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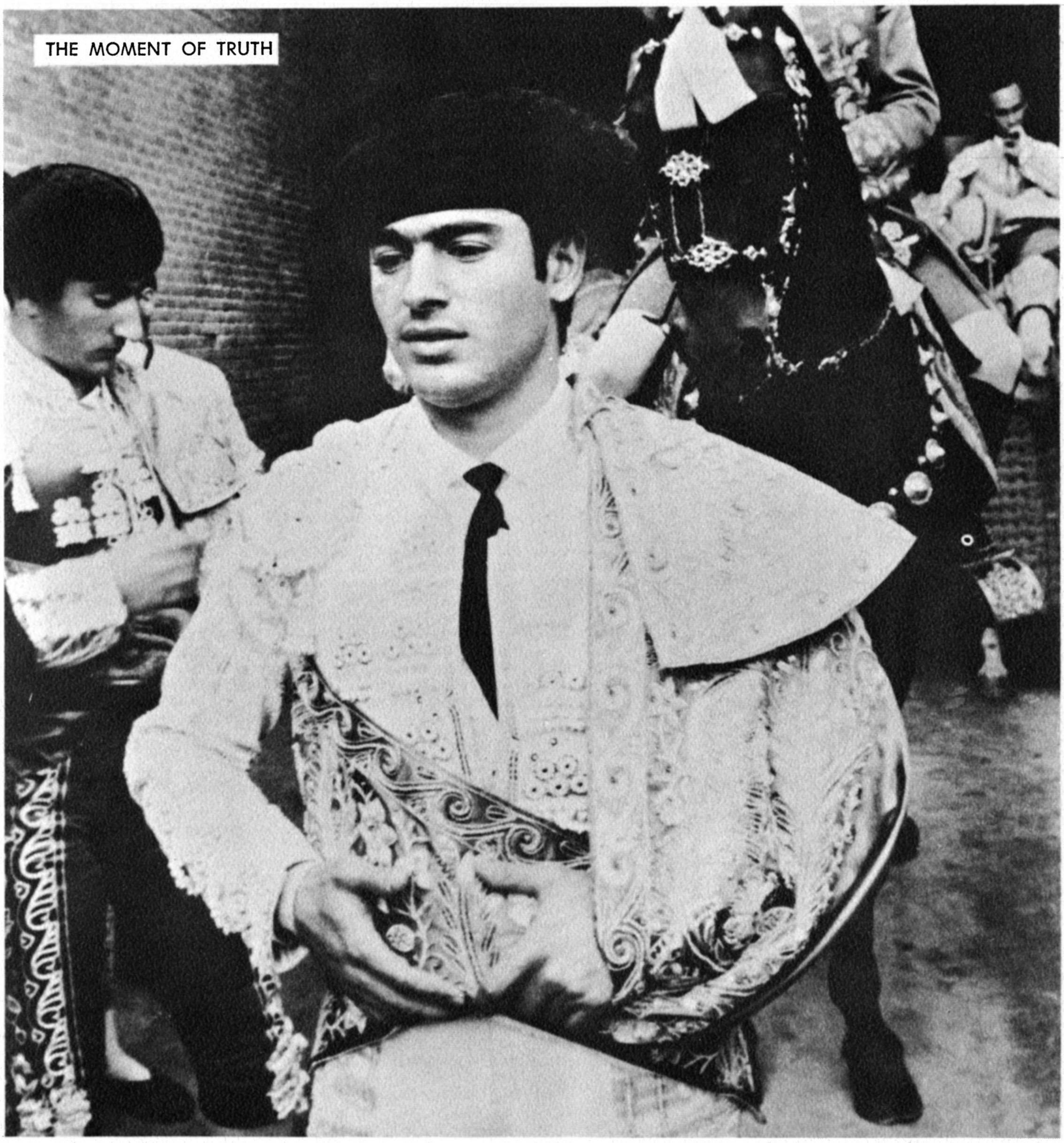
CINEMA GUILD AND STUDIO

March-April

15TH YEAR

1966

COLLECTION OF
TOM LUDDY



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

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CINEMA

Shattuck & Haste

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

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1

Federico Fellini's 8½*

Don't let what you've heard about it frighten you off. 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 knows better than anybody, and he shows you what he goes through day after day. He plays with all the attitudes available to a 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 making films—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 merely having fun (and few films are more fun to watch). With Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Anouk Aimee, Sandra Milo, etc. 1963.

and

Truffaut's SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER*

(TIREZ SUR LE PIANISTE) SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER is sexy and melodramatic and its criminal buffoons seem parodies of Grade B Hollywood gangsters, yet the film's final effect is authentically tragic. How Truffaut achieves it is hard to pinpoint; much of the credit belongs to his anti-hero, Charlie Koller (Charles Aznavour), whose reticence and timidity give the film its astonishing focus. Charlie, having suffered too much, is afraid to feel; he tries to limit life to a reverie between himself and his piano. But the honky-tonk music he plays is nervous and funny and belies his wish, and his timidity and musicianship make him fatally attractive to women. And once he falls in love it is clear that for him things must end badly. The film, then, is a tragi-comic parable. Charlie, like most of us, wants to stay out of trouble, and—like most of us—he can't. In the end, he goes back to his piano and tries not to feel the pain. Along the way, Truffaut gives us some miraculously touching comedy; the funniest song anyone ever put in a movie; and a bubbling sense of life equalled only by Chaplin and Renoir at their best. Although the film lacks the perfect finish of JULES AND JIM, we like it a good deal better. With Marie Du Bois, Nicole Berger. Music by Georges Delerue. 1961.

