

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

INTERNATIONAL FILM SERIES

Fall Semester 1964

Outstanding and Prizewinning Films

Admission 50 cents (Children under 12, 25 cents)

UNIVERSITY THEATRE SERIES Saturday evenings, 7 p.m. and 9 p.m.

FORUM ROOM SERIES of MASTERS OF THE FILM MEDIUM: 6:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.  
(Note: Jan. 27 and 28: one complete show each evening)

THIS SEMESTER: SERGEI EISENSTEIN

(N.B. At time of printing, consideration is being given to the possibility of scheduling informal lectures or panel discussions of the film medium in connection with the Forum Room series, "Masters of the Film Medium," which begins this semester with the films of Sergei Eisenstein, and will continue next semester with films of V. I. Pudovkin. Place and time for such meetings would be announced through the campus newspaper.--University Film Committee.)

Saturday, Sept. 12. CISKE THE RAT (Dutch-German, 1963). "A strangely wholesome movie, rather square and quite untouched by the abbreviated moodiness of Francois Truffaut's imaginative and personal "The 400 Blows." This plain Dutch film, with its old-fashioned faith in society's benevolent homeostasis, does not allow Ciske a flight into the indulgence of despair, and, with the aid of a reformatory chaplain -- not, you will note, a psychiatrist--he is brought safely back into the ambit of natural charity.... Driven by lack of love into a fugue of drab delinquency....," writes Jonathan Miller, in the New Yorker, of this film 10-year-old who is driven to kill his mother. Direction and screenplay by Wolfgang Staudte. Dick van der Velde, Kees Brusse, Riel Schagen, Berta Drews, Heidi Everts. 1½ hours.

Saturday, September 19. BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET. (I Soliti Ignoti.) Italian, 1959. Directed by Mario Monicelli. Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale, Marcello Mastroianni, Toto. "'Big Deal' is, in structure, a free-wheeling spoof of all such taut comic melodramas as 'Rififi'... The scene is Rome, and the leading characters are members of a hastily cobbled-up gang of petty thieves, intent on committing a superb burglary... The spirit is eager to burgle, but the flesh is weak... The goal of a sublime crookedness beckons them on, but, alas, they keep stumbling over distractions..., victims of their own invincible humanity. The apocalyptic safecracking, which skillfully parodies the famous silent scene in 'Rififi,' is as funny a stretch of clowning as I've seen in years. Since the point of the picture is that every seeming

climax should prove an anticlimax, there's no very satisfactory way to end it; our new-found foolish friends simply drift away...." As to a possible sequel, Brendan Gill proposes in the same New Yorker review that "surely, in simple injustice, on the grounds of incompetence alone, they deserve a chance to fail again." "The dialogue," notes Robert Hatch in The Nation, "largely a matter of inflection and gestures, is funny even to an audience whose knowledge of Italian is confined to ciao!"

Saturday, September 26. THE BURMESE HARP. (Biruma No Tatego.) Japan, 1960. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Screenplay by Natto Wada. Story by Michiyo Takeyama. Camera by Minoru Yokoyama. Music by A. Ifukube. Nikkatsu Players, with Shoji Yasui as Private Mizushima, and Rentaro Mikuni as Captain Inouye. "...that most haunting of war films in which death and defeat are resolved in the figure of a wandering soldier turned monk. Once with home-made harp he would travel ahead of his unit to signal ambushes; now the plucked notes announce to prisoners on the eve of their return his expiatory mission. Tunes, talking parrots, a ruby, imprint an almost fairy-tale candour upon pity and terror, and 'Home, Sweet Home' -- long popular in Japan -- receives here its most beautiful setting." William Whitebait (New Statesman). "A marvellously poetic creation, a strange and gentle pacifist plea..." (David Robinson, 'Sixty Years of Japanese Cinema.') 2 hours.

