy, has something of the quality of ALICE IN WONDERLAND or THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.

BAN O'OWAR — Laurel & Hardy's brand of comedy, but this time they executed it to perfection. We promise you 20 minutes of unadulterated hysteria. Occasionally, Laurel & Hardy switched identities, and sometimes they impersonated animals; in THE BRATS (1930) they play not only themselves, but their little boys as well. The film was one of their costliest, with oversized sets and bizarre camera angles calculated to enhance or diminish the actors. The result, a curious and upsetting comedy, has something of the quality of ALICE IN WONDERLAND or THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.

Rex Harrison in Preston Sturges' UNFAITHFULLY YOURS*

A sardonic parody of Sir Thomas Beecham, UNFAITHFULLY YOURS is one of the most sophisticated comedies ever made in America. Supposing himself **cooky**, Rex Harrison — ageing conductor jealous of his young wife — mentally disposes of her in three ways — to the music of Tchaikowsky, Wagner and Rossini. The final murder plot involves a diabolical recording machine. Sturges gives us two versions: as the conductor imagines it, and as it actually transpires — which constitute the most portentous slapstick ever seen on the feeding machine fed Chaplin nuts and bolts. Rudy Vallee plays a prissy multimillionaire: "If you need anything done, always ask the busy man; the others have no time." His zippered wallet gag is classic. Edgar Kennedy, as a musician — private eye convinced by bitter experience that "no man should ever have his wife tailed!" contributes one of the funniest, most touching, bits on film. This was the last time Sturges worked in Hollywood — when the box-office returns crawled in, the writer-director became an expatriate. 1948.

and Peter Sellers as THE LECHEROUS LIBRARIAN*

(Conventionally known as ONLY TWO CAN PLAY) Sellers has been in so many indifferent films people are beginning to stay away from good ones. In this comedy, he is a small-town librarian harassed by wife and family who dreams of adultery. Despite a seeming absence of obstacles, the magnificent opportunity offered by Mai Zetterling — which constitute the most portentous slapstick ever seen on the feeding machine fed Chaplin nuts and bolts. Rudy Vallee — is a series of comic frustrations. The body of the film is so excellent that a climax to top it could — paradoxically — be found only through greater seriousness of treatment. (Kingsley Amis' original novel had its sad side.) This sadness, somewhat scanted by the slapstick, is in the film. With the courage needed to face up to its theme, THE LECHEROUS LIBRARIAN might have been a great comedy. As it stands, it's just a very good one. (Had anyone consulted us, we could have contributed the little above and turned a modest success into a blockbuster.) With Virginia Maskell and Richard Attenborough. Sidney Gilliat directed. 1961.

Louis Malle's VIVA, MARIA!*

Jeanne Moreau and Brigitte Bardot, a pair of turn-of-the-century entertainers, take over the leadership of an absurd Latin American revolution. In addition to the usual, for the nineteenth sight-gags in years, this spoof on rebels and anarchists has one bizarre sequence in which Bardot makes a passionate love to a hopelessly hog-tied George Hamilton. Obviously that boy has something — we just wish we could discover what it is! The prints previously seen in this area were dubbed; ours is in French, with English subtitles. (It does make a difference.) Script by Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carriere. Malle directed. 1965. (color)

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Turgenev's MUMU*

Although this touching study of a mute serf's frustrated quest for love could easily have been exploited for purposes of propaganda, the film makes stuck honesty to Turgenev's realistic view of the 19th Century Russia. The film is admirably sensitive to differences between classes as well as to distinctions in rank within the same class. In the servants' cruel hierarchy, mute Gerasim — who patiently endures his capricious mistress' indifference to his needs — is on the bottom. Khrisanf Khersonsky adapted Turgenev's story. Anatoli Babrovsky and Yevgeni Teterin directed. 1960.

and Jean-Paul Belmondo as THAT MAN FROM RIO*

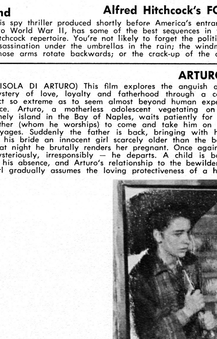
(L'HOMME DE RIO) Perhaps the finest, most sophisticated, adventure parody ever produced. Belmondo is the hero-in-spite-of-himself, Françoise Dorléac his preposterous lady-demanding mistress. Rio and Brazilia, gorgeously photographed by Edmond Sechan, are the backdrop for most of the action. An entertainment, doubtless, but on the highest imaginable level—if you haven't seen it, prepare yourself for two hours of uninterrupted pleasure. Script and direction by Philippe De Broca. With Jean Servais, Simone Renant, etc. (color)

and Marcello Mastroianni as THE ORGANIZER*

The stunning images of THE ORGANIZER recall those in the "strike" films of Pudovkin and Eisenstein. But the director Monicelli's conception — the "comedie humaine" of the early days of the labor movement — is in the classic Western European tradition. Monicelli displays the genre types — the idealistic young worker, the young hothead, the cool planner, the heroic widow, the mother — in a humanist perspective. The key figure is Marcello Mastroianni — the bumbling, threadbare professor who comes to Turin to organize the workers; his ineptitude at darning his socks or at securing a meal, his readiness to hop into bed with the nearest available girl, are as much in character as his ability to see the human spirits of strikers. Even more important, THE ORGANIZER is an examination of the workers' distrust of the professional agitator — a distrust that gives way to hatred when it becomes apparent that the strike must fail. And the fact that the organizer knows the strike is doomed, yet pushes on for the sake of future social action, inserts a note of tragedy and (to quote Monicelli) "supplies the moral weight of the plot." With Renato Salvatori, Folco Lulli and Annie Girardot. Mario Monicelli directed. 1964.