2

Jean-Louis Barrault in CHILDREN OF PARADISE (complete)

(LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS) It has been said that CHILDREN OF PARADISE does to the film medium what Joyce's ULYSSES does to the novel, and it is true that this magnificent creation by Marcel Carne and Jacques Prevert seems to burst the bounds of the medium. It does what few films have ever done: it unfolds new meanings with each viewing. At first it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it is likely to turn into an aesthetic problem on the relations of art and life; it even turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—for it includes at least five different kinds of theatrical performance. Then, and perhaps first of all, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love; all are explored, sacred and profane, selfless and possessive, and when it ends there is little that could be added. Made during the Occupation, when some of its makers were being hunted by the Gestapo, this extraordinarily sumptuous production was filmed in garages and Maquis hideaways where starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could even be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the mime Debureau, Arletty as Garance, Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor, Lemaitre, Louis Salou as the Count, Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer, Maria Casares as the theatre manager's daughter, Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer. 1945.

3

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Francesco Rosi's THE MOMENT OF TRUTH*

Two earlier works by Francesco Rosi — SALVATORE GUILIANO, Grand Prize, Berlin, 1962, and HANDS OVER THE CITY, Grand Prize, Venice, 1963 — made this immensely gifted Italian writer-director's European reputation. His latest film, THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, the first to receive general distribution in the United States, 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 and laborer's ironic reward for the courage with which he faces the overwhelming challenge of daily life.

Rosi's young hero (in actuality 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 skill against the bulls.

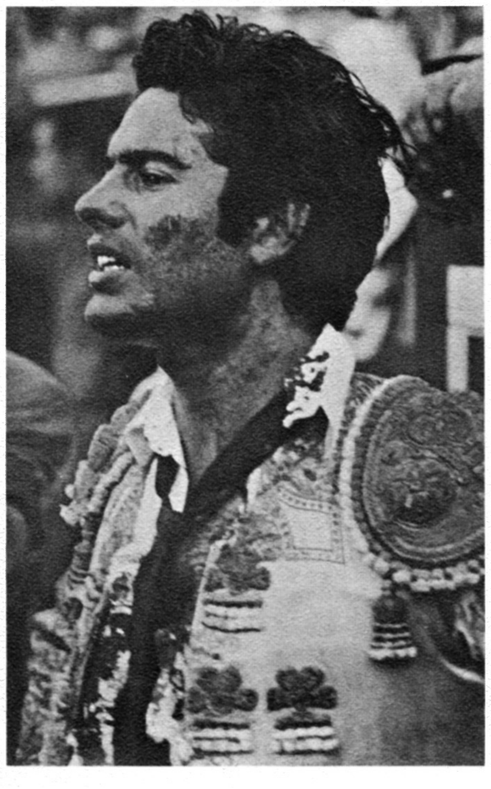
His spectacular, unorthodox technique dazzles the crowds: Miguelin fights bulls seated, cornered, and on his knees; he places his open palm against their foreheads as they prepare to charge. Fortune's darling, he buys a villa and fast cars; society courts him; women throw themselves at him. To his impresario, however, he remains a valuable property: the crowds are eager to buy all the courage he will sell them: there is always another corrida. As Miguelin's nerve wears thin, he begins to look forward to retirement. It comes, permanently, 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 wheat fields, 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 bullfight 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."

The corrida sequences are documentary; Miguelin — a natural actor of magnificent presence — performs simultaneously for crowd and camera; the only scene faked is the final goring. If the matador's craft is truly as Rosi depicts it — and no one who sees the film can possibly believe otherwise — Miguelin is one bullfighter who may yet make it to old age; he has the personality and talent to succeed in that slightly less deadly corrida — the movies.

The picture has minor flaws — a missing (perhaps deleted) obligatory scene with a prostitute, and Miguelin's difficulty — in early corrida sequences — in toning down his skill. Despite such lapses, THE MOMENT OF TRUTH is as close to a great film — one likely to yield increased excitement on subsequent viewings — as any we've seen in over a year.

Photography by Gianni Di Venanzo, Ajace Parolin and Pasquale De Santis. Music by Piero Piccioni. Francesco Rosi, who co-directed with Antonio Cervi, wrote the script. 1965. (Technicolor, Techniscope)



4

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Bernardo Bertolucci's BEFORE THE REVOLUTION*

