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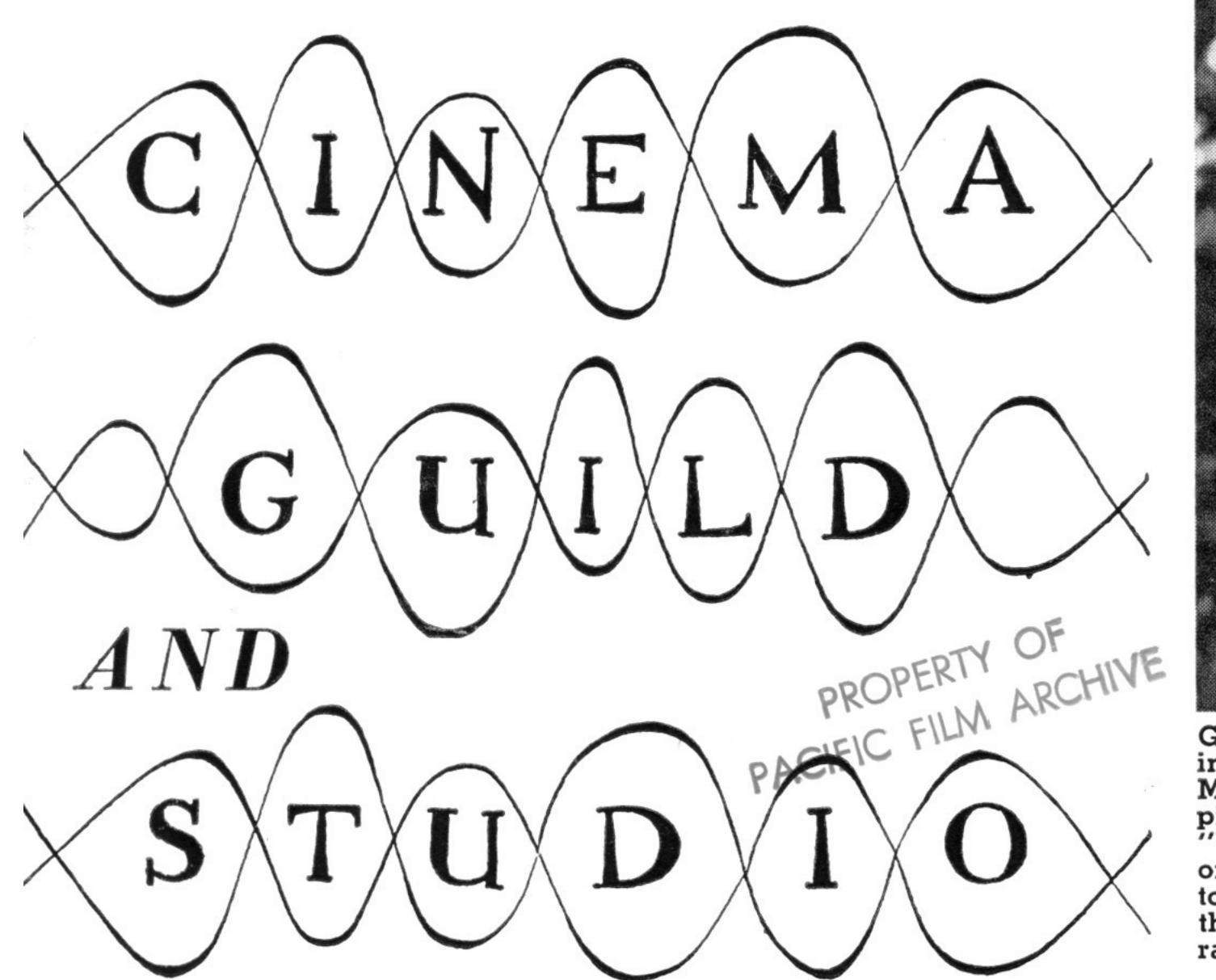
Sommarlek (Summer interlude), Bergman, Ingmar, 1951