Wednesday, September 30. ("Masters of the Film Medium," in the Forum Room of the U.M.C.) SERGEI EISENSTEIN. Produced by V. Katanyan of the Central Documentary Film Studios, Moscow, in 1958. Script by R. Yureneva. Photography by M. Glider. English commentary. A film biography of the great Russian director, treating his life (b. 1898 - d. 1948) and presenting extracts from his early stage productions, his major films, and his shooting of the interrupted "Bezhin Meadow." Although this documentary could not be previewed before press time, it is hoped that it will serve as an interesting introduction to Eisenstein's work. The Monthly Film Bulletin of the British Film Institute reviews it as follows: "To those already familiar with his films, the extracts shown bring no surprises but are nevertheless so well presented that the film gives an impression of completeness.... Excerpts from Eisenstein's stage productions are of particular interest, represented only by stills in some cases, but they leave a vivid impression of this remarkable man's fertility and perfectionism. His skill as an artist is demonstrated by numerous drawings and sketches and the film also shows him at work with his pupils at the State School of Cinematography. Sergei Prokofiev, Grigori Alexandrov, and Giuseppe de Santis pay suitable homage to the director." (N.B. The film "Violin and Roller," to be shown in the University Theater Saturday evening, October 31, was the first-prize-winner in the annual Soviet state student film competition in 1961.) Running time: 50 mins.

and

POTEMKIN. 1925. Directed by Sergei M. Eisenstein. Assistant director, G. V. Alexandrov. Photography by Eduard Tissé. Silent, with a musical sound track added in 1951 by N. Kruikov. English titles, no dialogue. Based on an incident which occurred on the warship "Prince Potemkin" during the Odessa uprising of 1905. It demonstrates Eisenstein's extraordinary theories of the film, including his ideological approach to the cinema and his treatment of the mass rather than the individual as protagonist. His use of montage has never been surpassed. Unquestionably one of the finest works of art in the history of the film medium, and so voted in 1951 in an international poll of the world's leading film makers. Running time: 67 min. (Total program running time: 2 hrs. 7 mins.)



Saturday, October 3. THIS SPORTING LIFE. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Screenplay by David Storey. Richard Harris, Rachel Roberts, Alan Badel, Vanda Godsell. British, 1963. "At last we see a British film which is not afraid of emotion." (Derek Prouse, Christian Science Monitor) "A brilliantly ruthless portrait of a professional football player and his brutish world. But the portrait...is a universal one. It is a total portrait of the avid animal who meets frustration only briefly with bewilderment and ultimately destructive force, of the tragedy of the unreasoning man, unable to cope with a subtlety of soul." (Judith Christ, NY Herald Tribune) "The blazing actuality of the film, both on the playing field and in the domestic scenes, is attributable to Lindsay Anderson, a documentary director making his first feature film. A professional rugby player, an inarticulate primitive who suffers intimations of humanity and vents his frustration in the breaking of bones and household objects..." (Robert Hatch, The Nation) "Even though a dedicated moviegoer has been surfeited by the spate of films illustrating youth wallowing in the lower depths of kitchen-sink dramas, 'This Sporting Life' gives this entire genre meaning and brilliance." (A. N. Weiler, NY Times) "The picture's fine qualities -- the torrential man-woman scenes, the football fury, the imaginative use of flashback -- are what we would have expected from Anderson, and what make us look forward to his next film." (Stanley Kauffmann, New Republic) 2 hours.

Wednesday, October 14. ("Masters of the Film Medium," in the Forum Room of the U.M.C. OCTOBER. (Also called, THE TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.) 1928. Direction and scenario by Sergei Eisenstein, assisted by G. Alexandrov. Photography by Eduard Tissé. Silent, with English titles; no dialogue. Made in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution of 1917, it is a superb illustration of the artistic possibilities of a "film of ideas." Technical and structural conceptions introduced by Eisenstein have had an immense influence on the development of the film. "Possibly the most distinguished picture in the history of the cinema; it is the art of the moving picture matured, after years of effort." (New Yorker) Running time: 68 minutes.

