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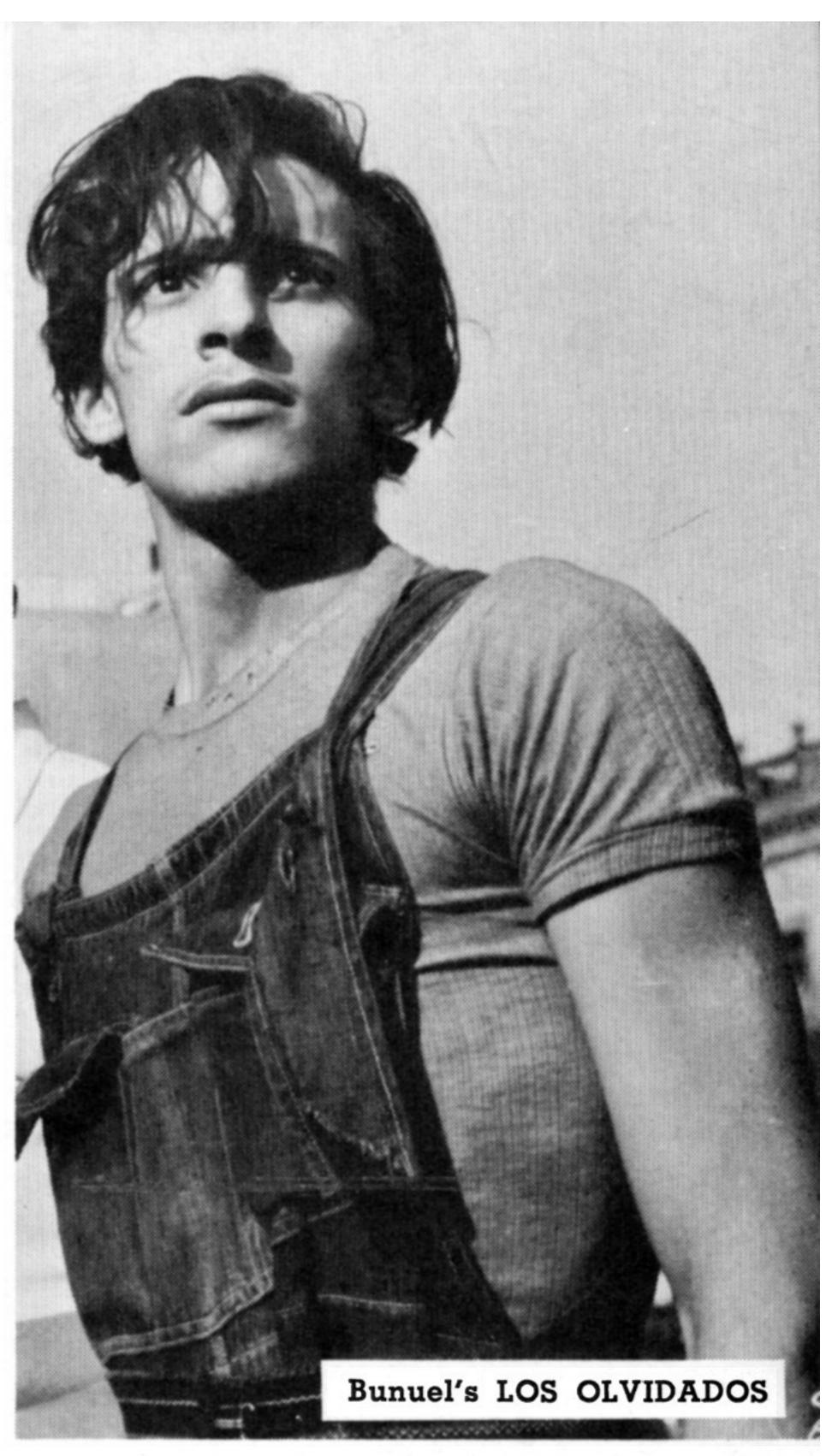
Boyarskii zagovor (Ivan the Terrible, part 2), Eisenstein,

Sergei, 1958

Mayerling, Litvak, Anatole, 1936 Hamlet, Olivier, Laurence, 1948

Los olvidados (The young and the damned), Buñuel, Luis, 1951 Letjat zhuravli (The cranes are flying), Kalatozov, Mikhail, 1957

MAY-JUNE 10th YEAR 1961





2436 TELEGRAPH AVENUE — in BERKELEY
Between Channing Way and Haste Street
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LE CINEMA MAUDIT

Once a year or so, Paris cine-clubs put on festivals of what they call LE CINEMA MAUDIT (cursed films). Their members are sophisticated enough to know that commercial films—which are ALWAYS made in the hope of the largest possible financial gain within the shortest time span—fail mainly for three reasons: 1) they are so dull and unoriginal they cannot trap even the mass audience; 2) they are—rarely through a producer's intent—of such commanding excellence that most people don't understand them; and 3) fortuitous circumstances (i.e. the introduction of sound, which killed off a number of silent gems), feuds with producers (which ruined Louise Brooks and Charles Ray), and political or cultural storms, which push important directors or stars—Chaplin, Eisenstein, Dassin—into disfavor, destroy their box-office potential.

The cursed films in the second and third categories include better than half the world's cinematic masterpieces.