The grapes of wrath, Ford, John, 1940

Gösta Berlings saga (The atonement of Gosta Berling), Stiller,

Mauritz, 1924

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 9th YEAR 1960

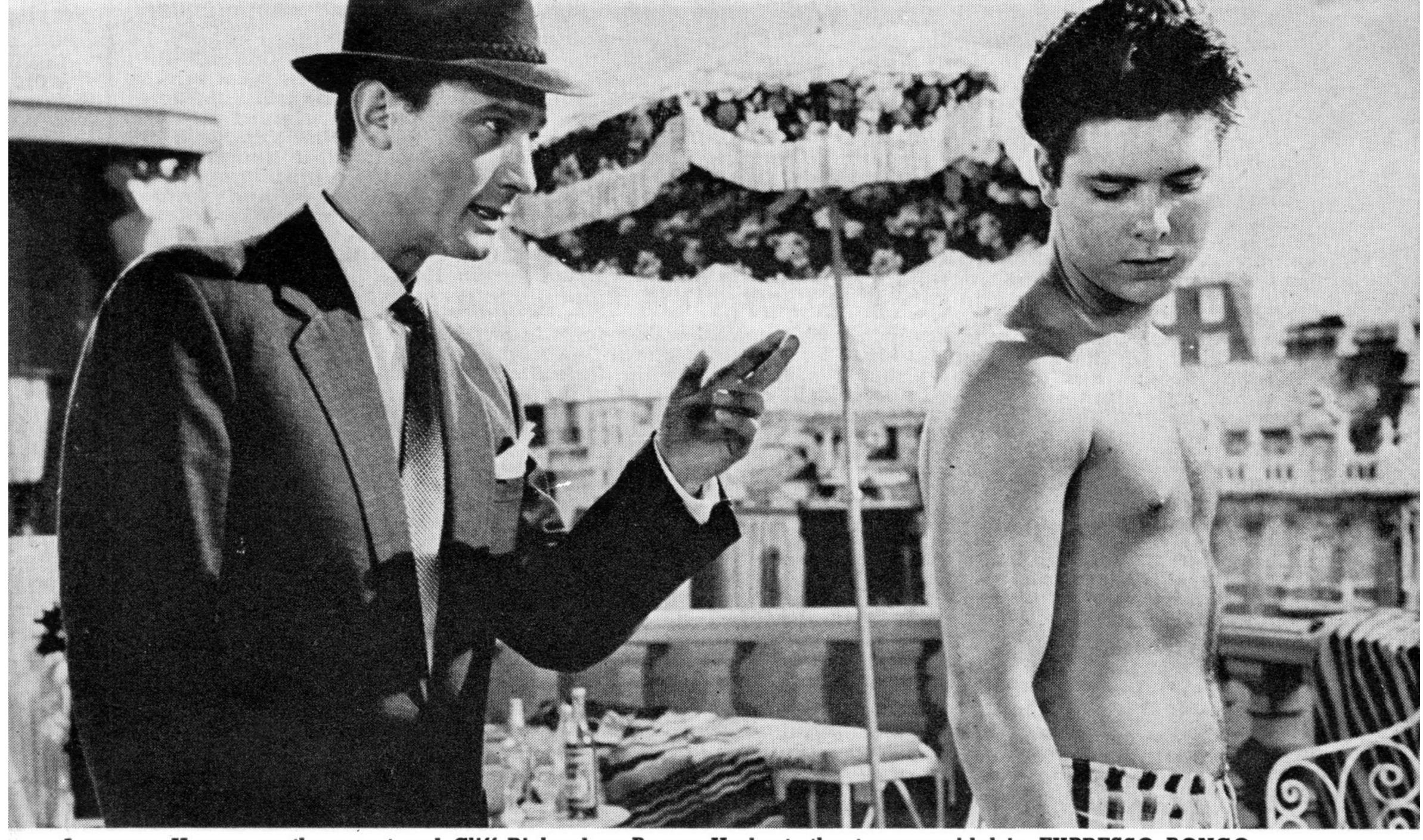




Greta Garbo, the Muse of the motion picture, in a scene from Mauritz Stiller's THE ATONE-MENT OF GOSTA BERLING (1924), in the compilation, SWEDISH CINEMA CLASSICS.

"What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober . . . To watch her is to achieve direct, cleansed perception of something which, like a flower or a fold of silk, is raptly, unassertively, and beautifully itself."

—Kenneth Tynan



Laurence Harvey as the agent and Cliff Richard as Bongo Herbert, the teen-age idol in EXPRESSO BONGO. Do you remember one of the great Humphrey Bogart anecdotes? On the set of Billy Wilder's SABRINA, he approached Wilder, script in hand, and innocently asked, "Do you have any kids, Billy?" "Yes, a daughter two years old." Bogart tapped the script, "Did she write this?" From the American reviews of EXPRESSO BONGO, one might ask, did the critics see the film, or did they send their maiden aunts? TIME said, "... why should so much effort and ability have been expended to make a bad imitation of a Hollywood movie?" Robert Hatch, in THE NATION, wrote, "The ingredients... are stale to the point of having lost almost all flavor." We think you'll find it one of the few entertaining movies of the past year. EXPRESSO BONGO opens with the camera roving around the teen-age haunts and entertainment palaces of London, and one might be led to expect a continuation of the new "frankness" of ROOM AT THE TOP and LOOK BACK IN ANGER. Instead, EXPRESSO BONGO treats contemporary crazes with humor, commenting on them in stylized musical numbers (a disc publisher describes his rock 'n' roll product in a song called "Nausea"). It is a satire which makes no moral judgments; it accepts its targets with good-natured incredulity.

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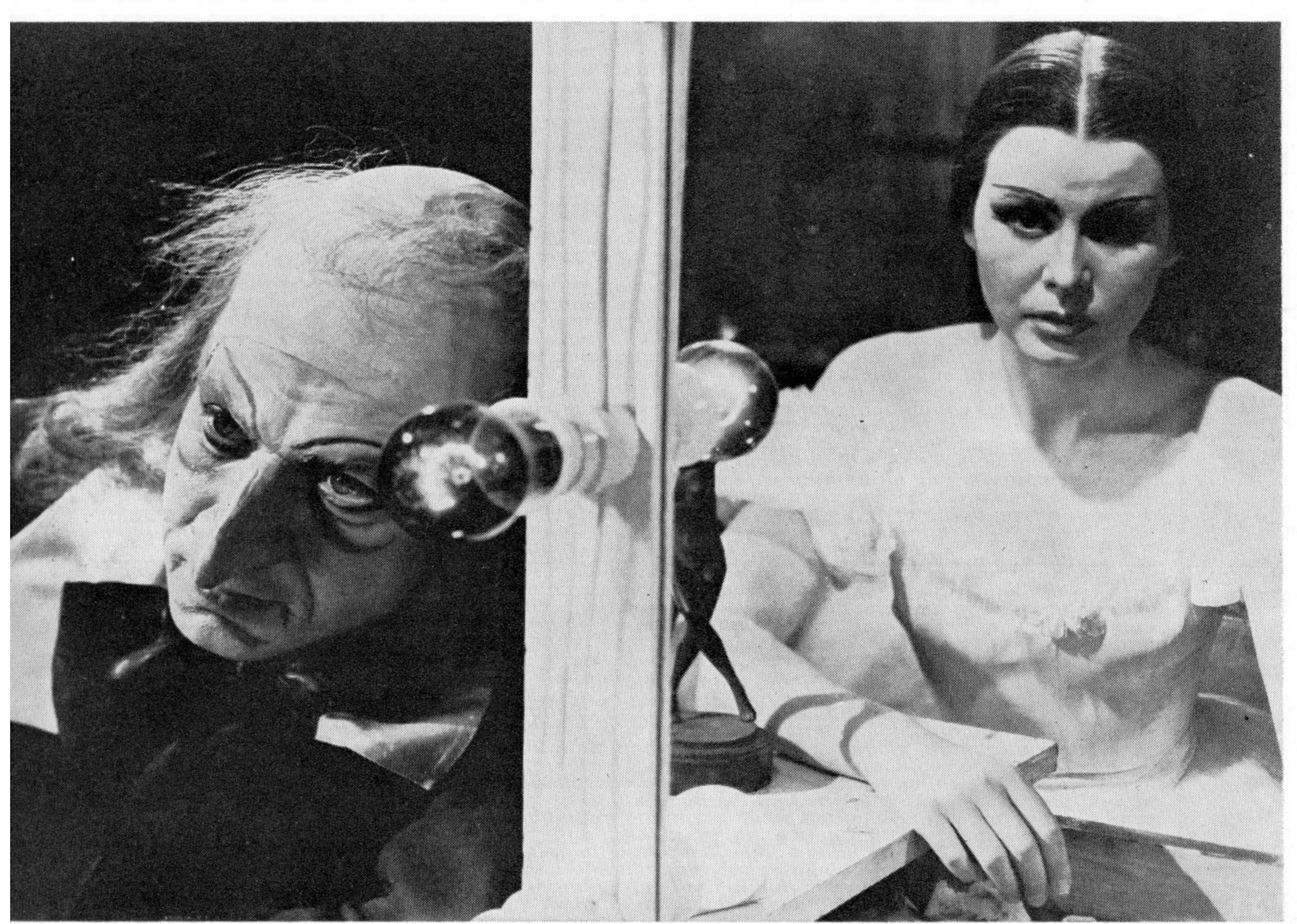
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The more decorative side of social protest—Henry Fonda in THE GRAPES OF WRATH. To Californians it may be inconceivable that there could be a younger generation that doesn't know the subject matter of John Steinbeck's most famous novel—20 years ago it was compared with UNCLE TOM'S CABIN and LES MISERABLES and widely, though with a shocking want of judgment, regarded as the greatest novel written by an American. For the benefit of new arrivals, the Joads are sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and come to the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers.



