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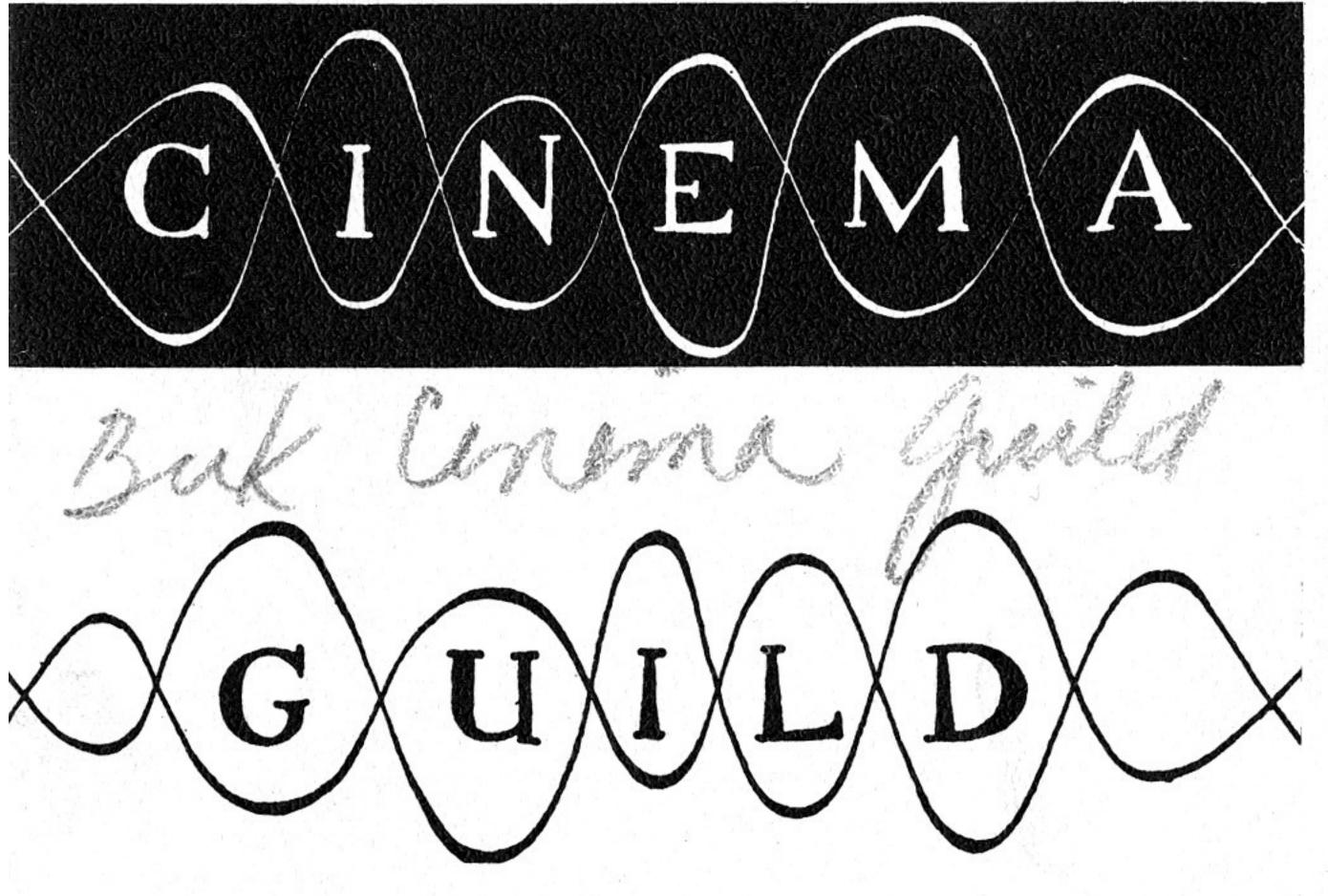
Blowup, Antonioni, Michelangelo, 1966

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER - DECEMBER

The Gateway

1967

16TH YEAR



CHUSHINGURA BENEFIT PREMIERE NOVEMBER 15

THE GATEWAY, a luxury theatre the size of our CINE-MA in Berkeley, will be ready in early November. The address: 215 Jackson off Battery, one block from the Washington Street off-ramp, in the Richard Henry Dana Building of San Francisco's Golden Gateway Development. Street parking is generally ample; there is, in addition, a large parking garage to the left as you leave the ramp.

Should the theatre be ready before November 15, we will play one or both of the following programs: Fellini's NIGHTS OF CABIRIA and LA VIACCIA; BLOW UP and THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG. Please watch your

theatre guides for our starting dates.

On November 15, the GATEWAY will have its official opening with the premiere of the full-length version of CHUSHINGURA, the great Japanese epic whose 41-week Berkeley engagement held the record — prior to A MAN AND A WOMAN — for the longest East Bay run ANY film ever had. This complete version, which garnered raves in New York earlier this year, has never been shown in San Francisco; those who missed it in Berkeley will finally have a chance to see it in their own back yard. (You will, incidentally, he seeing a new print, with sub-titles translated by ourselves. We've tried to put them into fluid, idiamatic English; we've also gone to great lengths to provide clear, eminently legible titles.)

We've spared no pains on the GATEWAY, and hope that you will enjoy the theatre as much as we know you will enjoy CHUSHINGURA. The November 15 performance will be a special benefit for a very worthy Bay Area charity — San Francisco Suicide Prevention. Public showings having the following day

showings begin the following day.

Once again our gratitude for your patronage and good

your parronage and good

THE MANAGEMENT

THE GATEWAY: 215 Jackson off Battery 397-1571

THE CINEMA: Shattuck & Haste 848-2038



OCT. 1

Mon.

Tues. 10

Wed. II

Thurs. 12

Thurs. 23

Sun.

Mon. 30

Tues. 31

Sat.

Sun.

Mon.

Wed.

Tues. 28

Sun.

Sat. 25

Design: Roslyn Rondelle *Program Notes: Edward Landberg

his dastardly opponent. They vie for the affection of Natalie 1965. (color)

SEPT.28 NOV.16 Jack Lemmon in THE GREAT RACE* This incredibly inventive parody of 19th Century melodrama Wood, the pert, cigar-puffing suffragette who tags along as tells the story of an early automobile race from New York a girl reporter. With everyone madly rushing toward the clito Paris via Siberia. Sharply perceptive of the beauties max, Edwards unaccountably sidetracks his film with a hareand absurdities of a bygone era, Blake Edwards' direction brained, interminably unfunny take-off on THE PRISONER OF combines gorgeous costumes and magnificently reconstructed ZENDA. By the time the race resumes, he's lost his audience. antique cars with a sense of visual comedy unmatched since Yet, without this one abortive sequence, THE GREAT RACE the great days of the silents. Tony Curtis is the daredevil would be a masterpiece. By eliminating it, we hope—at least in white whose deeds of derring-do never muss his hair. in Berkeley—to restore the film to its rightful place among Jack Lemmon, as black-clad Professor Fate, complete with the world's great comedies. With Keenan Wynn as the hero's Fri. stovepipe hat, twirling mustache and gnomish assistant, is man Friday and Peter Falk as Lemmon's villainous assistant.