MIRAGE*

Nuclear scientists, hidden menace and a rather original motive for amnesia make this one of the spookiest thrillers in years. The opening sequence, with Gregory Peck descending the steps of a skyscraper during a power failure and suddenly finding himself in the basement of a building strange to him, is the sort of thing at which Hitchcock, in happier days, used to be a master. MIRAGE doesn't finally wind up, but it's like a good drink — you're happy under the influence. As an impecunious, but loyal, detective, Walter Matthau makes his touching bit the most memorable in the film. With Diane Baker, a beautiful but excellent new actress (is this why we've seen no more of her?). Walter Abel, etc. Edward Dmytrick directed. 1965.



TOM JONES*

This frantic adaptation of Henry Fielding's picaresque novel never holds still long enough for any of its fine actors to give a satisfying performance; but it has lots of sex and dazzle — and who's going to argue with success? With Albert Finney as Tom, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Diane Cilento, Joyce Redman, etc. John Osborne wrote the script; Tony Richardson misdirected. 1963. (color)

and WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?*

This is the first film comedy of the absurd. Its hero (Peter O'Toole), feature editor of a Paris fashion magazine, has a problem others would love to share: he need only look at a girl to seduce her. To cultivate some inhibitions (he wants to be faithful to his fiancée, Romy Schneider) Peter Sellers — a Teutonic scientist in need of sexual release. (Sellers, who sees O'Toole in a costume modelled on Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," frantically interrupts: "Fitness minutes of your problems are all I can take!") Other problems, equally absurd, are contributed by Romy Schneider (O'Toole's amorous fiancee); Capucine as an amiable nymphomaniac; Paula Prentiss as a suicidal stripper; Ursula Andress (straight out of her latest James Bond movie); and Edra Gale (La Saraghina of 8½) as Sellers' Valkyrie-wife. Despite some strainery, PUSSYCAT is fantastically funny, and Richard Williams' enchanting credit titles and the art nouveau decor of authentic Paris locations make it as stylish as it is hilarious. Nightclub comedian Woody Allen, who wrote the script, plays one of the leads. Clive Donner directed. 1965. (color)

Carol Reed's THE FALLEN IDOL*

Made at the peak of Reed's career, THE FALLEN IDOL is a cinematic tour-de-force, with tense sequences that outrank Hitchcock, employed — unlike Hitchcock — in the service of a meaningful theme. The action, ironically, is seen through the eyes of a child. A remarkable 8-year-old actor, Bobby Henrey, plays the son of the French ambassador, left at the embassy in the care of the butler (Ralph Richardson) and his shrewish wife. As the story develops, the audience grows aware of a liaison between the butler — whom the boy idolizes — and an embassy secretary (Michele Morgan). This triangle, which culminates in tragedy, plays itself out before the child's uncomprehending eyes. As the rejected wife Sonia Dresdel contributes a nerve-wracking performance. Those who see the film will not soon forget the fall of her hairpin on the sleeping boy's pillow, followed by Reed's shocking cut to her envenomed Medusa-face. Graham Greene adapted his own story. THE BASEMENT ROOM. 1949.

Eisenstein's ALEXANDER NEVSKY*

This surging epic — based on the 13th Century invasion of Russia by the Teutonic Knights — was made as nationalist propaganda in 1938. (The medieval story was supposed to warn Hitler to stay out.) The production is one of the glories of film history. The Teutonic invaders kindled Eisenstein's prodigious visual imagination, and the film's great triumphant moments — the stunning battle formations of the Knights Templars, the phalanx of Pack-covered monk hunched over the organ — are given over to the Germans. In these scenes, and in the awesome grandeur of the battle on the ice, Eisenstein shows up directors like DeMille for the vulgar charlatans they are. In its use of Prokoffiev's music in counterpoint to the visuals, NEVSKY is still as far in advance of its time as the day it was made, but we were surprised to discover — early in 1960 — that 17 minutes of footage on the film of the film's original release had been restored. The slowness we had attributed to Eisenstein's editing was revealed to be due to these mutilations, which had destroyed a rhythm that is nothing less than majestic. The photography is by Edouard Tisse.

and Ingmar Bergman's THE SEVENTH SEAL

(DET SJUNDE INSEGLET) Among the most disquieting and beautiful works of recent years is this medieval morality play about modern man in search of the meaning of existence. The period is 14th Century Sweden: a knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karramazov described to his brother Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks death for the sake of human survival: he saves a family of strolling players — a visionary, innocent, natural man — Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife Mary (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The work reminds one of the nightmares of life and death: Bergman relates that one had as a child; the sense of mystery, the questions that no one will answer, suggest the way religious symbols function in childhood and in fear. The knight, this sane modern man, asking a relative despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared to his cynical, atheist squire (Gunnar Bjornstrand). The images and the omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases, as in the burning of the child-witch (Maude Hansson), excruciation. This is one of the few films that can be considered in the same breath as important works of literature: the actor's faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, the multiplicity of possible interpretations, and the riddle at the heart of the film, all contribute to its stature. 1958.

Jeanne Moreau & Jean-Paul Belmondo in BANANA PEEL*

(PEAU DE BANANE) In this comic roundelay, vengeance, intrigue and counter-intrigue are perpetrated on the wrong people by two divorced con-artists, Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Although the incredibly complicated plot sometimes makes it hard to tell the heroes from the villains, and the denouement is almost as confusing as that of THE BIG SLEEP, it doesn't seem to matter. Moreau and Belmondo play enchantingly together; even when you can't follow their machinations, they're a pleasure to watch. Gert Frobe amiably duplicates his GOLDFINGER performance, and Claude Brasseur, Alain Cuny and Jean-Pierre Marielle are excellent in supporting roles. Marcel Ophuls wrote the script and directed. 1965.

