

Document Citation

Title Cinema Guild and Studio January - February 1965

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Source Berkeley Cinema Guild

Date 1/1/1965

Type program

Language English

Pagination

No. of Pages 4

Subjects Berkeley Cinema Guild, Berkeley, Berkeley, United States

Motion picture theaters -- California -- San Francisco Bay Area

Motion picture theaters -- California -- Berkeley

Film Subjects Smultronstället (Wild strawberries), Bergman, Ingmar, 1957

Chushingura (Forty-seven ronin), Inagaki, Hiroshi, 1962

Zazie, Riju, Go, 1989

La passion de Jeanne d'Arc (The passion of Joan of Arc), Dreyer,

Carl Theodor, 1928

Beat the devil, Huston, John, 1953

14TH YEAR - 1965

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

CHUSHINGURA: 20th WEEK!

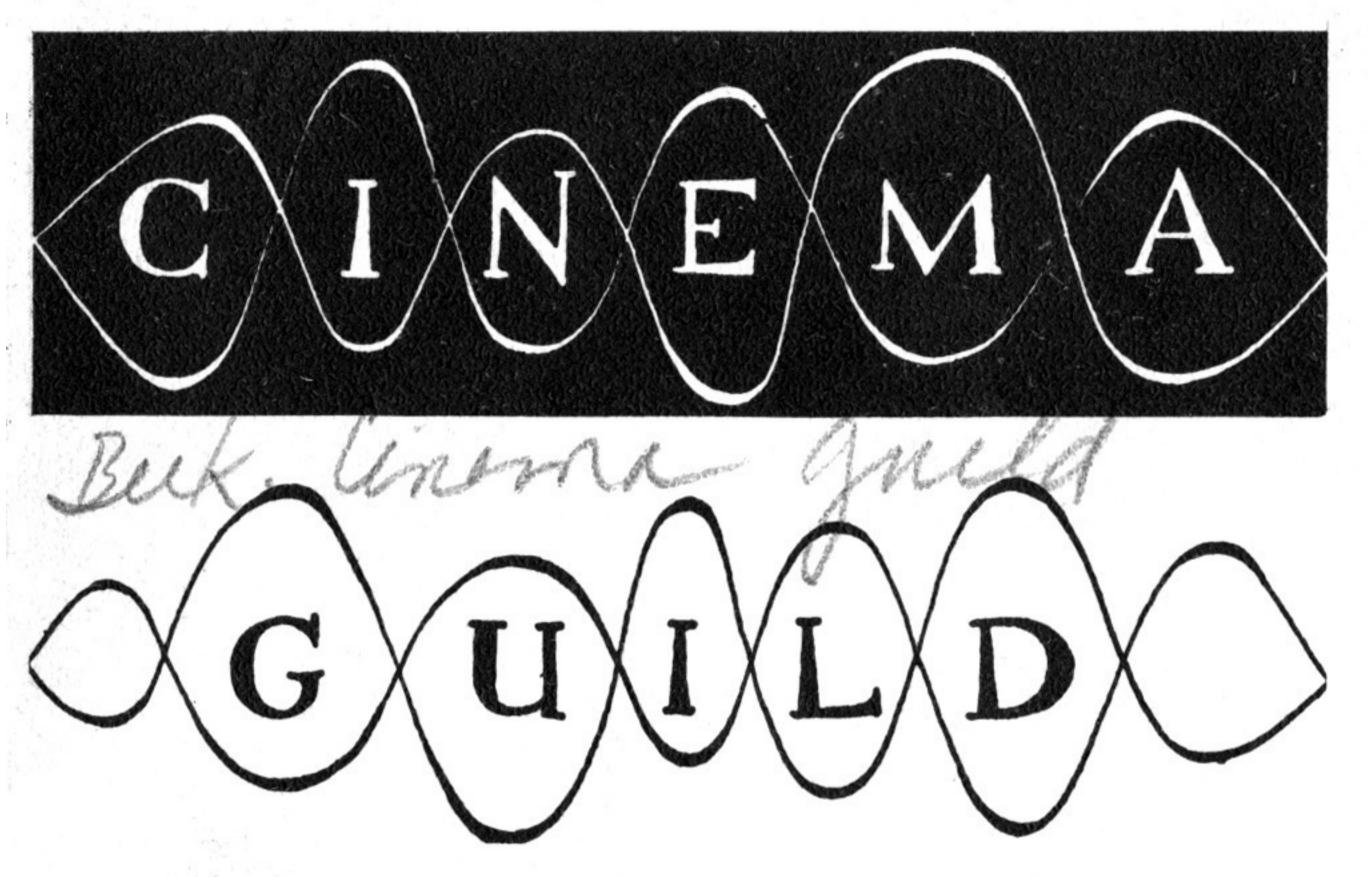
When this schedule reaches you, our roadshow engagement of CHUSHINGURA will be in its 20th week at THE CINEMA. This is six times longer than our longest previous run, and the longest run any Japanese film has ever had in America. (The previous record holder, RASHOMON, lasted 17 weeks in New York after winning the Grand Prize at Venice.)

CHUSHINGURA has not as yet been entered in European Film Festivals, and its longevity at our theatre is all the more remarkable in that it arrived unheralded after failing disastrously in a drastically cut version.

That we consider the film a great work has had little to do with its success at our theatre. That CHUSHIN-GURA is great is so apparent that no one who sees it can keep from responding: its word-of-mouth has been phenomenal.

Meanwhile, the film continues at THE CINEMA. The programs to follow—whose playdates cannot now be pinpointed—will include:

Bergman's WILD STRAWBERRIES & LADY WITH THE DOG Ray's DEVI & Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT CHILDREN OF PARADISE (complete) Kobayashi's HARAKIRI (East Bay Premiere) FORBIDDEN GAMES & LA STRADA Ozu's EQUINOX FLOWER (Bay Area Premiere) Kurosawa's 7 SUMURAI (East Bay Premiere of the com-



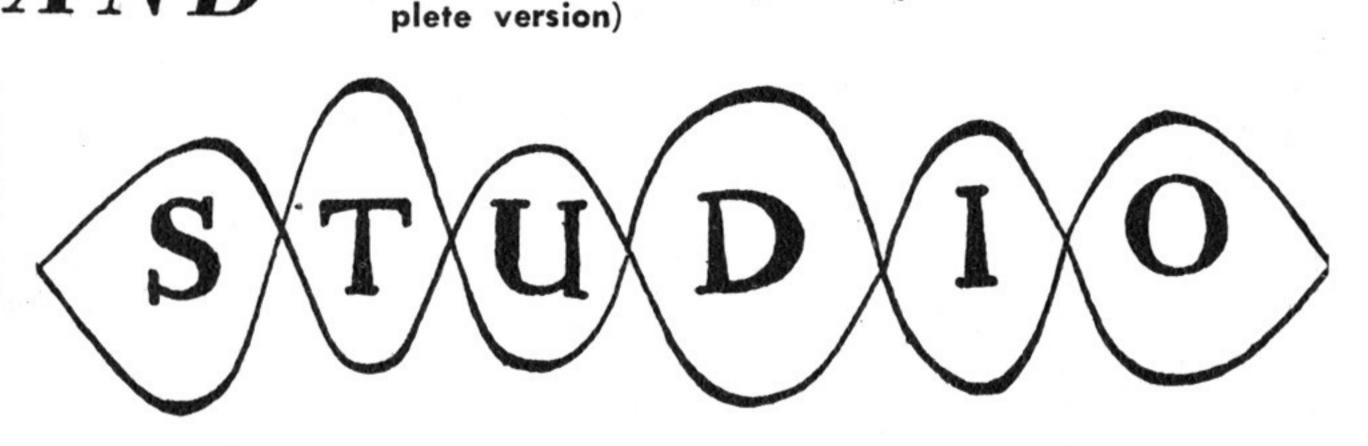
SPECIAL STUDENT RATES

No one complains of the price after seeing CHUSHIN-GURA, but some have objected that the advanced admissions put off many of the people—particularly students—most apt to appreciate the film. There is much to be said for this point of view, and—since the film will not soon return after the conclusion of its present engagement—we are inaugurating a policy of special student rates for CHUSHINGURA.