Peter Sellers in THE WRONG BOX*

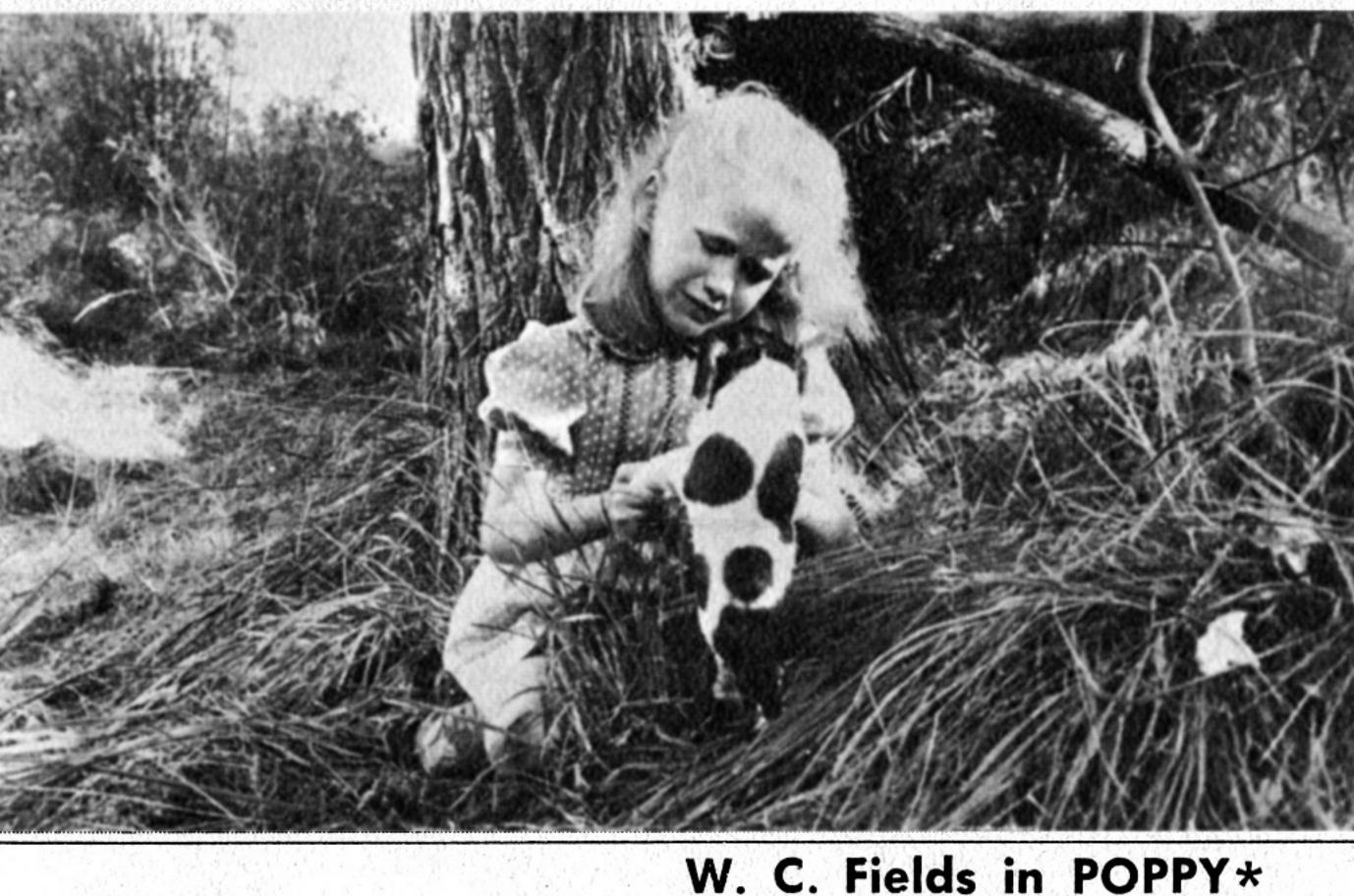
Like AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, THE WRONG BOX cept Caine. (Their courtship is a classic of timidity.) Brian Tues. is a screwy pastiche providing a background for a series of Forbes puts his opulent cast through paces that would do cameos by well-known stars. The story deals with a family credit to the Keystone Cops—train wrecks, juggled corpses, rivalry for the fabulous Tontin legacy. John Mills is the elder a runaway funeral cortege, murderous attacks on Richardson of the Finsbury brothers, determined to outlive the last of his by the fierce, unkillable Mills, are only a few of the incirivals and so pass on the fortune to his grandson (Michael dents. Peter Sellers, as an absent-minded, drink-sodden doc-Caine). Ralph Richardson, sporting the pomposity and bogus tor, and Wilfrid Lawson, playing a butler so feeble you exerudition of a W. C. Fields, plays the younger Finsbury. His pect him to dry up and blow away, supply the best of the nephews, Peter Moore and Dudley Cooke, are determined to clowning. The script, by Larry Gelbert and Burt Shevelove, get the legacy for themselves, while his beauteous foster was based on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd | Wed. daughter, Nanette Newman, is oblivious of everything ex- Osborne. 1965. (color)

plebian (Jean Gabin) and the Jew (Marcel Dalio). These 1958 as fourth among the greatest films of all time.

and (JEUX INTERDIT) FORBIDDEN GAMES, which concerns itself desperately painful closing sequence we have ever seen swoop down and strafe the refugees. A delicately beautiful normally observed limits of feeling, FORBIDDEN GAMES 5-year old girl (Brigitte Fossey) gets up and wanders away in an aesthetic experience of the first order. (If you think from the dead bodies of her parents, clutching her dead you may have seen it, but aren't sure—you haven't seen it.) puppy in her arms. A farm boy finds her and takes her to Screenplay by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost. Directed by his crude, backward peasant family. The two children be- Rene Clement. GRAND PRIX, VENICE; ACADEMY AWARD, come playmates; their game—their passion—is to collect dead BEST FOREIGN FILM; NEW YORK FILM CRITICS AWARD, animals for their private cemetery, and for this they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. In the end—the most



FORBIDDEN GAMES* with war's traumatic effect on children, opens in 1940 on a the little girl is torn from her friend, then lost and abandoned crowded highway outside Paris; suddenly, German planes in a railway station. Ferociously insistent on pushing beyond |Sat.



POPPY, which served as Fields' stage debut, was the basis fessor—aided by a snide New England lawyer—passes off for his first silent film—D. W. Griffith's SALLY OF THE SAW- Poppy as the Putnam heiress. Fields is in top form: with what DUST. By 1936, when Fields returned to it, the material had suavity of gesture, what nasal tone, he invests every word! | Fri. so impregnated his mind that it became his finest vehicle a wonderfully humane comedy rivaling Chaplin in simplicity, pathos and warmth. As Professor Eustice McGargle, carnival medicine man and shell-game expert, Fields and his adopted daughter Poppy arrive at a small town where an estate is waiting to be claimed by the long-missing daughter of the Young and Virginia Van Upp from the comedy by Dorothy deceased Kate Putnam, the town's richest lady, and the Pro- Donnelly. Eddie Sutherland directed.

