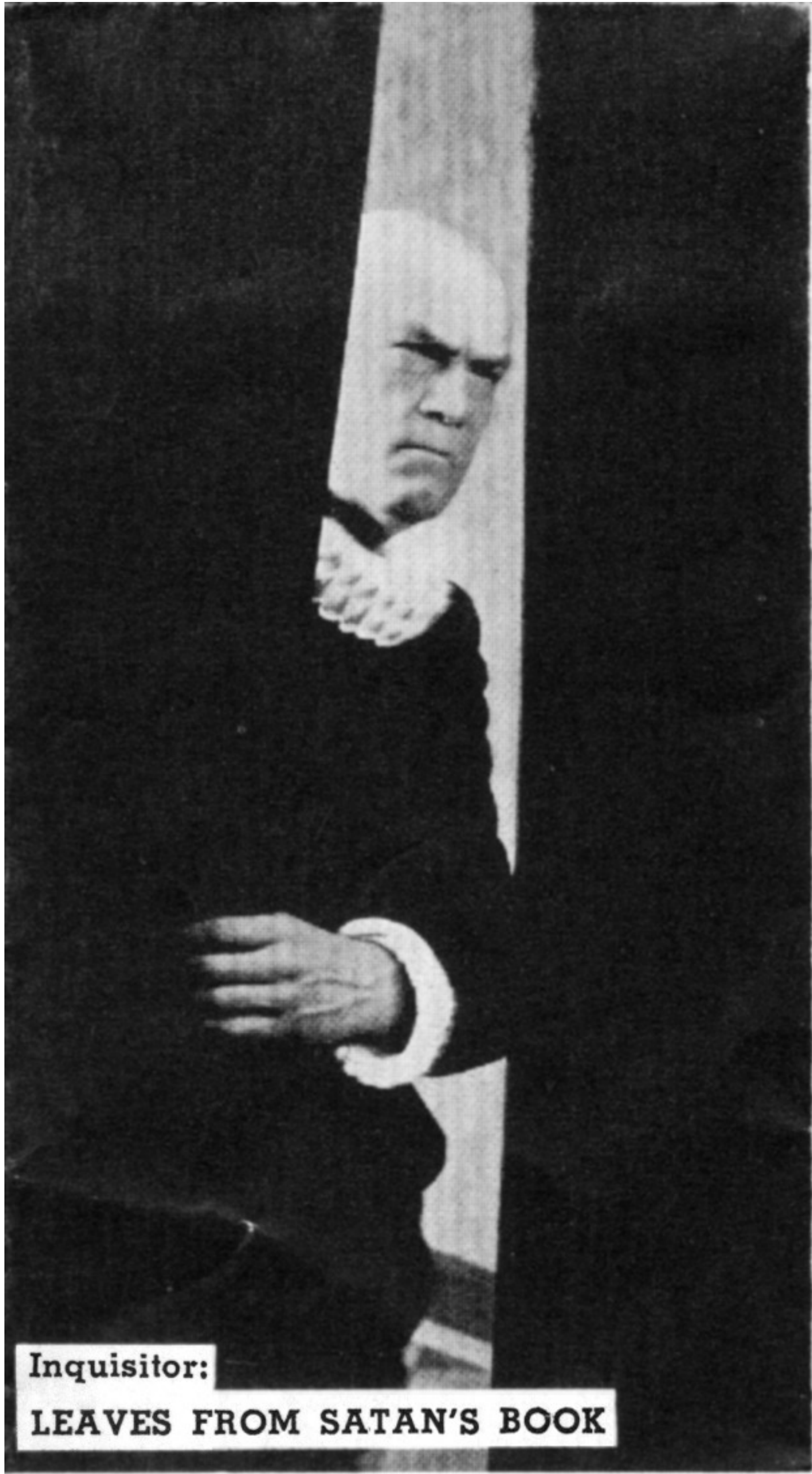


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Inquisitor:
LEAVES FROM SATAN'S BOOK

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER
10th YEAR 1961

CINEMA

GUILD

AND

STUDIO



Horst Buchholz & Romy Schneider in **MONPTI**

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

NOV. 3
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TO LIVE IN PEACE

LUIGI ZAMPA's *To Live in Peace* is less thoroughly worked out and less acutely put on film than *Shoeshine* and *Open City*, but in some important respects it is even more remarkable. It is the story of what war meant to an infinitesimal Italian hill town and especially to a peasant family which, on pain of death, sheltered two American fugitives. I think that in spirit and basic understanding it is the wisest and most deeply humane movie of its time.

