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Document Citation

Title	**Cinema Guild and Studio Fall 1965**
Author(s)	Edward Landberg
Source	*Berkeley Cinema Guild*
Date	9/1/1965
Type	program
Language	English
Pagination	
No. of Pages	4
Subjects	Berkeley Cinema Guild, Berkeley, Berkeley, United States Motion picture theaters -- California -- San Francisco Bay Area Motion picture theaters -- California -- Berkeley
Film Subjects	Suna no onna (Woman in the dunes), Teshigahara, Hiroshi, 1964 Nothing but a man, Roemer, Michael, 1964 Greed, von Stroheim, Erich, 1925 Kohayagawa-ke no aki (The end of summer), Ozu, Yasujiro, 1961 Belle of the nineties, McCarey, Leo, 1934 Mafioso, Lattuada, Alberto, 1962 Nattvardsgästerna (Winter light), Bergman, Ingmar, 1962

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FALL 1965

COLLECTION OF
TOM LUDDY

14TH YEAR

CINEMA GUILD *AND* STUDIO

MODERATO CONTABILE

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

NOTHING BUT A MAN

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CINEMA

Shattuck & Haste

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

THE CINEMA GOES FIRST RUN

Starting with this brochure, The Cinema embarks on a first-run policy. This means that each new program will play for as long as attendance warrants.

Qualitatively, the new policy will be—if anything—even more selective, for it gives us access to important new films formerly unavailable for lack of suitable East Bay outlets. We expect—with fair consistency—to show not necessarily the most commercial, but the best, new art films on this side of the bay.

The programs at the Cinema will play in the order listed, but the length of runs cannot be accurately guaged; we suggest checking the local theatre guides. After the first four bills, for which notes are provided, we expect to play Felix Greene's CHINA, Truffaut's THE SOFT SKIN, Godard's A WOMAN IS A WOMAN, and others that have yet to open in San Francisco.

Like other art theatres, we will occasionally bring in new films, or revival bills, unannounced. For this reason also we ask that you check the local theatre guides.

1.

Jack Clayton's ROOM AT THE TOP*

There have been a great many "angry" British films since ROOM AT THE TOP cleared the way for them in 1959, but it remains the best (we're tempted to say the best British film ever made), perhaps because it is more perceptive than angry: it settles for irony. ROOM AT THE TOP was Jack Clayton's first feature, and there has rarely been a more auspicious directorial debut. (He was of course no novice in the usual sense of the term, having acted as producer on a great many films, including BEAT THE DEVIL.) The stars are Laurence Harvey as the rising young man, and the magnificent Simone Signoret as the losing older woman. (Her performance took a well-deserved Academy Award.) With Heather Sears, Donald Wolfit, Hermione Baddeley, and Donald Houston.

and

Mauro Bolognini's LA VIACCIA*

Unjustly relegated to the exploitation houses, this film is rarely seen by audiences worthy of it. La Viaccia, the farm symbolizing the 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. Torn between self-contempt and fear of poverty, she returns his love, but 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 unassuageable 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 Italy), 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.

STUDIO: September 9-22

GREED: DEATH IN THE DESERT

Of the scenes in Death Valley, Hersholt has said, "Seven carloads went on the trip. Myself, Gibson Gowland and 41 technicians. During the two weeks that we were in the worst part of the valley the highest temperature was 161 degrees and the lowest 91. The scorching air seared our blistered bodies, making sleep impossible. After a few days and nights not one of us spoke to the others unless we had to . . .

"Two of the seven cars were kept in use all the time, going back and forth across the valley to Baker, the nearest railroad point, to take sick men to the town and bring back water, water, water . . .

"Every day Gibson Gowland and I would crawl across those miles of sun-baked salt, the hunted murderer pursued by the man who had sworn vengeance on him. I swear that murder must have been in both our hearts as we crawled and gasped, bare to the waist, unshaven, blackened and blistered and bleeding . . .

"The day we staged our death fight I barely recollect at all. Stroheim had made our hot, tired brains grasp that this scene was to be the finish. The blisters on my body, instead of breaking outwards, had burst inwards. The pain was intense. Gowland and I crawled over the crusted earth. I reached him, dragged him to his feet. With real blood-lust in our hearts we fought and rolled and slugged each other. Stroheim yelled at us, 'Fight, fight! Try to hate each other as you both hate me!' "

MODERATO CANTABILE

GUILD: September 2-8

2.

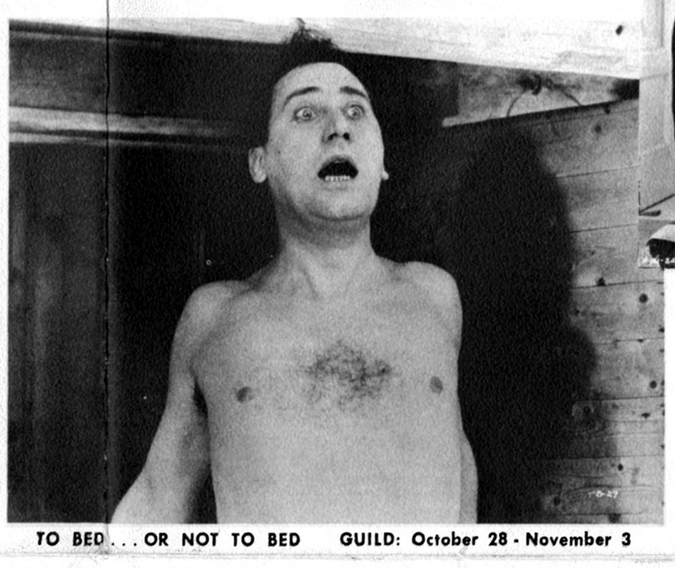
EAST BAY PREMIERE
Ingmar Bergman's ALL THESE WOMEN*

