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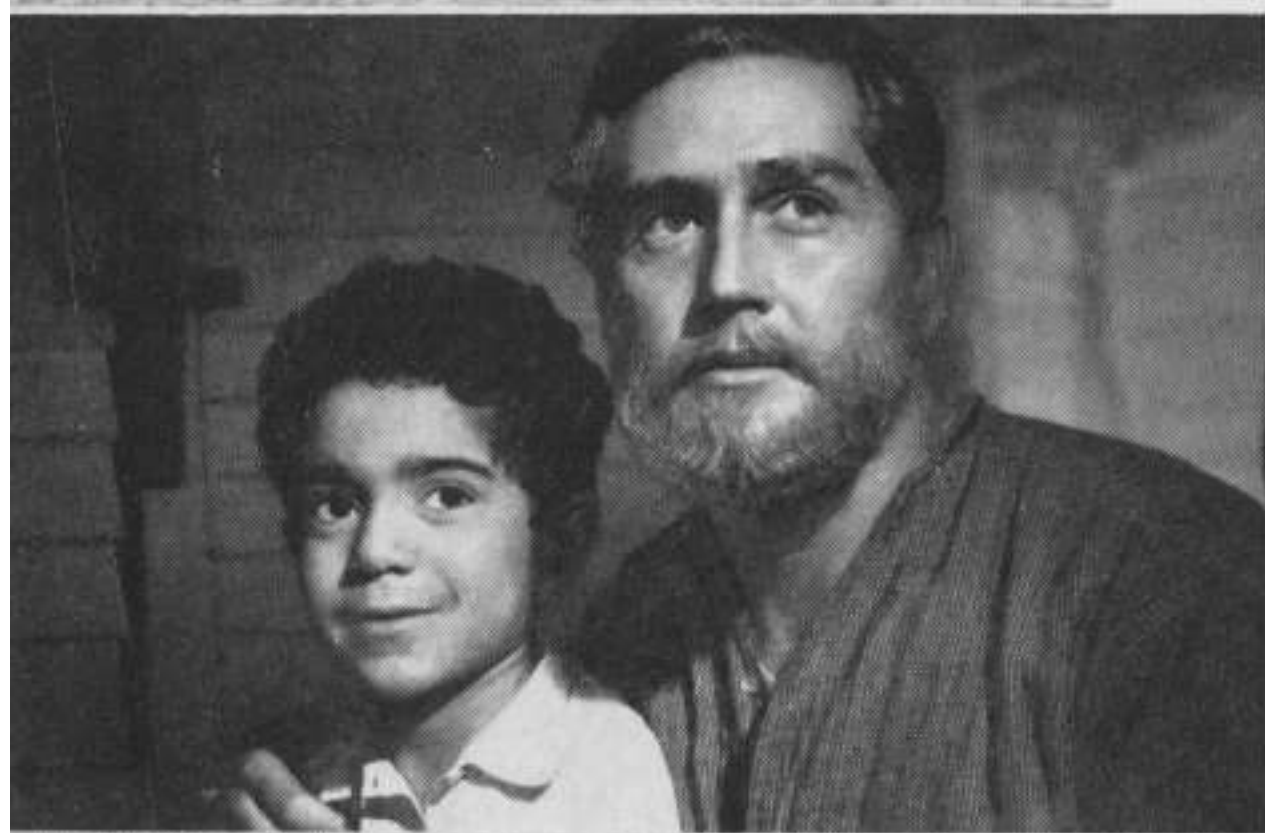
MOLOKAI

LA ISLA MALDITA
L'ILE MAUDITE
THE ACCURST ISLAND
DIE VERFLUCHTE INSEL



*Además de su enorme éxito de público
una selección inigualable de premios*

- **Primer Premio Nacional** a la mejor película del año otorgado por el Sindicato Español del Espectáculo



- Declarada de Interés Nacional.
- Premio Nacional a la mejor dirección.
- Premios del Circulo de Escritores Cinematográficos, (C. E. C.):
 - a la mejor fotografía.
 - al mejor guión
 - a la mejor música
 - al mejor trabajo de decoración.
- Primer Premio a la película de mayores valores morales de la "Revista Internacional del Cine".
- Placa de San Juan Bosco de la Revista "Fotogramas" a Javier Escrivá por su excepcional interpretación del Padre Damián.
- 18 semanas ininterrumpidas en el cine de estreno de Madrid.