and David Niven in WHERE THE SPIES ARE*

WHERE THE SPIES ARE, the one truly sophisticated spy thriller spun off the current vogue, makes the James Bond films look like the idiot confections they are. British intelligence succeeds in enrolling physician and sports car enthusiast, but reluctant spy, David Niven, in their service by promising him that rarity of rarities: a mint condition Ford roadster. (He has trouble collecting.) On his mission he meets charming secret agent Francoise Dorleac (for which country: mystery). The plot in minimal, and what there is of it quickly abandoned, but the film has some of the wittiest, most disabused, dialogue we've heard in years: you'd swear it had been aimed at adults. (Which, apparently, is why it dropped dead at the box-office—who ever heard of a spy film for adults?) With John Le Mesurier, Cyril Cusack, Eric Pohlmann, etc. Script by Val Guest and Wolf Mankowitz. Guest directed. 1966. (color)

THE BLUE ANGEL

(DER BLAUE ENGEL) Heinrich Mann's story of the man who descends to complete degradation after his first sexual experience, was made in 1930 and is still the supreme filmic treatment of sado-masochism. Emil Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high school professor who is prudishly infatuated when he hears that his sweetheart, Lola Lola (Marlene Dietrich) at the Blue Angel. He goes to put an end to this behavior, and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. He is made a fool of before the assembled stooge, and as he sinks deeper into humiliation, the psychological inevitabilities of their relationship become horribly apparent. Dietrich's Lola Lola has never been equalled—her sadistic indifference, her smouldering voice are as provocative now as in 1930. Joseph von Sternberg directed.

and Humphrey Bogart in THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE

Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and John Huston directs the dissection of their personalities. Humphrey Bogart, in a brilliant characterization, takes the typical Bogart tough-guy characterization to its psychological limits —the man who gradually renders her pregnant. One sees paranoia to total disintegration. Bogart's companions are a toothless Walter Huston as a salty prospector and Tim Holt (an understated actor) as a blunt, honest young man. Bogart's character is enough to take for anyone, but it has its natural representative in Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit—if you've never appreciated civilization, the encounter with Bedoya may change your outlook. From B. Traven's novel. 1948.

Alfred Hitchcock's NORTH BY NORTHWEST

We assume that the title is the clue to the mad geography and the improbable plot. The compass seems to be spinning as the action hops all over the country and the wrong people rush about in the wrong cars. In the most amusing of his more recent thrillers (the crop-dusting sequence ranks with classic early Hitchcock), he still persists in his new worst fault: he makes even a good thing last too long. Cary Grant is the perfect actor for the part (he incarnates the directional confusion of the film — he seems to have grown younger and better-looking — yet he's probably older than Jesse Royce Landis, who plays his mother). With Eva-Marie Saint, Martin Landau, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, etc. 1959. (color)

Alfred Hitchcock's FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT*

This spy thriller produced shortly before America's entrance into World War II, has some of the best sequences in the Hitchcock repertoire. You're not likely to forget the political assassination under the umbrellas in the rain; the windmill whose arms rotate backwards; or the crack-up of the airliner at sea: we still can't figure out how Hitchcock did it without drowning 40 people — not that we'd put it past him! With Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, Albert Bassermann. 1940.

Terence Stamp as THE COLLECTOR*

It's hard to know what the producers had in mind—an erotic fantasy of adolescent repression, a horror film, or a modern version of BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. (There is self-pity, finally, for BLUEBEARD.) Along the way, we get touches of FRANK-ENSTEIN, CALIGARI, and a particularly sick version of flower-class British puritanism. All this in a context more amusing than repellent, brilliantly acted by "proper" monster Terence Stamp, and very adequately by collector's item Samantha Eggar. William Wyler directed. 1965. (color)

ARTURO'S ISLAND*

(L'ISOLA DI ARTURO) This film explores the anguish and mystery of love, loyalty and fatherhood through a conflict so extreme as to seem almost beyond human experience. Arturo, a motherless adolescent vegetating on a lonely island in the Bay of Naples, waits patiently for his father (whom he worships) to come and take him on his voyages. Suddenly the father is back, bringing with him as his bride an innocent girl scarcely older than the boy. That night he brutally renders her pregnant. Once again—mysteriously, irresponsibly — he departs. A child is born in his absence, and Arturo's relationship to the beautiful girl gradually assumes the loving protectiveness of a husband. Again Arturo's father — an incarnation of Attic doom — returns; and this time the boy learns a truth that dooms him as irrevocably as a related truth damned Oedipus. While themes of this sort are not totally unprecedented in films, one doesn't expect to see them so perfectly achieved. With this exquisitely haunting first film Damiano Damiani whose style is his own (unlike his mother) With Eva-Maria Saint, Martin Landau, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, etc. 1959. (color)

Richard Lester's THE KNACK*

The British cinema has arced upward from studied working-class stylessness (SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING) to the ultimate in avant-guard chic (A HARD DAY'S NIGHT and now THE KNACK) in less than a decade. Richard Lester, fugitive from Philadelphia, directed them both. They're long on exuberance and short on substance, a fault which should not, however, keep you away, for Lester is among the most ingenious film-makers around. (Besides, who can blame him for not being serious? What's left for anyone to dare be serious about?) His best film deals (more or less) with the knack for "making out," and it's more fun than anything since Keaton. Rita Tushingham is the object of the shenanigans. 1965.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES*

This perplexing study of an entomologist's acceptance of a particularly absurd and gruelling way of life and his final rejection of the possibility of escape, seems to be a Kafka-esque parable of our age. (Consider a society destroying its cities with increasingly inadequate freeways that make conceive of curtailing automobile production; the people who would rather be consumed by smog than pay taxes to get rid of it; the millions bored to tears with affluence who would rather be incinerated than share it; a nation that would rather squander billions on unproductive space research than use the money to create a habitable planet . . .) But perhaps that isn't what WOMAN IN THE DUNES is about, and we're willing to admit that we're not a good interpretation aside, the film has magnificent camera work, excellent actors and a fine musical score. There's also a lot of highly attractive sex — or there would be if it weren't for all that sand . . . With Eiji Okada and Kyoko Kishida. Script and direction by Hiroshi Teshigahara. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES, 1964.**

