

THE FOURTH ANNUAL N. Y. FILM FESTIVAL WENT INTO ORBIT

## This Week In New York

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Festival Gives Films Their  
Place in Lincoln Center



Unreeling at Lincoln Center, N.Y.'s Fourth  
Film Festival—16mm films and multi-media events

'Loves of a Blonde'

First Picture  
Of Film Fete  
Draws 2,500

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'Loves of a Blonde'  
Will Open Festival

New York Film Festival  
Now Accepting Entries

Festival Better  
Than Last Year's

New York Is a Foreign Festival  
YORK POST

REALLY LOVE FILMS, SEEING  
real dream of all directors—to put  
out sympathy, sagacity and insight  
desire in a gleaming worldful of

### MOVIE NOTES

Film Festival Picks First Five

A Shameless Old Lady  
Puts Sexpots to Shame

common experiences of the man-woman re

—Archer W

ARE ENTERTAINMENTS! FOR PEOPLE  
COMING HOME AGAIN! Forman has ac

Powerful Films End Festival

he best kind. All  
and the name of

Film Festival: Two Tours de Force

Film Festival: Off to a Sparkling Start

W YORK FILM  
QUALITY

Festival Opens With Five Films

BIG MOB SCENE,  
CRAZY ATTIRE

their vulnerability, their foibles, their traits and their essential  
in the human comedy. Provides the highest of comedy! 'Loves

—Judith Crist, WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE

THE FOURTH ANNUAL N. Y. FILM FESTIVAL WENT INTO ORBIT

with the showing of 'Loves of a Blonde'—an electrifying start! Sparkling... enter-  
altitude achieved by Mr. Forman's picture. Delightful and unusual—comic and  
ly reminiscent of 'Marty'... wonderfully funny. Beautifully played. It senses and  
et shies away from, the vagrant hungers and longings of youth. It is human, true

Please Don't Catch a Cold

'Blonde' Sets Fast Pace at Festival



# VARIETY

Wednesday, June 1, 1966

## FILMS ROLE AT LINCOLN CENTER

Lincoln Center, whose original blueprints never recognized the motion picture as an art, is now very much immersed in cinema. Not only is the fourth annual New York Film Festival upcoming in Philharmonic Hall next September but the new Alice Tully Hall in the Juilliard School structure to be completed in early 1968 will expand Lincoln Center from a once-a-year to a continuing emphasis upon films.

Further, Lincoln Center is in the running for the (or a) nod from the proposed American (or call it National) Film Institute, presently under study by the Stamford Research Center of California, a private organization given \$100,000 of Federal funds to prepare the feasibility report on which Federal decision is expected to be based.

Schuyler Chapin, programming veep of Lincoln Center and as such the executive who plans entertainment events which are separate from the formal programs of the opera, symphony, ballet, repertory and musical comedy-opera "constituents" of the Center, is very bullish on the cinema side of the arts complex. He regards the upcoming film festival as a consolidation of gains until now and as foreshadowing the broader future of cinematics within the \$160,000,000 complex. Chapin is inclined to the belief that the success and prestige of the Philharmonic Hall film festivals had the immediate result of blowing the langhairs out of the eyes of other arts centers, notably the proposed John F. Kennedy Center in Washington with the

result that the motion picture is now recognized as an art.

As earlier reported here, the N.Y. Film Festival now is scouting the world for suitable product (it is non-competitive but high in magnetism owing to the presence of the U.S. film distributors two subway jumps away). Chapin working under the president of Lincoln Center, composer-educator William Schuman, and with Amos Vogel and Richard Roud as the co-presenters speaks of the festivals as "ongoing events." The prospective facilities and program

at Alice Tully Hall will include intermittent screening and discussion activities (along with musical and other events which will also use the hall).

### Institute Angles

As an experienced institutional exec, Chapin recognizes the fact that Federal funds will probably be channeled to the most developed film study center existing, once the Film Institute is ready for implementation. This factor, plus the overall expanding nature of the fest, will give the 1966 Festival a greater urgency.

Cultural institutions, as a rule, avoid the impression that they are scrambling after funds in competition with other establishments eyeing the same cash lode. More candidly, Chapin believes that Lincoln Center is a "natural" film art showcase for at least some part of the prospective Film Institute program, and admits that "the stronger our program, and the more development we evidence, the more we'll be entitled to."

"We're not," he added cautiously, "rolling the dice for the dough, but merely doing a job for the people served."

### Love That Image

Chapin summons the image presented by festgoers attending last year's presentation of the five-hour-long classic French "Fantomas" serials, who, at intermission were supping on bread, wine and cheese at one end of Philharmonic, while black-tie and champagne sipping obtained at the other. "Few events," he added, "generate as much excitement as the festival."

Chapin foresees Lincoln Center as giving a leg-up to films lacking "immediate commercial appeal," plus provision for depth study of the medium. These concepts are evolving rather than defined. Apparently foundations outside LC are expected to pick up tab for some of the costs. It is hoped that the film festivals themselves will in due course sever the umbilical cord to the center's own special programming funds.

Film festival budgets have escalated from \$78,000 in 1963, to \$112,000 in 1964, then \$128,000 last September. Lincoln Center ponied up \$25,000 to cover slippage for 1965.

In spite of its always nearly capacity attendance, measured at between 85-90% of its 2,500 salable seats (about 300 of the hall's 2,800 offer obscured vision), the fest is an expensive operation, says Chapin. In order to preserve its democratic composition, however, the LC exec maintains that ducats will remain at their present and unchanging \$2-\$2.50 level. Few events at Lincoln Center are as inexpensive.

Element at last year's fest which Chapin likes to point to as an example of the commercial benefit the fest can provide is "The Shop on Main Street," though he adds that "commerciality" is no gauge of the event's success.

"Shop," however, proved that the festival can aid in the opening of broad audiences for a particular film outside of the limited gatherings at Philharmonic Hall.

Asked whether he felt distributors, especially the majors, would exhibit a greater willingness to cooperate in the festival, Chapin opined that the MPAA, under its new administration, would now take a more active part, and perhaps persuade major distributors to make more films available. To date Columbia Pictures seems to be the only stalwart supporter of the local festival.

Another "problem" Chapin commented on was the N.Y. critics' habit of reviewing films unspooled at the festival, which, in the view of most distributors, makes the risk not worth taking, especially if there aren't theatres available immediately following the fest presentation for a regular run. (Few critics will be bound by a release date on any publicly-exhibited film.—Ed.)



Wednesday, May 25, 1966

## Lincoln Center Fest Adds Committees

In a move designed to keep to an individual performer, went on public view yesterday, pace with the continuing growth of Lincoln Center's annual New York Film Festival, an expansion of foreign festival coverage by enlarging the New York Festival's program committee has been announced by festival director Amos Vogel.

Program Director, Richard Roud and Vogel will be joined on the program committee by film critics Arthur Knight ("The Saturday Review") and Andrew Sarris ("The Village Voice"). Festivals to be canvassed for 1966 Lincoln Center selections are those held in Cannes, Karlovy Vary, Berlin, Venice, Oberhausen, San Sebastian, Mar del Plata, Locarno, Montreal, Trieste and Pesaro.

Arthur Knight, coordinator of the "Film '65" panel discussions for last year's Festival, is a Professor of Cinema at the University of Southern California and author of the well-known history of motion pictures, "The Liveliest Art." He is co-author of a CBS network television series to be presented this summer. Andrew Sarris, film lecturer and writer, is currently editor-in-chief of the English-language edition of "Cahiers du Cinema" and host of the WBAI radio show, "Films in Focus." His monograph for a recent Museum of Modern Art film series, "The Films of Josef von Sternberg," will be distributed shortly by Doubleday, as will a Bobbs-Merrill publication, "Interviews With Film Directors."

Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival, continuing as a non-competitive showcase, will be held Monday, Sept. 12 through Thursday, Sept. 22, at Philharmonic Hall, once more in association with the British Film Institute, and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) and the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

Scheduled for this year's event are 22 programs consisting of new feature-length films and short subjects chosen from the world's production centers, as well as a number of retrospective showings of motion pictures not available to the United States film-going public.

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

### N.Y. Film Festival to Expand Foreign Scope

NEW YORK — Lincoln Center's New York Film Festival has decided to enlarge its program committee in an effort to expand coverage of foreign festivals, it is announced by Amos Vogel, Festival director.

Richard Roud, program director, and Vogel will be joined on the program committee by film critics Arthur Knight, of *The Saturday Review*, and Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice*. Festivals to be canvassed for 1966 Lincoln Center selections are those held in Cannes, Karlovy Vary, Berlin, Venice, Oberhausen, San Sebastian, Mar del Plata, Locarno, Montreal, Trieste and Pesaro.

Vogel announced that Roud, who is also program officer for the British Film Institute, will be year-round program consultant for future Lincoln Center film projects.

Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival will be held Sept. 12-22 at Philharmonic Hall, once more in association with the British Film Institute and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America and the Motion Picture Association of America. Scheduled for this year's event are 22 programs consisting of new feature-length films and short subjects from world production centers, and a number of retrospective showings.

Discussing the increased festival coverage and program committee expansion, Vogel said, "the New York Film Festival, which has served the New York cultural community for three years, has now assumed a prominent position in the world-wide film movement. In keeping with our growth and enlarged scope, we are expanding the program committee to assure an even more comprehensive coverage of foreign festivals and international production activities."

## N.Y. Festival Committee Boosts Foreign Coverage

NEW YORK—In a move designed to keep pace with the continuing growth of Lincoln Center's annual New York Film Festival, an expansion of foreign festival coverage by enlarging the New York Festival's program committee was announced by Festival director Amos Vogel.

Program director Richard Roud and Vogel will be joined on the program committee by film critics Arthur Knight ("The Saturday Review") and Andrew Sarris ("The Village Voice"). Festivals to be canvassed for 1966 Lincoln Center selections are those held in Cannes, Karlovy Vary, Berlin, Venice, Oberhausen, San Sebastian, Mar del Plata, Locarno, Montreal, Trieste, and Pesaro.

Vogel, director of Lincoln Center's recently established film department, also announced that Roud, program officer for the British Film Institute, will act as a program consultant for future Lincoln Center film projects.

Knight, coordinator of the "Film '65" panel discussions for last year's Festival, is a Professor of Cinema at the University of Southern California and author of the well-known history of motion pictures, "The Liveliest Art." He is co-author of a CBS network television series to be presented this summer. Sarris, film lecturer and writer, is currently editor-in-chief of the English-language edition of "Cahiers du Cinema" and host of the WBAI radio show, "Films in Focus." His monograph for a recent Museum of Modern Art film series, "The Films of Josef von Sternberg," will be distributed shortly by Doubleday, as will a Bobbs-Merrill publication, "Interviews With Film Directors."

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MOTION PICTURE EXHIBITOR

June 1, 1966



# FUTURE OF FILM 'OUTSIDERS'

## NARROW GAUGE MEDIUM ON UP

By RICHARD ALBARINO

Once regarded as the medium of home movies, and father's trip to Yosemite, the 16-millimeter, narrow-gauge film form comes to fresh prestige via the recent inclusion of a new \$12,000 Kodak Model 40 at Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center, New York. Not that the American experimental film crop of 1966 looms too promising at moment, confesses New York Film Festival director Amos Vogel, but the narrow gauge is the natural operations tool of the type of avant-garde footage which Lincoln Center wishes to encourage. Until recently the definition of 16-millimeter at the big concert hall was not ideal.

Part of the problem of the experimental filmmaker in America is that he gets no government aid, which permits Europeans to do their stuff in 35-millimeter.

### A Coming Together

Most significant trend noted by Vogel is that the worlds of 16m and 35m, the experimental and the commercial, are "coming together" as evidenced by several filmmakers who now work in both areas and the majors (per United Artists, recent formation of its own 16m division) increasingly show interest in narrow gauge.

Vogel's own interest in 16m is widely known, and absorbed a large part of his activities in the industry prior to his assuming the post as New York Film Festival director. Founder of Cinema 16, Vogel established and maintains possibly the nation's largest library of narrow prints.

Anxious to dispel the public's cloudy conception of 16m, Vogel emphasized that experimentation in 16m is not confined to the so-called "underground" (a term even the undergrounders are shunning), and the few sensational self-touting films which have established themselves as attention grabbers, if nothing else.

Vogel cited the current work of Richard Leacock, the Mayzles brothers, Don Owen and Claude Jutra, as examples of the serious film work accomplished above ground. Vogel, however, did not discount the subterraneans, and characterized much of their work as "sincere" and "genuine."

Surprisingly, the yearly output of 16m feature films in the U.S. is as high as 30-to-50 films, though only ten of these are usually worthy of consideration by the festival programmers.

Vogel also envisioned the evolution in the near future of a "secondary" means of distribution through the upsurge in 16m films. With readily available outlets through the already established film societies, church, social and professional groups, and the tremendous campus interest in films and filmmaking, tomorrow's outlet for "serious" films will probably be through 16m. Vogel noted that this "more knowledgeable" audience has already created a demand for these films, and may someday be able to support the low-budget efforts of narrow-gauge producer.

Much of the "amateur" aspects, Vogel added, is "inevitable," taking into account the relative youth of the filmmakers and the equipment they use. He further adds, though, that the rate of artistic failure in the medium is hardly worse than that in commercial production.

As to the facility itself, Vogel stated that test runs with new gear at Philharmonic proved "astounding" and he defied laymen members of this year's audience to discern the difference between the gauges, as actually screened.

