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CINEMA GUILD AND STUDIO

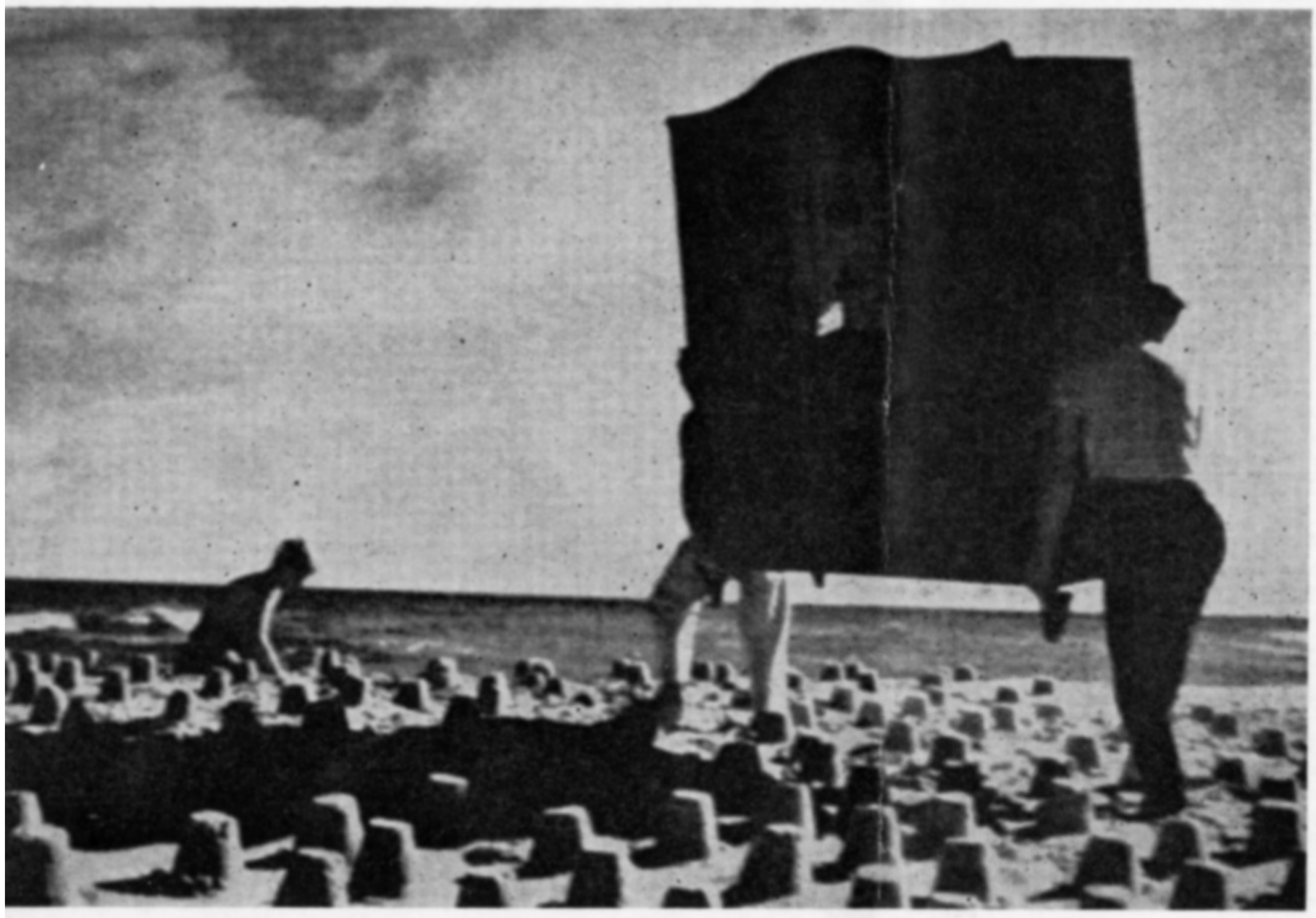
THE CHILDREN ARE WATCHING US

In 1942, Vittorio De Sica found his author (Cesare Zavattini) and his theme—the destruction of innocence. As in his later works, the enemy is human injustice, not intentional injustice, but what people are driven to do to each other. Except for FORBIDDEN GAMES there has probably never been such a view of the antagonism and desolation that separates adult and child life.

MAY—JUNE

8th YEAR

1959



CLASSICS
REVIVALS
FOREIGN FILMS
UNUSUAL FILMS

WEEKDAYS
from 6:30

SATURDAYS
from 6

SUNDAYS
from 1

TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE

400 films were entered in the International Experimental Film Festival, held during the World's Fair at Brussels. We are happy to announce the first Berkeley showing of TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE, winner of the Bronze Medal, and DOM, winner of the Grand Prix. These two short films from Poland, regarded as the revelation of the Festival, were produced by young Polish students and financed by the Gomulka regime. Unexpectedly, they have no connection with socialist realism, but they have many strong ties with the Western avant-garde.

