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APRIL • MAY • JUNE

Berk. Cinema guild

1968

17TH YEAR

CINEMA GUILD

REMEDIAL WORK AT THE GATEWAY

When the Gateway opened last November, we were dismayed to discover that the sight-lines has been improperly designed, so that people had trouble seeing the bottom of the screen. During the run of CHUSHINGURA we tried to compensate for this by using extra-long focal-length lenses to reduce the size, and thus raise the height, of the image. This led to other problems: those up front had to crane their necks, the image was too small for the width of the theatre, and—since very long focal-length lenses of the highest quality were unobtainable—the color rendition was somewhat inferior.

The work we are currently doing at the Gateway will correct the slope of the floor, enabling people to see properly from every seat, and high quality shorter focal-length lenses are being installed to project a larger image with improved color rendition. (If you thought CHUSHINGURA's color was gorgeous during its initial Gateway run, wait till you see it at the Cinema, or during its next appearance at the Gateway!)

Although we expect the Gateway to reopen on March 28, we've had enough experience with construction to know that unforseen delays are always possible. We suggest you watch your local movie guides for the exact opening date.

THE MANAGEMENT

THE GATEWAY : 215 Jackson off Battery
397-1571

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THE CINEMA: Shattuck & Haste
848-2038

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Design: Roslyn Rondelle
Program Notes: Edward Landberg

CINEMA
Shattuck & Haste
BERKELEY

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GATEWAY
215 Jackson off Battery
SAN FRANCISCO

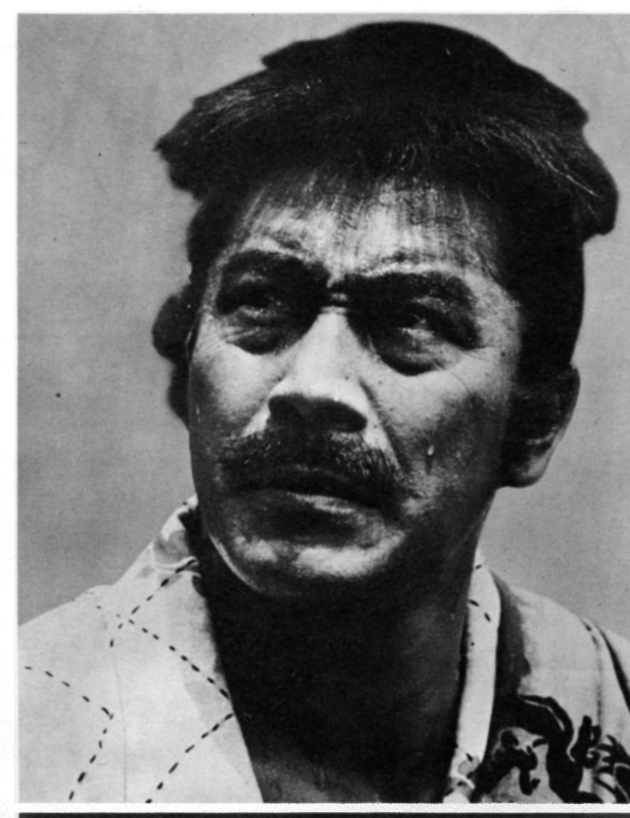
Hiroshi Inagaki's
Chushingura

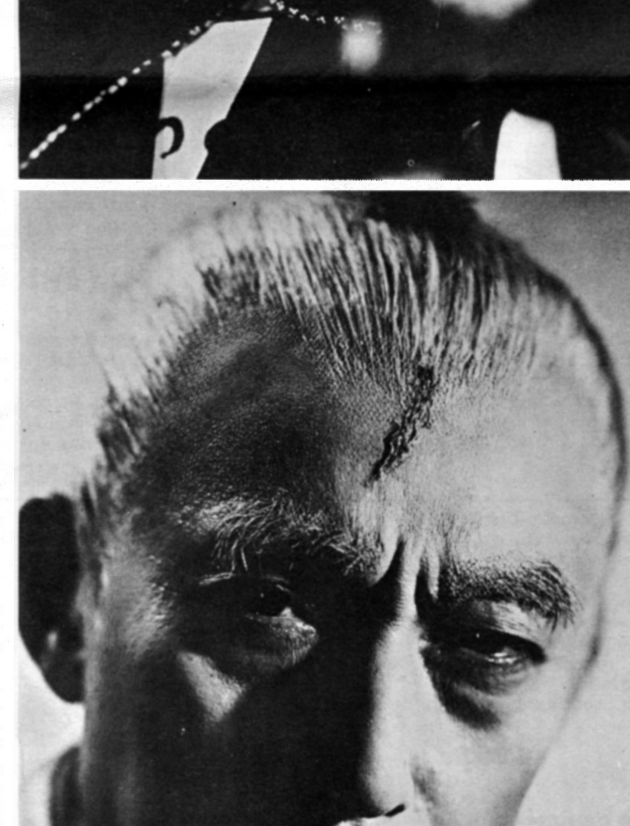
MAR. 28 | Fri. 29 | Sat. 30 | Sun. 31 | APR. 1 | Tues. 2 | Wed. 3 | Thurs. 4 | Fri. 5 | Sat. 6 | Sun. 7 | Mon. 8 | Tues. 9 | Wed. 10 | Thurs. 11 | Fri. 12 | Sat. 13 | Sun. 14 | Mon. 15 | Tues. 16 | Wed. 17 | Thurs. 18 | Fri. 19 | Sat. 20 | Sun. 21 | Mon. 22 | Tues. 23 | Wed. 24 | Thurs. 25 | Fri. 26 | Sat. 27 | Sun. 28 | Mon. 29 | Tues. 30 | MAY 1

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

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

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





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ennobling, exalting, incredibly exciting, ravishingly beautiful, CHUSHINGURA is on a plane with the Parthenon, the Taj Mahal, THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION as one of the supreme expressions of the human spirit. Among films it is unique: there is little likelihood that it will ever be equalled.

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

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

CHUSHINGURA AND HAMLET

The concept of collective guilt, central to CHUSHINGURA, is not peculiarly Japanese, but universally cherished by tyranny—as witness its more recent application by the Nazis. In 18th Century Japan a corrupt regime had imposed this doctrine for so long people had ceased to question it; the 47 Ronin's successful rebellion against it earned them their place in history.

In Japanese literature, CHUSHINGURA occupies a position roughly analogous to HAMLET—which, in the person of its protagonist, it most resembles. In Shakespeare's play, the springboard of the action is the murder of Hamlet's father—seen only as the Ghost. In CHUSHINGURA, the homologous role is played by Lord Asano, unjustly compelled to commit harakiri at the end of the first hour. Once aware that his father may have been murdered, Hamlet nevertheless puts off instant vengeance; since the Ghost may be a creature of Satan, he seeks more conclusive evidence. Oishi, CHUSHINGURA's protagonist, must first determine whether Kira has not, in fact, died of the wounds inflicted on him by Asano. Once it is established that Kira is alive, Oishi puts off vengeance in the hope of restoring the Asano House in the person of his brother. Finally, since Kira's power is far superior to his, Oishi must act circumspectly for the vendetta to succeed.

