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APRIL • MAY • JUNE 1967

16TH YEAR

CINEMA

GUILD

AND

STUDIO

OUR NEW THEATRE

The Gateway

We take considerable pride in announcing the opening of our first San Francisco branch, the Gateway Cinema. This new theatre, for which plans are now being drawn, will be located on the ground floor of the Richard Henry Dana in the Golden Gateway Development. The address: Jackson off Battery, one block from the Washington Street off-ramp in the Re-Development Area. Street parking is generally ample; there is, in addition, a large parking garage to the left as you leave the Washington Street off-ramp.

The Gateway, a luxury theatre the size of our Cinema in Berkeley, will open sometime in July with the complete version of CHUSHINGURA, the great Japanese epic whose 41-week Berkeley engagement holds the record — by 17 weeks! — for the longest East Bay run ANY film has ever had. This complete version, which recently garnered rave reviews in New York, has never been exhibited in San Francisco; those who missed it in Berkeley will finally have a chance to see it in their own back yard.

We mean to spare no pains on the Gateway Cinema, and hope that you will enjoy our new theatre as much as we know you will enjoy CHUSHINGURA.

Once again our thanks for your patronage and good will.

THE MANAGEMENT

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

THE GUIDE

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OPENING IN JULY AT THE GATEWAY CINEMA

THE SAN FRANCISCO PREMIERE OF THE COMPLETE 3½-HOUR VERSION OF

Hiroshi Inagaki's

Chushingura

CHUSHINGURA (47 RONIN) — Japan's national epic — has been staged regularly for nearly three centuries. This screen version — three and a half hours in length, photographed in the most ravishing color since GATE OF HELL — is a work of such overwhelming magnitude that there is not the slightest risk in calling it the greatest of all Japanese films. (It is far from certain that there has even been a film to compare with it.)

Although — as a spectacle — CHUSHINGURA is in a class by itself, visual splendor was not the director's primary aim, but a by-product in a titanic drama, Shakespearean in intensity and sweep.

The actual events took place between the years 1701 and 1703. The Japanese know the story by heart; it is their version of the CHANSON DE ROLAND and the Arthurian legends, except that this chivalric tradition has roots in their own lives; more than any other, it expresses the concepts of loyalty, honor and justice that are the key to Japan's culture.

The villain of CHUSHINGURA, Lord Kira — cowardly, greedy, sensual — expresses himself with classic directness: "A man who ceases to lust after money and women might as well be dead!" and later, as his wife listens with ill-concealed contempt: "People say that it is shameful to be a coward. But I am proud to be a coward! I want to live for a hundred years!" Takashi Shimura, a samurai of his clan, sits ashen-faced as the corrupt old man expresses his contempt for the samurai and their code. Reminded by Shimura that he is addressing a samurai, Kira mumbles: "Yes, but there are many kinds of samurai!" In the end, asked to commit harakiri, he cries: "Why must I die? I don't want to die!"

Against this brilliant symbol of a corrupt regime stands Lord Asano—too honorable to offer Kira the bribe that means worldly success for himself and his house — and the loyal vassals who vow to avenge his martyrdom, knowing that — whatever the outcome — their lives are forfeit.

CHUSHINGURA recounts their story with a majesty unparalelled in films. Goaded beyond endurance, Lord Asano commits the unforgivable: drawing his sword in the Shogun's palace, he wounds Lord Kira. The act dishonors his house and makes outcasts (ronin) of his vassals.

Forbidden to defend himself, ordered to commit harakiri, Lord Asano walks through falling cherry blossoms that symbolize the heartbreaking beauty and transience of life. As he slowly unwinds his robes, Inagaki cuts to his corrupt enemy, starting out of a nightmare, screaming: "I am afraid! I am afraid!"

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

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

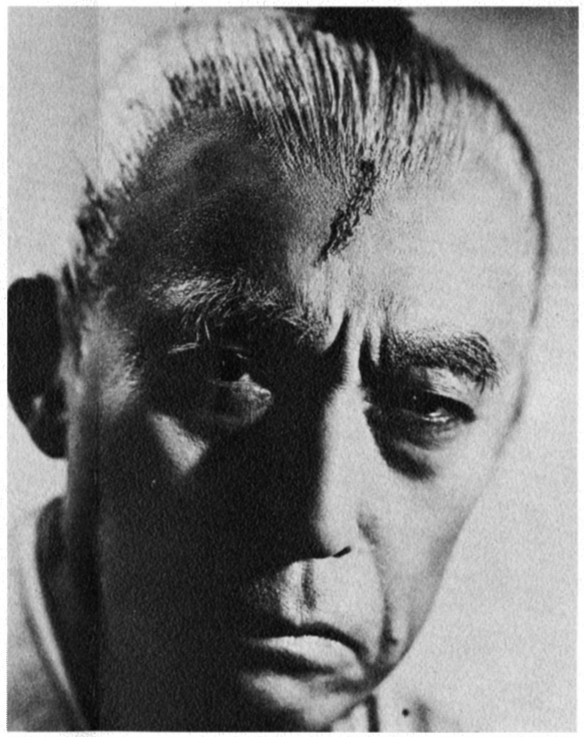
CHUSHINGURA mingles exultation with a dreadful sadness, for precisely those most worthy of life sacrifice themselves for the good of future generations. Yet this profound, subtle film never descends to a mere catalogue of heroic ideals and deeds. The world we know is always present: there is treachery,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

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

Ennobling, exalting, incredibly exciting, ravishingly beautiful, CHUSHINGURA must be reckoned among the supreme expressions of the human spirit. Among films it is unique: there is little likelihood that it will ever be equalled.

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

Those who see it will find their faith in the cinema's promise restored. CHUSHINGURA redeems the medium; it makes up for all the shoddy movies ever produced.



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

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

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

CHUSHINGURA: 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 him 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 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.

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CINEMA
Shattuck & Haste

CINEMA GUILD POLICY

For the convenience of those of you who wish to plan ahead, the CINEMA and STUDIO will henceforth operate on locked schedules. The GUILD, no longer listed in the calendar, will be used as a move-over house for particularly popular films from the CINEMA or STUDIO. Occasionally, if nothing warrants holding, unannounced films will be brought in. To keep informed of the GUILD schedule, we suggest you call 848-2038 or check the Daily Movie Guides of THE CHRONICLE, EXAMINER, TRIBUNE or DAILY CALIFORNIAN.

STUDIO
Telegraph at Haste

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

CINEMA

MAR 30 · Fri. 31 · APR. 1 · Sun. 2 · Mon. 3 · Tues. 4 · Wed. 5

NOTHING BUT A MAN*

The finest art film ever produced in America (as well as almost anywhere else), NOTHING BUT A MAN is the story of a proud Negro's attempt to buck Southern peonage. Rarely has a film been so nobly proportioned, so utterly seamless in execution — script, photography, performances and direction are perfectly fused. The work defies restatement or analysis; it is what it is. The many rave reviews gave us no idea of its impact, and we can do no better (those who see it will simply learn what it means to be black). Michael Roemer and Robert Young (who had never made a feature film before) collaborated on the script; Roemer directed it, Young photographed it. With Robert Rubin, who acted as sound recordist, they raised the money and produced the film themselves. It's the very model of an independent low-budget production, with complete control vested in the artists who conceived it. This is, of course, the way movies **should** be made — all it takes is talent. With Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and a cast of flawless players. 1964.

and James Agee's THE QUIET ONE*

THE QUIET ONE is the story of a Negro boy, scarred by the rejection and indifference of his parents, who withdraws from human contact. A masterpiece of documentary drama, the approach and handling are similar to that of the De Sica of SHOESHINE. The cast is non-professional, and James Agee's commentary is so touching it has been published separately. Produced by Sidney Meyer and Janet Loeb; photography by Helen Levitt. **SPECIAL AWARDS AT VENICE AND EDINBURGH**, 1948.

