

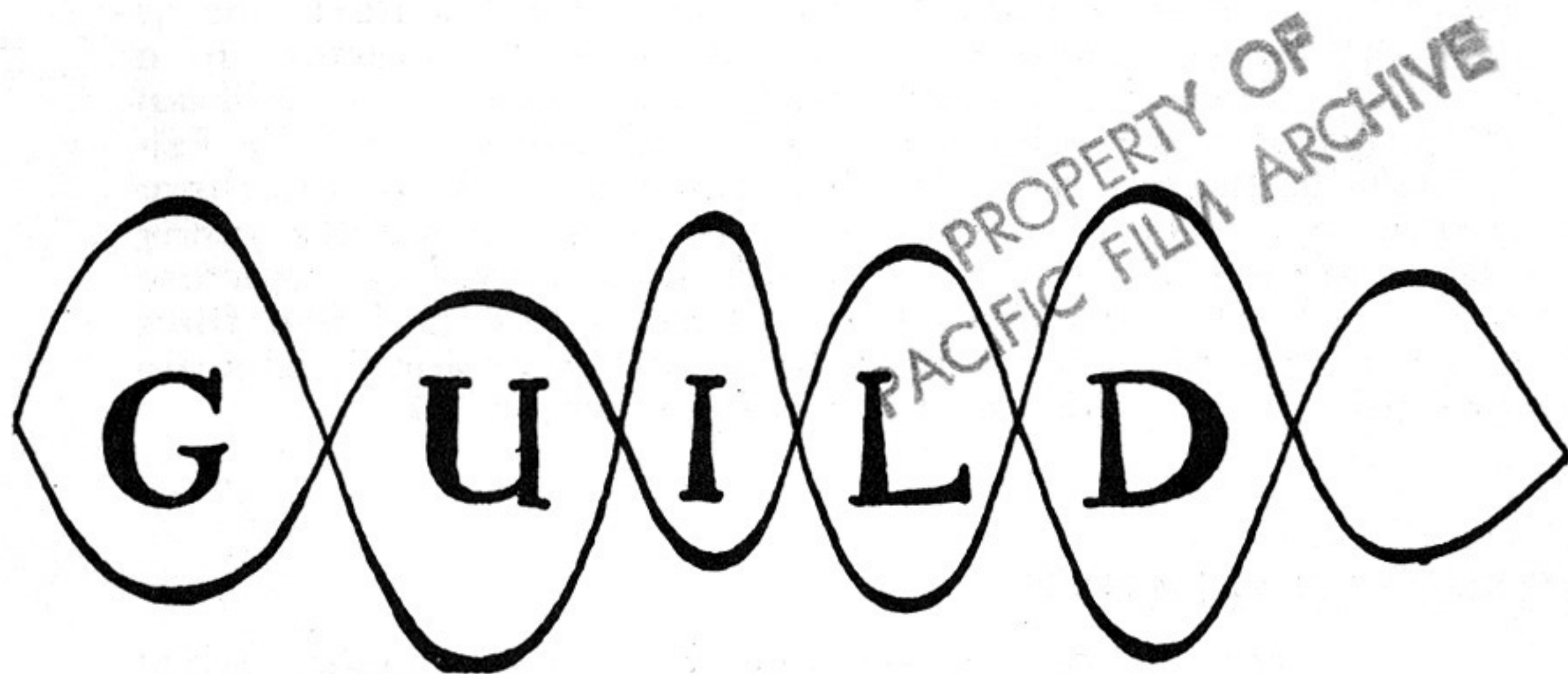
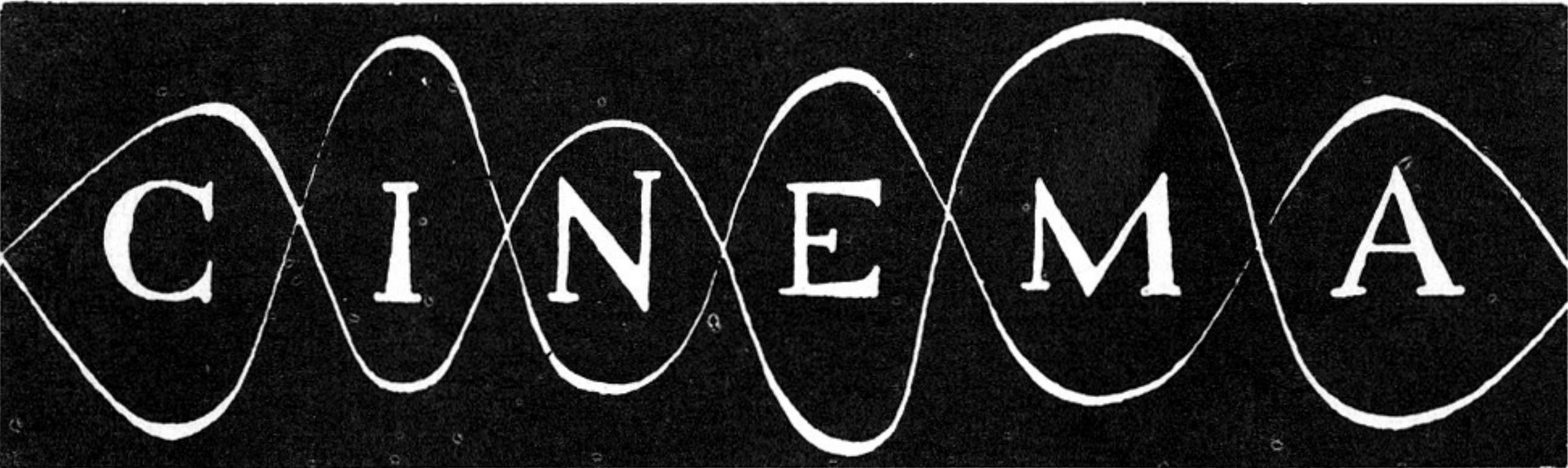
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OCTOBER • NOVEMBER • DECEMBER

17TH YEAR

1968



THE RED DESERT

THE CINEMA: Shattuck & Haste
Berkeley 848-2038

THE GATEWAY: 215 Jackson off Battery
San Francisco 421-3353



Thurs Oct 3 through Wed Oct 9

The Beatles in HELP!