ALL THESE WOMEN parodies a dead composer, his many mistresses, and a pompous music critic. Bergman had, in fact, so much fun at the critic's expense that he seems to have offended many reviewers; they got even by panning the picture. ALL THESE WOMEN, they cried, is not up to Bergman's serious films, and they accused the director of making a poor Mack Sennett. Bergman is, in truth, no Mack Sennett; his comic sense is so effortless as to make the comparison inane. And why he should be attacked for lack of profundity when he doesn't try for it is beyond us. (The same reviewers had no trouble reading depth into THE VIRGIN SPRING and THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY—where it doesn't exist either.) Anyway, Bergman's first color film is among the finest comedies of the past decade; it's elegant, charming, hilarious, and beautifully acted by Jarl Kulle, Georg Funkquist, Allan Edwall, Eva Dahlbeck, Karin Kavli, Harriet Andersson, Gertrud Fridh and Bibi Andersson. The color is magnificent. Bergman collaborated with Erland Josephson on the script. 1964.

and

A BOWL OF CHERRIES*

This carefree tale of a young provincial painter's arrival in New York, his settling in the Village, his discovery of modern art and first experience of love, has satirical touches, but it's generally warm, open and life-accepting. Produced without dialogue on a minuscule budget, A BOWL OF CHERRIES is one of the most pleasant shorts in years.

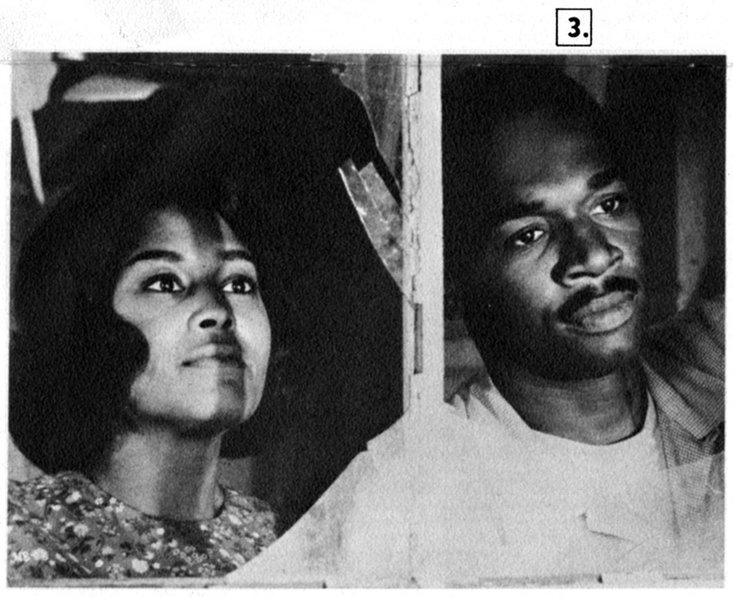


TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED GUILD: October 28 - November 3

BEAT THE DEVIL

GUILD: November 18-24

3.



EAST BAY PREMIERE:

NOTHING BUT A MAN*

So eager were we to have everyone see this story of a proud Negro's attempt to buck Southern peonage, we worked longer on this program note than on almost any we've written. In the end we threw away 50 drafts in order to say—as simply as possible—the two things that need saying about NOTHING BUT A MAN: it's the finest art-film ever produced in America (as well as almost anywhere else), and that those who see it will learn what it means to be black. 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 the film's impact, and we can't do any better. You'll have to see it for yourself. 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

Robert Enrico's AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE*

This is a tantalizing glimpse of the greatest new directorial genius on the horizon. A perfect visual rendering of Ambrose Bierce's famous story, AN OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE is a work of staggering cinematic imagination, combining the power of an Eisenstein with the psychological acuity of Renoir. We await Enrico's next film with the utmost eagerness; compared to this 25-minute short, most art-films don't exist. 1963.

POPPY GUILD: September 16-29

Mae West in SHE DONE HIM WRONG GUILD: September 16-29
"I collect diamonds, it's m' hobby."

4.

EAST BAY PREMIERE
Alberto Sordi in MAFIOSO*

An expose of the inner workings of the Mafia through a character study of a man at once its beneficiary and its victim, MAFIOSO makes magnificent use of the acting talent of Italy's greatest comedian, Alberto Sordi. After an absence of many years, Sordi, a good-natured Sicilian employed in a North Italian industrial plant, returns to Sicily to vacation with his parents. Attempting to renew acquaintance with the primitive, half-forgotten family life of his childhood, he finds himself and his Northern wife treated with coolness and suspicion. But when the local big shot discovers that he is an excellent marksman, people renew their interest in him, accept his wife, and do his parents inexplicable favors. Warmly grateful for his restoration into the tribe, Sordi is gradually maneuvered into "volunteering" for a simple job requiring the services of a stranger—the murder of a man 3000 miles away. He is told nothing—not where he's going, or who the man is, or why he must die. The events transpire as in a dream. Mission accomplished, he is transported back to Sicily. Again he is surrounded by the familiar, friendly faces of people who approve of him and wish him well. Only **he** is different—for him nothing is any longer what it seems. One expects Sordi to be comical, and his mixture of bewilderment, gratitude, guilt, and permanent entrapment seems funny at first—but as the net draws tighter the humor assumes unfamiliar dimensions: the joke is in deadly earnest. Yet it all ends happily—or does it? Alberto Lattuada directed. 1964.