CHUSHINGURA: ADMISSION

EVENING (Friday, Saturday, Holidays)	General \$3.00	Students \$2.50
EVENING (Sunday through Thursday)	2.50	2.00
MATINEE (Sundays & Holidays)	2.50	2.00

(No seats reserved. Admission at starting times only; the house will be cleared after each performance.)



STARTING TIMES

FRIDAY	6:30	2	10:00
SATURDAY & HOLIDAYSat	6:00		9:45
SUNDAY THROUGH THURSDAY			7:30
MATINEE (Sundays & Holidays)			
(Other matinees will be scheduled if ne	cessar	y.)	

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



CINEMA

Shattuck & Haste

Hiroshi Inagaki's CHUSHINGURA (complete)*

CHUSHINGURA (47 OUTCASTS)—Japan's national epic-has been staged regularly for well over two centuries. The fantastic 1962 screen version—three and a half hours in length, photographed in the most ravishing color since GATE OF HELL-represents the culmination of an age-old tradition. It is a work of such overwhelming magnitude that one takes not the slightest risk in calling it the greatest of all Japanese films (We're far from certain that there has ever been a film that compares with

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 its 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 CHAN-SON DE ROLAND or 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 Kiracowardly, 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: "Of course what I say doesn't apply to all of them." In the end, asked to commit seppuku (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 vas sals who vow to avenge his martyrdom, knowing that—whatever the outcome—their lives are

CHUSHINGURA recounts this story with a majesty unparalleled 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 followers.

Forbidden to defend himself, ordered to commit seppuku, 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 don't want to die!"

In the next scenes the camera races over the landscape: messengers to Asano's domain bearing news of his death are relayed in palanguins on the backs of rhythmically shouting runners. Dynamic beyond belief, the sequence symbolizes perfectly the shocked reaction to his martyrdom.

Of the 47 outcasts, Hiroshi Inagaki develops a bare half dozen so roundly as to suggest the spirit that informs them all. Gathering in Lord Asano's castle, 300 loyal vassals vow to avenge their lord. Their leader, Chamberlain Oishi, 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 Oishi, 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 con-

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 CHU-SHINGURA 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 not only breathtakingly original, but 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, Mont St. Michel, THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION as one of the supreme expressions of the human spirit. Among films it is unique: we

don't expect to see its like again. 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, appears to have been pleased to play the minor—though not insignificant 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 — used with infinite subtlety to clarify the action—is in no way inferior to Prokofiev's score for ALEXANDER NEVSKY; 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. (Eastmancolor, Tohoscope)



"A rare and majestic film, produced . . . on a glorious scale . . . Kazuo Yamada's photography is overwhelmingly handsome . . . perhaps more (elegant) than the memorable camera-work of GATE OF HELL. I was surprisingly absorbed by most of the film.,. Its castles and barons and duels and pageantry and fragile females have been . . . breathtakingly photographed against cherry-blossomed courtyards or snow-covered medieval villages. What especially impressed me was the subtlety of Inagaki's technique—the psychological shading . . . the Shakespearean use of slapstick for comic relief, and the imaginative transitions between scenes, which abruptly sweep the action along . . . The performances are exceptionally fine."—EXAMINER.



holds up as a piece of artistry against many of the so-called classic U.S. and European films. The story itself deals with the pride and dignity, and grossness, of man. But it is the photographic patterns, and sheer beauty of the color and movement that make CHUSHINGURA a rare movie experience for discerning viewers . . . Particularly well done is the lengthy climactic swordplay . . . CHUSHINGURA is an amazingly engrossing experience."—TRIBUNE.





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.

and



"Without having seen all the great films of all time, it is unsafe categorically to declare CHUSHINGURA the greatest motion picture ever made. But it is very safe to pronounce it one of the greatest. This Japanese epic... offers enough action, gore, romance and color to satisfy the most avid tastes. And, in its 31/2 hour version, it offers a more thorough grounding in Japanese character than a semester of comparative sociology. It also offers a lesson in film-making that producers of Hollywood spectaculars might well take to heart . . . Whatever the philosophical implications of CHUSHINGURA, it is one of the towering achievements of the film medium. In direction, acting, sets, costumes and color—in every detail—CHUSHINGURA verges on the flawless. In other words, see it. Take an extra cushion if you don't think you can survive otherwise, but see it."-CHRONICLE.

COMING:

Ingmar Bergman's WILD STRAWBERRIES*

(SMULTRONSTALLET) WILD STRAWBERRIES is to the cinema is—of course—a human archetype; his story the story of dream-sequence on film—his premonition of death. This is followed by an intricate series of flashbacks, each unfolding a key event from the old man's past. Step by step, carefully modulating his encounters with people young and old, past and present, Bergman leads the old man to selfknowledge. Slowly, he recognizes himself unworthy of the nally—hardest of all—he accepts himself. Bergman's scientist

what KING LEAR is to drama; nothing, one feels, is beyond human aspiration and destiny. Fugal in structure, the work its author's creative range. The film, covering 24 hours in comes closer than anything on film to expressing the meanthe life of an egocentric old scientist about to be honored ing and potential of human life; and the old man's journey for his service to humanity, opens with the most chilling to his final honors is the clearest possible demonstration of the dictum that character is fate. FIGARO'S critic called WILD STRAWBERRIES "a miracle . . . indescribably beautiful...a work that carries the cinema to the level of the most noble forms of creation." This is not hyperbole; the film is impossible to overpraise. With Victor Sjostrom as the old man; Gunnar Bjornstrand as his son; Ingrid Thulin, honors bestowed upon him, and accepts them humbly; fi- Bibi Andersson. Bergman directed from his own script. Grand Prize, Berlin, 1958.