Admission 1.00
Children .50

2436 TELEGRAPH AVENUE — in BERKELEY
Between Channing Way and Haste Street
THornwall 8-2038

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Above—American comedy in motion: Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, and Rosalind Russell all talk at once throughout HIS GIRL FRIDAY, the 1940 version of one of America's greatest comedies, THE FRONT PAGE, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Satirical comedies like this one, Kaufman and Hart's ONCE IN A LIFETIME, ROXIE HART (based on Maurine Watkins' CHICAGO), and Ben Hecht's NOTHING SACRED are full of talk. Overlapping dialogue carries the action along at a feverish pace. Word gags take the place of the sight gags of silent comedy. This peculiarly American genre of verbal slapstick is admired throughout the world, but is apparently inimitable—it requires wisecracking vitality and freedom from certain kinds of political censorship. (If you don't see corrupt politicians, a venal press, shocking prison conditions, crooked cops, etc., in European films, it's not because Europe doesn't have them.) The target in these impudent, irreverent comedies was always America itself; now, pressure groups that represent "the American way of life" have made satire almost impossible. Even those marvelous character actors with their idiosyncracies of accent and appearance, their idees fixes, are gone—one is not supposed to make fun of people. (The only subject matter left is sex, which threatens to become the biggest bore since The War.)

Below—American comedy in a classic collapse: Carole Lombard passes out as the heroines of history parade in her honor in NOTHING SACRED.

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Every Sunday afternoon, in addition to the regular programs, there is an extra feature that shows just once in both the GUILD and the STUDIO.

Sunday Afternoon, May 3. NINE DAYS A QUEEN

When Henry VIII died, his small son, Edward VI succeeded him; when the boy died, the Warwicks and Seymours placed Lady Jane Grey on the throne, and for nine of the bloodiest, most chaotic days in England's history, she was queen. The 1936 film version of these events is a restrained and intelligent dramatization of the conspiratorial trap, with the young, hapless Jane in the center of it. Robert Stevenson directed, and Miles Mander wrote the dialogue. The gifted young Nova Pilbeam is Jane; Desmond Tester is little Edward; and you'll find the familiar, welcome faces—almost like a royal family by now—Cedric Hardwicke, Sybil Thorndike, and, inevitably, Felix Aylmer, and John Mills as well.

Sunday Afternoon, May 10. LOVE THAT BRUTE

Does the title seem too preposterous? Well, the story was done a decade earlier as TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME, which wasn't much better. But if you saw either production, you'll probably have a happy recollection. The lightweight farce about feuding gangsters on opposite sides of the Chicago River is set in the Prohibition period. This 1950 version has Paul Douglas in the lead, assisted by Keenan Wynn, Joan Davis, Cesar Romero, Jean Peters, Arthur Treacher, and Peter Price. Alexander Hall directed.

Sunday Afternoon, May 17. THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

If you thought last week's title was bad, take a look at this one. You'd never guess, would you, that a movie with a title like this was directed by George Cukor (THE PHILADELPHIA STORY, CAMILLE, THE WOMEN, etc.) in 1951, the year after he did BORN YESTERDAY? We think this is, in some ways, a much funnier comedy, but we don't know anybody else who saw it. (That title!) Charles Brackett (of SUNSET BOULEVARD fame) and Walter Reisch (of NINOTCHKA and MASQUERADE IN VIENNA fame) worked on the script—does the movie begin to sound more interesting? Thelma Ritter is the marriage broker, Jeanne Crain is the model, and the gentlemen include Zero Mostel, Michael O'Shea, and Scott Brady.

Sunday Afternoon, May 24. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

We're complying with the requests for this film, but reluctantly, with bad grace. It seems that Lillian Hellman couldn't shake off the predatory Hubbards after THE LITTLE FOXES and wrote this play about the same family, setting it back 30 years earlier in their dark history. The Hubbards are supposed to be rising Southern capitalists; they are the greatest collection of ghouls since THE OLD DARK HOUSE. It has always seemed to us that by the time Miss Hellman finishes loading the dice, it's no great treat watching her roll them. She must combine witchcraft with stagecraft—who else could keep a plot in motion with lost documents, wills, poisonings, and pistols, and still be considered a social thinker? Fredric March is the profiteer pater familias (he betrayed 27 local soldiers during the Civil War); son Ben (Edmond O'Brien) robs and blackmails Papa; son Oscar (Dan Duryea) organizes Ku Klux Klan raids—need we go with this? The others are Ann Blyth, Florence Eldridge, John Dall, Betsy Blair, Dona Drake, etc. Mostly, they act as if they were warming up for an American version of IVAN THE TERRIBLE. Michael Gordon directed. 1948.

Sunday Afternoon, May 31. FOLLOW THE FLEET

It's Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 1936, with an Irving Berlin score ("We Saw the Sea," "All My Eggs In One Basket," "Let's Face the Music," etc.) and we don't much care if the script (adapted from Hubert Osborne's play SHORE LEAVE) has grown a bit of moss. With Randolph Scott, Harriet Hilliard, Betty Grable. Mark Sandrich directed.