- Las máximas recaudaciones obtenidas en la temporada. Rompe todos los "records" de taquilla.

- Nunca una película logró un plebiscito más unanime del sector artístico y comercial, una coincidencia absoluta de crítica y público.



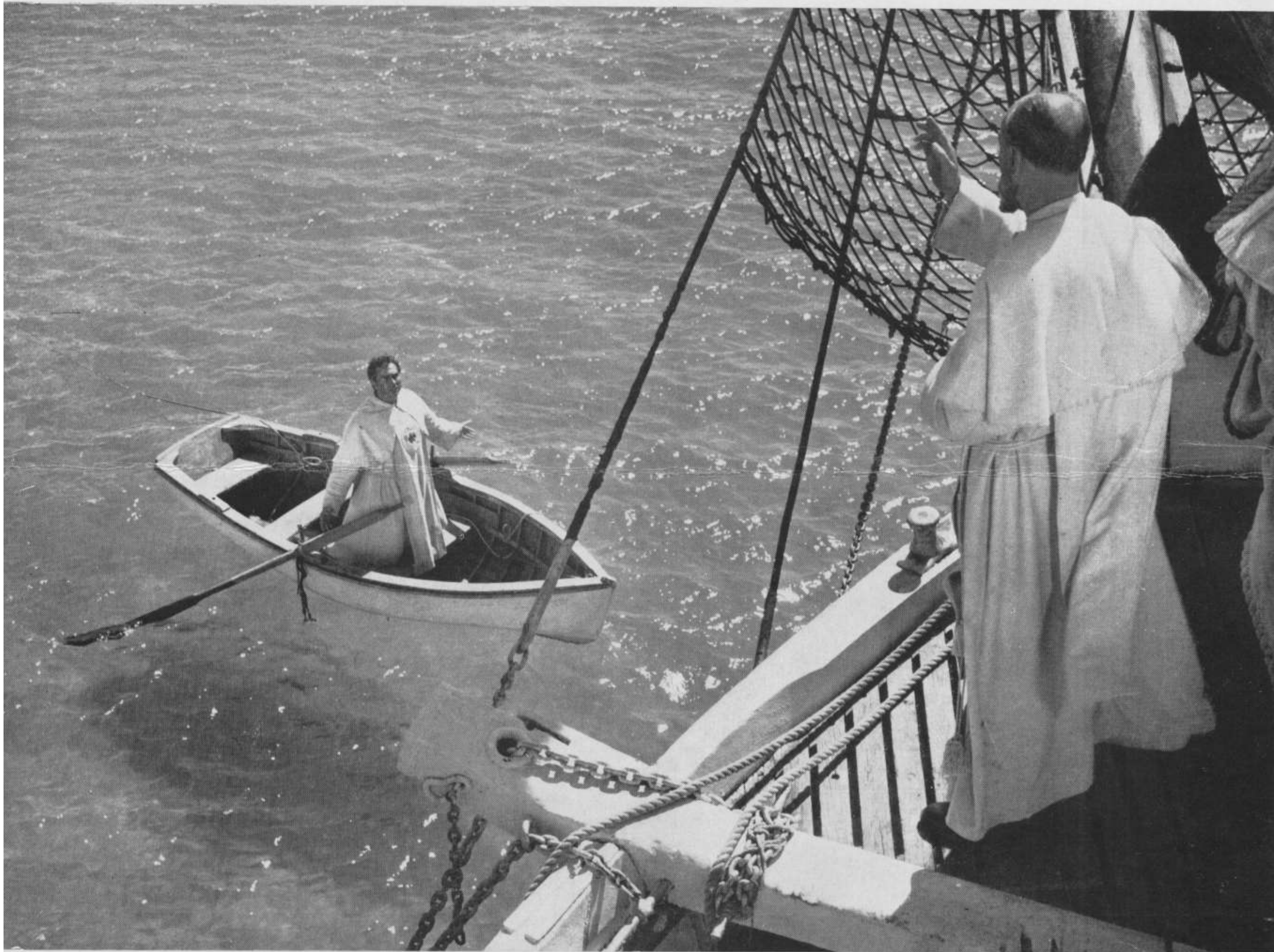
Ficha artística

P. DAMIAN	Javier Escrivá
Bluck	Roberto Camardiel
Duttón	Gerardo Tichy
Maipu	Marcela Yurfa
María	Nani Fernández
Sr. X	Carlos Casaravilla
Provincial	Pedro R. de Quevedo
Tonto	Francisco Camoiras
Indigena	Angel Aranda
Nativa	María Arellano
Andrés	Toni Hernández
Juana	Nela Congiú
Conradi	Luis Morris
Clifford	Angel Jordán
Albert	Antonio Taño



Ficha técnica

Director	Luis Lucia
Operador	Manuel Berenguer
Decorador	Enrique Alarcón
Jefe de Producción	M.A. Martín Proharám
Maquillador	Julián Ruiz
Guión	Jaime G. Herranz
Música	S. Ruiz de Luna



Un mensaje de la mejor espiritualidad "española" en una película inolvidable.

Todo lo que vas a vivir en Molokai sucedió ayer, hace menos de un siglo, en una Isla del Pacífico, en un trozo de la estrella número 50 de la bandera de los Estados Unidos.

EROGINES

e

JAVIER ESCRIVA



ROBERTO CAMARDIEL
GERARDO TICHY
