

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
INTERNATIONAL FILM SERIES

Fall Semester 1963-64

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 25 cents

Saturday, September 14. SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (Tirez sur le pianiste: French, 1960) is not quite describable as a comic melodrama and "tragi-comic parable" has a portentous sound that scarcely conveys the buffoonery as Francois Truffaut, with his singular, witty and rueful style, observes a concert pianist, Charlie Koller (Charles Aznavour) playing honkey-tonk piano badly but with dangerous charm in a bar thick with philosophical gangsters and B girls, moving without surprise towards doom.

Tuesday, September 17. (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) ODD MAN OUT (British, 1947) is splendid, sombre melodrama directed by Carol Reed. Its subject is Johnny MacQueen (James Mason), the leader of a diverse lot of Irish Irregulars who fail in a factory heist and fall apart as Johnny, dying and hunted, makes his uncertain way through a Belfast winter night. As a film it is strongly compelling and there are extraordinary performances from a number of players including F. J. McCormick as Shell, W. G. Fay as Father Tom, Kathleen Ryan as Katie and Robert Newton as the painter, Lukey. (115 minutes)

Saturday, September 21. DIVORCE--ITALIAN STYLE (Italian, 1962) "is an exceedingly funny movie and I recommend it without reservation, especially to husbands and wives (though perhaps more to husbands than wives). Even the title of the picture is a joke, since divorce isn't permitted in Italy; there, what God hath joined together no man may put asunder except by judicious homicide." Directed by Pietro Germi "With the superb joyous heartlessness of a Shaw." -Brendan Gill in The New Yorker.

Saturday, September 28. ONE, TWO, THREE (American, 1962) directed by Billy Wilder who wrote it with I.A.L. Diamond, is a comedy about a Coca-Cola evangelist in divided Berlin. James Cagney is the principal, Arlene Francis plays a quizzical matron and there is a Southern belle who cannot believe balloons saying "Yankees go home" because where she comes from nobody is Yankee. Wilder and Diamond made memorable fun with such unlikely stuffs as the St. Valentine's Day massacre and transvestitism in "Some Like it Hot" and this is more of the same.

Saturday, October 5. THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT (Russian, 1962) Its theme is man against nature, a team of young scientists who have been sent out in the trackless forests of Siberia to locate a possible diamond deposit. "A harsh and enthralling story, well acted by a small, attractive cast, and turned into an occasion of beauty by its director, Mikhail Kalatosov ..." -Brendan Gill in The New Yorker. (98 minutes)

Tuesday, October 15 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.) DESTROY RIDES AGAIN (American, 1939) is artful spoofing of the Western which introduces Marlene Dietrich into a wicked western town along with incorrigibly Jimmy Stewart as the son of the late respected sheriff who is determined to play it without guns. There are some concessions to convention but the sum is pretty beguiling, not least when Dietrich sings "See what the boys in the back room will have." (82 minutes)

Saturday, October 26. THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL (Le caporal épinglé: French, 1962) is recent Renoir and as such worth anybody's time. Its basis is a novel by Jacques Perret about an escape-artist interned by the Nazis following the fall of France. Jean-Pierre Cassel plays the Corporal.

Saturday, November 2. NIGHT IS MY FUTURE (also called Music in the Dark: Swedish, 1947) is one of the last of Ingmar Bergman's early films to be released in this country. Its principal is a suddenly blinded pianist who despairs of becoming a classical musician and starts playing in a cheap restaurant. Birger Malmsten is the pianist and the cast includes Mai Zetterling, Naima Wilfstand and others. (87 minutes)

Tuesday, November 12 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.). THE INSPECTOR GENERAL (American, 1949) is first of all Danny Kaye in very good form working in a soundly preposterous musical comedy which was suggested by Gogol's satire. Directed by Henry Koster, musical direction and incidental music by Johnny Green and with a cast including Walter Slezak, Elsa Lanchester, Gene Lockhart and Alan Hale. I remember being foolish enough to fancy that it wasn't funny in some irrelevant allegiance to Gogol. Danny Kaye would be the point and a sharp one. (102 minutes)

Saturday, November 16. PICKPOCKET (French, 1959) is one of the still very few films of Robert Bresson, a careful, austere director. Here he examines meticulously the mentality of a young man with a compulsion to steal. American comment on it is slim and inclined to be orgastic. Instead of quoting it, it seems more to the point to say that any film Bresson makes is bound to be worth looking at. (75 minutes)

Saturday, December 7. MY UNCLE (Mon Oncle: French, 1957) is one of the few films of Jacques Tati, a happily lunatic comment on gadgets in modern life which will remind the older of us of Chaplin's Modern Times and Rene Clair's A nous la liberte without equalling either. The point would be rather that M. Tati, writer-director-star, works a wily pantomimic way and winds himself at once into our remembrance and our affections. (110 minutes)

Tuesday, December 10 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.). THE LADYKILLERS (British, 1955) is one of the last in that splendid succession of Ealing comedy-thrillers which starred Alec Guinness, this time as the ruthless Master Mind of a deliciously unlikely gang disguised as a string quartet. As it turned out, Katie Johnson, in her first (and last) film was irresistibly the star. One may quarrel with friends as to whether or not it's as funny as (say) "The Lavender Hill Mob" but whether or not it's the best Guinness, it's a charmer (in colour) that adds measureable delight to the agenda. (93 minutes)

Tuesday, January 7 (In the Forum of the U.M.C.). JUST FOR LIFE (American, 1956) shouldn't have been as good as it was, produced by a great American studio, taking off from a best selling novel about a sensational painter (Vincent van Gogh) and generally set up to be cultural and diversion at once. It seems to have been both quite genuinely with Kirk Douglas as the tormented painter and all in all seems to warrant special place as one of Hollywood's outwittings of itself.

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Saturday, January 11. JOAN OF THE ANGELS? (Polish, 1961) was directed by Jerry Kawalerowicz and began from the startling story of the raving religieuses of Loudon, a matter absorbing enough in itself and brought sharply to our attention by such diverse writers as Aldous Huxley and John Whiting. John Coleman, writing for the New Statesman found it enthralling if (like most films) hybrid: "this one scores excitingly in its sharp, dramatic visualisation: the sudden turn of Mother Joan's wimpled head to disclose a slack-mouthed, grinning mask; the cavortings of the novices under exorcism; the cool, sinister prospects of convent rooms; and the Bergman antics of the neighbouring inn, where emblematic rustics wink and pry."