Sunday Afternoon, June 7. THE YOUNG IN HEART

This title isn't just bad, it's sickening, and the movie has an icky-marshmallow message. But the story about a family-style confidence gang (Roland Young and Billie Burke are the parents, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Janet Gaynor are the children) has some remarkably bright moments. There is the posh automobile, the "Flying Wombat," and the marvelous sequence in which Fairbanks and Young set out to look for work, and pause to watch the honest labor of hod carriers as if they were observing a strange kind of insect activity. We've never been addicted to Miss Gaynor's peculiarly saccharine charms, but Paulette Goddard is in it too, and she's shiny and attractive. With Richard Carlson and Minnie Dupree. Richard Wallace directed. 1938.

Sunday Afternoon, June 14. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

We decided not to show this until after finals, lest it be taken as a symbol of anxious modern man. It's science-fiction turned out with more consistency and logic than usual, and with some rather amusing trick photography with large-scale objects. And after all these years of the hero escaping every kind of disaster and atomic monster, it's fun to have the hero wind up as a twinkle in God's eye. 1957.

Sunday Afternoon, June 21. THE GUNFIGHTER

This is a message Western: the message is, roughly, "He who lives by the gun shall die by the gun," a concept we find less interesting than a good, old-fashioned story. You know, like with a plot and characters and some entertaining details. This movie is so compact and cleverly thought out that you know where you're going before you get there, and the trip is so austere you don't even get any dancing girls along the way. The message has a corollary, "It's no fun to be a fast draw," and though this points in the direction of morality and civilized values, isn't it biting the hand that feeds it? There's a good cast—Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Skip Homeier, Helen Westcott, Jean Parker, Kenneth Tobey, Verna Felton, Mae Marsh, Richard Jaeckel. Directed by Henry King. 1950.

Sunday Afternoon, June 28. GUNGA DIN

This is, quite simply, one of the most thoroughly enjoyable adventure movies of all time. George Stevens directed; Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote the story ("inspired" by the Kipling poem). The stars are Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Victor MacLagen, with Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine, and Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din. If you saw it as a child, don't be afraid that a re-seeing will destroy the memory—the spirit, the gusto, even the heroism, are still good. 1939.

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CINEMA GUILD

Two adjacent theatres with one box office
2436 TELEGRAPH AVENUE — in BERKELEY
Between Channing Way and Haste Street THornwall 8-2038

STUDIO

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

If we were to pick the most enjoyable of the dozens of films derived from Dickens, this 1953 English production would be among the top 2 or 3. The episodic book almost defies a simple continuity, but the adaptor--director Noel Langley has been surprisingly successful at cutting through the labyrinth and keeping the enormous collection of characters rattling along. The best thing is Nigel Patrick's Jingle—swaggering, staccato, outrageously amoral, and finally, because of Patrick's creative characterization, the most sympathetic and most human of the company. As the duelling Winkle, James Donald has moments so ethereally absurd that he seems to have emerged from A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. James Hayter's Pickwick is more of a reasonable facsimile than a person, but the only really bad casting is the lamentably immodest Harry Fowler as Sam Weller. With Donald Wolfit, Hermione Gingold, Joyce Grenfell, etc.

and GENEVIEVE

Genevieve is a venerable motor vehicle, a 1904 Darracq. John Gregson and Dinah Sheridan race the Darracq against Kenneth More and Kay Kendall in a 1904 Spyker. That the two men should be testing their masculine prowess in these antiques gives the comedy a double-edge of human absurdity. Kenneth More is wonderfully smug and infuriating as the advertising man; Kay Kendall is quite irresistible as the trumpet-playing model. Written by W. Rose, directed by Henry Cornelius. Score by Larry Adler. 1953 (color)

Eisenstein's IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Some people have told us this is the greatest movie they've ever seen. We think it's a fine collection of stills, but as a movie, it's static, grandiose, and frequently ludicrous, with elaborately angled, over-composed photography, and overwrought eyeball-rolling performers slipping in and out of the walls, dragging their shadows behind them. Though no doubt the extraordinarily sophisticated Eisenstein intended all this to be a non-realistic stylization, we don't think it works. Millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into it (the city of Kazan was built full-scale in Central Asia with lumber from Siberia)—all this to suggest ideas you could write on a child's slate; it's like using a steam-hammer to crush a peanut. The film can be taken as a fabulous pageant or exercise in decor, and as these it's something to see—perhaps to find out what people have been talking about since the movie, intended as Part I of a trilogy, was released in 1945.

and FORBIDDEN PLANET

The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of THE TEMPEST becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon), the sprite Ariel is combined with Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, to become Altaira (Anne Francis), and, amusingly, the lumbering Caliban, "not honor'd with a human shape," becomes Robby, the friendly robot. It's a pity the filmmakers didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue: it's hard to believe you're in the heavens when the diction of the hero (Leslie Nielsen) and his space-shipmates flattens you down to Kansas. Wilcox directed. 1956 (CinemaScope, color)

