

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO  
INTERNATIONAL FILM SERIES

Spring Semester 1964

Outstanding and prizewinning films

(English subtitles for foreign-language films)

SATURDAY EVENING SERIES: University Theatre, 7 and 9 p.m.  
Admission 50 cents (Children under 12, 25 cents)

TUESDAY EVENING SERIES: Forum Room of the U.M.C., two showings: 6:45 and  
8:30 p.m.  
Admission 50 cents (Children under 12, 25 cents)

Saturday, February 1. THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL (British, 1961), alias "The Jungle Fighters," has played what are known in the trade as the 'action houses,' but apparently expresses psychological and moral problems through the script of Wolf Mankowitz, the direction of Leslie Norman, and excellent characterizations, including Laurence Harvey ("Room at the Top") as a soldier who attempts to prevent the killing of a Japanese prisoner. (1 hr. 3/4.)

Saturday, February 8. FATE OF A MAN, a Russian film based on a story by Mikhail Sholokov ("And Quiet Flows the Don") and distributed in accordance with the U.S.--U.S.S.R. Cultural Exchange Agreement, is a dismaying yet finally yea-saying portrait of an average Russian, a carpenter, struggling through the pre-war, war-time, and post-war decades. "Like so many rough-hewn blocks of stone laid up mortarless one on another, the episodes of the hero's life are slowly, gravely set in place before our eyes, creating an impression of crushing weight and veracity." (Brendan Gill in The New Yorker.) The film is produced, directed, and authoritatively acted in by Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the title role of this modern-day Job. Pavlik Boriskin as the orphan boy; Zoya Kirienko; Pavel Volkov. (1 hr. 3/4.)

Tuesday, February 11 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) THE BANK DICK (American, 1940) was W.C. Fields' special pet. He was given a free hand in its construction and he had a frolicsome time. He received a screen credit for the story (as) Mahatma Kane Jeeves. In many particulars it was a thrilling plot. To begin with, it resulted in the only known movie to date in which the hero was wholly unregenerate throughout and still reaped every possible reward. Fields cast himself as Egbert Soussé ('accent grahve over the e'), an improvident husband in a town called Lompoc which by a wild coincidence spells Cop mol backward.... -Robert Lewis Taylor in W.C. Fields: his fortunes and follies (1949). Directed by Edward Cline; with Franklin Pangborn (as J. Pinker Snoopington), Cora Witherspoon, Jessie Ralph and others. (72 minutes)

Saturday, February 15. DAVID AND LISA (American, 1962) concerns a boy and girl in their late teens who are undergoing psychiatric treatment in a small school-clinic. "A movie has come to town," wrote Brendan Gill in the New Yorker, "that presumably doesn't need to advertise itself, being, by a pleasant paradox, already so famous as a sleeper that it scarcely deserves the appellation. Its name is 'David and Lisa,' it arrives trailing tiny clouds of glory from the Venice and San Francisco Film Festivals, and so attractive is it in the artistic as well as the fiscal economy of its means that one has to make a conscious effort not to overpraise it.... For letting a movie be as small, shapely, and soft-spoken as its nature demanded, I



salute all those who had a hand in the creation of 'David and Lisa.'" Keir Dullea plays the boy who can't be touched, Janet Margolin, the girl who must speak in rhyme, and Howard Da Silva gives a splendid and tactfully unobtrusive performance as the psychiatrist. Neva Patterson, Richard MacMurray, and Clifton James do fine supporting work. The production is by Paul M. Heller, the screenplay by Eleanor Perry, and the direction by Frank Perry, who won the Venice award for the best first film of the year. (1 hr. 1/2.)