is universal, its situation irremediable, its execution heart-

Chekhov's THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG*

Chekhov's story of an illicit love affair lightly entered into rending. This is simultaneously the best conceivable adaptaby the hero, which turns into the great, hopeless passion tion of a work of literature, and the warmest, most huof the lovers' lives, finds its precise equivalent in this mane, of Russian movies. The work makes criticism super-Soviet film whose every image captures Chekhov's spirit. fluous: it's hard to imagine anyone over twenty who could Ingmar Bergman has said that THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE see it without being bowled over. May we suggest that DOG is a film he wants to see again and again. This you read Chekhov's novella, and then see the film? Both is understandable: only in WILD STRAWBERRIES has he are perfect, but as the cinema is the more graphic medium, executed a theme of comparable importance with comparathe film is—if anything—even more haunting. With Alexei ble skill—and that long enough ago for him to be nostalgic Batalov as Gurov, and the fragile, unforgettable lya Sav-

about it. The theme of THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE DOG vina as Chekhov's heroine. Josif Heifits directed. 1962. Satyajit Ray's DEVI (THE GODDESS)* For Hindus, DEVI represents the sort of bombshell set off to flee with him. Tragedy strikes when medical aid for the

murderous logical conclusion. For its defiance of American cultural norms, VERDOUX was boycotted everywhere, and

the comedian himself forced into exile. Nothing quite so drastic happened to Ray, but this astringent drama of the tragic consequences of Hindu superstition was banned in India, and only Nehru's personal intervention made showings possible abroad. Ray works, as always, wholly through character. A Hindu nobleman who fears that his favorite daughter-in-law will leave him to join her husband, dreams that she is a reincarnation of the goddess Kali. Proclaiming his vision, he places the naive girl on an altar outside his

beats and mocking cannon shots, and interspersed with long 1953.

dissolves of a pitiless sun beating down on the tormented

in America by Chaplin's MONSIEUR VERDOUX, which at- old man's mortally ill grandson is rejected in favor of intacked the sanctity of free enterprise by taking it to its vocations to the "goddess." (There is an extraordinary scene in which a frightened physician defers to the goddess partly for fear of offending believers, partly because he too is a victim of the superstition.) Although Ray makes use of Occidental depth psychology to achieve this radical analysis of his own culture, he also brings to bear upon it an artistry that is uniquely his own. With godlike immediacy, everything he touches springs to life. The images have a quiet—but never striking—beauty, for Ray refuses to distract the viewer from the total meaning of the action: more than any living director, his films achieve the artistic ideal—a perfect fusion of beauty and truth. If immortality home. When a sick child brought to her "recovers," the can ever safely be predicted for an artist, we believe it peasants—and the girl herself—come to believe in her can be for Ray. With Chhabi Biswas as the Hindu nobledivinity. The horrified British-educated husband tries to man, Soumitra Chatterjee as his son, and Sharmila Tagore intervene, but his wife—proud of her new status—refuses as "the goddess." Ray wrote, directed and produced. 1961.

Ingmar Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT*

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



Laurence Olivier in WUTHERING HEIGHTS*

Deputy for the Colored and Uncle Tom Supreme to the Cap'n

last cringe. No one who sees GONE ARE THE DAYS—which

made us feel better about the human race than almost any

film in recent years—will ever again have an easy time

Davis adapted his own his play, PURLIE VICTORIOUS. 1963.

"Yassuh, boss, you is de boss, boss"), plays Gitlow to the

3 Mon.

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Marilyn Monroe in THE MISFITS* Arthur Miller's only screenplay, supposedy inspired by his the brutal mustang round-up—the cruelest, most cinematic,

marriage to Marilyn Monroe, deals with a group of tramps, section of the film. With Montgomery Clift, Thelma Ritter, aging cowboys and divorcees in Reno. It culminates in Eli Wallach, etc. Filmed on location in Nevada. 1961. MARILYN* and She was, God knows, no actress, yet almost everyone— of her career at Fox concludes with clips from her last,

including intellectuals—enjoyed her movies. In addition to unfinished film, SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE. Some of her "star quality," Marilyn projected something unseen on best work, made for other studios, is missing: we've tried American screens since the disappearance of Mae West: the to remedy the lack by presenting THE MISFITS on the healthy suggestion that sex might be fun. This retrospective same program. Federico Fellini's 8½*

Don't let what you've heard about it frighten you off. 81/2 tale of a writer-director in a quandary. That accepted and is not deep, and it isn't terribly experimental; it's a semiautobiographical 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 erotic fantasy or climbs the fabulously expensive nonsense knows better than anybody, and he shows you what structure erected at the end, he's merely having fun (and he goes through day after day. He plays with all the attitudes available to a film-maker: he is a slave-driver and gested that 8½ shows Fellini written out, that the end a slave to his work; regarded as an oracle by those around of his career is imminent. We prefer to reserve our judgment. 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

There's time enough to attack him if he calls his next film 91/2. (One will get you ten he doesn't.) With Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Anouk Aimee, Sandra Milo, etc. 1963. Admission: \$1.25.

Alain Resnais' LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*

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

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Heinz Ruhmann as THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK*

In 1920, Jaroslav Hasek, a Czech veteran of World War I, began to write a novel (planned for six volumes) entitled THE ADVENTURES OF THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK. He lived to complete only the first four. Nevertheless the book's satire swept all Europe; it became the classic anti-militarist work of its era. By trade a seller of stolen dogs, Schweik is a uniquely simple man: he sees things as they are, rather than as people pretend they are. Drafted at the outbreak of World War I (he is merely lame), Schweik is attached as has many affairs but little money. Eventually, Lukas loses Schweik to another officer in a card game, but Schweik sentimentally attached to his master—buys himself back. Finally, trying to abet romance by providing his lieutenant with a dog stolen from a superior officer, Schweik gets them

Bernhard Wicki's THE BRIDGE* (DIE BRUECKE) This is the most remarkable indictment of war by one, they are cut down; two days later, the war ends. In since ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, and twenty years theme, the film is curiously ambiguous. The boys are idealisgood deal better. With World War II drawing to a close, a German village undertakes hopeless defense preparations. Few veterans remain; most of the draftees are old men and children. The protagonists are seven teen-agers, romantic, excited, war-intoxicated. Seeing the boys mobilized, a veteran tries to keep them out of harm's way by assigning them to guard a bridge due to be demolished. But the boys take their assignment seriously, kill a member of the demolition crew, and attempt to hold the bridge against the Americans. One

officers school—who set out on a truck to take a hysterical

pregnant German woman to a rear-line hospital. Most com-

both sent to the front. There he is mistaken for a Russian spy and sentenced to be shot. By a miraculous stroke of luck (the end of the war), he escapes. Schweik's survival is not, however, an example of fool's luck, but a comic demonstration that common sense must finally triumph over the complicated doubletalk that creates and rationalizes wars. An accurate version of the book, the film creates a Chaplinesque jester whose utterances are timeless. Germany's great tragic clown, Heinz Ruhmann (best known for his performorderly to Lt. Lukas, a romantic young Austrian officer who ance as THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK), plays Schweik with the precise mixture of naivete, irony, good humor and perpetual surprise the role requires. Script by Hans Jacoby from Hasek's novel. Axel Von Ambesser directed. 1963. Admission \$1.50

out of the way, you can sit back and enjoy it without

worrying too much about theme or edification. In 81/2

Fellini has surpassed himself. The camera work is dazzling:

