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JANUARY • FEBRUARY • MARCH 1967 16TH YEAR

CINEMA GUILD AND STUDIO

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CINEMA
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GUILD
Telegraph at Haste

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

DEC. 29

Harold Pinter's THE GUEST (THE CARETAKER)*

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 Pleasence). Out of these manuscript materials (a house cluttered with useless furnishings and unconnected

and THE HAUNTING*

Robert Wise, former assistant director to Orson Welles, applied what he learned from great prestidigitator in this chilling study of a group of specialists in ex-t-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 Gidding adapted the screenplay from Shirley Jackson's novel, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE. With Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn. 1963.

DEC. 29

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

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 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 cast 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 something of the feeling, a bitter taste 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 preposterous 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.

MARRIAGE, ITALIAN STYLE*

(FILOMENA MARTURANO) MARRIAGE ITALIAN STYLE is a comedy-drama dealing with problems of class and status in the escapade-of-again relationship between a frightened prostitute of peasant stock and a smug upper-class Italian male. As the long-suffering female seeking legitimation for her children, Sophia Loren gives a superb tragi-comic performance; Marcello Mastroianni plays the selfish lover she outwits with style and desperation. Eduardo De Filippo adapted his own play. Vittorio De Sica directed. 1965. (color)

and THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET*

Robbery, Italian style. In this satire on RIFIFI a gang of stumblebums tries to find a police station pilot a caper. Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Toto and Renato Salvatori head the fabulous cast. Script by Suso Cecchi D'Amico, Age Scarpelli and Mario Monicelli, Monicelli directed. **AWARD WINNER at LOCARNO, SAN SEBASTIAN and BORDIGHERA FILM FESTIVALS.** 1960.

Thurs. 5 — Fri. 6 — Sat. 7 — Sun. 8 — Mon. 9 — Tues. 10 — Wed. 11

Jean Renoir's THE RULES OF THE GAME*

(LA REGLE DU JEU) A group of aristocrats and moneyed people gather at a chateau for a hunt. The hunt takes place: beaters drive the rabbits toward the guests who shoot. But somehow the hunt doesn't end with the rabbits; it continues through the rooms and halls of the chateau. This hectic and strangely upsetting comedy offers a shattering view of pre-World War II decadence. Written and directed by Renoir, who also plays a leading role, the film was banned by Vichy as "immoral" and has never had a wide audience, although a poll of 63 international film critics selected it as one of the ten best films of all time. A component piece to the director's earlier GRAND ILLUSION, THE RULES OF THE GAME — subtler, more intimate — is full of a harrowing gayety. Rarely has a work of art so devastatingly foreshadowed the eclipse of a ruling class: one year later, in a lightning campaign of six weeks duration, the Nazis imposed their New Order on France. With Marcel Dalio, Renoir, Mila Parely, Gaston Modot, Carette, etc. 1939.

and Jean Renoir's A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

(PARTIE DE CAMPAGNE) An innocent young girl comes of age in this exquisite short story film shot in 1937. Then lost and rediscovered after the war, in the late 19th Century a merchant (Gabrielle) takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced — the one delightedly, the other tremblingly, like a captured bird. Renoir plays the innkeeper. In originality and feeling, though not in scope, the work ranks with his greatest (LA GRANDE ILLUSION, LA REGLE DU JEU). Visually, it captures the impressionist period; in tone, it accomplishes a transformation from light, nostalgic comedy to despair. The music is by Kosma. (To assess the full measure of Renoir's genius — he directed his own adaptation of de Maupassant's story — read the original.)

Thurs. 12 — Fri. 13 — Sat. 14 — Sun. 15 — Mon. 16 — Tues. 17 — Wed. 18

Laurence Olivier in PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*

This 1940 production of Jane Austen's exquisite comedy of manners is among the most charming movies ever made. Brought to the screen with a felicity rare in adaptations, its rather overwhelming cast performs with delicacy and precision. Aldous Huxley's screenplay is his best work in film — perhaps in any medium. Laurence Olivier is perfect as the proud Mr. Darcy; as the prejudiced Elizabeth, Greer Garson has never been lovelier or better. (Those familiar with the film, Sophia Loren gives a superb tragi-comic performance; Marcello Mastroianni plays the selfish lover she outwits with style and desperation. Eduardo De Filippo adapted his own play. Vittorio De Sica directed. 1965. (color)

and THE MIKADO

Malice, Victorian style, with decor of the finest counterfeit Japanese — the D'Oyly Carte performers bounce through Gilbert & Sullivan's lyrical parody of the institutions of law and justice. Martyn Green's giddy Lord High Executioner and Sydney Granville's thunderous Pooh-Bah are just about perfect, and even anti-Gilbert & Sullivanites will have a hard time resisting the hirsute charms of Katisha. As box-office lure, Kenny Baker was tossed in as Nanki-Poo; he is passable. Produced in London in 1939 under Victor Schertzinger's direction. (color)