W. C. Fields in THE OLD FASHIONED WAY* trivial past—it's hard to think of a film more appropriate merchants have not attached the costumes. Story by Charles than THE OLD FASHIONED WAY, in which W. C. Fields as Bogle (i.e. W. C. Fields). With Baby LeRoy and Judith Allen. the great McGonigle—beery, gallant, dignified—leads a troupe William Beaudine directed. 1934. of ham actors in presentations of THE DRUNKARD on those

Stanley Kubrick's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel about a Without being a thoroughly satisfying version of the book,

daughter. The sea changes worked by the author in adapt- Morris. 1962. ing his own novel are too well known to merit comment. Terence Stamp as THE COLLECTOR*

STEIN, CALIGARI, and a particularly sick version of lower-Frederic Rossif's TO DIE IN MADRID* co rose in revolt against the Spanish Republic—a legally contragedy. stituted 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

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. TO DIE IN MADRID crossed the Atlantic accompanied by raves from every major European critic; its acclaim here has been nothing short of stupendous. Most remarkable of all, the film's triumph is based on solid merit: it is a master-

to join the International Brigades. And from every nation

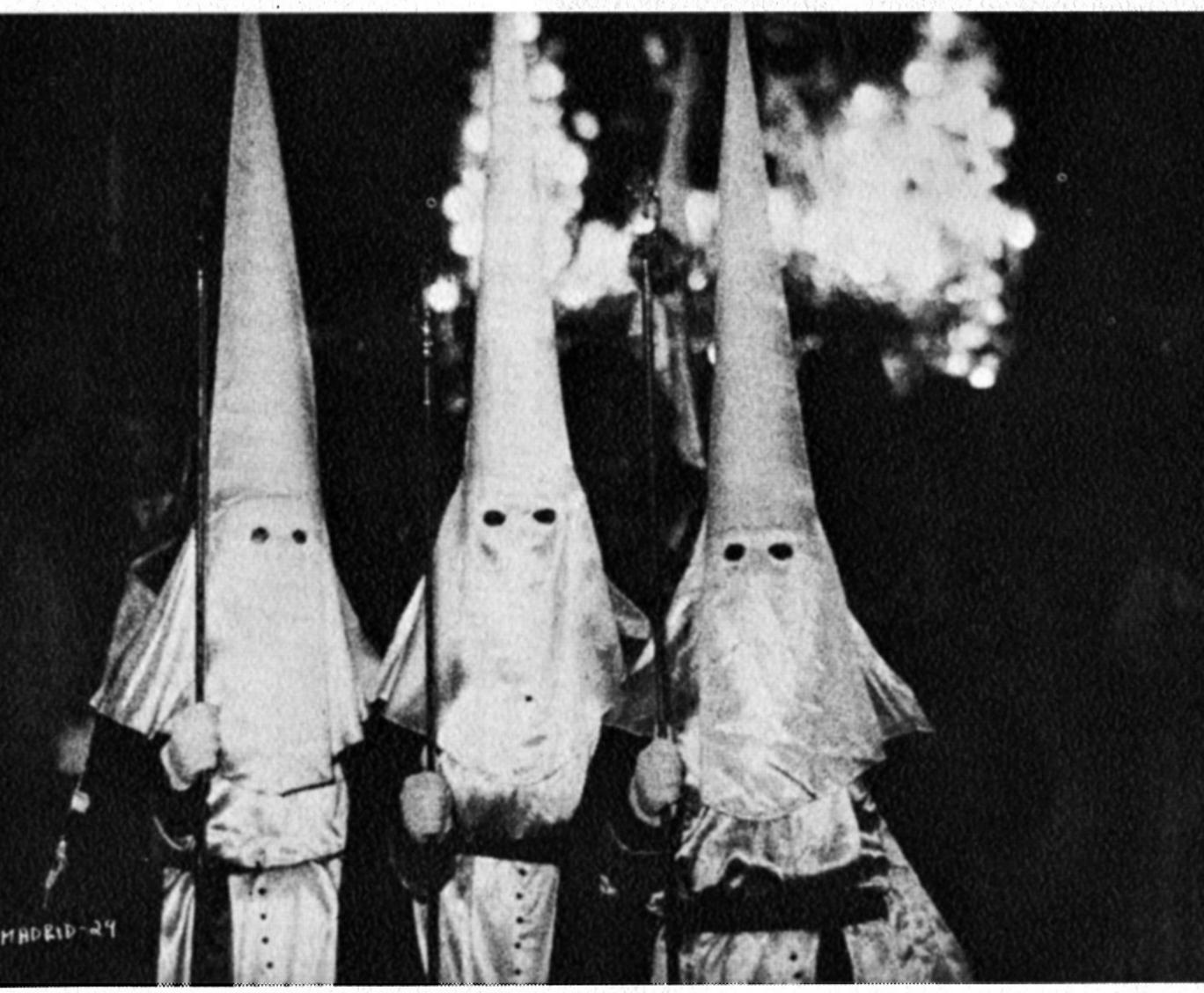
Working for years in half a dozen national film archives, Rossif appears to have made the vast accumulations of Spanish Civil War footage his own. With Homeric impartiality, he recounts the heroism and atrocities on both sides; his intention is not to propagandize but to give a full pic- George Gonneau. 1965.

"My little plum," he says, "I am like Robin Hood: I take from the rich and give to the poor." "What poor?" asks the skeptical Poppy. "Us poor!" replies Professor McGargle, with Sat. another drag at his cheroot. With Rochelle Hudson as Poppy, Richard Cromwell, Lynne Overman, etc. Script by Waldemar Sun. Mon. 16 For the San Francisco area—pathologically devoted to its rare occasions when irate boarding house keepers and local Tues. 17 Wed. 18

Peter Sellers in LOLITA* cultivated European pervert's obsession with a cunning nym- the film's sly and sometimes savage humor and Kubrick's phet features brilliant performances by Peter Sellers as the ghoulish images made LOLITA one of the more controversial | Fri. 20| paradoxical Quilty, and by Shelley Winters as the nagging films of recent years. With James Mason as the protagonist widow Humbert Humbert marries in order to seduce her and Sue Lyon in the title role. Cinematography by Oswald Sat. 21 Sun. Mon. 23

It's hard to know what the producers had in mind—an erotic class British puritanism. All this in a context more amusing fantasy of adolescent repression, a horror film, or a modern than repellent, brilliantly acted by "proper" monster Terence | Tues. 24 version of BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. (They settled, finally, for Stamp, and very adequately by collector's item Samantha BLUEBEARD.) Along the way, we get touches of FRANKEN- Eggar. William Wyler directed. 1965. (color) Wed. 25 In 1936, nationalist fanatics led by General Francisco Franture of what was, from any political standpoint, a national Thurs. 26 Contrasting Civil War footage shot by the world's best cameramen with visual images of timeless Spain, Rossif iso-

lates 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 | Fri 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 his film is one "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. The commentary is spoken by John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt and Sat.



POINT OF ORDER*

and Millions of Americans followed the 36 days of gruelling that democracy is uniquely vulnerable to mass pressures, the final phase of a career founded on deceit, bigotry and Antonio. 1964.

examination and cross-examination that marked the Army- and that elected public officials may prove as guilty of con-McCarthy hearings, but their revelation of demagogery's tempt for law as common criminals. Edited and produced ugly face can best be seen in retrospective. By showing us from 188 hours of kinescopes by Dan Talbot and Emile de **Humphrey Bogart in BEAT THE DEVIL***

inquisitional terror, POINT OF ORDER serves as a reminder "The formula of BEAT THE DEVIL," John Huston once re- a shipwreck—but need we go on? This 1954 picture is the Thurs. marked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." Humphrey Bo- straightfaced parody of the international thriller that killed gart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for off the whole genre. Although the script by John Huston and British East Africa; their travelling companions are Robert Truman Capote is among the most literate of all time, and Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli and Ivor Bernard—a gang the film has always been popular at the Cinema Guild, genof uranium swindlers. A creative liar, Jennifer Jones, turns eral audiences can't seem to figure out what's going on. up, surprisingly, in a blonde wig (the other surprise is that (Recently reissued, the film's new ads asserted it to be ten she's the funniest performer in the picture); she's married years ahead of its time, but—judging by commercial standto a bogus British lord, Edward Underdown—who is less in- ards—that time is not yet.) John Huston directed. terested in her than in his hot water bottle. Then there's



tures Marilyn Monroe as Sugar, the sexy, gin-guzzling vocalist and ukulele player of an all-girl band. Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, down-and-out musicians on the lam from witnessing the St. Valentine's Day massacre, join the band disguised in drag. As Jerry, alias Daphne, the bull-fiddle player fancied by millionaire playboy Osgood Fielding III,