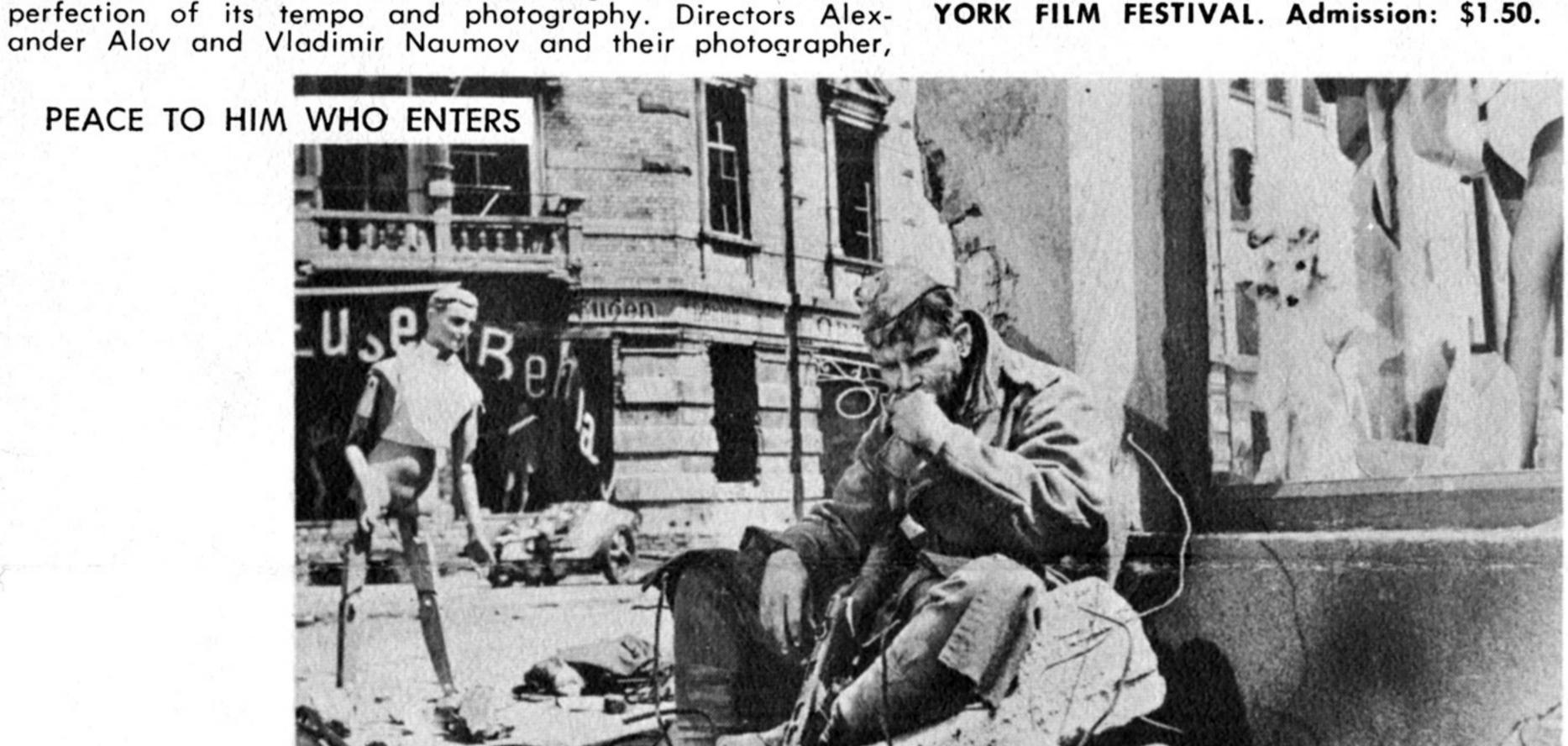
whether his director wields a whip in an incredibly funny

few films are more fun to watch). Some critics have sug-

Mon. 18 Sun. 171 from now the quality of its acting will probably stand up a tic; yet their idealism must surely be made up of large doses of Nazi indoctrination. The thought that ideals as doubtful Tues. 19 Mon. 18 as these are often the substance of patriotism is more than a little disturbing. But this may be the point: the propaganda that manufactures patriots is shortlived; death is everlasting. Bernhard Wicki, who played the memorable part of the dying writer in LA NOTTE, was for some years assistant director to Helmut Kautner. THE BRIDGE (1960) is his first film. From an established director it would be a remarkable work; from a novice it is nothing less than a miracle.

EAST BAY PREMIERE: PEACE TO HIM WHO ENTERS* PEACE TO HIM WHO ENTERS—the finest Soviet film since Anatoly Kuznetsov, achieved wonders in conveying the BALLAD OF A SOLDIER—is not essentially a war story. Set over-all scene of chaos—endless lines of marching troops, in the last days of World War II, with the German army the organized bedlam of makeshift army hospitals, and being routed and Soviet and American troops about to the awesome surrealist patterns of bombing rubble. Waymeet on the Elbe, it tells of three men—a driver, a mute, side vignettes involving a soldier's burial, an umbrella, the shellshocked sergeant, and a youngster just graduated from driver and an old general, throb with life. And one sequence, in which a snarling young Nazi turns into a scared, blubbering child, simply soars. GRAND PRIX, VENpelling about the work is its dazzling technical skill—the ICE, 1963; ONLY RUSSIAN FILM SHOWN AT THE NEW

YORK FILM FESTIVAL. Admission: \$1.50.



Tony Richardson's A TASTE OF HONEY*

much by way of comment. Shelagh Delaney's script is hon- lacked, and the final trouvaille of the sparkler to symbolize estly—even eloquently—developed in terms indigenous to the theme is unforgettable. With Dora Bryan as the mother, film, and Rita Tushingham's touchingly unsentimental Jo Murray Melvin as the homosexual, Robert Stephens, Paul made her a star. As a film, A TASTE OF HONEY has fire, Danquah, etc. 1962.

Tony Richardson's finest film is too well known to require poetry and a wistfulness that—for us at least—the play

EAST BAY PREMIERE

This film, a remarkable psychological portrait of the descent into madness of a gifted warrior born out of his time, takes place in 1663, following a long period of peace. Hayakawa, the quixotic young swordsman of the title, refuses to accept a Tokugawa edict forbidding swordplay even as a sport which, for him, destroys all hope of fame. Betrayed by his fiancee, kunted by his own clan, the boy hides in the mountains while perfecting his secret "snowstorm" technique by means of which he incapacitates opponents by lopping off their thumbs. Inagaki, working once more with Kazuo Yamada, the great cameraman of CHUSH-INGURA, directs this material in magnificent epic style. We remember particularly the prelude to the final duel in which great flights of birds swoop over the heads of the combatants. With Somegoro Ichikawa (Sampei Kayano in

and

white Tohoscope) 1964. Admission \$1.25.

sion: \$1.50.

and

The time is 9th Century Kyoto; a nobleman's wife is raped ment is breathtaking, but the introductory and closing semystery—what can one ever be sure of? The filmic move-