Hamlet's middle acts, despite some of the most sublime poetry in our language, do little to advance the action. CHUSHINGURA's structure, superficially similar to HAMLET's, is far superior. In the sequences following Asano's death, Oishi seeks the correct response to the injustice from which the whole Clan suffers. With the presentation of his complex choices, the vendetta goes into abeyance. Hamlet's indecision resides in Shakespeare's conception of the character, rendering the resolution of the conflict through the protagonist's own decision impossible; Oishi however, only **seems** indecisive; constrained by hard social realities, he is compelled to wait until the correct course of action is inescapable.

Hamlet's motives continue to be debated precisely because they are unclear; Oishi's are perfectly clear. Betrayed by the accountant, who absconds with the Clan's money, he becomes less open to his friends. His indifference to Lord Asano's fate camouflages his search for the proper course of action from friends and foes alike. The moment of decision comes in an expository scene so brief its significance is easily overlooked: we learn that Asano's brother has been confined to his Main House for life. With all hope of restoring the Clan ended, the vendetta can proceed. Yet, even as he gathers his forces, Oishi must conceal his feelings. He reveals them only when Sampei Kayano, about to commit harakiri for accidentally killing an old woman, urgently demands to know his true intentions.

Structurally, Part II of CHUSHINGURA, the equivalent of HAMLET's final act, is incomparably superior to it. Since Hamlet never succeeds in making up his mind, Shakespeare's play lacks inevitability; the denouement is brought on, not by the hero's purposefulness, but by the misfiring of the King's machinations. Once Oishi makes up his mind, the action rises inexorably to the triumphant final march.

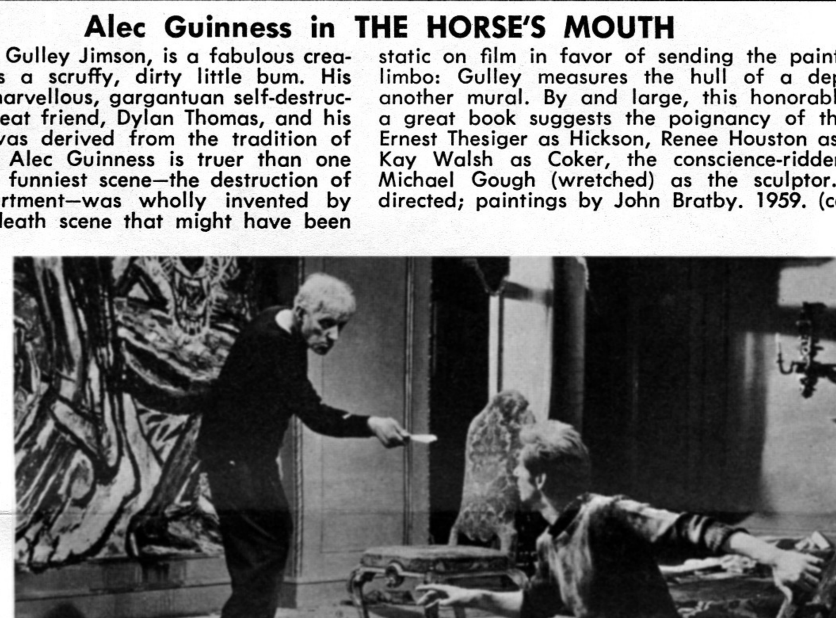
No sensible person expects to understand HAMLET after only one viewing; to suppose that CHUSHINGURA—Japan's greatest play—will be instantly accessible is equally unrealistic. The work is too complex to be perfectly clear after one viewing or even two; but further exposure brings immeasurably deepened pleasure—and the film is totally comprehensible after several viewings.

It is doubtless true that Japan's history is vastly different from our own; for us, this only adds to the charm of its culture. But those who digest CHUSHINGURA's implications will discover a humanity to which we can respond, and from which we have much to learn.

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

Alec Guinness in THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Joyce Carey's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. His antics were based on the marvellous, gargantuan self-destructive behavior of Carey's great friend, Dylan Thomas, and his approach to the painter was derived from the tradition of William Blake. As Gulley, Alec Guinness is truer than one dared hope, and the film's funniest scene—the destruction of his innocent patron's apartment—was wholly invented by Guinness, who deleted a death scene that might have been static on film in favor of sending the painter amusingly to limbo: Gulley measures the hull of a departing ship for another mural. By and large, this honorable adaptation of a great book suggests the poignancy of the original. With Ernest Thesiger as Hickson, Renee Houston as wily old Sarah, Kay Walsh as Coker, the conscience-ridden barmaid, and Michael Gough (wretched) as the sculptor. Ronald Neame directed; paintings by John Bratby. 1959. (color)



and Alec Guinness in THE LAVENDER HILL MOB

As the prim, innocuous little bank clerk with a hidden spark of non-conformity, Alec Guinness carries out the universal dream of glory: robbing the mint. A man who steals three million in gold bullion surely has the right to coin a word, and Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice, Alfie Bass and Sidney James the professional assistants, and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness' wrong-doing is a bit player named Audrey Hepburn. T. E. B. Clarke wrote the script, Charles Crighton directed, George Auric wrote the music. It hardly seems necessary to add that, 17 years after its original release, THE LAVENDER HILL MOB remains Guinness' best comedy; we probably wouldn't tire of seeing it every six months until we died. (The film also appears to have been the inspiration for the greatest successful robbery of all time. What greater tribute can life pay to art?) 1951.

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

Murray Lerner's FESTIVAL

FESTIVAL is a cinematic synthesis of four Newport Folk Festivals in which the art of folk music is pictured in transition during its most crucial years. The range is from Bob Dylan doing "Tambourine Man" and Joan Baez doing "Farewell Angelina," to country artists like Johnny Cash singing "I Walk the Line." The range is also from the high-priced professionals like Peter, Paul and Mary to the authentic folk dignity of living legends such as Son House and Mississippi John Hurt. Joan Baez, Donovan, Judy Collins are all on view, as are Pete Seeger, Theodore Bikel, Odetta, Buffy Sainte-Marie and numerous others that give one a sense of continuity with the American past. Indeed, the long-haired Newport audiences pictured sleeping on beaches and on the grounds and in sports cars and battered station wagons, plunking banjoes and guitars, and swapping tunes between formal concerts, seem not a rupture with the American past but an expression of a carrying forward of an American idealism and social concern. Shown at midnight at the 1967 San Francisco Film Festival, this documentary drew the largest audience of any film shown that year, with crowds bursting into applause 25 times in 95 minutes. We were there, and we can only say the film deserved it; despite the late hour, we wished it had been longer. Directed and edited by Murray Lerner. **WINNER OF THE SAN GIORGIO AWARD, VENICE FILM FESTIVAL,** 1967.

and W. C. Fields in INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

In this indescribably nutty comedy a Chinese inventor produces a futuristic radio device, and an international delegation gathers to appraise it. (Fields arrives in a helicopter.) With Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Burns and Allen, Bela Lugosi (the Transylvanian delegate, no doubt), Franklin Pangborn, etc. Eddie Sutherland directed. 1933.