ALL FALL DOWN

GUILD: October 14-20

and

WOMAN IN THE DUNES*

This perplexing study of an entomologist's acceptance of a particularly absurd and gruelling way of life and his final rejection of the possibility of escape, seems to be a Kafka-esque parable of our age. (Consider a society destroying its cities with increasingly inadequate freeways that can't conceive of curtailing automobile production; the people who would rather be consumed by smog than pay taxes to get rid of it; the millions bored to tears with affluence who would rather be incinerated than share it; a nation that would rather squander billions on unproductive space research than use the money to create a habitable planet . . .) But perhaps that isn't what WOMAN IN THE DUNES is about, and we're willing to admit that we're not sure. Interpretation aside, the film has magnificent camera work, excellent actors and a fine musical score. There's also a lot of highly attractive sex—or there would be if it weren't for all that sand . . . With Eiji Okada and Kyoko Kishida. Script and direction by Hiroshi Teshigahara. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES, 1964.**

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

STUDIO: October 7-13

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Telegraph at Haste
*Program Notes: Edward Lundberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

GUILD STUDIO

Aug. 26 — Sept. 1

PREMIERE REVIVAL Rumer Godden's BLACK NARCISSUS and Marlene Dietrich as THE SCARLET EMPRESS

Jeanne Moreau & Jean-Paul Belmondo in MODERATO CANTABILE*

This very mood piece about a rich, dissatisfied provincial comes as close as the commercial cinema ever has to creating an unorthodox work of art. The use of music is remarkable; themes from Beethoven's MOONLIGHT SONATA control the tempo of the dreamlike, beautifully modulated, images. The script, based on a novel by Marguerite Duras, author of HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR, concerns the heroine's involvement with a man encountered in a bistro where a crime of passion occurred. As the story unfolds, her own affair explicates the murder that haunts her when the film begins. Peter Brook's finest work to date (he also directed LORD OF THE FLIES and THE BEGGAR'S OPERA), MODERATO is one of those rare film experiences that operate in areas of sensibility normally limited to poetry and music. But, despite superb performances by Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo, American audiences failed to respond. GRAND PRIX, CANNES, 1963.

and Ingmar Bergman's WINTER LIGHT*

Bergman intensely establishes the mood. There is frost in the church, in the landscape, in people's hearts. Pastor Tomas Ericsson (Gunnar Bjornstrand) is a man in pain, a man doubt of his passionately loved wife. His problem is central to the film: since only the love he lost sustained him, he can no longer provide spiritual comfort to others. (It requires little insight to see that faith was not what the pastor had in the first place.) WINTER LIGHT has a suggestiveness that transcends its immediate action, but Bergman seems less concerned with philosophy than with the religion people make. At one point, with the simplicity of genius, he brings off a feat no other film director has ever had the courage or straightforwardness to attempt: as the pastor reads a letter from his anguished mistress, Bergman cuts to a close up of her face speaking the contents. Had the film's mood been less finely sustained, this solution would have been catastrophic; in WINTER LIGHT its power is hypnotic. The mistress (Ingrid Thulin as the pastor's mistress, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, etc. Bergman directed from his own script. 1963.

Aug. 26 — Sept. 1

Marcello Mastroianni as IL BELL'ANTONIO and Arnold Wesker's THE KITCHEN

Mark Twain's ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER*

Since TOM SAWYER is one of those lucklessness classics film critics regard, each film has an idea of how it should be filmed; few, in consequence, were satisfied with this version, which leans heavily on the Indian Joe episode that Twain himself regretted having had to write. (Redmann wanted melodrama in his time too.) Nevertheless, this production is the best of the three film versions, and Grossman one

and Charlie Chaplin in TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE*

In 1914, Chaplin was not yet a star, and Mack Sennett could not risk a feature without the insurance of the enormously popular Marie Dressler, who had top billing. She plays a fat, monstrously unhappy, heiress; he the city

and 2 CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDIES*

In THE ADVENTURER (1917), the last of the Mutual comedies, Chaplin is an escaped convict who masquerades as an aristocrat. In the film's funniest bit, he transforms himself into a roving tramp. THE NEW JANITOR is one of the best of his early Sennett comedies. He's the janitor who captures the embezzler and gets the girl.

Thurs. 2 / Fri. 3 / Sat. 4 / Sun. 5 / Mon. 6 / Tues. 7 / Wed. 8

BAY AREA PREMIERE Yasujiro Ozu's EARLY AUTUMN*

We haven't often admitted defeat, but in the case of Ozu—one of the greatest directors who ever lived—we must. We are coming to the reluctant conclusion that we can't showcase of Ozu last July. (One man told us ecstatically that it was the greatest film he had ever seen, but theatres cannot run an praise alone.) Made in the final year of Ozu's life, EARLY AUTUMN is the last of his films you will see at our theatres. (We're showing it because we couldn't keep our self-respect if we didn't. It is Ozu's most personal film —his swan-song—a tragi-comic story of an old man of superabundant vitality whose antics distress and shame the young.

and Antonioni's NOTTE*

As a study of contemporary dilemmas LA NOTTE is a more significant work than L'AVVENTURA because its chief characters are intellectuals. Marcello Mastroianni, a successful novelist, and his wife Jeanne Moreau, try to reorder their lives after discovering that their relationship has no meaning beyond habit, and was perhaps never more than a flash of passion. The screenplay is dazzling, but the film's ubiquitous cityscapes haunt the viewer as they haunt and alienate the characters. (This is no cheap voyage to Italy—the spectator finds himself as painfully tormented and bewildered as do