This hysterical parody of prohibition era melodramas fea- speeding away on Osgood's launch—strives valiantly to stave lues. off his amorous designs. Nothing avails—neither coyness, kicking and screaming, or disavowals of passion. In desperation, Daphne reveals that she's a man. "Well," Osgood comments, "nobody's perfect!" (It's the wildest fade-out on film.) With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki, Edward G. Robinson, Jr., etc. Billy Wilder, who Jack Lemmon is demoniacally funny; and Joe E. Brown's directed, collaborated with I.A.L. Diamond on the script. Osgood is so wonderful we weep to think that his long 1959. career was wasted on inanities. In the final chase, DaphneOPENING NOVEMBER 16 AT THE GATEWAY CINEMA

THE SAN FRANCISCO PREMIERE OF THE COMPLETE 31/2-HOUR VERSION OF

Hiroshi Inagaki's

CHUSHINGURA (47 RONIN) — Japan's national epic — has been staged regularly for nearly three centuries. This screen version — three and a half hours in length, photographed in the most ravishing color since GATE OF HELL — is a work of such overwhelming magnitude that there is not the slightest risk in calling it the greatest of all Japanese films. (It is far from certain that there has even been a film to compare Although — as a spectacle — CHUSHINGURA is in a class by itself, visual splendor was not the director's primary aim, but a by-product in a titanic drama, Shakespearean in intensity and sweep.

The actual events took place between the years 1701 and 1703. The Japanese know the story by heart; it is their version of the CHANSON DE ROLAND and the Arthurian legends, except that this chivalric tradition has roots in their own lives; more than any other, it expresses the concepts of loyalty, honor and justice that are the key to Japan's culture. The villain of CHUSHINGURA, Lord Kira — cowardly, greedy, sensual — expresses himself with classic directness: "A man who ceases to lust after money and women might as well be dead!" and later, as his wife listens with illconcealed contempt: "People say that it is shameful to be a coward. But I am proud to be a coward! I want to live for a hundred years!" Takashi Shimura, a samurai of his clan, sits ashen-faced as the corrupt old man expresses his contempt for the samurai and their code. Reminded by Shimura that he is addressing a samurai, Kira mumbles: "Yes, but there are many kinds of samurai!" In the end, asked to commit harakiri, he cries: "Why must I die? I don't want

to die!" Against this brilliant symbol of a corrupt regime stands Lord Asano—too honorable to offer Kira the bribe that means worldly success for himself and his house — and the loyal vassals who vow to avenge his martyrdom, knowing that whatever the outcome — their lives are forfeit. CHUSHINGURA recounts their story with a majesty unparalelled in films. Goaded beyond endurance, Lord Asano commits the unforgivable: drawing his sword in the Shogun's palace, he wounds Lord Kira. The act dishonors his

house and makes outcasts (ronin) of his vassals. Forbidden to defend himself, ordered to commit harakiri, Lord Asano walks through falling cherry blossoms that symbolize the heartbreaking beauty and transience of life. As he slowly unwinds his robes, Inagaki cuts to his corrupt enemy, starting out of a nightmare, screaming: "I am afraid! I am afraid!" In the next scenes the camera races over the landscape:

messengers to Asano's domain bearing the news of his death are relayed in palanquins on the backs of rhythmically shouting runners. Dynamic beyond belief, the sequence symbolizes perfectly the shocked reaction to his martyrdom. Of the 47 ronin, Hiroshi Inagaki develops a mere half dozen so roundly as to suggest the spirit that informs them all. Gathering in Lord Asano's castle, 300 loyal vassals vow l to avenge their lord. Oishi, their leader, surrenders the castle without a struggle; expecting Kira's spies to probe his motives, he pretends indifference to Lord Asano's fate and embarks on a life of debauchery. (Koshiro Matsumoto, the great actor who plays the role, subtly communicates the nausea he feels at the pretense.) Finally, he divorces his wife to spare her and his children the Shogun's wrath. On the eve of vengeance — mistrusting a handmaiden in Lady Asano's employ — he maintains the pretense even to her; and — knowing he will not live to see her again — reaps

her contempt. CHUSHINGURA mingles exultation with a dreadful sadness, for precisely those most worthy of life sacrifice themselves for the good of future generations. Yet this profound, subtle film never descends to a mere catalogue of heroic ideals and deeds. The world we know is always present: there is treachery, weakness, despair; in the course of a year, over half the conspirators defect; others back out at the last moment; one samurai — whose mistress threatens to expose the plot — takes her life and then his own; a loyal retainer, too ill to participate, dies crawling to the rendezvous; only 47 gather on the night of vengeance. In short, under its stylized Kabuki costumes, the world of CHUSHINGURA is our own: its relevance to the problems and perplexities of our era is unmistakable.

Hiroshi Inagaki directs with unbelievable control some of the most complex sequences in film history. Time and again, his shots are absolutely, inevitably, "right." Camera positioning, camera movement in relation to movement within the frame, invariably situates the viewer at the point of maximum expressiveness. His pacing is equally sublime: the rising action alternates discreetly with passages of lyric contemplation until it closes in the most completely satisfying denouement on film. The finale is a choreographic triumph: dozens of individual combats are luminously clear; one never wonders who is fighting whom.

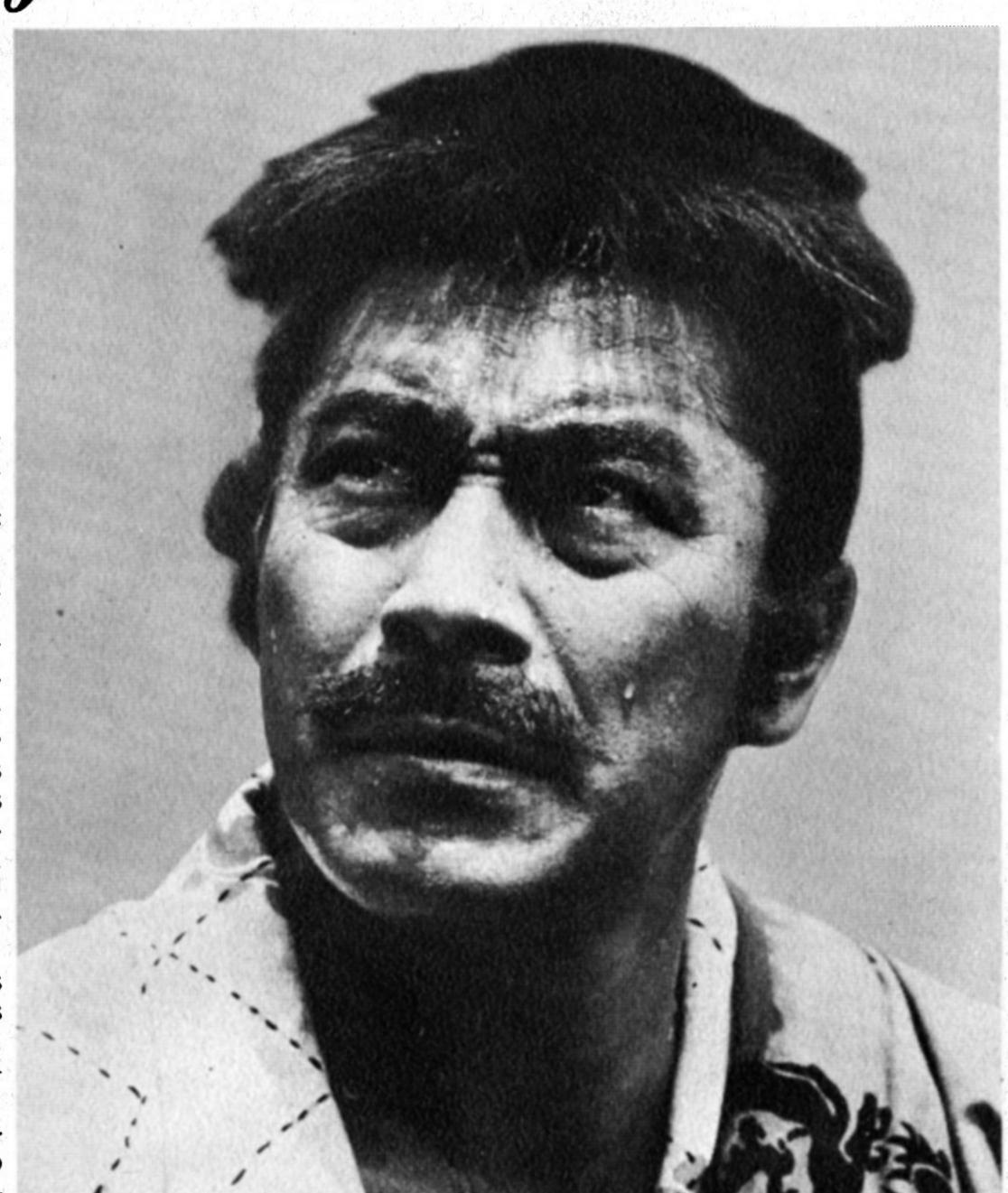
Ennobling, exalting, incredibly exciting, ravishingly beautiful, CHUSHINGURA is on a plane with the Parthenon, the Taj Mahal, THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION as one of the supreme expressions of the human spirit. Among films it is unique: there is little likelihood that it will ever be equalled. Those who participated in the production gave their all