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

Nikolai Cherkassov as DON QUIXOTE

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

and Luis Bunuel's VIRIDIANA

After decades of exile, Bunuel was invited to make a film in Spain under conditions of "complete freedom." He accepted, graciously allowed that the Spanish censor's revision of the conclusion was "better than my own," but had the foresight to spirit the resulting negative out of the country. Shown abroad, VIRIDIANA elicited screams of anguish from Spanish officialdom: Spain, the last bastion of Catholic reaction, had unsuspectingly given birth to Bunuel's mightiest salvo against the Church! In EL, the celebrated surrealist director identified Church doctrine with madness; in VIRIDIANA he mocks its ideal of physical purity. Viridiana (Silvia Pinal), who rejects her body and attempts to give away her possessions, is ridiculed and finally raped by the beggars, cripples and degenerates she seeks to uplift. She winds up living happily in sin with her life-accepting cousin. It is probably not unfair to Bunuel to say that only a man deeply impregnated by Catholic doctrine could reject it so violently; everywhere Church symbolism is turned inside-out: the climax is an obscene parody of The Last Supper, in which twelve beggars orgiastically seated at a table pretend to have their picture taken by the whore's stock in trade. This is a work of icy passion, with layers of meaning probably indecipherable to anyone whose roots are not in Spain. For sheer daring, only Bunuel's own long-banned L'AGE D'OR can hold a candle to it. **GRAND PRIX, CANNES,** 1962.

MAR. 28 | Fri. 29 | Sat. 30 | Sun. 31 | APR. 1 | Tues. 2 | Wed. 3 | Thurs. 4 | Fri. 5 | Sat. 6 | Sun. 7 | Mon. 8 | Tues. 9 | Wed. 10

Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's THE THIEF OF PARIS

(LE VOLEUR) This picaresque period drama, praised to the skies by Herb Caen the day its short San Francisco run ended, is one of those rare perfect works that should become a staple of our repertoire. Flawlessly produced, the film's distinction lies in its conception of the protagonist: Jean-Paul Belmondo's thief is more principled than the people he steals from, forcing viewers to consider the disturbing questions—is the world upside down? Is it not, perhaps, the respectable world of greedy businessmen and conniving politicians, of smugness and venality and social injustice, that represents the true criminal aspect of our society? The underworld Belmondo joins—through an abbot who masterminds a vast criminal operation precisely because he is aware of spiritual values—is filled with men of principle and women of basic virtue, dedicated to hitting the haute bougeoisie where it hurts—in cashbox, vault and jewelbox. Yet, although THE THIEF has some of the revolutionary implications of Brecht's THREE PENNY OPERA, it is more concerned with character than with politics; Belmondo's proud, but melancholy portrait of Georges Randal mirrors awareness of his dependence on the hated bourgeoisie; when all is said and done, he is merely a parasite on parasites, returning nothing to society. With Genevieve Bujold as Charlotte; Julien Guiomar as the abbot; Charles Denner as a master criminal; Marie Dubois and Bernadette Lafont. Script by Louis Malle and Jean-Claude Carriere from the novel by Georges Darien. The color photography of fin-de-siecle Paris is by Henri Decae. Malle directed. 1967.

and Peter Weiss' MARAT/SADE

Peter Weiss' intellectual horror play, as adapted by Adrian Mitchell, uses the original cast of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who performed it in London and New York. Cinematography by David Watkin. Peter Brook directed. 1967. (color)

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

Jean Renoir's GRAND ILLUSION

In 1937, Jean Renoir directed this profoundly moving and perceptive study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during World War I. The two aristocrats, French and German (Pierre Fresnay and Erich von Stroheim) share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes which have produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism in which they do not believe. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he doesn't really approve of—the plebian (Jean Gabin) and the Jew (Marcel Dalio). These ironies and ambiguities give genuine depth to the theme—fraternization, and the artificial barriers of nationality. GRAND ILLUSION had an immediate, idealistic aim: to reawaken in the German people the spirit of comradeship that marked the last days of the war; but Goebbels did not allow the film to be shown in Germany. (The French film historian, Georges Sadoul, records that Goebbels put "maximum pressure on Mussolini to prevent its being awarded a prize at the Venice Film Festival.") With Dita Parlo, Carette, Gaston Modot, Jean Daste. Selected at Brussels in 1958 as fourth among the greatest films of all time.

and Jacques Tati's MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY

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

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

Jean-Louis Barrault in CHILDREN OF PARADISE (complete)

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

Thurs. 25 | Fri. 26 | Sat. 27 | Sun. 28 | Mon. 29 | Tues. 30 | MAY 1

Ingmar Bergman's PERSONA

We found Bergman's most recent film—about an actress who won't talk, her nurse (who can't stop talking), and their exchange of personalities—obscure. After a single viewing we can't claim to understand PERSONA's implications, and if you're at all like us, you'll want to take a second look. One sequence, in which the nurse tells of an orgy in which she once participated, goes further than anything outside of hardcore pornography. With Bibi Andersson, Liv Ullmann, Margaretha Krook, Gunnar Bjornstrand. Script and direction by Ingmar Bergman. 1967.

and Mai Zetterling's NIGHT GAMES

Famous for scenes of sexual frankness unequalled outside of blue movies, NIGHT GAMES cuts intricately from past to present as the inhibited protagonist, accompanied by his fiancee, returns to the house in which he spent his youth, attempting to exorcise a childhood blighted by his mother's sexual exhibitionism. As overwhelmingly dramatic as it is cinematic, the film represents an uncommonly serious effort to come to grips with some of the origins of personality disorders. Despite an obsessive truthfulness that sometimes leads to shocking lapses of taste, Mai Zetterling's fluid, visually intense directorial style has no equal in contemporary cinema. Savagely rebellious in a field overrun by mediocrities, Miss Zetterling disturbs a lot of people. But the hallmarks of her achievement—intellectual acuity and depth of feeling—cannot be acquired; taste can. And even there, NIGHT GAMES represents an astounding advance over LOVING COUPLES, her mannered, clinically cold first film. Solely on the basis of NIGHT GAMES, Mai Zetterling assumes the mantel of Leni Riefenstahl—the last great feminine director in film history. With Ingrid Thulin as the mother, Keve Hjelm, Jorgen Lindstrom, Naima Wifstrand, etc. Mai Zetterling directed from a script based on her own novel, 1966.