Thurs. 9 / Fri. 10 / Sat. 11 / Sun. 12 / Mon. 13 / Tues. 14 / Wed. 15

Erich von Stroheim's GREED*

This film is the monumental effort of one man: Erich von Stroheim. Frank Norris' turn-of-the-century novel of greed and murder, McTEAGUE, was based on a famous crime, and Stroheim wrote, directed and edited 42 page by page, scene by scene, in its actual locales: the slums of San Francisco and Death Valley. (He even moved the house where the murder had been committed.) There is, doubtless, a certain naiveté about a film-maker who took such a passion to be faithful to his original down to the last commas; but Stroheim's artistic sense, his refusal to compromise, and his ultimate martyrdom, are unique in American film annals. Working from an early script of a story he had written under the title "off the cuff," Stroheim rehearsed and shot each scene once and again and, he claimed the effect he wanted. The result was an almost semi-documentary film of moral degeneration through lust for gold. (Symbolically, it is the story of the American film industry.) Stroheim spent two years on GREED.

and Eisenstein's POTEMKIN*

Bardeche and Brasillac's HISTORY OF THE FILM gives some of the best descriptive writing about film we have. The film opens with a great foaming wave as it breaks—a symbol of the revolt. Certain figures, those of the priest and the doctor, stand out prominently. With the inedible meat: the screen is filled with putrefaction, where worms swarm in a vast, gray, leprous expanse—a symbol really grasped and shown with the audacity of a visionary. From that instant the movement never flags. Perhaps there is the description of the Odessa steps sequence: "The militia fires and fires on the crowd. When the great flight of women and women flee; a perambulator goes bumping by; pitiful groups hold out imploring hands. Slowly, mechanically, inexorably, the soldiers advance toward them . . . Nothing can withstand this fatal advance, this regular march, this implacable flight of a people." With Barbara Lee, who was the Greatest Film of All Time at Brussels in 1958, as it was in 1950, and certainly deserves further consideration as a new technique of psychological stimulation by means of rhythmic editing. Vivian Leigh makes have her entrance had an excuse for considering film merely a toy for amusing the masses.

Thurs. 16 / Fri. 17 / Sat. 18 / Sun. 19 / Mon. 20 / Tues. 21 / Wed. 22

PREMIERE REVIVAL: W. C. Fields in POPPY*

POPPY served as Fields' debut on the stage. Then it became the basis for his silent film, SALLY OF THE SAWDUST, which D. W. Griffith directed. When he came back to it, in 1936, the material had so impregnated his mind that it became his finest vehicle—a wonderfully humane comedy rivalling Chaplin in simplicity, warmth and pathos. Professor Eustice McGargle (Fields), a carnival medicine man and shell-game expert, and his adopted daughter Poppy arrive at a small town where an entire family belongs to the band. The long missing daughter of the deceased Kate Putnam, the town's richest lady, and the Professor—aided by a snide New England lawyer—passes off Poppy as the Putnam heiress. Fields is in top form: with what suavity of gesture, what nasal tone, he invests every word! "My little plum," he says, "I am like Robin Hood: I take from the rich and give to the poor." "What poor?" asks the skeptical Poppy. "Us poor!" replies Professor McGargle, with another drink at his cherout. Fields aside (it's quite an aside), this is among the best biting social satires ever made in American film and doesn't date. With Rochelle Hudson as Poppy, Richard Cromwell, Lynne Overman, Esther Muir, Charles Sellon and Virginia Van Upp from the comedy by Dorothy Donnelly. Eddie Sutherland directed.

and

SAMMY GOING SOUTH*

(U.S. title: A BOY TEN FEET TALL) SAMMY GOING SOUTH is a tale of incredible adventure. Orphaned by an air-raid during the Suez crisis of 1956, Jimmy Hartland, aged ten, sets out from Port Said, Egypt, to find his only relative—Aunt Jane, whose family name he doesn't know—in Durban, South Africa, 5,000 miles away. The boy's indomitable trek, his toughening encounters with adults, are played out against authentic locations—the Sahara, the jungle, modern African cities, the ruins of Luxor. With Edward G. Robinson as a grizzled, warm-hearted diamond smuggler, Fergus McClelland as Sammy, Constance Cummings as a rich tourist, Harry H. Corbett (the memorable hero of BATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN) as Robinson's partner, Paul Stassino, Zia Mohyeddin, and Zena Walker as Aunt Jane. Script by Denis Cohen based on the novel by W. H. Canaway. Alexander Mackendrick directed. 1964. (CinemaScope, color)

Thurs. 23 / Fri. 24 / Sat. 25 / Sun. 26 / Mon. 27 / Tues. 28 / Wed. 29

PREMIERE REVIVAL 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. Lil's boss, her own hit play, DIAMOND LIL, SHE DONE HIM WRONG is generally considered Mae West's masterpiece. She wriggles, caverts, and generally kids the pants off sex, and when she sets out the wonderfully suggestive blues song, "Frankie 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.

ADVENTURES OF CHICO*

a rattlesnake about to sting the boy as he lies asleep, left us tongue-tied with admiration. CHICO was a great art house favorite in the late 'Thirties, but Horace and Stacey Woodard, who produced, directed and photographed, disliked the other film. In warmth, and depth of feeling it has never been equalled. The cast is non-professional.