**Film**  
DAILY

Wednesday, June 22, 1966

### New 16mm Equipment For Philharmonic Hall

Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, which will house the 4th New York Film Festival Sept. 12 through 22, is currently being equipped with the most modern of the new 16mm theatrical projection machines, according to Festival Director Amos Vogel.

Feature-length films and short subjects, in both 16 and 35mm, are currently being sought by the Festival; information about submission of foreign and domestic prints can be obtained from Miss Sallie Wilensky, 1960 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023 (TR 7-2900).

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Thursday, June 23, 1966

### Place 16mm Projectors In Philharmonic Hall

NEW YORK — Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, which will house the 4th New York Film Festival, Sept. 12-22, is currently being equipped with new 16mm theatrical projection machines, it was announced by Amos Vogel, the director of the Festival.

Vogel said that "16mm has traditionally been the gauge of creative experimentation advancing the art of cinema in both style and content. New projection devices have made it possible to successfully equip a theatre the size of Philharmonic Hall (capacity 2,800) for the presentation of specialized film fare not available in commercial 35mm release."



NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1966

### Film Fest Accepting Entries

The fourth New York Film Festival, scheduled for Sept. 12-22 at Lincoln Center, is accepting foreign and domestic features and shorts which have never been shown in the U.S. as entries. For information about the submission of prints write to Miss Sallie Wilensky at Lincoln Center, 1960 Broadway, or call her at TR 7-2900.

Tuesday, May 31, 1966

**Film**  
DAILY

### New York Festival Open for Entries

Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival, an 11-day event which will be held at Philharmonic Hall September 12 through 22, is currently accepting entries, it has been announced by Festival Director, Amos Vogel.

Foreign and domestic films, both features and short subjects, are welcomed for their American premieres at the Festival. Information about submission of prints can be obtained from Miss Sallie Wilensky, the Festival, at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York.

The New York Film Festival is presented by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, in association with the British Film Institute, and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) and the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

### MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Wednesday, May 25, 1966

### New York Festival Accepting Entries

NEW YORK — Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival, 11-day event to be held at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22, is currently accepting entries, it is announced by festival director Amos Vogel. Foreign and domestic films, both features and short subjects, are welcomed for their American premieres at the Festival. Information about submission of prints can be obtained from Miss Sallie Wilensky, the fourth New York Film Festival, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, 1960 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. The phone number is TR 7-2900.

The New York Film Festival is presented by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, in association with the British Film Institute, and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America and the Motion Picture Association of America.

DAILY NEWS,  
TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1966

### Festival Entries Open

Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival now is accepting entries, foreign and domestic films, for the 11-day event which will be held at Philharmonic Hall.

Sept. 12 through 22. Both features and short subjects are welcomed for their American premieres at the Festival.



# 16 Mm. Films Added for Festival

by Leo Mishkin

Screening of 16 mm. motion pictures, as well as standard size 35 mm. films, will form part of the fourth annual New York Film Festival scheduled to open at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall next September 12, it was disclosed yesterday.

Announcement of the new entries was made by Amos Vogel, director of the Festival, who added that the equipment to project the 16 mm. films is already being installed in Philharmonic Hall in preparation.

In the past, 16 mm. motion pictures have been used for the most part by amateur movie-makers, but more recently they have also come into prominence with the development of so-called "underground films" and experimental, avant-garde productions not ordinarily shown in major theaters.

"The 16 mm. film has traditionally been the gauge of creative experimentation advancing the art of the cinema in both style and content," said Mr. Vogel. "New projection devices have now made it possible to equip a theater the size of Philharmonic Hall—which has a capacity of 2,800 seats—for the presentation of specialized film fare not ordinarily available in commercial 35 mm. releases.

## Film Festival 4 Years Old

"Since the inauguration of the New York Film Festival four years ago, Lincoln Center has had a special interest in encouraging the work of the independent filmmakers. Our interest has taken the form of presenting 35 mm. films created by leading independents in the field: "The Brig" (Jonas Mekas), "Nobody Waved Good-bye" (Don Owen), "Nothing But a Man" (Michael Roemer), "Hallelujah the Hills" (Adolfas Mekas), and a large number of independent shorts, including "The Last Clean Shirt" (Alfred Leslie), "Breathing" (Robert Breer), "Pianissimo" (Carmen D'Avino), "Skullduggery" (Stan Vanderbeek), "Interview with Bruce Gordon" (Harold Becker) and "Film" (Alan Schneider).

Now films in the 16 mm. gauge, previously limited in their audience exposure and created by new young directors on modest budgets, can be premiered for the first time at Lincoln Center's international film festival."

Feature-length films and short subjects, in both 16 and 35 mm. are currently being sought by the Festival.

## MOVIE NOTES

### 1966 N.Y. Film Festival to Include 16mm

Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, which will house the fourth N. Y. Film Festival Sept. 12-27, is being equipped with modern 16 mm projection machines so that the works of new young directors on limited budget can be shown. Festival director Amos Vogel, who has tried to encourage the independent filmmakers, points out that most of the experimental projects are made in 16 mm. Hitherto the Festival has been able to show only the 35 mm work of the leading independents.

\* \* \*

"To Die in Madrid" has been held over at the Fifth Avenue Cinema. It will be followed by "A Tout Prendre" . . . George W. George and Frank Granat, producers of "Any Wednesday," are turning to films for the first time in "Pretty Polly." This is the Noel Coward novel which Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are adapting. The producers leave for London today to sign a director and then to Singapore to set up locations.

MOTION PICTURE EXHIBITOR

### N.Y. Film Festival Ready For 35 Or 16mm Entries

NEW YORK—Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, which will house the fourth New York Film Festival Sept. 12 through 22, is currently being equipped with the most modern of the new 16mm theatrical projection machines, it was disclosed by Festival director Amos Vogel.

Vogel stated, "16mm has traditionally been the gauge of creative experimentation advancing the art of cinema in both style and content. New projection devices have now made it possible to successfully equip a theatre the size of Philharmonic Hall (capacity 2800) for the presentation of specialized film fare not available in commercial 35mm release.

"Since the inauguration of the New York Film Festival four years ago, Lincoln Center has had a special interest in encouraging the work of the independent film makers. Our interest has taken the form of presenting 35mm films created by leading independents in the field: "The Brig" (Jonas Mekas), "Nobody Waved Good-bye" (Don Owen), "Nothing But a Man" (Michael Roemer), "Hallelujah the Hills" (Adolfas Mekas), and a large number of independent shorts.

"Now films in the 16mm gauge, previously limited in their audience exposure and created by new young directors on modest budgets, can be premiered for the first time at Lincoln Centers international film festival."

Feature-length films and short subjects, in both 16 and 35mm. are currently being sought by the Festival.

July 6, 1966



## N.Y. Fest Opening With Czech 'Blonde'

Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde," has been invited to be the opening night presentation of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall on Sept. 12, it was announced yesterday by Schuyler Chapin, Lincoln Center vice-president, programming, and Amos Vogel, Festival director, at a press conference hosted by Vlado Hreljanovic, head of CBK Film Enterprises, American distributor of the motion picture.

This is the second feature film of Milos Forman, who first achieved recognition last year following the showing at the 3rd New York Film Festival of his first full-length film "Black Peter," a comedy about Czech teenagers.

The New York Film Festival was a pioneer in the presentation of pictures from Czechoslovakia ("The Shop on Main Street" and "Black Peter"), and since that time Czech pix have become the "in" thing in film circles and have received national magazine and newspaper writeups.

Forman, who visited here last year for the Festival's presentation of "Black Peter," will again be on hand when "The Loves of a Blonde" has its American premiere at the festival. He will be accompanied by the stars of the film, Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt.

"The Loves of a Blonde," has won a number of awards at international film festivals as well as the French Academy Award as Best Foreign Language Film of the year. In it, Forman again brings the teenager to life on the screen. This time, the comedy is bittersweet and concerns the first episode of romantic love in the life of a young Czech girl.

Vogel noted that Forman searches for realism in his films and likes to mix professional actors with non-actors. "Forman believes that it is better to show a mailman as a mailman rather than have an actor playing a mailman. The mailman is more interesting," Vogel stated.

Produced by Barrandov Studios in Prague, "The Loves of a Blonde" will be released nationally by CBK which will also release "Black Peter" later this fall.

CBK is a division of a Kansas City-based firm active in oil, printing and other industries, which last year went into the business of buying up films for TV syndication. This year, however, CBK expects to place four or five of the pictures into theatrical release, including three or four Czech and one Italian film.

In addition, CBK plans to be active with regard to Forman's new film which will "probably be shot in New York," according to Hreljanovic.

The New York Film Festival, which will be held this year from Sept. 12 through 22 at Philharmonic Hall, is presented by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, in association with the British Film Institute, and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America and the Motion Picture Association of America.

## 4th Film Festival to Open With 'Loves of a Blonde'

"The Loves of a Blonde," a highly acclaimed Czechoslovak movie directed by Milos Forman, has been chosen as the opening-night presentation of the fourth annual New York Film Festival. The festival will begin Sept. 12 at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall.

Mr. Forman's film tells of the first romantic interlude in the life of a young Czechoslovak girl, portrayed by Hana Brejchova. The actress and Vladimir Pucholt, her leading man, are expected to arrive here with the director for the picture's initial showing. Produced by Barrandov Studios of Prague, the movie will later be released here nationally by CBK Film Enterprises.

Mr. Forman, who is 32 years old, visited here last year when his comedy on Czechoslovak teenagers, "Black Peter," won acclaim at the 1965 New York Film Festival.

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Wednesday, July 13, 1966

## Pick 'Loves of Blonde' To Open N.Y. Festival

NEW YORK—Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde" has been invited to be the opening night presentation of Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12, it was announced yesterday by Schuyler Chapin, Lincoln Center vice president, programming, and Amos Vogel, festival director, at a press conference. Vlado Hreljanovic, head of CBK Film Enterprises, American distributor, was host.

Forman was represented at last year's New York Film Festival with "Black Peter," the presentation of which he attended. He will also come here for the American premiere of his "Loves of a Blonde" at the festival, and will be accompanied by the picture's stars, Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt.

THE INDEPENDENT FILM JOURNAL—July 23, 1966

## Czech Film Opening Fourth New York Film Festival

The Czech film *The Loves Of A Blonde*, by young director Milos Forman, will be the opening presentation of the Fourth Annual New York Film Festival on September 12. The film is being distributed by CBK Film Enterprises, an international corporation with U.S. offices out of Kansas City. CBK Films will be releasing the film theatrically along with other major foreign films within the next year. The company also has 80 films packaged for TV sales.



## 'Loves of a Blonde' Will Open Festival

Milos Forman, new Czech director whose "Black Peter" won high praise at last year's N.Y. Film Festival, will open the fourth Festival Sept. 12 with his second feature, "The Loves of a Blonde." Forman will be on hand for the American premiere.

With him will be the stars, Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. A reception will be given to them following the film's presentation. It has already won a number of awards at festivals as well as the French Academy Award as Best Foreign Film of the year. It's a bittersweet comedy about the first episode of romantic love in the life of a Czech girl.



BREJCHOVA

## N.Y. Film Fest Again to Open With Czech Pic

Czech film director Milos Forman's "Lasky Jedne Plavovlasky" (The Loves of a Blonde) has been confirmed as the opening film of the fourth annual New York Film Festival, which starts Sept. 12.

"Blonde," which will be released in the U.S. by CBK Film Enterprises, distributor also of Forman's "Crny Petr" (Black Peter), an entry in last year's festival at Lincoln Center, was first shown at the 1965 Venice Film Festival and has since been screened at several of this year's festivals, notably Melbourne and Berlin.

Schuyler Chapin, program vice president for Lincoln Center, Amos Vogel, director of the N.Y. Film Festival, and CBK chief Vlado Hreljanovic said yesterday (Tues.) that the choice was made because of the acclaim the film, and its director, has received internationally.

Forman and the two leads in the film, Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt (latter was also in "Black Peter" in a supporting role) will attend the premiere performance at Philharmonic Hall and will be guests of honor at a gala reception following the screening. It will be a return visit for Forman who was here last year.

Both of Forman's films will be released in the U.S. later this fall by CBK Film Enterprises.

Last year, Philharmonic Hall opened its film festival with another Czech release, since widely booked in States, "The Shop on Main Street."

DAILY NEWS, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1966

### Czech Film in Festival

"The Loves of a Blonde," a Czech film directed by Milos Forman, will be the opening night presentation at Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall Sept. 12. Forman's first feature film, "Black Peter," was shown at last year's festival.

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, MONDAY, JULY 18, 1966

"The Loves of a Blonde," a Czech film by Milos Forman, has been selected to open Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival on Sept. 12. Press agents inform us that, already, both Kenneth Tynan and Bosley Crowther have flipped over this film.



# Gotham Tatler METROPOLITAN Quick

... The award-winning Czech film, "The Loves of a Blonde," has been invited to be the opening presentation of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall on September 12. . . .

IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO—Mercoledì 3 Agosto, 1966

## Film ceco aprirà a N.Y.

### il IV Festival del Film

Il film cecoslovacco "The Loves of a Blonde", che già tanto successo di critica e di pubblico ha riportato all'estero, è stato invitato ad essere proiettato durante la serata d'apertura del quarto festival del film di New York, che si terrà alla Philharmonic Hall il 12 settembre prossimo.

Questo è il secondo film del regista Milos Forman, che venne alla ribalta internazionale l'anno scorso con il suo film "Black Peter", una commedia sui giovani cechi. Con il successo riportato da "The Loves of a Blonde", Forman si è affermato come uno dei più vigorosi registi dell'Europa contemporanea. Forman sarà a New York alla premiere del suo film, e sarà accompagnato dai due protagonisti, Hana Brejchova e Vladimir Pucholt. Il trio sarà successivamente ospite d'onore a un ricevimento di gala che seguirà la presentazione del film.