Stig Olin, the ballet-master, and Maj-Britt Nilsson, the aging ballerina, of Ingmar Bergman's SOMMARLEK.

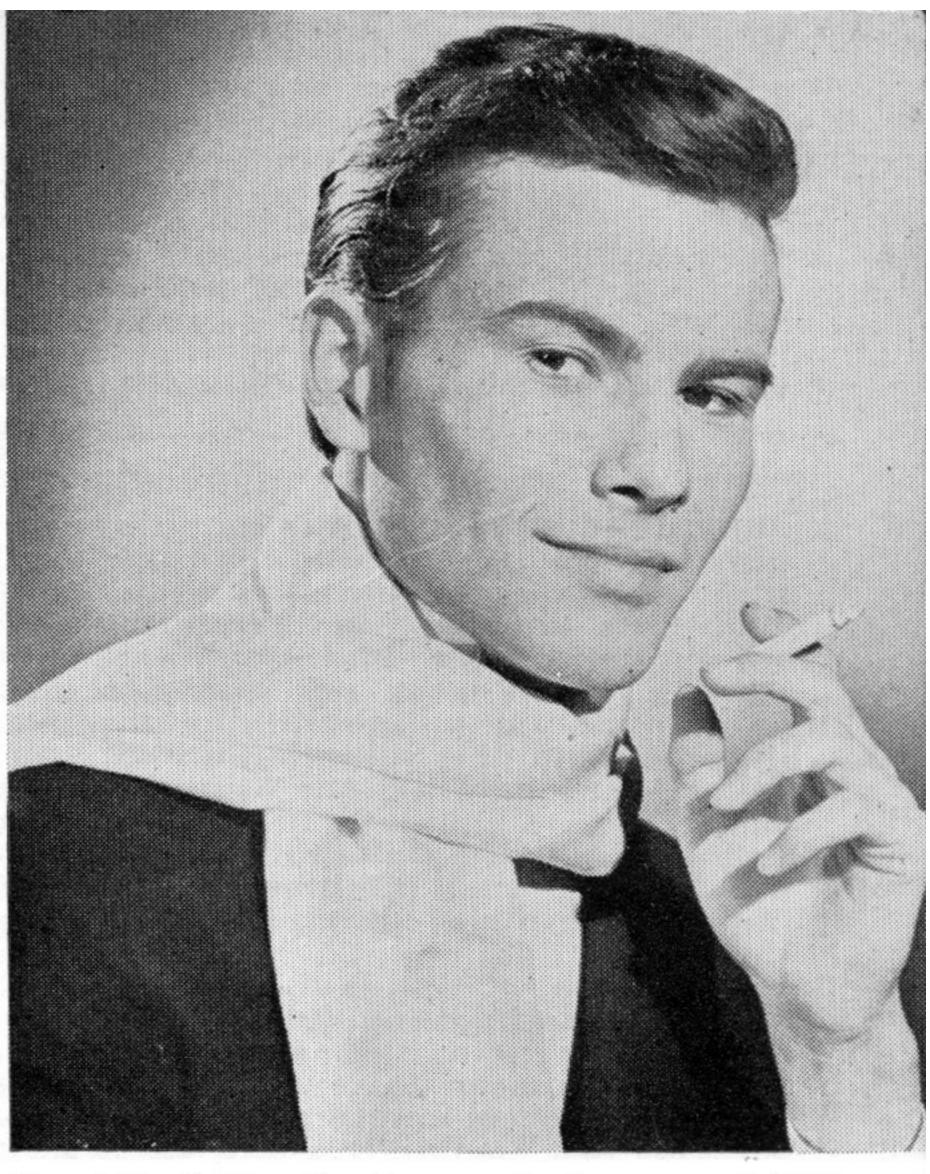
"Style," Lawrence Durrell once remarked, "is the cut of the mind." In SOMMARLEK (1951), Ingmar Bergman found his style, and the film is regarded by cinema historians not only as the breakthrough of Bergman's creativity but as the beginning of "a new, great epoch in Swedish films". Many of the themes that he later expanded are visible even in this single frame: the artists who have lost their identities, the faces that become masks, the mirror that reflects death at work. But SOMMARLEK also has a lighter side—the rapture, the elegance and poetry of the ruined love affair suggest his exquisite erotic tragi-comedy, SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT. SOMMARLEK is reputed to be his favorite film. (Just as Alfred Hitchcock's brief appearances in his movies have come to be a kind of signature, so Bergman also has a characteristic signature: almost all his films contain some kind of show—a play within a play. SOMMARLEK has its ballet, and also a charming, primitive form of cinema—as the lovers riffle the pages of a book.)

We have a wall at home on which we paste up some of the more fetching idiocies of the film world. For example, there is the handbill from a large Eastern theatre which was playing Bresson's A MAN ESCAPED—we swear this is verbatim—"An escape story, Bresson treats the theme with the same demonical style which vitiates all his work." There is Bosley Crowther's classic NEW YORK TIMES review of PATHER PANCHALI: "... should offer some subtle compensations to anyone who has the patience to sit through its almost two hours . . . Chief among the delicate revelations that emerge from its loosely formed account of the pathetic little joys and sorrows of a poor Indian family in Bengal is the touching indication that poverty does not nullify love and that even the most afflicted people can find some modest pleasures in their worlds . . . Any picture as loose in structure or as listless in tempo as this one is would barely pass as a 'rough cut' in Hollywood." There is THE NEW YORKER's John McCarten on THE SEVENTH SEAL-" . . . an imaginative and mystical account of the way things were in 14th Century Sweden when the country was gripped by the plague."

The newest addition to this collection is an idiocy of such magnitude and of such dreadful possible consequences that we are reminded of the theme of one of the currently scheduled films—that innocence may lead to evil. Bosley Crowther's latest campaign is heralded, and summed up, by these column leads from THE NEW YORK TIMES, August 6, 1960—SUBTITLES MUST GO!

LET'S HAVE DUBBED ENGLISH DIALOGUE ON FOREIGN-LANGUAGE FILMS

May we suggest that letters of protest might be in order?



Horst Bucholtz, the fox-eyed charmer of THE CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, Thomas Mann's last divertissement on amoral man.



Noel Coward: the mandarin as British secret agent "for the Caribbean"; Alec Guinness, and Burl Ives in the high-style Graham Greene-Carol Reed entertainment, OUR MAN IN HAVANA.