Antonioni's ECLIPSE*

ECLIPSE is a further development of Antonioni's themes of loneliness and isolation. The heroine, Monica Vitti, has an affair with a handsome young stockbroker (Alain Delon) with whom she has nothing in common. The director explores the resulting emotional vacuum — a relationship in which the lovers view one another as things. The film closes with a 7-minute coda in which the camera reveals nothing but a rhythmic succession of objects. "This sequence," wrote Stanley Kauffman in his NEW REPUBLIC review, "has been called the ultimate bankruptcy of Antonioni's style. By others it has been seen as his statement that man must come to terms with his environment before he can love . . . To me it is simply a soundingboard against which the story, now ended, resonates for a while, as a pebble would hold the closing notes of a piano piece. The drama, as such, is finished but Antonioni doesn't want the film to finish yet, he wants us to linger in the specifics of the film's world and to let the story echo. It is quite simple and quite daring, and it is not a trick." Story and screenplay by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra; photography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Giovanni Fusco. With Francisco Rabal as the heroine's former lover. Antonioni directed. 1962.

and Ingmar Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT*

(GYCKLARNAS AFTON) Set in the circus world at the turn of the century, THE NAKED NIGHT opens with a flashback: a clown's wife, a toothy, middle-aged woman, bathes exhibitionistically in view of a regiment of soldiers, and the clown, in one of the most painful scenes ever filmed, drags her away. This most brilliant single sequence in any Bergman film is semi-silent, punctuated only by music, drumbeats and mocking cannon shots, and interspersed with long dissolves of a pitiless sun beating down on the tormented characters. From there the story moves to the circus director, Ake Gronberg—the artist manque, who has fallen into the hell of frustration, humiliation and defeat—and his mistress, Harriet Andersson. She betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. There is a voluptuous scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as the actor-seducer, that leaves the audience slightly out of breath. 1953.

EAST BAY PREMIERE: ILLUSION OF BLOOD*

ILLUSION OF BLOOD, based on Tsuruya Namboku's classic Kabuki drama, TOKAIDO YOTSUYA KAIDAN, is the finest, most brilliantly directed Japanese film since CHUSHINGURA. The hero is a samurai (Tatsuya Nakadai) left masterless when the lord he has been serving dies. Insanely fixated on regaining his social status, Nakadai destroys wife, family, and finally himself; and, as he sinks deeper into crime, the viewer is uncertain whether the horrors he encounters are real or products of his feverish imagination. In CHUSHINGURA, Oishi's vacillations suggested those of Hamlet; in ILLUSION OF BLOOD, Nakadai's nightmarish hallucinations suggest the guilt-ridden fantasies of Macbeth. The work is superbly paced; the sulphurous color suggests an atmosphere of muted dread; and the horror scenes are so imaginatively conceived the only people not frightened out of their wits will be those who lack them in the first place. Shiro Toyoda, who directed this remarkable work, never made another film before — which reminds us that in over 100 films Hiroshi Inagaki produced only one masterpiece — CHUSHINGURA. Since CHUSHINGURA and ILLUSION OF BLOOD have in common only their Kabuki origin and the fact that Toshio Yasumi adapted them, there is reason to believe that Yasumi's contribution to these masterworks is greater than that of their directors. Photography by Hiroshi Murai; music by Toru Takemitsu. With Junko Ikeuchi, Mariko Okada, Mayumi Ozora, Kanzaburo Nakamura, etc. 1965. (Eastmancolor) **(To be fully appreciated, ILLUSION OF BLOOD must be seen from the beginning. Admission at starting times only; the house will be cleared after each performance.) ADMISSION $2.00.**

Eisenstein's IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I & II*

Eisenstein projected IVAN in three parts, of which PARTS I & II were dail. Millions of rubles, hundreds worth of sets, beards and brocades went into the production, and a replica of 17th Century Kazan was built Russian in Central Asia. Taken as a fabulous pageant or exercise in decor, Part I, released in 1945, is a triumph. But as a movie it's a compendium of stills — static, grandiose, frequently ludicrous, with elaborately angled, over-composed photography, and over-wrought performers slipping in and out of the walls, dragging their shadows behind them. PART II is something else again. For years after its suppression, the film was feared irretrievably lost. But in 1959, following Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, THE BOYARS' PLOT, as PART II is known, came to light. It is by far Eisenstein's best sound film — which is to say that it is among the most important works in the history of the cinema. The film moves like lightning unleashed. The dull, sententious Ivan of PART I turns suddenly active and demonic. Since his megalomaniac rule is scarcely veiled allusion to Stalin's tyranny, there is little wonder this masterpiece was suppressed and its director forbidden ever again to engage in production. (He ended his career teaching at the Soviet Film Academy, where he nurtured the talents that have emerged since Stalin's death.) What makes Eisenstein's subsequent inactivity the more tragic is that the color sequence in PART II — for which he abandoned realistic lighting — represents the most startling use of color in the whole history of the cinema. The effect is breathtaking: viewers literally jump out of their seats as color bursts upon them amid a clash of symbols! Eisenstein's scenario for all three parts is now available in English, but one can only speculate on the marvels he might have wrought had Stalin died a few years earlier. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Ivan. Music by Prokofieff; photography by Edouard Tisse.

DAPHNI*

One of the most spectacular art films ever produced, Byzantine mosaics in the cathedral of Daphni, marvelously photographed by Baron Hoyningen-Huene, the great designer responsible for the classic opening sequence of Leni Riefenstahl's OLYMPIA, narrated by Aldous Huxley, narrated by Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans.