MARCELA YURFA
NANI FERNANDEZ
Y
ANGEL ARANDA
MARIA ARELLANO

OPERADOR MANUEL BERENGUER
DISEÑADOR ENRIQUE ALARCON

MOLOKAI
(LA ISLA MALDITA)

Director **LUIS LUCIA**

Una película excepcional en la vida apasionante de un hombre extraordinario.

Un emocionante documento de caridad.

La página más bella del apostolado de nuestro tiempo. (Pio XII).

La obra del Sacerdote que enseñó a los leprosos a soñar con el Cielo en el Infierno.

Seres arrojados como perros indignos en aquel infierno, donde solo un hombre llegó voluntariamente: Damián de Veuster.

Un hombre solo, armado de fé y de amor, desciende al infierno de los hombres para dar a todos una parcela del Paraíso.

Un film crudo, sin concesiones, amargo y violento, iluminado por una extraordinaria luz de humanidad y de amor.

Vd. se sentirá mejor cuando vea esta gran película.

Molokai, un infierno de los vivos en el que la obra de persuasión, esfuerzo y de sacrificio de un humilde héroe transformó en el Paraíso de los que sufren.



DECLARADA DE INTERES NACIONAL
1º PREMIO ESPECIAL del Sindicato Nacional del Espectáculo
PREMIO A LA MEJOR PELÍCULA de la Semana Internacional de Cine