Film trade magazines like BOXOFFICE and MOTION PICTURE HERALD run a great many "exploitips" and ideas for trade tie-ins. A sample: "Bob McFadden, a night club performer who recorded 'Dracula Cha-Cha,' was hanged from the marquee of the Capri Theatre in Dallas on the opening day of BRIDES OF DRACULA. Three models from a local studio who acted as 'brides' may be seen looking up at Dracula. Later, Dracula was taken down, put on a stretcher and carried away in the ambulance." The magazine does not tell us whether the latter part of the ceremony was prearranged. Another sample, suitable for a great many new movies: a man "is actually buried in a casket in a regular size grave and covered up for four days. There is a tube at the head of the grave and your patrons can look down and see that he is actually in the casket. The man is hypnotized before he is put in the casket in front of your patrons and he is awakened at a midnight show. This will really set your town to talking." You may recall the elaborate vacuum cleaner trade tie-in display at the Stage Door for OUR MAN IN HAVANA. We submit a more refined suggestion: have a man dressed like Noel Coward stand in the men's washroom.

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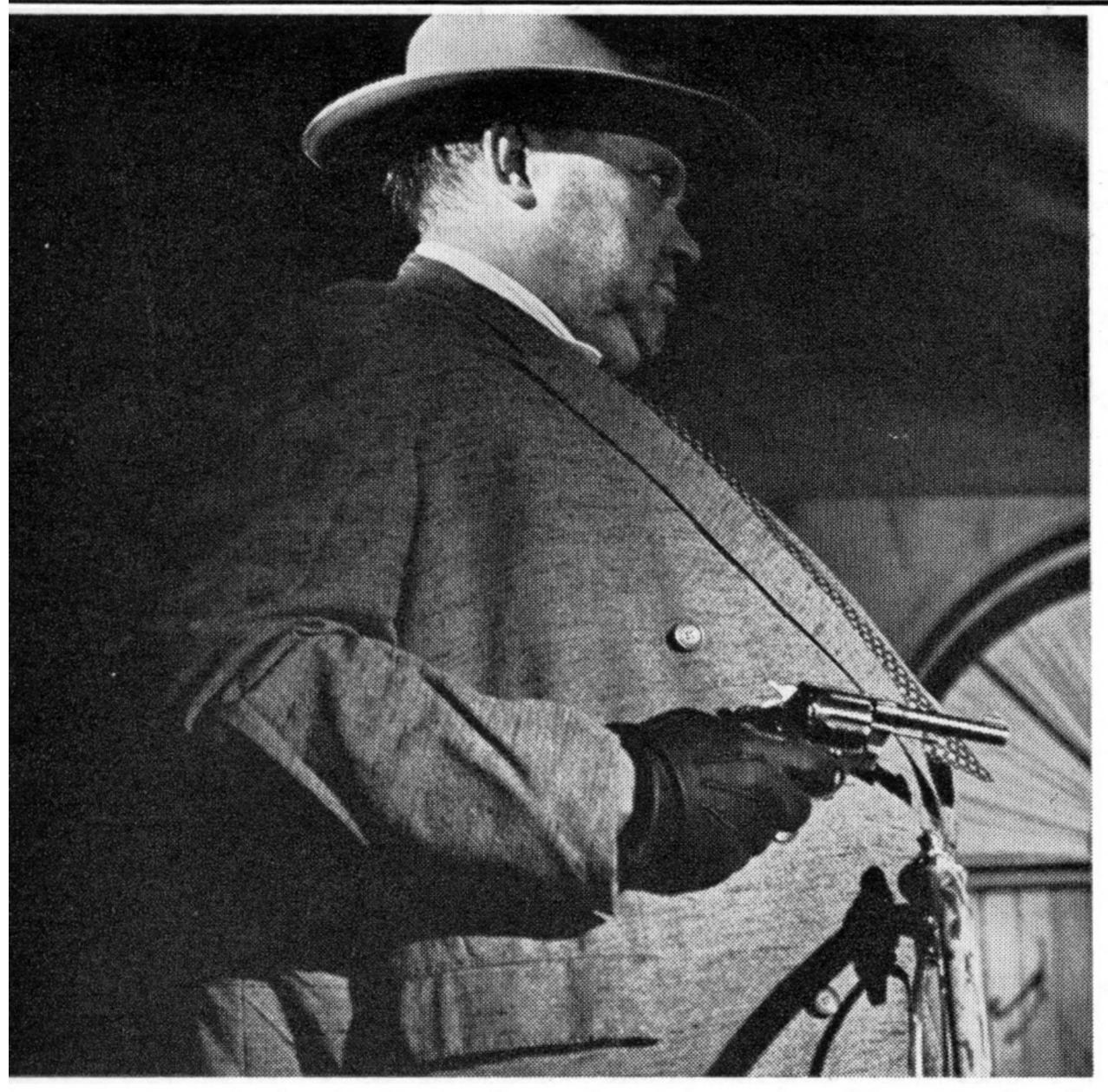
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The trickster tricked— Marie Powers in Gian-Carlo Menotti's THE MEDIUM.

In TOUCH OF EVIL, Marlene Dietrich greets this grotesquely oversized, padded, false-faced Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy." When the final bullet punctures him and he is floating in the water like a dead whale, she eulogizes—"What can you say about anybody? He was some kind of a man . . ."—which is either the worst line ever written or a sly parody of modern bad writing—e.g., the funeral scene in DEATH OF A SALESMAN. TOUCH OF EVIL is a flamboyant shocker which has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has to do with is love of the film medium and all its stylistic possibilities; and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque decor, he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat-and-potatoes. Despite early charges that the producers had re-edited parts of TOUCH OF EVIL, Welles says that it has been less mutilated than most of his pictures, and that the changes were less than a tenth of what has been done to some of them. (The worst of the offenses was superimposing the titles over the opening sequence—one of the most brilliantly entertaining film openings of all time.) Welles has suffered at the hands of moneymen, but he also has his triumphs: when he was invited to speak at Oxford last spring, he drew a larger audience than the Prime Minister had the previous term.

STUDIO

Ingmar Bergman's THE SEVENTH SEAL (DET SJUNDE INSEGLET) The most controversial film work of recent years is a medieval morality play about modern man in search of the meaning of existence. It is 14th century Sweden: a knight (Max von Sydow) returns from 10 wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of crulty, rot, and suffering (the images are medieval but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases, as in the burning of the child-witch, excruciation). In the end, the knight tricks Death for the sake of human survival: he saves a family of strolling players a visionary, innocent, natural man-Joseph (Nils Poppe), and his wife Mary (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The work reminds one of the nightmares of life and death and religion that one had as a child; the mystery, the questions that no-one will answer, suggest the way religious symbols function in childhood and in fear. The knight, this sane modern man, asking to believe despite the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal, atheist squire (Gunnar Bjornstrand). This is one of the few films that can be considered in the same breath as important works of literature: the actors' faces, the aura of magic, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. 1957. THE HEART OF THE MATTER

and

This is a failure on a very high level—in a medium where the laurels are so often placed on lowbrows. Graham Greene's Scobie is a knight who is destroyed by his own chivalry, a man so full of pity and responsibility that he makes a sin of saintliness (except for mitigating the suicidal finish, the film retains Greene's cruel irony). How should one describe Trevor Howard's performance as Scobie? Perhaps a text from Nietzsche will suffice: In praise there is often more obtrusiveness than in blame. Elizabeth Allan gives a fine performance; and we must grit teeth and admit that angelic Maria Schell who, like angelic Claire Bloom, usually infuriates us, is very good as the shipwreck victim. George More O'Ferrall directed. 1954.