Its central characters are wholly unpolitical men, whose chief concern with history is to try to scrape it off their shoes. It is suggested that this is the ordinary condition of ordinary men, against which political men, good or bad, must take their measure; and that at best this measure is relatively puny. These central characters are what is known as simple men, a dangerous kind for contemporary artists to fool with; I have never before seen simple men presented with so much kindness, immediacy, understanding, and freedom from calculation and self-deceit. They are presented so richly in their weakness as well as their excellence that it is unimaginable that it occurred to anyone who worked on the film that they were doing a "balanced" job. The work is obviously done in that fundamental innocence which comes from a genuine love for and realism about human beings; which is the natural air that any half-sane artist, or man, has to breathe; and which is breathed in most parts of the world, by now, about as freely as in the Black Hole of Calcutta. To choose only one of many examples, a Negro soldier, hidden in a wine-cellar while a German soldier visits the terrified peasants, gets stinking drunk and very noisy. This results in the death of the hero of the picture, and of the German. Archer Winsten of the *Post*, whose reviews, regardless of certain areas of disagreement, I warmly like and recommend, thought this action psychologically questionable. He wrote that it was impossibly inconsiderate and ungrateful of a soldier in that predicament. No doubt it was. But there is no evidence that the Negro, the peasants, or even the people who made the film ever looked at it in that light. To all of them it was, unfortunately, the most natural thing in the world; and one of the glories of the picture is the complete simplicity with which the whole thing is done and passed over, without any psychological or moral elaboration. As a native of this country, with more than enough experience both of the South and of non-Southerners who think they mean well by Negroes, I am like many other Americans particularly impressed by the whole treatment of the Negro; it is the only pure presentation of a man of his race that I have seen in a movie. As a human being, who would rather be a citizen of the world than of the United States, I am as deeply impressed by the treatment of

and John Huston's THE BATTLE OF SAN PIETRO

We decided to open THE CINEMA with a program that is in the nature of a tribute to our favorite film critic, the late James Agee. Of SAN PIETRO he wrote in part: "No war film I have ever seen has been quite so attentive to the heaviness of casualties, and to the number of yards gained or lost, in such an action; none has so levelly watched and implied what it meant, in such full and complex terms—in military terms; in terms of the men who were doing the fighting; in terms of the villagers; and of their village; and of the surrounding country; and of the natural world; and of human existence and hope." TO LIVE IN PEACE and THE BATTLE OF SAN PIETRO complement each other extraordinarily. The Italian film deals, among other things, with the entry of the Americans, and shows us something of the attitude of the villagers toward them; SAN PIETRO shows us the war in Italy from the American side, and something of the Americans' attitude toward the Italians. And both of these films seemed to Agee the best of their time.

This is a comedy of such charm and brilliance that it drives utterly out of mind films made anywhere in the past two decades to which it could be compared. MONPTI recalls—with important differences—the films of Rene Clair's greatest period: SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS and LE MILLION, and Chaplin's MODERN TIMES. Kautner's film has the wit and bittersweetness of these, but also something in the best sense specifically German: a capacity for philosophic comment on a basis of concrete events. This is the strength of MONPTI and—some will think—its weakness, for it led Kautner into a commercial—if not aesthetic—error of judgment, the consequence of which was to rob his film of an American audience. We'd rather you knew at once: this most sparkling and effervescent of comedies has an unhappy ending. Thus forewarned, you won't be as stunned as we were, and in a better position to grasp a theme which, in its strange, oblique way parallels that of LA DOLCE VITA. Throughout MONPTI, Kautner counterpoints his wonderfully

and

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.

THE CINEMA

the German; as for the peasant father, he is beyond "treatment," a great character and symbol.