In "The Loves of a Blonde", che ha già vinto numerosi premi internazionali, tra cui il "French Academy Award" quale migliore film straniero dell'anno, Forman porta nuovamente sullo schermo la vita dei giovani. Questa volta la commedia è piuttosto agro-dolce, e s'impernia sul primo romantico amore di una giovanissima ragazza ceca.

Bosley Crowther, in un articolo del New York Times, ha avuto espressioni estremamente lusinghiere per il trentaduenne regista cecoslovacco. "Con il suo nuovo film Forman si è dimostrato un autentico genio nel genere di commedia agro-dolce. In "Black Peter" egli aveva già mostrato la sua capacità di comprendere a fondo

la vita dei giovani. Con "The Loves of a Blonde" abbiamo un film altamente significativo, come le famose commedie neo-realistiche italiane", ha scritto Crowther.

Il IV Festival del Film di New York, che continuerà fino al 22 settembre alla Philharmonic Hall, è patrocinato dal Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts e il British Film Institute, con la cooperazione dell'"Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) e la Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

## 4th Film Festival to Open

"The Loves of a Blonde," a highly acclaimed Czechoslovak movie directed by Milos Forman, has been chosen as the opening-night presentation of the fourth annual New York Film Festival. The festival will begin Sept. 12 at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall.

Mr. Forman's film tells of the first romantic interlude in the life of a

## Pagina 5

Merc. 20 luglio 1966

## Corriere New York

AMERICA'S FOREMOST  
READING ALBUM, NEWSPAPER  
ed to arrive here with the director for the picture's initial showing. Produced by Barrandow Studios of Prague, the movie will later be released here nationally by CBK Film Enterprises.

Mr. Forman, who is 32 years old, visited here last year when his comedy on Czechoslovak teen-agers, "Black Peter," won acclaim at the 1965 New York Film Festival.



SEPTEMBER 50c

# GLAMOUR

## WHAT'S NEW

### MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Friday, July 22, 1966

#### N. Y. Festival Sets 30 Free Film Seminars

NEW YORK—Under the title "The Independent Cinema," a major series of free special events dealing with the independent film-maker will be among highlights of Lincoln Center's fourth New York film festival Sept. 12-22, it is announced by Amos Vogel, festival director.

Thirty events during three two-hour sessions daily during the festival are planned, Vogel said, to be coordinated by John Brockman, who pioneered recent experimentation with new cinematic forms. Brockman organized the "Expanded Cinema Festival" at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque and "intermedia" productions at the Circle-in-the-Square, Vogel noted.

Many persons, said Vogel, limit their thinking about film to "standard-fare 'movies'; yet there are serious, talented people working with the medium today who believe that 'film' does not necessarily have to be 'a movie.'" Some of the problems, techniques, new ideas and concepts of this "independent cinema" will form the basis for the sessions, he said.

At Lincoln Center, fourth New York Film Festival, September. Check writer-director Forman's *Loves of a Blonde*, a *cinema verité* treatment of Czech youth. Also at the festival for the first time, experimental 16-millimeter films forum, multimedia events.

### DAILY NEWS,

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1966

#### 4th Film Festival At Lincoln Center

Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival will offer a series of special events on the independent filmmaker from Sept. 12 through Sept. 22. The program, called "The Independent Cinema," will offer approximately 30 events during three two-hour sessions daily throughout the Festival. The events will include lectures, symposia, open interviews with visiting directors of Festival films from here and abroad, and filmmakers screening and commenting on their own works.

### WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, MONDAY, JULY 25, 1966

A major series of special events on the independent filmmaker will be offered as part of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival. The program called "The Independent Cinema" will offer approximately 30 events during three two-hour sessions daily throughout the Festival.

The series will be held in the auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at the center and will be offered free of charge to the public. Sessions will begin September 13 and announcements of specific events, times and ticket distribution will be made later.

### Newsday

Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival will offer a series of special events on the independent filmmaker, Amos Vogel, festival director, said yesterday. The program, called "The Independent Cinema," will offer about 30 events during three two-hour sessions daily through the festival. The festival runs from Sept. 12 to Aug. 22.



## Erste Filme für Filmfestival in Philharmonic Hall

Filme aus Frankreich, Italien, Jugoslawien, der Sowjetunion, der Tschechoslowakei und aus Spanien werden die Hauptbeiträge zu den diesjährigen New Yorker Filmfestspielen vom 12. bis 22. September in der Philharmonic Hall sein. Wie schon bekanntgegeben, wird der tschechoslowakische Film "Liebe einer Blondine" das Festival eröffnen. Ferner sind noch in Aussicht genommen: Alain Resnais' "La Guerre est Finie", René Allio's "The Shameless Old Lady", Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Accattone" und "Gute Vögel, schlechte Vögel", Vittorio De Seta's "Fast ein Mann", Carlo Saura's "Jagd", "Drei" von Alexander Petrovich sowie "Schatten vergessener Ahnen" von Sergej Paradjanov.

In Berlin wurden bereits "Liebe einer Blondine" und "Jagd" gezeigt; Resnais' "La Guerre est Finie" in Venedig und Karlsbad vorgeführt (in Cannes wurde er wegen spanischer Proteste abgesetzt, da der Held des Films ein spanischer Flüchtling ist, der seinen Kampf von Frankreich aus gegen Franco-Spanien fortsetzt).

Die weiteren Filme stehen im Augenblick noch nicht fest. Die Programmschwierigkeiten ergeben sich in erster Linie daraus, daß viele Verleiher der auf diesem Festival hauptsächlich gezeigten nichtamerikanischen Filme nichts von der einmaligen Vorführung wissen wollen. Es besteht die Gefahr, daß er eine schlechte Kritik bekommt (alle Filme werden von den führenden Kritikern besprochen) und damit die Chancen für die kommerzielle Auswertung beträchtlich gemindert sind. Oder er geht in der Menge des in wenigen Tagen herauskommenen Angebots verloren, was fast ebenso schlecht ist. Übereinstimmend gute Kritiken können aber nur ausgenützt werden, falls eine rasche Buchung nach dem Festival gelingt, was aber in Anbetracht der zumeist auf Monate hinaus besetzten Kinos nur sehr selten möglich ist.

H. M.

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1966

## MOVIE NOTES

### Film Festival Picks First Five

The fourth annual New York Film Festival today announced the first five films to be selected for the Sept. 12-22 event at Philharmonic Hall. They are works from five nations.

From France comes "The Shameless Old Lady" ("La Vieille Dame Indigne"), directed by René Allio from a story by Bertolt Brecht; from Italy, "Almost a Man" (Un Uomo a Meta"), directed by Vittorio De Seta; from Yugoslavia, "Three" ("Tri"), co-authored by Aleksander Petrovic; from the U.S.S.R., "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," a first film by Sergei Paradjanov; and from Spain, "The Hunt" (La Caza), written and directed by Carlos Saura.

VARIETY

Wednesday, August 3, 1966

## Lincoln Center's 5 Flavors of Films

Five new films from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Russia and Spain will unspool at Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival this September.

The films are: "The Shameless Old Lady," judged best first feature at last year's Venice fest and directed by France's René Allio; Italy's "Almost a Man," second film of Vittorio De Seta ("Bandits of Orgosolo"); Yugoslavia's "Three," directed and co-scripted by Aleksander Petrovic, was prize-winner at this year's Karlovy Vary fest; the U.S.S.R.'s "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," a first feature by director Sergei Paradjanov and prize-winner at last year's Mar del Plata festival; and the New York festival's first Spanish offering, Carlos Saura's "La Caza" (The Hunt).

### Spanish Omelette?

Last named Spanish offering could pose problem to festival officials since Alain Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" is also expected to be part of this year's program. French film raised Spanish hackles at this year's Cannes, Karlovy Vary and Venice festivals. The film was scratched from the Cannes event due to Spanish protests and was relegated to non-competitive status at both Karlovy Vary and Venice, largely due to similar protests.

Though the New York Film Festival is not competitive and therefore has no "official" entries, Spanish officialdom could possibly bring pressure to bear on the fest through its producers association and other means.

Resnais film deals a Spanish refugee who continues his clandestine fight against Franco Spain.

the village VOICE, August 11, 1966

### Film Selections

Five films from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, U. S. S. R., and Spain have been selected for presentation at Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival from September 12 to 22. The films are René Allio's "La Vieille Dame Indigne" ("The Shameless Old Lady"), Vittorio De Seta's "Un Uomo a Meta" ("Almost a Man"), Aleksander Petrovic's "Tri" ("Three"), Sergei Paradjanov's "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," and Carlos Saura's "La Caza" ("The Hunt").



THE

# Film DAILY

NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1966

TEN CENTS

## New Films From 5 Nations Will Bow at N.Y. Festival

Five new films from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, the U.S.S.R. and Spain have been selected for their American presentations at Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival in Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22, it has been announced by Richard Roud, program director. These works have created reputations for their new directors through showcasing at foreign film festivals.

"The Shameless Old Lady," winner of the prize for best first feature at last year's Venice Festival, is the first film of French director Rene Allio. Based on a story by Bertolt Brecht, it stars veteran stage actress Sylvie. The film will be distributed in this country by Continental.

Italy's offering, "Almost A Man," is the second feature film by Vittorio De Seta. His first work, "Bandits of Orogosolo" won several festival prizes as well as America's Robert Flaherty Documentary Award.

Yugoslavia will be represented by "Three," directed and co-authored by Aleksander Petrovic, an important force in modern Yugoslav filmmaking. The film, which recently won a major prize at the Karlovy Vary International Film Festival is an ironic commentary on the subject of war.

This year's entry from the U.S.S.R. is "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," a first feature film by Sergei Paradjanov who won a prize at last year's Mar del Plata Festival for his direction of the film. Considered one of the most important experimental works to come out of Russia, the film tells a folk tale in modern avant-garde style of two young lovers in 19th century Ukraine Carpatho-Russia.

Spain will participate in the New York Festival this year for the first time with a showing of "The Hunt," the third feature work of Carlos Saura who also wrote the screenplay.

Twenty two features and select short subjects will be shown at the non-competitive New York Film Festival which is presented by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in association with The British Film Institute and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America and the Motion Picture Association of America.

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Thursday, August 4, 1966

### Five New Directors to Bow at N. Y. Festival

NEW YORK—Five new films which have created new reputations for five new directors, according to Richard Roud, program director of the Fourth New York Film Festival, have been selected for showing as part of this year's schedule. The festival will be held at Lincoln Center in Philharmonic Hall Sept. 12-22.

Coming from France as the first film of director Rene Allio is "The Shameless Old Lady," to be released in this country by the Continental Distributing division of Walter Reade-Sterling. Italy's offering is "Almost a Man," the second feature film by director Vittorio De Sica.

Yugoslavia will be represented by "Three," directed by co-author Aleksander Petrovic. The U.S.S.R. will send "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," a first feature film by director Sergei Paradjanov. Spain will participate in the festival this year for the first time, sending "The Hunt," the third feature work of director Carlos Saura, who also wrote the screenplay.

Twenty-two features, plus a number of shorts, will be shown at the non-competitive festival this year, Roud said. It is presented by the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in association with the British Film Institute, and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) and the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

### DAILY NEWS,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1966

### To Lincoln Center

Five new films from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, the U.S.S.R. and Spain have been selected for the American presentation at Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival in Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12 through 22. The films include: "The Shameless Old Lady," first film of French director Rene Allio; "Almost a Man," second feature film by Vittorio De Seta; "Three," the Yugoslav film; "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," the entry from the U.S.S.R.; and "The Hunt," from Spain.



## Luminaries Gather For Film Festival

From around the world they are starting toward New York for the 4th N. Y. Film Festival, Sept. 12-22, at Lincoln Center.

Guests will include nine directors represented in the Festival: Alain Resnais, Jean-Luc Godard, Agnes Varda, Rene Allio (France); Milos Forman,



SIGNORET MONTAND

Ivan Passer (Czechoslovakia); Pier Paolo Pasolini (Italy); Leopoldo Torre Nilsson (Argentina); Luis Bunuel (Mexico).

Yves Montand and his wife, Simone Signoret, will be on hand—they are the stars of the Resnais entry "La Guerre Est Finie"—as well as Vladimir Pucholt of Czechoslovakia, star of Forman's "Loves of a Blonde."

Also in attendance will be Henri Langlois, curator of the Cinematheque Francaise, and James Card, curator of motion pictures at the George Eastman House, Rochester, who will accompany the Eastman House prints of two retrospective choices, "A Woman of Affairs" and "The Cheat."

### DAILY NEWS,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1966

#### Forman Visits

Milos Forman, the Czech film director whose "The Loves of a Blonde" has been selected as the opening night presentation of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival, is in town to promote the film. Both the Festival film and another Forman film "Black Peter" will be distributed by CBK Films.

NEW YORK POST,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1966

... Pier Paolo Pasolini to be at Lincoln Center 4th New York Film Festival for screenings of his "Accattone" (1961) and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1965).

### VARIETY

Wednesday, August 10, 1966

#### Milos Forman Visits N.Y.

Czech film director Milos Forman, whose "Lasky Jedne Plavovlasky" (Loves of a Blonde) is opening film of the New York Film Festival next September, arrived in N.Y. on Monday (8) from the Montreal Film Festival.

Forman, here for production meetings with Vlado Hreljanovic, head of CBK Film Enterprises, distributor of "Blonde" and Forman's earlier feature, "Black Peter," will conduct round of promotional activities in connection with "Blonde."