Thurs. 6 · Fri. 7 · Sat. 8 · Sun. 9 · Mon. 10 · Tues. 11 · Wed. 12

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Zenzo Matsuyama's DARK THE MOUNTAIN SNOW*

This ravishing work, among the most exquisite black and white films ever produced, is the first effort of a Japanese writer-director of genius, Zenzo Matsuyama. A tragedy of fate, the story deals with an upper class family's implacable rejection of their late son's geisha wife. In lesser hands, their narrowness, their cruel derision, the matriarch's hatred for her daughter-in-law, might have led to melodrama. But Matsuyama never falls into the trap of generalizing emotions; you believe in his characters partly because it is impossible to doubt their reality and partly because the contrast between the heroine's suffering and the luminous beauty of the surroundings raises the action to a tragic plane. After two viewings we can do no more than suggest the complex interweaving of character and theme; the startling entrances and exits of another son, a hunter, who detests his family; the mysterious, magnificently photographed, figures in cone-shaped costumes trudging through harshly gleaming snowdrifts; or the stunning impact of close-ups of hidden eyes as the heroine departs. It is impossible to do justice to DARK THE MOUNTAIN SNOW. Prepare yourselves for an incomparable visual experience. Photography by Kozo Okazaki. The music, quite free of Occidental influence, is by Masaru Sato. With Hideko Takamine, Frankie Sakai, Keiju Kobayashi, Mayumi Ozora, Kikue Mori, etc. All are magnificent. 1966.

and Jean-Paul Belmondo in LA VIACCIA*

Retitled THE LOVEMAKER for the benefit of exploitation houses, this film has rarely been seen by audiences worthy of it. La Viaccia, the farm symbolizing its theme, is coveted by a grubby peasant family whose idealistic youngest son (Jean-Paul Belmondo) leaves to find work in the city, where he falls in love with Claudia Cardinale, a beautiful prostitute. She returns his love, but — torn between self-contempt and fear of poverty — she vacillates. To keep Belmondo near her, she sets him up as the brothel's bouncer. LA VIACCIA is a tragedy of fate: the protagonist, fully individualized, is trapped — as much by his own decency as by a corrupt society — in circumstances he cannot alter. His family's greed, the girl's unquenchable thirst for security, gnaw at his vitals until he is consumed. Filmed with an infallible sense of period (the setting is turn-of-the-century Milan), the brothel sequences are genre masterpieces: the girls — infinitely sad beneath their flounces, striped stockings and low-cut bodices — suggest the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec. We think you won't be satisfied to see it only once. Mauro Bolognini directed. 1962.

Thurs. 13 · Fri. 14 · Sat. 15 · Sun. 16 · Mon. 17 · Tues. 18 · Wed. 19

Nikolai Cherkassov as DON QUIXOTE*

This is unquestionably the finest of the seven screen adaptations of DON QUIXOTE to date. Director Grigory Kozintsev, grasping the spirit of Cervantes' work, fully realizes the old knight's noble madness in the face of life's ignominies. Kozintsev reveals an avid taste for the late Spanish Renaissance, and whether tumbling peasants about or setting up an elaborate and courtly masquerade, obviously delights in the whole decor of the period. Nikolai Cherkassov — the brilliant Russian actor whose face El Greco would have loved to paint — plays Quixote with masterly insight into the character. Yuri Tolubeyev gives the role of Sancho Panza an inner dignity of its own. 1961. (color) (Subtitled version released in 1966.)

and Francesco Rosi's THE MOMENT OF TRUTH*

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, the first film by the immensely gifted Italian writer-director Francesco Rosi to receive general distribution in the United States, will almost certainly remain the definitive cinematic treatment of bullfighting. Its theme, however, is not merely the ritual instant in which bull and matador face death, but the wretched Spanish peasant's ironic reward for the courage with which he faces the overwhelming challenges of daily life. Rosi's young hero (in actuality Spain's 3rd ranking matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin) escapes from arduous labor on his ancestral farm to six months of backbreaking, unremunerative toil in the city — until he decides to pit his nerve and strength against the bulls. His spectacular, unorthodox technique dazzles the crowds: Miguelin fights bulls seated, cornered, and on his knees; he places his open palm against their foreheads as they prepare to charge. Fortune's darling, he buys a villa and fast cars; women throw themselves at him; society courts him. To his impresario, however, he remains a valuable property: the crowds are eager to buy his courage: there is always another corrida. As his nerve wears thin, Miguelin begins to look forward to retirement. It comes, permanently, at 26, on the horns of a dying bull. The heart of THE MOMENT OF TRUTH is the social reality of Spain. The sense of the land — its yellow wheatfields, the hot, dusty roads, the hooded religious processions, the hard eyes of **putas** in working-class dives — pervades its images. And, although its implications transcend the corrida, the film can scarcely be accused of neglecting it. Never before has bullfight photography been so intimate, so stunningly edited, so cruelly truthful in close-up. "The cameramen," as one critic put it, "have shot all of the bull but its pain." The corrida sequences are documentary; Miguelin — a natural actor with magnificent presence — performs simultaneously for crowd and camera; the only scene faked is the final goring. Photography by Gianni Di Venanzo, Ajace Parolin and Pasquale De Santis. Music by Piero Piccioni. Francesco Rosi, co-directing with Antonio Cervi, wrote the script. 1965. (Technicolor, Techniscope)

Thurs. 20 · Fri. 21 · Sat. 22 · Sun. 23 · Mon. 24 · Tues. 25 · Wed. 26

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

This is a remarkable, angry and important film — not because it is a great work of art, though the battle scenes surely are great, but because it is part of human history by now: over 100 million people have seen it and responded to its pacifist message. One could be cynical about the results, but the fact that it has frequently been banned by countries preparing for war suggests that it is the kind of touchstone that makes even militarists uncomfortable. The movie was made in Hollywood, which is in itself rather remarkable, as it has no love story and its heroes are German. We follow a handful of young German volunteers in World War I from school to battlefield, and we see the disintegration of their romantic ideas of war, gallantry and fatherland in the squalor of the trenches. Except for Louis Wolheim, who is capable of creating a character with a minimum of material, the actors are often awkward, uncertain and over-emphatic, but it doesn't seem to matter very much. This is a film in which sincerity and intention count for more than finesse. Lewis Milestone directed. 1930.

and Bernhard Wicki's THE BRIDGE*

(DIE BRUECKE) This is the most remarkable indictment of war since ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, and twenty years from now the quality of its acting will probably stand up a good deal better. With World War II drawing to a close, a German village undertakes hopeless defense preparations. Few veterans remain; those inducted are largely old men and children. The protagonists are seven teen-agers, romantic, excited, war-intoxicated. Seeing the boys mobilized, a veteran tries to keep them from harm's way by having them guard a bridge marked for demolition. But the boys take their assignment seriously, kill a member of the demolition crew, and attempt a holding action against the Americans. One by one, they are cut down; two days later, the war ends. In theme, the film is curiously ambiguous. The boys are idealistic; yet their idealism can only spring from heavy doses of Nazi indoctrination. The thought that ideals as doubtful 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 short-lived; 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.

Thurs. 27 · Fri. 28 · Sat. 29 · Sun. 30 · MAY 1 · Tues. 2 · Wed. 3

OPERATION CROSSBOW*

This suspense thriller features one of the most spectacular casts ever assembled for a movie — Sophia Loren, George Peppard, Trevor Howard, John Mills, Richard Johnson and Tom Courtenay. The story, dealing with the destruction of the Nazi rocket installations at Peenemunde, is cavalier about historical detail (the installations were never bombed), but extraordinarily careful in matters of verisimilitude (the Germans are permitted to speak German), and the buzz-bombing of London and the final holocaust (Goetterdaemmerung, as one reviewer called it) for once merit the adjective spectacular. With Jeremy Kemp, Anthony Quaile, Lilli Palmer and Paul Henried. Michael Anderson directed. 1965. (color)

and OCEAN'S ELEVEN*

Bosley Crowther, a touchstone of a sort, found OCEAN'S ELEVEN immoral. Why, the crooks are sympathetic, and they don't even get caught! (And we thought dinosaurs extinct!) Well, it's true — the crooks are not only sympathetic, they're delightful — and we wondered as we watched the film how the script writers could end it without offending the audience or the threadbare old Production Code. Through one of the neatest ploys we can remember, OCEAN'S ELEVEN contrives to offend neither, and sent us out of the theatre in a real mood of exhilaration. This is no film for anyone's Pantheon, but it **is** the most amusing spoof of the "perfect crime" genre we know. The lines sparkle, the actors are a joy to watch, and Lewis Milestone — one of the few American directors who does more with CinemaScope than decorate the outer edges — handles the images beautifully. With Frank Sinatra and the Clan — Sammy Davis, Jr., Dean Martin, Cesar Romero, Akim Tamiroff, Peter Lawford, Ilka Chase, etc. Script by Harry Brown and Charles Lederer. 1960. (color)