Thurs. 30 / OCT. 1 / Fri. 2 / Sat. 3 / Sun. 4 / OCT. 1 / Mon. 5 / Tues. 6 / Wed. 7

Laurence Olivier in PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*

This 1940 production of Jane Austen's exquisite comedy of manners is among the most charming movies ever made. Brought to the screen with a felicity rare in adaptations, its large cast performs with delicacy and precision. Aldous Huxley's screenplay is his best work in film—we've learned to say in any medium. Laurence Olivier is perfect as the proud Mr. Darcy, and as the heroine Greer Garson has never been better or lovelier. (Those who are familiar only with his sacrcharine subsequent career are in for a revelation.) Melville Cooper is outstanding among a group of supporting players that includes Edna May Oliver (we love old movies because they sometimes offer us a glimpse of her), Edmund Gwenn as Mr. Bennet, Karen Hunt, Karen Morley, Frieda Inescourt, etc. Mary Boland strikes the one false note by overplaying the mother. Robert Z. Leonard directed.

and Jean Renoir's THE RULES OF THE GAME*

although a poll of 63 international film critics selected it as one of the ten best films of all time. A disillusioned view of the director's earlier GRAND ILLUSION, THE RULES OF THE GAME—subtler, more intimate—is full of a foreboding sense of impending doom. Rarely has a work of art so devastatingly foreshadowed the eclipse of a ruling class: one year later, Hitler's lightning campaign of only six weeks duration, the Nazis imposed their New Order on France. With Marcel Dalio, Renoir, Mila Parely, Gaston Modot, Carette, etc. 1939.

Thurs. 7 / Fri. 8 / Sat. 9 / Sun. 10 / Mon. 11 / Tues. 12 / Wed. 13

PREMIERE REVIVAL: Thorold Dickinson's THE QUEEN OF SPADES*

Few Americans have had the good fortune to see the immortal Russian production. The terrifying, brilliantly cinematic ANGEL STREET was quickly withdrawn in favor of GASLIGHT, an inefficient remake starring Ingrid Bergman; and that all but legendary masterpiece, THE QUEEN OF SPADES, whose baroque extravagance astonished those lucky enough to catch it, has not been seen in America since the early Fifties. Set in St. Petersburg during the Napoleonic Wars, this romantic tragedy tells the story of a power-mad army officer who steals a haunted secret from an ancient, terrified countess. Intense, overwhelming, grotesquely atmospheric, THE QUEEN OF SPADES suggests a disciplined Orson Welles. Rarely have we been so eager to review a film; when you see it, you'll understand why among chilling THE QUEEN OF SPADES is in a class by itself, worthy of mention beside QUESTEL, DEAD OF NIGHT and THE MAGIC-ING. With Dame Edith Evans at her most sublime as the old countess; Anton Walbrook as the sexual Faustus, Ron Randell, Yvonne Mitchell, Ronald Howard, etc. Dickinson's direction from the tale by Alexander Pushkin is among the most remarkable cinematic evocations of a classic. 1949.

Thurs. 14 / Fri. 15 / Sat. 16 / Sun. 17 / Mon. 18 / Tues. 19 / Wed. 20

PREMIERE REVIVAL: Preston Sturges' HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO*

Sturges' satire on American war heroes, with mordant asides on the cult of "Mom," has a small-town protagonist who loves his mother and worships the memory of his father, who died bravely in World War I. Under these circumstances, it's quite-inevitable that—disappointed, in fact, to be alive—he should write home that he fought with the marines in the Solomons. A secret of actual Guadalcanal heroes here has sad story in a San Francisco bar and—in a wave of maudlin sentiment—decide to return him to his mom as a conqueror. He

and Alec Guinness in THE HORSE'S MOUTH*

Joyce Carey's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. His relations with the world—the world of science, scientific feeling, structive behavior of Carey's great friend, Dylan Thomas, and his approach to the painter was derived from the translation of William Blake. As Gulley, Alec Guinness is truly great and should hope, and the film's funniest scene—the destruction of the innocent patron's apartment—was wholly invented by Guinness, who deleted a death scene that might have been stolen from a wartime newspaper item: the Canadian government transferred the area of the room in which the exiled Princess Juliana was about to bear a child to the Netherlands; in this way the child could technically be born on Dutch soil and thus be a legal heir to the throne. Sturges's film is set in a town in the Middle Ages on the theory that people can accept the peculiarities of their ancestors more readily than those of their own. (Henry Cornelius directed. Music by Georges Auric. 1949.

comes home bemedalled and beribboned, his six insistent sponsors acting as his honor guard. Amazingly enough, this deception succeeds—at least for a time. He falls in love with Japan—was a hit. Sturges kept Americans too busy laughing to allow them to resent it. With Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, Bill Edwards, Raymond Walburn, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, etc. Script and direction by Preston Sturges. 1944.

Thurs. 21 / Fri. 22 / Sat. 23 / Sun. 24 / Mon. 25

John Frankenheimer's ALL FALL DOWN*

James Leo Herlihy's delicate, movingly acted, story of a family's inability to communicate with one another. Eva Marie Lansbury is brilliant as the tragi-comic mother who does all the right things—with disastrous results, and Karl Malden makes the father a touching failure. With Warren Beatty as the relentlessly bored comb-active seducer, Eva Marie Saint