(PRIMA DELLA RIVOLUZIONE) Although this extraordinary autobiographical film by 22-year-old Italian poet Bernardo Bertolucci suffers from faults of editing and continuity, it nevertheless signals the arrival of the most important new voice in cinema since Truffaut; despite its faults — caused mainly by trying to cram into it matter enough for half a dozen films — BEFORE THE REVOLUTION is more exciting than even THE 400 BLOWS. As shaped by Bertolucci, the sequences are poetic rather than dramatic, but so suggestive — so true — that they have the weight of actual experience. Fabrizio, the young upper class protagonist, is observed in a series of crucial scenes. Outraged by social injustice, overflowing with callow Marxist slogans, he discovers that he cannot give enough of himself to keep a spiritually anguished friend from suicide. From this failure of abstract ideology — of which little is made — flows Fabrizio's rapturous affair with his unhappy young aunt, Gina, whose personal revolt against bourgeois values is far truer than Fabrizio's. In another scene the lovers attend a communist celebration — all human thinness and working-class banality. (Vulgar reality further abrades the abstractions of the ideal.) The affair with Gina deepens, but her intense emotionality requires a greater personal commitment than Fabrizio is capable of giving; he sees her emerge from a hotel with a casual pickup. (His social idealism shattered, this blow destroys his vision of a perfect love.) We are near the end. A miraculous open country sequence suggests where Fabrizio's true social sympathies lie: a ruined nobleman speaks despairingly of the arrival of the developers, whose bulldozers will ruin his beloved river and forests to prepare them for the coming hordes: it is "the end of life, the beginning of survival." (The wonderful play on words in the Italian is untranslatable.) The finale takes place during a performance of Verdi's MACBETH. A last meeting with Gina (symbol of rebelliousness, poetry, youth), and Fabrizio takes his place beside his conventional young cousin, now his fiancee, in the family box. (And those of us who will never see twenty again feel a sharp pang of nostalgia — for the heartbreak, the splendid illusions, of our youth.) We have not yet spoken of the acting. Bertolucci clearly intended to center his story on Fabrizio, and Francesco Barilli, though a trifle wooden in the early scenes, is adequate to the role. He is monumentally overshadowed, however, and the film's structure pulled askew, by the dark, intense presence of Adriana Asti's Gina, who takes all the risks and loses — what she gains is life. The strength of this flawed work is in its excesses: the best scenes of BEFORE THE REVOLUTION are so unlike what anyone has done in films before that one emerges from the theatre quivering. Deeply buried in all men are the chords of youth: Bertolucci strikes them with a master's touch. **YOUNG CRITICS' PRIZE, CANNES, 1965.**

and

Pudovkin's THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG*

Audiences can't be persuaded to see a Pudovkin film, yet no historian who discusses them is able to refrain from using the adjective "great." THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG — readily available since its original release — is among the most rarely exhibited of film masterpieces. The knowledgeable film-goer's indifference to Pudovkin is incomprehensible, the more so as this prize-winning film — made in competition with Eisenstein's TEN DAYS to commemorate the 10th Anniversary of the Revolution — is in many ways the more satisfying of the two. Unlike Eisenstein's gigantic experimental fresco, THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG humanizes the Revolution by presenting it through the eyes of a participant who suffers and rejoices. Pudovkin (the Revolution's only readable film theorist), shot it with a visual splendor and gradually accelerating rhythm that make for an unforgettable film experience. 1928.

5

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Frederic Rossif's TO DIE IN MADRID*

In 1936, nationalist fanatics led by General Francisco Franco rose in revolt against the Spanish Republic — a legally constituted government of fervent believers in social reform. In the savage conflict that ensued the past appeared to reach out to strangle the future. Hitler sent Franco his crack Condor Legion and squadrons of dive bombers; Stalin shipped tanks and quantities of political commissars; from the politically neutral democracies thousands of young idealists flocked to join the International Brigades. And from every nation came correspondents and cameramen to cover the war. These brave men — to whom TO DIE IN MADRID is dedicated — shot the authentic footage from which Frederic Rossif fashioned his tragic elegy on the war in Spain.

The film crossed the Atlantic accompanied by raves from every major European critic; its acclaim in America has been nothing short of stupendous. Currently in the 7th month of its New York premiere, TO DIE IN MADRID shows no sign of faltering. Most remarkable of all, the film's triumph is based on solid merit: it **is** the masterpiece everyone claims it to be.

There have been great documentaries before, but never one like TO DIE IN MADRID. Working for years in half a dozen national film archives, Rossif appears to have made the vast accumulations of Spanish Civil War footage his own. With Homeric impartiality, he recounts the heroism and atrocities on both sides, for his intention is not to propagandize but to give a full picture of what was, from any political standpoint, a national tragedy.

Contrasting civil war footage shot by the world's best cameramen with visual images of timeless Spain, Rossif isolates the great themes and moments of the Spanish War: in a lyric mood, the death of Lorca, the solemn splendors of religion, the humanism of Unamuno, the destruction of Guernica; reflecting on the agony and beauty that was Spain's, he passes from a child's body on a square, to a gnarled olive tree on a hillside, to a cathedral gleaming in the sun; historically, he covers the battles for the Alcazar at Toledo and those fought in the defense of Madrid. The rapid rhythms of objectively recorded facts follow the slower rhythms of imaginative evocation.

Rossif has stated in an interview that TO DIE IN MADRID "is a film of remembrance — not of montage, but of impressions. All the footage has its own musical beat, and for each battle I sought the correct rhythm . . ." Perfectly modulated with Madeleine Chapsal's grave, beautifully written narration and Maurice Jarre's haunting score, this rhythm is responsible for the film's profound emotional impact. With a commentary spoken by John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt and George Gonneau. 1965.