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Monday, August 22, 1966

### N.Y. Festival Draws Directors from Abroad

NEW YORK—A number of foreign directors recently have announced their acceptance of invitations to attend the Fourth New York Film Festival, which will be presented Sept. 12-22 by the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts at Philharmonic Hall.

Alain Resnais, French director noted for "Hiroshima Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad," will attend the non-competitive Festival in conjunction with the American premiere of his most recent film, "La Guerre est Finie" ("The War Is Over"), starring Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin. It has been acquired for U.S. distribution by Brandon Films.

Also attending will be two Czech directors, Milos Forman, whose "The Loves of a Blonde" has been chosen as the opening night feature, and Ivan Passer, whose first feature, "Intimate Lighting," has also been selected for Festival showing.

NEW YORK POST,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1966

Italian newspaper... Alain Resnais the latest director ("La Guerre Est Finie") to accept invitation to 4th N. Y. Film Festival, Lincoln Center... "The Pad" second only to "Thunder-

NEW YORK POST,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1966

Milos Forman, Czech director whose "The Loves of a Blonde" will open the 4th New York Film Festival, is in town for production meetings with its American distributors, CBK Film Enterprises.





**Film**  
DAILY

Friday, August 19, 1966

## Alain Resnais to Attend N.Y. Film Festival

Alain Resnais, one of France's leading film directors, whose "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad" have brought him world fame, will attend the 4th New York Film Festival, Sept. 12-22, in conjunction with the American premiere of his most recent film, "La Guerre est Finie" ("The War is Over").

Few films of 1966 have caused such international diplomatic side-stepping as "La Guerre est Finie" which, although its scene is present-day Paris, concerns the Spanish Civil War and Republican groups in exile for whom the war is not over. The controversial film was approved as the French official entry to the Cannes Film Festival last May, but was withdrawn under pressure from the Franco regime. Eventually it was shown out of competition.

At the end of the Cannes Festival, a group of Spanish film critics awarded the Resnais film its newly-inaugurated Luis Bunuel Prize (named after the Spanish film director whose "Viridiana" brought him censure from the Spanish Government).

Subsequently, "La Guerre est Finie" was shown in Czechoslovakia at the Karlovy Vary Film Festival this summer. The Academy of the French Cinema awarded the motion picture its Grand Prize for the best film of the year, and voted its star, Yves Montand, the award as best male actor.

Alain Resnais, the noted French film director of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad," will attend the fourth New York Film Festival, Sept. 12-22, in conjunction with the American premiere of his most recent film, "La Guerre est Finie" ("The War is Over").

This controversial film, although its scene is present-day Paris, concerns the Spanish Civil War and Spanish Republican groups in exile. It was approved as the official French entry to the Cannes Film Festival last May, but was withdrawn under pressure from the Franco regime.

Resnais directed "La Guerre est Finie" from an original screenplay by Jorge Semprun, a Spanish writer-in-exile. It chronicles Yves Montand's desperate search, during an Easter weekend in Paris, for a former revolutionary whose life will be in danger if he returns to Spain.

## DAILY NEWS,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1966

## SHOW BUSINESS

Saturday, August 27, 1966

## Alan Resnais To Attend 4th N.Y. Film Festival

French director Alain Resnais, ("Hiroshima, Mon Amour") will attend the 4th N.Y. Film Festival, Sept. 12-22, in conjunction with the American premiere of his most recent film, "La Guerre est Finie."

This is the controversial film which, although it is set in present day Paris, concerns the Spanish Civil War and Republican groups in exile for whom the war is not over.

Resnais directed "La Guerre est Finie" from an original screenplay by Jorge Semprun, a Spanish writer-in-exile.

While the immediate frame of reference is the Spanish Civil War, the general theme is the heartache of men faced with changed conditions.

## Director Due

Rene Allio, director of "The Shameless Old Lady," the Continental release to be shown at the Film Festival Saturday evening, arrives today from Paris to attend the Lincoln Center presentation of his film. Based on the

## DAILY NEWS,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1966

## Nilsson at Festival

Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, the Argentinian director of "The Eavesdropper," will be here for tonight's showing of his film at the New York Film Festival. Torre Nilsson is directing the Andre Du Rona production "The Traitors of San Angel" in Puerto Rico.

## DAILY NEWS,

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1966

## Resnais Will Attend

Alan Resnais, one of the leading French directors, whose films include "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad," will attend the fourth New York Film Festival, Sept. 12-22. His most recent film, "La Guerre est Finie (The War is Over)," will be premiered at the Lincoln Center event.



# THE Film DAILY

## Four Films Added To N.Y. Festival Lineup

New films by four celebrated directors, two from Europe, two from Latin America, have been added to the program of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival, September 12 through 22 in Philharmonic Hall.

Invited to the Festival, both Franco/Swedish co-productions, are "Balthazar," Robert Bresson's first film in three years, and "Les Creatures" by France's best woman director, Agnes Varda; also from Argentina, "The Eavesdropper" by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson; and from Mexico, "Simon of the Desert" by Spanish-born Luis Bunuel.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1966

DAILY NEWS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1966

## Add 5 Programs To Film Festival

Five programs have been added to the lineup of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival, which will get underway Monday and run through Thursday, Sept. 22, at Philharmonic Hall. The selections include: three new cinema verite films about America—"Meet Marlon Brando," "Troublemakers," and "Notes for Film on Jazz"; "The War Game" and "Wholly Com-

munion," two British films to be shown on the same program; "The Man With the Shaven Head," from Belgium; "Hunger," from Denmark; and "The Round-up," from Hungary.

DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1966

## Festival Lists Added Starters

New films by four celebrated directors, two from Europe and two from Latin America, have been added to the program of

Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival, Sept. 12 through 22. The films include "Balthazar," Robert Bresson's first film in three years; "Les Creatures," by Agnes Varda; "The Eavesdropper," by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson; and "Simon of the Desert," by Luis Bunuel.

NEW YORK POST,

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1966

Added to upcoming N. Y. Film Festival: "Balthazar" (Robert Bresson), "Les Creatures" (Agnes Varda), "The Eavesdropper" (Leopoldo Torre Nilsson), "Simon of the Desert" (Luis Bunuel).

NEW YORK POST,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1966

A retrospective of early films by Jean Renoir ("La Chienne," 1931), Kon Ichikawa ("The Burmese Harp," 1956), Bernardo Bertolucci ("La Commare Secca," 1960) has been added to the upcoming 4th N.Y. Film Festival, Lincoln Center.

NEW YORK POST,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1966

\* \* \*

"Pearls on the Ground," a five part anthology by Czech directors Evald Schorm, Jaromil Jires, Jan Nemec, Jiri Menzel, Vera Chytilova, added to 4th N. Y. Film Festival at Lincoln Center, Sept. 12-22 . . .



# THE Film DAILY

VOL. 129 NO. 9

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1966

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Friday, September 2, 1966

### Two Godard Films Are Added to N.Y. Festival

NEW YORK — Two new films by French director Jean-Luc Godard have been added to the program of Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival, spokesmen have announced. The pictures are "Pierrot le Fou" ("Crazy Peter") and "Masculin-Feminine." The pictures deal, respectively, with gangsters and lovers and with a survey of the mores of contemporary French youth.

The festival will be held Sept. 12-22 at Philharmonic Hall here.

### List Three Firsts For Film Festival

Early films of three celebrated film directors not previously shown in the U.S. will be among the features from abroad screened at Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival in Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22. The films are Jean Renoir's "La Chienne," made in 1931; Kon Ichikawa's "The Burmese Harp," made in 1956, and Bernardo Bertolucci's "La Commare Secca," made in 1960.

DAILY NEWS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1966

## VARIETY

Wednesday, August 24, 1966

### N.Y. Film Fest Reprising Same Names From '65

This week's disclosure of selections for the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center are Robert Bresson's "Balthazar," Agnes Varda's "Les Creatures," both Franco-Swedish coproductions; Argentinian Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's "The Eavesdropper" and Luis Bunuel's "Simon of the Desert." Latter choice was produced in Mexico.

The fest confirmed last week that French director Alain Resnais and Italian Pier Paolo Pasolini will attend the Sept. 12-22 event. Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" ("The War Is Over") and Pasolini's "Accattone" and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" will preem at the fest. Filmmaker-celeb list for the fest now includes, as best as can be determined, Czech director Milos Forman, whose "The Loves of a Blond" will be fest opener; the two above-named directors, plus Agnes Varda, Czech Ivan Passer ("Intimate Lighting") and Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. It is also known that Luis Bunuel has been invited but has not yet accepted.

Interesting footnote to Torre Nilsson's "The Eavesdropper" is that it could almost be included in the fest's retrospective section since it has been completed for the past two years but was never released in the U.S. by Columbia Pictures. It is also known that Torre Nilsson was somewhat displeased with the Columbia version and reportedly demanded that it be restored to his edited version. It is not known which version will be screened at the festival.

From a newsgathering point of view, the Lincoln Center festival could be redubbed the "leak" centre, so fond are its publicists of issuing data on a weekly basis via a drip-down process and withholding info to eke extra bally mileage at a later date. Next week: four more selections.

### Two Jean-Luc Godard Films Added to N.Y. Fest

Two new films by France's Jean-Luc Godard have been added to the international program of Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival, September 12 through 22 at Philharmonic Hall.

"Pierrot le Fou" ("Crazy Peter"), the prolific young filmmaker's 10th work has been hailed as his most popular and controversial since "Breathless," with which he made his feature debut in 1959. Lionel White's novel, "Obsession," provided the basis for Godard's script in which gangsters and lovers cross like live circuits.

On the heels of "Pierrot le Fou," Godard completed "Masculine-Feminine," a survey of the manners and mores of modern French youth in which the director further pursues the unconventional narrative techniques which have earned his reputation. The film, described by Godard as concerning "the children of Marx and Coca Cola," was highly acclaimed at the Berlin Festival and the Silver Bear Award for best actor went to its leading player, Jean-Pierre Leaud (the little boy, now grown-up, from "The 400 Blows").

## THE NEW YORK TIMES,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1966.

### Movie Festival Will See Vintage American Films

Despite earlier indications to the contrary, at least two American features will be shown at the fourth annual New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center from Sept. 12 to 22. Both are well over 30 years old.

They are "A Woman of Affairs," the 1929 film version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, and "The Cheat," the 1915 film directed by Cecil B. De Mille with Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa.

Last week it became known that United Artists had turned down a festival request to show Billy Wilder's new comedy, "The Fortune Cookie."



## N.Y. Fest Spotlight Focussing on Garbo

Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival this year will thrust Greta Garbo back into the spotlight via the festival's retrospective presentation of "A Woman of Affairs" one of the Swedish star's last silent films—in one of the few roles she herself chose—made in 1928, and not seen in New York for more than 25 years. Miss Garbo has been invited to the screening at the Center's Philharmonic Hall.

The rare print, made available by George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, and with the permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will be shown on a special double bill with Cecil B. DeMille's 1915 silent, "The Cheat," made available through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures and the Cecil B. DeMille estate.

The producers of "A Woman of Affairs" gave Garbo a strong-supporting cast. John Gilbert was her co-star; the film was the third of the four films made during their much-publicized romance. The director was Clarence Brown who piloted six other Garbo films: the silent, "Flesh and the Devil" and the talking "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Anna Karenina" and "Conquest."

"The Cheat," made 51 years ago by DeMille for Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount, is best-remembered for the famous scene when Japanese star Sessue Hayakawa, as the villainous Tori, branded the back of society woman Edith Hardy (the late Fannie Ward). The film is considered very much in advance of its time in technique and served as a model for film directors of the 20's—particularly those in France.

## N.Y. Film Festival Adds A Children's Matinee

NEW YORK—The first children's matinee in the four-year history of Lincoln Center's annual New York Film Festival will be held Saturday morning, Sept. 17, when "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" a new film by Czechoslovakian director Pavel Hobl, will be screened. The non-competitive festival runs from Sept. 12 through 22.

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" is a fantasy of the magical adventures encountered by two small boys who decide to explore the wonders of a big city on their own. It will be released in this country by Walter Manley Enterprises.

Wednesday, August 17, 1966

## Czech Accent On N.Y. Fest's Sked

There will be a strong Czech accent to this year's New York Film Festival with the introduction of seven Czech directors and four Czech films. This emphasis, according to festival authorities, is to take account of the "spirited renaissance in Czechoslovakian filmmaking."

In addition to Milos Forman's "Lasky Jedne Plavovlasky" (Loves of a Blonde), previously set as the opening night selection of the festival which runs Sept. 12-22, the program committee has also selected the work of six other young Czech directors. Two will be on hand for the festival: Forman and Ivan Passer.

Passer, who's work has been primarily as Forman's assistant, will show his first solo film, "Intimni Osvetlani" (Intimate Lighting), introduced at the Montreal Film Festival earlier this month. He and Forman are also currently in New York preparing a feature on contemporary American life for CBK Film Enterprises, which distributes Forman's films.

The other Czech selections are "Mata Doma Lva?" (Do You Keep A Lion At Home?) by Pavel Hobl and "Perlicky Na Dne" (Pearls Down Below)—or as the Festival is calling it—Pearls At The Bottom. Latter is a five sequence film utilizing the work of five Czech directors: Jiri Menzel, Jan Nemec, Elwald Schorm, Vera Chytilova and Jaromil Jires.