Thurs. 19 — Fri. 20 — Sat. 21 — Sun. 22 — Mon. 23 — Tues. 24 — Wed. 25

A THOUSAND CLOWNS*

Herb Gardner's play about the non-conformist writer who prefers living on welfare to dying daily as a well-paid hack is too well known to require much comment. Once you've said that the film does justice to the play — and it does —

and 4 CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDIES*

The Count — THE COUNT, one of Chaplin's masterpieces for the Mutual Company, is the tramp — a tailor's apprentice — finds an invitation to a swanky ball in a pair of trousers and attends in the guise of an aristocrat. In THE ROUNDERS, he and Fatty Arbuckle go out for a night on the town. THE TRAMP is generally considered Chaplin's first incarnation of the miliar only with her saccharine later career en in far a revelation.) Melville Cooper is outstanding among a group of supporting players that includes Edna May Oliver (we love old movies because they sometimes offer a glimpse of her), Edmund Gwenn as the father, Martha Hunt, Karen Morley, Frieda Inescourt, etc. Mary Boland strikes the one false note by overplaying the mother. Robert Z. Leonard directed.

The Rounders — there's little to be added. Jason Robards and Barbara Harris are most delightful. With Martin Balsam, Barry Gordon, Gene Saks, etc. Fred Coe directed. 1965.

The Tramp — figure whose special blend of comedy and pathos brought him world-wide fame. THE VAGABOND utilizes musical-comedy movies about rich children stolen and brought up by gypsies, and pokes fun at academic painters and the popular conception of the artist.

The Vagabond — 1916.

Thurs. 26 — Fri. 27 — Sat. 28 — Sun. 29 — Mon. 30 — Tues. 31 — FEB. 1 — Thurs. 2 — Wed. 25 — Fri. 3

Fellini's JULIET OF THE SPIRITS*

This companion piece to 8½ is a trifle rotten at the core: Fellini's having his own wife play the patently autobiographical role of the discarded spouse of a famous husband is fundamentally in bad taste. That Fellini should have been inhibited in writing the part was to be expected; for Giulietta Masina to be less frumpy and masochistic in playing it required a heroism beyond her capacities. It therefore seems to us all the more remarkable that JULIET OF THE SPIRITS comes off as a film of quite astonishing quality. Visually, it's flawless — the finest color film made anywhere 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 postomatory pool; the heroine's childhood memory of martyrdom, with its enchanting red paper flames; the exquisitely pastel turn-of-the-century sequences with her grandfather. Although we do wish Fellini would go back to making films with more coherent scripts, we're far from sorry to have seen JULIET! 1965.

and Fellini's 8½

Whatever you may have heard, 8½ is not deep, and it isn't terribly experimental; it's a semi-autobiographical work by a master craftsman — the art of thing Coleridge did in THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS. But Fellini, younger (and wonderfully satisfying) than Coleridge, is hung up on being a famous film director? Fellini, who knows better than anybody, shows what he goes through day after day. He plays with all the attitudes available to the film-maker: he is a slave-driver and a slave to his work; regarded as an oracle by those around him, 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 — he has a good time making this one. He is at once subject and object, for his next one is the one we're seeing — it's about himself, the tale of a writer-director in a quandary. That accepted and out of the way, you can sit back and 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 fabulously expensive nonsense structure erected at the end, he's merrily having fun (and few films are more fun to watch). With Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Anouk Aimee, Sandra Milo, etc. 1963.

Thurs. 5 — Fri. 6 — Sat. 7 — Sun. 8 — Mon. 9 — Tues. 10 — Wed. 11

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Dimitri Shostakovich's SONG OF OUR MOSCOW*

The great Soviet composer gets the lion's share of the credit for his infectious score in this most tuneful of Russian musicals. The plot concerns a group of Muscovites overjoyed at the prospect of new apartments who collectively hound a sly superintendent when he balks at handing over the keys. SONG OVER MOSCOW bounces, smiles, and sounds delightful. The players are unknown, but they and director Herbert Rappaport knew exactly what they were doing. Vladimir Mass and Mikhail Chervinsky wrote the script. 1964. (color)

and AN AMERICAN IN PARIS*

This is among the most charming American musicals ever produced. Gene Kelly, at the peak of his career, plays the G.I. who stays on in Paris to study art. Oscar Levant is his pianist roommate, Nina Foch the American heiress who tries to buy his affections, and Leslie Caron the French girl with whom he falls in love. Music by George Gershwin. **ACADEMY AWARD, BEST MOTION PICTURE OF 1951.** (color)