Carl Dreyer's

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC*

among the subtlest, most profound films ever made—it is

also the greatest work on the subject in any medium—and

if we had our choice of just one film to take with us to a

desert island, this is the film. (CHUSHINGURA would sink

the lifeboat.) Made for a pittance, and seen by relatively

few, there's not a frame in JOAN that isn't worth the

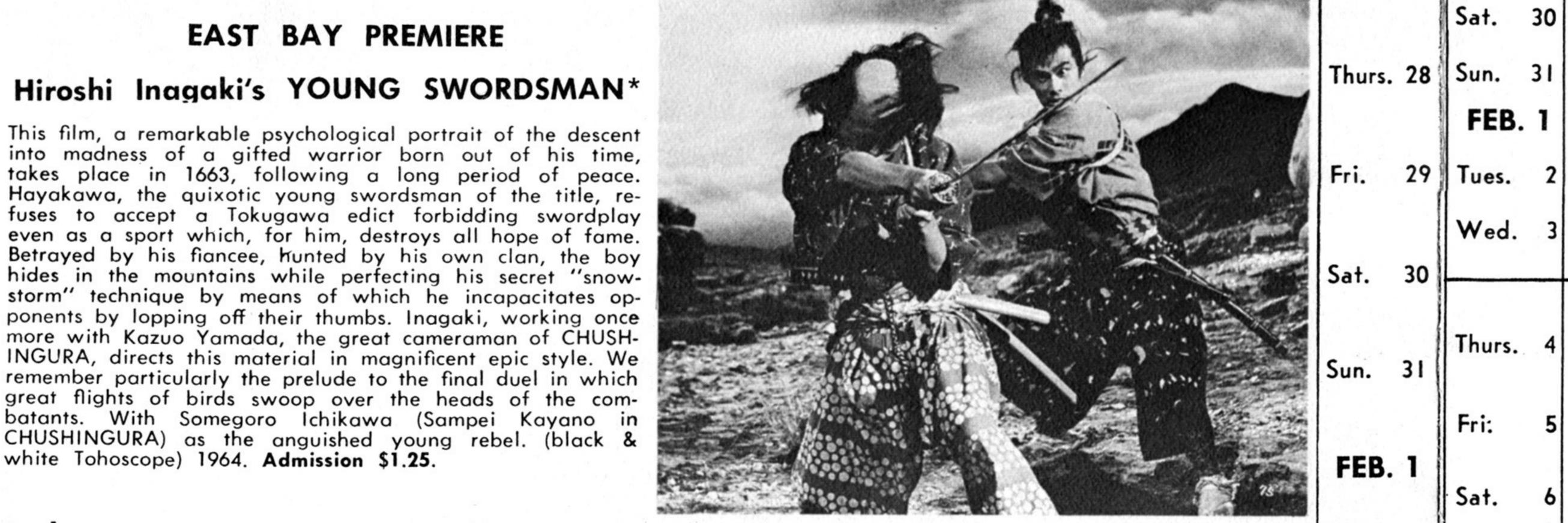
whole of CLEOPATRA. Having said that, we must stress

that the work was made uncompromisingly for a minority,

that it is supremely hard to take, and that few who see

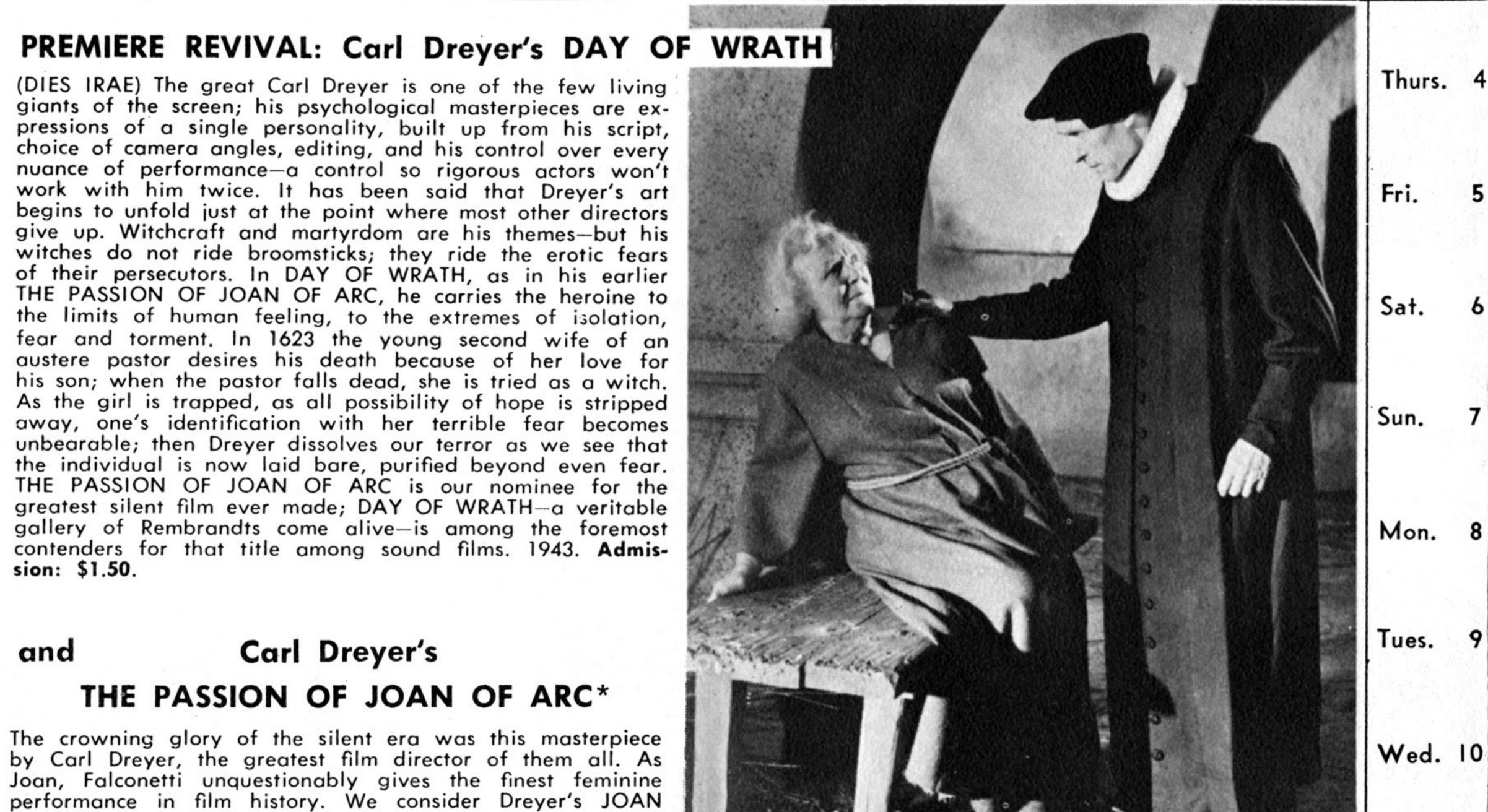
it like it. But if you haven't, there's a chance you're missing

THE cinematic experience of your life. 1928.



Kurosawa's RASHOMON

by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is quences are tedious. Not in Akutagawa's original, they a suicide. The crime is enacted four times, in the versions were added to the film to soften the theme. But RASHOMON of the three participants, each of whom gives an account is one of the great film experiences because there are that increases his own prestige, and in the version of a pleasures—as well as pain—in looking into an abyss. Akira woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Murder mysteries Kurosawa directed. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, reconstruct the crime to find the culprit. RASHOMON con- Best Foreign Film of 1951. (The film was recently subjected tinuously reconstructs a crime to demonstrate the terrible to a synthetic American remake entitled THE OUTRAGE; unknowability of truth. It goes to the heart of the human here's your chance to acquaint—or re-acquaint—yourselves with the real thing.)



THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC* This is among the greatest films ever made. The script is based on the trial records; Carl Dreyer has taken this testimony and made it appear to be spoken for the first time. As five gruelling interrogations follow one another, Dreyer | Fri. turns the camera on the faces of Joan and her persecutors, and in giant close-ups, reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement, Joan and her Inquisitors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, tears, and (as no one in the film used make-up) with contours, features, and skins that are individual. To prepare | Sat. for the part, Falconetti (a well-known stage comedienne) spent a year in a convent. Dreyer subjected her to absolutely pitiless rehearsals, and no actress ever labored under a scrutiny so intense: for most of the film, the camera hung like a giant eye only a few feet from her face. Dreyer used white backgrounds—nothing distracts the viewer from the physiognomy of the actress. The merest incomprehension of her role, the slightest false note, would have been amplified a hundred-fold. And Falconetti's extraordinary acting was done for a medium that requires innumerable interruptions for camera set-ups, and caused one great stage actor to exclaim in despair that film acting was like prac-Mon. 15 Mon. 22 ticing coitus interruptus—whenever you got really excited, you had to stop... After completing THE PASSION, Falconetti returned to the stage, and never made another film. Seeing it for the first time, you may feel, as we did, outrage and a sense of claustrophobia: what right had any director to subject an audience to such an ordeal! With subsequent viewings, this sense of outrage fades-for the film does not. The more one sees it, the more expressive the actors' mute gestures become; one learns to interpret them, as one learns a new language—by entering more fully into its context. And yet, as with the highest works of art, the more deeply one penetrates THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC the clearer it becomes that the work is inexhaustible. The supporting roles also are beyond the ravages of time: Sylvain is a chilling Cauchon; as Massieu, the young Antonin Artaud is the image of passionate

idealism. 1928. THE MARK*

A sympathetic look at the troubles and self-doubts of a re-young man; Maria Schell as the widow who befriends him. habilitated sexual pervert whose past is exposed by an Rod Steiger as the psychiatrist; Brenda de Banzie, Donald unscrupulous reporter. With Stuart Whitman as the disturbed Houston, Donald Wolfit, etc. Guy Green directed. 1961. A STRANGER KNOCKS*

A Danish shocker: the lonely young widow of a resistance Her discovery of the truth in the climactic scene is the only

fighter unknowingly meets and falls in love with the col-recorded case of coitus interruptus in the history of the

BLACK ORPHEUS*

laborator responsible for her husband's death by torture. cinema. 1962.

surging life and riotous color enchanted us, and we found Bruno Mello as Orpheus, Marpessa Dawn as Eurydice (who its shortcomings—the strained parallel to the Orpheus myth, is worth anybody's trip to hell). and John Cassavetes' SHADOWS* SHADOWS deals honestly, without special pleading, with anything was possible, and everything about the medium miscegenation and the sense of exclusion from life that remained to be discovered. The result, a stunning cinecorrodes so many young people. There was no script. Gen- matic breakthrough in which film and life truly interpene-

went back almost to the beginning of motion pictures, when

(ORFEU NEGRO) Although it won the Grand Prix at Cannes and the amateurishness of some of the acting—of no great in 1958, critical opinion has been sharply divided. A ma- consequence. Marcel Camus directed with much love and jority liked it, and for once we're on their side. The film's little money from a script by Vinitius de Moraes. With

eral situations were outlined and, as the camera turned, the trate, took the Venice Film Critics' Award, 1960. John Casactors improvised. One has the impression that the crew savetes directed.

Sun. 28 Tues. Tues.

Tues. 23

Thurs. 25

Wed. 24 | Sun. 28

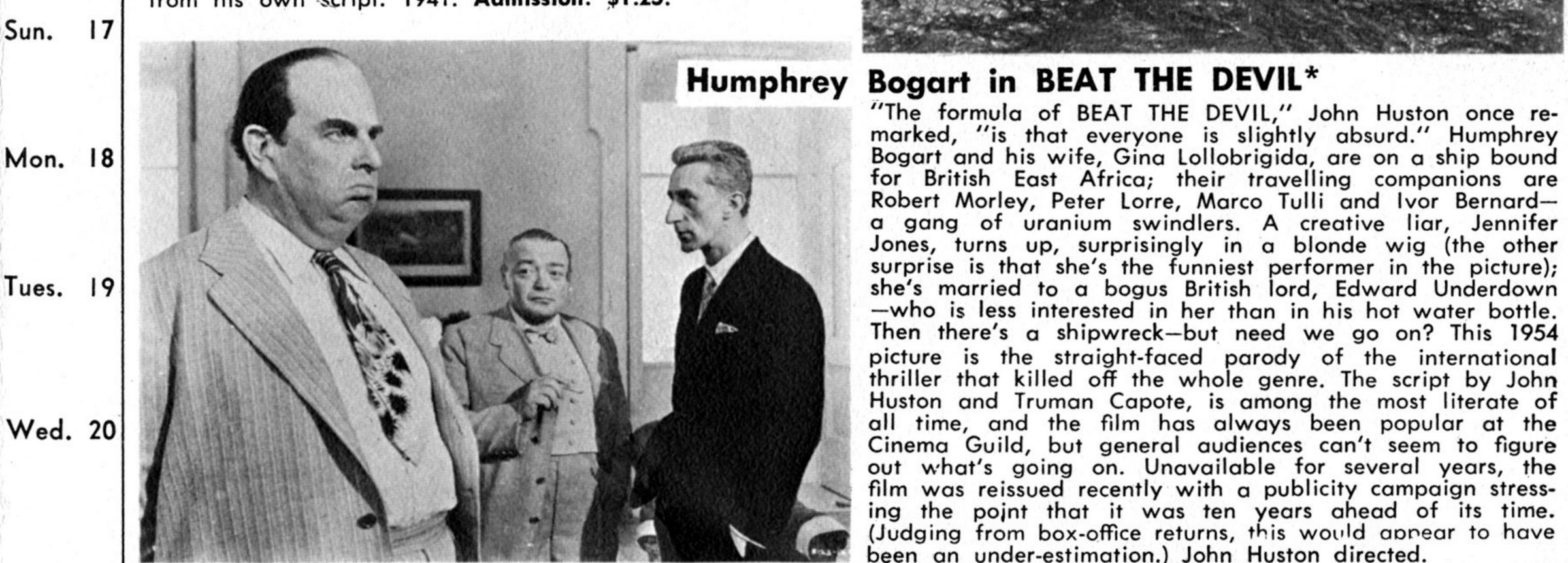
JAN. 1 JAN. 1 Ben Hecht's adaptation of Emily Bronte's classic, with bewitching heroine whose fickleness ruins their lives. Wil-Laurence Olivier as Heathcliff and Merle Oberon as the liam Wyler directed. 1939. TOL'ABLE DAVID* Henry King's bucolic 1923 classic of a boy's accession to melodrama—the total effect is quite overwhelming. They manhood, based on the Joseph Hergesheimer novel. The first don't make 'em like this any more, and we think you'll half is one of the most exquisitely photographed bits of agree with us that it's a pity. With Richard Barthelmess as Americana on film, and—though the final reels dip into David and Ernest Torrance as the moronic murderer.