Following the success of Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos' "Shop On Main Street," a number of Czech films have been acquired for commercial distribution in the near future. CBK Film Enterprises has the two Forman films, "Crni Petr" (Black Peter) and "Loves of a Blonde." Walter Manley has Hobl's "Do You Keep A Lion at Home?"

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1966

The fourth New York Film Festival (Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22) will feature four new Czech films: "The Loves of a Blonde," by Milos Forman; "Intimate Lighting," by Ivan Passer; "Pearls on the Ground," based on stories by Bohumil Hrabal and directed by five different people; and "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" a children's fantasy by Pavel Hobl.

**The Film**  
DAILY

Wednesday, August 17, 1966

## Four New Czech Films Booked for N.Y. Festival

Lincoln Center's 4th New York Film Festival will introduce four new Czech films, one of them a five-part anthology, during the Festival which runs from September 12-22 in Philharmonic Hall.

Two of the directors will attend the Festival: Milos Forman, whose "The Loves of a Blonde" has been chosen as the opening night event; and Ivan Passer, whose first feature, a gentle Chekhovian comedy entitled "Intimate Lighting," created unusual excitement at the recently completed Montreal Film Festival.

In addition to "The Loves of a Blonde" and "Intimate Lighting," the Czechoslovakian features selected by the New York Film Festival program committee include the anthology, "Pearls on the Ground," for which five directors—Evald Schorm, Jaromil Jires, Jan Nemec, Jiri Menzel and Vera Chytilova—each have contributed an episode drawn from stories by the best-selling Czech writer Bohumil Hrabal. The fourth feature is the previously announced matinee showing of "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" a children's fantasy by Pavel Hobl.

MOTION PICTURE DAILY  
Thursday, August 11, 1966



## 'Lion' Is a First

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" a new film by Czechoslovakian director Pavel Hobl, has

been selected as the first children's matinee in the four-year history of Lincoln Center's annual New York Film Festival. It will be shown on Saturday, Sept. 17, at 11 A.M. in Philharmonic Hall.

IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO—Martedì 16 Agosto, 1966

## Spettacoli per bambini al Cinefestival di N.Y.

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" (Tieni un leone in casa?) è il titolo inglese del film cecoslovacco "Mate doma lva?", diretto da Pavel Hobl, scelto per inaugurare la serie di spettacoli di matinee per bambini in programma al Quarto Festival del Film di New York, che anche quest'anno si terrà al Lincoln Center.

Il film del leone verrà presentato sabato 17 settembre alle 11 a.m. alla Philharmonic Hall.

Pavel Hobl è un giovane regista cecoslovacco a cui la critica pronostica un luminoso avvenire in campo internazionale. "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" è una fantasia umoristica delle straordinarie avventure incontrate da due ragazzini che decidono di esplorare da soli le meraviglie della grande città.

Nel discutere il suo film, che ha vinto nel 1965 un premio al Festival di Locarno, Hobl ha detto che per quanto il film fosse stato concepito per i bambini, egli sperava però di avere fatto qualcosa gradita anche al pubblico adulto.

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" è stato girato in bianco e nero e a colori e verrà distribuito negli Stati Uniti dalla

## Children's Matinee Set For N. Y. Festival

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" (Mate doma lva?), a new film by Czechoslovakian director, Pavel Hobl, has been selected as the first children's matinee in the 4-year history of Lincoln Center's annual New York Festival. It will be shown on Saturday morning at 11 in Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 17.

Directed by one of the group of young Czech filmmakers who have emerged as among the most exciting new talents on the international cinema scene, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" is a humorous fantasy of the magical adventures encountered by two small boys who decide to explore the wonders of a big city on their own.

In discussing his film, which won a prize at the 1965 Locarno festival, director Hobl said that, "while it was originally intended for children and grown-ups, I hope we have succeeded in making a film for grown-ups and children." Hobl explained that he purposely reversed the two words because, "I should like grown-ups to understand the film in the same way as young viewers—with the ingenuousness of children."

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" filmed in black-and-white and color, will be released in this country by Walter Manley Enterprises, Inc., a film company which has engaged Pavel Hobl to direct two forthcoming productions to be filmed in Czechoslovakia.

Twenty-two features plus short subjects will be shown at the non-competitive 4th New York Film Festival, which will be presented Sept. 12 through 22 by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, in association with The British Film Institute and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) and the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

Previously announced selections include: "The Shameless Old Lady" (France, directed by Rene Allio), "Almost a Man" (Italy, directed by Vittorio De Seta), "Three" (Yugoslavia, directed by Aleksander Petrovic), "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (U.S.S.R., directed by Serge Paradzhanov), "The Hunt" (Spain, directed by Carlos Saura), and "The Loves of a Blonde" (Czechoslovakia, directed by Milos Forman) which will open the Festival on Sept. 12th.

## Festival Schedules Film for Children

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" has been selected as the first movie ever to be screened for children in the four years of the Lincoln Center New York Film Festival. It is a fantasy about two small boys in a big town, made by Czech director Pavel Hobl, to be shown here at an 11 a.m. "matinee" for kids, Saturday, Sept. 17.

Walter Manley Enterprises, Inc., una società cinematografica che ha scritturato Pavel Hobl per dirigere prossimamente altre due produzioni cecoslovacche.

A questo 4th New York Film Festival, che si inaugurerà il 12 settembre e proseguirà fino al 22, verranno presentate ventidue pellicole ed una serie di cortometraggi che si annunciano come la più interessante dell'anno. Il Festival, come già avvenuto nelle precedenti edizioni, non ha carattere competitivo. La sua formula è originale, in quanto si tratta di una rassegna che oltre a non aggiudicare premi di sorta, presenta dei prodotti filmistici le cui qualità artistiche sono già state riconosciute in precedenti festival internazionali, ma non sono mai stati visionati negli Stati Uniti, offrendo in tal modo al pubblico di New York la possibilità di assistere a delle novità straniere di consolidata reputazione.

Il Festival è organizzato dal Lincoln Center in associazione col British Film Institute e in collaborazione con la Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America (IFIDA) e la Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA).

Tra i primi film selezionati figurano: "The Shameless Old Lady", prodotto in Francia, diretto da René Allio; "Almost a Man", prodotto in Italia, diretto da Vittorio De Seta; "Three", prodotto in Jugoslavia, diretto da Aleksander Petrovic; "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors", prodotto in Russia, diretto da Serge Paradzhanov; "The Hunt" prodotto in Spagna, diretto da Carlos Saura; "The Loves of a Blonde", prodotto in Cecoslovacchia, diretto da Milos Forman, che si presenterà per primo il 12 settembre al giudizio del pubblico di New York.



THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1966.

# How to Succeed as a Film Festival Bum

By VINCENT CANBY

**W**HO, or what, is Chiarini? A new, avant-garde film director? An Italian aperitif? What opens in Venice? When is Teheran? Where is Czechoslovakia? The New Yorker who does not immediately know the answer to each of these (and some other) questions will appear hopelessly gauche at the fourth annual New York film festival, which opens Sept. 12 at Lincoln Center and will run for 10 days. Not everyone who pushes his way into Philharmonic Hall, a Gauloise stuck to his lower lip, can aspire to be a true festival bum (see below), but he can, at least, be informed. Because a Great, Swinging Society demands nothing less, the following guide is offered:

**ACAPULCO:** The practically perfect film festival, Acapulco (Nov. 15-27) offers fine hot weather, magnificent beaches, great deep sea fishing and Teddy Stauffer's Villa Vera Racquet Club, where one can hobnob with celebrities like the ex-wife of Donald O'Connor. The scuba diving is not as good as at Cozumel, off Mexico's east coast, but it will do. Best of all: only one film a night is shown, and since it's being shown because it has already won a prize at some other festival, the chances are that you won't have to see it to find out if it's any good. Somebody will be able to tell you about it. The films are shown *al fresco* in the ruins of the old Forteleza San Diego, a perfect setting for "The Crimson Pirate" but absolute hell for the kind of intimate mood pieces which usually win festival prizes.

**ASIAN FILM FESTIVAL:** A very special cup of Ming tea, this is a competition limited to Asian films, few of which, if any, ever reach these shores, probably for very good reason. The festival is held in a different country each year—this year's was at Jeonju, Korea, May 5-9. Attending an Asian film festival is to the film festival bum what drawing to an inside straight flush is to the poker player: not the ultimate victory, but something wonderful because it's so rare.

**BUM, FESTIVAL:** There are, by recent estimate, 175 film festivals held annually around the world. One of the effects of all these causes has been the appearance of the film festival bum, a person who spends the greater part of each year tramping from one festival to another, usually in some quasi-official capacity which provides him with at least partial expenses for transportation, room and board, and with free tickets to the screenings. The most common festival bums are the forgotten-but-not-gone film director and the semi-professional film critic or reporter. The most interesting bum, however, is the one who has absolutely no connection with the film world and who attends festivals simply because, like Monty Blanc and Everest, they are there. The true bum knows all the latest gossip and how to talk about films, film personalities and the latest cinema fashions (see *Conversation*). An interest in films is not necessarily required. The bum may never attend any screenings, but he never misses a cocktail party or official reception (see *Wickets*, *Daphne*). There is a small group of bums who don't know how to swim and affect a kind of screening room pallor.

**CANNES:** Still the most popular festival of them all, Cannes (May 5-20) is also one of the few which has meaning both to the film trade and to the public, at least in Europe where the Palm D'Or, the top Cannes award, attracts additional patrons to the theater box-office. Because it is always the first major festival of the year in Europe, Cannes seems to draw the most chic crowd of film celebrities, newspaper people, publicists and bums. The center of all activity is the Carlton Hotel and the Carlton's two-by-four beach where one can sun oneself with his head three inches from Binnie Barnes's back and with his feet in the face of the current girl friend of a former premier of Syria. It's Coney-with-class, and the films—especially those shown outside the main competition—aren't bad either.

**CATEGORIES:** There are two kinds of festivals: (1) the competitive festival, like those at Cannes, Venice, Mar Del Plata (Argentina), Berlin, awarding prizes in a competition among films which (theoretically, anyway) have never been seen outside the country of origin; (2) the non-competitive festival, represented by those at New York, Montreal, Beirut, Sydney, etc., dedicated to reviewing the best (theoretically, anyway) of the new crop of films and spotlighting significant new film-making trends.

**CHIARINI, LUIGI:** The acerbic director of the Venice festival, Chiarini, a former newspaper man, set himself the Herculean task of returning film art to the annual Venice competition, thus arousing the suspicions and downright enmity of American film people, who were aghast some years back when Venice refused to accept Walt Disney's "Pollyanna" as the official U.S. entry. Chiarini is not without a sense of humor: he has chosen to open this year's Venice festival with an American film, "The Wild Angels," a motorcycle drama starring Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra, directed by Roger Corman, a 40-year-old product of Stanford and Oxford. Corman, whose previous credits include "Apache Woman," "House of Usher" and "Premature Burial," is the newest god in the pantheon of the European film cultists who, like American teen-agers, respond to the energy of his cinematic style and to his existential drive for profits.

**CONVERSATION:** At this writing, the thing to know about—at least to be able to talk about—is the new Czechoslovakian cinema. Be careful, however: it's come on so fast that it may well be passé by the night of Sept. 12, when Milos Forman's Czech film, "Loves of a Blonde," officially opens the New York festival. If you insist on talking about the Czech cinema as if you knew anything about it, here are some names to drop: Pavel Hibi, Ivan Passer, Jan Menec, Jiri Trnka and Mme. Marie Desmarais, the modest, unassuming little Canadian lady who brought "The Shop on Main Street" into this country. You may also, in desperation, want to talk about Josef Kloms, a fictitious Czech director who composes his short, experimental films by separately dunting each frame into a mixture of Pilsener and vodka. The resulting abstract patterns are not only funny and charming, but also audacious as comments on the strictures of the authoritarian state.

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA:** A republic (49,354 sq. mi.; pop. 12,161,631) located in central Europe. It exports beer and movies. Also the site of the biennial Karlovy Vary film festival (see *Moscow*).

**DIRECTOR, FESTIVAL:** Some directors make movies for release in commercial theaters. Others make films for festivals. Before there were so many festivals, this used to mean that the festival director had a comparatively small audience. Not so today. His films are seen by millions. He may not make much money, but he does have fun, traveling from festival to festival, being interviewed and analyzed. Prominent festival directors who will be at Lincoln Center this year include Agnes Varda ("Les Créatures"), Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson ("The Eavesdropper"), Alain Resnais ("La Guerre Est Finie"), Luis Buñuel ("Simon of the Desert"). Missing, however, will be the greatest festival director of them all, Jean-Luc Godard, who, according to gossip, cannot attend this year because he is committed to the making of five feature films during the 10-day festival period. Nevertheless, the festival will show two Godard films, "Masculin-Féminin," and "Pierrot Le Fou."



**DRESS:** This can be terribly important at some festivals, not so at others. At Cannes, bikinis (female and male) are worn everywhere except, perhaps, at the Palais du Festival, where the films are shown, and at the Casino. However, true festival bums can't afford to gamble and seldom see a film, except Scopitone. In New York, dress can be any combination of black tie, blue jeans, lamé sheaths and Bo-Peep bonnets (with sun glasses). At least, last year one girl showed up in a Bo-Peep bonnet (with sun glasses). She couldn't see the audience, but the audience could see her. For opening night at Lincoln Center, gentlemen are advised to dye their hair silver and wear silver dungarees topped by an aluminum foil T-shirt. There is a rumor that's what Andy Whatsisname is going to wear.

**EXPANDED CINEMA:** Also known as intermedia, expanded cinema may be any of various combinations of films, slides, lights, live actors, live dancers, live musicians and previously recorded announcements. Some demonstrations are expected to be arranged as part of the Lincoln Center festival's program of Special Events (see below) this year.