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GUILD

Telegraph at Haste

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STUDIO

GUILD

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1

WIR WUNDERKINDER (AREN'T WE WONDERFUL)*

The most convincing film to date about German life under the Nazis is this prize-winning study by Hans Pauk and Gunther Neumann of the relations between a decent German who left his homeland and a social climber who followed Hitler. Kurt Hoffmann (the director of FELIX KRULL) is more at ease in this Brechtian satire in which outrageous songs comment sardonically on the straightforward plot. The direction is enormously resourceful: hilarious surrealist interludes alternate with realistic sequences, each advancing the action in its own way. No attempt is made to exploit the horrors of the Nazi period; the film achieves its aims more subtly: by showing how perfectly natural life looked to Germans who went along with Hitler, how average they were, and how sane and reasonable Hitler's doctrines seemed to them, we come to understand that these savage deeds were carried out by ordinary men who never thought of questioning their government's policy. With Hansjorg Felmy as the expatriate, Robert Graf as the opportunist, and the adorable Johanna von Koczian as Felmy's Danish wife. **GRAND PRIZE, BERLIN FILM FESTIVAL,** 1959.

and 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 (an underrated actor) 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.

2

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. (color) 1953.

and SOME LIKE IT HOT

Surely there can't be much that you haven't already heard. If you're afraid it lacks deeper meanings, we could provide fairly elaborate explanations of its transvestism, role confusion, and borderline inversion. But the truth is, it's hilariously innocent, though it's always on the brink of really disastrous double entendre. Jack Lemmon is demoniacally funny; Joe E. Brown is so wonderful that he reminds us that we wept from laughter at his last scenes in A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. With Tony Curtis, Marilyn Monroe, George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Edward G. Robinson, Jr., etc. Billy Wilder directed and collaborated on the screenplay with I. A. L. Diamond. 1959. (For collectors of useless movie memorabilia: in the earlier German version, the orchestra girls were called "The Alpine Violets.")

3

Richard Burton in LOOK BACK IN ANGER

The "angry young man" bursts onto the screen — an intellectual "wild one" — delivering some of the most electrifying and exhilarating dialogue in many years. Jimmy Porter (Richard Burton) is a hero with passion and power, and no place in life, nor cause, nor goal. He is an artist with no art to practice, a man as clear and also as confused and rancorous as Hamlet; he rages at his wife, his mistress, his friend, and all the dismal English life around him. The movie is uneven, often pretentious, and at the end, damp and foggy as a post-war WINTERSET. But it has fire — and movies are dying for want of this. The two important English movies of 1959 also had the two best female performances: Simone Signoret has been acclaimed for ROOM AT THE TOP, but Claire Bloom has hardly been mentioned for her brilliant work as foxy little Helena. With Gary Raymond, Edith Evans, and pale, zombie-like Mary Ure. Tony Richardson directed.

and 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 why, or in what circumstances. Everything — characters, camera, action — moves, whether movement is appropriate or not. (And the 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.

4

EAST BAY PREMIERE

Jean Genet's DEATHWATCH*

DEATHWATCH, Jean Genet's obsessive homosexual fantasy, deals with prison status—the greater the crime, the more important the man. The action—steamy, claustrophobic, perverted—is given a fillup by the grim question—once the murderer is executed, who will enjoy his wife—the cellmate due shortly to be released, or, in return for present favors, the prison guard? With Leonard Nimoy as the murderer, Michael Forest and Paul Mazursky. Vic Morrow directed. 1965.

with Erno Metzner's UEBERFALL*

A timid, pop-eyed vagrant in a sleazy section of Berlin becomes the object of a manhunt by muggers, thieves and prostitutes not overly concerned about whether they kill him or just take his money. This grim experimental, famous for its use of distortion mirrors to represent the protagonist's subconscious, gives an excellent idea of the quality of lower-class life in Germany shortly before the Nazis came to power. Photography by Hans Casparius. Written and directed by Erno Metzner. 1929.

5

Leni Riefenstahl's TRIUMPH OF THE WILL (complete)*

(TRIUMPH DES WILLENS) TRIUMPH OF THE WILL opens amid aerial shots of a plane carrying Hitler (like an ancient Teutonic god) through magnificent cloud formations to his historic rendezvous — the 1934 Nazi Party rally at Nuernberg. As the plane descends, the camera links the Nazi New Order to the best of the Old: ancient Nuernberg — one of Europe's architectural marvels — is alive with swastikas. On the ground, close-ups of working-class children, stockings torn, on tip-toe for a glimpse of Hitler, demonstrate the approbation of the poor; other shots — of the approving military and the jubilant rich — subtly suggest a 'classless' society standing solidly behind the Fuehrer. Brilliant cutting channels individual aspirations into intoxicated self-abnegation for the greater glory of the Reich. One sequence inspires awe: Hitler and two lieutenants march in phalanx — between silent, massed battalions numbering half-a-million men — from one end of Nuernberg's great square to the other. (A few of the hundreds of cameramen employed can be spotted filming the scene from inconspicuous platform elevators between enormous tower-hung standards.) The Fueher's speeches reveal a hypnotic orator occasionally caught in a moment of peculiarly human weakness: successfully making a point, he pauses to register a self-satisfied smirk. A work of genius that continues to defy the total discrediting of the Nazi myth, TRIUMPH OF THE WILL is a perfect example of the misuse of art in the service of an evil cause: almost 30 years later, Leni Riefenstahl's brilliant, terrifying, malignant film still retains its power to fascinate.

and Eisenstein's TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (augmented version)*

(Also known as OCTOBER) THE NEW YORKER called TEN DAYS "possbly the most distinguished picture in the history of hte cinema." We don't know about that, but it **is** the most exciting experimental feature ever produced, with more new ideas per foot than you're likely to find in 100 miles of the kind of film Cinema 16 used to dote on. Commissioned for the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution, TEN DAYS was not shown. Trotsky, one of the main characters in the original version, was busy denouncing the Bolsheviks, and Eisenstein had to spend five months re-editing the work to dislodge him from his place as a leader in the Revolution. The film develops further Eisenstein's striking experimental methods — the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas: in one famous sequence the stone lions in front of the Czar's palace leap to their feet in outrage! (We have succeeded, this time, in obtaining a version more complete than any we've ever shown — there are at least 45 minutes of unfamiliar footage. We are not, of course, claiming to show the work as Eisenstein originally edited it — that film is gone forever.) 1927.