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Ossie Davis' GONE ARE THE DAYS* GONE ARE THE DAYS, the first sophisticated comedy on silver-tongued orator; Rubv Dee is delicious as the unadracial integration, makes its satirical points not with a vanced heroine Lutiebelle ("I'm a great one for race prideonly I don't need it much in my line of work"), and that meat-axe but with a scalpel. According to its preachermaster satirist, Godfrey Cambridge, as the newly appointed hero, Purlie Victorious-determined to free his people by establishing an integrated church—"Great leaders are bound to pop up from time to time among our people," and he is a self-appointed leader scheming to pry \$500 out of Ol' Cap'n, an anti-integrationist Southern diehard whose not very bright son is a dedicated integrationist. ("You justifying his mystical sense of racial superiority. Ossie

Admission: \$1.50. PREMIERE REVIVAL: The Marx Brothers in THE COCOANUTS* THE COCOANUTS, the Marx Brothers' big stage hit, intro- made in 1929 (i.e. pre-Production Code), and even by toduced the team to the screen audience they never afterwards day's more uncouth standards, we have reason to hope for deserted. Their first film, it is also their only musical com- the best. With Margaret Dumont, Cyril King, Basil Ruysdale, edy, and from what we're able to gather—not having been Sylvan Lee and groups of dancing girls. Joseph Santley permitted to screen it—it's pretty risque stuff. The film was and Robert Florey directed.

10 trying to get non-violent with me, son?" the Cap'n demands.) The lines are as howlingly funny as the performances are superb. Ossie Davis makes of Purlie a shining,

PREMIERE REVIVAL: Preston Sturges' THE LADY EVE* Preston Sturges was-after Chaplin-the greatest comic director America has produced, and film critics agree that THE LADY EVE—a glittering comedy about a female shipboard card-shark (over which even the sourpussed Bosley Crowther did flipflops) is Sturges' finest film; but it has not been seen in twenty years, and the director's name is unknown to a whole generation of movie-goers—who haven't the slightest idea what they're missing. Nor can we really tell you: Sturges' art combines hysterical visual comedy, torrential auditory gags, and outrageous parody of everything cowardly, ungenerous, shameful and petty, but it cannot be described—it must be experienced. Only by calling you gutless numbskulls did we get you to come out for UN-FAITHFULLY YOURS, the one previously available Sturges comedy; don't give us cause to call you names again by staying away from this masterpiece. With Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Coburn, Eugene Palette, William Demarest, Eric Blore, Melville Cooper, etc. Sturges directed from his own script. 1941. Admission: \$1.25.



PREMIERE REVIVAL: The Marx Brothers in HORSE FEATHERS*

The Marx Brothers demolish a college: Groucho, selected as Brother, Zeppo, who supplied the romantic interest until prexy of Huxley (ins rival is Darwin, of course) opens his the team decided they were better off without him. In inaugural address by saying that he thought his razor was HORSE FEATHERS Zeppo is not a complete dud: he's in dull until he heard his predecessor's speech. Chico plays love with Thelma Todd, who was a pretty fair comedienne a bootlegger masquerading as an ice man, and Harpo is a in her own right. Norman McLeod directed. 1932. Admisdog catcher. This early comedy (which hasn't been seen the- sion: \$1.25. atrically in over thirty years) also features the fourth Marx



Ingmar Bergman's THE SEVENTH SEAL Thurs. 28 (DET SJUNDE INSEGLET) Among the most important film and death and religion that one had as a child; the sense works of recent years is this medieval morality play about of mystery, the questions that no one will answer, suggest modern man in search of the meaning of existence. The the way religious symbols function in childhood and in period is 14th Century Sweden: a knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described for the sake of human survival: he saves a family of

to his brother Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks death strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man—Joseph multiplicity of possible interpretations, and the riddle at (Nils Poppe), his wife Mary (Bibi Andersson), and their in- the heart of the film, all contribute to its stature. 1958. Fri. 29 Tues. 2 fant son. The work reminds one of the nightmares of life and Ingmar Bergman's THE VIRGIN SPRING*

(JUNGFRUKALLAN) Bergman's medieval allegory on the rape Film of 1960. Script by Ulla Isaksson. With Max Von Sydow, of innocence took the Academy Award as the Best Foreign Birgitta Valbert, Gunnel Lindblom, Birgitta Pettersson. Marlene Dietrich in THE BLUE ANGEL (DER BLAUE ENGEL) Heinrich Mann's story of the man who descends to complete degradation after his first sexual experience was made in 1930, and remains the supreme filmic

treatment of sado-masochism. Emil Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high school teacher who is prudishly indignant when he learns that his students visit Dietrich (Lola Lola) at The Blue Angel. He goes to put an end to this behavior, and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. He becomes her husband, her slave, her stooge, and as he sinks deeper into humiliation the psychological inevitabilities of their relationship become horribly apparent. Dietrich made of Lola Lola a common woman whose trade is sex, flattered into marriage by the admiration of an innocent intellectual. In glamorizing her, the American remake completely missed the point. Joseph von Sternberg directed.