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

Mae West in SHE DONE HIM WRONG

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

and
Mae West in BELLE OF THE NINETIES

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

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

Luis Bunuel's THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL

Although one gathers that THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL parallels Antonioni's studies of upper-class decadence, Bunuel's black parable of a group of upper-class guests at a posh Mexico City houseparty who suddenly find that they cannot leave resists rational explanation. Unlike the cool, seemingly straightforward Antonioni, Bunuel's means are surrealistically grotesque; yet the bizarrerie of the situation holds audiences despite their inability to grasp the meaning of details. Precisely because it cannot be rationally apprehended, THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL haunts the mind like a nightmare to which we vainly seek the key. The story is told that a New York hippie, emerging from the film, stopped at the exit door, screaming, "I can't get out! Something's stopping me!" Prodding him gently from behind, a nun said drily, "You're not one of the filthy rich, so pray for strength and keep moving." Script and direction by Luis Bunuel. **CANNES FESTIVAL CRITICS' AWARD, 1963; SELECTED AS THE OPENING FILM AT THE 1ST NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL.**

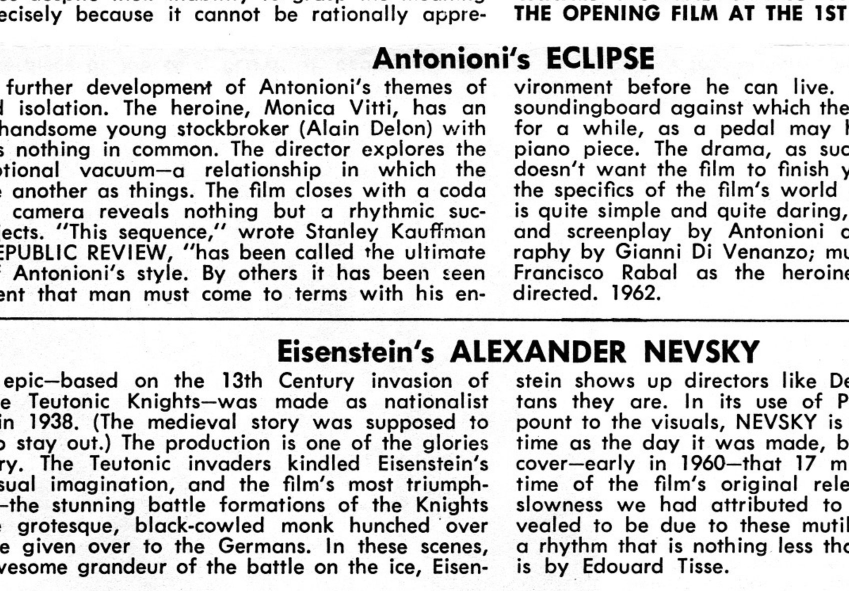
and Antonioni's ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE is a further development of Antonioni's themes of loneliness and isolation. The heroine, Monica Vitti, has an affair with a handsome young stockbroker (Alain Delon) with whom she has nothing in common. The director explores the resulting emotional vacuum—a relationship in which the lovers see one another as things. The film closes with a coda in which the camera reveals nothing but a rhythmic succession of objects. "This sequence," wrote Stanley Kauffman in his NEW REPUBLIC REVIEW, "has been called the ultimate bankruptcy of Antonioni's style. By others it has been seen as his statement that man must come to terms with his environment before he can live. . . . To me it is simply a soundingboard against which the story, now ended, resonates for a while, as a pedal may hold the closing notes of a piano piece. The drama, as such, is finished but Antonioni doesn't want the film to finish yet, he wants us to linger in the specifics of the film's world and to let the story echo. It is quite simple and quite daring, and it is not a trick." Story and screenplay by Antonioni and Tonino Guerra; photography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Giovanni Fusco. With Francisco Rabal as the heroine's former lover. Antonioni directed. 1962.

Thurs. 16 | Fri. 17 | Sat. 18 | Sun. 19 | Mon. 20 | Tues. 21 | Wed. 22 | Thurs. 23 | Fri. 24 | Sat. 25 | Sun. 26 | Mon. 27 | Tues. 28 | Wed. 29

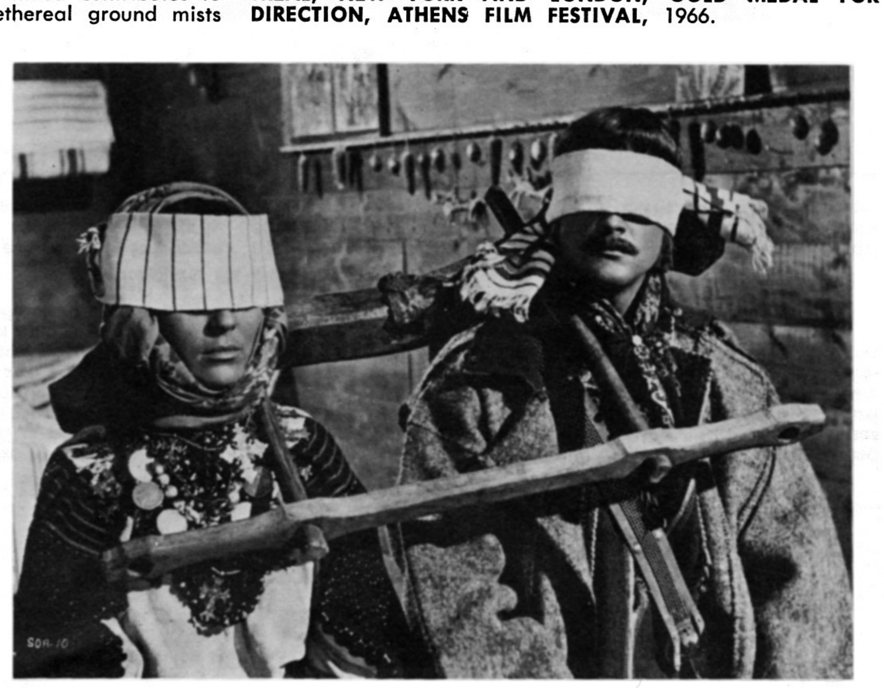
Eisenstein's ALEXANDER NEVSKY

This surging epic—based on the 13th Century invasion of Russia by the Teutonic Knights—was made as nationalist propaganda in 1938. (The medieval story was supposed to warn Hitler to stay out.) The production is one of the glories of film history. The Teutonic invaders kindled Eisenstein's prodigious visual imagination, and the film's most triumphant moments—the stunning battle formations of the Knights Templars, the grotesque, black-cowled monk hunched over the organ—are given over to the Germans. In these scenes, and in the awesome grandeur of the battle on the ice, Eisenstein shows up directors like DeMille for the vulgar charlatans they are. In its use of Prokoffiev's music in counterpount to the visuals, NEVSKY is still as far in advance of its time as the day it was made, but we were surprised to discover—early in 1960—that 17 minutes of footage cut at the time of the film's original release had been restored. The slowness we had attributed to Eisenstein's editing was revealed to be due to these mutilations, which had destroyed a rhythm that is nothing less than majestic. The photography is by Edouard Tisse.



and SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS

More suggestive of poetry than fiction, this avant-guard Soviet film — the first to be seen here since Eisenstein's OCTOBER — deals with the life of the Gutsuls, a small sect who live in the Carpathian mountains of the Ukraine. Shut off from the world by natural boundaries of rivers and mountains, these fiercely independent people clung to their ancient and often cruel customs, their devout beliefs and a culture interwoven with the beauty of their surroundings. The film makers, under Sergei Paradjanov, who has been working on experimental films, spent seven months in the Carpathians to research folk lore and ethnographic materials. The young director's feeling for mood contributes to the extraordinary visual experience: ethereal ground mists supply a greenish "black and white;" trees turn blood red. Paradjanov's formidable technical arsenal includes hand-held shots, stop motion photography, and changing colors and focus. Settings, camera angles, compositions in depth, have rarely been more strikingly utilized. The music, aided by the soft, filmy, multi-textured color, has a dreamlike, hallucinatory quality. SHADOWS also includes the first nude sequence ever seen in a Soviet film. (There was, doubtless, some dark political purpose.) **AWARDS: FIRST PRIZE FOR PRODUCTION AND COLOR, MAR DEL PLATA FILM FESTIVAL; SELECTED FOR SHOWING AT SAN FRANCISCO, MONTREAL, NEW YORK AND LONDON; GOLD MEDAL FOR DIRECTION, ATHENS FILM FESTIVAL,** 1966.