Thurs. 19 — Fri. 20 — Sat. 21 — Sun. 22 — Mon. 23 — Tues. 24 — Wed. 25

Alain Resnais' LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*

We've read a rather convincingly sustained thesis that MARIENBAD is an allegory of Franco-German relations from Napoleon to Hitler. You may prefer your own interpretation. One thing is certain: the director doesn't help you much. 1962.

and Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES*

This glittering adaptation of Balzac's story of feminine inversion is Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's first film. The son of Quinto Albicocco, the famous cameraman responsible for the photography, he is an enormously talented young man whose work often exceeds his grasp. When, as in the final sequence, he does achieve clarity, the effect is chilling. With Marie Laforet as the beautiful lesbian model, Francoise Prevost as her "protectress," and Paul Guers as her lover. 1962.

Thurs. 26 — Fri. 27 — Sat. 28 — Sun. 29 — Mon. 30 — Tues. 31 — FEB. 1 — Thurs. 2 — Wed. 25 — Fri. 3

A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY

This comedy about a titanic annual poker game in the home of its brief screen time in the back room of a saloon rather than out on the lone prairie. Sidney Carroll's script peoples that room with funny and fascinating characters: Jason Robards, who walked out on his daughter's wedding rather than be late for the game; Charles Bickford, a woman-hating undertaker; Kevin McCarthy, a lawyer who, rather than miss the game, abandoned a client facing hanging; and such expert character players as Burgess Meredith, Paul Ford, Robert Middleton and John Qualen. Henry Fonda, a final former who has sworn to give up gambling, and his wife Joanne Woodward, enter the game after it has gone on all night and the following day. Director Fielder Cook has taken full advantage of his stunning cast by playing much of the story off their trained, sensitive faces. His film proves what directors in this era of wide-screen spectaculars have generally forgotten: that a close-up of a first-rate actor can be more dramatic than a long shot of a whole tribe of Indians chasing a stage coach, and that a sly look is often funnier than reams of dialogue. 1966. (color)

and EAST BAY PREMIERE: Fellini's VARIETY LIGHTS*

This early Fellini work, a fascinating preview of almost all the themes he was to develop, deals with a seedy troupe of vaudevillians. One astonishing scene is the forerunner of the orgy sequence in LA DOLCE VITA. With Eleanora Rossi Drago, Giulietta Masina, and a cast of Fellini regulars. Credited as co-director, Alberto Lattuada's hand is nowhere in evidence. 1950.

Thurs. 12 — Fri. 13 — Sun. 15 — Mon. 16 — Tues. 17 — Wed. 18

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PREMIERE
Wolfgang Staudte's ROSES FOR THE PROSECUTOR*

In this sardonic attack on the Nazi mentality, Dr. Wilhelm Schramm (Martin Hellberg) has prosecuted and successfully concealed his Nazi past, delays issuing an arrest order for a former comrade long enough to permit him to flee the country. Although Schramm's position is relatively unassailable, an investigation looms. As luck would have it, this is the moment that Rudi Kleinschmidt — an itinerant vendor whom Schramm, in the Third Reich's last days, condemned to death for stealing a bar of chocolate — chooses to arrive in town. What follows is perfection — perceptive, hysterically funny, wonderfully satisfying. The good-natured, easy-going Kleinschmidt is anxious to live and let live; but the frightened prosecutor, suspecting a political plot to expose his past, tries to hound him out of town. Wolfgang Staudte, who wrote the script and directed, creates sharply drawn individuals who serve as archetypes of the democratic and totalitarian mentalities. The performances are masterly. Martin Held, a great German character actor, is priceless as the eminent Dr. Schramm, cementing his membership in the master race with such philosophical jewels as this one by Fichte: "We are German; **therefore** we are superior!" As the fundamentally decent Kleinschmidt, forced by the logic of circumstances to retaliate, Walter Giller is superb. With Ingrid von Bergen, Camilla Spira, Werner Peters, etc. **PRIZE FOR BEST SCRIPT AND DIRECTION, BERLIN FILM FESTIVAL, 1960.** (One would expect a film of such quality to be better known. ROSES was, however, another of the many casualties of imperceptive NEW YORK TIMES reviews. Despite raves from every other paper, THE TIMES dismissal carried the day.)

and Ugo Tognazzi as THE FASCIST*

(IL FEDERALE) Toward the close of the war in Italy, Ugo Tognazzi, a fanatical fascist, is assigned to capture Georges Wilson, a humanist intellectual suspected to head the post-war republican government. Superbly disciplined, Tognazzi succeeds in arresting Wilson but he encounters difficulties in getting him back to headquarters. What follows is a series of adventures in which the rather impractical Wilson tries to penetrate Tognazzi's quixotically idealistic, stupidly earth-bound, totalitarian shell. THE FASCIST is a very funny comedy, but, rather than explore the antagonists in depth — which might have yielded a contemporary DON QUIXOTE — the film makers settled for a hilarious, if not profoundly satisfying, entertainment. 1964.