It is impossible to honor them adequately, but we should like to list the major credits: Yuzo Kayama plays Lord Asano; Chusha Ichikawa, Lord Kira; Koshiro Matsumoto, Chamberlain Oishi; Yoko Tsukasa, Lady Asano; and Toshiro Mifune, Japan's leading actor, plays the role of Tawaraboshi Gemba, a great masterless samurai in search of a cause. Toshio Yasumi wrote the luminous screenplay; the photography whose splendor leaves one speechless — is the work of Kazuo Yamada; Akira Ifukube's music is used with infinite subtlety to clarify the action; and for three and a half hours Inagaki's direction keeps you on the edge of your seat. When it ends, CHUSHINGURA seems too short; and viewing after viewing reveals new wonders. Those who see it will find their faith in the cinema's promise restored. CHUSHINGURA redeems the medium; it makes up for all the shoddy movies ever produced.

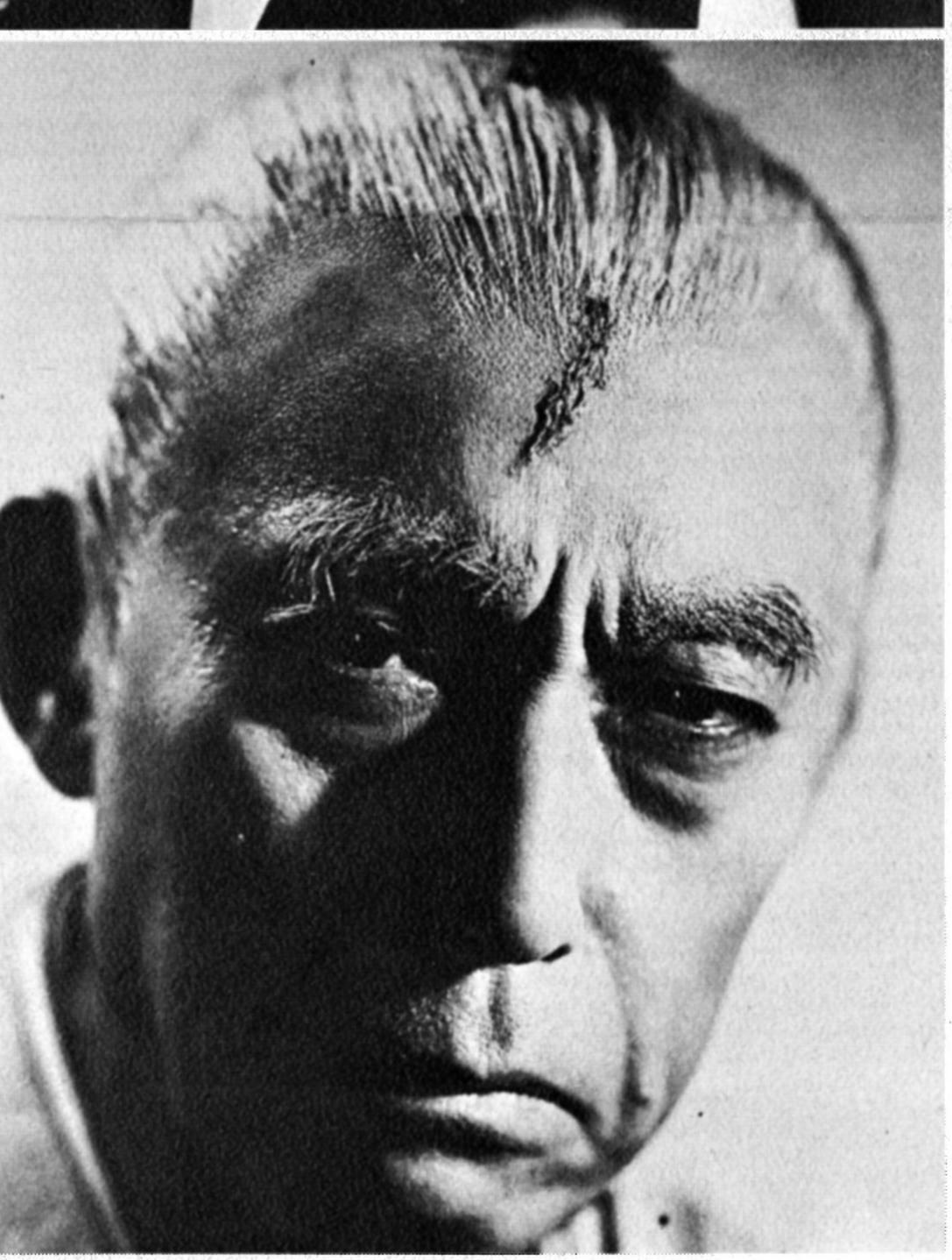
ADMISSION FOR THE RUN OF CHUSHINGURA ONLY