Saturday, October 17. HAND IN THE TRAP. Argentina, 1963. Directed by Torre Nilsson ('Summerskin'). Screenplay by Beatriz Guido, Riccardo Luna, Nilsson. Elsa Daniel, Francisco Robal, Maria Rosa Gallo. "In 'Hand in the Trap', Leopoldo Torre Nilsson has another hothouse study of a young girl caught up in an oppressive atmosphere of tradition, pride, and sexuality." (Hollis Alpert, Saturday Review) "A girl spends a summer with two aunts in their large house in a small town. In the attic is supposed to be a deformed illegitimate half-brother of hers whom she has never seen." (Stanley Kauffmann, New Republic) "As in his previous 'End of Innocence' and 'Summerskin', Nilsson is illustrating a sensitive, oblique and introspective approach to the crashing impact of love on the young and middle-aged." (A. N. Weiler, NY Times) "'Hand in the Trap' derives its title from quotation from St. Augustine, to the effect that he who puts his hand into a trap must carry the trap around forever -- and so it is with its heroine who has questioned too far." (Judith Christ, NY Herald Tribune) The film won the Cannes Film Critics prize last year, but one non-Cannes critic, Edith Oliver of the New Yorker, commented tersely: "I can only suppose that a repulsive shot of a tumbler of water with two dead bugs floating in it must have swung the vote." (1½ hours.)

Saturday, October 31. ZERO FOR CONDUCT, followed by VIOLIN AND ROLLER. (Total running time: 1 3/4 hours. This program is recommended for all ages. ZERO FOR CONDUCT. (Zero de Conduite.) France, 1933. Written and directed by Jean Vigo. Assistant directors: Henri Storck, Albert Riera, and Pierre Merle.



Camera by Boris Kaufman. Music by Maurice Joubert. Lyrics by Charles Goldblatt. With Jean Dasté, Robert Le Flon, Du Veron, Delphin, Mme. Emile, Larive, Louis Lefebvre, Gilbert Pruchon, Coco Goldstein, Gerard de Bedarieux, Louis de Gonzague-Frick, and Raya Diligent. Reviewer Basil Wright of the Spectator identifies himself with a "minority who believe it to be one of the most notable films yet made.... Its purely technical qualities leave a lot to be desired. It was made with entirely inadequate finance and the cameraman had to exercise his art under great limitations. But it has the vital spark of cinema to a degree which only a handful of others can claim. It is, par excellence, a work conceived solely in film terms; it owes nothing to literature, theatre, or to any current 'isms.' It is also the only film which presents the dreamlike, fantastic world of the young adolescent from his own, rather than an adult, point of view. The story is about a mutiny organised by four boys in a particularly horrible small-town boarding school; the development is achieved by the grouping and juxtaposition of arbitrarily chosen sequences, each of which adds to the progress of the film by an alchemy peculiar to the director." The late James Agee wrote in The Nation: "Zero de Conduite seems to me all but unblemished inspiration, moving freely and surely in its own unprecedented world from start to finish, one of the few great movie poems... It is hard for me to imagine how anyone with a curious eye and intelligence can fail to be excited by it, for it is one of the most visually eloquent and adventurous movies I have seen. But its fullest enjoyment depends rather heavily, I believe, on subjective chance. I happen to share a good deal of Vigo's peculiar kind of obsession for liberty and against authority, and can feel this in particularly clear emotional focus, as he does, in terms of the children and masters in a school. So the spirit of this film, its fierceness and gaiety, the total absence of well-constructed 'constructive' diagnosis and prescription, the enormous liberating force of its quasi-nihilism, its humor, directness, kindness, criminality, and guile, form for me as satisfying a revolutionary expression as I know. On one seeing, anyhow, the film is quite bewildering, even if you understand its main device, as I was slow to do; but if you know the device, and accept it, the bewilderment itself becomes essential to the poem, and to your pleasure in it. As I see it the trick is, simply, that Vigo gets deeper inside his characters than most people have tried to on film, is not worried about transitions between objective, subjective, fantastic, and subconscious reality, and mixes as many styles and camera tricks, as abruptly as he sees fit -- always, so far as I can see, using the right style at the right moment, and always using it with force, charm, and originality.... In an important sense, Vigo is far from 'unconventional'; he is merely making much of the rest of the alphabet available. He has gone as far in this, I think, as Eisenstein and Dovzhenko -- in a very different direction, of course -- and a great deal that he has done in this film, bold as it is, should be regarded less as inimitable experiment than as the conquest of more of the full ground on which further work can be done. It is as if he had invented the wheel. Many others were fumbling at it; some still are (1948); but nobody of anything remotely like his ability is trying to find further uses for it; and one is surely to be branded as a solemn snob, incapable of 'enjoying' movies, if one so much as dares to speak in favor of these elementary devices by which enjoyment could be enlarged." The British critic, Roger Manvell, wrote in Sight and Sound: "In 1934 (N.B.: the year after the making of 'Zero for Conduct') Vigo died. His death was the greatest loss that the French cinema ever sustained. He was a completely fearless film-maker, and a man who was determined to use the film as an artist should, for the purpose of honest expression. He made both Zero de Conduite and L'Atalante against every possible obstacle that ill-health and inadequate budgets could produce, and if both of these films bear the signs of his technical inexperience, neither can be criticised, in my view, for lack of imagination or of clarity of purpose." Running time: 3/4 of an hour.