FORBIDDEN GAMES

(JEUX INTERDITS) This is perhaps the greatest war film since LA GRANDE ILLUSION—neither, it should be noted, deals with actual warfare. Rene Clement's 1952 masterpiece has not been available in the United States for several years: we are very proud to be able to offer it once again, and we hope to show it regularly. FORBIDDEN GAMES begins in 1940 on a crowded highway outside of Paris; suddenly, German planes swoop down and strafe the refugees. A delicately beautiful 5-year-old girl (Brigitte Fossey) gets up and wanders away from the dead bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. A farm boy (11-year-old Georges Poujouly) finds her and takes her home to his crude, backward peasant family. The two children become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game, they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. The film is a tragi-comic fable on the themes of childhood, love, innocence, Christianity, war, and death; it ends in pure tragedy in the most desperately painful closing sequence we have ever seen. Whatever your judgment of the work as film art (and it has many imperfections), FORBIDDEN GAMES is one of that small body of film experiences that does not leave you quite the same. (If you "think you may have seen it, but aren't sure" you haven't seen it.) Grand Prix, Venice, Special Academy Award, etc.

Rene Clair's A NOUS LA LIBERTE and

Rene Clair's great 1931 satire on the mechanization of modern life is an insolent, highly stylized comedy, paced to one of the earliest, and best, film scores ever written (by Georges Auric). Clair, in the 30's, was the most sophisticated master of comedy rhythm the screen ever had; as author and as director, his wit and his eye for human folly keep this work in carefree, joyous motion. Raymond Cordy plays the man who escapes from prison only to build a business that turns into a prison. He and his phonograph industry are, of course, modeled on the career of Charles Pathe—the man who could say of his phonograph-cinema empire, "Only the armaments industry made profits like ours."

SUNSET BOULEVARD

A young script-writer (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car (it is Los Angeles, where a man can get along without his honor, but not without his car), turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard, and finds himself in the fantastic, decaying mansion of the once-great silent star, Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of SALOME. The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work on the script: he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight scene, when the star and her butler bury a pet chimpanzee in the garden with full honors. The whole enterprise exudes decadence like a stale, exotic perfume, and it is almost too clever, yet it is at its best when decadent and clever, and much less interesting when it deals with normal human beings (the sequences involving Nancy Olson and modern Hollywood). The wisecracking businessman's community, the ingenue's feeble social consciousness fade into insignificance when contrasted with the opulence and grandeur of Norma Desmond's leopardskin past: SUNSET BOULEVARD is a bizarre and bitter tribute to vanished glory. ("I am big," says Norma Desmond, "it's the pictures that got smaller"). Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were SALOME. When, in a mixture of pity and guilt, Holden makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, he expresses a nausea so acute that we can almost forgive him his career during the last decade; this man knows the full selfdisgust of prostitution. By Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. 1950.

Orson Welles' TOUCH OF EVIL

and

Welles wrote, directed, and stars in this prodigious, garish 1958 thriller (his first American production in a decade). The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, and nobody's favorite, Janet Leigh. The set is the nightmare city, Venice, California.

Ingmar Bergman's SOMMARLEK (Illicit Interlude)

(Literally, Summerplay; the film is known in Europe as SUMMER INTERLUDE) In the opening scenes, Naima Wifstrand appears for just a moment—an old woman walking—but the image, like her croquet game in SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT, seems to be touched by eternity: in these moments, Ingmar Bergman is a great artist. SOMMARLEK is a story about the loss of love: a tired ballerina of 28 (Maj-Britt Nilsson), who has ceased to feel or care, is suddenly caught up by the memory of the summer when her life ended. We see her then as a fresh, eager 15-year-old, in love with a frightened, uncertain student (beautifully played by Birger Malmsten) and we watch the delicate shades of their "summerplay", interrupted by glances at adult relatives, as Bergman contrasts decadence and youth, corruption and beauty. It is the highly personal work of a young director, a work with elegiac charm and sweetness which are, regrettably, disappearing from his later films. With Stig Olin, Georg Funkquist as the lecherous uncle, Alf Kjellin. 1951.

Ingmar Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT and (The original Swedish title was GYCKLARNAS AFTON, which is translated as Night of the Jesters or Sunset of a Clown; in England the film is known as SAWDUST AND TINSEL, in France as LA NUIT DES FORAINS.) THE NAKED NIGHT (1953) is set in the circus world at the turn of the century: it opens with a flashbacka clown's wife, a dumpy, middle-aged woman, bathes exhibitionistically in view of a regiment of soldiers, and the clown drags her away. From there the story moves to the circus director, Ake Groenberg, and his mistress, Harriet Andersson (both Circe and swine): she betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. Central to the action is a scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as the seduceractor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. The NAKED NIGHT is perhaps the blackest of all Bergman's films: no one is saved from the total damnation; all life is a circus and the people are gross clowns; it is a round of frustration, humiliation, and defeat. Yet it has been extraordinarily popular with our audiences, and this is the fifth time we have run it. No comment.

EXPRESSO BONGO

This satire of contemporary crazes is more brash than the other films written by Wolf Mankowitz (THE BESPOKE OVERCOAT, A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS) but one would have to be very prissy to be offended. The reviewers made it sound like another SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS; all they have in common is the stylized theatrical idiom with its Yiddish flavor, which, however, Mankowitz uses affectionately. In A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS he performed the remarkable feat of turning a narcissistic weight-lifter into a fairy tale character; here he lifts a segment of the modern world to the level of fantasy. Laurence Harvey, is the glib Soho agent who owns 50 per cent of a young, bewildered rock 'n' roll singer; Cliff Richard, who is, in fact, the English Elvis Presley, looks so childlike and seems so genuinely withdrawn (almost abstracted—) that satire probably can go no farther than fact. In one of the best sequences, he informs the juveniles that he is a "deeply religious boy", and sings a song about mom and home called "The Shrine on the Second Floor". With Sylvia Syms, Yolande Donlon, Wilfred Lawson. Val Guest directed. 1959.

Alfred Hitchcock's THE 39 STEPS (The original 1935 version.) and 25 years ago, Hitchcock explained the point of view behind THE 39 STEPS—"I am out to give the public good, healthy, mental shake-ups. Civilization has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially." What fun to make a movie in an era when people still needed a bit of a jolt! Oddly enough, even now, these little jolts are more surprising—and certainly more satisfying—than the gory shocks which have stunned modern audiences—now too groggy to respond to anything else. THE 39 STEPS is a suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense itself is charged with wit: it's one of the 3 or 4 best things Hitchcock has ever done. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: he had both personal warmth and professional skill. With Madeleine Carroll, Godfrey Tearle (the villain who looks astonishingly like FDR), and Peggy Ashcroft. With THE RUNNING, JUMPING AND STANDING STILL FILM—9 minutes, with Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan.