6

The Beatles in HELP!

and

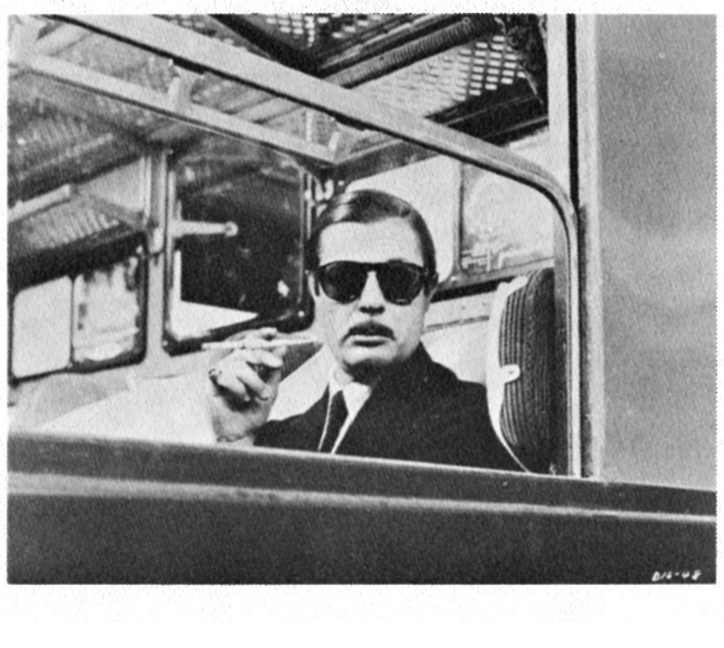
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT*

Mildly indebted to the Marx Brothers for their style, the rather less insolent Beatles have little talent, but everybody loves their "cool." In A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964), their director, Richard Lester, introduced them—with considerable cinematic bravura—in semi-documentary fashion; in HELP! (1965), he gives them technicolor and a plot of sorts.

7

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, adopted by Robert Homer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. 1949.



and Marcello Mastroianni in DIVORCE, ITALIAN STYLE*

(DIVORZIO ALL'ITALIANA) Since divorce is forbidden in Italy, a Sicilian baron — bored with his over-affectionate wife — blandly engineers her infidelity with a former suitor in order that — by killing her — he may avenge his honor, serve a light jail sentence, and — with the community's enthusiastic approval — emerge to marry his virginal young cousin. This mordantly witty film was directed by Pietro Germi, who also worked on the script. As the baron with the facial tic, Marcello Mastroianni gives the finest performance of his career. With Daniela Rocca as his amorous, mustachioed spouse, Leopoldo Trieste in a brilliant comic performance as her artist-suitor, and Stefania Sandrelli as the cousin. Almost to the very end the film is superbly executed; the producer unfortunately tacked on a low comedy anti-climax that takes some of the bite out of one of the cinema's great satires. 1962.

STUDIO

MAR. 1, Wed. 2

UGETSU

and Carl Dreyer's VAMPYR

Thurs. 3, Fri. 4, Sat. 5, Sun. 6, Mon. 7, Tues. 8, Wed. 9

Alfred Hitchcock's SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Hitchcock thinks this 1943 thriller (from Thornton Wilder's script) is his best American work. The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, and the psychopathic killer adored by his unsuspecting relatives is Joseph Cotten. Hitchcock not only took over Cotten from Welles, but adapted a number of the devices from CITIZEN KANE and THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers.

and William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST*

INTRUDER IN THE DUST (1949), the best film rendering of any Faulkner novel, is remarkable as the first time an American film portrayed a Negro as a proud, compassionate, generous (and believable) human being. (There have been scarcely any since.) Juano Hernandez owns his land — deeded to his slave-mother by a grateful master — and lives on it in pride and poverty, stubbornly asserting his individual human superiority. When a white man who has quarrelled with him is found murdered, a lynch mob gathers. Three townspeople stand between him and the mob: a boy (Claude Jarman, Jr.), torn between resentment and gratitude for the old man's generosity, a religious old spinster (Elizabeth Patterson), and a liberal attorney who would rather not get involved. The treatment has the basic honesty and generous humanist concern that one associates with the finest European productions: such very different works as GRAND ILLUSION and MADAME DE . . . come to mind. MGM got cold feet at the very last minute: David Brian (who, as the attorney, gives the only sub-standard performance) clumsily explicates the theme to sock it home for liberals. It didn't save the film at the box-office, and the intrusion fortunately comes to late to ruin it as art: this is among the few MGM films that will still be shown when the studio is a footnote in someone's doctoral dissertation. With Porter Hall in an exceedingly moving bit as the murdered man's father. George Cukor directed.