Saturday, March 7. THE COUNTERFEITERS OF PARIS (French, 1962), is circulating under various French and English titles, including "Le Dab Se Rebiffe" and "Money, money, money," but names aside it is earning a reputation of being an extremely funny comedy. "Jean Gabin in a part that is really worth playing...a master counterfeiter who takes charge of a big counterfeiting operation being planned by a trio of crooks, all of them new to this particular line of work and each of them a model of simple-minded avarice and treachery...Françoise Rosay ("Carnival in Flanders") in the role of a sweet-faced hard-eyed old lady whose artificial-flower shop is a front; Bernard Blier, as the ex-brothel-keeper; Ginette Leclerc, as his acid, disenchanted wife; Maurice Biraud, as the gifted engraver; Martine Carol as his decorative, faithless wife.... The picture, which, in its sly, mocking way, is as instructive as a documentary, moves at a pace that never lets down -- along boulevards and sidestreets all over the town (of Paris)." (Edith Oliver, the New Yorker.) (1 hr. 3/4.)

Tuesday, March 10, (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS (American, 1954) directed by Stanley Dolen, based on Stephen Vincent Benét's story, "The Sobbin' Women" is one bright screen musical that didn't get its start on Broadway. Howard Keel and Jane Powell were younger and less well known then and so were a lot of the other people who made this bright, briskly melodious musical. The New Yorker thought it was "furiously arch" and the hell with that dismissal.

Saturday, March 14. TWO DAUGHTERS (Indian, 1962.) "The famous Indian director Satyajit Ray ("The World of Apu") has taken his two-part screenplay from a couple of stories by Rabindranath Tagore (India's great twentieth-century poet), and though the plots are so slight that they threaten at every moment to blow away, Mr. Ray's unblinking camera gaze keeps them tethered to the rivers and weathers and dwellings and garments and customs that are his real concern and from which we gain not so much a sense of how certain Indians live as of what India is." (Brendan Gill, the New Yorker.) Anil Chatterjee, Chandana Banerjee, Aparna Dasgupta, Soumitra Chatterjee. (2 hrs.)

Tuesday, April 7. (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) ANIMAL FARM (British, 1953) is an adaptation in animated cartoons of Orwell's bitter fable made by the team of Halas and Batchelor. They have admitted hints of a gentle whimsy rather like Disney than Orwell and admirers of the novel may be annoyed at some of the changes. But even they would probably admit that we're rather luckier to have the film than not. (75 minutes)

Saturday, April 11. THE ISLAND (Japanese, 1962.) Produced and directed by Kaneto Shindo. Camera by Kiyoshi Kuroda. Nobuko Otowa, Taiji Tanoyama, Shinji Tanaka, Masanori Horimoto. A gently, finely told portrait of the daily life of a Japanese family dwelling on a small island in an inlet of the coastline of Japan. Their struggle to obtain the necessities of life by farming and by barter is quietly documented without dialogue. Even a tragic death is somehow comprehended and absorbed into the steady movement of existence. One does not miss the dialogue, for like William Faulkner's Addie



Bundren, one may think, after this film, "how words go straight up in a thin line, quick and harmless, and how terribly doing goes along the earth, clinging to it." (1 1/2 hrs.)

Saturday, April 18. THE ECLIPSE. ("L'Eclisse.") Italian, 1962. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni ("L'Avventura," "La Notte"). Alain Delon, Monica Vitti, Francisco Rabal, Lilla Brignone. A young Italian critic and philosopher, Umberto Eco, has aptly characterized this film as respecting and rendering vivid and expressive the formlessness of modern life by capturing the very structure of its disorganization. Although everything which happens within the film--from the dissolution of one love affair to the emergence of another one, from the African dance in an E.U.R. (Roman suburb) apartment to the dunking of a roadster--seems as utterly arbitrary as the stock-market crash which is so spectacularly conceived, Antonioni shows us the arbitrariness in a style of rare, formal perfection. Like some of the best recent films -- like, for example, "A Taste of Honey" in this important respect -- "The Eclipse" is too true to its subject-matter to impose the expiring cinematic convention of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End, and thus, with some of the best of modern theater and modern serious music, it may well represent the least arbitrary, the most conscientious of artistic styles.