Laurence Olivier in HAMLET

Hamlet	Laurence Olivier	Polonius	Felix Aylmer	Bernardo	Esmond Knight
The Queen	Eileen Herlie	Horatio	Norman Wooland	Marcellus	Anthony Quayle
The King	Basil Sydney	Laertes	Terence Morgan	1st Player	Harcourt Williams
Ophelia	Jean Simmons	Osric	Peter Cushing	Francisco	John Laurie
		Grave Digger	Stanley Holloway		

Produced and directed by Laurence Olivier, adaptation by Alan Dent, music by William Walton.
Academy Awards of 1948: Best Motion Picture, Best Actor (Laurence Olivier).

and TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE and DOM

TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE "Two men emerge from the sea with a wardrobe. . . ." It is a huge wardrobe; it will not fit in anywhere, and the men will not relinquish it. They try to do the ordinary things that men do in a city—eat, travel, find lodgings, and they are mistreated, kicked, and beaten. They carry their wardrobe back into the sea. This is the sort of screen comedy Kafka might have written, and the wardrobe, their burden, may be interpreted as their culture, their humanity, their difference, or what you will. The feeling is both fantastic and logical, and it is quite possibly a film you will never forget. Written and directed by Raymond Polansky in 1957. Bronze medal, Brussels, 1958 (15 minutes)
DOM (house, or home) This elegant, rhythmic, almost classical expression of avant-garde tendencies is related to the Dadaists and Surrealists. Grand Prix, Brussels, 1958. (12 minutes)

De Sica's THE CHILDREN ARE WATCHING US

(I BAMBINI CI GUARDANO) This is one of those rare movies that are too finely felt, too painful, and too intransigent ever to reach a large audience. Like De Sica's UMBERTO D, it is a picture of loneliness, but at the other end of the life-span. Umberto has so little time left; Prico, the 4-year-old, has his whole ruined life ahead. His mother, sensually drawn to her lover, has not the strength to cling to the child; his ego-shattered father kills himself. Prico is left, agonized and inarticulate, walking the corridors of a boarding school. De Sica directed this work, his first collaboration with Zavattini, in 1942.

and Rossellini's OPEN CITY

(ROMA CITTA APERTA) Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with OPEN CITY, made in 1944, just after the Allies took Rome. The story is a melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the German occupation, but the film's fame rests on its extraordinary immediacy and actuality. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted as if it were a document, and mistook the magnificent Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for non-professionals—this despite such theatrical elements as the rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and the Hollywood-and-Vine type Gestapo chief. Shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, the movie cut a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. Rossellini, who had been a leader of official realism, working with Vittorio Mussolini, was perhaps raised to the height of his powers by the historical situation; he has since gone almost steadily downhill.
with A CHAIRY TALE—10 minutes by McLaren about a young man and a chair.

ALL ABOUT EVE

This is ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. Eve, a young actress (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star (Bette Davis) on stage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The dialogue and atmosphere are so peculiarly remote from life that they have sometimes been mistaken for art. The synthetic has qualities of its own — glib, over-explicit, self-important, theYou're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-We-belong-to-each-other-Darling style of writing; author-director Mankiewicz' bad taste, exhibited with verve, is more fun than careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis is at her most brilliant. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, and Marilyn Monroe. Academy Awards for 1950: Best Motion Picture, etc.

and A GIRL IN THE MIST (Kiri no Naka no Shojo)

We are happy to accede to the many requests that we bring back this most charming of all Japanese films to reach the West. Though only 44 minutes long, it has an almost magical simplicity and freshness: it makes audiences feel good. It's an idyll about a girl college student who has returned to her small town home for the summer vacation; she is visited by her Tokyo boyfriend. She, her younger sister, and the boy are three of the most beautiful people ever seen on the screen; at times, their youth and radiance are so alive and so unlike the usual movie people that one forgets this is a Japanese film, one forgets it is a film at all; one seems to be watching country neighbors, eavesdropping as the mother and father argue, the grandmother drinks, the adolescent sister worries about proprietry, etc. Suzuki directed. 1955

CASABLANCA

In the role of a cynic redeemed by love, Humphrey Bogart became the great lover of the screen during the war years. No one has appeared to take his place: there isn't an actor in American films today with anything like his assurance, his style, his magnetism, and his professional skill. As Rick, the most famous saloon keeper in film history, he had his great romance with Ingrid Bergman, and he established the rebellious hero—the lone wolf who hates and defies officialdom (and in the movies he fulfilled a universal fantasy: he got by with it). Questioned about his purposes and motives, the self-contained hero informs the police: "I came to Casablanca for the waters." "But there are no waters in Casablanca." "I was misinformed." The international cast includes Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Peter Lorre, Marcel Dalio, Helmut Dantine, S. Z. Sakall, Joy Page, Leonid Kinsky, Madeleine LeBeau, John Qualen, and, of course, Dooley Wilson singing "As Time Goes By." Academy Awards of 1943: Best Motion Picture, Best Director (Michael Curtiz), Best Screenplay, etc.