The Beatles' parody of a romantic adventure, aided and abetted by Technicolor. Richard Lester directed. 1965.

and The Beatles in A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

This is the film in which Richard Lester introduced The Beatles—with considerable cinematic bravura—in semi-documentary fashion. 1964. This is your last chance to see HELP! and A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. Both are being withdrawn immediately after this engagement.

Thurs Oct 10 through Thur Oct 17

Federico Fellini's 8½

8½ is not deep, and it isn't terribly experimental; it's a semi-autobiographical work by a master craftsman—the sort of thing Cocteau did in THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS. But Fellini, younger (and heterosexual) does it with more gusto. What's it like to be a famous film director? Fellini, who should know, shows us what he goes through day after day. He plays with a variety of attitudes: he is a slave-driver and a slave to his work; regarded as an oracle, he ironically acts the part. He jollies his wife and his mistress, searches for a theme for his next movie, and most of all—since he enjoys film-making—has a good time making this one. He is at once subject and object, for his next one is the one we're seeing—the tale of a writer-director in a quandary. Once that's understood, you can enjoy it without worrying too much about theme or edification. In 8½ Fellini has surpassed himself. The camera work is dazzling: whether his director wields a whip in an incredibly funny erotic fantasy or climbs the fabulous nonsense structure erected for the finale, he's merely having fun (and few films are more fun to watch). With Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Anouk Aimee, Sandra Milo, etc. 1963.

and Alan Bates in KING OF HEARTS

Philippe De Broca's enormously successful parable of peaceful lunacy and bellicose sanity stars Alan Bates, Pierre Brasseur, Jean-Claude Brialy and Genevieve Bujold. Script by Daniel Boulanger; music by Georges Delerue. 1966. (color)

Fri Oct 18 Sat Oct 19 Sun Oct 20

Michael Winner's THE JOKERS

This witty film, in which two brothers—believing that contemporary society secretly admires the criminal and applauds his acts of lawlessness—steal the British Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, revives the great Ealing comedy tradition. Michael Crawford (of THE KNACK) and Oliver Reed (nephew of film director Carol Reed) are delightful in the leading roles. Michael Winner has paced his own script without a moment's lull for nonessential sightseeing. 1967. (color)



and Sonny and Cher in GOOD TIMES

Snappily op and pop in its visuals and sound, GOOD TIMES has lovely bits of fun scattered throughout—a ridiculous Western number, a ludicrous Tarzan take-off, and a Mickey Spillane spoof—all of them proving that Sonny doesn't have to rely on music for a living. We'd have thought the film a natural for Beatles fanciers, but for reasons beyond our ken GOOD TIMES failed to take off. Since it's going out of release, this is your last chance to catch it. William Friedkin directed. 1967. (color)

Mon Oct 21 Tues Oct 22

Richard Lester's HOW I WON THE WAR

Richard Lester's black comedy on warfare—on which he claims his hopes to be remembered rest—turned the critics off and left his admirers puzzled—ourselves among them. We decided to show it in order to take another look. With Michael Crawford as the smug World War II veteran, and Beatle John Lennon's subtle portrait of a British fascist. 1967. (color—sort of)



and MORGAN

Why analyze a comedy in which a looney, freedom-loving artist who identifies with Karl Marx and King Kong tries to keep his posh wife from divorcing him—isn't humor its own excuse for being? Yet, for all its frenzy, MORGAN left us uneasy. In David Mercer's original play the hero is in his forties; in the film he is in his twenties; once you realize this, the work comes into focus. Morgan's political values and pop culture associations—his planting of hammer and sickle flower beds, his identification with King Kong—are products of the period between the wars. In a man who hasn't lived through Stalinism, fascism, the war in Spain or World War II, Morgan's actions are simply zany; in a man of forty they are infinitely poignant. By reducing Morgan's age, the film destroys the point of what he is—a man driven mad by the tug of his talent and the social pressures of his era. What remains is hilarious, and we should, perhaps, be grateful for that; but we tend to question the value of humor achieved at the expense of meaning. With Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, Robert Stephens, Irene Handl, etc. Karel Reisz directed. 1966.

Wed Oct 23 Thurs Oct 24

BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S

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

Fri Oct 25 through Thurs Oct 31
Catharine Deneuve in Roman Polanski's REPULSION

Roman Polanski, enfant terrible of the Polish cinema, whose brilliant study of Devil worship, ROSEMARY'S BABY, knocked everyone for a loop, used the whole cinematic lexicon to perplex and terrify viewers in this psychological horror film about a beautiful sexually repressed French girl sharing a London flat with her sexually active sister. Polanski, who understands his craft almost too well, uses visual symbols throughout: an uneaten, decaying rabbit symbolizes the heroine's fetid sexuality; walls cracking with chilling sound effects, hands thrusting through them, show us that her mind is going. The imaginary events are triggered and counterpointed by real ones: two overheard copulation sequences and, finally, a couple of nasty, beautifully foreshadowed, murders. The concluding shot (shades of Orson Welles' rosebud!) picks up a childhood photograph to provide the clue to what set the girl off in the first place. Script and direction by Polanski. 1965.

and Antonioni's THE RED DESERT

(IL DESERTO ROSSO) THE RED DESERT, one of the most subtly ravishing films ever produced, is an extraordinarily cinematic, not to say painterly, experience. Antonioni's subjective use of color, his muted approach to the impact of advanced technology on human beings, is unlike anything ever before attempted on film. This is among those rare works of cinema whose level of achievement is too high to yield itself on a single viewing—it must be savored and absorbed. With Monica Vitti as Giuliana, Richard Harris as Corrado. Photography by Carlo di Palma. Antonioni collaborated with Tonino Guerra on the script. **GRAND PRIX, VENICE, 1965.**