Thurs. 10, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, Sun. 13, Mon. 14, Tues. 15, Wed. 16

Renato Castellani's ROMEO AND JULIET

Castellani literally gives Shakespeare a kingdom for a stage in this Anglo-Italian color production, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, Siena and other Italian cities. Leonora Fini's fabulous costume designs are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Amongst these visual splendors, it seems pointless to worry about Castellani's lack of feeling for the language: the film may not be a great performance of the play, but this version certainly has a better sense of what ROMEO AND JULIET is about than conventional stage interpretations. You may achingly long to be at the Capulets' ball when the boy sopranos begin to sing and the sensual atmosphere of masks, color, violence and elegance encompasses you — as it fatally encompasses a boy and a girl who, all in a moment, meet, love, and quiveringly touch. There are sudden miracles in this production — like the way Mervyn Johns transforms tiresome old Friar Laurence into a radiant, divinely silly little man; and miracles of sight and sound — the clanging of the great church doors, or the sudden recognition that the servants carrying food are right out of Botticelli. This ROMEO AND JULIET is part of a glorious, voluptuous, poisoned age, and — taken all in all — perhaps the most satisfying film production Shakespeare has received. Laurence Harvey (at 26) is Romeo; 20-year-old Susan Shentall makes a lovely Juliet. With Flora Robson as the nurse, Sebastian Cabot as Capulet. John Gielgud is the chorus. Music by Roman Vlad. **GRAND PRIX, VENICE, 1954.**

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 (Gabriello) 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. 17, Fri. 18, Sat. 19, Sun. 20, Mon. 21, Tues. 22, Wed. 23

MEIN KAMPF*

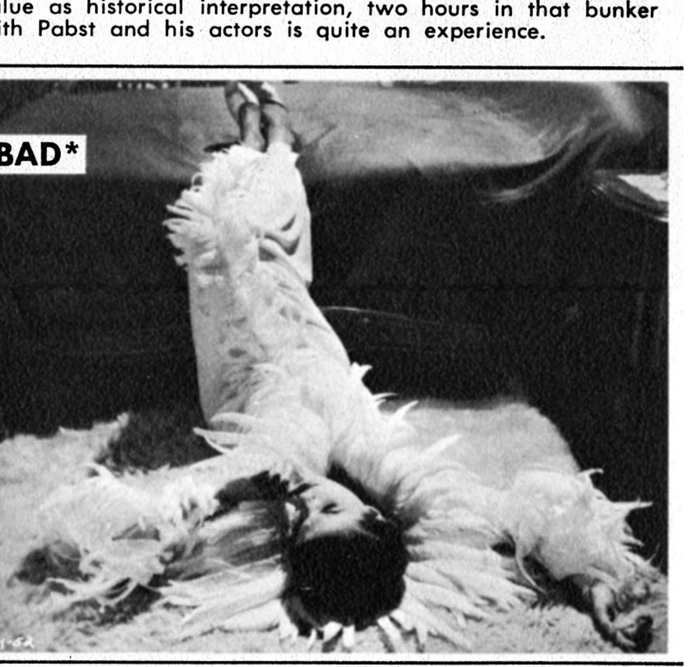
Through the use of still photographs and films from Nazi archives, MEIN KAMPF shows the origin of Adolph Hitler and his abortive attempt to establish control; the seizure of power by the Nazis and their assault on Western Europe and the Russians; some shattering footage of the Warsaw ghetto and concentration camps; the trial of German officers who tried to assassinate Hitler; and finally the defeat of the Nazis by the Allies. This would be a better film had the narrator been strangled in his cradle, but despite a redundant narration MEIN KAMP is a fearsome account of the origin, rise and destruction of the Third Reich. It seems incredible that some of this footage should have been intended by Nazi leaders for "instructional purposes." Produced in Sweden by Tore Sjoberg. 1961.

and G. W. Pabst's DER LETZTE AKT

(Literally, THE LAST ACT; U. S. title, THE LAST TEN DAYS) G. W. Pabst, who directed this 1956 account of the last ten days in Hitler's bunker, employs a restrained style which makes the collapse of discipline, the disintegration, and final general madness seem like an enveloping nightmare. Remarque's script, based on Musmanno's TEN DAYS TO DIE, perhaps errs in systematically constructing episodes to illuminate chaos; Pabst's atmosphere is so compelling the vignettes seem unnecessary. Albin Skoda's portrait of Hitler is an intelligent approach to a terribly difficult role; Oscar Werner's role is gratuitous, but he performs it in fine romantic style. Surrounding Hitler are the generals of all kinds and attitudes: General Krebs, for example, who asks if God exists, and General Burgdorf who replies, "If he did, we wouldn't." Whatever your judgment of the picture's value as historical interpretation, two hours in that bunker with Pabst and his actors is quite an experience.