Saturday, May 2. MR. ARKADIN, also known as "Confidential Report," was filmed eight years ago by Orson Welles in France, Germany, Greece, Spain and Mexico, and has only recently made the transatlantic voyage. Somewhat in the vein of "Citizen Kane," a tycoon digs into his own past, and Welles, as director, writer, and principal actor compounds a forceful suspense-film. Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, Paola Mori, and Robert Arden, as the investigator. (1 hr. 3/4.)

Tuesday, May 5 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) SUNSET BOULEVARD (American, 1950) written and directed by Billy Wilder begins with the moan of sirens down the boulevard and a glimpse of a Hollywood estate (a body in its swimming pool) and never relaxes as it watches faded ambitions recalled to false life and present ambition rejected in sudden death. Gloria Swanson, Erich von Stroheim and William Holden are the principals of this latter-day Gothick tale. (110 minutes)

Saturday, May 16. LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD. ("La Dernière Année à Marienbad," French, 1961.) Grand Prize, Venice Film Festival, 1961. Directed by Alain Resnais ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). Script by Robbe-Grillet (author of the novel, "Le Voyeur"). Delphine Syrig as "A"; Giorgio Albertazzi as "X"; Sacha Pitoëff as "M". As one reads the critics one can't escape the feeling that whether this film is as great as the most enthusiastic claim, or instead as ridiculous as its most vehement detractors allege, too much of the opinion, both positive and negative, reflects little more than surprise. Some of us are gleeful when our expectations are suddenly upset; others of us are enraged by the overrunning of not only our perimetric but also our last-ditch beliefs as to what a film must be in order to be a film at all. Such responses are natural enough, but not very illuminating. Out of the brouhaha dinning about the most discussed of recent, serious films (that "serious" is probably meant to disqualify "Cleopatra"), we therefore select these two comments remarkable for their pith, unpretentiousness, and plain relevance: "The author of the screenplay is Alain Robbe-Grillet, a member of the school of so-called anti-novelists now staring hard at things in France... (His) literary specialty is strict attention to objects rather than thoughts about them, and for this purpose the camera is a far more useful instrument than words." (The New Yorker) "It is the culmination of a whole series of films -- a new kind of film in which the story is not the most important element." (Richard Roud, Art Film Publications.) Special



admiring mention should be made of Sacha Vierny, the photographer whose camera stares hard at things. -- Anecdotal N.B., possibly apocryphal: The reason that this French film which won the Grand Prize in Venice cannot boast a prize from its own country's Cannes Film Festival is that Culture-Minister-novelist André Malraux personally vetoed its showing because "It's too good for Cannes."

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Saturday, May 23. 8 1/2. (Italian, 1963.) Directed by Federico Fellini ("La Dolce Vita," "Cabiria," "La Strada," "The White Sheik," "I Vitelloni.") "The self-portrait, an ancient and economical convention among painters and writers, has suffered a peculiar refinement in our time: the creator of a work of art, dissatisfied to serve merely as his own model, proceeds to make not his likeness but the difficulty of creating a work of art out of that likeness the subject of the work of art.... My heart sank when I heard, a year or so ago..., that the brilliant Italian movie director, Federico Fellini, was engaged in making a movie about a brilliant Italian movie director engaged in making a movie.... In the prime of life Guido Anselmi stands poised on the brink of breakdown...but, unexpectedly and welcomely, "8 1/2" is a comedy, and the hero's plight and eventual salvation are, to an uncanny degree, disguised manifestations of joy. Life, Fellini seems to be saying, is often very hard as well as absurd, but oh, how desirable it is!.... A bold, witty, intelligent script, which Fellini wrote in collaboration with Tullio Pinelli, Ennio Flaiano, and Brunello Rondi. Remarkable performances from Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo." (Brendan Gill, New Yorker.) (2 hrs. 1/4.)

LIFE