Fri Nov 1 Sat Nov 2 Sun Nov 3

Francesco Rosi's THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH will almost certainly remain the definitive cinematic treatment of bullfighting. Its theme, however, is not merely the ritual instant in which bull and matador face death, but the wretched Spanish peasant's ironic reward for the courage with which he faces the overwhelming challenges of daily life. The young hero, played by Spain's 3rd ranking matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin, escapes from arduous labor on his ancestral farm to six months of backbreaking, unremunerative toil in the city—until he decides to pit his nerve and strength against the bulls. His spectacular, unorthodox technique dazzles the crowds: Miguelin fights bulls seated, cornered, and on his knees; he places his open palm against their foreheads as they prepare to charge. Fortune's darling, he buys a villa and fast cars; society courts him; women throw themselves at him. But to his impresario he remains a valuable property: the crowds are eager to buy his courage: there is always another corrida. As his nerve wears thin, Miguelin begins to look forward to retirement. It comes per-

and

Tony Richardson's A TASTE OF HONEY

This cinematically eloquent evocation of Shelagh Dalaney's play is Tony Richardson's finest film. A TASTE OF HONEY has fire, poetry and a wistfulness the play lacked, and the final **trouville** of the sparkler to symbolize the theme is

manently, at 26, on the horns of a dying bull. The heart of THE MOMENT OF TRUTH is the social reality of Spain. The sense of the land—its yellow wheatfields, the hot, dusty roads, the hooded religious processions, the hard eyes of putas in working-class dives—pervades its images. And, although its implications transcend the corrida, the film can scarcely be accused of neglecting it. Never before has bullfighting photography been so intimate, so stunningly edited, so cruelly truthful in close-up. "The cameramen," as one critic put it, "have shot all of the bull but its pain." If the matador's craft is truly as Rosi depicts it—and no one who sees the film is likely to doubt it—Miguelin is one matador who may yet make it to old age; he has the personality and talent to succeed in that scarcely less deadly corrida—the movies. Despite some minor flaws, THE MOMENT OF TRUTH is as close to a great film as any we've seen in recent years. Francesco Rosi, co-directing with Antonio Cervi, wrote the script. 1965. (color)

A TASTE OF HONEY

unforgettable. Rita Tushingham's touchingly unsentimental Jo made her a star. With Dora Bryan as the mother, Murray Melvin as the homosexual, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, etc. 1962.

Mon Nov 4 Tues Nov 5 Wed Nov 6 Thurs Nov 7

Albert Finney's CHARLIE BUBBLES

This completely honest and original film about a famous writer from a bleak industrial town who cannot come to terms with success is Albert Finney's first directorial effort. Although Renata Adler, the NEW YORK TIMES new film critic, called CHARLIE BUBBLES "the first really fine movie

of the year," and compared it to BLOW UP, it has scarcely been shown. With Albert Finney in the title role, Colin Blakely, Billy Whitelaw, Liza Minelli, etc. Shelagh Delaney wrote the script. 1968 (color)



and

A THOUSAND CLOWNS

Herb Gardner's play about the non-conformist writer who prefers life on welfare to daily death as a well-paid hack is too well-known to require comment. The film comes close to doing justice to the play—which is high praise indeed.

Jason Robards and Barbara Harris are magnificent. With Martin Balsam, Barry Gordon, Gene Saks, etc. Fred Coe directed. 1965.

Fri Nov 8 Sat Nov 9 Sun Nov 10

Jacques Tati's MY UNCLE

(MON ONCLE) The trouble with MY UNCLE is that one often appreciates what Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that Rene Clair and Chaplin satirized in A NOUS LA LIBERTE and MODERN TIMES, but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern efficiency, hygiene and design have produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passers-by will fall into their lamp-post trap; the little old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the won-

derful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads in the circular windows become eyes looking out. But by focusing on the warm, friendly uncle, Tati forfeits a genuinely satisfying development of his theme. (What is missing is the Arpel family's rejection of their dreary modern "amenities"—a denouement at which the film barely hints.) It is nevertheless a tribute to Tati's genius that even when he gets off on the wrong foot he all but makes you forget it by overwhelming you with laughter. **ACADEMY AWARD, BEST FOREIGN FILM, 1958.** (color)

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, con-man 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 paper-hangers. "This," she announces, "is the worst insult I've 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.

Mon Nov 11 Tues Nov 12

Sandy Dennis in UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

The story of a compassionate teacher's ordeal in a slum district school, UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE is an honest social document that is also a work of art. The film has everything—a precise, economical script; flawless performances; taut, unobtrusive direction. Drawn along the axis of its central character, the many vignettes build to a powerhouse of a climax. Audiences should continue to respond to

it for generations. (Released at roughly the same time, TO SIR, WITH LOVE, a stickily sentimental film with a similar theme, did most of the business, but STAIRCASE is the one art audiences should see.) Sandy Dennis gives one of the finest film performances ever recorded. Robert Mulligan directed from the novel by Bel Kaufman. 1967. (color)

and

Sidney Poitier in PRESSURE POINT

Based on a story in Robert Lindner's THE 50-MINUTE HOUR, PRESSURE POINT links the paranoia of an American Nazi to that of a black patient who hates whites. Sidney Poitier plays the Negro psychiatrist, Bobby Darin the Nazi, and

Peter Falk the younger man in charge of the disturbed Negro patient. Script by Hubert Cornfield and S. Lee Pogostin. Cornfield directed. 1962.