and HIS GIRL FRIDAY

In 1928 Hecht and MacArthur wrote THE FRONT PAGE, the greatest newspaper comedy of them all; in 1940 Howard Hawks directed this adaptation of the play by Charles Lederer, starring Cary Grant as the domineering editor and Rosalind Russell as the unscrupulous crime reporter with printer's ink in her veins. (The difference between Miss Russell here and in AUNTIE MAME is the difference between a comedienne and an institution.) The movie goes at breakneck speed, the lines whiz by, as this vanished race of brittle, cynical, and childish people rush around on corrupt errands. And what a relief to know that they will not have misunderstood-sex problems, and that we can laugh at bawdy jokes instead of killing sex with good taste and kindness. The reporters, a fine crew, are Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Frank Jenks, Regis Toomey. With Gene Lockhart as the Sheriff, Billy Gilbert as the messenger, John Qualen, Helen Mack, and Ralph Bellamy as chief stooge—a respectable businessman.

STELLA

The vigorous, crude young Greek director, Michael Cacoyannis, shot this 1956 film in the streets and cafes of Athens; the locale is wonderful, and it gives credibility and the look of importance to the overcharged melodrama about a fiery bistro singer, Stella (the handsome blonde Greek stage actress, Melina Mercouri) and her passionate, uncompromising determination to be emotionally independent of her lovers. The story is rather like CAMILLE turned upside down: Stella refuses to marry the weak, insomniac aristocrat (Aleko Alexandrakis), outrages his condescending relatives, and drives him to his death. She falls in love with a vigorous young athlete, a good peasant type (George Foundas), but she stands him up at the altar (an elaborately old fashioned wedding it is) and he kills her. The movie is a triumph of temperament—the director's and the stars'—and it looks especially good now that temperament has become a hot potato in Hollywood. Amid the turbulence you'll hear at least one fine, fat folk singer.

and Jean Cocteau's LES PARENTS TERRIBLES

(American title, THE STORM WITHIN) Cocteau, the master of fantasy, demonstrates that when it suits his purposes, he can be a master of realism, using his artistry inconspicuously, with witty thrusts into psychological depths that destroy the realist-surrealist division. He has taken his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents, who cannot accept their son's growing up, and recreated it for the screen with such skill and intimacy that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. The conventional coincidence-ridden boulevard drama is endowed with magic and lifted to the realm of fable. (The mother screams for the police when she learns her son is in love—these touches are so appallingly true that the Oedipal meanings are immediately clear; this is how Mother Duncan might have screamed.) Yvonne de Bray, Gabrielle Dorziat, Marcel Andre, Jean Marais, and Josette Day, make this one of the greatest examples of group acting ever photographed; Cocteau has said that they ceased to be actors and became a real family.
with CITY OF GOLD—an extraordinary 23-minute reconstruction of the Yukon Gold Rush. 1949

POT BOUILLE (Lovers of Paris)

Julien Duvivier's 1957 production—lavish, witty, and full of stars—was the great hit of the Paris season; here it was a moderate success. Perhaps art house audiences, still recovering from the anguish of GERVAISE, were reluctant to face Zola again. But, Mendelian that he was, Zola allowed the Rougon-Macquart series one sport: an unscrupulous young fortune-hunter from the provinces who climbs to success and respectability over the bodies of satisfied bourgeois ladies. Duvivier's re-creation of Paris in the overstuffed Second Empire style of the 80s is superbly vulgar, and Gerard Philipe is the dimply, curly-haired seducer. With Danielle Darrieux, who grows better with the years, Dany Carrel, Anouk Aimee, etc.

and ONCE IN A LIFETIME

A young man named Moss Hart got the idea while sitting in the balcony watching a George Kaufman play; in 3 weeks he completed a satire on Hollywood; Sam Harris accepted it and got Kaufman himself to collaborate. After 9 nervewracking months of revisions, Kaufman and Hart had the "smash" of 1930, and the team lasted for 10 historic and incredibly profitable years (what Broadway joined together, psychoanalysis put asunder). They created bustling comedies, with characters all askew and wisecracks tumbling on top of each other, with a kind of insanely calculated bad taste that adds more than enough to each situation. And, in going beyond your expectations, it doubles you up and puts you helplessly at the mercy of the next excess. In 1932 Hollywood braced itself, and in an ecstasy of self-criticism, brought the enemy within the gates (this way they could pull out some of its teeth, be applauded for their courage, and maybe still make money). Jack Oakie is the genius, with Aline MacMahon as the voice coach, Gregory Ratoff as the producer, Onslow Stevens as the playwright, Zasu Pitts as the receptionist, Louise Fazenda as the critic, and Sidney Fox, Russell Hopton, Mona Maris. Russell Mack directed.
with A LESSON IN GEOMETRY—the 1948 short (12 minutes) by the poet and mathematician, Sinisgalli.