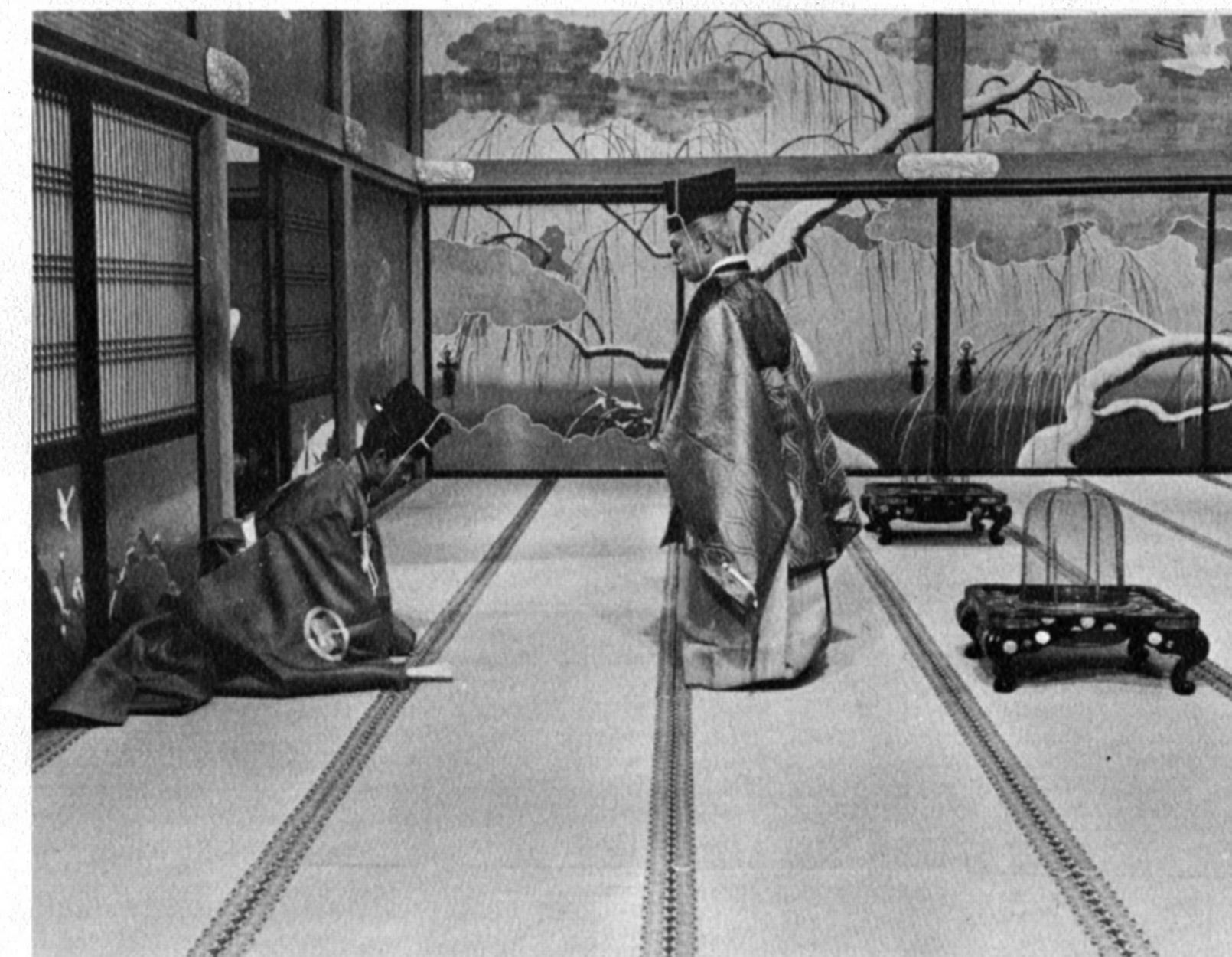
EVENING (Friday, Saturday, Holidays).... \$3.00 EVENING (Sunday through Thursday)..... MATINEE

General Students \$2.50 2.00 2.00 (Admission at starting times only.)









"A scenic feast. The most tastefully, subtly designed Japanese film since the memorable GATE OF HELL."—Bosley Crowther, N.Y. TIMES

"An exquisite, breathtakingly beautiful work of art. For once, the quality is there in a manner that justifies the quantity . . . A must."—Judith Crist, N.Y. WORLD-JOURNAL-

TRIBUNE "Painstakingly designed to ravish the eyes, CHUSHINGURA is the finest movie spectacle I have ever seen. The film is performed in a mannered and polished style that maintains an edge of elegance in the sprawl of plot. CHUSHINGURA is pageantry and dance, ceremony and tourney; it is never happenstance. It is the only picture of this sort that I have ever sat through in willing captivity or could contemplate seeing again . . .



-Robert Hatch, THE NATION

CONFLICT OF OBLIGATIONS*

The key to CHUSHINGURA, without which

the action is not fully comprehensible to Occidentals, is the peculiarly Japanese concept of conflicting obligations. Lord Asano's vassals were under an obligation to avenge his death by killing Lord Kira. To do so, however, meant violating their obligation toward the Shogun, with whom they

had no quarrel. In feudal Japan it was sometimes possible to reconcile conflicting obligations by applying to the authorities for official recognition of a vendetta. If granted, vengeance had then to be exacted within a specified time, or be abandoned. In the case of Lord Asano, far below Lord Kira in rank, official recognition was out of the question. From the state's point of view the vendetta was a crime, for which the penalty might easily have been dishonorable execution. The Shogun himself, however, recognized the nobility of their motives, and graciously allowed the 47 to commit seppuku. Their deed captured the imagination of all Japan; their graves have become a place of pilgrimage, and the area around them is often white with the calling cards of visitors.



Paintings at the Gateway: Courtesy of Gump's Gallery

to the GATEWAY for an additional week. The Theatre Guides of THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, THE EXAMINER and THE DAILY Berkeley or 397-1571 in San Francisco.

On November 30, following the two-week run CALIFORNIAN will carry daily listings of THE of CHUSHINGURA at the GATEWAY, the pro- GATEWAY and THE CINEMA. THE BERKELEY grams at THE CINEMA in Berkeley will move GAZETTE and OAKLAND TRIBUNE will list THE CINEMA only. For program times and other information, please call 848-2038 in

CINEMA Shattuck & Haste

Tues. 12

Wed. 13

Thurs. 14

Sun. 17

Wed. 20

Thurs. 21

Mon. 25

Tues. 26

Nov. 9 DEC. 7

Sun.

Wed. 22

Sun.

Mon. 27

Thurs. 23 Mon. 18,

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg Design: Roslyn Rondelle

Fellini's NIGHTS OF CABIRIA

actor (Amadeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his BEST FOREIGN FILM OF 1957.

Jean-Paul Belmondo in LA VIACCIA*

of it. La Viaccia, the farm symbolizing its theme, is coveted by a grubby peasant family whose idealistic youngest son (Jean-Paul Belmondo) leaves to find work in the city, where he falls in love with Claudia Cardinale, a beautiful prostitute. She returns his love, but-torn between self-contempt and her fear of poverty—she vacillates. To keep Belmondo near her, she sets him up as the brothel's bouncer. LA VIACCIA is a tragedy of fate: the protagonist, fully individu-

reintroduces us to the mime troupe we saw briefly at the 1966. (color) opening. While the protagonist watches, the mimers engage

Chekhov's THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG* and Chekhov's story of an illicit love affair lightly entered ceivable adaptation of a work of literature and the warminto by the hero, which turns into the great, hopeless pas- est, most humane, of Russian movies. The work makes critiin this Soviet film. Ingmar Bergman has said that THE LADY twenty could see it without being bowled over. May we WITH THE LITTLE DOG is a film he wants to see again and suggest that you read Chekhov's novella before you see again. This is understandable: only in WILD STRAWBERRIES the film? Both are perfect, but as the cinema is the more Tues. 21 has he executed, with comparable skill, a theme of com- graphic medium, the film, if anything, is even more hauntparable importance—and that long enough ago for him to ing. With Alexei Batalov as Gurov, and the fragile, unforgetbe nostalgic about it. The theme of THE LADY WITH THE table Iya Savvina as Chekhov's heroine. Josif Heifits direct-LITTLE DOG is universal, its situation irremediable, its exe-ed. 1962. cution heart-rending. This is simultaneously the best con-

Federico Fellini's finest film, NIGHTS OF CABIRIA is also luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and the work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she re- when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of ceived for LA STRADA. The film is a series of episodes in her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience Fri. the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little (Francois Perier) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no the work seems free and almost unplanned, this is art, not protection against her fundamental gullibility which, we carelessness; the structure is so beautifully worked out that | Sat. finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous each seeming irrelevance falls into place. ACADEMY AWARD,

Retitled THE LOVEMAKER for the benefit of exploitation alized, is trapped—as much by his own decency as by a houses, this film has rarely been seen by audiences worthy corrupt society—in circumstances he cannot alter. His family's | Mon. greed, the girl's unquenchable thirst for security, gnaw at his vitals until he is consumed. Filmed with an infallible sense of period (the setting is turn-of-the-century Milan), the brothel sequences are genre masterpieces: the girls-infinitely Tues. 14 sad beneath their flounces, striped stockings and low-cut bodices—suggest the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec. We think you won't be satisfied to see it only once. Mauro Bolognini

Antonioni's BLOW UP*

directed. 1962.