Wed Nov 13 Thurs Nov 14

Dame Edith Evans in Bryan Forbes' THE WHISPERERS

At 79, Edith Evans took the Best Actress Award at the BERLIN FILM FESTIVAL for her performance here; restrained in her dottiness, ever alert to the voices that keep her company, her hallucinating old lady on public welfare even manages to suggest femininity. When her somewhat younger husband, returned to her briefly through the welfare department's efforts to relieve their loneliness, asks the reason for her cold-

ness to him, she draws herself up and whispers, "You left me!" There are other shafts of humor: hearing a broadcast on the plight of the aged, the old lady is so far from identifying her lot with theirs that she shakes her head and twitters, "Poor dears!" Eric Portman, Nanette Newman, Gerald Sim, Avis Bunnage, etc., are excellent in minor roles. Script and direction by Bryan Forbes. 1967.



and

Orson Welles' THE TRIAL

On this occasion, we combed our THESAURUS for a word more apt than "direction." We didn't find it, and Orson Welles' orgy on Kafka's themes has to be seen to be

believed. With Anthony Perkins as Mr. K., Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Suzanne Flon, Akim Tamiroff, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself, 1963.

Fri Nov 15 Sat Nov 16 Sun Nov 17

Fellini's JULIET OF THE SPIRITS

This companion piece to 8½ is a trifle rotten at the core: Fellini's casting of his own wife in the patently autobiographical role of the discarded spouse of a famous husband is in monumentally bad taste. That Fellini should have been inhibited in writing the part was to be expected; for Giulietta Masina to have been less than frumpy and masochistic in playing it demanded heroism beyond her capacities. It is therefore all the more remarkable that JULIET OF THE SPIRITS comes off as a film of astonishing quality. Visually,

it's flawless—the finest color film since CHUSHINGURA. Scene after scene is a tour-de-force: the startling sequence of the androgynous seer; Sandra Milo's treetop love nest with its hand-drawn elevator and post-amatory pool; the heroine's childhood memory of martyrdom, with its fluttering red paper flames; the exquisitely pastel turn-of-the-century sequences with her grandfather. We do wish Fellini would go back to making more coherent films, but we're far from sorry to have seen JULIET! 1966.



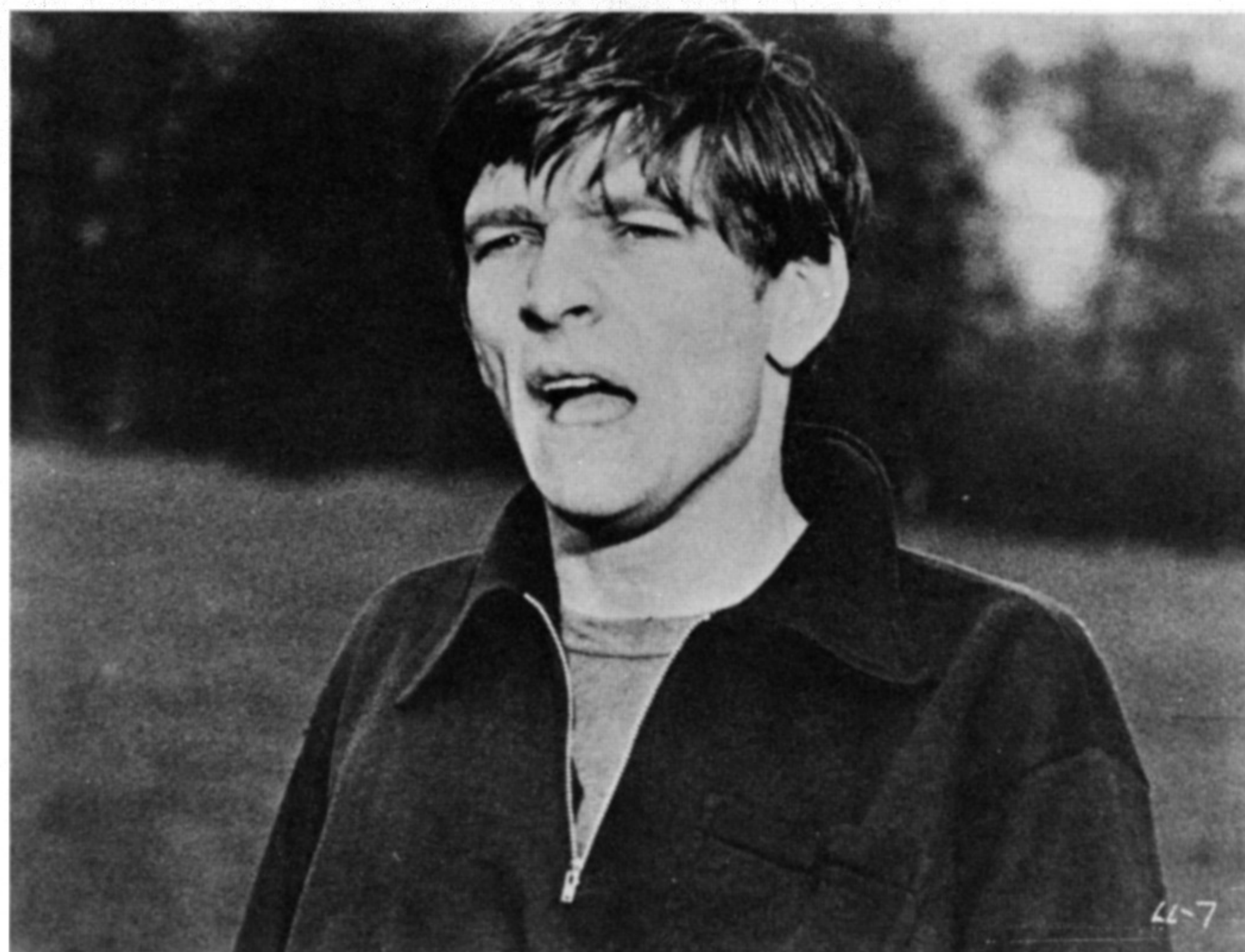
and A Short

Mon Nov 18 Tues Nov 19

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER

Alan Sillitoe's saga of a talented lower-class rebel, filmed by Tony Richardson in blatant imitation of Truffaut's directorial style without a trace of Truffaut's warmth or lyricism. Richardson's frantic direction (the film is a visual St. Vitus' dance) suggests a man totally devoid of film sense who took to heart the dictum that films should move without ever asking himself why, or in what circumstances.