We are convinced that in the past ten years the CINEMA GUILD has built up the most selective film audience in the country, and this conviction encourages us to run the cultural and financial risks involved in showing a considerable selection from the world's cursed films. You may want to know a little about how some of them got "cursed":

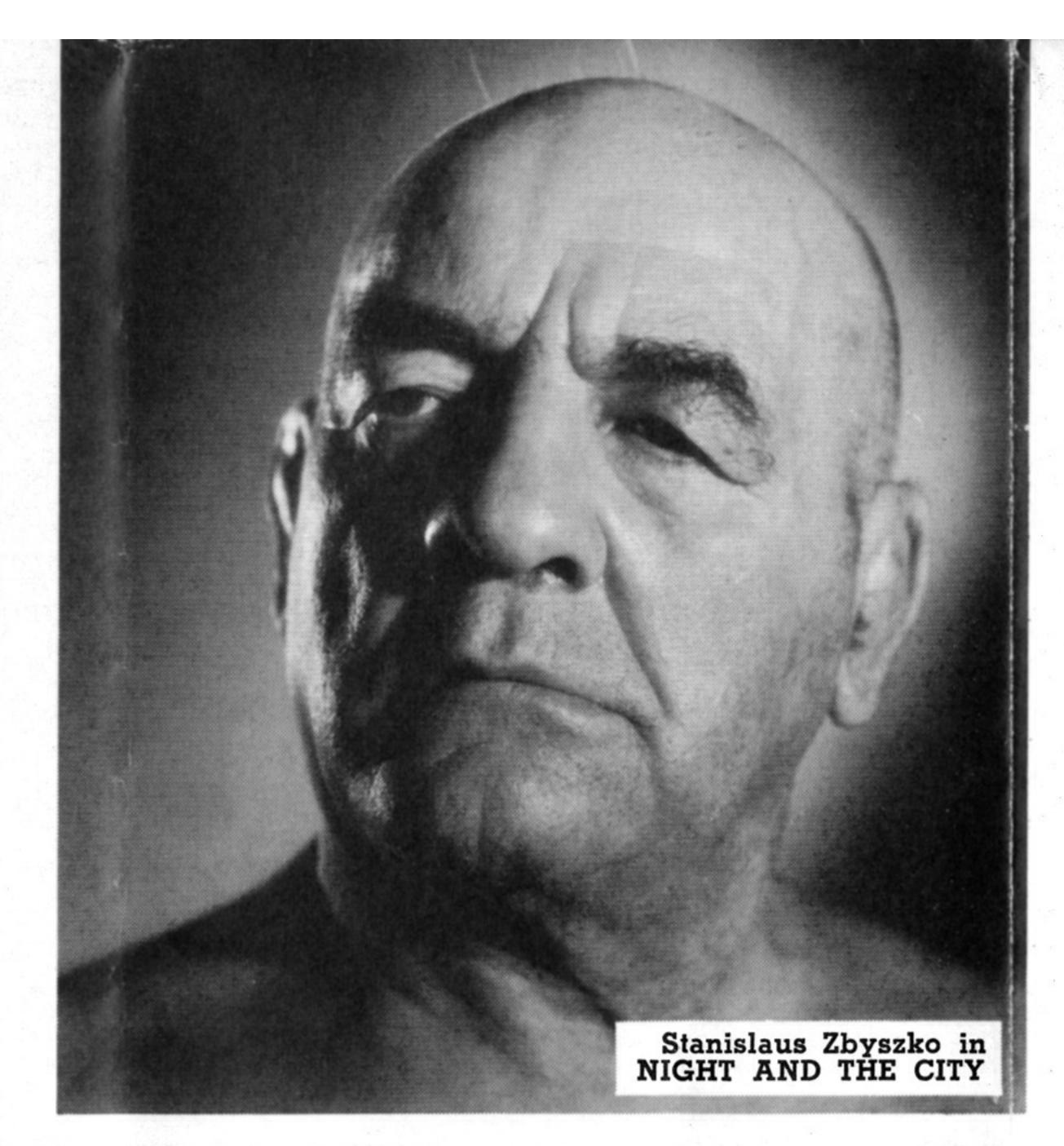
After Soviet suppression of over a decade, Bosley Crowther, with awesome predictability, disliked THE BOYAR'S PLOT, and his inadequate review discouraged a great many people from seeing it in New York and, subsequently, elsewhere. It is tragic that Mr. Crowther, who appears to imagine that the function of a film critic is to express nothing other than the official viewpoint of the American film industry, should be working as chief reviewer for the NEW YORK TIMES—the most influential newspaper in the country—and, ironically, one of the few that allows its critics complete freedom of expression. When one thinks of the good a man of taste in his position could do, it is enough to make the angels weep.

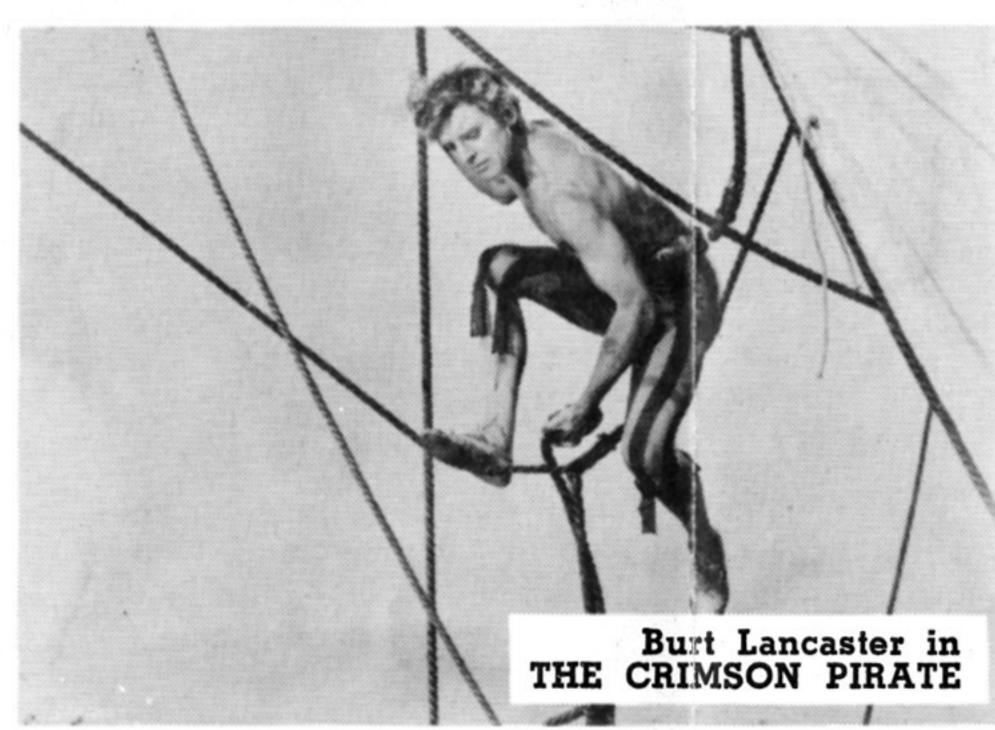
Rumor had it that Alexander Korda made REMBRANDT for himself and a few of his friends. One can well believe it: rarely has a film been so evident a labor of love, and few have been as sumptuous. It opened to rave reviews—and everywhere it played one could have fired a cannon down the center aisle without hitting anyone. Never was so colossal a failure so ill deserved. The film was years ahead of its time, and there's little indication that the times have caught up with it yet.