Thurs. 24, Fri. 25, Sat. 26, Sun. 27, Mon. 28, Tues. 29, Wed. 30

Alain Resnais' LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*



(L'ANNEE DERNIERE A 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 LOVERS OF TERUEL*

(LES AMANTS DE TERUEL) An experimental dance film, LOVERS OF TERUEL is full of off-beat symbolism (riderless bicycles gliding across the screen), slow-motion and stop-motion sequences, reversed negatives and flashbacks within flashbacks within flashbacks. Experimental film aficionados—generally starved by our programming—should have a field day. Raymond Rouleau directed his own script. 1962. (color)

Thurs. 31, APR. 1, Sat. 2, Sun. 3, Mon. 4, Tues. 5, Wed. 6

Humphrey Bogart in HIGH SIERRA*

Bogart in the role of the criminal-hero, a generation before BREATHLESS. The hold-up of a fashionable hotel fails, and one of the accomplices squeals, enabling the police to surround Bogart's mountain retreat. He shoots it out with them in classic fashion. Script by John Huston and W. R. Burnett, based on Burnett's novel. With Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy, etc. Raoul Walsh directed. 1941.

and Humphrey Bogart in THE RETURN OF DR. X*

In this unintentionally comical thriller Bogart has the ghoulish role of a physician resurrected from the dead who needs endless transfusions of a rare "Type One" blood to stay alive. (Viewers were supposed to be horrified, but our reaction was perverse: what else, under the circumstances, could the poor fellow do?) The leading roles — if anyone cares — are played by Wayne Morris and Rosemarie Lane. Vincent Sherman directed. 1939.

Thurs. 7, Fri. 8, Sat. 9, Sun. 10, Mon. 11, Tues. 12, Wed. 13

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 most triumphant moments—the stunning battle formations of the Knights Templars, the grotesque, black-cowled 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 cut at the time 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 Eduard Tisse.

and Jean Renoir's GRAND ILLUSION

In 1937, Jean Renoir directed this profoundly moving and perceptive study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during World War I. The two aristocrats, French and German (Pierre Fresnay and Erich von Stroheim) share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes which have produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he doesn't really approve of—the plebian (Jean Gabin) and the Jew (Marcel Dalio). These ironies and ambiguities give genuine depth to the theme—fraternization, and the artificial barriers of nationality. GRAND ILLUSION had an immediate, idealistic aim: to reawaken in the German people the spirit of comradeship that had marked the last days of the war; but Goebbels did not allow the film to be shown in Germany. (The French film historian, Georges Sadoul, records that Goebbels put "maximum pressure on Mussolini to prevent its being awarded a prize at the Venice Film Festival.") With Dita Parlo, Carette, Gaston Modot, Jean Daste. Selected at Brussels in 1958 as fourth among the greatest films of all time.

Thurs. 14, Fri. 15, Sat. 16, Sun. 17, Mon. 18, Tues. 19, Wed. 20

Luis Bunuel's VIRIDIANA*

After decades of exile, Bunuel was invited to make a film in Spain under conditions of "complete freedom." He accepted, graciously allowed that the Spanish censor's revision of the conclusion was "better than my own," but had the foresight to spirit the resulting negative out of the country. Shown abroad, VIRIDIANA elicited screams of anguish from Spanish officialdom: Spain, the last bastion of Catholic reaction, had unsuspectingly given birth to Bunuel's mightiest salvo against the Church! In EL, the celebrated surrealist director identified Church doctrine with madness; in VIRIDIANA, he mocks its ideal of physical purity. Viridiana (Silvia Pinal), who rejects her body and attempts to give away her possessions, is ridiculed and finally raped by the beggars, cripples and degenerates she seeks to uplift. She ends living happily in sin with her life-accepting cousin. It is probably not unfair to Bunuel to say that only a man deeply impregnated by Catholic doctrine could reject it so violently; everywhere Church symbolism is turned inside-out: the climax is an obscene parody of The Last Supper, in which twelve beggars orgiastically seated at a table pretend to have their picture taken by the whore's stock in trade. This is a work of icy passion, with layers of meaning probably indecipherable to anyone whose roots are not in Spain. For sheer daring, only Bunuel's own long-banned L'AGE D'OR can hold a candle to it. GRAND PRIX, CANNES, 1962.

and Kurosawa's RASHOMON

The time is 9th Century Kyoto; a nobleman's wife is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. The crime is enacted four times, in the versions of the three participants, each of whom gives an account that increases his own prestige, and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Murder mysteries reconstruct the crime to find the culprit. RASHOMON continuously reconstructs a crime to demonstrate the terrible unknowability of truth. It goes to the heart of the human mystery—what can one ever be sure of? The filmic movement is breathtaking, but the introductory and closing sequences are tedious. Not in Akutagawa's original, they were added to the film to soften the theme. But RASHOMON is one of the great film experiences because there are pleasures—as well as pain—in looking into an abyss. Akira Kurosawa directed. **Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film of 1951.**

Thurs. 21, Fri. 22, Sat. 23, Sun. 24, Mon. 25, Tues. 26, Wed. 27

Alec Guinness in THE LADYKILLERS

This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. When it's over, you realize that even the actors have been having a boisterous 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 FOUR CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDIES*

THE CURE — EASY STREET — THE IMMIGRANT — THE PAWNSHOP

In THE CURE, an acrobatic and balletic delight, Chaplin 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. THE IMMIGRANT, the most celebrated film of Chaplin's Mutual period, is devastating satire: 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.