(His technique of cutting in and out of flashbacks without warning doesn't help matters.) Fortunately, Richardson—a good stage director—knows how to handle actors, and the film is finally carried by Tom Courtenay's bitterly hard-grained performance. Michael Redgrave is almost equally brilliant in the detestable role of the sports-minded Governor. Sillitoe adapted his own short story. 1963.



and

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

Carson McCullers' writing is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet with a lyricism rarely found on the screen. The theme is human isolation and the need to identify with something; the form is a fugue. No work has ever come so close to being the definitive text of the human comedy, junior division. Miss McCullers has written of her qualms about putting this lyric tragi-comedy on the stage: "The funniness and the grief are often co-existent in a single line and I did not know how audiences would respond to this." Stage audiences

responded with delight, but the movie audience, puzzled and suspicious of these goings-on, rejected the work. Julie Harris recreates her stage role as the dreamy, fierce tomboy torn between childish pleasure and adolescence. Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde add their loneliness to hers. Fred Zinnemann's direction sustains a fine nervous intensity. (Our print restores Ethel Water's account of her life with her husband—a twenty-minute sequence considered too risqué for general audiences.) 1952.

Wed Nov 20 Thurs Nov 21 Fri Nov 22 Sat Nov 23 Sun Nov 24

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)

and

Alfred Hitchcock's THE BIRDS

Hitchcock's encounter with some birds at Bodega Bay is among the most frightening movies ever made. The script is

based on the novel by Daphne Du Maurier. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren. 1963. (color)

Mon Nov 25 Tues Nov 26

David Lean's GREAT EXPECTATIONS

No one who has seen its terrifying opening, when Pip chances upon the convict Magwitch in the swamp, or Pip's rescue of Estella from Miss Havisham's cobwebbed mansion, is likely to forget his first experience of a real film based on a Dickens novel. As a film director, David Lean is to Dickens what Cruikshank's illustrations are to the text—it's hard to see how he could be bettered. Somehow, Lean and his co-adaptors managed to get a comprehensive story-line out of the book and onto the screen, to evoke the special,

sumptuous Dickens atmosphere, and to cast the roles to perfection: Pip is played by Anthony Wager and then John Mills; Estella by Jean Simmons and then Valerie Hobson; Anthony Pocket by Alec Guinness; Magwitch by Finlay Currie; Miss Havisham by Martita Hunt; Joe Gargary by Bernard Miles; and Jaggers, that most alarming upholder of the law, by Francis L. Sullivan. Three Academy Awards. 1946.



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 stands alone goes from depravity through paranoia to total disintegration. Bogart's companions are a toothless Walter Huston as a salty prospector

and Tim Holt as a blunt, honest young man. Bogart's character is enough fate for anyone, but it has its outward 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.

Wed Nov 27 Thurs Nov 28

GENEVIEVE

Genevieve is a venerable motor vehicle, a 1904 Darracq; the English film GENEVIEVE has become a venerable little vehicle in its own right. John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan ride the Darracq, racing against Kenneth More and Kay Kendall in a 1904 Spyker. That the two men should be testing their masculine prowess in these antiques gives the

comedy a double-edge of human absurdity. An unobtrusively accomplished actor, Kenneth More is wonderfully smug and infuriating; Kay Kendall is quite irresistible as the trumpet-playing model. Story and screenplay by William Rose (who, surprisingly, is American). Produced and directed by Henry Cornelius. 1953. (color)

and

Robert Dhery's LA BELLE AMERICAINE

This gigantic comic improvisation is one of the funniest French films ever made. Dhery, a factory worker answering an ad for an inexpensive automobile, returns with an enormous custom-built American car (La Belle Americaine). It's assumed to have been stolen, but presently we discover that a deceased millionaire had used it to squire his mistress about; his wife, as executrix of the estate, deliberately gave it away. Out of this central comic situation everything flows—and goes haywire. Dhery is fired because his car is more grandiose than that of his boss, and finds himself job-hunting in an automobile a diplomat might envy. The

former mistress sees the car on TV and hires Dhery as chauffeur in order to drive it past the wife's window; when he balks, she locks him in the car trunk overnight. Dhery's zany invention builds incessantly in the manner of the best silent comedies. If his film lacks the subtle pathos that is the glory of Chaplin and Tati, this is a minor enough objection in a work that holds its own against all but the very greatest visual comedies. With that marvellous French clown, Louis de Funes, in the dual role of a suspicious police inspector and his twin brother, and Colette Brosard as Dhery's wife. 1960.

Fri Nov 29 Sat Nov 30 Sun Dec 1

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 are we 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

WHITE VOICES

Condemned practically in toto by puritanical reviewers, WHITE VOICES seemed to us among the most charming ribald comedies in years. In 18th Century Italy, male sopranos (castratos) were much in vogue. Paolo Ferreri, the film's impoverished, young hero, bribes the surgeon not to perform the operation on him, and is at first frustrated and unhappy in his hoax. Soon, however, he discovers that his position allows him entry into the homes of the wealthy

and he takes advantage of their wives until he renders one pregnant. The ladies, played by Sandra Milo, Anouk Aimee, Graziella Granata, Jeanne Valerie and Jacqueline Sassard, are gorgeously photographed in the low-cut gowns of the period. With Philippe Leroy, Leopoldo Trieste, Cludio Gora, Jean Tissier, etc. Co-directed by Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Franciosa. 1965. (color)