Franklin Shaffner's THE WAR LORD*

We never imagined, when THE WAR LORD—Franklin Shaffner's third film—came out, that it might be a work "of redeeming social or artistic importance"; after reading the extensive SIGHT & SOUND article devoted to Shaffner, we paid for our snobbery by having to catch it in a foul-smelling Market Street dive. Shaffner is the prodigious young stage and screen director of THE BEST MAN (the most brilliant political film produced in America) which you probably passed up when we showed it last year. Despite a stereotyped ad campaign, his WAR LORD is no potboiler; the story is laid in England in the years following the Norman Conquest. Charlton Heston, the hero who turns out to be a failure, plays a war lord assigned to bring order and Christianity to a brutish Anglo-Saxon village. Decent, civilized, he fails to take advantage of an attractive native girl (Rosemary Forsyth) betrothed to a serf, yet asserts his traditional right to the first night prior to the wedding. Tragedy strikes when he finds that he cannot give her up. Heston, finally accorded a role of substance, plays it very movingly, with extraordinary conviction and restraint. He is as much a feudal lord as a universally recognizable representative of humanity. Despite sets, costumes and decor that seem perfectly authentic, Shaffner's people expose their passions without these's and thou's in terms to which a modern audience can relate. A model historical film, THE WAR LORD carries its learning lightly; it is the first Anglo-Saxon example of a medieval subject comparable in sheer magnificence and dynamism to ALEXANDER NEVSKY or THE SEVENTH SEAL. This is outrageous praise, we know, and you'd be less than human if you failed to doubt it. But we think that those of you who see the film will come away amazed. Millard Kaufman and John Collier wrote the consistently literate script. The magnificent cameravork is by Russell Metty. 1965. (color) (An amusing aside: the castles, towers and medieval engines of destruction are so convincing that only when the battlements begin to crumble did we realize that the film could not have been shot on location; everything was, in fact, built on the studio lot. Despite Shaffner's extraordinary insistence on authenticity, however, Universal came out ahead: his sets have become the hit of their studio tours!)

Rod Steiger as THE PAWNBROKER*

THE PAWNBROKER, Edwin Lewis Wallant's story of a man turned stony-hearted by extremity of suffering, is a work of enormous thematic power. Rod Steiger's performance, ill served by oversentimentalized family flashbacks and melodramatic elements (the Negro vice czar and the murder of the Puerto Rican assistant) is more than equal to the book's promise. This is one film of which it may truthfully be said that the performance is the picture. Geraldine Fitzgerald's weak, wrestled social worker seems curiously irrelevant to the story. As the film eloquently proves, it isn't always true that misery loves company. With Brock Peters and Jaime Sanchez. Martin Ritt directed. 1965.

and Ingmar Bergman's THE VIRGIN SPRING*

(JUNGFRUKALLAN) Bergman's medieval tale on the rape of innocence took the Academy Award as the Best Foreign Film of 1960. Script by Ulla Isaksson. With Max Von Sydow, Birgitta Valberg, Gunnel Lindblom, Birgitta Pettersson.

and Jacques Demy's THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG*

(LES PARAPLUIS DE CHERBOURG) The most successful musical ever produced in Europe. The bitter-sweet love story features Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo as the lovers, with Anne Vernon, Marc Michel, Ellen Farner, etc. Music by Michel Legrand; scenario, lyrics, direction by Jacques Demy. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES, PRIX LUIS DELLUC,** and a half dozen other awards. 1965. (color)

WARNING: This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)

CINEMA
Shattuck & Haste

NEW CINEMA GUILD POLICY

For the convenience of those of you who wish to plan ahead, the CINEMA and GUILD will henceforth operate on locked schedules. The STUDIO, no longer listed in the calendar, will be used as a move-over house for particularly popular films from the CINEMA or GUILD. Occasionally, if nothing warrants holding, unannounced films will be brought in. To keep informed of the STUDIO schedule, we suggest you call 848-2038 or check the Daily Movie Guides of THE CHRONICLE, EXAMINER, TRIBUNE or DAILY CALIFORNIAN.

GUILD
Telegraph at Haste

***Program Notes: Edward Landberg**
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

Antonioni's LA NOTTE*

DEC. 1 — Fri. 2 — Sat. 3 — Sun. 4 — Mon. 5 — Tues. 6 — Wed. 7

LA NOTTE'S chief characters are intellectuals — which may be why the film is a more significant study of current dilemmas than L'AVVENTURA. Marcello Mastroianni, a successful novelist, and his wife Jeanne Moreau, whose marriage has no meaning beyond habit, and was perhaps never more than a flash of passion, try to reorder their lives in the light of this revelation. The camera-work is dazzling, but the film's ubiquitous cityscapes haunt the viewer as they haunt and alienate the characters. (This is no cheap voyage to Italy — the spectator is as painfully tormented and becalmed as are the principals.) The mood is one of harrowing melancholy, sustained and varied by Antonioni's willingness to investigate problems of human sensibility other directors melodramatize or stifle. Profound, subtle, ambigous, LA NOTTE demands study and reflection and repeated viewings. As an exploration of the condition of contemporary thinking man it is beyond any film we know. The magnificent architectonic performances of the dying writer Tommaso, and the industrialist's daughter, are by Bernhard Wicki and Monica Vitti. 1961.

and John Cassavetes' SHADOWS*

Lighting was inadequate, funds insufficient, Cassavetes was badgered by the New York police for shooting on the streets without a permit, and nothing carried this production but enthusiasm and the conviction that, unlike most films, this one was going to be about **something.** And in its strange, rough way it is. Made for $40,000, SHADOWS deals honestly, without special pleading, with miscegenation and the sense of exclusion from life that corrodes so many young people. There was no script. General situations were outlined for the actors and, as the cameras turned, they improvised. One has the impression that the crew went back almost to the beginning of motion pictures, when anything was possible, and everything about the medium remained to be discovered. And behold! the accepted film syntax dissolves; unaccustomed emotions stir in the spectator, who enters a work in which film and life truly inter-penetrate. (Unlike the various depth and wide-screen processes, which invite viewers to participate in an illusion, the freshness of SHADOWS causes the audience to break through to life.) The film is not wholly successful; one longs for articulation of the material into a more forceful dramatic structure; but honest improvisation is better art than skilfully contrived drama about nothing — and this is the importance of SHADOWS as a cinematic breakthrough. With Hugh Hurd, Lelia Goldoni, Ben Carruthers, etc. Cassavetes directed. **VENICE FILM CRITICS AWARD; JEAN GEORGES AURIOL AWARD, 1960.**