Thurs. 9 — Fri. 10 — Sun. 12 — Sat. 11 — Mon. 13 — Sun. 12 — Tues. 14 — Mon. 13 — Wed. 15

COWBOY*

COWBOY, strangely enough, is not a Western, and only incidentally about cowboys. The story is based on MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY by Frank Harris — the same Frank Harris who wrote the scandalous, long-banned five-volume AUTOBIOGRAPHY; and the film is really the work of an adventurous intellectual and his experiences in the dramatic turn-of-the-century American West. Harris (Jack Lemmon), a Chicago hotel clerk, observes a tough, sophisticated trail boss (Glenn Ford) living it up in the city's nightclubs and swank restaurants. This, he decides, is the life for him (particularly as there's a lovely Mexican senorita traveling in Ford's party), and he signs on as his partner. The remainder of the film, which deals with the seasoning of this innocent by the rigors of the West, is frequently hilarious and always fascinating, for Harris' toughening-up process was not merely physical, but perceived by a shrewd, wily intelligence capable of extracting significance from each adventure. The finale is hysterical: joining Ford in a tubbath at the Chicago hotel where it all began, seasoned cowhand Harris helps him take pot-shots at the cockroaches on the walls. This perfectly exhilarating film is probably the best available introduction to the American West. With Anna Kashfi as the senorita, Brian Donlevy, Dick York, etc. Delmar Daves directed. 1958.

and THE SKY ABOVE, THE MUD BELOW*

Pierre Dominique Gaisseau's poetic exploration of the previously unexplored jungles of New Guinea took the **1961 ACADEMY AWARD AS THE BEST FEATURE-LENGTH DOCUMENTARY.** (color)

Thurs. 19 — Fri. 20 — Sun. 19 — Sat. 18 — Sun. 19 — Mon. 20 — Tues. 21 — Wed. 22

DARLING*

Julie Christie full-scale, in a film about the rise and fall of a fascinating bitch, yet Dirk Bogarde steals the picture from her with his stunning portrait of the writer. John Schlesinger directed. 1965.

and Laurence Olivier as THE ENTERTAINER*

No critic we know has ever adequately praised one of Laurence Olivier's greatest virtues as an actor: his capacity to project his thoughts without speech, almost without gesture, so palpably that we KNOW what he is thinking; we also know what his words belie his thoughts. A virtue almost wholly limited to film, it is this quality in Olivier's performance that lends greatness to the film version of THE ENTERTAINER. As Archie Rice, John Osborne's dissolute Irish music hall comedian who loses his son to preserve an empire that is beyond preserving, Olivier gives a performance that is a milestone in the art of acting. The direction is something else again. Tony Richardson, a stage director almost wholly lacking in film-sense, is competent when he sticks close to the play; when he tries for "cinema" he succeeds only in diffusing the script. Occasionally, the director allows the medium to aid him: moving in on Archie when the shading of a smile, a small but significant gesture, a few muttered words, are crucial. Generally, however, Richardson's capacity to shape his material seems to be guided more by will-o'-the-wisps than by an artist's imagination. But it doesn't seem to matter. THE ENTERTAINER is all Archie Rice, and Olivier's dazzling performance outweighs the film's faults and even some of its virtues: Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie and Roger Livesay are excellent in the supporting roles; in any other film they would stand out; in THE ENTERTAINER they are overwhelmed by Olivier's super-nova. 1960.

Thurs. 16 — Fri. 17 — Sat. 18 — Fri. 17 — Sun. 19 — Mon. 20 — Tues. 21 — Wed. 22

Ingmar Bergman's WINTER LIGHT*

WINTER LIGHT sternly establishes its mood: there is frost in the church, in the landscape, in people's hearts. Pastor Tomas Ericsson (Gunnar Bjornstrand) had faith in God until the death of his passionately loved wife. His problem is central to the film: since only the love he lost sustained him, he is no longer able to bring spiritual comfort to others. (It requires little insight to see that faith is not what the pastor had in the first place.) WINTER LIGHT has a sugestiveness that transcends the immediate action, but Bergman seems less concerned with religious faith than with the religious people make. At one point, with the simplicity of genius, he brings off a feat no other film director has ever had the courage or straightforwardness to attempt: as the pastor reads a letter from his anguished mistress, Bergman cuts to a close-up of her face speaking its contents. With a mood less finely sustained, such a solution would be catastrophic; in WINTER LIGHT its power is hypnotic. With Ingrid Thulin as the pastor's mistress, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, etc. Bergman directed his own script. 1963.

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.