Mon Dec 2 Tues Dec 3

Bryan Forbes' KING RAT

KING RAT, one of the most remarkable motion pictures ever produced, studies some of the contemporary implications of aristocracy among British and American POW's in the microcosm of a Japanese prison camp. At Changi, where men live on the edge of starvation and medicine is unavailable, only the sly, ingenious and tough-minded survive. Monarch of this world is King Rat (George Segal), a slum-bred American noncom who works all the angles. An anti-hero so complex his motives could be discussed by the hour, he successfully contrives to secure food, clothing, medicine, luxuries. In a world where everyone starves, he dines; where people live in filth, he is immaculate; where others cannot serve themselves, he is served. And those who serve him, eat. Neither hero nor villain, he is a fascinating blend of altruism and the adaptive ultimate. The society in which he lives is equally complex; there are the aristocrats, tolerant of corruption, in charge of doling out the inadequate rations; there is master sergeant Tom Courtenay, the sharply observed representative of Labor, who conceives of his mission in life as seeing to it that everyone is equal. (A strange film indeed, in which Courtenay—the only incorruptible character—is the villain!) Finally, there is the complicated relationship between Segal and James Fox, a naive young upper-class Britisher, which constitutes the film's core.

Fox, who speaks Malay, helps Segal extend his black market operations beyond the camp. Later, Segal saves Fox's gangrened arm. Since expediency doesn't require it, this is the film's point of maximum complexity—why? As hostilities in the world beyond Changi cease, they resume for the camp's former inmates. All relations go into reverse: rank—social and military—regains its meaning. Fox's gratitude, however, extends beyond Changi; he rushes to Segal to confirm his friendship. But Segal stonily returns to the dog-eat-dog society that never taught him to transcend survival. This great film, in our opinion the finest of 1965, has been avoided by art audiences—the stunning international cast guaranteed wide release, and misleading publicity suggested another STALAG 17. (Actually it is an up-to-date companion piece to GRAND ILLUSION.) Bryan Forbes, who adapted James Clavell's novel and directed, recreates Changi's startling, wholly self-consistent, world in all its grotesque harshness. Everything about the film is first-rate—the savage humor (Segal raises rats exclusively for the officer's mess), the acting, the camerawork, the impeccable direction. Best of all, the ambiguities of human relations are left unsimplified: no two viewers will see KING RAT in quite the same way.

and

THE HUSTLER

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 Felton, 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 melo-

dramatic 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**

Wed Dec 4 Thurs Dec 5

LA DOLCE VITA

Fellini's enormously successful epic on the fleshpots of Rome. We're still hunted by the suicide of the rich intellectual, Steiner, and the wasp-swarm of **paparazzi** about his grief-

stricken widow. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anita Ekberg, Anouk Aimee, Alain Cuny, Dorian Grey, etc. 1960.

Fri Dec 6 Sat Dec 7 Sun Dec 8

Jules Dassin's TOPKAPI

As a director, Jules Dassin suffers from a number of weaknesses: his straight thrillers (RIFIFI) tend to be pretentious; his love stories (PHAEDRA) are schmaltzy; and his political films (HE WHO MUST DIE) are stickily sentimental. TOPKAPI, a comedy-thriller that allowed him to sidestep his weaknesses, is the best film of his career. The story deals with the theft of a priceless emerald-encrusted dagger from Istanbul's impregnable national museum. Melina Mercouri is delightful as the nymphomaniacal jewel thief. Das-

sin surrounds her with a first-rate cast: Maximilian Schell as her lover, Robert Morley as an eccentric inventor, Akim Tamiroff as a dipsomaniac, and Peter Ustinov at his hilarious best as a con-man schlemiel. The climatic, totally silent, 40-minute robbery is a tour-de-force not soon likely to be equalled. Script by Monja Danischewsky from Eric Ambler's THE LIGHT OF DAY. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. 1964. (color)

and

NEVER ON SUNDAY

This encounter between a lighthearted Greek prostitute and an inhibited American college professor put Greek bazoukia music on the map, restored Jules Dassin's lost popularity, and made an international favorite of Melina Mercouri.

Dassin is infuriating as the American Hellenist, but Miss Mercouri's vitality and the resourcefulness of Dassin's direction more than make up for it. Music by Manos Hadjidakis. 1960.

Mon Dec 9 Tues Dec 10

Peter Watkins' PRIVILEGE

This look into the horrendous near future (the present seems to us awful enough) by the director of THE WAR GAME, presents a fabulously popular entertainer forced into the service of a fascist state. With Paul Jones, who is, in

actuality, one of England's best known young singers, Jean Shrimpton, Mark London, Max Bacon, etc. Peter Watkins directed. 1967. (color)

and

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Peter Brook's TELL ME LIES

Acclaimed in Europe, Peter Brooks' bitter polemic against American military policies has failed thus far to get the

exposure it deserves. 1967.

Wed Dec 11 Thurs Dec 12

Michael Caine in FUNERAL IN BERLIN

As usual, everyone seems out of step but us. We found THE IPCRESS FILE heavy-handed and implausible, but reviewers loved it and audiences ate it up. FUNERAL IN BERLIN, the second in the series, tautly constructed and beautifully directed, is far more sophisticated; we delighted in its subtlety. The reviewers, however, found it hard to follow, general audiences stayed away, and people interested in

art films had no way of knowing it was for them. The plot deals with the defection of a key Soviet agent, and the attempt to smuggle him out of East Berlin in a casket. The exteriors were shot on location, and Berlin has never been seen to better effect. With Michael Caine, Eva Renzi, Paul Hubschmidt; Oscar Homolka all but steals the show as the cynical Russian colonel. Guy Hamilton directed. 1966. (color)

and

Simone Signoret in THE DEADLY AFFAIR

Never one to make his spies look anything but seedy, John Le Carre here deals with a British government inspector perceptive enough when it comes to solving impersonal problems, but helpless in the face of his wife's nymphomania. As in THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD, there is a noncommitment to principle, only the accomplishment of a given job in a society bereft of clear-cut truths. The performances are first-rate: James Mason plays the inspector

with tired efficiency, Sweden's Harriet Andersson is his wife, and Maximilian Schell his wartime underground contact. The most complex portrait is that of Simone Signoret as a woman wracked and emptied by the tortures of concentration camp survival, now left to consider with chilling objectivity the question of where loyalty lies and to whom it is owed. Paul Dehn wrote the literate script. Sidney Lumet directed and produced. 1967. (color)



Fri Dec 13 Sat Dec 14 Sun Dec 15

Bruce Brown's THE ENDLESS SUMMER

Edited to 95 minutes from nine miles of film shot in the course of a three-month, 35,000 mile search for "the perfect wave," Bruce Brown might have had an all-time classic

had he merely been able to keep his mouth shut. But the film is beautiful, and that, after all, is what movies are about. 1966. (color)

and Alec Guinness in TO PARIS WITH LOVE

Alec Guinness co-stars with Odile Versois in this British comedy about a group of English vacationers in Paris. 1951.