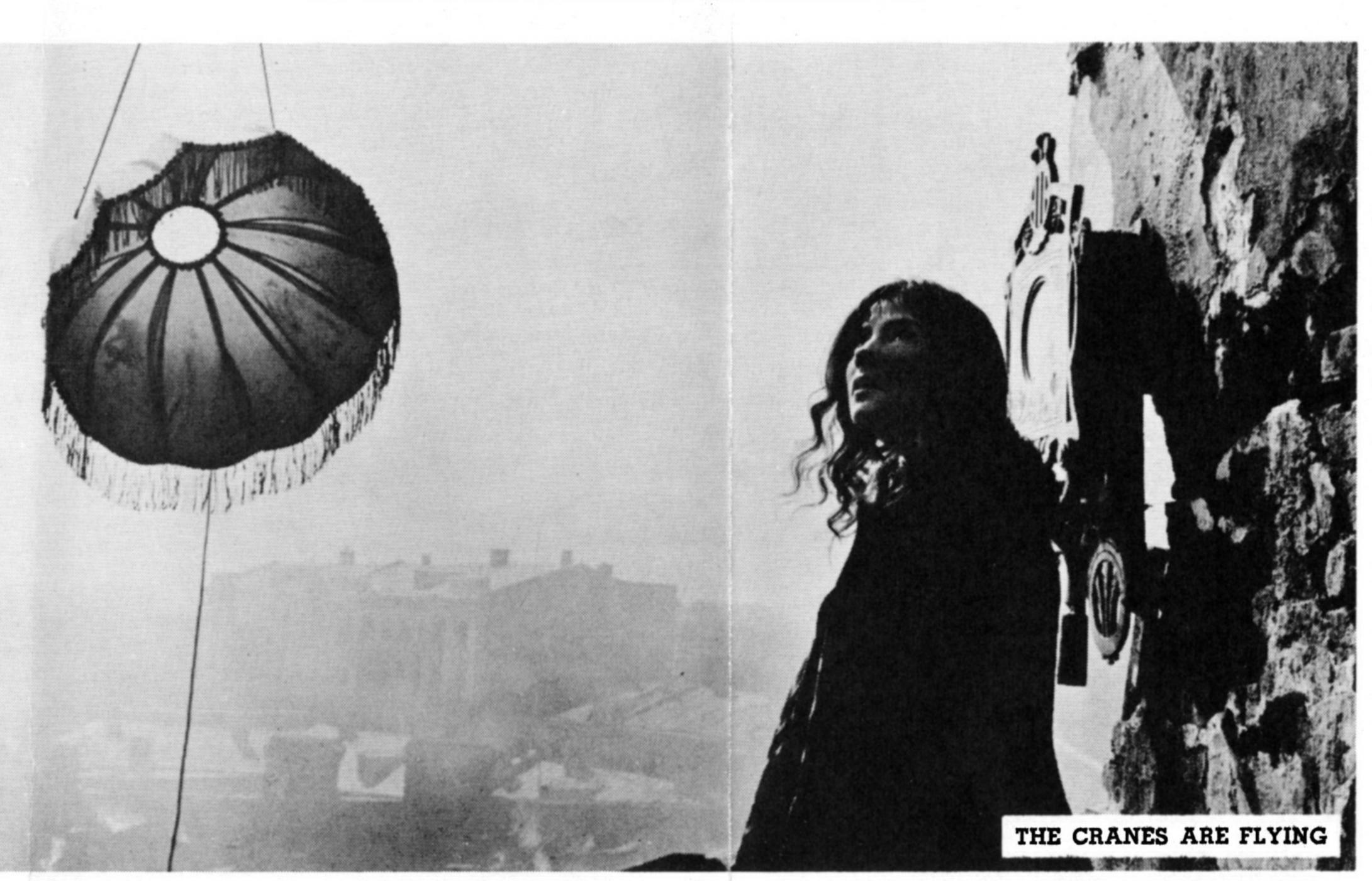
Jules Dassin has had an unusually checkered careereven for a film director. After some years and several films in Hollywood, he became one of the blacklisted Hollywood Ten, and dropped from view. In 1956 he reappeared with the fabulously successful French thriller, RIFIFI; then came his pretentious, phoney-Christian, crypto-Stalinist HE WHO MUST DIE; and, most recently, he wrote and directed the phenomenal hit, NEVER ON SUNDAY (from which we'd like to show an excerpt-Melina Mercouri's delicious re-interpretation of Greek tragedy), but which we-who are not fond of wearing a flag on our sleeve—thought the vulgarest, most insulting anti-American film we had ever seen. From all we can gather, Chaplin's A KING IN NEW YORK doesn't hold a candle to it—and no one wants to import that. That Dassin's film could become a hit here is, we suppose, what makes horse-racing. Money talks in America, and Dassin is now "very big" with the cine-moguls of Southern California. The unpolitical NIGHT AND THE CITY, his best film, came at an inopportune time, and flopped.

And so it goes. Others of the masterpieces in the current schedule, THE GRAND MANEUVER, THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, TERRE SANS PAIN, probably never returned their print costs. A PLACE IN THE SUN and THE SOUTHERNER failed less spectacularly. Not masterpieces, they are nonetheless fascinating, intransigent films that we're proud to show.