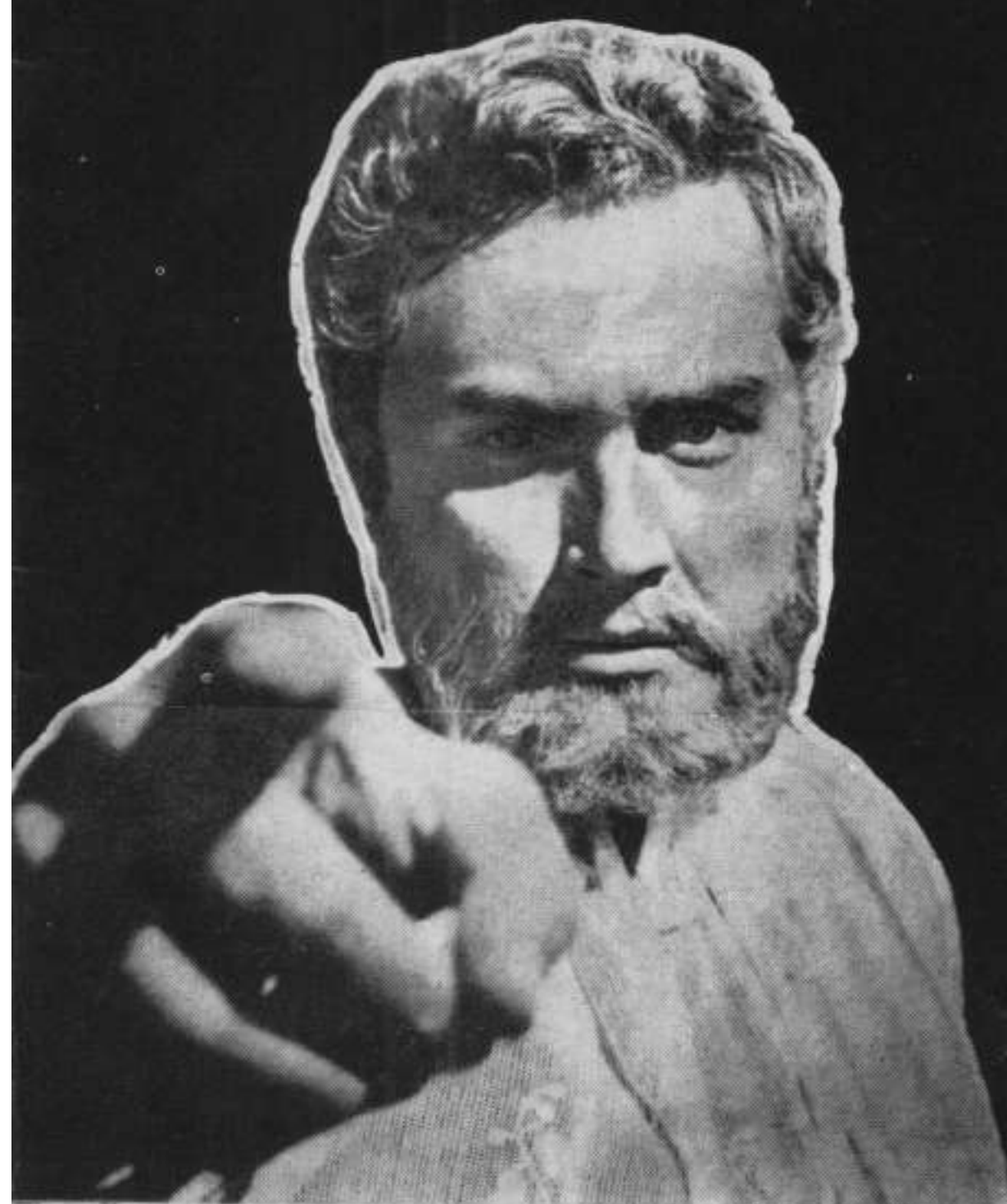
JAVIER ESCRIVA
PLACA SAN JUAN BOSCO A LA MEJOR INTERPRETACION

ROBERTO CAMARDIEL
GERARDO TICHY
MARCELA YURFA
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Y
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MARIA ARELLANO

MOLOKAI
(LA ISLA MALDITA)

OPERADOR MANUEL BERENGUER
DISEÑADOR ENRIQUE ALARCON

DIRECTOR **LUIS LUCIA**



JAVIER ESCRIVA

un uomo solo, armato di fede e d'amore,
scende nell'inferno degli uomini per donare
a tutti un angolo di paradiso.