(color)

Mon Dec 16 Tues Dec 17

Philippe De Broca's THE MALE COMPANION

(UN MONSIEUR DE COMPAGNIE) This should become the flower children's favorite film. Left penniless at the death of his uncle, De Broca's amiable hero, brought up to believe that "laziness is the mother of all virtues," sets out into the world equipped only with his charm and his carefree philosophy. It appears sufficient. Encountering a series of stunning beauties (Irina Demick, Annie Girardot, Sandra Milo, Valerie Lagrange) and an eccentric prince addicted to model trains, he proves that the life of the lilies of the

field is not a parable. But when he truly falls in love (with Catharine Deneuve) he abandons irresponsibility for the nightmarish labor of an iron smelterer. (A reverse twist makes this denouement hip.) Jean-Pierre Cassel plays the companionable hero, Jean-Claude Brialy the eccentric prince. De Broca, who earlier made KING OF HEARTS and THAT MAN FROM RIO, directed with his usual comic brio. 1966. (color)

and Theodore J. Flicker's THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST

In his first major studio production, Theodore J. Flicker takes on the Establishment with a forthrightness heretofore restricted to stage and cabaret. Freewheeling and outrageous, THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST is laced with a sophisticated zaniness that is sheer delight. With James Coburn as the

analyst who becomes highly interesting to American and foreign intelligence, Godfrey Cambridge, Severn Darden, Joan Delaney, etc. Flicker directed his own script. 1967. (color)

Wed Dec 18 Thurs Dec 19

EAST BAY PREMIERE: NAKED AMONG THE WOLVES

This East German production, the finest film on this subject to date, deals truthfully with concentration camp sociology toward the end of World War II. Since the story concerns the efforts of inmates to save the life of a 3-year-old Jewish boy smuggled into Buchenwald at a time when some guards found it politic to make friends among the prisoners, the treatment—though stark and documentary in style—avoids

the sadistic. The magnificently photographed climax, in which thousands of escaping inmates rush toward the camera, gradually filling the screen with hysterical joy, is among the most triumphant of all time. Bruno Apitz, a former Buchenwald inmate, adapted his own novel. Frank Beyer directed. 1967.

and Euripides' ELECTRA

This stark version of Euripides' tragedy by the director of ZORBA THE GREEK combines striking black and white com-

positions with a great performance by Irene Papas. Michael Cacoyannis directed. 1962.

Fri Dec 20 Sat Dec 21 Sun Dec 22

Alec Guinness in THE LADYKILLERS

This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes hilarious fantasy; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. When it's over, you realize that even the actors have been having a rollicking good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of the horrendous gang. Katie Johnson

is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly absurd. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Peter Sellers, etc. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. 1956. (color)

and Alec Guinness as THE PROMOTER

Denry the audacious, the opportunist who rises from washer-woman's son to town mayor through devious and ingenious scheming, is probably Guinness' most ingratiating role—he even gets the girl (Petula Clark, who has made quite a name for herself since). His performance is neatly matched against Glynis Johns' portrait of a female opportunist—a baby-faced, husky-voiced dancing teacher who latches on

to wealth and a title. Eric Ambler adapted Arnold Bennett's satire on business methods and class barriers, originally called THE CARD; it makes a wonderfully satisfying comedy. With that triumph of enduring beauty, Valerie Hobson, as the Duchess of Chell (looking as lovely here as in the 1935 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN. Roland Neame directed. 1952.

Mon Dec 23 Tues Dec 24 at the Cinema

Jean-Paul Belmondo as THAT MAN FROM RIO

(L'HOMME DE RIO) This is the finest, most sophisticated, adventure parody ever produced. Belmondo is the hero-in-spite-of-himself, Françoise Dorléac his preposterously demanding mistress. Rio and Brazilia, gorgeously photographed by Edmond Sechan, are the backdrop for 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. 1964. (color)

and 4 CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDIES

THE FIREMAN THE FLOORWALKER
In THE FIREMAN, one of the early Mutual comedies, Chaplin wrecks the fire department but saves the girl. In THE FLOORWALKER, he tangles with shoplifters and embezzlers in a department store. THE IMMIGRANT, the most celebrated film of Chaplin's Mutual period, is devastating satire:

THE IMMIGRANT THE PAWNSHOP

i.e., the moment they glimpse the Statue of Liberty, an official ropes the immigrants in. In THE PAWNSHOP the tramp teeters on ladders, disembowels a clock, and scrubs a goldfish.