In closing, it is our duty to tell you that films are often "cursed" for the reason that they are intensely demanding, and not for everyone. We hope you'll find that they ARE for you. We're eager to show you the best; but you have to want it.







Was it really an accident that Mikhail Kalatozov melodramatically portrayed the artist in this film as corrupt and worthless in much the same way that Herman Wouk was contemptuous of HIS artist in MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR? Russia is eternal in the one, the middle-class family in the other. To us, the revolutions, Russian and American, seem finally to shake hands here—over the body of the artist—whom they have parodied out of all recognition.

ANEW THEATRE

Once a year, in order to find out if you wish to continue receiving our schedules, we include business reply cards to those of you who have been on our mailing list for three years. The return on these cards has been gratifyingly high—fantastically so, in view of the fact that we make you buy your own stamp. The cards have a space for requests, and the highest number of these—the last time we sent them out—was not for any particular film, but for another theatre. Surprisingly many of you felt we had outgrown the old one.

We've been toying with this idea for some time ourselves, but hitherto no opportunity presented itself. It now has. By the time this schedule reaches you, demolition work on the site—at the corner of Shattuck and Haste in Berkeley—should have begun. When completed, the theatre will have a lobby, an inclined floor, arc projection, and a great many other features we hope will appeal to those of you who cannot—or will not—put up with the limitations of our existing plant.

We are not giving up our present location; the new theatre will operate in conjunction with the old. It's still too early to say exactly when THE CINEMA will be ready to open its doors—the final plans are now being drawn—but we'll keep you informed.

We wish it were possible to thank all of you in person for your good will. We've done our best—these past ten years—well aware that without your support the CINEMA GUILD could not have survived.

Edward Landberg, President BERKELEY CINEMA GUILD, INC.



Among the films we remember most nostalgically—we haven't seen it in almost twenty years—is MAYERLING. We didn't often fall in love with movie stars, but for Danielle Darrieux we made an exception. For months we pined with unrequited love, and during the late thirties must have seen the film at least eight times, riding the subway from Brooklyn to upper Manhattan, where it was playing. The price of admission was a dime. Those were the days!

STUDIO

W. C. Fields in YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN Here the great man plays Larson E. Whipsnade, proprietor of a fly-by-night circus, who cheats customers by inveigling them into trying to cheat him. Most of the fun concerns his hair-breadth escapes in brushes with half-witted representatives of law and order. Charles Bogle (alias Fields) wrote the script; George Marshall directed. 1939.

Marlene Dietrich in DESTRY RIDES AGAIN and Marlene played the beplumed, quixotic harlot of a frontier saloon in her 1939 comedy classic. This satiric revitalization of the Tom Mix western was directed by George Marshall.

Luis Bunuel's LOS OLVIDADOS (Sometimes known as THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED.) Luis Bunuel's almost surgical study of youth and corruption is a tragedy set in Mexican' squalor. He treats his characters pitilessly, not as ideas, but as proud, morally responsible human beings; there is little of the social workers' cant that makes everyone

responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. Bunuel creates scenes that shock, and remain shocking despite one's best efforts to explain them away. One of the most intense of these is the mother-meat dream sequence that is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. 1951. Orson Welles' THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS and Welles' first film, CITIZEN KANE, was a resounding flop; his second lost money more quietly. If people

didn't want to see the autopsy of a scandalous public figure, they wanted even less to look inside themselves — and THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS is the closest thing to an American OEDIPUS REX. Although Welles achieved in this film sequences he never equalled before or after, these are intense, harrowing family squabbles that could not help but alienate a public committed to the sentimental myths of good family life. Tim Holt is the arrogant, mother-fixated son who falls from American aristocracy to working class with a thud; Dolores Costello, the great beauty of the silent screen, is the warm and yielding mother. As the nervous, bitter, hysterical old-maid aunt, Agnes Moorehead just about belts you out of the theatre. (Her performance has been discussed by drama critics everywhere; but in Hollywood, where the very mention of a money-loser like THE AMBERSONS is in bad taste, the Academy Award of 1942 went to Greer Garson for the atrocious but profitable MRS. MINIVER.) With the amazing old Richard Bennett as the family patriarch; Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, Ray Collins. Welles adapted, from Booth Tarkington.

Alain Resnais' HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR There is no doubt whatever that this is a film that MUST be seen. Gabriel Breton, in the course of an exhaustive analysis published in NEW UNIVERSITY THOUGHT, Spring 1961, writes: "... perhaps the most important film produced in the last twenty years, because it is the first successful attempt to depict the human psyche from within . . ." Richard Roud and Marguerite Duras, its author, in an interview published in SIGHT AND SOUND, seriously discuss Resnais' use of memory and forgetfulness in comparing his technique to Proust. A film by so conscious and dedicated an artist cannot be viewed as mere entertainment—it must be studied. And we have seen it only once. That viewing left us with certain reservations—the plea for peace seemed unduly naked—but it may be that in so complex a work we

misinterpreted the sequence in its context. With Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada. 1959.

out of breath. 1953.

Luis Bunuel's TERRE SANS PAIN We had never heard of Bunuel when we saw this film at a Paris cine-club in 1947, and had no idea what to expect. When we saw it again eleven years later we thought in the interim to have forgotten it. But you don't forget a film by Bunuel: every image was engraved in our minds. It was as though we had seen it the day before! Unlike UN CHIEN ANDALOU, this is a realistic film—the most devastating parody of the cozy Fitzpatrick Traveltalk imaginable. It deliberately catches you off guard: you're shown a charming old-world scene, the narrator says something like "And now we take you to beautiful Andalusia . . ." and then the first frightful image shatters your complacency. These images beggar description —they show in the heart of Spain a way of life that is a true landscape of hell. To give you an idea of the film's strength, the Spanish Republican government—which DID have a sense of social responsibility -banned it in Spain, and it is rarely shown elsewhere. Not many audiences can take it. 1932.