**HOLLYWOOD:** A part of Los Angeles and a generic term applied to American films, whether made here or abroad. Hollywood, according to director Billy Wilder, is also "a dirty word" at European film festivals. There appears to be some truth to his charge, though not necessarily complete truth. Although Hollywood films do not do well in competition, almost every festival falls all over itself to obtain the big, lush Hollywood superspectacle as an "out-of-competition" opening night attraction, accompanied, of course, by personal appearances by the superspectacle's stars. Cannes, for example, has been opened by such films as "Dr. Zhivago," "In Harm's Way" and "Ben-Hur," none of which would have dared compete with the latest work from, say, Godard. For the record, it might be pointed out that no feature film actually (physically) made in Hollywood has ever been shown at the Lincoln Center festival.

**LOS ALAMOS:** Northern New Mexico community (1947 pop. 7,000) which was the site for several years of an annual festival of peace films, which are as rare as whooping cranes and not very big at the box-office either.

**MOSCOW / KARLOVY VARY:** Moscow and Karlovy Vary (formerly Carlsbad) in northwest Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, alternate as the annual site for a major film festival behind the Iron Curtain. This year's festival was at Karlovy Vary (July 6-20).

**PRIZES:** A first prize at a competitive festival is usually a Golden Something or Other. At Cannes, it's a Palm, at Berlin, a Bear, and at San Sebastian a Seashell. Prize-boosing at a competitive festival is a sport in itself. The awards are seldom very popular because no matter how bad its entries, almost every major film producing nation (including the U.S.) always winds up with some kind of prize, even if it has to be one created on the spot, like the first (and last) annual award for "betterment of international understanding" given the Soviet entry at Mar Del Plata several years ago. As that famous Italian jurist, Sophia Loren (who headed this year's Cannes panel) said recently: "There is no real political pressure to distribute the prizes that way. It just seems to happen."

**SPECIAL EVENTS:** The principal special events at most festivals are cocktail parties or visits to local shrines, like the Whisky-A-Go-Go at Cannes. Both Cannes and Venice, however, do have special festivals-within-the-festival, devoted to works of new directors, as well as retrospectives of the works of established film-makers. At Lincoln Center, the special events stress is on culture, not cocktails. This year, under the umbrella tag of "The Independent Cinema" (which runs the gamut from the underground to the avant-garde), Lincoln Center will present 30 such special events in a schedule of three two-hour sessions every day. It's programs like these, plus the 22 feature films which will be shown in 10 days, which make even the film buff appreciate Acapulco.

**TEHERAN:** The Shah, who apparently could think of nothing else, this year has given the Empress Farah a film festival (Oct. 31-Nov. 10). The first annual Teheran film festival, under the patronage of the Empress, will be devoted exclusively to films for children, which really isn't as much of a limitation as one might think.

**TICKETS:** In New York, you buy them, unless you're a member of the working press or what is called "a friend of Lincoln Center." At Cannes, tickets are rather equitably distributed to persons with proper credentials who, in turn, often pass them on to festival bums (who may then sell them). In Mar Del Plata, no matter who you are, it's almost impossible to get tickets unless your concierge holds the rank of minister of war, or higher. But, if you stay in Argentina longer than a week, there's a good chance your concierge will make it.

**VENICE:** Under the guidance of Mr. Chiarini, the once-swinging Venice festival (Aug. 28-Sept. 12) has become a rather austere event—that is, about as austere as any event in Italy can be on a beach like the Lido. Venice will be 27 this year, the oldest film festival of them all.

**WICKETS, DAPHNE:** A pretty, British-born nonprofessional who attained minor prominence as a true festival bum some years ago at Cannes when, as she was being ejected from a Russian reception to which she had not been invited, she uttered the bum's credo: "I may be a phony, but I'm a lot less phony than SOME of the people here!"



# N.Y. Film Fete Entries Dominated By Political Angles; Paradoxically, Iron Curtain Pix Lay Off Any Issues

By RICHARD ALBARINO

If any single theme can be said to typify the selections for this New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, it's that the accent is political. In the 1966 program, 11 of the 25 offerings are, in the words of a festival official, "explicitly political," while several others, though treating a variety of subjects, contain elements which touch political issues. This year's selections are scheduled for unreeing Sept. 12-22.

Though festival program directors, Amos Vogel, Richard Roud, Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris, who claim to have screened 600 features and 800 shorts in aggregate to arrive at their choices, maintain that the political tone of the festival is not intentional, even claiming "surprise" at the suggestion, most agree that the political emphasis is evident, however "coincidental."

Curiously, if the program can be said to have any other predominant element, it is that more of this year's roster derives from Communist countries than previously. Ironically, of the six such selections, only one treats a political subject, a fact which some point out as not being without political significance. Saturday Review film critic Arthur Knight, who attended this year's Karlovy Vary Festival in Czechoslovakia at the behest of the New York Fest, commented that he found this factor "refreshing."

## The 11 Political

Despite the danger inherent in attempting to categorize festival selections, and the additional risk of "oversimplifying," especially prior to viewing the films, most festival officials queried concur that the following 11 festival films have "high political content" in common:

"The War Game," Peter Watkins' polemic re nuclear warfare and cold war politics, though originally intended as a BBC program, was banned for broadcast because of its controversial thesis.

Argentinian Leopoldo Torre-Nilsen's "The Eavesdropper," which one fest nabob described as a study of "a Fascist punk."

Italian Pier Paolo Pasolini's "The Hawks and the Sparrows," which, according to reports, fuses the director's Communism with the message of the late Pope John XXIII.

Pasolini's "Accattone," a look at "the other Italy," explores the degrading aspects of poverty.

Norman Fruchter and Robert Machover's "The Troublemakers," though not a feature film, but included in the festival's cinema verite program, is described in the fest's notes as "perhaps the best film of the New American Left."

Japanese Kon Ichikawa's "The Burmese Harp" can be lumped within the "peace" film genre and deals with war guilt.

The Hungarian "The Roundup," only entry from a Communist country which is concerned with a political theme, is said to approach its subject obliquely, through the treatment of an historical situation—the 19th century Hungarian revolt against Austria.

Both Jean-Luc Godard films, "Masculine Feminine" and "Pierrot le Fou," though, as expected, freely range from topic to topic, contain characters and situations representing political points of view. ("Pierrot" presents a sequence depicting a mime show on the Vietnamese situation).

The Spanish "The Hunt," which is outwardly the story of four men rabbit hunting, is also said to be an allegory of contemporary Spain.

Italian Vittorio De Seta's "Almost a Man" treats the problem of a family split between Fascism and the partisan left of WW II and portrays, in part, the effect of political commitment on the personality, according to the reports.

Finally, Alain Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie," which has been tossed about like a political hot potato at the Cannes and Karlovy Vary festivals, stirred controversy with its treatment of a Spanish Republican working in Paris with the contemporary Spanish underground.

## Increase in Films

Though the increase in film representation from Communist countries at the New York Film Festival has progressed almost arithmetically (two in 1963, two in 1964, four in 1965 and six this year), it has been, according to one festival programmer, in direct relation to the relaxation of restraints on subject matter in these countries. The liberalization, say observers, does not extend to permitting direct or real criticism of the system.

Though recognizing risk of exploding a mini-trend or tiny tendency into a thesis, one of the festival programmers somewhat directly concerned with choosing East European films, suggested that their current concern with the more "personal" in film stems from a reaction to the steady diet of politically oriented subjects in the past. Admitting that the genre has not disappeared from Communist countries, the fest official contended that their "civilian" offerings were more naturally palatable to western audiences and hence were more attractive to the programmers.

Significant also is the fact that several of the "political" films listed already have a history of controversy and intra-festival squabbling due to their subject matter. Festivals generally are fond of including "controversial" films in their programs for "celebrity value."

The most celebrated is Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie," which, though appearing at both the Cannes and Karlovy Vary fests, is being presented for the first time "officially" at the New York event. Denied a competitive berth at the Cannes festival because of the objections from Spain, which threatened to pull out if the film was presented, "La Guerre" seems curiously to offend the political sensibilities of both factions, and was again shunted into an "unofficial" slot at Karlovy Vary.

Ostensibly the reason was Spanish objections. According to insiders, however, the film presented an "unorthodox" point of view of the Spanish situation from the leftist standpoint. Particular objection was voiced by "La Pasionaria," Dolores Ibbarria, historic firebrand of the war, now in exile in Eastern Europe. One source claims her influence was mainly responsible for the out-of-competition status accorded the film at the Czechoslovakian festival.

The film, which was originally included in the Venice roster, was cancelled because, it was claimed, it had already been shown at two festivals. Thus neatly sidestepping Spanish objections. Though the New York Festival has one Spanish entry, no objections arose concerning "La Guerre" because, says fest officials, negotiations for choices are conducted "privately" between producer and/or distrib, outside of government channels.

## 'Accidental' Complexion

Fest officials contend that the political complexion of this year's program is accidental and that "quality" is the only guiding principle used by the festival in making selections. They also claim that they have no objection to the form the festival has taken. When considering the tone, they are apt to point out that the "political" preoccupation of "serious" filmmakers today is "representative"—one mark for which the festival strives. Arthur Knight, though previously aware of the fest complexion, seemed pleased because, as he put it, "this is what the critics have always asked of filmmakers, that they become more engaged in the world around them."

Another member of the festival program committee, Village Voice critic Andrew Sarris, points out that though the political tone is evident, the attitudes represented for the most part do not represent divisions along the classic lines of left or right. Instead, from Sarris' point of view, which he describes as "apolitical," the films represent a questioning of political assumptions rather than a commitment for or against a particular conviction.



September 3, 1966 35¢

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

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## Showing of a U.S. Film in Series At Lincoln Center Seen Unlikely

By VINCENT CANBY

Although the program for the fourth annual New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center is incomplete, there are indications that there will be no major American film among the 22 entries. The festival will be held at Philharmonic Hall Sept. 12 to 22.

This would be the first time in the festival's history that none of the big Hollywood producing distributing companies would be represented by one of their domestic films. Ironically, these companies comprise the Motion Picture Association of America, which is a festival sponsor.

It was learned here yesterday that United Artists turned down a festival request to submit the new Billy Wilder film, "The Fortune Cookie."

### Active in Getting Entries

Arnold Picker, executive vice president of the film company, confirmed this, but refused to comment on the reasons behind the turndown. During the last several years, Mr. Picker has been active in various government-film industry committees that have sought to obtain American films as entries in film festivals abroad.

Reached by telephone in Hollywood yesterday, Mr. Wilder said he had been eager to have his film shown at Lincoln Center, but that he would bow to the wishes of United Artists. "They cannot interfere with the way I make my films," said Mr. Wilder, "and I cannot interfere with the way they release them."

Mr. Wilder suggested that the film company might be "scared of the snobbish, intellectual types of audiences and critics" who attend the Lincoln Center affair. "After all," he added, "my picture was not made in Czechoslovakia."

This was in reference to the fact that of the 22 features to be shown at Lincoln Center this year, four are from Czechoslovakia.

Mr. Wilder's new film, a comedy set against a background of professional football,

stars Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. It was photographed on location in Cleveland and in Hollywood.

Noting that American films have not been notably successful at festivals, here or abroad, Mr. Wilder said flatly: "Hollywood has become a dirty word."

It is this attitude on the part of American distributors that has made them reluctant to enter their films, especially in competitive festivals where prizes are awarded. The Lincoln Center festival, however, is noncompetitive.

It is understood that no other major American films are being considered for showing at Lincoln Center. According to one source, the selection committee had looked at "about a half-dozen American features," and turned them down because they were not "of festival caliber." In addition, the committee asked to see some other American films, but was turned down by either the producer or the distributor.

According to this source, the only films American companies seem willing to submit to Lincoln Center are "those bizarre pictures" the distributors don't understand or know how to release.

### May Meet With Valenti

The news that there will probably not be any major American films at Lincoln Center comes at a time when Jack J. Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, is stressing the need for improving the image of Hollywood in the intellectual community. It is expected that the center officials will seek a meeting with him to discuss the situation.

Members of the Lincoln Center selection committee, who have viewed an estimated total of 500 features, are Schuyler G. Chapin, the vice president in charge of programming for Lincoln Center; Amos Vogel, the festival's director; Richard Roud, the program director, and Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris, film critics.

## ABOUT NEW YORK

*A film festival and some flea markets*

one of the world's big film events, the fourth New York Film Festival, is coming up September 12-22, in our own backyard. Cue's film critic, William Wolf, who has kept tabs on the previous three, comments on the Lincoln Center doings: "Of the many festivals around the world, New York's is one of the best because it is geared toward the public. There are no awards, so the scene isn't dominated by a scramble for glory. Many films are bought for distribution, but the festival isn't primarily a marketplace. As with any major event, there have been some complaints. But criticism based on not liking various festival films is misplaced. The function of a festival should not be to please those who demand a great film for every showing, although there can well be some great ones, like last year's 'The Shop on Main Street.' The goal should be to offer a sampling of available works which film fans want to evaluate. Here is an opportunity for everyone to be his own critic. The huge crowds the festival has been drawing, larger each year, indicate a public satisfaction. Films on this year's roster will include the much-lauded 'The Loves of a Blonde' by Czech director Milos Forman, 'La Guerre est Finie' by French director Alan Resnais, 'Simon of the Desert' by Luis Bunuel, and movies by Jean-Luc Godard and other noted directors. The chief sour note is the failure of any U.S. film company to be represented with a new movie. But there is a list of some 28 programs, plus various special events. Much appreciation is due those who have been working on the film conclave, which makes New York a livelier place for the lively arts."