The film masterpiece of the 60's, BLOW UP deals with the in an imaginary tennis match. Bandying about a non-existent problem of responsibility in a society whose members repu-ball, they pretend to follow it with their eyes. When it is diate their human ties. The protagonist, a peculiarly mod- hit out of the court, all look meaningfully at the hero. He ern version of the artist, is a photographer of phenomenal hesitates, then stoops for the imaginary ball and throws it Fri. gifts who has achieved all the trappings of success—wealth, back. The action symbolizes the capitulation of the man of status, and all the sex as he can handle. Accidentally un- healthy instincts to the moral inertia of his peers. Now no covering a murder, his instinct to report it is sidetracked more real than they, he vanishes from the scene. With David by his friends' indifference; when he returns to the scene Hemmings as the photographer, Vanessa Redgrave as the Sat. of the crime the evidence has vanished. The denouement, in girl in the park. The stunning camerawork is by Carlo di which Antonioni's genius rises to the measure of his theme, Palma. Story and direction by Michaelangelo Antonioni.

sion of the lovers' lives, finds its precise visual equivalent cism superfluous: it's hard to imagine how anyone over

Alec Guiness in OLIVER TWIST*

So extraordinary is his make-up that whenever we show the film people invariably ask: "But where is Alec Guinness?" He is of course Fagin the Viper, the corrupter of youth, and he plays the role with a sly, depraved charm. David Lean directed this phantasmagoric version of Dickens' novel in 1947, right after GREAT EXPECTATIONS (that was Guinness' first film, this is his second), but it ran into troubles here: Fagin, the master pickpocket, is Semitic, and pressure groups objected to such a low Semitic character; with some of the offending profiles and gestures plucked, a somewhat assimilated Fagin was allowed to enter the country in 1951. Possibly the group that should have protested was the Mattachine Society: Fagin comes across as a malignant old faggot. The book is, of course, an attack on cruelty, and in its fidelity to it the film is sometimes cruel to the audience: there is the terrible climactic moment when Bill Sykes (Robert Newton) murders his Nancy (Kay Walsh) while their dog scratches frantically at the door. With John Howard Davies as Oliver, Francis L. Sullivan as Bumble, and young Anthony Newley (of STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF) as The Artful Dodger.

Robert Z. Leonard directed.

Laurence Olivier in PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* This 1940 production is among the most charming movies ever made. Brought to the screen with a felicity rare in adaptations, the rather overwhelming cast performs Jane Austen's exquisite comedy of manners 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. 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, Marsha Hunt, Karen Morley, Frieda Inescourt, etc. Mary Boland strikes the one false note by overplaying the mother.

Tues. 28

AT THE GATEWAY: NOVEMBER 30-DECEMBER 6 Wed. 29

EAST BAY PREMIERE: George Franju's JUDEX*

sparse, less out of respect for Feuillade's aesthetic than be- Georges Franju directed. 1963; released in America in 1966.

THE HAUNTING* and

KANE, THE HAUNTING renders almost palpable supernatural Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn. 1963. presences unseen by human eyes. But the film is more than

JUDEX is an homage to those naive turn-of-the-century works cause Franju knows that terror and fantasy are the fruit of of genius, Louis Feuillade's serials of super-crime—FANTOMAS solitude and silence. The matter-of-fact treatment of coinciand LES VAMPYRES. Without snickering or a hint of camp, dence is a source of delicious humor: about to be dispatched Franju's dazzling images and inspired detail raise Feuillade's by Morales, the aged Rochefontaine recognizes his long-lost melodrama to mythic heights. Scene after scene astonishes: son and cries out the truth. Silently, Morales releases him: the guests disguised in bird-masks at the ball; the superb even as an enemy, a son doesn't kill a father. Pathetically abduction sequence, in which black-clad Diana and Morales, mishandled by its distributor—who tried to latch on to the carrying the chloroformed Jacqueline down the dark, shad- BATMAN craze, the work completely missed its proper owy driveway are suddenly stilled as four Alsatians loom audience — the cinephiles who so rarely get a film silently out of the night. Wordlessly they put Jacqueline down worth chewing on. We think you'll find JUDEX the Cinema DEC. and make their escape, turning back to see one dog stand- Guild discovery of the year. With Channing Pollock in the ing gravely over her, its paw gently raised in benediction. title role, Edith Scob as Jacqueline, Francine Berge as the Nothing is said, the dogs neither threaten nor growl: Diana wicked Diana Monti, Sylva Koscina, etc. Screenplay by and Morales recognize that the laws of natural hierarchy Francis Lacassin and Jacques Champreux from original scenmust be obeyed, and they retire defeated. The dialogue is arios by Louis Feuillade. Cinematography by Marcel Fradetal.

Robert Wise, former assistant director to Orson Welles, ap- a superbly photographed ghost story; in the end it turns | Sat. plied what he learned from the great prestidigitator in this into a psychological study of a group of people whose lives chilling study of a group of specialists in extrasensory are altered by contact with forces beyond their grasp. Nelson perception who retire to a haunted mansion for purposes of Giddings adapted the screenplay from Shirley Jackson's research. The most startling American film since CITIZEN novel, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE. With Julie Harris,

AT THE GATEWAY: DECEMBER 7-13



The Beatles in HELP! & A HARD DAY'S NIGHT*

Our original appraisal was rather snide—when first we saw ter than anything on the horizon when we were in our teens, the Beatles, we thought them in the general category of and those who haven't seen them yet are in for a revelation. yo-yos and hula hoops. But the group disarms all criticism: In A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964), their director, Richard Leswe now realize that the Beatles are nothing like the Marx ter, introduced them—with considerable cinematic bravura— Brothers, that their music is fun, their humor sophisticated, in semi-documentary fashion; in HELP! (1965), technicolor their message humane. In terms of a life-style, they're bet- abets their parody of a romantic adventure.

AT THE GATEWAY: DECEMBER 14-20

W. C. Fields as THE BANK DICK

It's the last stand of capitalism when Fields, that unregen- has a lewd, pixyish charm that appeals to women also. Fields erate aside-mutterer, defends the portals of the monetary is a bulbous fixture of the barbershop-poolhall-racetrack-sasystem. In his most famous one-man movie, Fields snarls out loon world. There is more Fields and less irrelevant plot in his contempt for abstinence, truth, honest endeavor, and this one than in most of his later films; there are bank robhuman offspring. The great tosspot is essentially a man's bers and moviemakers and a classic chase on a dirt road comedian; women are not easily won over to his massive up a mountain. Mahatma Kane Jeeves, alias Fields, wrote pretentiousness, cringing cowarice and steady line of af- the script; Eddie Cline directed. With Una Merkel and Frankfront. Groucho Marx is the nearest equivalent, but Groucho lin Pangborn. 1940.