Thurs. 4 · Fri. 5 · Sat. 6 · Sun. 7 · Mon. 8 · Tues. 9 · Wed. 10 · Thurs. 11 · Fri. 12 · Sat. 13 · Sun. 14 · Mon. 15 · Tues. 16 · Wed. 17

Laurence Olivier's HAMLET

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 4½ hours. And if you feel certain scenes should be done differently, one can only ask, "When has the rest of the play been done so well?" It is a tribute to Shakespeare's passionate immediacy that everyone has his own idea of Hamlet, and everyone will find much to quarrel with in this film (for our part, we particularly dislike the way the soliloquies are turned into interior monologues; one may surmise that Olivier wasn't happy with the result either — his later use of the soliloquies as soliloquies in RICHARD III was the most brilliant achievement of that production). Whatever the omissions, the mutilations, the mistakes, this is very likely the finest production of HAMLET you will see in your lifetime. Academy Awards of 1948: Best Motion Picture, Best Actor.

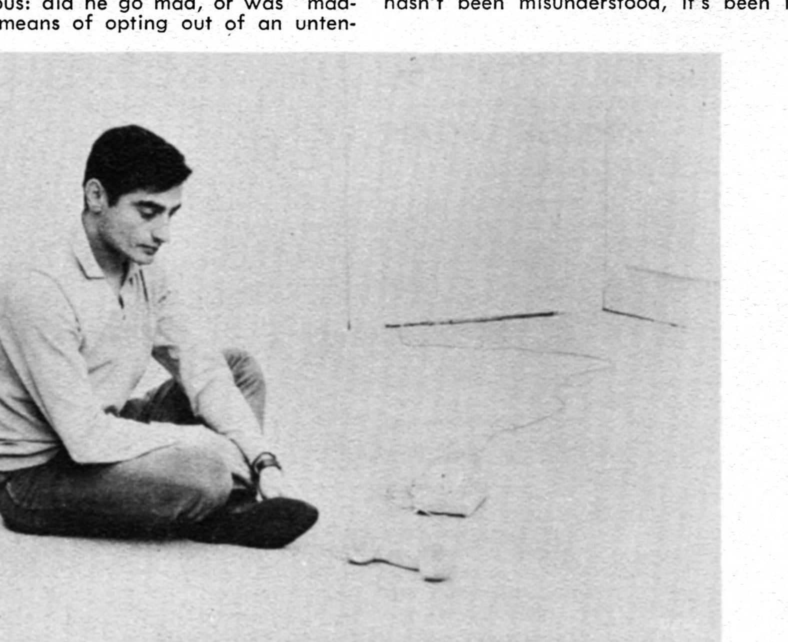
and Laurence Olivier's HENRY V*

Shakespeare's HENRY V is the story of the playboy Plantagenet who grew up to become a great leader and, at 27, defeated the armies of France at Agincourt. There, at the last great stand of medieval chivalry, the English archers, outnumbered five to one, cut down the fatally encumbered knights of France. Olivier's production of the play is a triumph of soaring, heroic poetry: as actor, he brings full lungs, exultation and genuine grace to the role; as director, he joins color, music and spectacle to grandeur of speech. By taking many of the film's charming sets from THE BOOK OF THE HOURS, his designers added to the pleasures of first-rate Shakespeare joys of recognition for the cognoscenti. As a director, Olivier knew enough to use the best model: most of his stunning battle sequences are lifted from ALEXANDER NEVSKY. (Eisenstein — rather more creatively — adapted his from the Ku Klux Klan sequences in THE BIRTH OF A NATION.) The comic passages tend to overdo the Welsh dialect, but most of the film is pure gold, and that delight of the academic mind — the fading in and out on models of the Globe Theatre and medieval London — was a mistake Olivier never afterward repeated. Though his own performance of Henry is the crowning glory of the film, Leo Genn's memorable interpretation of the chivalrous Constable of France has been insufficiently noticed. (This fine actor has never since had a screen role worthy of his talent.) With Renee Asherson as Princess Katherine of France, Esmond Knight as Fluellen, Felix Aylmer, Robert Newton, Ernest Thesiger, etc. The color photography is by Robert Krasker. 1946. **ADMISSION $2.00.**

Thurs. 18 · Fri. 19 · Sat. 20 · Sun. 21 · Mon. 22 · Tues. 23 · Wed. 24

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Alain Jessua's LIFE UPSIDE DOWN*

Alain Jessua's first film — the most impressive directorial debut in years — stars Charles Denner, the virtuoso performer of LANDRU, as a man who comically declines the life of a cipher by retreating into himself. Although his case suggests schizophrenia, Jessua surrounds it with excruciating ambiguity. Through "madness," the protagonist escapes a routine job in a real estate agency, a brainless twirp of a wife, the sterile amenities of an automated home, and swarms of faceless friends. Almost to the end, when he lapses into silence, Jessua's hero is a man of wit, irony and taste, so that when we see him last, in an empty room, cross-legged beside a disconnected telephone, looking happier, more serene, than at any time in the film, the question looms enormous: did he go mad, or was "madness" his only available means of opting out of an untenable situation? More devastating still, in "advanced" societies where most men's lives parallel the hero's, the question assumes total universality: is it Denner who is mad, or those who put up with what he so happily abandons? Yet this mocking work, replete with overtones of Zen and Kafka, is anything but grim, and perceptive viewers will find it hilarious. LIFE UPSIDE DOWN is an unsettling experience, but we don't think you'll consider the time spent seeing it wasted. Anna Gaylor plays the wife. **SPECIAL JURY PRIZES, CANNES and VENICE**, 1964. (The fate of LIFE UPSIDE DOWN in America should have surprised no one. That a film so deeply subversive of all we take for granted would alienate escapist audiences was inevitable: when it hasn't been misunderstood, it's been ignored.)



and The Marx Brothers in DUCK SOUP*

The Marx Brothers invade a mythical kingdom. Rufus T. Firefly (Groucho Marx) — supposed (by Margaret Dumont) to possess the statesmanship of Gladstone, the humility of Lincoln, and the wisdom of Pericles — is her choice for dictator of Freedonia. (His true character is unequivocal: when in doubt, he orders a salvo.) His opposite number, the enemy prime minister (Louis Calhern) counters Groucho's incessant insults with the one-note answer: "This means war!" (When one thinks about it, Freedonia uneasily suggests "the land of the free" and, considering the world of the Sixties, its "diplomacy" is startlingly familiar. Shades of Nostradamus! — how long have we been "negotiating" in Viet Nam?) Nevertheless — so help us, no kidding, we swear — this is a comedy. The most memorable sequence has the three brothers (all disguised as Groucho) mistaking one another for their own reflections in a mirror. Leo McCarey directed. 1933.