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CINEMA

Shattuck & Haste
BERKELEY

Design: Roslyn Rondelle
Program Notes: Edward Landberg

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GATEWAY

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SAN FRANCISCO

Ingmar Bergman's ILLICIT INTERLUDE

(SOMMARLEK; literally, SUMMERPLAY) "Style," Laurence Durrell once remarked, "is the cut of the mind." In ILLICIT INTERLUDE (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 he later expanded are on view in this film: the artists who have lost their identities, the faces that become masks, the mirror that reflects death at work. 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 touched by eternity: in these moments, Ingmar Bergman is a great artist. ILLICIT INTERLUDE deals with 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 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. (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. ILLICIT INTERLUDE has its ballet, and also a charming, primitive form of cinema—as the lovers riffle through the pages of a book.) With Stig Olin, Georg Funkquist as the lecherous uncle, Alf Kjellin. Ingmar Bergman directed his own script.

and

Ingmar Bergman's THE NAKED NIGHT

(GYCKLARNAS AFTON) Set in the circus world at the turn of the century, THE NAKED NIGHT opens with a flashback: a clown's wife, a toothy, middle-aged woman, bathes exhibitionistically in view of a regiment of soldiers, and the clown, in one of the most painful scenes ever filmed, drags her away. This most brilliant single sequence in any Bergman film is semi-silent, punctuated only by music, drumbeats and mocking cannon shots, and interspersed with long dissolves of a pitiless sun beating down on the tormented characters. From there the story moves to the circus director, Ake Groenberg—the artist manque, who has fallen into the hell of frustration, humiliation and defeat—and his mistress, Harriet Andersson. She betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. There is a voluptuous scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as the actor-seducer, that tends to leave audiences breathless. 1953.

Francis Ford Coppola's YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW

At 27, writer-director Francis Ford Coppola has more talent in his left eyebrow than most film directors exhibit in a lifetime. YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW, his zany directorial debut, employs slapstick in the service of a serious theme—harassed by a rapacious, suffocating mother and a lecherous, pseudo-intellectual father, a wobbly, insecure boy tries to grow up. Despite the occasional abandonment of substance for glittering asides, Coppola makes most of his hilarious points without condescension or recourse to didacticism; no one since the death of Preston Sturges has had his visual wit and slap-dash capacity for handling actors. With Peter Kastner, the young hero of NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE as the protagonist; Geraldine Page as the boy-eating mother; Rip Torn as his father; Elizabeth Hartman as the go-go girl turned man-hater by lecherous albino hynotherapist Michael O'Sullivan; Julie Harris as Miss Thing, the repressed landlady; and Karen Black as the loving girl who makes a big boy of the hero. Script and direction by Francis Ford Coppola from the novel by David Benedictus. 1967. (color)

and

MORGAN *

Why analyze a comedy in which a looney, freedom-loving artist who identifies with King Kong and Karl Marx tries to keep his posh wife from divorcing him — isn't humor its own excuse for being? Yet, for all its frenzy, MORGAN left us uneasy. In David Mercer's original play the hero is in his forties; in the film he is in his twenties; once you realize this, the work comes into focus. Morgan's political values and pop culture associations — his planting of hammer and sickle flower beds, his identification with King Kong — are products of the period between the wars. In a man who hasn't lived through Stalinism, fascism, the war in Spain or World War II, Morgan's actions are simply zany; in a man of forty they are infinitely poignant. By reducing Morgan's age, the film destroys the point of what he is — a man driven mad by the tug of war between his talent and the social pressures of his era. What remains is hilarious, and we should, perhaps, be grateful for that; but we question the value of humor achieved at the expense of verisimilitude. Otherwise, why aim beyond the comic strip? With Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, Robert Stephens, Irene Handl, etc. Karel Reisz directed. 1966.

John Mills in THE FAMILY WAY

Based on a play by Bill Naughton, who also wrote ALFIE, THE FAMILY WAY is one of the warmest British comedies ever produced. The story concerns the consummation of the marriage of two young people forced to live with the boy's parents because of inadequate housing. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the movie are its performances. Hayley Mills, who shows a pert backside in her first adult role, is excellent as the heroine. Her father-in-law in the film is her real-life father, John Mills; beery-voiced and bleary-eyed, he gives the best performance of his long career as a proletarian father who tries to reach his children but cannot touch them without giving hurt. At the end, when his son asks his advice for the first time, the old man breaks down and cries. Mills makes of a scene that might have been merely maudlin still another moment of truth in an extraordinary film. With Hywel Bennett as the young husband, and Marjorie Rhodes as his mother. Bill Naughton adapted his own play. Produced and directed by the Boulting Brothers. 1967. (color)

and

A COVENANT WITH DEATH

Developmental films, demanding more thoughtful audiences than Hollywood is willing to cater to, are rarely produced in America. How this film, which deals with the maturation of a young Mexican-American judge in the course of a gruelling murder trial, happened to get made is anybody's guess. A COVENANT WITH DEATH deals with the difficult problem of acculturation, pitting the judge's solid Latin values against the wasp materialism of his blonde mistress and the townspeople's distrust of his olive complexion. Straightforwardly directed by newcomer Lamont Johnson and performed by a first-rate cast, this is a fascinating film to watch. Had it been made in France or Italy, it would clearly be regarded as an art film; the fact that it was made by a U. S. company makes it no less so. With George Maharis in an authoritative performance as the young judge; Katy Jurado as his mother; Earl Holliman as the murder suspect; Laura Devon, Arthur O'Connell, Sidney Blackmer, Wende Wagner, etc. 1967. (color)

Jean-Paul Belmondo as THAT MAN FROM RIO

(L'HOMME DE RIO) This is the finest, most sophisticated, adventure parody ever produced. Belmondo is the hero-in-spite-of himself, Francoise Dorleac his preposterously demanding mistress. Rio and Brazilia, gorgeously photographed by Edmond Sechan, are the backdrop for the action. An entertainment, doubless, but on the highest imaginable level—if you haven't seen it, prepare yourself for two hours of uninterrupted pleasure. Script and direction by Philippe De Broca. With Jean Servois, Simone Renant, etc. 1964. (color)

and

Alfred Hitchcock's THE 39 STEPS

This classic Hitchcock thriller (1935) is a suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that its very suspense is charged with wit: it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock has ever done. The film has a mischievous element that is implicit in the plot: the hero and heroine (Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll) have just met when they are forced to spend the night handcuffed together—an early attempt, perhaps, at subliminal implications. John Buchan's novel provides Hitchcock with the opportunity for swift changes of milieu; each is given detail and identity. With Godfrey Tearle (the villain who looks astonishingly like FDR), and John Laurie and Peggy Ashcroft as the mismated husband and wife.