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

JULIUS CAESAR*

MGM's camp version of Shakespeare's Roman play, with Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski playing Anthony, and a distinguished cast that knows how to handle the citement of a herd of cows chewing their cuds. The lone exception is John Gielgud, whom nothing could prevent from playing Shakespeare. (He appears to have ignored the director's instructions in toto, and the film is worth seeing solely for his Cassius.) With James Mason as Brutus, Louis Calhern as Caesar, Edmond O'Brien, Deborah Kerr, Greer Garson, and thousands of cowboys and Indians. Joseph L. Mankiewicz directed; we're tempted to credit him with the script.

Thurs. 30 — Fri. 31 — FEB. 1 — Thurs. 2 — Wed. 28 — Fri. 3

Rossellini's OPEN CITY

(ROMA, CITTA APERTA) Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with OPEN CITY, made in 1944, just after the Allies took Rome. The story is a melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the German occupation, but the film's frame rests on its extraordinary immediacy and actuality. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted as if it were a document, and mistook the magnificent Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the others for non-professionals — this despite such theatrical elements as the rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and the Hollywood-and-Vine type Gestapo chief. Shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie cut a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. (When the initial $25,000 which Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti — and the scriptwriter, Sergio Amidei — in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences.) Rossellini, who had been a leader of official realism, working with Vittorio Mussolini, was perhaps raised to the height of his powers by the historical situation; he has since come almost steadily downhill.

and Grigory Chukhrai's BALLAD OF A SOLDIER*

Aside from its excellence as a work of art, BALLAD OF A SOLDIER was among the first intimations of a willingness on the part of the Soviets to set their people humane moral and artistic standards. The themes are almost wholly implicit — wise or wily old peasants mouthing social-realist platitudes are pretty much gone. What we see are individual, socially-conscious beings in a somewhat idealized but reasonably varied society. There is almost no plot; BALLAD OF A SOLDIER tells the adventures of a young Russian soldier on furlough; but the incidents are so finely felt, so beautifully written and directed, that when the end comes and the narrator informs us that later on the boy was killed, we feel his death as a deep personal loss. This was one of the few films of recent years that gave ground for optimism about the state of Soviet culture. (There has been some backsliding since.) **GRAND PRIZES: CANNES, SAN FRANCISCO, 1960.**

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

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 does nothing to help matters.) Fortunately, Richardson — a good stage director — does know 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.

MAR. 1

and 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 as second (to POTEMKIN) of the greatest films of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. (original silent version)

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Design: Roslyn Rondelle

Sean Connery in A FINE MADNESS*

Irresistible to lady intellectuals, Samson Shillitoe, poet-genius of A FINE MADNESS, scrambles wildly in quest of greatness, dodging process-servers, mauling cops, and seducing every attractive female within his three-mile limit. As Samson, Sean Connery is far superior to the Bonded past that inevitably rubs off a bit. Unless we're much mistaken, the popular idol conceals an actor of uncommon gifts. Joanne Woodward is bright and brassy as his ever-loving bird-brain of a wife, and the girls (Jean Seberg, Colleen Dewhurst, Sue Anne Langdon) are delicious. With Patrick O'Neal as the stuffed-shirt alienist who sets out to study "genius" and winds up taking unmanly vengeance on Samson for rendering him cuckold. This is the first film by Irving Kershner, idol of the American avant-guard, which seemed to us to show marked directorial ability; the avant-guard, with predictable perversity (on this one he had a budget), thought otherwise. Elliott Baker adapted his own novel. 1966. (color)

and

Alec Guinness in THE HORSE'S MOUTH*

Joyce Carey's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. His antics were based on the marvellous, gargantuan self-destructive behavior of Carey's great friend, Dylan Thomas, and his approach to the painter was derived from the tradition of William Blake. As Gulley, Alec Guinness is truer than one dared hope, and the film's funniest scene — the destruction of the innocent patron's apartment — was wholly invented by Guinness, who deleted a death scene that might have been static on film in favor of sending the painter amusingly to limbo: Gulley measures the hull of a departing ship for another mural. By and large, this honorable adaptation of a great book suggests the poignancy of the original. With Ernest Thesiger as Hickson, Renee Houston as wily old Sarah, Kay Walsh as Coker, the conscience-ridden barmaid, and Michael Gough (wretched) as the sculptor. Ronald Neame directed; paintings by John Bratby. 1959. (color)

MAR. 2 — Fri. 3 — Sat. 4 — Sun. 5 — Mon. 6 — Tues. 7 — Wed. 8

Alec Guinness in KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

This tart, black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that comes as something of a shock: such immoral lines are not generally spoken in movies. KIND HEARTS is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. 9th in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight — a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the Duke — all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regrets as each abominable D'Ascoyne is coolly dispatched. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the mynx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, Miles Malleson as the poetasting executioner. Based on ISRAEL RANK, by Roy Horniman, adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. 1949.