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, showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie cut a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. (When the initial \$25,000 which Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti—and the scriptwriter, Sergio Amidei—in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences.) 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.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH and We've never been much convinced by the cult of The People-whether it's Archie Brown at the City Hall hearings shouting "Open the doors! Let the people in!" or Ma Joad (Jane Darwell)-"If you're in trouble or hurt or need-go to the pore people. They're the only ones that'll help . . ." THE GRAPES OF WRATH is full of this "they can't keep us down, we're the people" sort of thing, and one's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by this political sentimentality (what Bertrand Russell called "the fallacy of the superior virtue of the oppressed"). This famous film, high on almost all lists of the great films of all time, seems to us all wrong-phony when we want it to be true; and yet, because of its raw material, it is moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. John Ford directed the production which, in all externals, is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda, John Carradine. Academy Awards of 1940-Director, Supporting Actress (Darwell).

OUR MAN IN HAVANA

Though Guinness' name is Wormold and he is the Havana representative of a vacuum-cleaner company, he is the hero. The point is that this hero, recruited into the British secret service (by Noel Coward-dry, hunched, angular, in the English nonchalant tradition) has no idea what is wanted of him. He must send in reports, however; so he fills them with inventions and fantasies. This satirical comedy turns into a thrillerunreal and nightmarish—when his absurd, phony reports precipitate actual horrors—reprisals and murders. OUR MAN IN HAVANA appears to be, like BEAT THE DEVIL, a travesty of the international spy story; but Graham Greene likes to have his pinprick of purpose: in this case, the deep thought, that innocence can lead to evil, is not likely to keep you up nights. Carol Reed employs the Cuban locations (photographed by Oswald Morris) as wittily as the actors-Ralph Richardson, Burl Ives, Ernie Kovacs, Maureen O'Hara, dear Gregoire Aslan (he takes Wormold's washroom spying overtures for an indecent proposition), Jo Morrow, Paul Rogers, etc. The farce is perhaps too gravely straight-faced, low-keyed, and tenuous: it needs more insanity and exuberance. Perhaps the reason it isn't as good as BEAT THE DEVIL is that everything is so beautifully held in check-sometimes, a worse movie can be a better movie. 1960.

THE CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL and

Felix is a cherubic confidence man who uses his natural endowments in any kind of liaison, and the movie, like the Thomas Mann book, bounces along from affair to affair. One might think it difficult to find an actor handsome enough and ambiguous enough to impersonate the fortunate Felix, but the European favorite, Horst Bucholtz, plays the role as if born to it. Among his admirers are Liselotte Pulver as Zaza, Ingrid Andree as Zouzou, Susi Nicoletti as Madame Houpfle (who tears off Felix's clothes, forces him to steal from her, and then cries, "Oh, how delightfully you debase me."), Walter Rilla as the Scottish lord who wants to adopt Felix, etc. (Erika Mann can be seen in the bit part of governess.) Kurt Hoffman directed. 1957.

THE MEDIUM

Menotti, who had already startled musical circles by directing the opera he had written (in English) 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 the American contralto, Marie Powers, as the shrewd, blowsy brute of a woman, the 14-year-old Italian coloratura, Anna Maria Alberghetti, and Leo Coleman as the mute gypsy. 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 poisons attempts to "popularize" opera. THE

MEDIUM was, of course, popular from the start, and never labored under the mixed blessings of greatness. Ingmar Bergman's THE FACE (The Magician)

(ANSIKTET, which is The Face.) Bergman is becoming like a favorite novelist—people want to keep up with his new work, even the volumes they don't particularly like; THE FACE (1958) follows WILD STRAW-BERRIES (1957). We do not think THE FACE is a masterwork or even a very good movie, but it is certainly a film made by a master—and the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the mesmerist, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant carry so much latent charge of meaning that they dominate the loosely throwntogether story. We thought the low comedy much too low, the grisly eyeball-hand sequence pretty cheap, and the magic-versus-rationalism (or, if you prefer, faith-versus-skepticism, or art-versus-science, or illusionversus-reality) struck us as too Gothic and silly to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex-to cut away all impurities." There are times when we'd be happy to hand Bergman that knife. The general range of ideas is of the type that we old philosophy majors used to refer to contemptuously as "metaphysical". Bergman conveniently places his story in the 19th Century, but he retains all the cliches of the 20th (the Man of Science is cold, sadistic, etc.)

Cocteau-Delannoy's THE ETERNAL RETURN

(L'ETERNEL RETOUR) We weren't happy about this when we saw it, but so many of you have asked for it that we'll go along on the theory that we should take another look. The story is a modern reworking of the Breton legend of Tristan and Iseult; Jean Cocteau provided the script and dialogue; Jean Delannoy (best known for Gide's SYMPHONIE PASTORALE) directed, in what we recall as a rather langorous style. With Jean Marais, Madeleine Sologne, Pieral, Junie Astor, Yvonne de Bray. Music by Georges Auric. 1943.

LORDS OF THE FOREST (Masters of the Congo Jungle)

This vast and elegant record of the interrelations of man, animal, bird, and volcano was made by an international group of cameramen and scientists (international is the new euphemism for German) under the sponsorship of Leopold of Belgium. Undoubtedly the finest African documentary of recent years, it has one truly superb sequence—young Watutsi girls performing a ritual dance in imitation of the courtship of the Crowned Cranes. We disagree with TIME's praise of its "safari through the soul of primitive man": we could do with fewer of the poetic legends that Orson Welles and William Warfield narrate and more facts. This program continues through Wednesday, November 2. 1959. (color)

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OLD ACQUAINTANCE in 1943, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins were teamed up for the last time (their mutual hatred was one of the few non-rigged Hollywood feuds), as the two lady novelists of the John van Druten play (rumor has always had it that the "knowing" were in on the secret—that it was really about two men, and that the husband they quarrel over was really -well, you get it). It's one of those ludicrously literary movies that are fun to see—the kind in which the fine, upstanding man is named Preston Drake (John Loder), the young, upcoming man. Rudd Kendall (Gig

Young), and the rich, decadent seducer, Lucian Grant (Philip Reed). Vincent Sherman directed-badly. and YOUR PAST IS SHOWING (English title, THE NAKED TRUTH) Dennis Price, Peter Sellers (much better in this than in THE MOUSE), Terry-Thomas, and Peggy Mount (a female Charles Laughton, crossed with a young Margaret Rutherford) are the leads in this 1957 English comedy, directed by Mario Zampi; it's mostly very funny, though at times perilously close to a "romp".