W. C. Fields in NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK

W. C. Fields' last two comedies, THE BANK DICK (1940) and a large part of the film, and it's set in a kind of cloud-NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (1941), have been cuckoo Ruritania that's the damnedest thing we've ever seen. described as "the height of his achievement." There ought Up there Fields encounters the woman for him: Margaret Duto be some more suitable terminology for dealing with these mont, leading a sabre-toothed mastiff. He gets back to some peculiar Fieldsian explosions that palm themselves off as kind of earth for the finale—one of the great chases of all movies. Neither really is, though both deal with making time. a movie. In this one, the movie Fields wants to make is

AT THE GATEWAY: DECEMBER 21-27

Lynn Redgrave as GEORGY GIRL*

bellious and somewhat forlorn girl has the lumpy, misshapen gratiating has something to do with that mysterious essence quality of life itself. Propositioned by James Mason, her known as "star quality"—when she's on camera it's hard father's employer, Georgy plays the drudge to her amoral to watch anyone else. James Mason, far more attractive in roommate (Charlotte Rampling) and her lover (Alan Bates); his middle years than as a matinee idol, gives a delightful when Charlotte deserts her baby, Georgy cares for it and performance as a rich man badgered by a sickly, castrating Bates as well; when Bates abandons her for loving the baby wife, who tries to conceal his glee at her funeral. Silvio overmuch, Mason—who finds her inexhaustible femininity as Narizzano directed. 1966. irresistible as does the audience—comes to her rescue. How

This kooky Cinderella story about a tall, plump, sloppy, re- Lynn Redgrave succeeds in making Georgy so genuinely in-

Rita Tushingham as THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES* and

romance with a sophisticated middle-aged British novelist As the girl, Rita Tushingham gives a performance worthy of is our choice for the film most calculated to appeal to the half a dozen Academy Awards (she didn't get one); as the tastes (and fantasies) of intellectuals since JULES AND JIM. older man attracted by her genuinely natural charm, Peter Edna O'Brien's superbly knowing script dissects a relation- Finch gives a beautifully restrained performance. His handship consisting in the attraction of opposites; what destroys ling of the novelist's distaste for the girl's back-country it is the man's age and the girl's cultural inadequacy—he possessiveness is particularly admirable. With Lynn Redknows too much, she knows too little, and she cannot catch grave, warming up for her role in GEORGY GIRL, as Rita's up. Desmond Davis, Tony Richardson's former cameraman, big, giggly girl friend. 1964.

This tender, humorous story of an unwordly Irish teenager's carries out his first directorial assignment with simple grace.

AT THE GATEWAY: DECEMBER 28-JANUARY 3



COMING TO THE GATEWAY! THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF Satyajit Ray's ABHIJAN

We regret the necessity of having to close our well-loved rights, is perhaps the best of them. This charming, visually

with luxury theatres on both sides of the bay, we're in a ABHIJAN will open at the GATEWAY CINEMA next Spring. position to import our own. In consequence, Cinema Guild patrons will shortly be the first to view quality films American distributors have not known how to market.

the absence of new films by the greatest of contemporary mature to mention titles, but if your support of ABHIJAN directors, Satyajit Ray, whose work has been deemed un- matches your enthusiasm for our past policies we promise commercial by our powers-that-be. Over a dozen of Ray's to show you treasures unsuspected by those who imagine films, produced since THE APU TRILOGY, remain unim- that the current crop of "art films" represents the cream ported. ABHIJAN, to which we have obtained the U.S. of world production.

Telegraph Avenue fleapits. A net advance over our early stunning comedy deals with a young cab driver descended days of rented halls, flat floors, poor sound and wooden from a celebrated hero who — after a hilarious series of folding chairs, the Guild and Studio had outlived their frustrations — succeeds in reconciling his modest station usefulness and prevented us from developing in other direc- with his exalted ancestry. Soumitra Chatterjee, the great Bengali actor who played Apu full-grown, is the protago-In the past, dependent on commercial sources, we've often nist. Waheeda Rehman, the superb actress-dancer of THE been unhappy with the films we've had to show. Now, GUIDE, plays the feminine lead. Currently being sub-titled,

Also available to us is a veritable cornucopia of European masterpieces that American distributors - whose incomprehension of art audiences is exceeded only by their The most significant lacuna on domestic screens has been ignorance of what they're selling — have rejected. It's pre-

THE MANAGEMENT

GATEWAY & CINEMA

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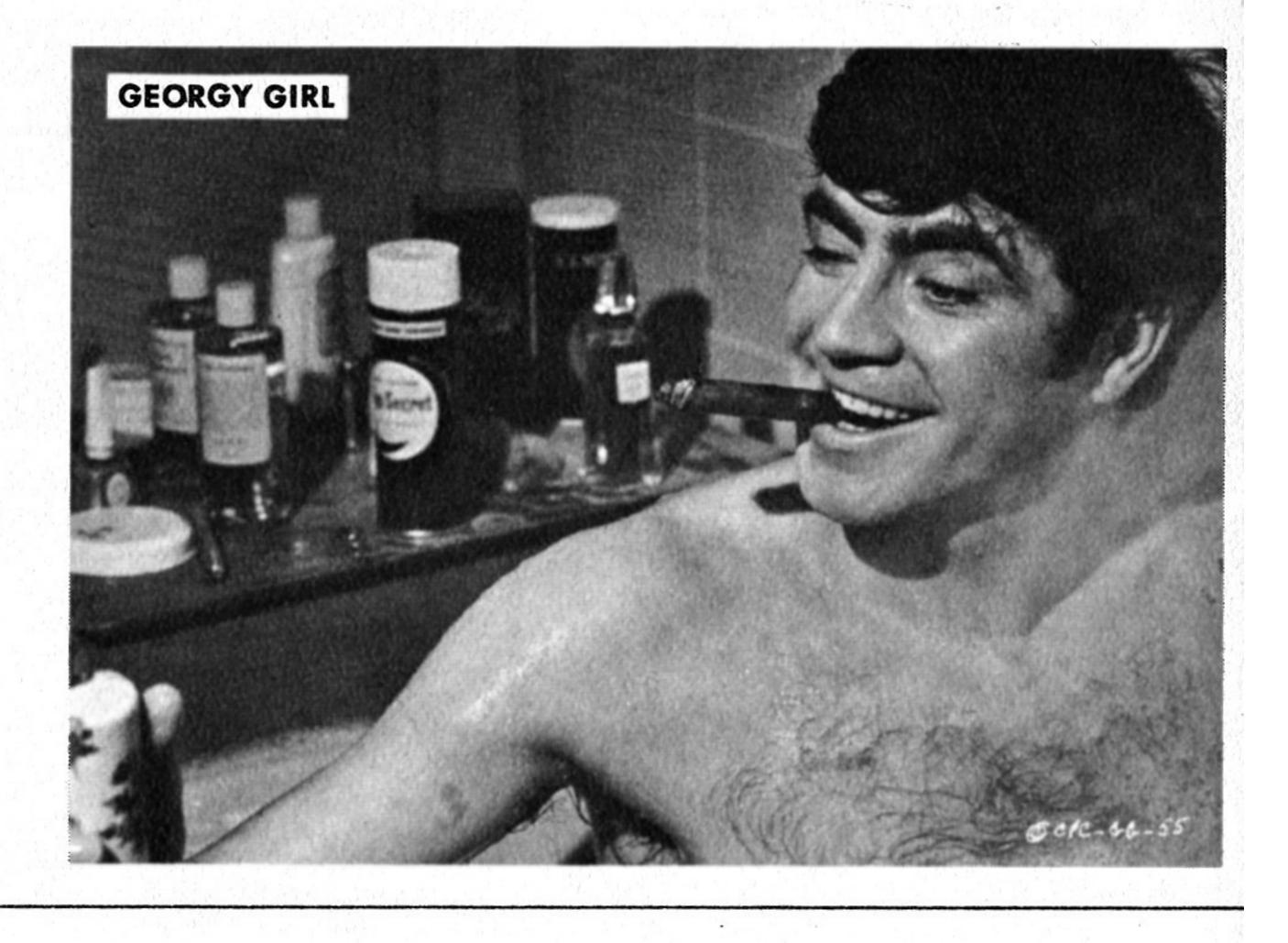
*Program Notes: Edward Landberg Design: Roslyn Rondelle

> Paintings at the Gateway: Courtesy of Gump's Gallery

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