ROBERTO CAMARDIEL · GERARDO TICHY
MARCELA YURFA · NANI FERNANDEZ
MARIA ARELLANO
E CON LA PARTECIPAZIONE DI ANGEL ARANDA
REGIA DI **LUIS LUCIA**



MOLOKAI
L'ISOLA MALEDETTA

MOLOKAI

(The accursed island)

It was in the year 1873. A sailboat was furrowing the Pacific, then it stopped in front of Molokai Island. The crew and the passengers both stood, dumbfounded looking at each other.

"May be someone wants to land", told joking a passenger after some seconds of an expectant silence.

"Who is to be mad enough for getting into there?", told another passenger.

And back of them a voice answered:

"It is I, Damián de Veuster, at your service."

Molokai was the isle of lepers where the infected of Hawaiian Islands were put by force. Human dunghill, living hell in perpetual despair.

Shor afterwards that young and strong missionary stepped on the accursed island. He was gay and optimistic going into it. Suddenly he ceased smiling. A large group of the most wretched huts offered to his sight. It was the lepers village which no one healthy man had seen yet. Damián de Veuster took courage and got into it.

"Who commands here?"

Overcoming the natural distrust they answered:

"Bluck and his friends. You will soon know him; in this island he is the only who eats."

Damián de Veuster went to stand up to that man who was living on other's misery imposing his own law, the law of the stronger.

"I come willingly near you", said Damián.

"Nobody comes willingly at Molokai."

"I am not a leper."

Bluck burst out laughing.

The priest said again:

"I am not a leper. I have come to be your brother."

Offensive and stinging Bluck interrupted:

"If you are my brother this wouldn't be repugnant at you."

And Bluck turned up his sleeve and showed at Damián his leper arm.

Then, the missionary came slowly beside him accepting the challenge with the amazement of all of them, and he got ready to kiss the ulcerous flesh.

Bluck terrified pushed him away.

"Keep quiet!" Go out!"

Obedient, Damián took his leave:

"As you like Bluck, good night my brothers."

And no one dared to protest.

The titanic work of that man who had brought a peace and love message, was crowned with the most rotund success. Molokai was little by little ceasing being the accursed island because had come into it resignation and faith with Damián de Veuster. His followers were legion. Hatred, materialism and libertinism were swept by the Great Truth.

The echo of that gigantic task

resounded in the remote world, and the world knew how to correspond with his admiration at man's sacrifice whom all offered to those who had nothing. This universal motion worried the Hygiene Committee of Honolulu and Father Damián had to face up to the incomprehensible Board of Directors who threatened him to be interned for life in the isle if he came back to it.

When Meyer, his only defender extended his hand for taking leave, Damián refused it telling him:

"No, Meyer, the hand no. You will after shake hands with these men and..."

And in effect, he came back to his island for never more getting out.

The isolation had reached such a grade of rigorism that a day was denied permission for landing to Provincial Father under penalty of remaining there forever.

Father Damián had approached the sail on a rowboat.

"I cannot get out—said to him his superior—, you cannot get out either. It is forbidden. Do you need something Father Damián?"

And Damián without giving much importance to that veto, answered with a great plainness:

"Yes, I need you listen to my confession."

Amazed by that, Provincial Father tried to oppose:

"But... I shall bless you from here."

"After you have listened to me", said smiling Damián.

And before the other could objecting to him, he knelt down in the boat and began saying:

"Ave Virgin Maria... It is a long time since my last confession... I finished my penance... and I confess..."

Those who were present at the stirring event withdrew from gunwale oppressed by a strange sensation.

"If that man does so, what would we have to do?", said a sailor.

"Thinking of him I'm afraid of thinking of myself", said another.

While, in the grandiose background of the sea, the waves diluted mercifully the words poured to Justice of God. When he had finished, Father Damián shouted merrily:

"Now I don't need anything Provincial Father."

"I need something"—replied to him the other in tears—, I wish for your blessing Father Damián."

"My blessing?"

"Yes, yours."

"But... Who am I?..."

Provincial Father answered with rapidity:

"A penitent, and I am... your superior... it is a order, I implore to be blessed for you."

Then, the Provincial knelt down while on the little boat the submissive missionary in exile began drawing in the air the sign of the cross.