Kyoko Kishida in Ryo Kinoshita's EROTIKON 70

(Released in San Francisco as SCHOOL OF LOVE) Some years ago, the French sent us a pot-boiler based on their classic of sexual libertinage, LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES. While no film is likely to do that book justice, EROTIKON 70 based on a novel by Yukio Mishima, Japan's foremost living writer, suggests a more fruitful approach. Like the French novel, EROTIKON 70 is notable for its total avoidance of overt morality. Lonely and bored, a divorced young baroness of the disenfranchised pre-war nobility engages in an affair with a young male prostitute working in a bar for sexual deviates. Utterly indifferent, he bestows on her the self-contempt she craves. (It is precisely on his indifference to her passion that her passion feeds.) She moves him into her apartment, indulges him endlessly, even endorsing his affair with her own niece. Yet he himself, by betraying a weakness from which she is aristocratically exempt, liberates her from her degrading subservience, and the film ends, without cruelty, in irony and self-perception—the greatest, certainly the most civilized, erotic work in cinema. As the aristocratic divorcee, intense, haunting Kyoko Kishida (the heroine of WOMAN IN THE DUNES) gives an exquisitely painful performance. Sensual, exotically beautiful, she is easily the most exciting Japanese acress since Machiko Kyo. Tsutomu Yamazaki, who played the Dostoyevskian criminal in HIGH AND LOW, is shockingly brutal and arrogant and, finally, surprisingly vulnerable. A gifted actor, he suggests a more tautly strung Jean-Louis Barrault. Director Ryo Kinoshita, whose first film this is, approaches his **metier** with the economy and control of an Antonioni or Truffaut without ever losing his own identity. You are not likely to have heard the last of him. 1966.

and

ILLUSION OF BLOOD

Based on Tsuruya Namboku's classic Kabuki drama, TOKAIDO YOTSUYA KAIDAN, ILLUSION OF BLOOD is the finest, most brillianly directed Japanese film since CHUSHINGURA. The hero is a samurai (Tatsuya Nakadai) left masterless when the lord he has been serving dies. Insanely fixed on regaining his social status, Nakadai destroys wife, family, and finally himself; and, as he sinks deeper into crime, the viewer is uncertain whether the horrors he encounters are real or products of his feverish imagination. In CHUSHINGURA, Oishi's vacillations suggested those of Hamlet; in ILLUSION OF BLOOD, Nakadai's nightmarish hallucinations suggest the guilt-ridden fantasies of Macbeth. The work is superbly paced; the sulphurous color suggest an atmosphere of muted dread; and the scenes of horror are so imaginatively conceived the only people not frightened out of their wits will be those who lack them in the first place. Shiro Toyoda, who directed this remarkable work, never made a samurai film before. Photography by Hiroshi Murai; music by Toru Takemitsu. With Junko Ikeuchi, Mariko Okada, Mayumi Ozora, Kanzaburo Nakamura, etc. 1966. (Eastmancolor)

Bob Dylan in DON'T LOOK BACK

This relentlessly honest documentary of Bob Dylan's 1965 tour of England suggests some of the reasons for his fantastic popular appeal. Because of the camera's constant surveillance, certain features of his personality emerge clearly—a taut, withdrawn quality even when he is among friends; his tension as he prepares for performance; intellectual arrogance as he tells a TIME reporter exactly where TIME and its readership are at; and a scarcely hidden hostility toward friend and fan alike. All this is in fascinating contradiction to his onstage personality, in which he gives every appearance of trying desperately to connect with his audience. There is no formal narration, but none is needed. Directed and edited by D. A. Pennebaker. 1967.

and

TWO FOR THE ROAD

A comedy by and for grown-ups, TWO FOR THE ROAD is underlined by cogency and honest emotion. Subtly, lightheartedly, through complexly interwoven flashbacks, the film explores how love leads to marriage and how love and marriage change over the years. What is adult about the theme is not pre-marital affairs or post-marital adventures, but the appreciation that relationships change, that vows of eternal love take on new meanings, that self-knowledge and mutual understanding are the bases of lasting relationships. TWO FOR THE ROAD says it all with grace and a vitality that extends from the gaiety of youth to the witty ironies of grown-up games. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney play the lovers. With Eleanor Bron and William Daniel as psychology-oriented parents, and Gabrielle Middleton as their detestable offspring. Screenplay by Frederic Raphael. Stanley Donen directed. (color)

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JULY 1			
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W. C. Fields in TILLIE AND GUS

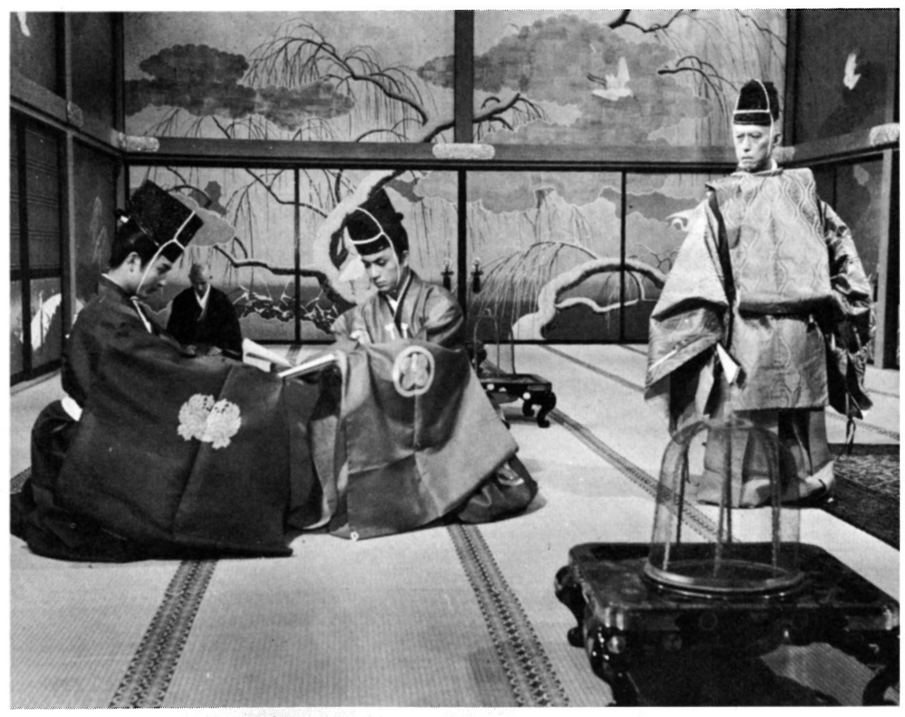
Fields' later films were generally inferior to his 1930's Paramount comedies. TILLIE AND GUS (1933) is one of the peaks of his career. The protagonists are cardsharpers: Tillie artfully supplies Gus with coded information regarding the other poker players' hands as though she were telling him a bit of news. The finale is a mad race between two old-fashioned ferry boats—the Fairy Queen and the Keystone—in which Gus fixes his rival's steering wheel so that it comes off at the psychological moment, and even dons diving gear to bore holes in the Keystone's hull. The climax comes when the wood for the Fairy Queen's fires falls overboard and Gus fuels the furnaces with the boxes of firecrackers comprising the cargo. With W. C. Fields as Gus, Alison Skipworth as Tillie, Baby Leroy, Edgar Kennedy, etc. Francis Martin directed from a story by Rupert Hughes.

and

W. C. Fields in SIX OF A KIND

Intending to intercept his luggage, a crooked employee plants $50,000 in the suitcase of a bank clerk (Charlie Ruggles) leaving on a well-earned vacation. Fields plays the bumbling sheriff out to apprehend the culprit. A charming, tightly scripted comedy, SIX OF A KIND features Fields' classic attack on pool balls and the billiard table. With Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. Leo McCarey directed. 1934.