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VIOLIN AND ROLLER. U.S.S.R., 1962. Color. Directed by A. Tartovsky. Igor Fomchenko, Vladimir Zamansky, Nina Archangelskaya. "'Violin and Roller' has a stolid, artless, open-faced manner that is shaped not as much by conscious style as by the accidental style of intelligent unpretentiousness. A seven-year-old boy on his way to a violin lesson is rescued from a gang of bullies by the driver of a steamroller. The mutual respect of the boy and the driver rings true, and so does the easy, inquiring camera work.... A could-be-corny story handled with a complete lack of mawkishness." (Whitney Balliett, New Yorker.) Running time: 1 hour.

Saturday, November 14. TOMORROW IS MY TURN. (Passage du Rhin) France, 1960. Directed by André Cayatte ("Justice is done, " "We are all murderers"). Screenplay by Cayatte and Armand Jamat. Charles Aznavour, Cordula Trantow, Georges Riviere, Nicole Courcel. Best Film, Venice Film Festival, 1960. Best Film, Cannes Film Festival, 1960. The picture recounts the adventures of two men, altogether different in station, intellect, and appearance, from the moment they are summoned into the Army in 1940, until shortly after the liberation of Paris, four years later.... A dashing, anti-Nazi journalist, eager to test his courage and cleverness under fire...and a poor little pastry cook, browbeaten by his in-laws and resigned to whatever humiliations the future may hold for him.... Since I deplore long, over-stuffed pictures, probably the best tribute I can pay 'Tomorrow is my Turn' is to note that though it lasts nearly two hours, it struck me as pleasantly brief, and that I wouldn't have wanted to omit a single one of all the many reversals of fortune.... Every foot of this picture is shiningly alive, and much of it is beautiful." (Brendan Gill, New Yorker) "Operating on the premise that individuals as well as circumstances alter cases, André Cayatte has constructed in 'Tomorrow is my Turn' an ironic romance of World War II." (Robert Hatch, The Nation) Two critics were led to speak of 'Grand Illusion', but in rather different tones. Bosley Crowther of the NY Times wrote: "Trenchant and caustic...the classic French film, 'Grand Illusion,' rises repeatedly to mind as one follows the mordant succession of behind-the-front wartime events... As in Renoir's 'Grand Illusion,' M. Cayatte is constructing a sense of the barren irony of finding friends and compassion among one's enemies and hatred and distrust among one's countrymen." Stanley Kauffman, on the other hand, writes in The New Republic: "A well-made but unfocussed film. It is only good enough to make us ask why it isn't better. It is 'Grand Illusion' warmed over without the social and political implications that make Renoir's film large." (2 hours.)