After some years, Molokai was a new world. Father Damián was not so alone as before. At present were with him a North American Doctor, a catholic priest and captain Duttón whom commanded the schooner that brought them at the island.

It was the evening of a tiring day and the missionary had walked a long way. He asked for some water for washing his feet, and Duttón brought it to him.

All of a sudden the ex-captain became terrified.

"Father Damián, what are you doing?"

Then, Damián noticed his feet in the boiling water without feeling it. Both men understood the cruel reality.

On the following day resounded at the church the new leper's voice in a sermon wild and rough which was a lash at conscience of men.

"Nobody must be moved to compassion for us. The world is a big Molokai, but a Molokai without sacrifice nor resignation... A day will come on which you will be enviable for that generations that fled from your stigmas without thinking these stigmas were the medals, the glorious emblems granted by Supreme Maker in order to get a place beside Him in the endless course of time..."

Shortly afterwards, on the throne of his monstrosity, under a flowers pallium passed the Lord of World in a procession over the sanctified Molokai Lands borne by the new leper's hands. It was Corpus Christi day.

Scarcely anybody stayed at home. Perhaps only Bluck and his guardman.

"What a revolution has made that man"—said the latter—. When he came here seemed to be a very little thing. You told him: 'I don't need anything from you', and now... we're living because he let's live."

Bluck burst with angry:

"He's exploiting the world with our misery. He'll soon go away healthy and rich. And he'll laugh at our ulcers which gave to him fame and money."

But someone, from the window threw a news item:

"Do you not know it? The priest is a leper too." Bluck suddenly calmed approached the window wishing for air.

Some years more and the work reached its end. Damián de Veuster was prostrated waiting for the supreme moment. All of them were around him. Only one was missing: His hope as Damián used to say.

But his hope, that irreducible Bluck was at home following step by step the state of dying Damián.

"There isn't enemy Bluck—said at this moment his last supporter—, he's going leper and poor. It wasn't what you thought."

The ring of the bell and the murmur of prayers pierced Bluck's ears hurting him.

At that time, Father Damián almost voiceless, whispered in his very poor bed:

"It seems that all is beginning again. Let us recite the rosary on my last night like that first one in Molokai."

The clamor of prayers and lamentations reached Father's ears. He opened his eyes with an effort and he said to them with anxiety:

"I am hearing many voices... like that night."

Everybody is praying for you. All people are with you Father Damián.

The martyr sadly made a denial sign. It was the sorrow of his farewell and his failure. But at that moment something appeared at the door and made him smile with the joy of the victory. And his dry and pale lips still moved for last time saying:

"Yes, All... Now!... My hope!..."

At the door was Bluck weeping.

Bluck knelt down begged pardon with his eyes in tears.

Jesus, the baby saved from death by Damián de Veuster some years ago, and whom was the first pupil of Damián's orphan asylum pounced on Father's body kissing him without any impediment now.

"Dad Damián! Dad Damián!"

Outdoors the waves of Pacific beating against the rocks seemed to sing a Gloria Hymn since the "Leper of Christ" and come into a new endless life.

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Father Damián did not speak any more.

Suddenly the bell stopped ringing because its rope had just broken and an oppressive silence wrapped the island. Damián de Veuster had gone from it.

Then, happened something tremendous and surprising. The face of whom had passed into the eternity began to lose his deformations until it became clean of marks left by illness with the human serenity of the elect.

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JUDGEMENTS OF CRITICISM

"Luis Lucia has accomplished the best film of those which adorn up to nowadays his bright career.

Javier Escrivá is a prodigious actor."

(José Luis Gómez Tello. "Primer Plano". Madrid.)

"This film has an extraordinary strength for describing and a strange power for transmitting to spectators at the same time anguish and pity, despair and confidence... And this it has got by Luis Lucia even lavishing instants of a plastic amazing beauty.

Javier Escrivá has embodied Father Damián with a great sensibility and intelligence. He has joined mildness and strength in his interpretation."

