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MARCH — APRIL

7th YEAR

1958

C I N E M A

G U I L D

and

CLASSICS

REVIVALS

FOREIGN FILMS

UNUSUAL FILMS

S T U D I O

2436 TELEGRAPH AVENUE — in BERKELEY

Between Channing Way and Haste Street

AShberry 3-2038

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NOSFERATU

Experts in vampirism will have no difficulty following this superbly loathsome 1922 version of **DRACULA**, but those of you who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a brief outline: Renfield, a real estate agent in Bremen, sends his young, recently married clerk, Jonathan Harker, to the Carpathian Woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (Dracula). Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. Harker, weakened by the nightly loss of blood, is saved by telepathy: his wife Nina wakes in Bremen calling her husband's name—and Nosferatu leaves him intact for the moment. Harker escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen, and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen and Nosferatu meets Nina, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves.

Of all horror films, **DEAD OF NIGHT** is the most civilized and sophisticated. Directed by some of England's most talented directors—Robert Hamer, Basil Dearden, Charles Crichton, and Cavalcanti—it has style and wit as well as terror. John Baines and Angus MacPhail did the screenplay, using stories by H. G. Wells, E. F. Benson, and themselves; the master author of English comedy, T. E. B. Clarke, did the additional dialogue. The film would be of no great importance, however, if it were not for Michael Redgrave, who single-handedly turns a horror episode into a work of art. This complete version of **DEAD OF NIGHT** restores the two episodes which were cut in earlier theatrical showings.



"There comes, I imagine, in the experience of every cinema critic a moment when he says to himself: this film may not be made with much technical polish; it is not progressive; it won't be a landmark in the history of the cinema; but it gives me more pleasure than any film for the last five years. That is what I feel about **JOUR DE FETE**.

"I have searched the story in vain for what a revered pen has called a meaningful relation to the world. I can find in it no comment on social disintegration; it is not about democracy; it doesn't, as somebody remarked dejectedly, make you think. It does something in my opinion far more difficult. Any fool can make you think; it takes talent to make you laugh.

"I have now seen **JOUR DE FETE** three times, and each time I laughed afresh. The fact is that the jokes have been worked out to the last fraction of a second; the gags double back on themselves; at a second look you see some quirk which escaped you the first time.

"This comedian has restored something almost lost from the screen: the joke made to your eyes; you don't need a French vocabulary to enjoy **JOUR DE FETE**. And indeed the whole film with its village setting, its village characters and its village laughter (and, let me add, Jean Yatove's entrancing music) takes us back to the cinema's age of innocence."

—DILYS POWELL, in *The London Times*, 1950

CINEMA GUILD

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STUDIO

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

A landmark in the history of the movies, this passionate anti-war film showed the disintegration of romantic illusions in the squalor of trench warfare. It is estimated that over 100,000,000 people have seen ALL QUIET—and its enormous influence between the two world wars may help to explain why the soldiers of World War II were cynical and disillusioned from the very start. Lewis Milestone directed, from the Remarque novel. With Lew Ayres, the unforgettable Louis Wolheim, Slim Summerville, etc. Some of the performances haven't aged well, but the film, particularly in the battle sequences, holds its own. Academy Awards: Best Production of 1930, Best Director.

12 ANGRY MEN

This ingenious, tense melodrama, set in a jury room, was one of the best films of 1957. Reginald Rose's script is too pat an exercise in social psychology, but his theatrical sense is sure-fire. The battle begins with the jury 11 to 1: the 1 is Henry Fonda; prominent among the 11 is Lee J. Cobb. Sidney Lumet directed.

The complete DEAD OF NIGHT

The stories in this 1946 English collection of supernatural tales accumulate in intensity, until the full trap closes in the surrealist climax. When the film was exhibited theatrically, two of the stories were omitted, making the climax partly unintelligible. This version is complete, beginning with Mervyn Johns' arrival at the house and proceeding through five episodes: Antony Baird and Miles Malleston in "Room for One More"; Sally Ann Howes in the murdered child sequence; Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the mirror story; Basil Radford and Naumton Wayne in the golden story that Roland Culver tells; Michael Redgrave in his electrifying portrait of the schizophrenic ventriloquist, with Hartley Power as his rival and Frederick Valk as the psychoanalyst; then the nightmarish summation.