and Ken Hughes' THE SMALL WORLD OF SAMMY LEE*

THE SMALL WORLD OF SAMMY LEE, the finest British film since ROOM AT THE TOP—a work whose script, pacing, acting and direction make most films look like mouldy Swiss cheese—has been a popular failure in the United States. The failure is not, however, one of art, but of public sensibility. (This is a film people have to grow up to.) The script is a powerhouse of concentrated, Cockney-accented, Joyce Lee, M.C. in a sleazy Soho strip club, is a man who thinks on his feet and lives by his wits. As the story unfolds, his destruction: toughs sent to collect a gambling debt give him five hours to raise $1000. During these hours—as Sammy rushes off to friends, relatives, even enemies, dashing back to his club for each new show—we grow intimately acquainted with his world—an infernal, vast microcosm of the one all of us inhabit. Ken Hughes takes us under Sammy's skin, unlike most of the people whose lives he brushes, in a manner nothing short of amazing. Desperate, scrounging, trapped, Sammy grows in tragic stature: knowing the fate in store for him, he nevertheless cannot bring himself to hurt those who love him and want to help. In the end—in a lightning stroke of character—even the hoodlum sent to beat him to a pulp acknowledges his spirit. With Anthony Newley, the extraordinary young English actor of STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF, as Sammy (as a boy, he played The Artful Dodger in OLIVER TWIST), Julia Foster as Patsy; Robert Stephens, Wilfrid Brambell, Warren Mitchell, Miriam Karlin, etc. Script and direction by Ken Hughes. 1963.

Thurs. 25 / Fri. 26 / Sat. 27 / Sun. 28 / Mon. 29 / Tues. 30 / DEC. 1

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO

The classic British satire of the British: in a London shell-hole an ancient royal Charter ceding Pimlico to the Dukes of Burgundy is unearthed, and the residents of Pimlico are "just British enough to feel that they ought to be Burgundian." Margaret Rutherford is the historian who gives scholarly sanction to independence. Stanley Holloway and Hermione Baddeley are shopkeepers. The ingenious author, T. E. B. Clarke, and W. C. Fields's two comedies, THE BANK CRAK (1940) and NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (1941), have been described as "the height of his achievement." There ought to be some more scintillating comments about Fields's three peculiar Fieldsian explosions that palm themselves off as movies. Neither really is, though both deal with making a movie. In this one, the movie Fields wants to make is a large part of the film, and it's set in a kind of cloud-cuckoo Hollywood, a silent-movie-like world. He gets back to some Fields encounters the woman for him: Margaret Dumont—leading a sabre-toothed tiger!—he gets back to some kind of earth for the finale—one of the great shows of all time. With Leon Errol.

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A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK

and ALWAYS A BRIDE

In that phenomenal winning-streak of good English comedies, ALWAYS A BRIDE holds a close-to-the-top position. Peggy Cummins plays the girl who goes from hotel to hotel in the sweetest, suavest little confidence game that ever became a movie. Ronald Ganzer is perfection as her father, and, in lesser roles, James Hayter, Marie Lohr, Charles Goldner and Sebastian Cabot contribute beautiful bits. Peggy Cummins is such an attractive and delightful little actress that it's a pity she couldn't have been paired off with someone more plausible than Terence Morgan; but the English have an odd idea of what will pass for a hero. Ralph Smart co-authored and directed. 1954.

EAST BAY PREMIERE Jacques Becker's LE TROU*

(Literally, THE HOLE; U.S. title, THE NIGHT WATCH) The definitive treatment of a prison break, LE TROU is notable not only for its harrowing tension but because it goes more so deeply into motive and character that the climax erupts into apocryphic self-revelation. Although the late Jacques Becker (Renoir's former assistant) was rarely noted for high artistic ambition, he influence here seems to have been Robert Bresson's ascetic, near-mystical A MAN ESCAPED. He finished LE TROU in masterpiece (and commercial disaster) —two weeks before his death. Based on Jose Giovanni's novel about an actual escape attempt from La Sante, the famous Paris jail, the film is a document of extraordinary precision recorded at white heat. The actors, with the exception of Michel Ray, are non-professionals. Their Jean Keraudy, reenacts his role in the actual break. 1960.

and Alain Resnais' HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR*

Resnais' paean on love, war and the atom bomb has been the subject of more critical analysis than half the world's movies put together. For many, the film is beyond reach to others it seems a fraud. With Emanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada. Alain Resnais directed. 1959.

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Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS

Lang's prophetic vision of the future was surpassed by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, another—underground—for the slave-workers who tend the machines. Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to hire persecuted Lang for Germany. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous —grotesque, of the Period of Decadence, METROPOLIS is a brilliant piece of expressionist design (grouped human beings are actually used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence dream of Freder and Maria, the Madonna-like fallen-woman, and the preposterous knickers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot Maria's bizarre, lewd wink). With Brigitte Helm, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, etc. 1926.

and Orson Welles' THE TRIAL*

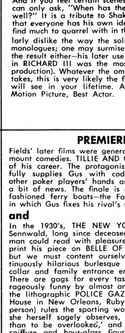
On this occasion, we combed our THESAURUS for a word more apt than "direction." We didn't find it, and Orson Welles' orgy on Kafka's themes has to be seen to be believed. With Anthony Perkins as Mr. K., Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Suzanne Flon, Akim Tamiroff, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself. 1963.

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

Sophia Loren in TWO WOMEN*

War and its meaning, as reflected in the experiences of a mother and daughter in the last days of Mussolini's Italy. Sophia Loren's performance as the mother took the Best Actress Award at Cannes in 1961, and the American Academy

and Kaneto Shindo's THE ISLAND*



(HADAKA NO SHIMA) Made without a line of dialogue, THE ISLAND is a magnificently photographed pastoral in the tradition of MAN OF ARAN: a Japanese peasant family work gruellingly to maintain their primitive island existence. Stanley Kauffman's NEW REPUBLIC review expressed the general consensus of American critics: "Kaneto Shindo had a vision of inner meaning, not of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC illustrations . . . it is no bourgeois beatification to say that the film lays bare the secret of this impoverished family they are happy." When one considers that Shindo wrote, directed and produced the film for under $20,000, his achievement is all but unbelievable. Photography by Kiyoshi Kuroda. 1961.