Wednesday, November 18. ("Masters of the Film Medium," in the Forum Room of the U.M.C.) THE GENERAL LINE. (Also called, THE OLD AND THE NEW.) 1929. Direction and scenario by Sergei Eisenstein and Grigori Alexandrov. Photography by Eduard Tissé. Art direction by V. Korrigin and K. Burov. Assistant cameramen: V. Nilsen and V. Popov. Entirely non-professional cast, including Marta Lapkina, Varia Buzenkov, Kostia Vasiliev, and Tchukhmarev. Silent, with English titles. "It is one of the rare silent films which achieve characterization rather than types. It has an absorbing subject, quiet and deeper than its predecessors. And in telling his story Eisenstein has used the fruits of his previous experiences, illustrating all his theories of continuity, of montage and of pictorial composition to the full." Thorold Dickinson, Soviet Cinema. The film was made in support of the mechanization of agriculture in an atmosphere of ignorance, superstition, and hostility. Four sequences which have since become famous are the prayers for rain, the scything race, the comic "marriage of the bull," and the symbolic cream-separator sequence. Running time: 76 minutes.



Saturday, December 5. WINTER LIGHT. Sweden, 1963. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. ("Sawdust and Tinsel," "Smiles of a Summer Night," "The Seventh Seal," "Wild Strawberries," "Through a Glass Darkly," "The Virgin Spring," "The Silence"). Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Bjornstrand, Max von Sydow. "Winter Light" is the latest installment of Ingmar Bergman's running debate with God-- a God who, for him, has either the rudeness to pretend to be deaf or the nerve to be non-existent. Whichever the case may be, Mr. Bergman quite rightly feels at a disadvantage in the presence of such divine bad manners, and so turns, as artists always do, to the consolation of a symbolic howl of protest...A forbidding sounding movie, but a beautiful one as well." (Brendan Gill, New Yorker) "Unlike Michelangelo Antonioni ("L'Avventura," "La Notte," "L'Eclisse"), he does not believe that man invented God and must now be manly enough to admit it and to destroy him. Bergman is concerned to find a way of living with....the memory of God." (Stanley Kauffman, New Republic) "Winter Light" must inevitably be appraised as a contemplation of the state of Christianity today -- or of the efficacy of the clerical function. For a symbol of the clergy's quality, Mr. Bergman has made a poor and fragile choice. But the vividness with which he has presented this cold and relentless display of spiritual poverty and pathos cannot be criticized -- at least, not for its expression in brilliant poetic images." (Bosley Crowther, NY Times) But John Coleman, critic of the New Statesman, thinks it can indeed be criticized, to wit: "Bergman implacably continues to wash his dirty cassocks in public. Bergman's God-battle gets harsher with every film and, worse, more of a wordy mask for something else.... The second film in a kind of God-worrying trilogy that began with 'Through a Glass Darkly,' after which you could take your choice: God is no more than a figment of diseased minds; God exists, but most strongly for the mystic or madman; God exists, but direly, as something diabolic and incalculable, a hurtful joker.... 'Winter Light' is more spare and ruthless than anything else he has done, from its first, sustained sequence of the fag-end of a service to its last image of Tomas addressing a congregation of one, his agnostic mistress." Robert Hatch, critic of The Nation, concludes an unfavorable review: "It will be complained that I make light of Mr. Bergman's pessimism. I think he made light of it in the first place by constructing it on the decline of a trivial man." "The theme, again," writes Stanley Kauffman (New Republic), "is how, what, whether to believe." (1 hour and 20 minutes)

Wednesday, December 9. ("Masters of the Film Medium," in the Forum Room of the U.M.C.) ALEXANDER NEVSKY. 1938. Directed by Sergei Eisenstein and D. I. Vassiliev. Story by Eisenstein and Peter A. Pavelneko. Photography by Eduard Tissé. Original music by Sergei Prokofiev. Featuring Nikolai Cherkassov (see also, "Ivan the Terrible"), N. P. Okhlopkov, A. L. Abrikossov, V. O. Massalitinova, V. S. Ivasheva. Russian dialogue with English subtitles. This film of epic proportions marks a new direction in Eisenstein's work. The historical subject is the invasion of Russia in 1242 by the ruthless Christian crusaders who called themselves the "Order of the Teutonic Knights." The free city-state of Novgorod fought a decisive battle to a brilliant victory under Alexander Nevsky, at Lake Peipus. The "Battle of the Ice" is perhaps the most stunning and awesome of all monumental sequences ever filmed. The collaboration with Prokofiev resulted in the first example of Eisenstein's theory of the proper relationship between musical sound and visual image. Made in 1938, the story contains scarcely concealed allusions to the threat of Nazi Germany's growing invasion potential. Running time: 1 3/4 hours.