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD*

Thurs. 8 — Fri. 9 — Sat. 10 — Sun. 11 — Mon. 12 — Tues. 13 — Wed. 14

Martin Ritt's faithful, if uninspired, version of John Le Carre's examination of the secret agent's seedy life—from recruitment through disaster. With Richard Burton seemingly typecast in the title role; Claire Bloom as his naive Communist mistress (there should be a good deal of local identification with the role); and Oskar Werner, in his finest performance to date, as the Jewish Communist agent caught in his own trap. The others in the film are actors, and good ones; Werner projects a tragic figure so immensely moving one would expect it to have been singled out (the Academy Awards passed it over without a mention). 1965.

and THE IPCRESS FILE*

Len Dighton's novel, highly praised as the most ethically meaningful spy thriller to date, brought to the screen with a good deal of sophistication and glitter. We'll let you judge its thematic importance for yourself. With Michael Caine, Nigel Greene, Guy Doleman, Sue Lord, etc. 1965. (color)

George Marshall's THE SHEEPMAN*

Thurs. 15 — Fri. 16 — Sat. 17 — Sun. 18 — Mon. 19 — Tues. 20 — Wed. 21

A dozen superlative-studded pages in QU'EST-CE QUE LE CINEMA? by the great French critic Andre Bazin (to whom Truffaut dedicated THE 400 BLOWS), led us—despite a European tendency to overvalue our Westerns—to screen THE SHEEPMAN. Bazin, it turned out, was not wrong. THE SHEEPMAN is a comedy so vastly superior to most art films it almost inaugurates a new genre. The hero (you'd swear he was a Harvard man) arrives in a cow town in advance of his sheep, demands to meet its toughest hombre, picks a quarrel, and makes mincemeat of him. His motive—peace. This way, he figures, he's likely to be granted some. Of course, he's wrong; the tough works for a smart, unscrupulous man, whom the hero eliminates in ways that matter —with integrity and intelligence. There are real stakes: decent people are murdered, deliberately, shockingly, for economic motives, so that when the showdown comes the winner's values merit a positive response: for all but the hopelessly alienated, this is how the world works. Visually, the film is a delight, with authentic settings and russet, miraculously beautiful, autumnal sequences. Glenn Ford is perfect as the intellectual hero; Shirley MacLaine, engaged to the villain, fighting her attraction to the hero, gives a performance suggestive of THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. With Leslie Nielsen as the gleefully detestable villain; Edgar Buchanan as a cynical old renegade who knows exactly what his integrity is worth — a dollar; and Mickey Shaughnessy as the stumblebum tough. Script by William Bowers and James Edward Grant. George Marshall directed with rare understanding of the visual and auditory limits of his medium. 1958. (color)

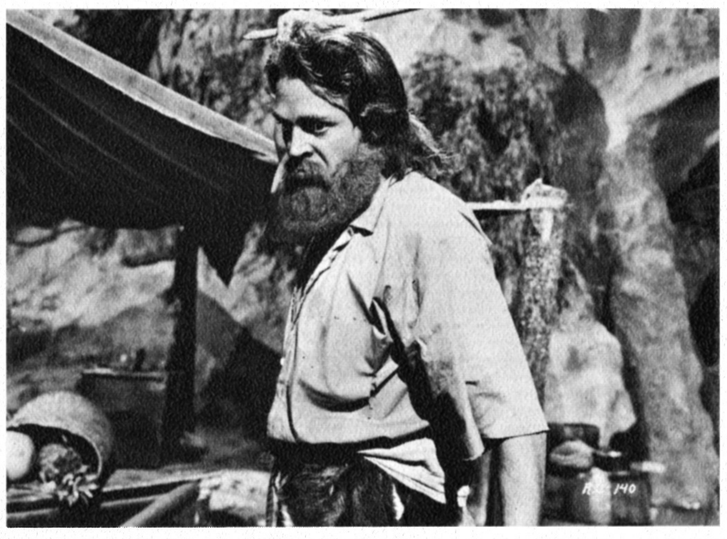
and Sophia Loren in HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS*

HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS reveals Sophia Loren (for those who missed TOO BAD SHE'S A BITCH) as a superb comedienne. This almost perversely original work is among the few extant examples of that rara avis — the American art film. Its story concerns a theatrical troupe touring the American frontier circa 1880. Some of the plot elements, particularly the heroine's relations with an intriguingly weak Anthony Quinn, recall the unhappy circus owner and his mistress in Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT. The film has an authentic period flavor, with muddy-tracked cattle-towns and wildly colorful, convincingly researched, reconstructions of plush frontier theatres. A final, almost gratuitously stunning, Apache attack on the troupe's abandoned wagons captures some of the furious excitement of a battle as Kurosawa might have staged it. The striking color compositions are the work of Baron Hoyningen-Huene. (Those familiar with the opening sequence of Leni Riefenstahl's OLYMPIA — which he designed — will not be surprised at HELLER'S visual quality.) Margaret O'Brien contributes a delicious cameo as a young actress on the make. George Cukor directed from a beautifully written script by Dudley Nichols and Walter Bernstein. 1960. (The last time we showed it, audiences burst into spontaneous applause.)