Ingmar Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT (GYCKLARNAS AFTON) THE NAKED NIGHT, set in the circus world at the turn of the century, opens with a flashback: a clown's wife, a toothy, middle-aged woman, bathes exhibitionistically in view of a regiment of soldiers, and the clown, in one of the most desperately painful scenes ever filmed, drags her away. This, the most brilliant single sequence in any Bergman film, is semi-silent, punctuated only by music, drumbeats, and mocking cannon shots, and interspersed with long dissolves of a pitiless sun beating down on the tormented characters. From there the story moves to the circus director, Ake Groenberg-the artist mangue, who has fallen into the hell of frustration, humiliation, and defeat—and his mistress, Harriet Andersson. She betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. There is a voluptuous scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as the actor-seducer, that leaves audiences slightly

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE and Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and John Huston directs the dissection of their personalities. Humphrey Bogart, in a brilliant characterization, takes the typical Bogart tough guy role to its psychological limits—the man who stands alone goes from depravity through paranoia to total disintegration. Bogart's companions are a toothless Walter Huston as a salty prospector and Tim Holt (an underrated actor) as a blunt, honest young man. Bogart's character is enough fate for anyone, but it has its outward representative in Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit—if you've never appreciated civilization, the encounter with Bedoya may change your outlook. From B. Traven's novel. With Bruce Bennett, Barton MacLane, and John Huston as the perennial victim of Bogart's cadging. Academy Awards of 1948: John Huston for Best Direction and Best Screen Play; Walter Huston as Best Supporting Actor. New York Film Critics Selection as Best Film of the Year.

George Stevens' A PLACE IN THE SUN Two years after the premiere Penelope Huston wrote in SIGHT & SOUND: "However one regards A PLACE IN THE SUN, it must surely appear as a work of the most interesting kind, that which imposes on the critic the duty of considering the director's style; first and foremost, this is a director's film . . . Admittedly, its ultimate failure (and it can only be regarded as an unusual and exciting failure), lies in its interpretation of Dreiser's novel. But the power of the film rests less on the story than in the virtuosity shown in the telling of it. In distilling AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY into two hours screen time, Stevens daringly compressed, packing meaning into single shots and oblique references . . . With a penetrating and unconventional camera technique, Stevens uses the long-held close-up less as a dramatic effect than to advance the narrative by examining character . . . Montgomery Clift's fine performance apart, Stevens obtains from Elizabeth Taylor and Shelley Winters playing of a tenderness and intensity well outside their customary range . . ." To which we should like to add that, whatever its shortcomings, A PLACE IN THE SUN, considered on its own terms—as a love story—packs an emotional charge not unlike Clouzot's THE WAGES OF FEAR. In its own quieter way it is equally moving, equally harrowing, and stands secure of its place among the finest American films of the fifties. 1951.

John Huston's THE MALTESE FALCON and Hollywood became highly proficient in the detective-story form in the 40's; but of all the films churned out, only this one holds up as a classic. The first movie directed by John Huston, it is an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller, retaining the virtuoso construction and economic dialogue in a hard, precise directorial style that brings out the full viciousness of characters so ruthless they become comic. Humphrey Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, Gladys George, Jerome Cowan, Lee Patrick, Elisha Cook, Jr. 1941.

Ingmar Bergman's SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (SOMMERNATTENS LEENDE) Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragi-comic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. The stunning cast includes four beautiful and talented actresses: the great Eva Dahlbeck as the actress who gives the house-party; Ulla Jacobssen as the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Anderson as the impudent, love-making maid; Margit Carlquist as the Countess. With Gunnar Bjornstrand as the lawyer who takes the fall, Bjorn Bjevelstam as his son, Jarl Kulle as the Count, and Naima Wifstrand carried about for her game of croquet. Grand Prix for Best Comedy, Cannes. 1956.

Katharine Hepburn in QUALITY STREET and We are not infallible, and at times, remembering a film over twenty years old, our memory betrays us -sometimes for the worse, occasionally, as with QUALITY STREET, for the better. We remembered it as charming, but seeing it again we realized that charming is far too weak a word—the film's tenderness and warmth are nothing less than enchanting. At first glance the strange costumes put one off: they seem too awkward for human beings ever to have worn. But one soon realizes they are part of the style, which is humane, gentle, and delicious. Our billing it this time with SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT will give some idea of our confidence in the film—hardly a screen work one can think of would not look dowdy in such stylish company. With Katharine Hepburn a sheer delight as the maiden lady waiting for her gallant hero (Franchot Tone), Cora Witherspoon as the belligerant servant, Fay Bainter,

Eric Blore, and, beneath a lace cap and tall hat, the miraculously comical Estelle Winwood. Most astonishing

moment: one of the ladies pulling the curtains on her bonnet! George Stevens directed. 1937.

is weak, but in a context of such excellence it hardly matters.

as the lovers. 1956 (color)

Dorziat, Vladimir Sokoloff. 1936.

and

Jules Dassin's NIGHT AND THE CITY Dassin's finest film, his last-until recently-for an American company, was NIGHT AND THE CITY, a high-tension thriller shot in London in 1950. His involvement with the Hollywood Ten made headlines about the time of the film's release, and the embarrassed distributor, fearful of adverse publicity, whisked it swiftly and unobtrusively through its run. Dassin's specialty—stifled, explosive violence—finds its proper milieu in this complex view of the underside of London entertainment. The film is a cinematic tour-de-force, so swiftly paced that it requires more than one viewing to encompass it all. The Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who gives the best performance of his career as Harry Fabian, "the artist without an art," a London tout with a truly creative passion for fantastic shady schemes. The victims of his "artistry" include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, and Herbert Lom. Stanislaus Zbyszko, in his only screen appearance, is unforgettable as Gregorius, the noble old Greco-Roman wrestler. Gene

Alfred Hitchcock's STRANGERS ON A TRAIN Our favorite among Hitchcock's American thrillers is this perverse nerve-jangler, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of Bruno, a cheerful degenerate. Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could. When he meets Guy, an unhappily married tennis player (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to reciprocate. The climax is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point for us is that nerve-wracking tennis match. It is typical of Hollywood's own brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on DOUBLE INDEMNITY

and STRANGERS ON A TRAIN—and the dialogue in these films shows Chandler at his best. 1951.