Mon Dec 23 Tues Dec 24 at the Gateway

Jean-Paul Belmondo as THAT MAN FROM RIO

and 4 CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDIES

THE ADVENTURER BEHIND THE SCREEN THE CURE EASY STREET
In THE ADVENTURER, 1917, the last of his Mutual comedies, Chaplin is an escaped convict who masquerades as an aristocrat. In the film's funniest bit, he transforms himself into a standing lamp. In BEHIND THE SCREEN he parodies pie-throwing comedies. In THE CURE, an acrobatic and

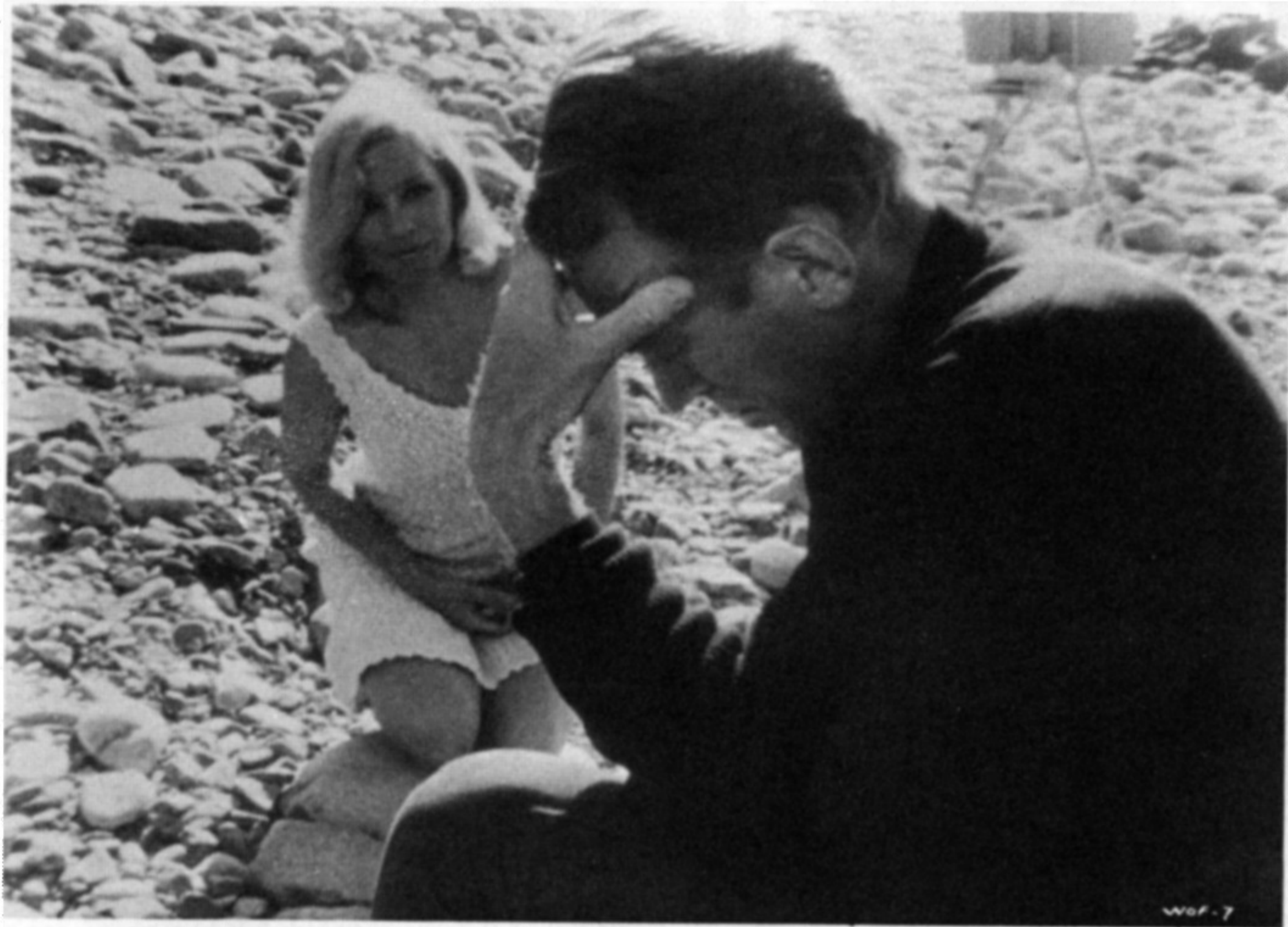
balletic delight, he swings at puritans, prohibitionists, health resorts, and Swedish masseurs. EASY STREET—a masterpiece —is a satire on evangelism, police ineffectuality, tough guys and dope fiends.

Wed Dec 25 through Tues Dec 31

Ingmar Bergman's THE HOUR OF THE WOLF

Bergman sometimes takes his titles from proverbs that later turn out to be made up by him. THE HOUR OF THE WOLF, "when most children are born, and most people die," sounds like another of his inventions. A "chamber piece," the story deals with a schizoid artist (Max Von Sydow) whose pregnant wife (Liv Ullman) finds his diary—whose events may have transpired only in his imagination (Bergman shows them on over-exposed film)—into which the wife seems to be drawn. There then follow scenes of painful non-communication between the protagonists in which the wife reveals uncertainty over whether what she read ever actually took place. (We're uncertain whether her involvement in the action took place either!) In the end, she asks how, and whether, she has failed her husband—a curiously irrelevant

question if he is indeed insane. The diary scenes of the decaying noble family in their island castle, their cunning evil and horrible transformations—the men turning into predatory birds, Naima Wifstrand pulling off her ancient face and dropping her eyes into crystal goblets—made our flesh crawl, but we confess some impatience at Bergmans almost self-pitying self-indulgence. We also wish that Ingrid Thulin, who plays the artist's former mistress, would forego shedding her clothes at every opportunity. Though the other characters claim to be spellbound by her beauty, she's no longer that attractive, and the camera is pitiless toward physical defects. Script and direction by Ingmar Bergman. 1968.



and Ingmar Bergman's PERSONA

Bergman's most recent film is about an actress who won't talk, her nurse (who can't stop talking), and their exchange of personalities. A single viewing scarcely exhausts PERSONA'S implications, and if you're like us, you'll want to take a second look. One sequence, in which the nurse

tells of an orgy in which she once participated, goes further than anything outside of hard-core pornography. With Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullman, Margaretha Krook, Gunnar Bjornstrand. Script and direction by Ingmar Bergman. 1967.



THE MALE COMPANION

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