Luis Bunuel's ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

Thurs. 22 — Fri. 23 — Sat. 24 — Sun. 25 — Mon. 26 — Tues. 27 — Wed. 28

SIGHT & SOUND'S selection as the Best Film of 1954 — "a picture destined to give pleasure in 20 years"; a critic described it as "a classic of a classic." This is Luis Bunuel's simple, unsentimental account of DeFoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature, then a man terribly alone unable to face lack of love and friendship, and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. The great controversial Spanish director used Dan O'Hirlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo near Acapulco. When O'Hirlihy as Crusoe feverishly dreams of England, when he shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to the pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (Jaime Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Like GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, ROBINSON CRUSOE has inexplicably attained the status of a children's classic. But, although children enjoy the film, it seems to us that in a period of history when human isolation has reached pathological proportions, the theme of ROBINSON CRUSOE — as handled by Bunuel — is among the most adult imaginable.) (color)



and Mark Twain's ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER*

TOM SAWYER is one of those luckless classics film critics have read, and each has his own idea of how it should be filmed. Few, in consequence, were satisfied with this version, which leans heavily on the Indian Joe episode that Twain himself regretted having had to write. (His readers delighted in melodrama too.) This production is nevertheless the best of the three film versions, and grown-ups are likely to enjoy it almost as much as kids. (We won't pretend that the film is a substitute for the book; but then — who reads?) With Tommy Kelly as Tom Sawyer, Jackie Moran as Huck Finn, May Robson, Walter Brennan, Victor Jory and Ann Gillis as Becky Thatcher. Norman Taurog directed. 1938. (color)

Harold Pinter's THE GUEST (THE CARETAKER)*

Thurs. 29 — Fri. 30 — Sat. 31 — JAN. 1 — Mon. 2 — Tues. 3 — Wed. 4

At last we've discovered a reason to be grateful for CLEOPATRA: the Burtons (Richard and Elizabeth) contributed some of their loot to make possible the filming of Harold Pinter's classic of the absurd. (Needless to say, they lost their investment.) The story deals with a desperate old bum invited to stay in a junkshop-house inhabited by two disturbed — and disturbing — brothers. The first, played by Robert Shaw, has undergone shock treatment; he is hung up on constructing a shed for which he has already purchased the wood. The sadistic second brother (Alan Bates) lurks in the shadows, badgering the old tramp (magnificently played by Donald Pleasance). Out of these nondescript materials (a house cluttered with useless furnishings and unconnected fixtures) Pinter has constructed a parable of universal resonance. The cluttered house suggests our world; the mad brothers who inhabit it, our leaders; the old bum, the desperate common people seeking a place for themselves in an absurd world with too much for everyone and room for no one. (This of course is only our interpretation — to which the play is certainly not limited.) The characters — particularly in these brilliant performances — have a specific weight of their own, and the film is, if anything, creepier and more gripping than the play. Clive Donner's direction, given the limitation of the cramped quarters in which he had to work, is excellent. 1964.

and THE HAUNTING*

Robert Wise, former assistant director to Orson Welles, applied what he learned from the great prestidigitator in this chilling study of a group of specialists in extra-sensory perception who retire to a haunted mansion for purposes of research. THE HAUNTING, the most startling American film since CITIZEN KANE, renders almost palpable supernatural presences unseen by human eyes. But the film is more than a superbly photographed ghost story; in the end it turns into a psychological study of a group of people whose lives are altered by contact with forces beyond their grasp. Nelson Giddings adapted the screenplay from Shirley Jackson's novel, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE. With Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn. 1963.

THE TROUBLEMAKER*

DEC. 1 — Fri. 2 — Sat. 3 — Sun. 4 — Mon. 5 — Tues. 6 — Wed. 7

THE TROUBLEMAKER, an exuberantly satirical low-budget comedy that is neither amateurish nor pretentious, is the best independent production from New York to date. Making trouble is the last thing its naive young hero — recently arrived from the mid-West — has in mind; all he wants is to open a coffeeshop in The Village; he becomes a source of trouble out of a lack of empathy for graft. Thomas Arledge is the hero; Buck Henry plays all the legal and political moochers who oppose him. With Joan Darling, Theodore J. Flicker and James Frawley. Story and script by Buck Henry and Theodore J. Flicker. Flicker directed. 1964.

and The Marx Brothers in A DAY AT THE RACES

The Marx Brothers are at their best in this 1937 folly that has something — but not very much — to do with a sanitarium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. A typical Marx Brothers routine builds up to a climax of wanton destruction in about eight minutes; as this film includes three of their most devastating routines, the effect is one of highly satisfying derangement. Groucho, conman supreme, is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. (Groucho's rendezvous with a beautiful blonde is interrupted by paperhangers. "This," she announces, "is the worst insult I've ever had in my life!" "Well," replies Groucho, "it's only 8 o'clock.") The Brothers are fortified by that most stately of stooges, Margaret Dumont.

Marco Ferreri's THE APE WOMAN*

Thurs. 8 — Fri. 9 — Sat. 10 — Sun. 11 — Mon. 12 — Tues. 13 — Wed. 14

A comic parable on the wages of opportunism. Annie Girardot, typically a sexpot, is touchingly feminine in the title role, and even Ugo Tognazzi, the opportunist who marries her, emerges sympathetically. The denouement is hilarious. Marco Ferreri directed. 1964.

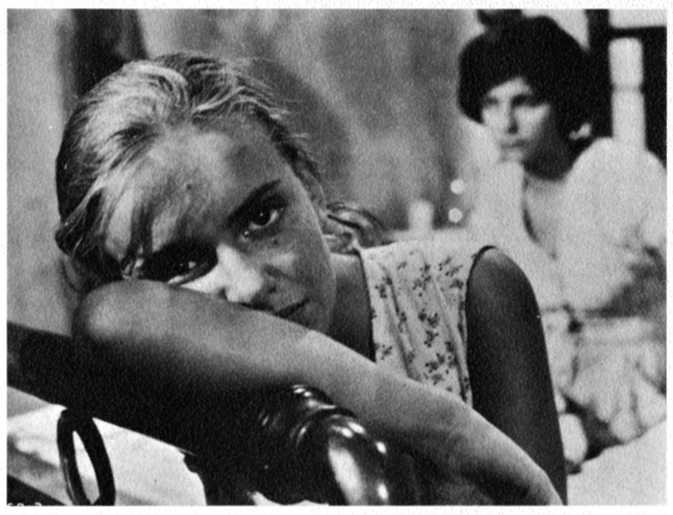
and Jean Cocteau's LES PARENTS TERRIBLES