RIFIFI

(DU RIFIFI CHEZ LES HOMMES) The most talked about sequence in Jules Dassin's study of the Parisian underworld is a silent half-hour in which four men rob a jewelry store. It is like a highly skillful documentary on how to disconnect a burglar alarm and open a safe, and it is thoroughly engrossing because we see the criminals, not from some outside point of moral reference, but as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. From there on the movie follows the tradition of SCARFACE, THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (and MACBETH before them) and brings the tragic, trapped figures (now symbols of our own anti-social impulses) to a finish so cadaverous that, as one critic remarked, "the lesson that crime doesn't pay is taught so thoroughly that no one in the cast is left alive to profit from it." 1955

and RASHOMON

It is 9th century Kyoto: a nobleman's wife is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. The double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Murder mysteries reconstruct the crime to find the culprit. RASHOMON continuously reconstructs the crime to demonstrate the terrible unknowability of truth. One of the great film experiences, this adaptation from Akutagawa's stories, is directed with almost barbaric simplicity by Akira Kurosawa. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune, Masayuki Mori. Grand Prix, Venice, 1951.

This program continues through Wednesday, July 1.

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MITSOU

Jacqueline Audry directs her sister Colette's music-hall romance, with Daniele Delorme, Fernand Gravey, Francois Guerin, Gaby Morlay. 1957 (color)

and BORN YESTERDAY

Judy Holliday took the Academy Award as Best Actress of 1950 for her brassy blonde who plays gin rummy as it was never played before or since. With William Holden and Broderick Crawford. Cukor directed, from the Garson Kanin play.

THE LEFT-HANDED GUN

Here is the most controversial movie on the current schedule: a 1958 work that, to the best of our knowledge, never got a good notice anywhere. The play, about the life and death of Billy the Kid, was written for television by Gore Vidal; Leslie Stevens wrote the screenplay. They make it something almost unheard of—a well-written Western. But the writing has scarcely been commented on by critics who were too busy jumping on its mannered, Actors' Studio acting. The manner is there, alright, but it's almost successful; at times it suggests the authentic, uneducated, sex-starved, male-dominated old West. Paul Newman is Billy, and Hurd Hatfield (old Dorian Gray himself) is the loving-hating Doppelganger, Moultrie. The direction by Arthur Penn seems to have interested no one but us; we hope some of you will agree that it's an imaginative attempt to breathe new life into the Western genre. There are some poor ideas in it, but these are more than compensated for by such moments as this: Billy kills a man with a shotgun, blasting him right out of his boot; a little girl giggles at the boot; her mother whacks her one.

and BULLFIGHT

You begin to understand—or rather to feel—the magnetism of this archaic sport as you watch the great Manolete—thin, reserved, sad—performing the rites of the game with subtle, pure movements. His classic style is contrasted with that of Belmonte, the glamorous, artful Dominquin, Arruza, and others. This feature-length documentary, compiled in 1956, has some brilliant footage; it succeeds where fictional treatments have failed—in communicating the beauty, the elation, the desperation of men testing themselves.
with LA MERLE—a 5-minute divertissement by Norman McLaren. (color)

SPELLBOUND

The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream which is analyzed. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali. The screenplay was by Ben Hecht and the star was Ingrid Bergman, as an analyst, playing opposite the rising young Gregory Peck, her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Altogether, they laid a fascinatingly pretentious egg. It's not that Peck's Dali-designed dream life is so bad for Peck, but it's not much for Dali. And it's not unfitting that the actress who was once described as "a fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid, competent analyst, dispensing cures and murder solutions with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet. But Bergman's famous "sincerity" has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. (Though she is always a joy to look at and listen to, the sincere, apple-cheeked Bergman is often dull; we prefer the insincere hussy of SARATOGA TRUNK and NOTORIOUS.) And isn't amnesia the last refuge of a lazy screenwriter?

and GREEN FOR DANGER

In 1947, Alastair Sim, as Inspector Cockrill of Scotland Yard, solved a batch of murders among a group of doctors and nurses by more casual and modest theatrical weapons—humor, ingenuity, and skill. The movie is almost a classic of its pleasant, minor genre: you meet the characters, learn that one of them is going to kill two of the others, and you spend an hour and a half guessing. The writing-directing team of Launder and Gilliat have a good light touch for suspense. With Trevor Howard, Leo Genn.