Thurs. 28, Fri. 29, Sat. 30, MAY 1, Mon. 2, Tues. 3, Wed. 4

American Premiere

Andrej Wajda's A GENERATION*

A GENERATION—personal, fiercely lyrical, free of the baroque trappings of ASHES AND DIAMONDS or the cynical ironies of KANAL—celebrates the humane idealism and intense aspiration for liberty with which Poland's youth responded to the German Occupation. Wajda's first film, the austerity of its beautifully realized images never falters; the editing is almost cruelly sharp and tight; and Tadeuz Lomnicki's Stach—who develops from a boisterous youth into a hardened veteran—is one of the screen's great portraits. With Ursula Modrzynska and Roman Polanski. 1954. (This is our second American Premiere of an important, commercially neglected, film—the first was the uncut CHUSHINGURA. In succeeding programs we hope to show you others.)

and NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PREMIERE

Andrez Munk's EROICA*

Conceived by the late Andrez Munk as an anti-heroic film in three movements (only two were completed), EROICA ironically celebrates the stuff of which heroes are made—cowardice, fear, intrigue, profiteering, evasion. But Munk's attitude toward war and its "heroes"—unlike Wajda's disillusioned romanticism—nevertheless remains a source of affirmation. The black marketeer's pathetic scheming to emerge with his whole skin can be healthier, Munk implies, than death-wish heroism. Part II, Ostinato Lugubre, less broadly satirical than the opening Scherzo, reveals Munk as a true master of the tragi-comic. The "hero" of a German prisoner-of-war camp, who keeps up his comrades' morale as the only man who ever escaped, is, in reality, freezing to death in an icy boiler-loft on the roof. 1957.

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GUILD & STUDIO

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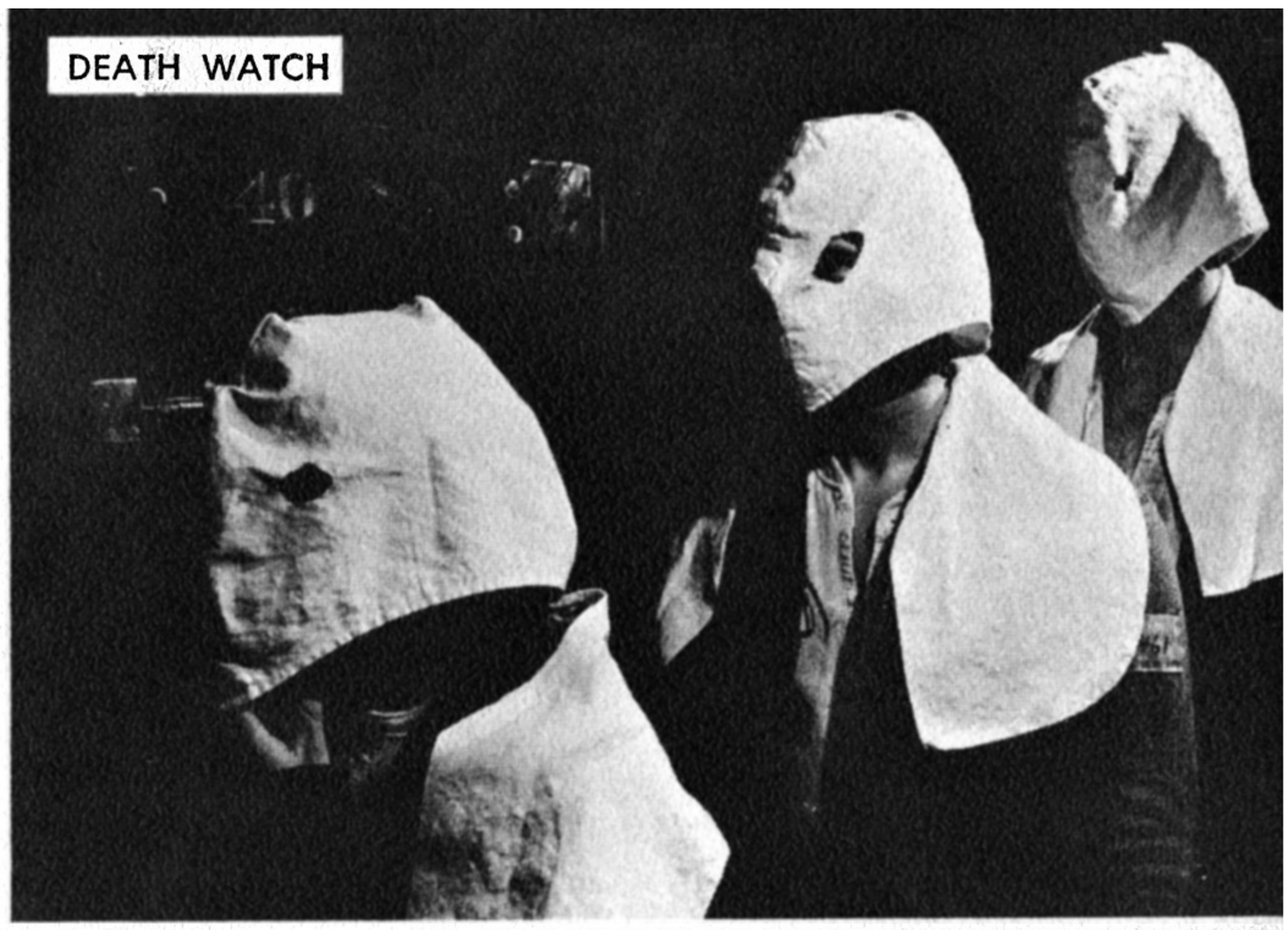

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