Hiroshi Inagaki's Chushingura



CONFLICT OF OBLIGATIONS

The key to CHUSHINGURA, without which the action is not fully comprehensible to Occidentals, is the peculiarly Japanese concept of conflicting obligations.

Lord Asano's vassals were under an obligation to avenge his death by killing Lord Kira. To do so, however, meant violating their obligation toward the Shogun, with whom they had no quarrel.

In feudal Japan it was sometimes possible to reconcile conflicting obligations by applying to the authorities for official recognition of a vendetta. If granted, vengeance had then to be exacted within a specified time, or be abandoned. In the case of Lord Asano, far below Lord Kira in rank, official recognition was out of the question. From the state's point of view the vendetta was a crime, for which the penalty might easily have been dishonorable execution. The Shogun himself, however, recognized the nobility of their motives, and graciously allowed the 47 to commit seppuku.

Their deed captured the imagination of all Japan; their graves have become a place of pilgrimage, and the area around them is often white with the calling cards of visitors.

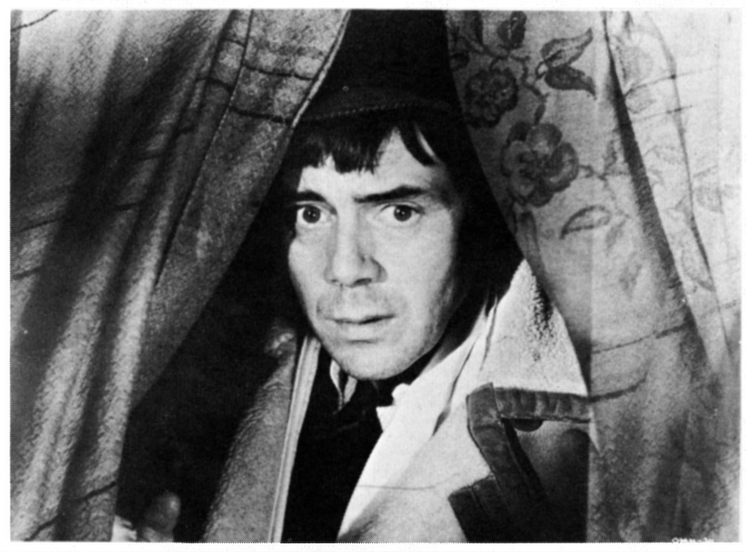
Antonioni's BLOW UP

The film masterpiece of the 60's, BLOW UP deals with the problem of responsibility in a society whose members repudiate their human ties. The protagonist, a peculiarly modern version of the artist, is a photographer of phenomenal gifts who has achieved all the trappings of success—wealth, status, and all the sex he can handle. Accidentally uncovering a murder, his instinct to report it is sidetracked by his friends' indifference; when he returns to the scene of the crime the evidence has vanished. The denouement, in which Antonioni's genius rises to the measure of his theme, reintroduces us to the mime troupe we saw briefly at the opening. While the protagonist watches, the mimers engage in an imaginary tennis match. Bandying about a non-existent ball, they pretend to follow it with their eyes. When it is hit out of the court, all look meaningfully at the hero. He hesitates, then stoops for the imaginary ball and throws it back. The action symbolizes the capitulation of the man of healthy instincts to the moral inertia of his peers. Now no more real than they, he vanishes from the scene. With David Hemmings as the photographer, Vanessa Redgrave as the girl in the park. The stunning camerawork is by Carlo di Palma. Story and direction by Michaelangelo Antonioni. 1966. (color)

and

Jack Clayton's OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE

Viewed rationally, which may not be the way to view it, OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE deals with induced insanity—**folie a sept,** to be exact. Their mother having died of natural causes, seven very proper English children bury her and convince the grown-up world that she has merely gone to the seaside for a rest. As the children hold a seance with their mother and hear her say that "their little sister must be punished," the uneasy suspicion assails us that we are witnessing a primitive rite that must end in bloodshed. With the entrance of Dirk Bogarde, the film comes down to earth. Dissolute but hearty, he is the children's long-lost father, who sees a profit in their plot; he is not an utter scoundrel, however, and his presence begins to dissipate the feverish, ghostly atmosphere that pervades the house. But when he introduces the children to adult corruption, retribution is swift and terrifying. Peculiarly down-to-earth, this supernatural film has believeable children and adults and the careful craftsmanship characteristic of Jack Clayton, the distinguished director of ROOM AT THE TOP. The muted color photography evokes the clamminess of London in late autumn, and Georges Delerue's pastoral score is in calm counterpoint to the spooky goings-on. Script by Jeremy Brooks and Haya Harareet from the novel by Julian Gloag. 1947.



Guilietta Masina in Fellini's NIGHTS OF CABIRIA

Federico Fellini's finest film, NIGHTS OF CABIRIA is also the work in which Giulietta Massina earns the praise she received for LA STRADA. The film is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy Roman street-walker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amadeo Nazarri) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (Francois Perier) meets her and proposes to her, etc. The consummation is a defiant gesture against human defeat. Though the work seems free and almost unplanned, this is art, not carelessness; the structure is so beautifully worked out that each seeming irrelevance falls into place. **ACADEMY AWARD, BEST FOREIGN FILM OF 1957.**