CZECH film "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," aimed at youngsters, will be shown at special children's matinee of N. Y. Film Festival





## For the Czechs, More Bravos?

By HOWARD THOMPSON

ONE very tangible development of last year's New York Film Festival is the scheduling of four new features from Czechoslovakia for this year's festival, to be held Sept. 12-22 at Lincoln Center. Last September, the American premiere of "The Shop On Main Street" was the hit of the festival, drawing bravos in Philharmonic Hall and going on to win a Hollywood Oscar and remind the rest of the world that Czechoslovakia has a fiercely

fresh and prolific film industry, sparked by a new guard of directors concerned with humanistic values.

The festival committee feels that the forthcoming round-up of new screen fare from 22 countries is generally marked by an exceptionally personalized point of view on the part of the film-makers. To gather movies for this year's programs, committee members viewed more than 400 features and 600 short subjects. This year's festival—the fourth at

Philharmonic Hall—is being presented by Lincoln Center in association with the British Film Institute and with the cooperation of the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America and the Motion Picture Association of America. Movies will be shown daily at 6:30 and 9:30 P.M., with matinees on weekends. Prices are scaled from \$2 to \$4, with a \$1 increase for the opening-night performance of Milos Forman's (Continued on page 12)

"THE LOVES OF A BLONDE"—Vladimir Pucholt and Hana Brejchova are the youthful protagonists of this comedy of young love, which was directed by Milos Forman. The Czechoslovakian feature will open the New York Film Festival.





Czechoslovak "The Loves of a Blonde," coming here with high acclaim from overseas.

The second festival entry by the 30-year-old Forman, who was represented last year by "Black Peter," the new film depicts a bittersweet romantic episode in the life of a young girl and co-stars Hana Brejchova and Vladimir Pucholt. Another Czech entry, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," directed by Pavel Hobl, has been slotted for a children's matinee screening. "Intimate Lighting," a love story made by a former Forman assistant, Ivan Passer, and "Pearls at the Bottom," an episode entry by five young directors, round out the Czech representation at Lincoln Center.

No American products will have their premieres at the festival, in contrast to last year, when there were four. But the off-beat American moviemaker will be saluted with "The Independent Cinema," a series of screenings, discussions and interviews offered free to the public. Two countries will be making festival debuts, Spain with Carlos Saura's "The Hunt" and Belgium with André Delvaux's "The Man With the Shaven Head."

Italy will be represented by two directors whose work is being watched with great interest. Pier Paolo Pasolini, who became famous in America last season with "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew," will attend the festival for the showing of his most recent work, "The Hawks and the Sparrows," and also his earlier "Accatone," which caused a scandal in Italy with its depiction of a pimp. Vittorio DeSeta, who earned praise here two years ago

for "Bandits of Orogosolo," has proffered "Almost A Man" this year. Agnes Varda, indomitable French director of "Le Bonheur," may startle festivalgoers with "Les Créatures," starring Catherine Deneuve and Michael Piccoli. Three festival veterans, France's Alain Resnais, Argentina's Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson and Mexico's Luis Bunuel, are again on the agenda with, respectively, "La Guerre Est Finie," "The Eavesdropper" and "Simon of the Desert."

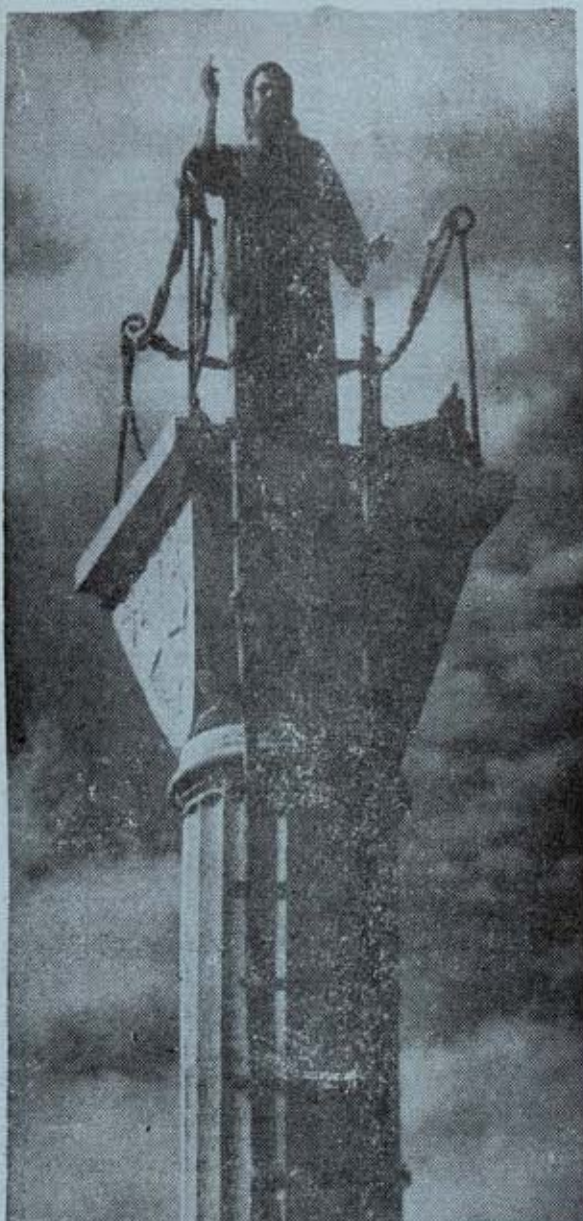
Three men will be showing their first films: Rene Allio of France with "The Shameless Old Lady," Aleksander Petrovic of Yugoslavia with "Three" and Sergei Paradzhanov of Russia with "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors." The latter work, which transfers Romeo and Juliet to the Caucasus, has already been hailed as one of the most experimental films ever to come out of Russia.

Tickets for the festival will go on sale Aug. 29.



"INTIMATE LIGHTING"—Vera Kresadlova plays a city girl who accompanies her boy friend to his native town in the Czechoslovak comedy at the festival.





## New York Film Festival: First Week

Tomorrow (9:00 P.M.)—"Loves of a Blonde," Czech comedy-drama, directed by Milos Forman.

Tuesday (6:30)—"The War Game," directed by Britain's Peter Watkins; and "Wholly Communion," poetry-reading documentary

Tuesday (9:30)—"Hunger," Scandinavian drama starring Per Oscarsson and based on Knut Hamsun's novel.

Wednesday (6:30)—"La Commare Secca," Italian drama directed by Bernardo Bertolucci.

Wednesday (9:30)—"The Eavesdropper," with Stathis Giallelis and Janet Margolin, directed by Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson.

Thursday (6:30)—"Balthazar," symbolical drama from France, directed by Robert Bresson.

Thursday (9:30)—"Les Créatures," Agnes Varda's latest feature, with Catherine Deneuve, Michel Piccoli and Eva Dahlbeck.

Friday (6:30)—"The Hawks and the Sparrows," allegorical fantasy from Italy directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini and starring Toto.

Friday (9:30)—"Accattone," drama of Roman panderers, also directed by Pasolini.

Saturday (11:00 A.M.)—"Do You Keep a Lion At Home?," Czech color film recommended for youngsters from 5 to 12.

Saturday (1:30 P.M.)—Trio of cinema-vérité documentaries, including the Maysles Brothers' "Marlon Brando"; Gianni Amico's "Notes For a Film on Jazz," and the Norman Fruchter-Robert Machover "The Trouble-Makers."

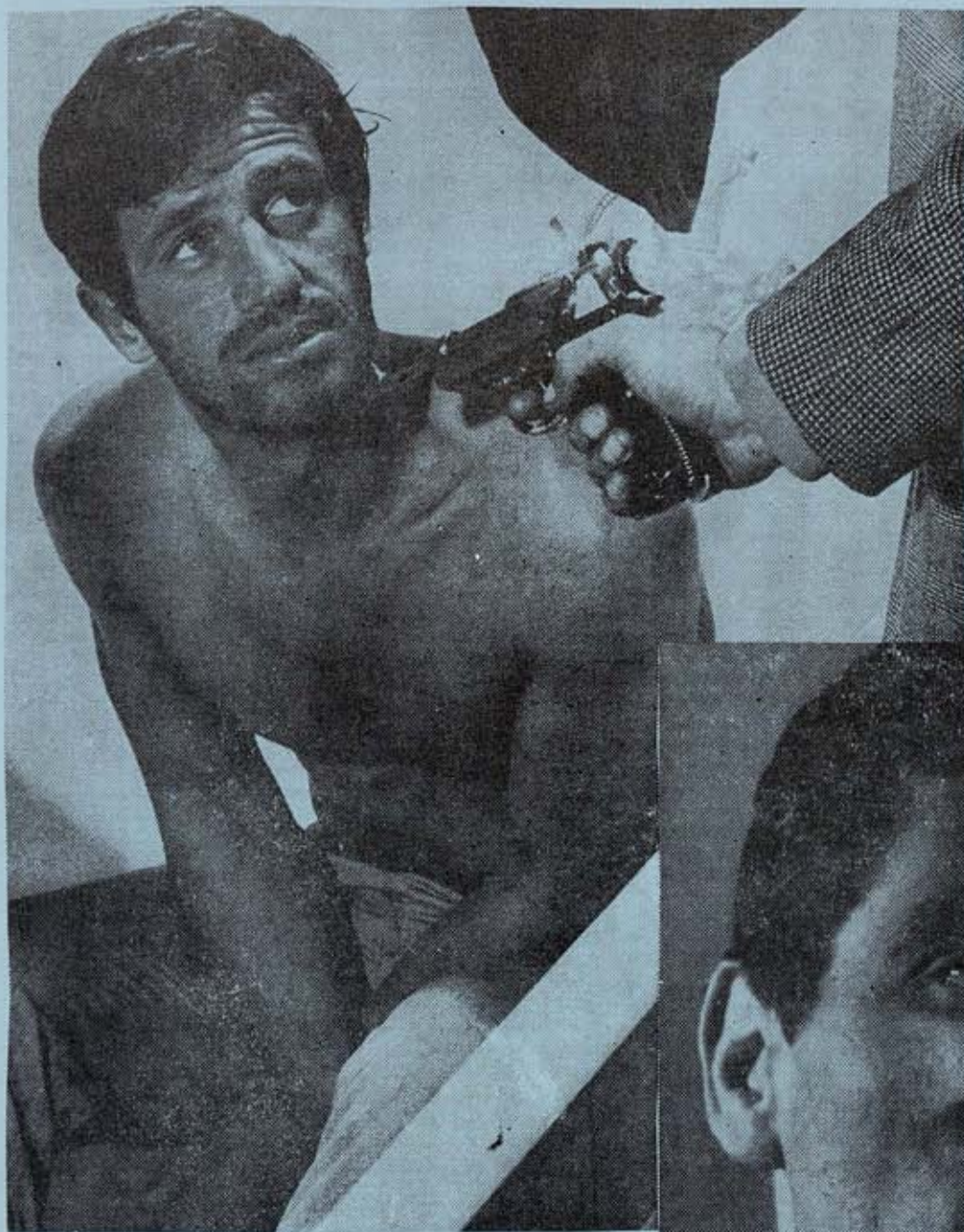
Saturday (4:00)—"The Burmese Harp," Kon Ichikawa's Japanese drama about war guilt.

Saturday (6:30)—Two silent dramas, "A Woman of Affairs," with Garbo, and Cecil B. DeMille's "The Cheat."

Saturday (9:30)—"The Shameless Old Lady," French director Rene Allio's version of Bertolt Brecht's story, starring Sylvie.



**"PIERROT LE FOU"**—Jean-Paul Belmondo is menaced in his bathtub in French film directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the New York Film Festival.



**"ACCATONE"**—Franco Citti plays a reformed procurer in this movie, one of two directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini ("The Gospel According to St. Matthew") that will be seen at the festival. 26





**FOREIGN ENTRIES.** Hana Brejchova, above left, stars in a Czechoslovakian entry, "The Loves of a Blonde," opening the New York Film Festival. Ingrid Thulin, above right, is the lead in a joint French-Swedish film, "La Guerre Est Finie." At right, Ladislav Ocenasek and Joseph Filip, right, cavort in another Czechoslovakian entry, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?"

## Film Festival Has

By Joseph Gelmis

New York—Among the 25 programs of this year's New York Film Festival (Sept. 12-22), there will be four Czech movies but none from the U.S.

"What Hollywood wants to give us," explains festival program director Richard Roud, "we don't want. What we want, they won't give us." This year the festival tried to get Billy Wilder's "The Fortune Cookie." Wilder is said to have been willing, but the distributor, United Artists, wasn't.

As for the Czech films, they are Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde," the festival opener; Ivan Passer's "Intimate Lighting," a multi-episode film, "Pearls on the Ground," which has one writer and five directors, and a children's matinee film, "Do You Keep A Lion At Home?" about a couple of runaways.

The Czech film industry has been getting a lot of attention from the western press recently. Much of it began after the success of "The Shop On Main Street," perhaps the most honored movie to come out of last year's New York Film Festival. American exhibitors had refused to touch it. Then it became the hit of the festival

and went on to win an Oscar. It is now a box-office success too.

Nonetheless, said Roud, "I think the influence and importance of Czech films is exaggerated." The reason for the domination of the festival by four Czech films, he implied, is that the recent publicity has made them fashionable and the public wants to see what the fuss is all about. "There is more activity among Czech filmmakers," said Roud, "because the entire economy is trying to borrow capitalistic ideas, make more commercial products, including movies. The stress now is not on how much an industry produces but how well it sells its product."