Saturday, January 9. FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES. (Quattro Giornate di Napoli) Italy, 1963. Directed by Nanni Loy. Screenplay by Loy. Jean Sorel, Leu Massani, George Wilson, Regina Bianchi. "The 'Four Days of Naples' is a brilliant movie.. ..More than once, I've laid it down that the quasi-documentary is a bastard form, true neither to life nor to art and therefore doomed to fail, and the success of this Italian picture -- the first by a director named Nanni Loy to reach these shores, and a quasi-documentary if there ever was one -- leaves me delighted and perplexed. Episodes by turns comic and tragic happened at fantastic speed, in the greatest possible confusion, amid incessant shouting and tears, and Mr. Loy's camera catches them all, cutting from scene to scene like a bullet ricocheting through chaos; in a few seconds here, a few seconds there, we encounter a character, lose him, and again encounter him, though to what purpose we scarcely know, for only gradually do the tangled threads of the skein draw together and tighten into a design. We observe both the anguished heroism of the individual and the exalted heroism of the crowd....The professional members of the cast aren't listed among the credits; anonymity is their tribute to the quick and the dead of the four days of Naples." (Brendan Gill, New Yorker) (N.B. The 'Four Days of Naples' refer to the popular uprising in the city in September of 1943 against the German forces.) Robert Hatch of The Nation rather dismisses the Italian-German controversy: "To a non-German, the dominant quality of the picture is lyric rather than punitive." Stanley Kauffman of The New Republic apparently does not consider the film an exception to the difficulties which haunt many quasi-documentaries. In contrast to such marked successes as Rossellini's "Open City" and numerous Soviet films of the thirties dramatizing the Revolution, Kauffman finds that "Loy has attempted to reproduce the feeling of the city's streets as the Mother Of Us All and the sense that, through a mosaic of small scenes, a large figurative portrait of a people is achieved...Loy fails: because in most instances he either strains the material past the content it will hold or else he pushes it out of shape into trite movie-scene form....It is irritating to watch a film by which one wants to be moved and to be shut out by the director and the scriptwriters." (2 hours)

Saturday, January 16. MUSIC ROOM. (Jalsaghar.) India, 1963.

Directed by Satyajit Ray. Camera by Subatra Mitra. Chabi Biswas, Padma Devi, Pinaki Sen Gupta. "It tells, dwellingly, of the crack-up of an Indian aristocrat devoted to musical evenings, of the squandering of his estates and his wife's jewellery, of the destruction of a weak man of fine sensibilities by the mechanical incursions of new-style capitalism...Throughout, the camera of Subatra Mitra thriftily yet lingeringly touches in the contest of a dissolving life: the roof-top lounging on a decaying palace, the lone elephant swirled round by a mist of dust from a truck, the concentrated anatomizing of neglected interiors." John Coleman (New Statesman). "This gentle but demanding Indian director tells his stories ("Pather Panchali," "Aparajito," "The World of Apu," and "Two Daughters," all previously shown) at a pace that for most of us festinating Westerners seems numbingly slow; in order to enjoy the Lotosland-like dilatoriness with which he causes them to unfold, one has to have passed through a sort of time barrier, on the far side of which, in an area of extraordinary calm, every minute contains hundreds of seconds and a day can be an eternity. Consenting to Ray time, one feels a sense of somnambulistic well-being; resisting it, one suffers the horological equivalent of the bends.... As simple and pure and direct, if nothing like as bleak, as Bergman's current 'Winter Light' (see Dec. 5 program)." Brendan Gill (New Yorker). 1½ hours.