Stanley Kubrick's THE KILLING

For decades Hollywood has been known as the Moloch that swallows promising young film directors and spews them out as fancy hacks (King Vidor, John Huston) or academicians (George Stevens, Fred Zinnemann, William Wyler) or has-beens (Griffith, Von Stroheim, Welles). Since THE KILLING (1956) and PATHS OF GLORY (1957), Kubrick has been employed on the super-colossal SPARTACUS; it is too early to say in which category he will land. He was 27 when he made this expert suspense film which has movement, fast, incisive cutting, a nervous, edgy rhythm, furtive little touches of characterization, and dialogue that doesn't sound as if it came out of the IBM machine that's been processing most recent film speech. Sterling Hayden is excellent as the lead; with Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate.

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

When Clare Boothe Luce, then American ambassador to Italy, protested the showing of BLACKBOARD JUNGLE at the Venice Film Festival, its international fame was assured. Though studded with shock effects, it's not a bad movie. Contempt for authority (in a metropolitan trade school) is treated as a problem with a definite solution: surrounded by hostile and delinquent boys, the idealistic teacher (Glenn Ford) is trying to reach the salvageable among them. The script is sane and well worked out, but it's hard for audiences to believe in the hero's idealism, and not so hard to believe in the apathetic cowardice of the other teachers. It is somehow no surprise when we excavate Evan Hunter's short story on which the rather shoddy novel was based to find that in the original account, TO BREAK THE WALL, the teacher did not break through. Once again, a "daring", "stark" Hollywood movie exposes social tensions—touches a nerve—and then pours on the sweet nothings. But along the melodramatic way, there are some startling episodes (and one first-rate bit of racial interchange), and the music by Bix Beiderbecke, Stan Kenton, and others sets quite a pace. The best performance is by Sidney Poitier, but Glenn Ford is surprisingly competent, and Louis Calhern was always fun to watch. Margaret Hayes is a likely candidate for rape; however, there's too much of ever-so-appealingly pregnant Anne Francis. With John Hoyt, Richard Kiley, Emile Meyer, and Vic Morrow as the Brando-style hoodlum. Richard Brooks directed. 1955.

Cocteau-Melville's LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES

(American title, THE STRANGE ONES.) The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragi-comedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stephane, brilliant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renee Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gerard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in real settings (the director's flat, the lobby of the Petit Journal, the stage of the Theatre Pigalle-and when Melville was ill, Cocteau directed the summer beach scene in Montmorency, under snow). Dismissed as "arty" and "embalmed" by film critics, this film is "embalmed" in the memory of those of us who think it one of the most exciting films of our time. Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective filmic usages of great music. 1951.

AMICI PER LA PELLE and

(Shown in various countries as FRIENDS FOR LIFE; released in the U.S. as THE WOMAN IN THE PAINT-ING. So far as we know, no other theatre in the Bay Area has played it under any title.) Franco Rossi's 1955 film is an intuitive study of the emotional involvement of two boys: these marvellous glittering fawns suggest an earlier stage in the lives of the schoolboys of LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES. Films that deal with the pains of love in the undifferentiated period of early adolescence are usually crude and coy; this one respects the dreams, the humor, and the agony of its subjects, and, by this respect, turns agony to beauty. Dark, incredibly beautiful Geronimo Meynier is the assured Mario; blonde Andrea Scire (the more gifted actor of the two) is the sensitive Franco. We especially urge you to see AMICI because it is such a good example of what American art houses have been passing over in their wild rush for the profits of semipornographic films.

THE SEVENTH VEIL

The mixture of Beethoven, Chopin, Kitsch, and Freud is rich and portentous, and it's amazing how many people wno phone to get the starting times for THE SEVENTH SEAL slip and ask when THE SEVENTH VEIL is going on. (It's probably what they wish they were going to see . . .) Ann Todd is the shy young planist obsessed with the idea that she can never hit those keys again, and Heathcliff-Svengali James Mason is the smoldering cause of it all (his fires always seem to be banked). Herbert Lom performs that marvelous '40's-movie type of psychoanalytic cure: he discovers which of her suitors the heroine really loves. All this nonsense is highly entertaining: maybe, with a few veils stripped away, most of us have a fantasist inside who gobbles up this sadomasochistic sundae, with its culture-sauce. The N.Y. critics said the film was for adult minds—meaning, no doubt, that they liked it. Compton Bennett directed. 1945.

THE COBWEB

and By 1955, nobody was surprised that the new variant of GRAND HOTEL was an expensive, exclusive looneybin. Plots and subplots tangle and untangle as the staff and patients rush through their intrigues and affairs. Lillian Gish, even with a small part, comes closest to being the star (no, we're not being sentimental, and our nostalgia is under firm control). Charles Boyer is the weary director of the asylum: when things start to go to hell, he flees, bottle in hand, to a motel. Richard Widmark, tense and fairly unconvincing as the "dynamic" new psychoanalyst, shuttles between his petulant wife (Gloria Grahame), who makes trouble for everybody until she discovers that her husband really needs her, and an occupational therapist (Lauren Bacall), who is having an affair with him—although, having been analyzed, she doesn't need him (or anybody else). John Kerr and Susan Strasberg are young, sick, and in love. (According to that extraordinary film fan, Albert Johnson, Miss Strasberg suffers from "ochlophobia", whatever that is, from which she "imperceptibly recovers"!) The prize comic manic is Oscar Levant—shown, at one point, under a restraining sheet, in a continuous warm bath, gulping sedatives and singing "Mother". Vincente Minnelli directed, and to his credit, most of the contusion is calculated. With Fay Wray (in wonderful shape, considering the way King Kong used to squeeze her), Paul Stewart, etc. (color)

THE BAND WAGON

We love musicals—or perhaps we should say, we love the idea of musicals, because, when we try to think of one we could actually invite civilized people to come to, what is there? We've shown SINGIN' IN THE RAIN so many times we're embarrassed; we can't get THE WIZARD OF OZ any more; and we just ran GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933. There are dozens that have one or two good numbers, but that's all they've got; and there are the others in which Gene Kelly, rose clenched between his teeth, ogles Kathryn Grayson as she shrills a high C. Well, we'd rather repeat one of the good ones, and THE BAND WAGON, which we haven't run since 1956, is one of our all-time favorites. We have loved Fred Astaire since childhood, and will go on loving him unto eternity, but when we think of THE BAND WAGON, it's Jack Buchanan who doubles us up. His glorious readings of the satirical theatrical cant that Comden and Green provided would be enough reason for a revival, even if Astaire weren't in the movie. Except for 3 minutes of "classical"ballet by Cyd Charisse, which the charitable will overlook, the film is a series of urbane delights, culminating in the dance sequence parodying the Mickey Spillane type of bloody boudoir fiction. And when the bespangled Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, you forgive her everything—even the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. Nanette Fabray and Oscar Levant are also conspicuously present, and James Mitchell. Vincente Minnelli directed; Michael

Kidd did the choreography; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. 1954. (color) FANFAN THE TULIP

and (FANFAN LA TULIPE) This is a sort of Louis XV Western. Fanfan (Gerard Philipe) is a handsome peasant lout with good physical equipment and no excess weight of mind or morals; his agility in bed and battlefield provides a light burlesque on the arts of love and war (although the humor, unfortunately, is sometimes of the type that can best be described as "irrepressible" or "roguish"). Gina Lollobrigida is his most decorative playmate; other ladies bursting their bodices include Genevieve Page as La Pompadour and Sylvie Pelayo as Henriette de France. With Marcel Herrand as the king, and Noel Roquevert, Christian-Jacque directed: as usual, he seems to mistake archness for style. 1953.