THE MEDIUM

Everybody from Virgil Thomson to Sigmund Spaeth to Cocteau has called this the best filmed opera to date. Gian-Carlo Menotti, who had already startled musical circles by directing the production of the opera he had written and composed, went to Rome in 1951 and directed the film version himself. The story is a Grand Guignol thriller about a swindling charlatan of a medium, who, in the middle of a fake seance, feels a ghostly hand on her throat. The roles are expertly handled by Marie Powers, Anna Maria Alberghetti, and Leo Coleman. This is the only time an opera has been put on film by the composer himself—and the movie doesn't have that deadly air of compromise that fills attempts to "popularize" opera. THE MEDIUM was, of course, popular from the start, and didn't labor under the mixed blessings of greatness.

THE LAST BRIDGE

(DIE LETZTE BRUECKE) TIME: " . . . one of the most eloquent and inexorable filmed arguments against war since ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT . . . with eerie detachment, the film takes no sides, defends no ideology, neither condemns nor justifies the actions of its agonized pawns of war." Maria Schell took the Best Actress Award at Cannes for her performance as the German doctor who is captured by Tito's partisans and forced to care for the wounded. The film is a study in conflicting loyalties; the doctor loses her bearings and doesn't know on which side she belongs; she thinks only of saving lives. In an attempt to secure medical supplies for the partisans from her own people, she is caught on a bridge between opposing lines of fire. International Critics Prize at Cannes, Golden Laurel Award, International Catholic Film Prize, etc. Directed (and co-authored) by Helmut Kautner (THE DEVIL'S GENERAL). 1953.

TIME LIMIT

This 1957 American film is the best film yet made on the peculiarly fascinating subject of brainwashing. Richard Basehart is the major accused of collaborating with the Communists during the Korean War; he admits to breaking under pressure, signing a germ warfare "confession", and broadcasting for the enemy. Richard Widmark, as the army lawyer assigned to investigate the case, probes into the major's motives. Two of the best actors in the business, they bring charge and excitement to the workmanlike script. In his debut as a director, Karl Malden produces the crackling movement of a good Broadway performance.

with THURSDAY'S CHILDREN—the moving English study of deaf and dumb children.

BLITHE SPIRIT

Noel Coward's light, insubstantial talents make this a little ectoplasmic classic. Rex Harrison plays the English novelist who jestingly arranges for a medium to conduct a seance in order to gather material for a story; inadvertently he conjures up the ghost of his vixenish first wife, Kay Hammond, and she comes back into the home he now shares with his second wife, Constance Cummings. He finds himself in an involuntary state of "astral bigamy". Margaret Rutherford is the brisk, exuberant, Girl Scoutish medium; the cant of spiritualism and psychic research issues from her in delicious explosions. David Lean directed, in 1945. Coward, it should be noted, had something in mind besides money when he wrote the play in 1941: London was in a tragic war-torn state—and this bauble was designed to provide some flippancy and relief. There is also a rather shaming side to this: the English, always fond of ghosts, are, traditionally, especially interested in psychic phenomena during wartime. (Color)

NOSFERATU

The original 1922 German version of Bram Stoker's DRACULA is superior to the later Hollywood treatment in every way. Directed by F. W. Murnau (THE LAST LAUGH), it is a concentrated essay in horror, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd with the passage of time, and many before), this first film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more choulish ghastliness than any of its successors. With Max Schreck, Alexander Granach. Adapted from DRACULA by Henrik Galeen.

THE MAN ON THE EIFFEL TOWER

Good nasty thrillers are hard to find; this one has some fancy degenerate aspects, and some imaginative photography and trial and error work with color that put it in a special class—it might even be called an experimental thriller. Burgess Meredith directed this peculiar manhunt, with himself as actor as one of the objects of it. Franchot Tone makes a cunning psychopathic killer, the really horrid kind that tries to put the noose on an innocent neck, and Charles Laughton is Inspector Maigret. Simenon's novel, A BATTLE OF NERVES, was adapted by Harry Brown. With Robert Hutton, Belita, Patricia Roc, Jean Wallace. Photographed in Paris. 1949. (Color)

RED RIVER

In 1948 one of the finest young actors in the country put on cowboy shoes and, overnight, Montgomery Clift became the hottest thing in Hollywood. The film is a magnificent horse opera—one of the more elaborate celebrations of those trail-blazing episodes that Hollywood loves to glorify as "historical events"—i.e., the mid-19th century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. The director, Howard Hawks, makes the drive an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with the fight between the two principals, John Wayne as the father and Clift as the stepson, as the ferocious climax. There is an impressive, and expensive, collection of cattle (the film was budgeted at \$1,750,000, but there was rain for several weeks while 6,000 cattle rented at \$10 a head a day waited to be photographed, and the final production cost was \$3,200,000). With Walter Brennan, Joanne Dru.