Tierney, a whore in Gerald Kersh's original, is here demoted to Widmark's "girl friend." Her performance

Rene Clair's THE GRAND MANEUVER We've always thought it a myth that art houses cater to the mature—no one will ever convince us that the adult mind made a star of Brigitte Bardot or a hit of NEVER ON SUNDAY—and THE GRAND MANEU-VER is aimed squarely not at the merely sophisticated, but at the truly mature, those who have lived long and sensitively enough to realize uncynically that in this world justice does not always triumph, and that true lovers are not always united. This beautiful film—in our opinion Clair's finest in twenty years—opens as a comedy and ends sadly and truly, resolutely rejecting the slightest concession to mass audience tastes. (It would have been a simple matter to change the ending to a happy one: the film would have made money, satisfied more people, and only a few would have recognized it as a fake.) THE GRAND MANEUVER is a test of an audience's maturity. Not a theatre in the country has played it successfully, and yet there has rarely been a film more deeply deserving of an audience. Once again, as with THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC, we can't guarantee that you will like it, but it might do for you something more valuable still-deepen your sense of life. With Gerard Philipe and Michele Morgan

THE CRANES ARE FLYING and We can imagine the Soviet director, Kalatozov, avidly running off the classics for himself, and modeling his work on Dmitri Kirsanov's great silent film, MENILMONTANT. Few remember this film, so that it may be pardonable of film critics—we don't REALLY think so!—to attribute Kirsanov's extraordinary originality to the Soviet director who—visually—does almost nothing the Russian emigre had not already done 35 years earlier. Nevertheless, anyone familiar with the bulky and cumbersome equipment sound introduces into filmmaking must view THE CRANES with admiration. Its skill in making unbelievably swift and difficult shots with sound and a mobile camera is nothing short of astounding. 1959.

MAYERLING This first, frankly romantic, version of the tragic love affair between the Archduke Rudolf of Hapsburg (Charles Boyer) and the Baroness Marie Vetsera, long withdrawn in favor of indifferent remakes that have now ignobly run their course, has again been re-issued, and you'll be able to see for yourself Danielle Darrieux's radiant debut. The film should really be paired with CAMILLE—unfortunately unavailable. It has the same sumptuousness, elegance, and elegiac quality. Darrieux's beauty, at least in this film, was almost Garbo's equal. Unlike CAMILLE, MAYERLING is unmarred by poor performances or lapses of taste. Its one flaw is its attempt—early in the film—to explain the background of the tragedy in political terms that actually explain nothing. Over that hurdle, and concentrating on its lovers, it did indeed merit the New York Film Critics' accolade of the Best Film of the Year. The script was based on Claude Anet's novel, IDYL'S END. Anatole Litvak directed, Arthur Honegger wrote the music. With Suzy Prim, Jean Dax, Gabrielle

GATE OF HELL and (JIGOKUMON) Famed for its unsurpassed use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells the subtle story of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and her way of defeating him. The setting is 12th centry Kyoto, where the abstract patterns of interiors and architecture suggest that modern decor may catch up to medieval Japan in a few decades. With Machiko Kyo as the delicate Lady Kesa, and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. Directed by Kinugasa. Grand Prix, Cannes; Special Academy Award, 1954. (Color)

Hitchcock's excursion into Grand Guignol is his most cinematic thriller in years. In dubious taste, but guaranteed to stand your hair on end. Anthony Perkins is simply brilliant. 1960.

THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT Less a manhunt, than a superb study of the Third Reich in process of disintegration. 1960.

This program continues through Wednesday, July 5.

MAY 1 Tues. 2

Wed. 3

Thurs. 4 Fri.

Sat.

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Tues. Wed. 10

Thurs. 11

Fri. 12

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JUNE 1 Fri.

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Fri.

Vittorio De Sica's MIRACLE IN MILAN

Once again: a great film that is definitely minority fare—too sophisticated for the sophisticates. People flying off into the sky when they can't solve their problems—what kind of a solution is that? Not a literal one, at any rate. And the reformers who dislike it are nothing if not literal. For those of you still capable of allowing yourselves to feel, De Sica's theme is human brotherhood; his form, a comic fable part social satire, part fantasy. Toto the hero is naive and full of love; he organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, and when the community is threatened he acquires magic powers to protect it. But the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic can resolve them. The failure of experience, as in THE BICYCLE THIEF and UMBERTO D., is tragic, but the failure of innocence is touchingly absurd; as De Sica handles it, it becomes stylized poetry—a sort of childlike view of Dostoyevsky's THE IDIOT. Francesco Golisano is perfect as Toto; as the heroine, Brunella Bovo is what Chaplin's heroines should have been but weren't. With the great Emma Grammatica, and Paolo Stoppa as the unhappy egoist. Cesare Zavattini adapted his own novel (TOTO IL BRUNO). Grand Prix, Cannes, 1951.

Rene Clair's AND THEN THERE WERE NONE and Rene Clair's most cinematic English language film was this sprightly murder mystery which gathered

together Judith Anderson, Walter Huston, Richard Haydn, Roland Young, Barry Fitzgerald, June Duprez, Mischa Auer, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, Louis Hayward, and then ticked them off to the nursery rhyme, TEN LITTLE INDIANS. An adaptation by Dudley Nichols of Agatha Christie's novel, it's probably the wittiest murder mystery you'll ever see; we prefer it to THE THIN MAN. Most memorable Clair touch: three of the characters simultaneously spying on each other through keyholes. 1945.

MONSIEUR RIPOIS (Knave of Hearts)

Rene Clement's 1954 study of a compulsive seducer, a Frenchman (Gerard Philipe) at work in London on a succession of English girls, took the first prize for direction at Cannes and was highly regarded; the English version, KNAVE OF HEARTS, so incensed the English that "nasty" and "disgusting" appeared in almost all the reviews, while the DAILY MIRROR cried, "a story about a French wolf who comes to prey on our girls." Vlad's witty score contributes a little theme for each mistress (Joan Greenwood, Margaret Johnston, Valerie Hobson, Natasha Parry, etc.). In the U.S. the film was given such titles as LOVERS, HAPPY LOVERS and LOVER BOY and was whisked in and out of a few art houses in less than a week.