Laurence Olivier in RICHARD III

Ellen Terry once attended a school play and afterward wrote in her diary, "The small boy who played Brutus is already a great actor." The small boy was the ten-year-old Laurence Olivier. We're not sure about his Brutus, but it's inconceivable that you'll ever see a better performance of RICHARD III. Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a fascinating, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else has done on film before; instead of treating them as outmoded theatrical conventions and trying to fuse them with the dramatic action, he has the wit to realize that the soliloguy can be a perfectly valid cinematic device. These moments when Richard puts the audience in his confidence are the most exciting in the film-intimate, audacious, brazen. If the film were all malevolent, crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard is plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even as impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. There are just too damned many Yorks and Lancasters. Also on the debit side are the unimaginative score by William Walton, and the pretty, Book-of-Hours camera setups that decompose into more commonplace calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship (of Claire Bloom) and hear the inflection he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." The cast includes some famous names whose fame we don't understand (like Alec Clunes, Stanley Baker, Norman Wooland). 1956. (color)

SWEDISH CINEMA CLASSICS

This 40-minute film, prepared in Stockholm in 1960, contains some of the greatest sequences in film history: there are excerpts from Victor Sjostrom's TERJE VIGEN (1916), THE OUTLAW AND HIS WIFE (1917-18), and his magnificent THE PHANTOM CARRIAGE (1920-21); Mauritz Stiller's EROTIKON (1920) with Lars Hanson, THE ATONEMENT OF GOSTA BERLING (1924) with Greta Garbo, and others.

STELLA

There is the archaic row of young male Greek dancers in the sunlight; there are the dark cafe songs heard beneath the high-pitched, almost metallic bouzoukia orchestra; there is the solemn, isolate man who dances in front of the orchestra. The images and sounds are much more memorable than the story of the young Greek writer-director Michael Cacoyannis' crude, vigorous 1956 film. The story is rather like Camille crossed with Carmen-an overcharged melodrama about a fiery young woman (the handsome, blonde Greek stage actress, Melina Mercouri, whose leonine head is set on magnificent shoulders) and her uncompromising determination to be emotionally independent of her lovers. She 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 young peasant athlete (George Foundas), but she stands him up at the altar, and he kills her. STELLA doesn't have the grace of Cacoyannis' later, more subdued, A GIRL IN BLACK, but it has exciting locale—the streets and bistros of Athens—and it is a triumph of temperament it's been a long time since we've seen an American movie with this kind of turbulence and vitality.

LES ORGUEILLEUX (The Proud and the Beautiful) (Literally, The Proud Ones) 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: this movie 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 drunken French derelict (Gerard Philipe) who refuses to treat him. Through founding a plague hospital, the woman and the doctor redeem themselves and, incidentally, find love; the point is clear: man can reach the depths of degeneracy and then be reborn. 1953.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Renato Castellani literally gives Shakespeare a kingdom for a stage in the 1954 Anglo-Italian color production, photographed (by Robert Krasker of HENRY V) in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, Siena, and other Italian cities. Leonor Fini's fabulous costume designs are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Amongst these visual splendors, it seems pointless to worry about the loss of Shakespeare's dramatic rhythm: the film, it is true, is not a great performance of the play—but can there be a great performance of ROMEO AND JULIET? Certainly this film provides more sense of what the play is about than conventional stage interpretations. You may achingly long to be at the Capulets' ball when the boy sopranos begin to sing and the sensual atmosphere of masks, color, violence and elegance encompasses you—as it fatally encompasses a boy and girl who, all in a moment, meet, love, and quiveringly touch. There are sudden miracles in this production—like the way Mervyn Johns transforms tiresome old Friar Laurence into a radiant, divinely silly little man; and miracles of sight and sound—the clanging of the great church doors, the sudden recognition that the servants carrying food are right out of Botticelli, or that, dressed by Fini, a big lug like Bill Travers is a Benvolio that Italian painters might have fought over. This ROMEO AND JULIET is part of a glorious, voluptuous, poisoned age. Laurence Harvey (at 26) is Romeo; the Juliet, 20-year-old Susan Shentall, is lovely, but lacks voice and presence. With Flora Robson as the nurse, Sebastian Cabot as Capulet. Gielgud is the chorus. Music by Roman Vlad. Grand Prix, Venice. (color) With NICE TIME—An English "Free Cinema" view of Saturday night around Piccadilly—19 minutes.

Bette Davis in THE LETTER

During our last showing of this film, a number of people who had never seen Davis except in late films, and who apparently had no idea of the range of her extraordinary career, were as much amazed by her appearance as by her performance. THE LETTER, her 43rd movie, marked her 10th year in films; it is one of the few good vehicles she ever got. Somerset Maugham's neatly tooled melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) centers on the cool and proper wife of a Singapore rubber-plantation manager—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and be acquitted in court. Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. She is helped by a good script (there's hardly a superfluous word in it) and by two excellent performances-James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband (it is one of his few commendable acting jobs in a career of staggering mediocrity). The cast includes two formidable women— Frieda Inescourt (who always struck us as ineffably absurd) as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard (who some people used to take seriously as an actress!) as the Eurasian. The music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. The direction is by William Wyler-in 1940-before rigor mortis set in.

THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T.

This was cut shortly after its first disastrous showings in 1953; we have been waiting to play it until we could get a complete print—which we now have. The movie is mostly the nightmare-fantasy of a little boy who doesn't understand why his mother insists on his practicing the piano, and who hates his music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker (it's hard to know why, as Hans Conried is Dr. T., and he's the funniest, slimiest villain since W. C. Fields slipped the gin in Baby LeRoy's bottle). In Dr. T.'s castle, 500 boys with their 5,000 fingers are trapped at a mile-long double-decker piano. Unfortunately, good, progressive parents, knowing that this was a Stanley Kramer production, from a script by Dr. Seuss, took their children to see the movie, and thus heard their kids scream with fear and excitement. (The kids don't take their parents with them when they go to see PSYCHO . . .) Direction Roy Rowland; choreography Eugene Loring. (color)

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS and LOOK BACK IN ANGER This program continues through Sunday, November 6.