Thurs. 11 / Fri. 12 / Sat. 13 / Sun. 14 / Mon. 15 / Tues. 16 / Wed. 17

Laurence Olivier in HAMLET

If you are likely to cry in pain and indignation, "But he's cut 'O, what a noble mind is overthrown!'" you can only remind you that the complete play runs a good 4 1/2 hours. Most of you feel certain scene should be dispensed with, 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 voice-overs in RICHARD III was the most brilliant achievement of that production). Whatever, the omissions, the multilocalities, the takes, this is very likely the finest production of HAMLET you will see in your lifetime. Academy Awards of 1948: Best Motion Picture, Best Actor.

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

Humphrey Bogart in BEAT THE DEVIL*

A parody of sententious movies, MILLION DOLLAR LEGS contains some of the nutteest material of all times. "What this country needs," says W. C. Fields, President of Klopstokia, "is money." He decides to get the nation out of debt by having the Klopstokians (who outrun deer) compete in the Olympics. (They do their roadwork running alongside the train.) In addition to Fields and Jack Oakie, Edda Cline—Keaton's favorite director—collected Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, Billy Gilbert, Vernon Dent, Hank Mann and many other silent comedians to produce the first great American comedy of the sound era. As the spy, Mata Machine, Lyda Roberti parodies Garbo's Mata Hari. Joseph L. Mankiewicz wrote the script. 1932. (Long unavailable from the Museum of Modern Art for non-commercial showings only, MILLION DOLLAR LEGS has just been reissued commercially. We grabbed it.)

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 even some of the Dashiell Hammett thriller, retaining its 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 excitement—and surprises—it had on the original 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.

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ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS*

with Rocco. The settings are naturalistic: the film is at the opposite end of the spectrum from even the most skillful studio simulation. And in the hatred and fear—mixed with love—between the brothers, Visconti plunges into depths few but Dostoyevsky have dared to explore. With Katina Paxinou as the mother, Alain Delon as Simone, Annie Girardot and Alain Delon as Rocco. GRAND PRIX, VENICE, 1960.

and Orson Welles' THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*

Welles' finest screen achievement was so thoroughly ignored by movie-goers he might have been better off never to have made it. As a director of this production, no major studio ever again let him work without suffocating front-office supervision. Orson Welles is a genius, thinking in low-budget terms, his independent ventures have always been shoestring and improvised affairs. THE AMBERSONS, perhaps the first truly successful American artifilm, is Welles' work. It's a wind work, it was, unfortunately, far ahead of its time, and—judging from our own experience (this is its sixth Cinema Guild showing)—it still is. Its theme—the decline of an aristocratic American family under the impact of technological change and their son's arrogance—is central to American society. Tim Holt is the proud, mother-fixated son who falls from aristocracy to working class; Joseph Cotten is the inventor who wins and yielding mother; Agnes Moorehead his nervous, bitter, overwhelmed sister-in-law; and Ray Milland the weak, kind patriarch (his death scene is one of Welles' cinematic triumphs). Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, Roy Collins, Welles, who intelligently refrained from casting himself, adapted Booth Tarkington's novel. 1942.

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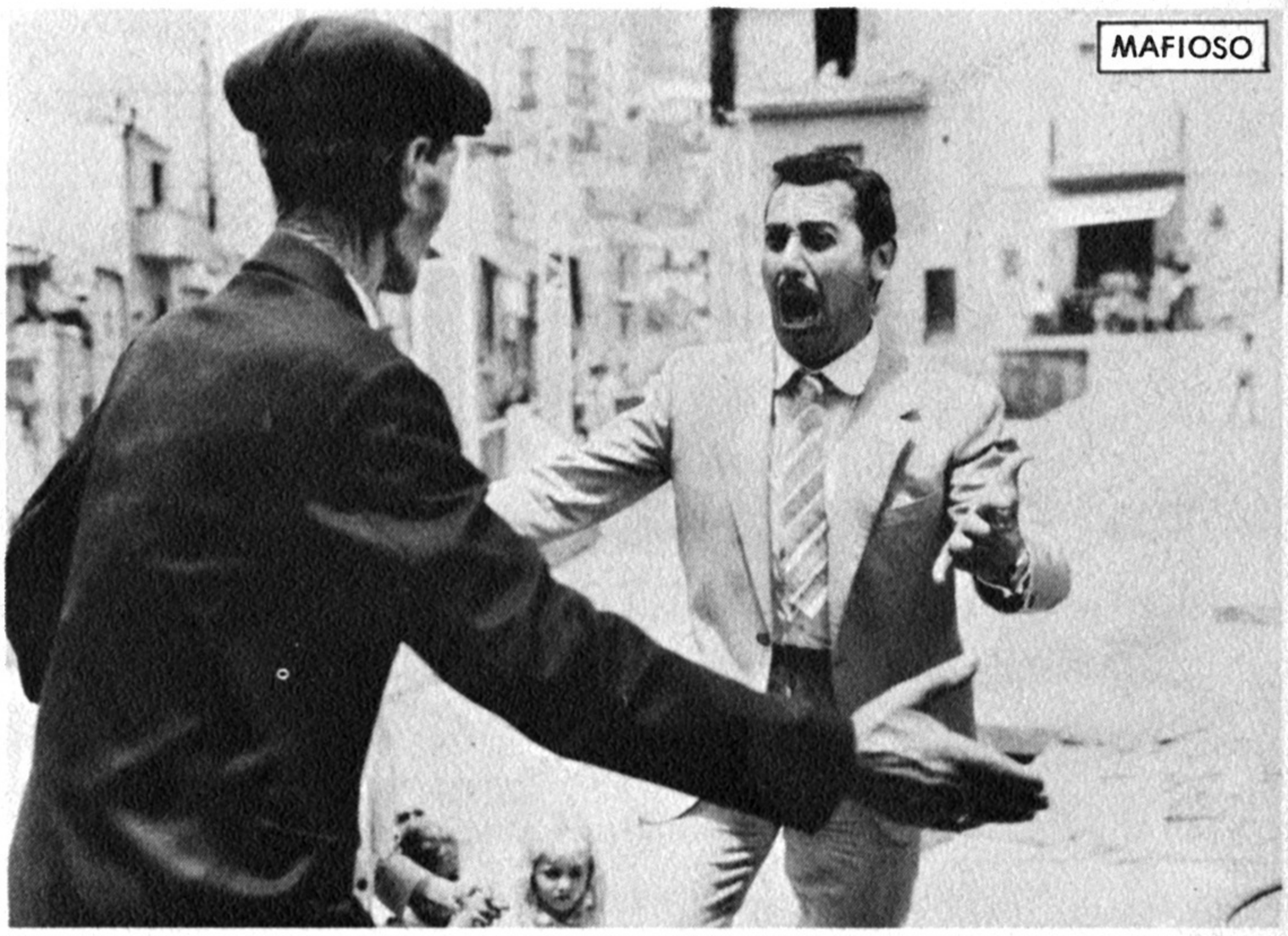