and

Alec Guinness in THE LAVENDER HILL MOB

As the prim, innocuous little bank clerk with a hidden spark of non-conformity, Alec Guinness carries out the universal dream of glory: robbing the mint. A man who steals three million in gold bullion surely has the right to coin a word, and Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice, Alfie Bass and Sidney James the professional assistants, and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness' wrong-doing is a bit-player named Audrey Hepburn. T.E.B. Clarke wrote the script, Charles Crighton directed, George Auric wrote the music. It hardly seems necessary to add that sixteen years after its original release, THE LAVENDER HILL MOB remains Guinness' best comedy; we probably wouldn't tire of seeing it every six months until we died. (The film also appears to have been the inspiration for the greatest successful robbery of all time. What greater tribute can life pay to art?) 1951.

Thurs. 9 — Fri. 10 — Sat. 11

Sun. 12 — Mon. 13 — Tues. 14 — Wed. 15

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Kyoko Kishida in Ryo Kinoshita's EROTIKON 70*

(Shown in San Francisco as SCHOOL OF LOVE) Some years ago, the French sent us a pot-boiler based on their classic of sexual libertinage, LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES. While no film is likely to do the book justice, EROTIKON 70, based on a novel by Yukio Mishima, Japan's foremost living writer, suggests a more fruitful approach. Like the French novel, EROTIKON 70 is notable for its total avoidance of overt morality. Lonely and bored, a divorced young baroness of the disenfranchised pre-war nobility engages in an affair with a young male prostitute working in a bar for sexual deviates. Utterly indifferent, he bestows on her the self-contempt she craves. (It is precisely on his indifference to her passion that her passion feeds.) She moves him into her apartment, indulges his every appetite, even endorses his affair with her own niece. Yet he himself, by betraying a weakness from which she is aristocratically exempt, liberates her from her degrading subservience, and the film ends, without cruelty, in irony and self-perception — the greatest, certainly the most civilized, erotic work in cinema. As the aristocratic divorcee, intense, haunting Kyoko Kishida (the heroine of WOMAN IN THE DUNES) gives as exquisitely painful performance. Sensual, exotically beautiful, she is easily the most exciting Japanese actress since Machiko Kyo. Tsutomu Yamazaki, who played the Dostoyevskian criminal in HIGH AND LOW, is shockingly brutal and arrogant and, finally, surprisingly vulnerable. A gifted actor, he suggests a more tautly strung Jean-Louis Barrault. Director Ryo Kinoshita, whose first film this is, approaches his **metier** with the economy and control of an Antonioni or Truffaut without ever losing his own identity. You are not likely to have heard the last of him. 1966.

Thurs. 16 — Fri. 17

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 aristocratic. Since husbands consider him harmless, he slyly takes advantage of their wives until he renders one of them 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, Claudio Gora, Jean Tissier, etc. Co-directed by Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Franciosa. 1965. (CinemaScope, color)

Sat. 18

Sun. 19 — Mon. 20 — Tues. 21 — Wed. 22

Kenneth Annakin's A COMING OUT PARTY*

This unheralded British film, without a box-office name to call its own, is the most hysterical comedy produced anywhere since Robert Dhery's LA BELLE AMERICAINE. An intimate friend of Churchill's, V.I.P. James Robertson Justice, universal — and universally detested — genius, makes a pompous blunder that lands him in a German POW camp. The party of the title refers to the concerted efforts of his fellow POW's — who all hate and distrust him — to spirit him out of the camp and back to England. The script (by Jack Davies and Henry Blythe) is perfect: visual where visuals are needed, verbal where only words will do. While the hilarity does not exclude slapstick, the film is always literate, its director exercising the kind of tact in pace, cutting and handling of actors that one associates with a master. With John Forrest, Leslie Phillips, Stanley Baxter, etc. They're all superb. 1962.

Thurs. 23 — Fri. 24

Sat. 25 — Sun. 26 — Mon. 27 — Tues. 28

and

Jacques Tati's MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY

(LES VACANCES DE M. HULOT) People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves: it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the full horror of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately his technique is light and dry slapstick: the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the level of the moist or lovable. As director, co-author and star, Tati creates a style — sparse, eccentric, quick — that calls up happy memories of Buster Keaton and the early Rene Clair. It is not until afterward — with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering — that these misadventures take on depth and poignancy. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES,** 1953.