Thurs. 25 · Fri. 26 · Sat. 27 · Sun. 28 · Mon. 29 · Tues. 30 · Wed. 31

EAST BAY PREMIERE: THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT*

THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT, which stunned audiences at the 1965 San Francisco Film Festival and recently opened theatrically to excellent reviews, is a work of such astounding imagination that SEATTLE MAGAZINE's reviewer, placing it among films as diverse as THE SEVENTH SEAL, BEAT THE DEVIL and TOM JONES, pronounced it "just possibly, the year's best." Yet, despite the most beguiling assemblage of lovelies — bosoms bare or cleavages plunging — since SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT, the film has been seen almost nowhere else. But the vicissitudes of distribution are beyond us. THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT opens amid a battle. A French officer takes refuge in an abandoned house where he finds a fascinating book. Soldiers break in, but he goes on reading even when a gun is placed against his head. Intrigued, a Spanish officer discovers that the book chronicles the lives of some of his ancestors, and begins reading it aloud. The scenes that follow — a mixture of grisly horror and bawdy humor — dramatize not only the hero's dreams and adventures, but also those of the wayfarers he encounters. At one point the viewer finds himself being told a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story, which leads the hero to remark, "I never know where reality flows into fantasy" — a complaint with which the audience may empathize. Eventually, things get sorted out — the film is an allegory on the nature of art and the subjectivity of truth, an existentialist celebration of life's nobility and venality, sense and nonsense, beauty and perversity, grandeur and greed. Director Wojciech J. Has, combining superb pace with an unerring sense of composition, holds the viewer spellbound. Krzysztof Penderecki's music, perfectly suited to each sequence, is gaily 18th Century one moment and eerily electronic the next. The sets, by Jerzy Skarzynski and Tadeusz Myszorek, are magnificent creations of bygone reality and ageless illusion. Jan Potocki's novel, on which the script is based, was written in 1814, in French, to amuse his wife during a long illness. With Zbigniew Cybulski and Barbara Krafft. 1964. **ADMISSION $2.00. SEATING AT STARTING TIMES ONLY.**

STUDIO

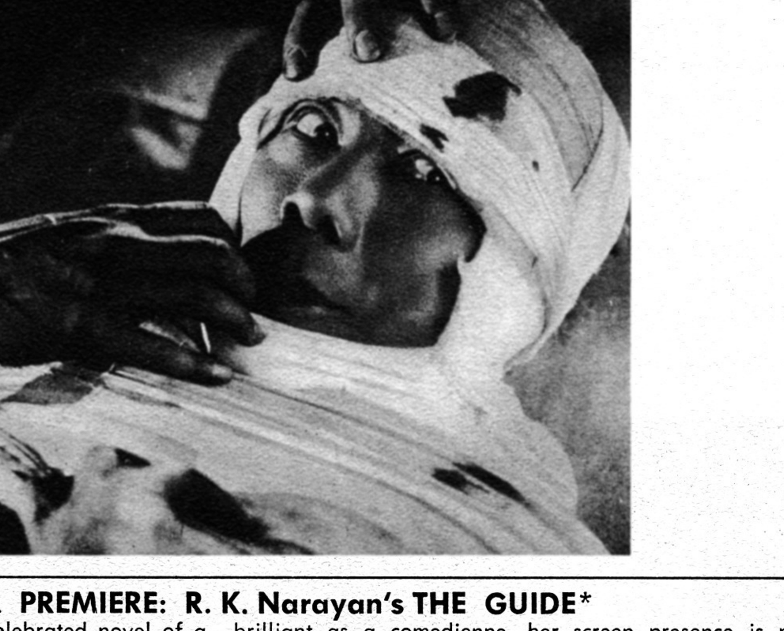
MAR 30 · Fri. 31 · APR. 1 · Sun. 2 · Mon. 3 · Tues. 4 · Wed. 5

BEHIND THE GREAT WALL*

This Italian production — **GRAND PRIZE WINNER** at **BRUSSELS** and **VENICE** in 1959 — does for China what LORDS OF THE FOREST did for the Congo. Outfitting with "Aroma-Rama" nearly wrecked the initial American release (the scents were so irritating you had to stop breathing each time one came on), this is nevertheless among the most gorgeous documentaries of all time. (You won't be able to smell our version.) The producers may not have been permitted to turn their cameras on the new industrial installations, or perhaps their own interests did not lead them in this direction; but they succeeded marvellously in putting on film a whole new, strange, indescribably beautiful world whose roots lie much more in the old China than in the new. The images — and what images they are! — show the nation steeped in its immemorially ancient culture. Produced by Count Leonardo Bonzi and directed by Carlo Lizzani in magnificent Ferraniacolor and Totalscope — the Italian anamorphic process.

and Pudovkin's STORM OVER ASIA*

(HEIR TO GENGHIZ KHAN) Pudovkin, who believed in the justice and eventual triumph of the Revolution, was an optimistic film maker, but his films are anything but wish-fulfillment fantasies. Seen today, STORM OVER ASIA has all the power it had in 1928 — in some ways even more. The scene is central Asia, during the period of foreign intervention. A Mongol hunter, cheated out of a rare silver fox, is left to die by a British fur trader. An ancient heirloom on his body reveals him as a direct descendant of the great Mongol conqueror, Genghiz Khan, and the interventionist general hits on the idea of patching him up and using his name to rally the people against the Reds. STORM OVER ASIA, one of the greatest films ever produced, richly deserves a wider audience. As Basil Wright wrote of it in SIGHT & SOUND: "Pudovkin's characters are not types and faces seen from outside. They are real people, and unforgettable . . . His other great quality is his sense of space. Few directors have ever achieved such vistas, such immensity, as he does in STORM OVER ASIA. Possibly no director except Flaherty possessed, with this sense of space, the ability to relate man so intimately to his environment . . . Perhaps the greatest sequence in all cinema is the visit of the interventionist general and his staff to the Grand Lama (who turns out to be a baby) . . ." Photography by Anatoli Golovyna. Scenario by Osip Brik. With V. Inkishinov as the hunter.



Thurs. 6 · Fri. 7 · Sat. 8 · Sun. 9 · Mon. 10 · Tues. 11 · Wed. 12

BAY AREA PREMIERE: R. K. Narayan's THE GUIDE*

THE GUIDE, based on R. K. Narayan's celebrated novel of a scoundrel forced to become a saint, reveals a deep affection for India and a profound immersion in its customs. Structurally, the film falls into two parts. The first, wildly funny, depicts the hero's brash and insolent rise in the world. Part two, the story of his decline, suggests India's failure to master its overwhelming socio-economic problems. Dev Anand, India's best known actor, brilliantly comic in the title role, unfortunately lacks the tragic spark the denouement requires. As his mistress, however, Waheeda Rehman's performance is all of a piece. A great dancer almost equally brilliant as a comedienne, her screen presence is magical: the snake dance through which she reveals her gifts will electrify the most sluggish audience. Director Tad Danielewski (who previously made NO EXIT) has a fine sense of comedy and a superb camera eye — majestic scenes of temples and palaces, photographed in magnificent Pathecolor, play key roles in the creation of mood and background. Although guilty of excessive devotion to India's scenic splendors, THE GUIDE in no way deserves the neglect into which Indian films (not excluding those of Satyajit Ray!) have currently fallen in America. 1965.

and James Ivory's SHAKESPEARE WALLAH*

An irritating mixture of pure, and fool's gold, SHAKESPEARE WALLAH has achieved success mostly for the wrong reasons. Its theme — the decline of British cultural influence as symbolized by a troupe of Shakespearean actors in India whose art is no longer in demand — is a beauty; concentration on its development could have yielded a film of permanent value. But, fearing that his material lacked wide appeal, Ivory grafted onto it a love story of excruciating banality. The gambit worked. Reviewers ignored the hackneyed plot and raved about the skeletally executed theme, while everyone — the director no less than his audience — was cheated of a masterpiece. We found this tragic for, despite the syrupy strains of "Hearts Divided," SHAKESPEARE WALLAH has remarkable qualities — stunning scenes from ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA played in the dusty hall of a maharajah's palace; a tragic sense of their vocation by members of the troupe; exquisite photography (some particularly ravishing shots of the lacework decor of a Moorish castle); and an enchanting musical score by Satyajit Ray. Story and screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and James Ivory. With Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, Madhur Jaffrey, Geoffrey Kendal, etc. 1966.