and

NOTHING BUT A MAN

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

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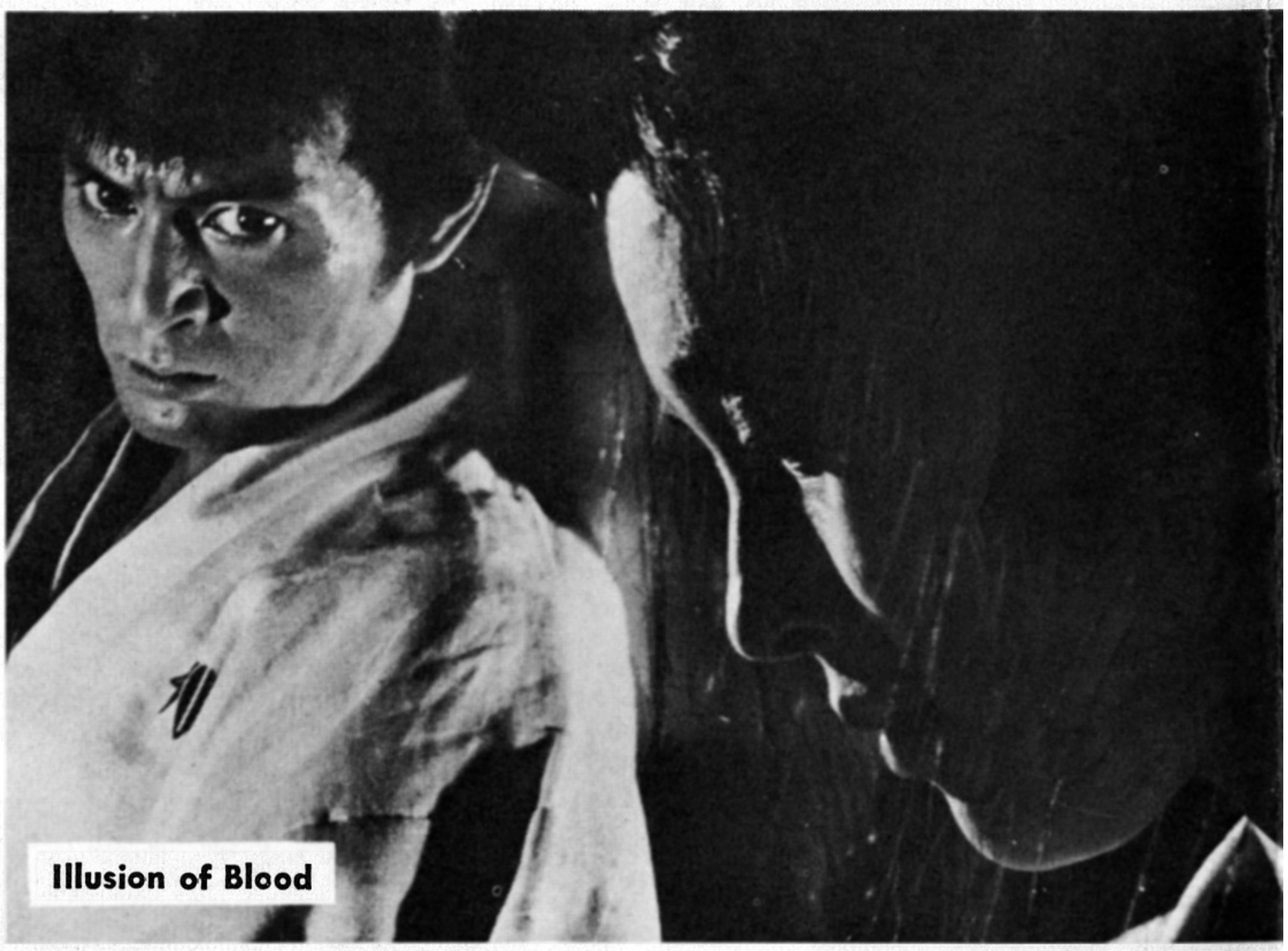
GATEWAY &

CINEMA

Program Notes: Edward Landberg
Design: Roslyn Rondelle

CINEMA GUILD DISPLAYS & TIME SCHEDULES ON TELEGRAPH AVENUE

Those who imagine that Anton's Restaurant, which replaced the Guild and Studio at 2436 Telegraph Avenue, was somehow responsible for the disappearance of our theatres, are misplacing their ire. The truth is that our lease ran out, and the current landlord's demands were such that we were unable to renegotiate it. Meanwhile, Anton — who has kindly permitted us to put displays and time schedules for our current offerings in his entrance windows — serves some of the best food, at the most reasonable prices, to be found along Telegraph Avenue. We're not just saying that; we often eat there ourselves.



Illusion of Blood

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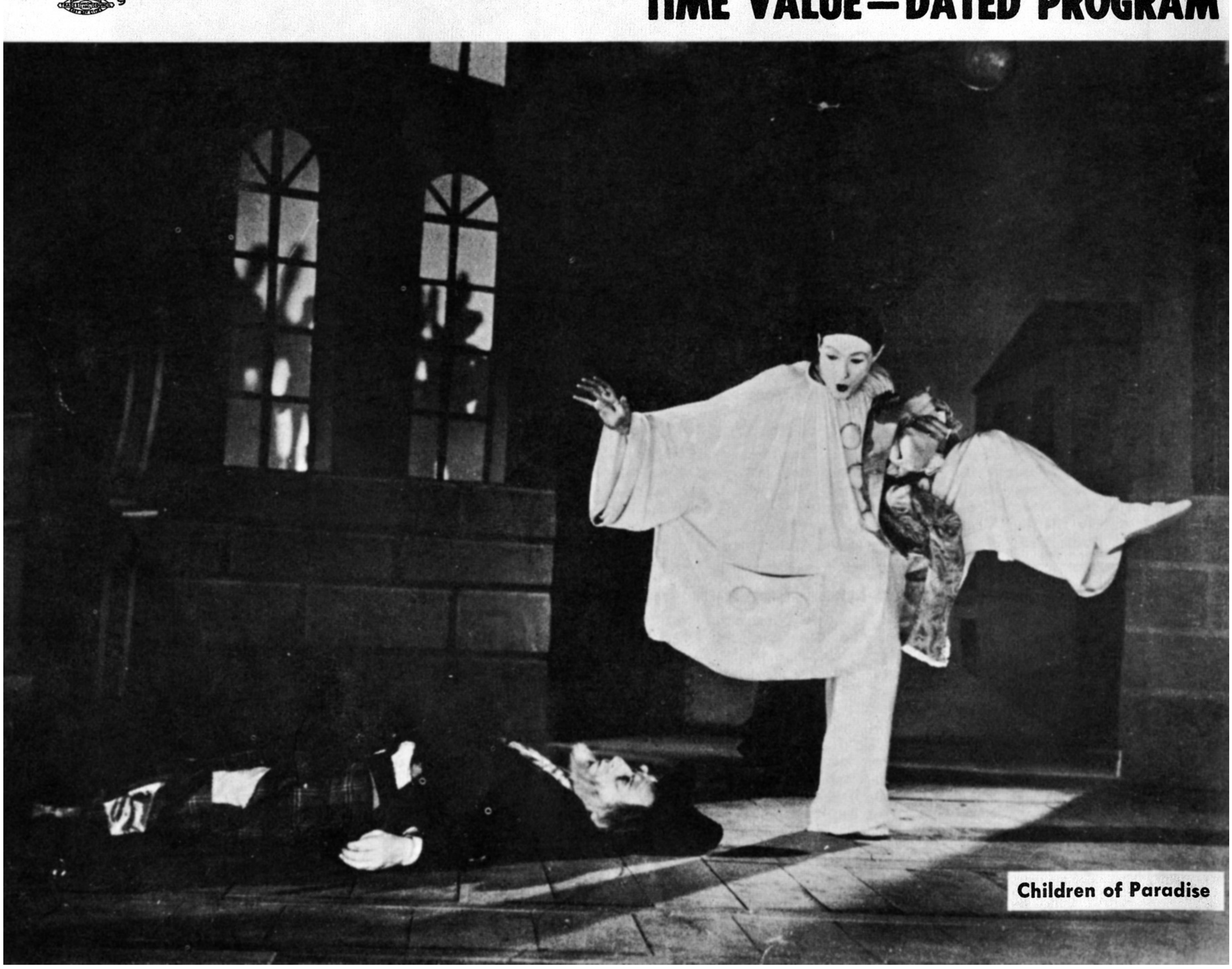

Children of Paradise

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