Wed. 29

NOTHING BUT A MAN*

The finest art film ever produced in America (as well as almost anywhere else), NOTHING BUT A MAN is the story of a proud Negro's attempt to buck Southern peonage. Rarely has a film been so nobly proportioned, so utterly seamless in execution — script, photography, performances and direction are perfectly fused. The work defies restatement or analysis; it is what it is. The many rave reviews gave us no idea of its impact, and we can do no better (those who see it will simply learn what it means to be black). Michael Roemer and Robert Young (who had never made a feature film before) collaborated on the script; Roemer directed it, Young photographed it. With Robert Rubin, who acted as sound recordist, they raised the money and produced the film themselves. It's the very model of an independent low-budget production, with complete control vested in the artists who conceived it. This is, of course, the way movies **should** be made — all it takes is talent. With Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and a cast of flawless players. 1964.

Thurs. 30 — Fri. 31 — **APR. 1** — Sun. 2 — Mon. 3 — Tues. 4 — Wed. 5

and

James Agee's THE QUIET ONE*

THE QUIET ONE is the story of a Negro boy, scarred by the rejection and indifference of his parents, who withdraws from human contact. A masterpiece of documentary drama, the approach and handling are similar to that of the De Sica of SHOESHINE. The cast is non-professional, and James Agee's commentary is so touching it has been published separately. Produced by Sidney Meyer and Janet Loeb; photography by Helen Levitt. **SPECIAL AWARDS AT VENICE AND EDINBURGH,** 1948.

MAR. 2 — Fri. 3 — Sat. 4 — Sun. 5 — Mon. 6 — Tues. 7 — Wed. 8

Tom Courtenay as BILLY LIAR*

The hero, would-be script-writer, Billy Fisher (Tom Courtenay), encouraged in his ambition by receipt of a form letter from a well-known comedian to whom he's sent samples of his work, has two problems to settle: engaged to two girls, he's in love with a third, and he must dispose of his employer's advertising calendars which his embezzling of the postage money prevented from mailing months before. Gradually the world closes in on Billy, and each time it does he flits off to "Ambrosia," the imaginary nation of which he is king, general, lover, or any idealized hero his real-life dilemma of the moment suggests. The film's abrupt shifts in perspective — from tawdry reality to Billy's enchanted fantasy-world — make for madly sardonic comedy, and BILLY LIAR has some of the most explosively funny moments ever photographed. General audiences, however, found the film a wounding, humiliating experience, for — when the opportunity for a meaningful life presents itself — Billy lacks the guts to go after it. (The solitary pleasures of fantasy seem safer.) The vitriolic theme — that in the real world escapists are forever doomed to impotence — devastated movie-goers who recognized themselves in Billy: few films have been so violently rejected by mass audiences. Although the heroine (Julie Christie in her first important role) is too much the Princess to Billy's Sleeping Prince to be believed, this is — in all other respects — among the finest films of the past decade. With Wilfred Pickles as Billy's father, Mona Washbourne as his mother, Ethel Griffies, Finlay Currie, etc. John Schlesinger directed from the script by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. 1963.

and

Carl Zuckmayer's THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK*

Zuckmayer's comedy about the mesmeric power of the uniform remains the classic satire on the limitations of the military mind. Heinz Ruhmann plays the gentle little tailor whose inadequacies in coping with bureaucracy land him in prison, where his Prussian mentors instruct him in the fine points of military strategy. On his release, he discovers that as an ex-convict he can neither work nor emigrate, and decides to put his mastery of tactics to the test. He buys an old captain's uniform, commandeers a squad of soldiers, and — hoping to issue himself an exit-visa — takes over the town hall. Wildly satirical, THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK is sometimes quite heartbreaking, as when the tailor's brother-in-law (who compassionately took him in) gives him a dressing-down because he cannot conceive that a government can be wrong, and one simple old man right. Helmut Kautner directed. 1956. (color)

Thurs. 9 — Fri. 10 — Sat. 11 — Sun. 12 — Mon. 13 — Tues. 14 — Wed. 15

Humphrey Bogart in THE OKLAHOMA KID*

In this rough-and-tough Western, Bogart shares top billing with James Cagney. Both are outlaws, though Cagney finally reforms. Bogart remains true blue: as nasty an hombre as ever beat up women and children West of the Mississippi. He wears stylish black outfits, is hard as nails and half as digestible, and the only way to stop him is to kill him. The striking camerawork is by James Wong Howe. With Donald Crisp, Harvey Stephens, Charles Middleton, etc. Lloyd Bacon directed. 1939.

and

Humphrey Bogart in ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT*

In this World War II spy thriller, Bogart is a big-shot Broadway gambler who undoes a complicated Nazi plot to blow up a battleship in New York harbor. The supporting cast, which includes Conrad Veidt, Peter Lorre, Judith Anderson, Phil Silvers and Jackie Gleason, is beyond belief. Script by Leonard Q. Ross and Leonard Spiegelglass. Vincent Sherman directed. 1942.