Thurs. 13 · Fri. 14 · Sat. 15 · Sun. 16 · Mon. 17 · Tues. 18 · Wed. 19

Mae West in SHE DONE HIM WRONG*

"My career," says Lil, "is diamonds," and men queue up for the privilege of adding to her collection. Based on her own hit play, DIAMOND LIL, SHE DONE HIM WRONG is generally considered Mae West's masterpiece. She wriggles, cavorts, and generally kids the pants off sex, and when she belts out the wonderfully suggestive blues song, "Where Has My Easy Rider Gone?" she's right up there with Bessie Smith and Helen Morgan. A baby-faced Cary Grant plays the Salvation Army Captain. With Gilbert Roland, Noah Beery, Sr., Rochelle Hudson, etc. Lowell Sherman directed. 1933.

and Marcello Mastroianni in DIVORCE, ITALIAN STYLE*

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

Thurs. 20 · Fri. 21 · Sat. 22 · Sun. 23 · Mon. 24 · Tues. 25 · Wed. 26

EAST BAY PREMIERE: Claude Jutra's A TOUT PRENDRE (TAKE IT ALL)*

Before directing this first feature, young Claude Jutra had an affair with Johanne, a colored girl who lives and works in Montreal as a singer and model. Eventually — although she was bearing his child — he tired of her and broke off the relationship to return to his former Bohemian existence, living "only to move, surprise, provoke, without laughter ever being absent. For laughter justifies everything. It's a reason for living." More callously still, in filming A TOUT PRENDRE, which chronicles the affair, he cast himself in the role of the egoistic lover and persuaded Johanne (whose masochism would have delighted Krafft-Ebbing) to play herself! Surprisingly, his foolhardy venture turned out remarkably well. That Johanne's sensitive, delicately nuanced, performance far outclasses his own may be an instance of poetic justice; the film reveals Jutra, nonetheless, as an original, highly imaginative film-maker whose selfishness may be of the kind artists sometimes need for their own self-preservation. A TOUT PRENDRE makes Jutra out a scoundrel, but there may be less to his immorality than meets the eye: we'll never know what — in gentlemanly fashion — he left out! Script, direction, editing by Jutra. Photographed by Michel Brault, Jean-Claude Labreque and Bernard Gosselin. 1966.

and Alain Resnais' MURIEL*

MURIEL, the most complex experimental film ever to be distributed commercially, deals contrapuntally with a variety of attitudes toward the past. Helene, a widow in her late 30's, seeking to recapture its pleasures, invites her first lover Alphonse, to visit her. At Helene's home, Alphonse — a collaborationist during the Occupation, now a nervous opportunist — meets her stepson Bernard, anguished by the part he played in the torture of a young Algerian girl named Muriel. The war in Algeria, constantly in the background of the action, gives depth and resonance to Resnais' contrast of Alphonse's egoistic self-contempt with Bernard's consuming guilt, while Helene's frantic need to love them both may be seen as an expression of the profound psychological malaise in France itself. The story, told in a complicated cinematic style that projects the feel and irresoluteness of life itself, leaves much of the task of interpretation to the audience. Yet, even at its most baffling, MURIEL seems to us Resnais' richest, most rewarding, work. Discriminating viewers will find their sensibilities aroused, their minds challenged, in ways reminiscent of Joyce. With Delphine Seyrig as Helene (Best Actress Award at Venice), Jean-Baptiste Thierree as Bernard, Jean-Pierre Kerien as Alphonse, etc. Script and dialogue by Jean Cayrol. Resnais directed. 1963. (Eastmancolor)

Thurs. 27 · Fri. 28 · Sat. 29 · Sun. 30 · MAY 1 · Tues. 2 · Wed. 3

Tony Richardson's A TASTE OF HONEY*

Tony Richardson's finest film is too well known to require much in the way of comment. Shelagh Delaney's script is honestly — even eloquently — developed in terms indigenous to film, and Rita Tushingham's touchingly unsentimental Jo made her a star. As a film, A TASTE OF HONEY has fire, poetry and a wistfulness that — for us at least — the play lacked, and the final **trouvaille** of the sparkler to symbolize the theme is unforgettable. With Dora Bryan as the mother, Murray Melvin as the homosexual, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, etc. 1962.

and KWAIDAN*

This tryptich of ghost stories by the director of HARAKIRI recalls his cruel earlier film only in the beauty of its compositions and the loveliness of its color — the finest we've seen since CHUSHINGURA. Lafcadio Hearn's eerie stories receive a magnificent, if somewhat overdeliberate, production, but when images are as unfailingly gorgeous as those in KWAIDAN it seems churlish to carp at details. Masaki Kobayashi directed. **SPECIAL JURY PRIZE, CANNES**, 1965.

Thurs. 4 · Fri. 5 · Sat. 6 · Sun. 7 · Mon. 8 · Tues. 9 · Wed. 10

Sophia Loren in YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW*

Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni in three tales from the pen of Cesare Zavattini. The first and third are risque comedies; the second is an ironic sketch about a rich bitch furious with her lover (a young writer) for wrecking her automobile in preference to killing a child. Each shows another facet of the talent and temperaments of the stars. Vittorio De Sica directed. 1964. (color)

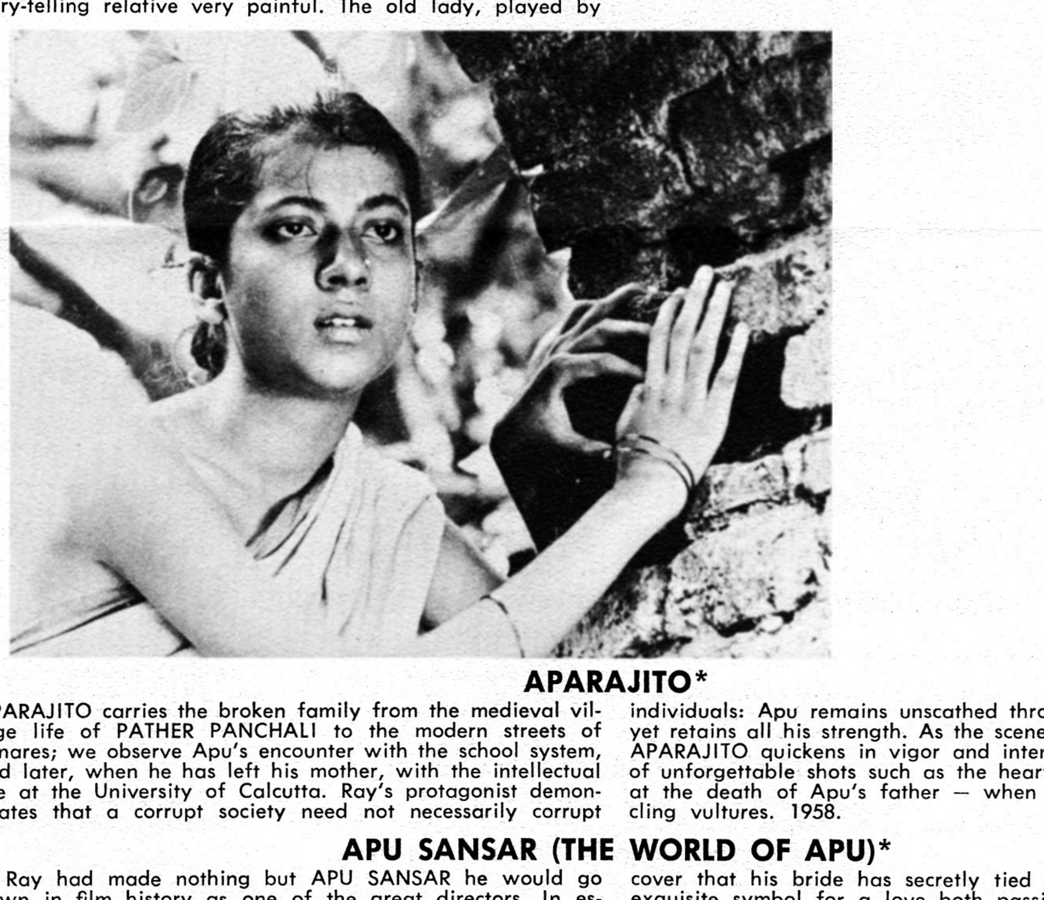
and The Marx Brothers in THE COCOANUTS*

The Marx Brothers' stage musical, THE COCOANUTS, introduced the team to the screen audiences they never afterwards forsook. Made in 1929 (i.e., pre-Production Code), the movie — even by today's uncouth standards — is pretty risque. But those who come looking for pornography will be disappointed: even leering, Groucho is more hilarious than salacious. With Margaret Dumont, Cyril King, Sylvan Lee and quantities of flimsily clad chorines. Joseph Santley and Robert Florey directed.