This same fundamental innocence, coupled with a broad, almost operatic (and sometimes hammy) theatrical vitality, boldly clashes extremely discordant attitudes and styles, anything from desperate seriousness and majestic satire through passionately improvised slapstick. During the long climax these clashings blend in such a way that the picture, faults and all, soars along one of the rarest heights possible to art—the height from which it is seen that the whole race, including the observer, is to be pitied, laughed at, feared for, and revered for its delusions of personal competence for good, evil, or mere survival, as it sleepwalks along ground which continuously opens bottomless chasms beneath the edges of its feet. This seems to me one of the truest conceivable perspectives on the human predicament.

The man in the film who evidently understands it best, and who evidently realizes also the prodigious animal power to endure, and the unlimited fertility of the heart and spirit through which man is indestructible and victorious even in his downfall through this insanity, even in his absurdity, is Aldo Fabrizi, who plays the peasant, and who collaborated on the script. I infer that he understands it neither intellectually nor

aesthetically, but so thoroughly that it does not even strike him as particularly interesting. This is the most mature way of understanding it that I can conceive of; and this healthy, casual, and unvalued wisdom so generally illuminates and invigorates the film that many of its inadequacies are transfigured and many others are made to seem negligible. I don't agree with those who talk of Fabrizi as a great actor. As an actor he seems thoroughly experienced, astute, uninhibited, and no more. His grandeur is as a man. His good luck is his solid equipment as an artist and his magnificent equipment, in face, and lowering head, and burly body, to make visible certain kinds of greatness. The performance is merely a very good one. The embodiment is heroic: one of the few towering archetypes I have seen on the screen. I wish that this tremendous character, so close to "type" yet so far beyond it, had been given material through which it could have been much more thoroughly explored and exhausted. But one of the wonderful things about the film is the casualness with which this figure is examined and tossed away, as if the sea were stiff with fish as good and better. It is. But how many fishermen, where else in the world, know it? And of those who know it, how many are competent to haul them in?

— James Agee in THE NATION



TO LIVE IN PEACE

Released in 1946, at the crest of the Italian neo-realist wave, TO LIVE IN PEACE was greeted with rave reviews the world over, winning Grand Prizes at Cannes, Brussels and just about everywhere else, but for reasons of Italian policy—neo-realism was supposed to have shown Italy in an unfavorable light, and might have discouraged tourism—it has not been seen since 1950.

Helmut Kautner's MONPTI

fresh young lovers (Horst Buchholz and Romy Schneider are enchanting in the roles) with another couple—an exquisite but jaded society woman and her effete lover, who have unceasingly available to them all that money can buy except the capacity to enjoy it. The society couple enters the film at the oddest moments, and seems, until the end, to have no place in the story except as a mordant contrast to the lovers. In the denouement, however—seemingly by accident—the lives of the two couples intersect, precipitating the tragedy. We'd rather not tell you more, but thematically you might consider the following: that in our time those to whom life is sweet live under a conscienceless threat of destruction by those to whom it is sweet no longer. The script, based on the novel by Gabor von Vaszarys, with whom Kautner collaborated, was filmed in Paris in exquisite Agfacolor. 1959. EAST BAY PREMIERE.

AT THE STUDIO: DECEMBER 4-10

THE CINEMA: progress report . . .

The best laid plans, etc. Construction was proceeding nicely — even a little ahead of schedule — when a regional plasterers' strike held us up for a month.

GRAND OPENING . . .

November 3

LOCATION . . .

Corner of Shattuck & Haste in Berkeley
(4 blocks west of our present location)

PHONE . . .

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TO LIVE IN PEACE . . .

will be shown after all. The distributor was kind enough to grant us an extension through November 26. Please note that this film will play only at THE CINEMA. Unlike the films to follow, it will not be moved to THE STUDIO on the completion of its run. The first program to be moved will be the double-bill of MONPTI and SOMMARLEK (At THE CINEMA November 27-December 3; at THE STUDIO December 4-10.) The current schedule is necessarily a bit more complicated than succeeding ones will be, but we have confidence in your ability to master its intricacies. If you do get confused, call us at TH 8-2038.



Sonja Ziemann in THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK

THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK

THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK, a Polish-West German co-production, is based on the controversial novel by Marek Hlasko, a Pole critical of his post-war regime, who at various times fled his native land and then returned. The relatively liberal Polish government allowed the film to be made, then had misgivings and refused to license it for public exhibition. (The release prints are all in German.) But the huge American success one might have predicted for it failed to materialize. The film's criticism of communism is implicit; rather than at the regime, its attack is directed at the general debasement of human life in post-war Poland. American propagandists, concerned with a mass audience for whom such a film is neither flesh nor fowl, ignored it — it has had no publicity and practically no showings. This is its East Bay premiere.