(Miguel Pérez Ferrero ("Donald"). "A B C". Madrid.)

"Luis Lucia attains to communicate at people all the emotion contained in his works. Molokai proves this good quality of him bringing in the spectators' souls the gigantic job of Father Damián."

(Rafael Capilla. "El Alcázar" Madrid.)

"The scenarios Jaime G. Herranz has developed the biographical episodes with agility and depth... Molokai is a film that honors Spanish movies... It is a work which must be showed with pride at all the world over."

(García de la Puerta. "Pueblo". Madrid.)

"Inspiration and charity in a great film for everybody... Molokai is one of the most important films which the Spanish production can take great pride in. It is the revelation of a top line actor: Javier Escrivá... We do not hesitate to acclaim Molokai as the Lucia's best work... The scenography mounted by Enrique Alarcón is impeccable and Salvador Ruiz de Luna's score is very rich, vigorous and plenty of inspiration."

(C. Fernández Cuenca. "Ya" Madrid.)

"This film pertains to the best movies and to the movies which are the best. Movies understood by all kind of people... Some episodes of anthology are outstanding, such as the confession and sermon of Father Damián... Manuel Berenguer as cameraman is excellent... It is a good film in both, its theme and quality of realization."

(L. Gómez Mesa. "Arriba". Madrid.)

"... in spite of all the artistic and technic worth of this extraordinary film it is something which projects in a sensational manner. It is the excellent interpretation by all the actors, where a name is a real revelation; an authentic event: Javier Escrivá."

(I. Montes Jovellar. "Madrid" Madrid.)

"The director hits on its realization as much as he has done as the temptations which he has known how to repel. At no time he is dragged into melodrama, nor he incur in that anxiety for creating characters so propitious at these themes."

(Alfonso Sánchez. "Informaciones". Madrid.)

"This interesting Lucia's production is at the same time both a beautiful production and one of these spiritual lessons that rise the spirit. But this lesson is given without annoying commentary nor clumsy preaching. He has avoided all the unnecessary scenes showing grief and distress, and he has given to the narration a calm and poetic rhythm that shrink from all the repellent."

(A. Martínez Tomás. "La Vanguardia". Barcelona.)

"We admire Lucia's concept of proportion and specially his prodigious sense of rhythm. His films are always going right to its objective, without delay, with a sure firmness. Molokai is not an exception. By means of Father Damian's life Lucia intended to stir the spectator's heart. It was done by the just way: scratching their sensitive fibers with a great problem of charity and humanity. We think about this film it

is a popular one and a perfect work."

("Solidaridad Nacional". Barcelona.)

"Jaime García Herranz's scenario is of sober and well equilibrated narrative line. It contains many happy findings and especially a lot of human and emotional potential which moves even the men who do not hear its religious message. Luis Lucia has gotten his best work up to now. Javier Escrivá give us a magnificent lesson on interpretation. He is an example of naturalness, plainness, sympathy and identification with his role."

(Ernesto Foller. "Noticiero Universal". Barcelona.)

"I sincerely think it is a film which point right to heart. Luis Lucia has made disappear all that could be repugnant or offensive. It is better an outline than a direct view. This film reach our heart because we know the real life of Father Damián and the veracity of his behaviour."

("El Diario de Barcelona". Barcelona.)

SOME COMMENTARIES

"I advise you to see Molokai, the excellent film Molokai which honors the Spanish movies... There are moments in the film of insuperable beauty and emotion... It is not a sad film... It is a master piece that comforts... A thrilling document of charity and confidence."

(Ramón Escotado. "Arriba". Madrid. In his section "Cuentos de Madrid".)

"The writer only wants to express his admiration for the singular fidelity of the new historic production. If the movies, if the new art can do it such as beautiful works, he says: Nor all is lost.

The realization of Molokai is a main course, a knock at our consciences. When movies serves at those beautiful examples, movies reaches greatness and human servitude."

(Tomás Salvador. "Editorial de la Vanguardia". Barcelona.)

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