Thurs. 11 · Fri. 12 · Mon. 15 · Tues. 16 · Wed. 17

Satyajit Ray's THE APU TRILOGY
PATHER PANCHALI

This quiet, gentle reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahmin family in a Bengali village has moments of beauty, others of comedy, and, though the reviewers in general didn't seem to be bothered by it, we found the relationship of the on-going life-force mother and the ancient parasytic story-telling relative very painful. The old lady, played by 80-year-old Chunibala, who apparently enjoyed coming back into the limelight after 30 years of obscurity, is truly wonderful; she is the most memorable character, far more memorable than the boy Apu and his mother, whose story it is. 1952.



APARAJITO*

APARAJITO carries the broken family from the medieval village life of PATHER PANCHALI to the modern streets of Benares; we observe Apu's encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. Ray's protagonist demonstrates that a corrupt society need not necessarily corrupt individuals: Apu remains unscathed through experience, and yet retains all his strength. As the scene changes to Benares, APARAJITO quickens in vigor and intensity. The film is full of unforgettable shots such as the heart-stopping moment — at the death of Apu's father — when Ray cuts to the circling vultures. 1958.

APU SANSAR (THE WORLD OF APU)*

If Ray had made nothing but APU SANSAR he would go down in film history as one of the great directors. In essence the film is a love story so fresh and spontaneous that Ray seems to have created it entirely out of his own spirit. The lyricism of ROMEO AND JULIET comes to mind, particularly the ballroom scene in which the lovers see each other for the first time — only Ray has done it all visually. The morning following the wedding night Apu rises to discover that his bride has secretly tied him to her. A more exquisite symbol for a love both passionate and humorous is inconceivable. This originality, always returning to the wellspring of human feeling, is apparent throughout the film. APU SANSAR is a humanist work from an alien society completely accessible to Occidentals. No one with pretensions to culture can afford to miss it. 1960.

Thurs. 18 · Fri. 19 · Sat. 20 · Sun. 21 · Mon. 22 · Tues. 23 · Wed. 24

Humphrey Bogart in HIGH SIERRA*

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

and Humphrey Bogart in THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE

Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and John Huston directs the dissection of their personalities. Humphrey Bogart, in a brilliant characterization, takes the typical Bogart tough-guy characterization to its psychological limits — the man who stands alone goes from depravity through paranoia to total disintegration. Bogart's companions are a toothless Walter Huston as a salty prospector and Tim Holt (an underrated actor) as a blunt, honest young man. Bogart's character is enough fate for anyone, but it has its outward representative in Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit — if you've never appreciated civilization, the encounter with Bedoya may change your outlook. From B. Traven's novel. 1948.

Thurs. 25 · Fri. 26 · Sat. 27 · Sun. 28 · Mon. 29 · Tues. 30 · Wed. 31

Mae West in BELLE OF THE NINETIES*

In the 1930's, THE NEW YORK TIMES' film critic, Andre Sennwald, long since deceased, wrote reviews an intelligent man could read with pleasure. We wish it were possible to print his piece on BELLE OF THE NINETIES in its entirety, but we must content ourselves with excerpts: ". . . a continuously hilarious burlesque of the mustache cup, celluloid collar and family entrance era of the naughty Nineties . . . There are gags for every taste and most of them are outrageously funny by almost any standard of humor . . . Amid the lithographic POLICE GAZETTE settings of the Sensation House in New Orleans, Ruby Carter (in Mae West's classic person) rules the sporting world with queenly insolence. As she herself sagely observes, 'It's better to be looked over than to be overlooked,' and her serpentine gowns, hayloft coiffure and hour-glass figure insure her against neglect. Ruby's expressed preference is for two kinds of men — domestic and foreign — and the gentlemen moths in their tight pants, bowler hats and Ascot cravats flock to the flame. While Ruby's personal philosophy is, in her own words, 'to keep cool and collect,' she has a healthy admiration for a good man . . . Of the villain (John Miljan) she has this to say: 'His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stock.' As for the film's morality, you have Miss West's own testimony when she tells an overwrought admirer, 'Remember I'm a lady, you worm!' You'll have to take her word for it." When we published these excerpts from Andre Sennwald's review some months ago, we hadn't seen the film in years. Now that we have, we can only tell you that Sennwald didn't half do it justice. It's a masterpiece, that's all; just a blooming masterpiece. With Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Katharine De Mille. Leo McCarey directed from a story by Mae West. 1934.

and Humphrey Bogart in BEAT THE DEVIL*

"The formula of BEAT THE DEVIL," John Huston once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli and Ivor Bernard — a gang of uranium swindlers. A creative liar, Jennifer Jones, turns up, surprisingly, in a blonde wig (the other surprise is that she's the funniest performer in the picture); she's married to a bogus British lord, Edward Underdown — who is less interested in her than in his hot water bottle. Then there's a shipwreck — but need we go on? This 1954 picture is the straight-faced parody of the international thriller that killed off the whole genre. Although the script by John Huston and Truman Capote is among the most literate of all time, and the film has always been popular at the Cinema Guild, general audiences can't seem to figure out what's going on. (The publicity attending the film's recent reissue claimed that it was ten years ahead of its time, but — judging from box-office returns — that time is not yet.) John Huston directed.

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CINEMA
Shattuck & Haste

CINEMA GUILD POLICY

For the convenience of those of you who wish to plan ahead, the CINEMA and STUDIO will henceforth operate on locked schedules. The GUILD, no longer listed in the calendar, will be used as a move-over house for particularly popular films from the CINEMA or STUDIO. Occasionally, if nothing warrants holding, unannounced films will be brought in. To keep informed of the GUILD schedule, we suggest you call 848-2038 or check the Daily Movie Guides of THE CHRONICLE, EXAMINER, TRIBUNE or DAILY CALIFORNIAN.

STUDIO
Telegraph at Haste

***Program Notes: Edward Landberg**
Design: Roslyn Randelle

JUNE 1 — Fri. 2 — Sat. 3 — Sun. 4 — Mon. 5 — Tues. 6 — Wed. 7

BOCCACCIO '70*

Three filmed novellas: Fellini's THE TEMPTATION OF DR. ANTONIO, a satire on the erotic fantasies of a censor (Peppino de Filippo), for whom a 40-foot high Anita Ekberg descends from a gigantic advertising display; Visconti's THE JOB, in which Romy Schneider forces her philandering husband (Tomas Milian) to pay for his conjugal rights; and De Sica's THE RAFFLE, with Sophia Loren as the prize in an illicit lottery. 1962. (color)

and

CASANOVA '70*

In this preposterous comedy, one enchanting woman after another pursues a seducer who can't attain virility unless the affair comports an element of danger to himself. The ravishing girls include Virna Lisi, Michele Mercier, Marisa Mell, Margaret Lee, Yolanda Modio, Liana Orfei, Moira Orfei, Beba Loncar, and (shades of Simone Simon!) Seyna Seyn as an Indonesian Air Line hostess. Casanova, in the updated role of a NATO major, is played by Marcello Mastroianni. Mario Monicelli directed. 1965. (color)

Thurs. 8 — Fri. 9 — Sat. 10 — Sun. 11 — Mon. 12 — Tues. 13 — Wed. 14

Kurosawa's SANJURO*

Nine good-hearted nincompoops, angered by the corruption of their era, decide to start a revolution. Inevitably, the man in whom they choose to confide is the corrupt administrator himself. Enter Sanjuro — itchy, smelly, unwashed — to save the day. Kurosawa's account of the further adventures of the hero he created in YOJIMBO has no great depth, but its satire is gentler, more humane, and — we think — much funnier. The minor bits are marvellous: the conspirators chortle gleefully over their imbecile plans; a noble old lady thinks "killing isn't nice," and exhorts Sanjuro to be more considerate of human life; a captured prisoner, spared through the old lady's intervention, switches loyalties, gives his captors good advice, and humbly locks himself back up. Visually the director is in top form: the swordsmanship is brilliant, the editing masterful, the performances superb. Evil vanquished, Sanjuro — a fleabitten Japanese Lone Ranger minus a horse — moves on to his next adventure. Toshiro Mifune continues in the role of the masterless samurai Sanjuro; Tatsuya Nakadai is the courageous villain, Muroto; Yuso Kayama (Lord Asano in CHUSHINGURA) is the leader of the imbecile revolutionaries. With Takashi Shimura, Reiko Dan, etc. 1964.

and

Humphrey Bogart in THE MALTESE FALCON

Humphrey Bogart's most exciting creation was Sam Spade — that ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear, who gave new dimension to the detective story genre. The first movie directed by John Huston, THE MALTESE FALCON 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. It is, and this is rare in American films, a work of entertainment so skillfully constructed that it doesn't date. After many years, and after many viewings, it has the same brittle explosiveness — and even some of the same surprise — that it had in 1941. With Sydney Greenstreet as Gutman, Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy, Peter Lorre as Joel Cairo, Gladys George, Jerome Cowan, Lee Patrick, and Elisha Cook, Jr. as Wilmer the boy gunman.