SARATOGA TRUNK

Ingrid Bergman plays the fabulous adventuress Clio Dulaine in this outrageous travesty of Edna Ferber's costume romance. Flanked by Flora Robson in incredible blackface as the mulatto maid Angelique and Jerry Austin as the dwarf manservant Cupidon, Bergman is a demimondaine from New Orleans who invades fashionable Saratoga Springs and conquers all, including Gary Cooper, as the gambling Texan Clint Maroon (!). Please don't come if you want to see a serious movie or a work of art; this is a lavish piece of frivolous, ebullient moviemaking—replete with details dear to the readers of tempestuous fiction (i.e., the heroine enjoys champagne with peaches in the afternoon), and if you'll just abandon yourself to it for two hours, you'll have a marvelous time. Clio the trollop is Bergman's liveliest, most mercurial role. Directed by Sam Wood; screenplay by Casey Robinson. Made in 1943, but not released until 1945.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE

This is a classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields, the satire of westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Fields, that Falstaff of con men, shoots Indians with a slingshot, cheats at cards, goes to bed with a goat, becomes Sheriff of Greasewood. Mae West, who a few years earlier had enraged the respectable women of America by turning sex into a joke, is less effective in this 1940 vehicle with the censors breathing down her neck. But she is still overwhelming: a giggling, heaving combination of permissive mama and shady lady promising exotic new tricks. With Joseph Calleia.

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC

This is quite simply one of the great films. The script is based on the trial records; Carl Dreyer has taken this testimony and made it appear to be spoken for the first time. With this 1928 film, Dreyer added new psychological depth to the resources of the screen. Those of you who have seen his later DAY OF WRATH know the extraordinary intensity which is the Dreyer milieu—fear, betrayal, suffering are larger than life, they fill the screen. THE PASSION is a real passion, photographed in a style that suggests the Stations of the Cross. As five grueling cross-examinations follow each other, Dreyer turns the camera on the faces of Joan and her persecutors, and in giant close-ups, he reveals his interpretation of their emotions. In this enlargement, Joan and her persecutors are shockingly fleshly—isolated with their sweat, warts, spittle, tears, and (as no one in the film used make-up) with contours, features, and skins that are individual. Falconetti's portrayal of Joan is one of the greatest performances ever photographed. Silvain is a chilling Cauchon; as Massieu, the young Antonin Artaud is the image of passionate idealism. (Note: This is not the cut, dubbed version which circulated theatrically several years ago, but just as Dreyer edited it.)

Jacques Tati's JOUR DE FETE

(THE BIG DAY) In his 1950 film, photographed in Saint Severs, with villagers playing many of the parts, Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and causes the unpredictable to happen.

ON THE WATERFRONT

Elia Kazan, director, and Budd Schulberg, writer, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions, and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took 8 Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. No other movie of the last few years has caused so much talk and dissension, largely because of Marlon Brando's characterization of the inarticulate, instinctive, alienated bum. Some of Brando's scenes (with Eva Marie Saint in a bar, with Rod Steiger in a car) have real vibration. Kazan has a fine eye for living detail, but such a high pressure technique that at times one wonders what he's getting out of it. Despite the talent lavished on this film, its symbolic structure is naive—it's too late in the history of the world to depict good and evil with a conscientious priest, a convent-bred girl, an avaricious union boss, etc. With Lee J. Cobb, Karl Malden. 1954.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

This rather odd movie, derived from a Clifford Odets play, features the least broken-down of actors, Bing Crosby, as a broken-down actor—a weak-willed heel who lives on the strength of his wife, sacred fount Grace Kelly. William Holden is the Broadway director who misinterprets the tangle of dependencies and tries to free the husband from the wife. Rather inexplicably, this sado-masochistic morass was one of the biggest box-office hits of 1954, and somewhat inexplicably also, Academy Awards were presented to Grace Kelly as Best Actress and to director George Seaton for his uneven and incoherent screenplay. The film has virtues, however—Holden's performance, good backstage dialogue, and Anthony Ross in a small role.

LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS

(CHILDREN OF PARADISE) A critic has said that LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS does to the film medium what Joyce's ULYSSES does to the novel form, 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 esthetic problem on the relations of art and life; it even turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—for it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performances. And, encompassing all of these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. Made during the Occupation, when some of its makers were being hunted by the Gestapo, this extraordinarily sumptuous production was filmed in garages and Maguin hideaways where starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could even be photographed. With Jean Louis Barrault as the mime Deburau, Arletty as Garance, Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor, Louis Salou as the Count, Pierre Regin as the ragpicker-informer, Maria Casares, Marcel Herrand. 1945. (2½ hours).

Marcel Pagnol's JOFROI

Pagnol made this 50-minute film in 1933; an inconvenient length, it didn't reach New York until 1950 when it was offered as part of the WAYS OF LOVE package with Rossellini's THE MIRACLE and Renoir's A DAY IN THE COUNTRY; then the censorship troubles that surrounded THE MIRACLE held back the others for a few more years. This, then, is the premiere in the Bay Area of a famous, prizewinning film 25 years old.

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Fritz Lang's KRIEMHILD'S REVENGE

and

Orson Welles' version of MACBETH

REACH FOR THE SKY

The British seem to have a hard time with biographical figures: so many proprieties are observed that the rough edges of character are smoothed away—you can't see the dirt for the starch. But Kenneth More, one of those rare actors who can hold on to a stiff upper lip without losing the audience, triumphs over this almost insuperable priggishness. The very image of the extroverted male, he can be likeable and amusing without making one worry about what deeper motives may be lurking in a character. His portrait of the swashbuckling pilot, Douglas Bader, who just happens not to have any legs but won't let this stop him, made this the most popular picture show in England during 1956. Based on Paul Brickhill's biography, adapted and directed by Lewis Gilbert. With Alexander Knox, Muriel Pavlow, Lyndon Brook.

and

OPERATION MAD BALL

From the total Hollywood output in 1957, we've been able to call no more than a handful of films worth showing—this uninhibited little farce is one of them. The perennial war of enlisted men and officers is joined again, fortunately under the fresh and spirited direction of Richard Quine. Jack Lemmon is the buck private here determined to stage a mad ball for a group of nurses, Ernie Kovacs is the maddeningly unctuous, obnoxious officer determined to thwart him. With Arthur O'Connell as the commanding officer, Dick York as the liaison man between the two factions, Mickey Rooney as the sergeant who pulls together a jazz group for the ball, and Kathryn Grant. If you don't see it, you needn't spend a lifetime of regret, but if you do, you'll probably have a surprisingly good time.

MLLE. GOBETTE

A girl who can't keep her clothes on may seem like a subject for low-grade entertainment, but suppose that her foible is used to satirize the conventions of respectable society? This neat little farce begins with a judge investigating charges that a theatrical performer (Silvana Pampanini) is too scantily dressed; she proceeds to scandalize a number of very stuffy people, and ends up happily ensconced with the Minister of Justice. The cast and director (Pietro Germi) are Italian, but the source is a French play (by Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Weber) and the whole thing has somehow gotten itself into French with English subtitles—presumably on the basis that boudoir comedy will sell better in French for American sex-art houses. MLLE. GOBETTE is a boudoir comedy, alright, but it isn't low-grade—the boudoir is used as a vantage point for social ridicule on some light, deft horseplay. Even the strapping Pampanini shows a relaxed and inventive comedy style. 1955.

and

TOO BAD SHE'S BAD

(PECCATO CHE SIA UNA CANAGLIA) Alberto Moravia's divertissement on the cops and robbers theme features a prodigious family of thieves—father Vittorio De Sica is a dignified and accomplished pickpocket; his Amazon daughter Sophia Loren is a happy delinquent who can't understand people who work for a living, and his two little sons can strip an automobile in 30 seconds flat. As several critics pointed out, the comedy has only one drawback: when the magnificent Sophia sails across the screen, one forgets to read the subtitles. Directed by Alessandro Blasetti. 1955.

DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

(JOURNAL D'UN CURE DE CAMPAGNE) Of the small body of film masterpieces which are hopelessly doomed to commercial failure, Robert Bresson's adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel is the most recent (1950). It is a terribly disturbing film—a pure and intense account of the anguish of a young priest whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his village. An austere director of astonishing integrity, Bresson offers no sops to the public—no humorous or romantic asides; he pulls you down into the depths of the priest's suffering and refuses to give you a glad hand up. What he does offer is one of the most profound emotional experiences in the history of film; no other director, with the possible exception of Dreyer with THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC, has come so close to communicating a religious experience. With Claude Laydu as prisoner of the holy agony, Grand Prix du Cinema Francais; Venice special award.

and

Jean Renoir's THE SOUTHERNER

In 1945 Renoir rendered this poetic tribute to some of the patterns of American life. Scheduled to be called HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND (it was adapted from the book by George Sessions Perry), it suffered a title change, and then an exploitation campaign of astonishing irrelevance ("She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh and the devil!"). The film tells the story of a poor white Southern family, and you may agree with TIME that "it is worth any dozen run-of-the-studio Academy Award winners". Zachary Scott is almost unrecognizable in a performance so unlike his usual gigolos; with Betty Field, Beulah Bondi, Blanche Yurka.

THE MAN BETWEEN

The title of Carol Reed's 1953 thriller refers to James Mason as a man caught between the East and West in postwar Berlin, but he really seems to be halfway between his character in Reed's ODD MAN OUT and Orson Welles' character in Reed's THE THIRD MAN. Reed's love of photogenic corruption, his technical finesse, and his feeling for atmospheric intrigue almost make something really good out of Harry Kurnitz' synthetic story. Mason plays a disenchanted, opportunistic victim of the war who is engaged in some fancy double dealing; Claire Bloom is an English girl who innocently gets involved. The most exciting person in the film, however, is Hildegard Neff—in a world-weary, war-ravaged Garboesque performance that is, alas, much too brief.

and

THE STARS LOOK DOWN

Looking at this 1939 film by Carol Reed is rather like reading a Thomas Hardy novel: the story unfolds with authority and control; we are told everything we need to know, so that we believe in what happens to the characters, we believe even in the accidents. One sequence is almost pure Hardy: a group of men are trapped in a mine; the mine owner on his way to the rescue squad with the plans that will save the men, has a fatal stroke; the plans fall from his hand and the trapped men die. As the hero, Michael Redgrave is a frustrated idealist not unlike Hardy's Jude. Reed was only 33 when he made this work and he had not yet acquired the technical virtuosity of his later style—but this simple, straightforward film may just possibly be his best. With Emlyn Williams and Margaret Lockwood. From the novel by A. J. Cronin.

THE LAST TEN DAYS

(DER LETZTE AKT) G. W. Pabst, who directed this 1956 account of the last ten days in Hitler's headquarters, employs a restrained style which makes the collapse of discipline, the disintegration, and final general madness seem like an enveloping nightmare. Remarque wrote the film, and he has perhaps erred in systematically constructing the episodes that should illuminate chaos; the atmosphere Pabst creates is so compelling that these little vignettes seem unnecessary. Albin Skoda's portrait of Hitler is an intelligent approach to a terribly difficult role; Oskar Werner's role is gratuitous, but he performs it in fine romantic style. And surrounding Hitler there are the generals of all kinds and attitudes: General Krebs, for example, who asks if God exists, and General Burgdorf who replies, "If He did, we wouldn't." Whatever your judgment of the picture's value as historical interpretation, it is an important experience to spend two hours in that bunker with Pabst and his actors.

and

LA GUERRE DES BOUTONS

(GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS) This 1938 classic is a polished little parable on man's folly and acrimony. The children of Longeverne pray for rain to ripen their cabbages; their neighbors, the children of Valrans, pray for sunshine to ripen their grapes. The dispute is bitter and the children organize for battle, with heroes, sacrifices, and all the accoutrements of war except the longed-for buttons of real generals. Jacques Darcy directed, using a mixture of professional and nonprofessional children, as well as Jean Murat and Saturnin Fabre. From the novel by Louis Pergand.