(American title, THE STORM WITHIN) Cocteau, the master of fantasy, demonstrates that when it suits his purposes, he can also be a master of realism, using his artistry inconspicuously, with witty thrusts into psychological depths that destroy the realist-surrealist division. He has taken his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents who cannot accept their son's growing up, and recreated it for the screen with such skill and intimacy that he achieves a true claustrophobic family atmosphere. (The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl — these touches are so appallingly true that the Oedipal meanings become luminescent.) Yvonne de Bray, Gabrielle Dorziat, Marcel Andre, Jean Marais and Josette Day make this one of the greatest examples of group acting ever photographed; Cocteau said that they ceased to be actors and become a real family. 1949.

Mauro Bolognini's FROM A ROMAN BALCONY*

Thurs. 15 — Fri. 16 — Sat. 17 — Sun. 18 — Mon. 19 — Tues. 20 — Wed. 21

(LA GIORNATA BALORDA) By detailing 12 hours in the life of Jean Sorel, the amoral, unemployed young hero, FROM A ROMAN BALCONY undertakes a thoroughgoing exploration of Roman society, whose lack of physical barriers, combined with impenetrable barriers of class and intellect, is startling to behold. The poor accept life's opportunities; the rich use them indifferently as workhorses or erotic toys: mentally, they do not inhabit the same world. Lea Massari, whose performance suggests the true desolation of the Roman lotus-eater, plays a rich man's mistress who has a "quickie" with the hero. A box-office failure under numerous titles, the film succeeds better than any we know in penetrating to the blood and marrow of a sick society. Mauro Bolognini directed, from a script based on Alberto Moravia's ROMAN TALES. With Paolo Stoppa in a memorable bit as a horny bourgeois. 1959.



and Jules Dassin's THE LAW*

(LA LOI) The inhabitants of a Sicilian village practice a forbidden game known as "The Law," in which one man, after being elected "boss," is permitted to taunt and humiliate the losers. Directing from a script based on Roger Vailland's novel, Jules Dassin defines this way of life with rare power. With Yves Montand as the sadistic Matteo Brigante, Gina Lollobrigida, Marcello Mastroianni, Melina Mercouri, Pierre Brasseur, Raf Mattioli, Paolo Stoppa, etc. Music by Roman Vlad. 1960.

BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S*

Thurs. 22 — Fri. 23 — Sat. 24 — Sun. 25 — Mon. 26 — Tues. 27 — Wed. 28

Further adventures of the Ronald Searle's beasties. With Terry-Thomas, Joyce Grenfell, Alistair Sim in drag, George Cole, Sabrina, Lionel Jeffries, Lisa Gastoni, etc. Screenplay by Frank Launder, Val Valentine and Sidney Gilliatt. Launder directed. 1958.

and THE PURE HELL OF ST. TRINIAN'S*

Ronald Searle's beasties fall into the hands of white slavers seeking concubines for Eastern potentates. With Cecil Parker, Joyce Grenfell, George Cole, Sidney James, Dennis Price, Irene Handl and a bevy of malevolent beauties. Frank Launder directed. 1960.

THE HUSTLER

Thurs. 29 — Fri. 30 — Sat. 31 — JAN. 1 — Mon. 2 — Tues. 3 — Wed. 4

The game of pool as emblem of masculinity (Those cues! Those pockets!) of art (dedication is required), of genius (great pool players are not like you and me), and maybe of religion (the mystical, monastic society of the pool room pursues perfection in full knowledge of good and evil, while a sardonic Satan sips his glass of milk in a chair against the wall.) Paul Newman is merely himself as fast Eddie Felson, who wants to depose the reigning king of the green felt, but Jackie Gleason plays the king — Minnesota Fats — with a skill which raises the film above its script. The subject of the picture is self-defeat (Fast Eddie is a born loser), but the subject is sometimes obscured by the melodramatic presence of Bert, the sinister, milk-drinking homosexual gambler — played by George C. Scott in his usual television-heavy style. The theme is salvaged by Gleason's portrayal of Fats as a man whose "craft and sullen art" has cost him his character, leaving only a stereotype of the pool player, and by Piper Laurie's performance of Fast Eddie's sad, silly, pretentious lame girl friend. Robert Rossen directed with a fine nervous pace, and while the film has touches of slickness and moments of painfully bald symbolism it conveys, sometimes very powerfully, a biting sense of the vanity of human wishes. 1961. **—Jackson Burgess.**

and Humphrey Bogart in THE BIG SLEEP*

Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the denouement, but it is the dialogue, not the plot, that makes this movie. The double-talking characters are the displaced persons of Chandler's lurid big city — apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers), blackmailers, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), drug addicts, murderers; they may get killed for proposterous reasons, or by mistake. The film is a fast and amusing detective-genre piece, and it is also, for those who take Chandler very seriously, a glaring image of modern man. (The CAHIERS DU CINEMA intellectuals do so take him, and the killer of A BOUT DE SOUFFLE models his life on "Bogey's" — particularly on Bogart's characterization in THE BIG SLEEP. This is where the dark glasses in the French film comes from. And the nihilistic humor. And the amorality. When society gives you nothing to live for, what is left but the movies?) Howard Hawks directed. 1946.

WARNING: This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)

#59085
5p

CINEMA

GUILD & STUDIO

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

Copyright 1966, Berkeley Cinema Guild, Inc.

MUMU

CINEMA GUILD AND STUDIO
2490 Channing Way
Suite 218
Berkeley, California 94704

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Berkeley, Calif.
Permit No. 206

TIME VALUE—DATED PROGRAM

THE WAR LORD CINEMA: November 24-30

WARNING: This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)