NOTHING SACRED

Carole Lombard, "the screwball girl," "the Duse of daffy comedy" created a new national anti-heroine in Ben Hecht's sleazy, jabbing, and terribly funny satire. The target is the type generally sentimentalized as the "little people"; for Hecht they are boobs, slobs, and the butt of the whole American joke. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and they enjoy every minute of it. As Hecht and the director William Wellman shoot venomous darts at just about every sacred cow in the national pasture, you may wonder what makes the hero (Fredric March) and heroine any better than anybody else. With Charles Winninger, Walter Connolly, Frank Fay, Maxie Rosenbloom. 1937 (color)

and SATCHMO THE GREAT

In one scene, 100,000 Gold Coasters celebrate the "return" of the hero—Louis Armstrong. In another scene, a smile hovers on Prime Minister Nkrumah's face as Louis sings, "What did I do to be so black and so blue?" This 63-minute record of the contact of civilizations was prepared for television by Murrow and Friendly in 1956; it covers Armstrong's trip to Europe, Africa, and home again, and it's one of the few reasons television has ever had to be proud of itself. At the end there is a demonstration of what Dwight Macdonald calls the homogenization of culture: Armstrong performs with the lagging, dragging N.Y. Philharmonic under Bernstein. But whatever he's doing—blowing the horn, singing "Mack the Knife" in England—the man with the "voice as smooth as a tired piece of sandpaper calling to its mate" is a spellbinder.
with A SMATTERING OF SPOTS—11 minutes of some of the most amusing animated TV commercials.

THE LADYKILLERS

This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more macabre and grotesque, the funnier it becomes. When it's over you realize that even the actors have been having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness is the master criminal of the horrendous gang, and Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she is, at least, as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are a mad farce. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Peter Sellers, Danny Green. Written by William Rose, directed by Alexander Mackendrick. 1956 (color)

and ROXIE HART

The big cities of the 20's, with their speakeasies, floozies, murders, and tabloids, are favorite subjects for satirists, and they always manage to cast a loving look on their vanished targets. William Wellman, who, in NOTHING SACRED, directed the malicious contrasts between phony urban excitement and forsaken rural boredom, provides here the perfect vignette on small-town America of the Coolidge era: The flapper heroine Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is a publicity-loving Charleston dancer on trial for murder in Chicago. Her farmer father, summoned to the long-distance phone and informed of the trial, returns to the rocker on his porch, rocks for a while, and then says to the mother, "They're going to hang Roxie". The mother nods approvingly, "What did I tell you?" Roxie's trial can perhaps be described as a classic; certainly no film comedy has improved on it. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou; the reporters include Lynne Overman, Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, Nigel Bruce. With Sara Allgood and Iris Adrian. 1942.

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

"Marlene Dietrich! . . . When you wear feathers, and furs, and plumes, you wear them as the birds and animals wear them, as though they belonged to your body."—Jean Cocteau.
"She possesses the rarest of civilized virtues, irony."—Kenneth Tynan.
These two gifts were combined in her classic comedy role as Frenchy, the quixotic harlot of a frontier saloon in the 1939 production. George Marshall directed this satiric revitalization of the Tom Mix western, based on a Max Brand novel. James Stewart is Destry (20 years younger he is a much more appealing hero). With a large group of people who all contribute to the flavor: some in good-sized parts—Mischa Auer, Brian Donlevy, Charles Winninger, Una Merkel, Samuel Hinds, and some in lesser parts—Jack Carson, Allen Jenkins, Irene Hervey, Warren Hymer, Billy Gilbert.

and VOYAGE SURPRISE

The Prevert brothers, director Pierre and scenarist Jacques, got together in 1947 and turned out one of the most famous oddball movies of all time. In competition with a tourist bureau, a mad old man collects a bus load of uninhibited people and they go on a "surprise" tour—the route and destination unknown. The surprises follow: they become fugitives from the law; they spend a night in a sumptuous brothel; they are mistaken for a theatrical troupe, etc. The humor suggests early Marx Brothers satire, but the improvisatory style is that of Mack Sennett two-reelers. With Sinoel, Martine Carol, Jacques Henry Duval, Pierre Pieral, etc.

and W. C. Fields in THE FATAL GLASS OF BEER

This is the wildest of Fields' two-reelers, and, in our opinion, the best. 1933

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY (Murder, My Sweet)

The late Raymond Chandler once attacked the intricate jigsaw puzzle style of English whodunits and asserted that Dashiell Hammett "gave murder back to the kind of people who commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not with handwrought duelling pistols, curare and tropical fish". For Chandler, as for Hammett, the background is social corruption—spoiled urban existence—and the foreground, the outbreak of violence. Philip Marlowe, the private eye, the man who seeks the truth, knows the big city but is not part of it: he is, despite appearances, incorruptible. Chandler regarded FAREWELL, MY LOVELY as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. We don't think Powell's Marlowe quite jells, though he's certainly well beaten. Dmytryk directed in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the tempo will startle you if you've become accustomed to the slow pace of the 50's. With the flinty Claire Trevor. 1944.

and THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING

In 1935 John Ford directed this comedy-melodrama about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role) and the hard-boiled girl, "Bill", that the clerk adored. "Bill" is Jean Arthur, the charming and astonishingly durable comedienne. (One of the least publicized stars in Hollywood history, she managed to keep her position by competence, without descending to the usual publicity fabrications, slop and nonsense. In 1923 Ford directed her in a John Gilbert vehicle, CAMEO KIRBY, and during the silent period she was a popular leading lady. Her distinctive, wistful-husky voice was one of her greatest assets, and in the 30's and 40's she became the best stylist of romantic, talkative comedy—her competitors, Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne, don't hold up nearly so well in revival. In 1953 she was the heroine of SHANE. Her 30 years as the romantic lead is an almost incredible record.) THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, adapted from a W. R. Burnett story, is a thriller in the 30's style: its humane outlook and its lack of violence stand in almost poignant contrast to the thrillers of the 40's.