FOUR CHAPLIN COMEDIES THE IMMIGRANT BEHIND THE SCREEN ONE A. M. A NIGHT AT THE SHOW W. C. Fields, who was not fond of his competitors, paid him an unconscious compliment. When Chaplin's name came up, Fields said scathingly: "The guy's no comic—he's a goddam ballet dancer!" So he was, a dancer with the best sense of comedy timing in the business. Only the cool, unsmiling Keaton was his equal. In 1916-17, just before opening his own studio, Chaplin accepted \$1,500,000.00 to make twelve comedies for Mutual. He had already achieved complete freedom, writing and directing as he pleased; but he was not allowed the unlimited number of takes and the endless pains to which he later went to perfect his timing. Nevertheless, many of the Mutual comedies are classics, and the most famous of them, THE IMMIGRANT, combines superb acrobatics with social satire quite as devastating as anything in MODERN TIMES. In ONE A. M., Chaplin, inebriated, does a fantastic pas de deux with a Murphy bed; in BEHIND THE SCREEN he parodies pie-throwing comedies; and in A NIGHT AT THE SHOW (earlier-

1915) he transferred some of his music hall material to the screen. Laurence Olivier's HAMLET Hamlet Laurence Olivier The Queen Eileen Herlie The King..... ..Basil Sydney OpheliaJean Simmons PoloniusFelix Aylmer HoratioNorman Wooland "'You LIKED the Laurence Olivier HAMLET?' breathed a young woman the other day in a shocked undertone, when I mentioned the fact at a party. She herself had not seen the film, the news that it did not employ 'the full resources of the cinema' having reached her in time. 'And I hear Fortinbras has been cut,' she continued, with an inquiring glance into my features, 'not to mention Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. And that the Queen is too young, and the Oedipal theme over-emphasized.' From these objections one could not wholly dissent. The film is indeed a photographed play, though why a photograph of a play by Shakespeare should be such an inferior article, it is hard to know-would a movie that had 'liberated' itself from the text be really preferable?" . . . Mary McCarthy, PARTISAN REVIEW, January 1949. If you are likely to cry in pain and indignation, "But he's cut 'O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," one can only remind you that the complete play runs a good 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. And if you feel that certain scenes should be done differently, one can only ask, "When has the rest of the play been done so well?" Whatever the omissions, the mutilations, the mistakes, this is very likely the finest

Laurel & Hardy in TWO TARS and This comedy classic may well be the most expensive twenty-five minute film ever made. As sailors out on a jaunt with a couple of chippies, Laurel & Hardy start a chain reaction that doen't end until some dozens of automobiles have been wrecked. James Parrott directed this mayhem in 1928.

Academy Awards of 1948: Best Motion Picture, Best Actor.

Stalin died a few years earlier. Music by Prokofieff. 1945-46.

production of HAMLET you will see in your lifetime. Directed by Olivier, music by William Walton.

Charles Laughton as REMBRANDT REMBRANDT is light years away from such ponderous screen biography as VAN GOGH; instead, we have a profound subject profoundly treated, with a glowing script by the great German dramatist Carl

Zuckmayer (THE DEVIL'S GENERAL), then in exile in England. We lack space to do justice to the film's quality. To say that it is worthy of its subject is incredible enough. The fabulous sets have been criticized for being in the style of Vermeer rather than Rembrandt. This is nonsense. The Holland in which Rembrandt had his being was that of the realist. But seeking Rembrandt's glory in the film's sets is a trivial occupation; it is there in Laughton's marvellously perceptive performance—one of the great portraits of film history. With Gertrude Lawrence as the bitter mistress, and Elsa Lanchester as the loving Hendrickje. Alexander Korda directed. 1936.

and Eisenstein's THE BOYARS' PLOT (IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART II) Many of you stayed away the last time we showed this film, but we think you'll be glad of a second chance to see it. THE BOYAR'S PLOT is far and away Eisenstein's best sound film—which is to say that it is one of the most important works in the history of the cinema. For the first time since THE GENERAL LINE (1929), an Eisenstein film MOVES, and moves like lightning unleashed. The dull, sententious Ivan of Part I turns suddenly active and demonic. No one even dimly aware of the realities of the regime could fail to recognize in this new Ivan the image of the Stalinist tyranny, and it is little wonder this masterpiece was suppressed and the director never again permitted to work in films. What made Eisenstein's subsequent silence the more tragic is that the color sequence he incorporated here represents the only truly creative use of color in the whole history of the cinema—it is literally breathtaking—and one can only speculate what marvels Eisenstein's projected Part III might have had in store for us had

Charlie Chaplin in THE GOLD RUSH He enters, "pursued by a bear," the man who for generations of film-goers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow" — humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. The 1925 film was selected by the international jury at Brussels as second (to POTEMKIN) of the

track that is a model of taste and discretion. TWO W. C. FIELDS COMEDIES

greatest films of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. Chaplin has added a sound

THE PHARMACIST THE FATAL GLASS OF BEER These are two of the four two-reelers Fields made for Mack Sennett in the early days of sound. THE PHARMACIST is the straight, funny, but not very significant brand of Fields' slapstick, and we list it first because the titles read better in that order. But THE FATAL GLASS OF BEER is a brilliant film—the most devastating parody of middle-class Horatio Alger homilies this side of Nathaniel West's A COOL MILLION—the only work in any medium we know to which it can be compared. No one who has seen THE FATAL GLASS OF BEER will ever forget the mounting crescendo of cornflake snow popping in

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

the window at Fields every time he intones "And it ain't a fit night out fer man nor beast!"