(Due to length of program, please note special scheduling.)

Wednesday and Thursday, January 27 and 28. One complete showing each night. ("Masters of the Film Medium," in the Forum Room of the U.M.C.) **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I & II.**

Written and directed by Sergei Eisenstein. Photography by Eduard Tisse, (exteriors) and Andrei Meskvin (interiors). Musical score by Sergei Prokofiev. Featuring Nikolai Charkassov (see "Alexander Nevsky"), Serafima Birman, Pavel Kadochnikov, Andrei Abrikosov, and V. I. Pudovkin (the Russian film director whose works will be the subject of the Spring semester series in the Forum Room). Russian dialogue with English subtitles. Filmed in 1944-46, but Part II was suppressed until 1958, apparently because the characterization of Tsar Ivan IV was displeasing to Stalin. The historical subject is the attempt of Ivan to unite his peoples into a nation against the hostility of the Orthodox Church, the entrenched power of the Boyars or Barons, and the intrigues of foreign princes. The epic style inaugurated in "Alexander Nevsky" becomes more massive and more intense in "Ivan the Terrible." Deliberately forswearing the then current Stanislavski method of acting, Eisenstein demanded of his players a very stylized type of acting which may seem Victorian to us, but is more likely a true descendant of the Byzantine tradition, simultaneously hieratic and sumptuous. The original scenario by Eisenstein includes a brief third part, never filmed, in which Tsar Ivan overwhelms all opposition in the best epic tradition. "As the major creation of the great master of Soviet cinema, the film is monumental from every point of view.... The outstanding quality of the film is Eisenstein's conception of what is practically a new medium, to suit his narrative. He appears as the complete inventor and creator. Everything is subordinated to the total effect; and the total effect is a wholly original compound of Eisenstein's lifetime of intellectual, artistic, sensual explorations. There are echoes from opera and Kabuki, from ancient Russian frescoes and ikons, from ecclesiastical imagery, from Goya and Rembrandt and El Greco and Repin, from the puppet theatre and the 19th century drama as well as from Rublev and Feofan and the old Russian masters.... Perhaps in no other film has the musical score played so integral a role.... Sometimes Prokofiev devised the pattern, the emotional structure of a sequence, and Eisenstein edited his film to it; at other times the order was reversed, Prokofiev moulding his score to the images.... It is a thrilling film, showing Eisenstein at the height of his powers, a film artist in unequalled control of his medium." Sight and Sound. (Running time: 3 hours.)

Saturday, January 30. **KNIFE IN THE WATER.** Poland, 1963. Directed by Roman Polanski. Screenplay by Jerzy Skolimowski, Jakub Goldberg, and Polanski. Leon Niemczyk, Jolanta Umecka, Zygmunt Malanowicz. "The film concerns just three people: a couple in their thirties and a student they pick up on the road.... The husband impassively invites him to come sailing with them and most of the ensuing action, culminating in a fight and a seduction, takes place in the cramped quarters of a weekenders' boat.... The result is an almost clinically lucid exploration, shot through with humour, of the perils of connubial boredom. One soon grasps why the boy has been asked along, as a spur to flagging appetites.... The story is mostly implied through the quite masterful images. The camera always seems to be placed for visual ironies, unexpected hands and objects coming into frame, moving about the deck of the smallish boat as if it were accomodating acres of studio-floor." John Coleman New Statesman). "The three of them, for no very strong motives and certainly from no premeditation, proceed to chew one another to bits.... It takes a



delicate sense of propriety to tell a moral tale with tongue in cheek; 'Knife in the Water' gets away with it by keeping the scene frankly physical and electrically photogenic." Robert Hatch (The Nation). "Polanski has made a first feature with the virtuous élan that one might expect of a gifted, bright young man; but it also has insights and subtleties that are at least a decade early in him.... What Polanski has done is to build a small Sartrean system of tensions and counter-tensions rooted in character." Stanley Kauffmann (New Republic). 1½ hours.