Thurs. 16 — Fri. 17 — Sat. 18 — Sun. 19 — Mon. 20 — Tues. 21 — Wed. 22

ZORBA THE GREEK*

In view of the inordinate weight given to Zorba, when the only developmental possibilities in the story have to do with the thawing out of the inhibited Englishman, this life-affirming work has always seemed to us a bit unbalanced. Of course, building up Alan Bates' part might have resulted in a film five hours long that few theatres would have played; but we're talking aesthetics, not business! Our trifling objection aside, this magnificent work fully deserves the praises heaped upon it. With Anthony Quinn as Zorba, Irene Papas, George Foundas, Lili Kedrova, etc. Michael Cacoyannis directed from the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. 1965.

and

A BALLAD OF LOVE*

This exquisite featurette won the **GOLD PRIZE** among 114 entries at the **4th MOSCOW FILM FESTIVAL.** The story, so simply and beautifully executed that it is impossible to suggest its quality, deals with a young music student and a deaf-mute girl who fall in love. The opportunities for sentimentality were endless; writer-director Mikhail Bogin and his collaborator, Yuri Chulyukin sidestepped them all. Victoria Fyodorova and Valentin Smiritsky play the lovers. Don't miss it. 1965.

Thurs. 23 — Fri. 24 — Sat. 25 — Sun. 26 — Mon. 27 — Tues. 28 — Wed. 29

PEEPING TOM*

This chilling work — a serious attempt to probe the motivation of a sexual psychopath working as a still photographer in a motion picture studio — should not be confused with the usual exploitation subjects on such themes. Particularly impressive is the fact that the protagonist (Carl Boehm) is so deeply perceived that he holds the viewers' compassion to the end. The supporting players — Moira Shearer, Anna Massey, Esmond Knight, Shirley Ann Field — perform on an extraordinarily high level, and Otto Heller's photography, particularly in the studio sequences, is fascinating. Michael Powell directed. 1960. (color)

and

ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS*

Arne Mattson's lyrical drama of young love, with Ulla Jacobsson as the farm girl and Folke Sundquist as the college boy who comes to spend a summer in the country. **FIRST PRIZE, PUNTA DEL ESTE FILM FESTIVAL; SPECIAL AWARD, BERLIN FILM FESTIVAL, 1952.**

Thurs. 30 — Fri. 31 — **APR. 1** — Sun. 2 — Mon. 3 — Tues. 4 — Wed. 5

BEHIND THE GREAT WALL*

This Italian production — **GRAND PRIZE WINNER** at **BRUSSELS** and **VENICE** in 1959 — does for China what LORDS OF THE FOREST did for the Congo. Outfitting with "Aroma-Rama" nearly wrecked the initial American release (the scents were so irritating you had to stop breathing each time one came on), this is nevertheless among the most gorgeous documentaries of all time. (You won't be able to smell our version.) The producers may not have been permitted to turn their cameras on the new industrial installations, or perhaps their own interests did not lead them in this direction; but they succeeded marvellously in putting on film a whole new, strange, indescribably beautiful world whose roots lie much more in the old China than in the new. The images — and what images they are! — show the nation steeped in its immemorially ancient culture. Produced by Count Leonardo Bonzi and directed by Carlo Lizzani in magnificent Ferraniacolor and Totalscope — the Italian anamorphic process.

and

Pudovkin's STORM OVER ASIA*

(HEIR TO GENGHIZ KHAN) Pudovkin, who believed in the justice and eventual triumph of the Revolution, was an optimistic film maker, but his films are anything but wish-fulfillment fantasies. Seen today, STORM OVER ASIA has all the power it had in 1928 — in some ways even more. The setting is central Asia, during the period of foreign intervention. A Mongol hunter, cheated out of a rare silver fox, is left to die by a British fur trader. An ancient heirloom on his body reveals him as a direct descendant of the great Mongol conqueror, Genghiz Khan, and the interventionist general hits on the idea of patching him up and using his name to rally the people against the Reds. STORM OVER ASIA is one of the greatest films ever produced, and richly deserves a wider audience. As Basil Wright perceptively wrote in SIGHT & SOUND: "Pudovkin's characters are not types and faces seen from outside. They are real people, and unforgettable . . . His other great quality is his sense of space. Few directors have ever achieved such vistas, such immensity, as he does in STORM OVER ASIA. Possibly no director except Flaherty possessed, with this sense of space, the ability to relate man so intimately to his environment . . . Perhaps the greatest sequence in all cinema is the visit of the interventionist general and his staff to the Grand Lama (who turns out to be a baby) . . ." Photography by Anatoli Golovnya. Scenario by Osip Brik. With V. Inkishinov as the hunter.

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A BIG HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY

CINEMA

GUILD & STUDIO

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

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A FINE MADNESS

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