OLYMPIA — Leni Riefenstahl in the cutting room

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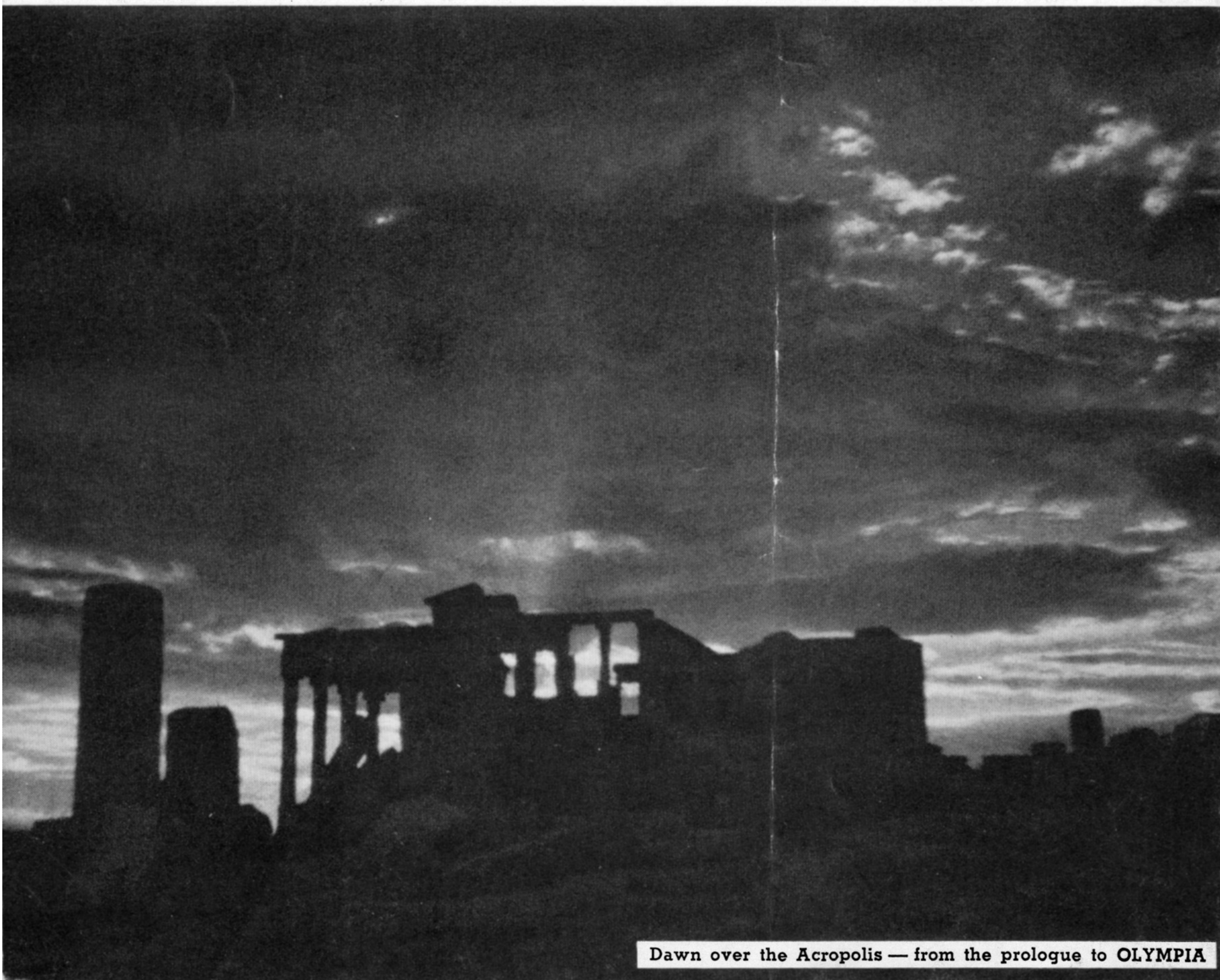
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Dawn over the Acropolis — from the prologue to OLYMPIA