THE BERLINER (Berliner Ballade)

Two leading figures in the German cabaret theatre—the writer, Gunther Neumann, and the star, Gert Frobe—made this attempt to create a German film cabaret. Frobe plays honest Otto Averageman, demobilized in a society of crooks, bureaucrats, black marketeers, lecherous women, and politicians. The social satire and jokes are not always as imaginative as one might wish, but they have the fascination of the real thing: this is what postwar Germans laugh at in their nightclubs (i.e. Four Power meetings, political gatherings on street corners in East and West Berlin, etc.). One experiences the crude, biting, skeptical attitudes of those who must live through defeat, and if the comedians seem sour at times, or heavy-footed, so does another defeatist comedian, Mort Sahl. R. A. Stemmle directed. Henry Morgan wrote and speaks the English narration. As BERLINER BALLADE this 1948 film made a great reputation in Europe; as THE BERLINER it reached the United States late in 1952, and played in only a handful of small theatres.

and THE QUIET AMERICAN

This 1958 movie was a commercial failure and it is also an artistic failure. But its theme and principal characters are of such immediacy and intellectual excitement that you may find it far more absorbing than many successful movies with a more conventional subject matter. Graham Greene's 1956 novel was based on his experiences as a correspondent in Indo-China, and Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who adapted the book and directed the movie, photographed most of it in Vietnam. It is a study of the American (Audie Murphy) as do-gooder and of the harm that innocent and crusading idealism can do, and it is a study of the Englishman (Michael Redgrave) as cynical, convictionless neutralist. There are so many fine things in the film (especially Redgrave's portrait of a man whose cold exterior is just a thin skin over his passionate desperation) that perhaps you can simply put aside the offending compromises of the last reel. With Claude Dauphin and Georgia Moll.

LES ORGUEILLEUX (The Proud and the Beautiful)

One American critic wrote: "A surprising number of people—not merely sick Europeans—have been excited by the evil in this film. Perhaps Western civilization is nearer its end than we think". Perhaps film criticism is nearer its end than we think, for this adaptation of Sartre's L'AMOUR REDEMPTEUR is about as corrupt and evil as Tolstoy's RESURRECTION. The milieu—the China Coast of Sartre's story has become Vera Cruz in Yves Allegret's film—is the depths: heat, squalor, disease and desperation, exotic but unbearable. A bored Frenchwoman (Michele Morgan) searches for a doctor to take care of her dying husband (Andre Toffel); she finds a Frenchman, a drunken derelict (Gerard Philipe unshaven) who refuses to treat him. Through founding a plague hospital, the woman and the doctor redeem themselves and, incidentally, find love. Allegret uses this story atmospherically in an effort to approximate the ironies, inconsequences, accidents, and stupidities of life. 1953.

and MONSIEUR RIPOIS (Knave of Hearts)

Rene Clement's occasionally awkward, but original and amusing study of a compulsive seducer, a Frenchman (cleanshaven Gerard Philipe) at work in London on a succession of English girls, was made in two versions—French and English. MONSIEUR RIPOIS took First Prize for Direction at Cannes in 1954 and was highly regarded; KNAVE OF HEARTS so incensed the English that "nasty" and "disgusting" appeared in almost all reviews. The reason for this hostility is the satiric treatment of English morals: the shallow French roue has a knack for spotting women's weaknesses, and he seduces these English girls (who take themselves fairly seriously) by appealing to each one's aspirations and fantasies. The English may also resent the photographic invasion of London's ugliness by Oswald Morris' concealed cameras, which catch the pubs, restaurants, busses, and rush hours of a gray and grubby city not visible in English movies. Roman Vlad contributes a witty score with a little theme for each mistress (Joan Greenwood, Margaret Johnston, Valerie Hobson, Natasha Parry, etc.). U. S. titles, LOVERS, HAPPY LOVERS, and LOVER BOY.

FIVE FINGERS

The spy Cicero sells the Germans the plans for the Normandy invasion. Director Mankiewicz sticks close to the facts, improving history only in the physical aspects —James Mason and Danielle Darrieux. Script, Michael Wilson. 1952.

and THE THIRD KEY

Scotland Yard Superintendent Jack Hawkins conducts a good methodical investigation in the 1957 mystery melodrama, directed by Charles Frend.

This program continues through Sunday, July 5.

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