Thurs. 15 — Fri. 16 — Sat. 17 — Sun. 18 — Mon. 19 — Tues. 20 — Wed. 21

Kurosawa's SEVEN SAMURAI

In this raging, sensuous epic Akira Kurosawa employs a much more complex visual style than in RASHOMON, with brilliantly violent combat scenes and some especially stunning horizontal compositions. The story deals with the defense of a 16th Century village by a handful of hired knights, but the themes refer back to the earlier film—the confusions of appearance and reality, and the problem of honor, in this case the complexities of responsibility between defenders and defended. With Takashi Shimura, the woodcutter of RASHOMON, as the samurai leader, and Toshiro Mifune, the bandit of RASHOMON, as the peasant who becomes one of the Seven. 1954.

and

O CANGACEIRO (The Bandit)*

The raw murderousness of this Brazilian film contrasts with its remarkable musical score. (Last time we ran it a number of people glued their ears to the exit doors to hear it again.) The bandit (Milton Ribeiro) is terrifying in his disregard of what North Americans consider human rights; his band of outlaws sack a village, brand the women, and carry off the schoolmistress. The plot is not especially original, but the film's atmosphere of eroticism and cruelty made it the sensation of several European festivals. (Film buffs will take pleasure in spotting several shots straight out of Eisenstein.) CANGACEIRO promises more sadism than it delivers; even so, this is no film for children. 1953.

Thurs. 22 — Fri. 23 — Sat. 24 — Sun. 25 — Mon. 26 — Tues. 27 — Wed. 28

Jean-Louis Barrault in CHILDREN OF PARADISE (complete)

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

Thurs. 29 — Fri. 30 — JULY 1 — Sun. 2 — Mon. 3 — Tues. 4 — Wed. 5

Jacques Tati's MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY

(LES VACANCES DE M. HULOT) People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves: it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the full horror of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately his technique is light and dry slapstick: the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the level of the moist or lovable. As director, co-author and star, Tati creates a style — sparse, eccentric, quick — that calls up happy memories of Buster Keaton and the early Rene Clair. It is not until afterward — with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering — that these misadventures take on depth and poignancy. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES, 1953.**

and

Robert Dhery's LA BELLE AMERICAINE*

Let's not quibble: this gigantic comic improvisation is the funniest French film since MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY. Dhery, a factory worker answering an ad for an inexpensive automobile, returns with an enormous custom-built American car (La Belle Americaine.) It is assumed to have been stolen, but presently we discover that a deceased millionaire used it to indulge his mistress; his wife, as executrix of the estate, deliberately gave it away. Out of this central comic situation everything flows — and goes haywire. Dhery is fired because his car is more grandiose than that of his boss, and finds himself job-hunting in an automobile a diplomat might envy. The former mistress sees the car on TV and hires Dhery as chauffeur so that she can drive it past the wife's window; when he balks, she locks him in the car trunk overnight. Dhery's zany invention builds incessantly in the manner of the best silent comedies. If the film is deficient in the subtle pathos that is the glory of Chaplin and Tati, that is little enough to object to in a work that holds its own against all but the very greatest visual comedies. With that marvellous French clown, Louis de Funes, in the dual role of a suspicious police inspector and his twin brother, and Colette Brossard as Dhery's wife. 1960.

JUNE 1 — Fri. 2 — Sat. 3 — Sun. 4 — Mon. 5 — Tues. 6 — Wed. 7

Rene Allio's THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY*

(LA VIELLE DAME INDIGNE) THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY recalls the great days of the 30's, when France produced GRAND ILLUSION and CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS, films more compassionate than chic. Adapting Berthold Brecht's story of the exploited old woman who crams a lifetime of experience into her last months of life, Rene Allio directs his first film with perfect simplicity and warmth. Much of its peculiar effectiveness, however, lies in Sylvie's distinguished playing of the title role. Childlike in her infatuation with an escalator, marveling at wigs and housewares in a department store, she poignantly incarnates the discovery of a new world. Steering her grandson Pierre into maturity, she reveals the wisdom of age. Her shrewdness emerges in running a used-car dealer ragged over details. The film's heartbreak is in the very joyousness of her belated zest for life, for the scandal, as Rosalie, the waitress, tells Pierre, "is not in what she is doing now — the scandal is in what you made her do before." 1966.

and

BABY, THE RAIN MUST FALL*

Reviewers who praised Ernest Laszlo's brilliant camerawork in BABY, THE RAIN MUST FALL, nevertheless made fun of a story so intense it made them squirm. And with reason: its tragic, deeply-felt theme — the breaking of a creative personality by puritanical contempt for human values — is central to American experience. Although it would be misleading to call BABY, THE RAIN MUST FALL an art-film by intent (the producers hoped to reach the incoherently rebellious rock n' roll audience), the result, nevertheless, **is** art. Henry (Steve McQueen) — a spontaneous folk-artist — spends his life in bitter revolt against his foster-mother's rigidly utilitarian upbringing. On parole for knifing someone in a brawl, he tries to persuade his mother — who has the power to send him back to jail — to let him follow his calling. In a truly dreadful sequence, she refuses to see him; we hear only her voice in the dark stairwell: "You're no good, Henry! You've never been any good, you never will be any good!" He defies her; but his suppressed rage breaks out again — he tangles with a loud-mouth who interrupts his singing. (The point here is not gratuitous action, or a yokel-singer's ill-fated attempt to rise in the world, but an artist's need to be accepted on his own terms; the title song, incidentally, is among the most moving we know.) In the end, the mother dies, and in a fit of madness — one of the most chilling on film — Henry stabs the dead body of the woman who destroyed his life. (We know that BABY, THE RAIN MUST FALL is not considered art-house fare, and that some of you will think we're out of our minds to play it, but we consider it one of the most important American films in years, and if **we** don't play it, how will it ever reach its proper audience? May we therefore ask you to suspend judgment until **after** you've seen it?) With Lee Remick and Don Murray. Horton Foote adapted his own play, THE TRAVELLING LADY. Robert Mulligan directed. 1965.

Thurs. 8 — Fri. 9 — Sat. 10 — Sun. 11 — Mon. 12 — Tues. 13 — Wed. 14

PREMIERE REVIVAL
Mae West as KLONDYKE ANNIE*

On the lam for a crime of which she is innocent, Mae meets a faded Salvation Army **soldadera** and good-naturedly pretends to be converted. When the old girl dies, however, Mae assumes her identity and heads for the Klondyke where — when she sings "It's better to give than to receive" — the formerly empty meeting hall fills up rather quickly. Victor McLaglen plays the rough-hewn ship's captain who wants to take Mae away from it all; the heathen Chinee who wants her as his silken prisoner is played by Harold Huber. (Long out of films, he was among the dandiest villians of the Thirties.) 1936.

and

The Marx Brothers in HORSEFEATHERS*

The Marx Brothers demolish a college: Groucho, selected as prexy of Huxley (with Darwin its inevitable rival) opens his inaugural address by saying that he thought his razor was dull until he heard his predecessor's speech. Chico is a bootlegger masquerading as an ice-man, and Harpo is a dog catcher. This early comedy also features the fourth Marx brother, Zeppo, who supplied the romantic interest until the team recognized the incompatibility of love and anarchy. In HORSEFEATHERS Zeppo is not a complete dud: he loves the late Thelma Todd — a pretty fair comedienne in her own right. Norman MacLeod directed. 1932.