Not all the movies we show are great. Some, like this one, are merely enjoyable. That, when it comes to American films, is saying quite a lot these days—we walk out on most of them. One can sympathize with the screen writers, Harriet Frank and Irving Ravetch, for attempting to show some of the scenes to which Inge's play merely alludes. Many of them work, but the inclusion of the lonely widow-Angela Lansbury does her best with an insufferably noble character—was a mistake. The central theme, that human needs, in addition to spiritual love, include its more fleshly aspects, may not come to you as quite the thunderbolt the producers hoped it would be to the larger American public, but much of what is good in the play is in the movie, which should be seen if only for the marvelous comic sequence in which Eve Arden hysterically denounces "the Catholic conspiracy to take over the world." Her part, and her husband's, are superbly written, seeming one-dimensional until the final revelations round them out. With Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, Shirley Knight, Robert Eyer. 1960.

Jean Renoir's A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (PARTIE DE CAMPAGNE) An innocent young girl comes of age in Renoir's short film (37 minutes) based on de Maupassant. We think that this work ranks with Renoir's greatest (LA GRANDE ILLUSION, LA REGLE DU JEU). Visually, it recaptures the impressionist period; in tone, it accomplishes a transformation from light, nostalgic comedy to despair. In the late 1800's a merchant takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced—the one de-

lightedly, the other, tremblingly, like a captured bird. Renoir plays the innkeeper. Music by Kosma. 1937. THE GREEN PASTURES

seegar, Lawd?" In this account of the Old Testament stories as simple Negroes might imagine them, Southern idiom, delicious fish fries, and naive theology are fused with awe and wonder. Marc Connolly's adaptation of Roark Bradford's stories won the Pulitzer Prize; the screen version, directed by Connolly and William Keighley in 1936, was voted the Best Film of the Year. But liberals and the NAACP don't like this movie—they feel that in some way it slanders the Negro people. What they forget is that whatever indigenous culture the United States possesses was created under conditions of slavery by precisely such naive people as this film portrays. We suspect that the Negro, in acquiring homogenized Anglo-Saxon culture, with its flat unemotionality and tedious rationalism, tends to lose a part of his own culture that is immensely more valuable. Should you still feel that it may not be quite respectable to go see THE GREEN PASTURES, you'll be interested to know that the British Film Institute placed it at the head of its Tribute to Warner Brothers season in 1956.

The Angel Gabriel calls, "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!" and then, more humbly, "Ten cent

Renoir's THE SOUTHERNER (HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND) Renoir's TONI (1934), a deeply felt realistic film about French farm laborers—on which Luchino Visconti was assistant director—anticipated all the major innovations of Italian neo-realism, so that in a very real sense Renoir may be considered the father of the whole school. Proceeding from this background—and the probability that he felt closer cultural ties with the South than with the North-Renoir, after a number of indifferent American films, achieved extraordinary success in dealing with the poor whites of George Sessions Perry's poetic but unflinchingly realistic novel. TIME (trustworthy for once) called it "worth any dozen run-of-the-studio Academy Award winners." With Zachary Scott in an uncharacteristically brilliant performance, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi, Norman Lloyd. 1945.

Alfred Hitchcock's MR. & MRS. SMITH

Last time—having forgotten just how good it was—we did this film an injustice. We remembered in a general way that it was fun, but we hadn't seen it since 1941 and, to refresh our memory, consulted some of the reviews. They were negative. On a current film such disagreement wouldn't bother us: we decide for ourselves. But in 1941 we were quite young, and—mistrusting our immaturity—we soft-pedaled our enthusiasm. Now that we've seen it again, we have to start over. This is straight comedy, so it's unfair to compare it to other Hitchcock, but we think it's his best American film. The plot may not be original, but the handling is, and so are Norman Krasna's lines. The humor has edge, and yet a wholesomeness quite unlike later Hitchcock, and time and again we found ourselves laughing so hard we missed a couple of minutes of dialogue. Gene Raymond's representation of a drunk stoned to a point just this side of blackout is absolutely hysterical, and Philip Merivale, as his father, underplays his parody of the Southern patriot so hilariously that for weeks afterward the thought of it broke us up. The film's precise quality of style is difficult to define—too much rests on subtle visual touches. There is, in short, nothing wrong with this comedy except its stupid title. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, Jack Carson.

Alfred Hitchcock's THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY and Harry's trouble is he's dead, but none of his survivors, who spend the whole film burying him and digging

him up again, seem much perturbed about it. This is Hitchcock in a new, almost pastoral, vein—the New England countryside is lovingly photographed—amusing us with a whimsical shaggy-dog story. Since commercial features cannot be made to run under an hour, the joke tends to wear thin. The film is notable for a group of entertaining portraits, and for having introduced Shirley MacLaine. We still haven't seen anything in which we like her better. With Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe. 1955. (color)

THE CRIMSON PIRATE

The Hecht-Lancaster travesty of the buccaneer film combines comedy with the physical exuberance of the early Douglas Fairbanks pictures. Burt Lancaster and his old circus partner, Nick Cravat, tumble and jump with exhilarating grace. They charge the film with physical sensations, and, if you wanted to dance after seeing the Rogers-Astaire musicals, you'll want to get in condition after experiencing the acrobatics here. Robert Siodmak's direction is lively; Roland Kibbee's script is bright and improvisatory (much of the film's wit derives from a series of casual anachronisms). With James Hayter as a wildly improbable inventor, Eva Bartok, Torin Thatcher, Margot Grahame. 1952. (color)

Katharine Hepburn in THE LITTLE MINISTER (excerpt) and

Please don't cry censorship at us. We COULD show you the whole film-we're too humane, and would rather be kind to you. THE LITTLE MINISTER has forty exquisite minutes, and almost an hour of dreary sentimentality concerned only with the working out of a highly expendable plot. Our sequence, lifted bodily from the center of the film, is quite satisfying in itself, and has not been cut at all. Katharine Hepburn, radiantly lovely, plays the vivacious gypsy girl—of course she's not really a gypsy at all!—who ensnares the stodgy little minister (John Beal). This excerpt, in which she befuddles him, has rare sweetness and charm. The script, from James M. Barrie's play, was directed by Richard Wallace. With Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, Reginald Denny. 1934.

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