TURNABOUT

Thorne Smith's sexual comedy is superficially supernatural, but this won't really fool anybody: the exchange of secondary sexual characteristics between husband and wife is a common enough fantasy when marriage reaches a certain jaded stage. The husband, John Hubbard, has no trouble acquiring the feminine mannerisms that make him behave like a hothouse variety homosexual, but the late Carol Landis, as the wife, is not so convincing when she takes on a masculine, horsy sort of manner. Hal Roach directed this 1937 comedy, which also features Adolphe Menjou. The picture isn't very well done, but it has such good possibilities that it's a real conversation piece anyway.

and

THE GHOST GOES WEST

Americans loved this barb thrust at them by Rene Clair—perhaps because the satire isn't on a much higher plane than what it satirizes. The move is, however, fortunate in its star: Robert Donat brings elegance and his inimitable, curiously moving voice to the dual role of Donald Glourie and his phantom ancestor, Murdoch Glourie. Murdoch, you may recall, is the unhappy ghost whose abode, Glourie Castle, is purchased by a rich American (Eugene Pallette), dismantled, shipped across the ocean, and reconstructed in Sunnyside, Florida, with modern plumbing. Rene Clair provides some rhythmic editing, but the script by Robert Sherwood is rather painfully frolicsome. With Elsa Lanchester, Jean Parker. 1936.

with FOLIE A DEUX—a 15-minute psychiatric film about a shared psychosis.

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA

(AU DELA DES GRILLES) Rene Clement, the director of FORBIDDEN GAMES and GERVAISE, first won international recognition with this Franco-Italian production, blending a story in the French lyric psychological tradition with Genoa waterfront backgrounds filmed in the harsh, poetic postwar Italian style. Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda are the restless, lonely lovers (her performance took the Best Actress Prize at Cannes in 1949) of Cesare Zavattini's story. Music by Roman Vlad. Academy Award, Best Foreign Film; Grand Prix, Cannes.

and

THE KILLING

Last year when we played this Stanley Kubrick film, audiences broke into applause, and in the weeks that followed we were showered with requests for Kubrick's two earlier films—FEAR AND DESIRE, and KILLER'S KISS. After screening them, we can only say, see THE KILLING again, or his new PATHS OF GLORY: it's a mercy to Kubrick to forget his juvenalia, lest you not forgive. THE KILLING is an expert suspense film, with incisive, sharp cutting and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes several familiar faces but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep you in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. With Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, Jay C. Flippen, Elisha Cook, Jr., Marie Windsor, Ted DeCorsia, Joe Sawyer, and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. 1956.

YANG KWEI FEI (YOKIHI)

(The original title YOKIHI was changed to the Chinese equivalent YANG KWEI FEI—this makes some sense as the story material is Chinese, but then that was dropped and MOST NOBLE LADY tacked on.) In Japan, the most highly regarded director is Kenji Mizoguchi, whose UGETSU is so strong a film that, despite its brilliance, it tended to repel Americans. YANG KWEI FEI, Mizoguchi's first color film, has not been popular here either, though it is an exquisite love legend, a tragic Oriental variant of the Cinderella story, derived from a Chinese chronicle poem and its Japanese modernization. In old Cathay, an ambitious general sees the beauty of a servant girl (Machiko Kyo) and sends her to console the lonely emperor. The girl and the emperor love one another and live in harmony, while the general rises and becomes a tyrant. When the people revolt and destroy the tyrant, they demand also the life of the girl. 1956. (Color)

and

THE SILENT WORLD

Cousteau's first full-length film may have been overpublicized. There are sunken ships and the squeaks of huge whales, and no shortage in the octopus, anemone, porpoise department. But there is also quite a lot of technical explanation of methods of observation, electronic and photographic equipment, etc., that you may or may not find fascinating. And you may be dubious about Cousteau's rather droll way of anthropomorphizing fish. But you'll find quite a lot of exciting footage—and if you can't spend 11 months under the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, you'd better see it, and just ignore Cousteau's deep watery poetry. 1956 Academy Award, Best Documentary Feature. (Color)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC

Richard Quine directs Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas in the 1956 film version of the Kaufman and Teichmann play, adapted by Abe Burrows.

and LA SPIAGGIA

(American title, RIVIERA; French title, LA PENSIONNAIRE) Alberto Lattuada looks at the morals of the solid citizens who snub a vacationing prostitute (Martine Carol). 1954. (Color)

This program continues through Sunday, May 4.

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(Mae West & W. C. Fields)

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SATURDAYS, SUNDAYS
and HOLIDAYS from 1:00

| | | | |
|-----------|---|---|-----|
| Admission | . | . | 90c |
| Students | . | . | 80c |
| Children | . | . | 50c |