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

EAST BAY PREMIERE



EAST BAY PREMIERE

Louis Malle's ZAZIE*

—by a subway-workers' strike, Zazie blames adults in gen-

f you've seen a lot of movies, particularly those of Sen-

fear. The knight, this sane modern man, asking to believe

despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared

to his carnal, atheist squire (Gunnar Bjornstrand). The

images and the omens are medieval, but the modern erotic

and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases,

as in the burning of the child-witch (Maude Hansson), ex-

cruciation. This is one of the few films that can be con-

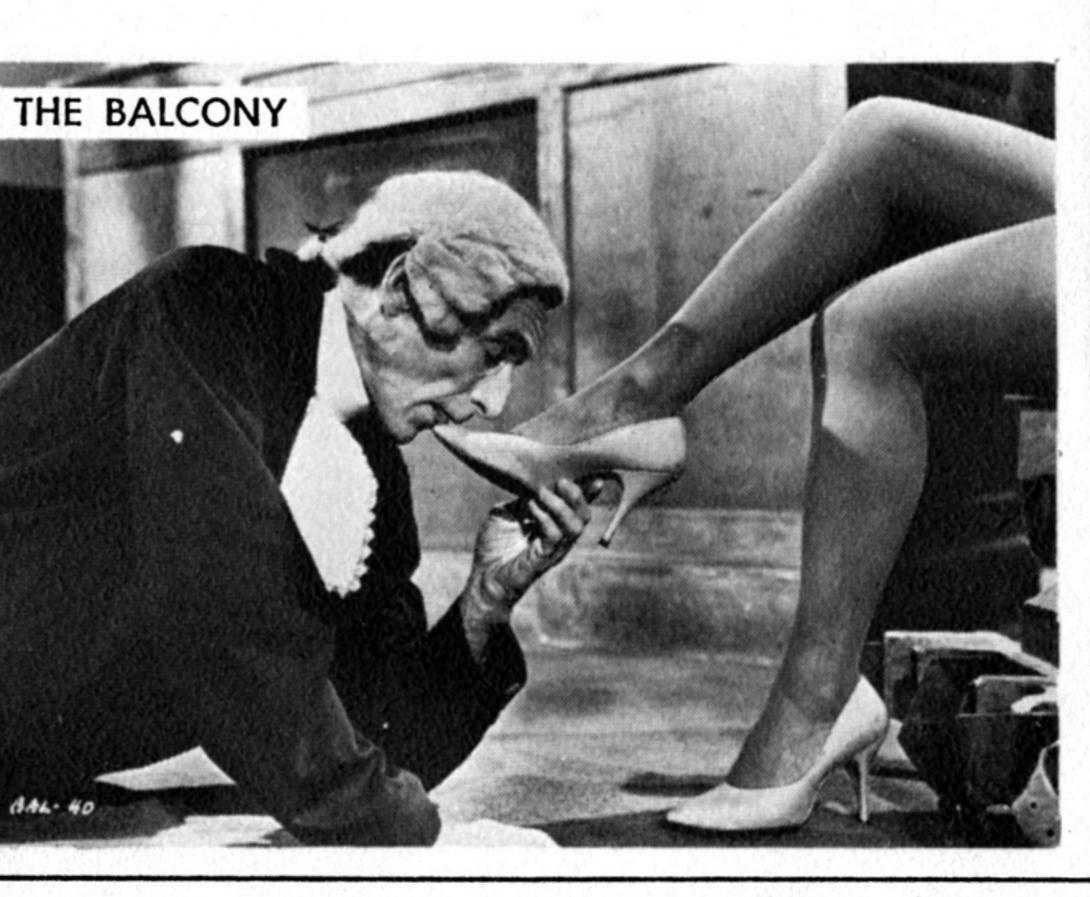
sidered in the same breath as important works of literature:

the actor's faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, the

Queneau's best-selling novel. 1960. (color)

Music by Roman Vlad. 1960.

AN AFFAIR OF THE SKIN* This attempt by Ben Maddow, writer-director of THE SAV-AGE EYE, to make a film of "grown-up contemporary sex in America," set the New York film critics by the ears. A tale of casual adultery, it was considered shallow and pretentious by some reviewers. Others thought it broke new ground for American film-makers. With Viveca Linfors, Kevin McCarthy, Lee Grant, Diana Sands, Herbert Berghof, etc. 1963. Admission: \$1.25.



THE BALCONY* and

In Jean Genet's corrosive play Mme. Irma's brothel ignores the revolution raging outside while catering to the secret desires of its clientele—a cross-section of contemporary upper echelon people. When plans to produce a screen version were announced, people shook their heads and asked: "Will they ever be able to film THE BALCONY?" This film supplies the answer: they did. With Shelley Winters (now forever doomed to play screen madams); Peter Falk as the Chief of Police; Lee Grant as Carmen; Ruby Dee as Thief; Peter Brocco as The Judge; Kent Smith as The General, etc. Joseph Strick directed Ben Maddow's adaptation of the play.

Jean Renoir's GRAND ILLUSION In 1937, Jean Renoir directed this profoundly moving and

during World War I. The two aristocrats, French and German (Pierre Fresnay and Erich von Stroheim) share a common 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 sacriplebian (Jean Gabin) and the Jew (Marcel Dalio). These time. ironies and ambiguities give genuine depth to the theme De Sica's THE BICYCLE THIEF* est social film ever photographed. Its hero is a worker on

(LADRI DI BICICLETTE) This, in its quiet way, is the great- out of the district. In the end, the father also becomes a the dole. For the first time in years, a job is offered him, but it requires a bicycle. To obtain one, he and his wife sell their linens, which are all they have. But on his first day at work the bicycle is stolen. Now begins his odyssey through Rome, in the course of which he tests the intricate fabric of his society. With his friends he searches the markets; when the friends abandon the search, he and his little boy carry on, through bordellos, soup-kitchens and churches, brushing the lives of the genteel rich. By chance they find the thief—an epileptic living in quarters as squalid as their own. But there is no evidence; father and son are jeered

Leni Riefenstahl's TRIUMPH OF THE WILL (complete)* (TRIUMPH DES WILLENS) TRIUMPH OF THE WILL opens half-a-million men—from one end of Nuernberg's great 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 in the service of an evil cause: almost 30 years later, Leni 'classless' society standing solidly behind the Fuerer. Bril- Riefenstahl's brilliant, terrifying, malignant film still reliant cutting channels individual aspirations into intoxicated tains its power to fascinate. (Note: last time we played self-abnegation for the greater glory of the Reich. One the film, we were forced to show a butchered version cut sequence inspires awe: Hitler and two lieutenants march to less than half its length. This time we are showing the in phalanx—between silent, massed battalions numbering complete 110 minute film.) Admission: \$1.25.

monster brought to life to save the Jews, was produced in 1920, a year after CALIGARI, in the Golden Age of German cinema. Faced with the expulsion of his people, the Rabbi of a medieval congregation resorts to Kabbalistic spells to with a gap-toothed Christian dandy, and—after his awakening—the Golem (Paul Wegener) exhibits a remarkably unpetrified interest in the girl; but this is a work of enormous visual elegance, with grotesque, full-scale sets of a medieval town somewhat reminiscent of Antonio Gaudi's

retains much of its original excitement: no spirit-raising

-fraternization, and the artificial barriers of nationality. perceptive study of human needs and the subtle barriers GRAND ILLUSION had an immediate, idealistic aim: to reof class among a group of prisoners and their captors awaken 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 world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is 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 fices his life for men he doesn't really approve of—the Brussels in 1958 as fourth among the greatest films of all

bicycle thief. No synopsis can hope to do the film justice, for apart from its enormously subtle treatment of the most complex father-son relationship on film, this is a work of symbolism as rich and and inexhaustible as THE CASTLE. In its calm realism about people of all classes, its acceptance of the human condition without the loss of moral grandeur or social awareness, it is unique among the world's films. At the 1958 Brussels Film Festival De Sica's interpretation of modern man's fall and possible redemption was voted second, along with THE GOLD RUSH, among the greatest films of all time. We prefer it to POTEMKIN, which was voted first. 1947.

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 Fuerer'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

THE GOLEM*

fairy-tale structures in Barcelona. Even as drama the film with Albert Steinrueck, Ernst Deutsch, Lyda Salmonova.

This classic expressionist version of the legend of the stone ritual has ever been better done, and the conclusion is superb: the Golem-determined to remain alive-runs amok (the flow of the pursuing crowds through narrow, converging streets is masterfully handled). Breaching the city gates, the monster encounters a band of children who flutawaken the monster. The film is not without its period ter about him in a game of tag. As he stoops to pick up insanities: the Rabbi's daughter has a deep-breathing affair a little girl, she innocently plucks from him the star that gives him life. Arriving on the scene, the terrified populace find the children happily seated on the inert clay figure. (It's the most satisfying conclusion to a monster picture we ever hope to see.) Direction and scenario by Henrik Galeen and Paul Wegener; photography by Karl Freund;

CINEMA

GUILD & STUDIO

from 6:30

SATURDAYS
SUNDAYS
& HOLIDAYS
from 6

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg

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