Thurs. 15 — Fri. 16 — Sat. 17 — Sun. 18 — Mon. 19 — Tues. 20 — Wed. 21

PREMIERE REVIVAL
W. C. Fields in THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938*

The long W. C. Fields sequence in this musical comedy — the last of a series of radio talent extravaganzas produced by Paramount in the Thirties — is among his best work in films. 1938.

and

Adolphas Mekas' HALLELUJAH THE HILLS*

This is as much a testimonial to Adolphas Mekas delirious love of cinema as to his unqualified nostalgia for slapstick. Produced on a budget of $75,000, HALLELUJAH THE HILLS is ostensibly a report on a camping trip to Vermont undertaken by two zany young men as an antidote to their rejection by the same girl. But for the most part it's a bewildering array of visual gags — some uproarious, some corny, some precious — punctuated by surreal parodies of films from WAY DOWN EAST to LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD. What it all adds up to we're not sure — a few satiric broadsides against war don't make a film meaningful — but it's fun all the way, and cinephiles will relish the numerous in-jokes — from mementoes of Mizoguchi to Ma and Pa Kettle. Peter Beard and Marty Greenbaum are featured; Jerome Hill and Taylor Mead make guest appearances. 1963.

Thurs. 22 — Fri. 23 — Sat. 24 — Sun. 25 — Mon. 26 — Tues. 27 — Wed. 28

Shirley Clarke's THE COOL WORLD*

Shirley Clarke's passionate examination of children's life in Harlem. Screenplay by Shirley Clarke and Carl Lee, based on Warren Miller's novel. Miss Clarke directed; Mr. Lee plays the role of Priest. 1964.

and

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO*

In this ironic tale of miscegenation a white child from a broken home is judicially deprived of the happiness she finds with her mother and Negro stepfather. Two-dimensional characterizations tend to diminish the powerful theme; but this is one movie you won't forget in a hurry. With Barbara Barrie (Best Actress Award, Cannes), Bernie Hamilton, Richard Mulligan, etc. Larry Peerce directed. 1965.

Thurs. 29 — Fri. 30 — JULY 1 — Sun. 2 — Mon. 3 — Tues. 4 — Wed. 5

PREMIERE REVIVAL
W. C. Fields in MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH*

W. C. Fields made his finest films (over 20 of them!) for Paramount in the early thirties. In MRS. WIGGS, a comic version of the minor classic, Fields is a suitor for the fluttery hand of Zasu Pitts. We've been unable to screen the film, so we can tell you only that the N.Y. TIMES review was favorable. This probably means it's is hysterically funny: their starchy reviewers generally react to comedy like bank presidents to hipsters in quest of a commercial loan! With the noted Broadway actress, Pauline Lord, as Mrs. Wiggs, Evelyn Venable and Donald Meek. 1934.

and

W. C. Fields in ALICE IN WONDERLAND*

This 1933 version — the most charming ALICE on film — used live actors, and the casting of W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty was as inspired as Bert Lahr's Cowardly Lion in THE WIZARD OF OZ. The production is a delight: after 30 years, we still remember William Cameron Menzies' sets — as magical as those for THE THIEF OF BAGDAD — and Alice (Charlotte Henry) shrinking and growing again after her climb down the rabbit hole. With Alison Skipworth as The Duchess; Polly Moran as The Dodo Bird who dries Alice's wet clothes with historical dates because "there's nothing dryer than history"; Cary Grant as The Mock Turtle, singing "Beautiful, Beau-ti-ful Soup"; Gary Cooper as The White Knight; Edward Everett Horton as The Mad Hatter; Billy Bevan as The Two of Spades; Louise Fazenda as The White Queen; Sterling Holloway as The Frog; Jack Oakie as Tweedledum; Edna Mae Oliver as The Red Queen; Charlie Ruggles as The March Hare; Ned Sparks as The Caterpillar; etc., etc. Norman McLeod directed, from the screenplay by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies based on Lewis Carroll's story.

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CINEMA

GUILD & STUDIO

*Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

THE COOL WORLD

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2168 Shattuck Ave.
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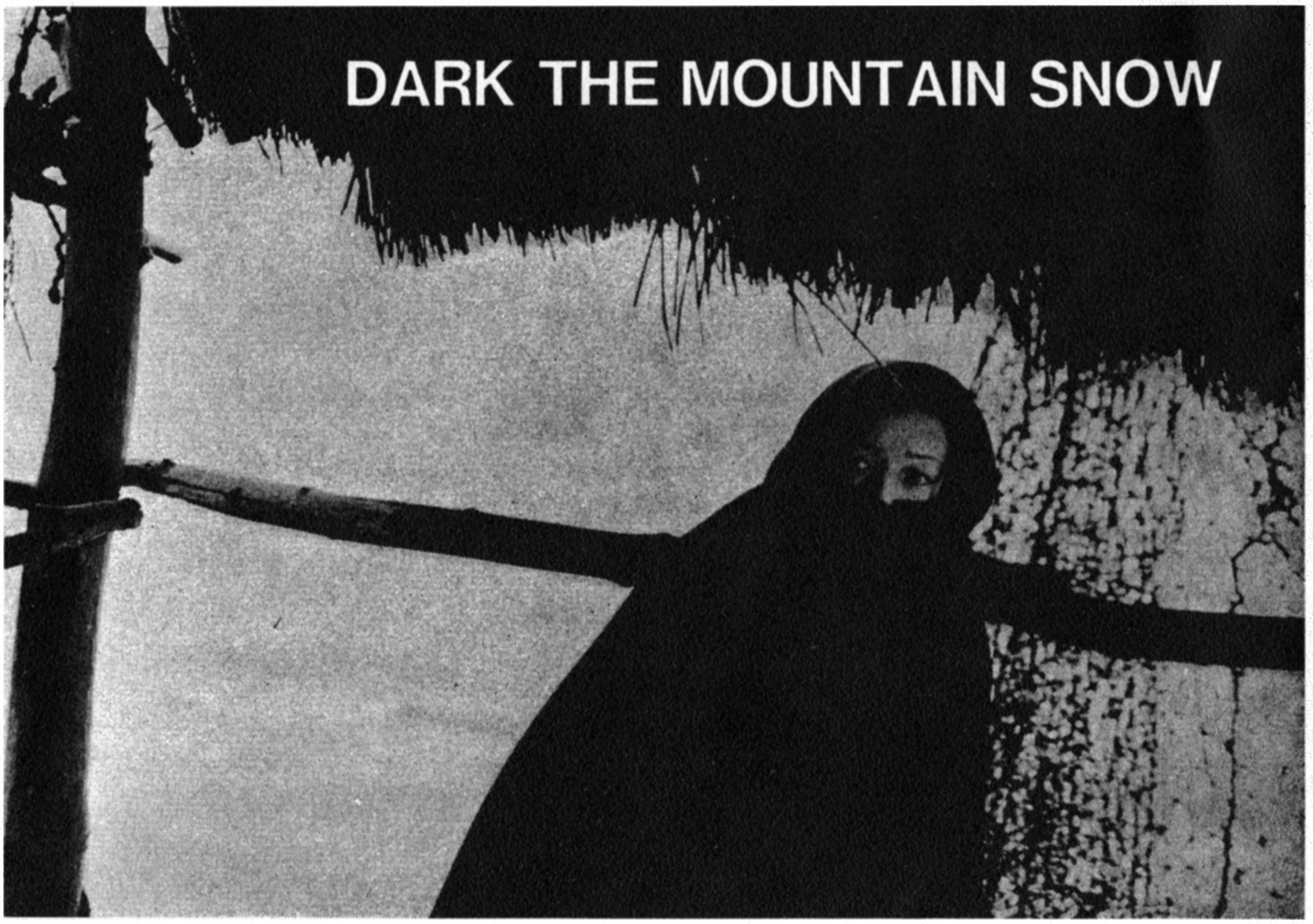

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