***Program Notes: Edward Landberg**
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

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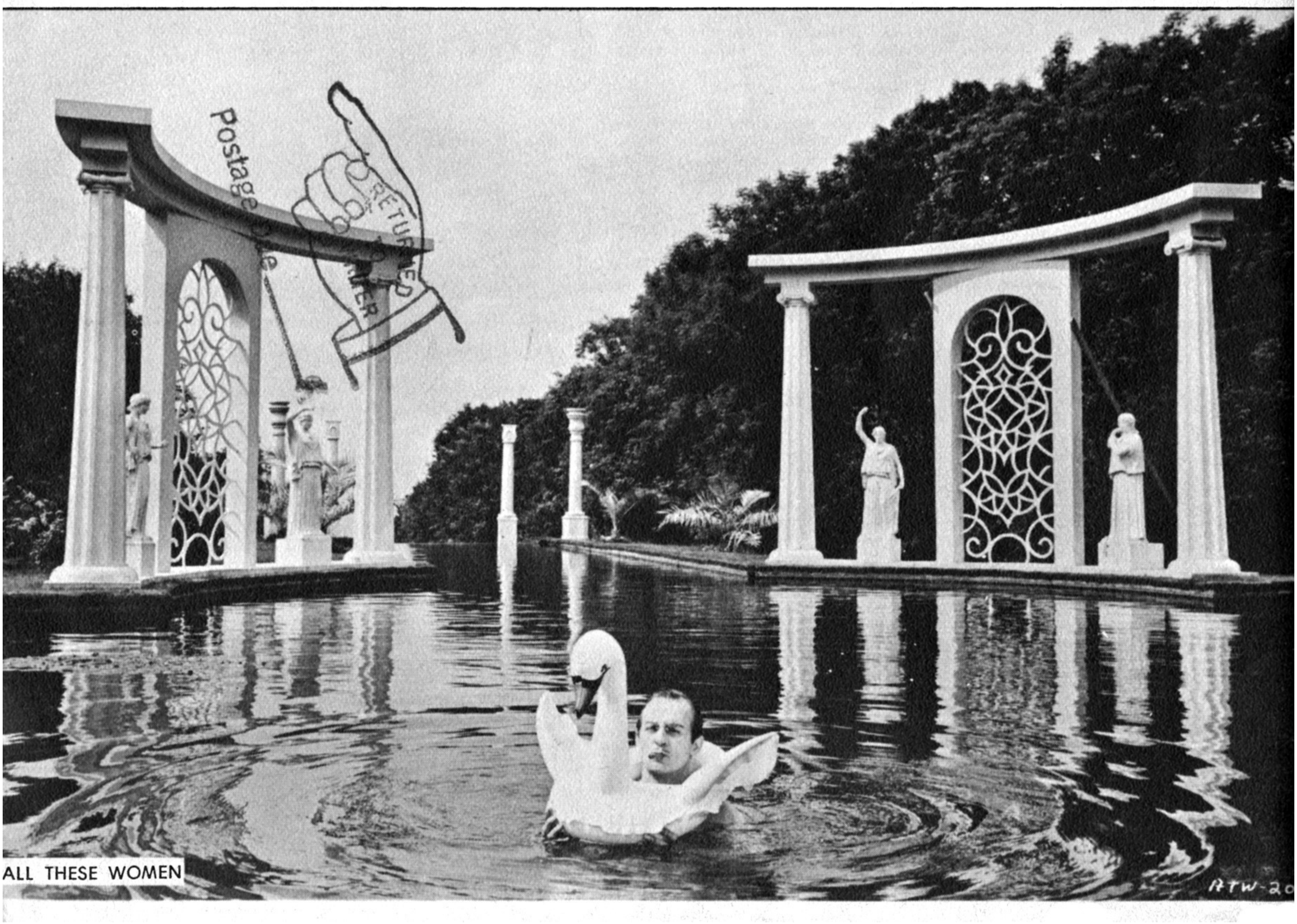

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