"A film like 'The Loves of a Blonde,' which is about the pickup of a small-town girl by a touring musician, could not have been made four years ago. Up until recently, films were made to reflect not how people were but how they ought to be."

Andrew Sarris, a new member of the selection committee, did not like "The Shop On Main Street." "I think Czech films are overrated," he said. "At best, they're nice, civilized, old-fashioned, well-observed films . . . and these are virtues that are in short supply at the moment."





## a Big Czech List

But people tend to go overboard on these things."

Why are Czech films so civilized? "Well, Europeans used to ask me why is America so neurotic? The same answer applies. America is five years ahead of Europe in experiencing the pressure and strains of modern industrial life. Europe is catching up, though. Did you know that the juvenile delinquency rate in France has gone up 200 per cent in the last two years? Anyway, this burst of Czech humanism is a sort of Chekhovian twilight of these people. I suppose I could claim an intentional play on words with that 'Chekhovian,' but I won't."

Sarris is the movie critic for the Village Voice and author of the forthcoming book, "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." He and Saturday Review critic Arthur Knight were added last spring to the selection committee to pacify those critics who objected that the tastes of one man (Roud) were being imposed on a whole festival. This year, with the capable festival director Amos Vogel taking a more active role in choosing films and the addition of two critics, there was greater coverage of those international festivals from which

Lincoln Center selects its programs. And, presumably, the festival now reflects a cross-section of informed tastes.

Sarris believes the best film in the festival is Frenchman Robert Bresson's "Balthazar," a donkey's-eye view of the folly and vices of men. "When I first heard that he had made a movie about a donkey, I thought Bresson had finally flipped his lid. I saw it and was shook. I think if Lincoln Center got this one film distributed it would completely justify the whole festival's existence."

Roud thinks the festival's sleeper this year will be "The Man With The Shaven Head," a psychological film made by Belgian director Andre Delvaux.

### Admirers of Godard

Both Roud and Sarris are admirers of director Jean-Luc Godard and this year, as in 1965, there'll be two Godard films at the festival. "Masculine Feminine," is about "the generation of Marx and Coca Cola, just turned 20," said Roud. The hero, Jean-Pierre Leaud, is the boy from "The 400 Blows." Jean-Paul Belmondo stars in the second film, "Pierrot Le Fou," which is about a 1920s gangster and has proved at the French boxoffice to be Godard's most popular film since "Breathless."

Other films to be shown at Lincoln Center's 2,800-seat Philharmonic Hall include Agnes Varda's "Les Creatures," a science-fiction-style fantasy; Luis Bunuel's "Simon of the Desert," an anti-clerical satire about a saint who sits on a pillar for 27 years while the devil sends temptations; "The Shameless Old Lady," based on Bertolt Brecht's story about a lady of 70 who squanders the family inheritance on one last fling; "La Guerre Est Finie" ("The War Is Over"), Alain Resnais' Spanish Civil War film starring Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin that was banned from Cannes for fear that Gen. Franco would be offended and "The Hunt," the first Spanish-made film even slightly critical of the Franco fascists who won the civil war.

A controversial British anti-war film, "The War Game," made originally for TV, will also be shown, as will two films by Pier Paolo Pasolini, "The Hawks and the Sparrows" and "Accatone." Pasolini's brilliant "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" was a surprise success in the U.S. earlier this year. Several retrospectives will be presented, including the first New York showing in 25 years of the 1928 silent film "A Woman of Affairs," with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in the screen version of Michael Arlen's novel "The Green Hat."



## FILM TALK

By Wanda Hale

## A Man of the Movies

Amos Vogel is director of the 4th New York Film Festival, September 12-22 at Lincoln Center, and also is the new director of Lincoln Center's recently established Film Department.

Vogel, youngish, humorous, soft-spoken, said, "I am the world's number one movie buff. At the age of 13, I somehow got into a class on all the aspects of film making with older boys at my school in Vienna. That's how I became afflicted."

This very nice affliction has spread from the classroom in Vienna to all capitals of the world, where the afflicted one goes searching for movies to present at the New York Film Festival. He knows his business. Since immigrating to the U.S., Vogel has been in the forefront of presenting new

erring sense of reality, a limited budget and indifference to the star system.

In the last few years, Vogel stated, films have far outstripped other forms of spoken arts in communicating with our young people. "Young people have become avid fans. The majority of movie audiences are made up of young people. Our cheapest seats at Philharmonic Hall are filled by them. They are in the Terrace section, a polite word for gallery. Prices range from \$2 to \$2.50. From the terraces come the loudest shouts of approval. And, also, the loudest boos."

In the orchestra of the 2,800-capacity auditorium, seats range from \$3 to \$3.50. Loge seats are \$4.

For the first time in its four-year history, the Festival presents a matinee for children. Selected for this occasion is "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" by Czechoslovakian director Paul Hobl. It's called a humorous fantasy of the magical adventures encountered by two small boys who explore the wonders of a big city on their own. This one will be shown on Saturday, September 17, at 11 A.M.

In the 22 feature-length films, all from abroad, there will be two by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Italian director who made the simple and effective Biblical film, "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." His contributions to the Festival are "Accattone" and "The Hawks and the Sparrows."

## Five-Part Anthology

Alain Resnais, young French director who contributed "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and the controversial "Last Year at Marienbad" to the film industry, will attend the Festival in conjunction with the American premiere of his most recent film, "Le Guerre est Finie," "The War is Over."

From Czechoslovakia are "The Loves of a Blonde," directed by Milos Forman, chosen for the opening night event; a gentle Czech comedy, "Intimate Lightning," directed by Ivan Passer. Both Forman and Passer will attend the Festival. And there is a five-part anthology, all revealing the frailties, dignity and humor of people on the fringes of society. It is entitled "Pearls on the Ground" and the directors are Jiri Menzel, Jan Nemec, Evald Schorm, Jarmail Jires and Czech film studio's only woman director, Vera Chytilova.

Five new films from France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Spain and Russia have been selected for their first American presentation. From France is "The Shameless Old Lady," starring Sylvie, directed by Rene Allio. An offering from Italy, "Almost a Man," was directed by Vittorio De Seta. Yugoslavia's "Three" was directed by Aleksander Petrovic. Spain's "The Hunt," directed by Carlos Saura, is a drama concerning reflections on the Spanish Civil War. From the USSR comes "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors," an unhappy love story of the 19th century directed by Sergei Paradjanov. This is one of the few Festival selections in color.



Amos Vogel—Movie Buff No. 1.

trends in Cinema to the American public, beginning his work as Executive Secretary of Cinema 16 from its 1947 inception.

He has served as coordinator of film centers at New York University and the New School of Social Research, as board member of the Creative Film Foundation, instructor in film history at Pratt Institute and the School of Visual Arts and has been a member of numerous film juries, including the Robert Flaherty Documentary Awards and the International West German Short Film Festival at Oberhausen.

## World Traveler

Vogel declared that choosing the program for the Festival is a year-round job, day and night, exhausting but gratifying. He said: "Program Director Richard Roud and I got to every film festival in the world, looking at movies morning, afternoon and night. This year, we saw 400 feature length films and 600 shorts. In addition to the ones we see at festivals, many films are directly sent to our office here for consideration."

Vogel gave further information on the choice of 22 feature films and more shorts to be presented this year in Philharmonic Hall. "It isn't all a two-man job. Joining us this year are Arthur Knight, film critic of the Saturday Review and author of several books on the cinema, and Andrew Sarris, film critic of the Village Voice, editor of the American "Cahiers du Cinema," and author of a forthcoming book on director Joseph von Sternberg.

This committee of four, Vogel said, likes to encourage young directors with fresh ideas, an un-



**Movies**

# 'The Onus Is Not on the Artist;

## It Is We Who Must Learn'

By AMOS VOGEL, Director, New York Film Festival

**H**AVING recently undergone the ordeal and exhilaration of seeing 600 of the newest, as yet unreleased films, one feels a strong sense of that elusive quantity known as "world cinema" and its general direction.

First, a new generation of filmmakers has arrived. The giants we know so well—Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa, Wajda or even Antonioni—have imperceptibly become the "middle" generation. There are new names knocking at the battered gates of eternity: Bellocchio, Skolimowski, Forman, Teshigahara, Jancso, Bertolucci, Chytilova, Saura, Paradjanov. Tongue-twisters of today, they are the Life feature articles of tomorrow.

Second, the cinema is changing. Thematically, stylistically, philosophically. It was always a bit silly to imagine that film could remain unaffected by what was happening in the other arts.

Third, unless audiences, exhibitors, distributors, and critics catch up with these new trends, they will be left behind. The onus, as always, is not on the artist; he is merely the most nakedly sensitive antenna toward our collective secrets. It is we who must learn to read him.

Our arts reflect and prefigure an era of social change and disorientation, of collective anxiety and individual alienation. We witness the crumbling of national myths and ideologies, the suppression of freedom in the name of liberty, the waging of war in the guise of peace. We still ask the questions, more searchingly than before, but no longer pretend to the answers.

These new facts have led artists to new themes and forms. One is struck by the speed by which these are immediately assimilated internationally. Everywhere there is a clear trend away from illustrated literature and simplistic realism toward a freer, more poetic, visually oriented cinema. Smooth, consecutive editing is frequently displaced by sudden jumps, the telescoping of time and space, of memory, reality and illusion. "Establishing shots," orderly transitions from long shot to closeup have all but disappeared; the freezing of action into still shots for emphasis abounds. We are inundated by ambiguity, allegory, improvisation, by an existential humanism devoid of certainty or illusion; in short (and, as always), life, as seen by the creative artists of the dominant generation.

At the New York Film Festival starting tomorrow at Lincoln Center, these trends will be fully in evidence. There will be the cerebral Resnais, with his most political film so far, "La Guerre Est Finie"; Godard, continuing his existentialist confrontation of a meaningless universe with works as different as "Masculin-Feminin" and "Pierrot Le Fou"; Allio's "Shameless Old Lady," parading as an objective work, yet setting off the most haunting reverberations; and Agnes Varda's "Les Créatures," her most complex film to date, in which her protagonists move on a gigantic chessboard in a game of illusion and reality.

Other works, too, proceed on several levels. The iconoclastic Bresson, in "Balthazar," places

a donkey at the center of his most magic parable. Pasolini, who (similar perhaps to Buñuel) combines social concern with inverted religiosity, turns from the realistic "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" to the experimental political allegory of "The Hawks and the Sparrows." Carlos Saura's "The Hunt" projects, beneath a realistic overlay, a searching, brilliant study of rekindled conflict. Buñuel's blackly humorous "Simon of the Desert" tells of the saint who stood on top of a pillar.

Most significantly, the new cinema is not confined to the West: though tied more closely to naturalism because of their heritage of "socialist realism," Eastern filmmakers suddenly create experimental, modern works, devoid of "official" ideology, yet filled with unorthodox compassion for people as they are (no longer, as in Stalin's times, as they should be). This year, several—from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Russia—deal with alienation, anti-heroes, the corruption, by terror, of victims as well as executioners. Our conceptions about films from the East are even more dated than our ignorance of film developments in the West; the most difficult type of Eastern film

to find nowadays is one that propagates Communism.

In the new cinema, there is a more casual, post-Freudian acceptance of sex, and an almost total absence of romantic or unrequited love. There is less hypocritical panning away of the camera in bedroom scenes; in fact, there are fewer bedroom scenes because more exotic love-making locales are now permissible. In Japan, strongly erotic, often sado-masochist films, co-exist with women's pictures of monumentally old-fashioned sentimentality. The Czech

"Loves of a Blonde" has the East's first nude love scene, a step as radical as the stylistic innovations of their young directors. American films involving sexuality seem largely dated or prurient by comparison.

Undeniably, the avant-garde has strongly infiltrated the commercial cinema. This very acceptance, however, leads in certain American underground films to even more radical experiments, not yet acceptable to the commercial cinema; here, amidst a welter of mediocrity, the several accomplished works (including some "mixed media" presentations) represent a genuine American contribution to world cinema.

If the sum total of the endeavors by the world's artists seem to result in configurations of anxiety, discontinuity, ambiguity and tension, the cause resides in spheres over which they have no control. Instead, in stately or disorderly array, they present us imploringly with flares in the night; reflections of terror, symbols of limited hope, allegories of inevitable corruption, warnings of holocaust—and intimations of the possibility of love.





## Rages and Outrages

By ARCHER WINSTEN

The fourth Annual New York Film Festival is upon us, beginning tonight at 9 and continuing 10 days with about 50 features and shorts, not to mention Special Events starting tomorrow and running through 25 separate programs that are dedicated to "The Independent Cinema."

Obviously this is more than mere flesh-and-blood, human eye and ear and/or the mind can endure. Therefore your correspondent has sought rumor, seismic murmurings, and tea leaves to offer the public some help.

First, it will have to be an extraordinary picture that will wrest from tonight's "Loves of a Blonde" the accolade of "Best of Festival."

Second, the temptation of the Special Events lie largely in that element of surprise to be found in the Unknown. Prize-Winning Films from a National Student Festival, well, you take a long chance but there might be a flash here and there. Leacock's "Stravinsky?" Well, he's done a wonderful picture about a multiple-birth family in the mid-west, but this film has elicited pro and con responses. What about Peter Goldman's feature about NYC, made for \$1,500, "Echoes of Silence"? Maybe. It's a gamble. Someone has said you ought to see it. But so many of these pictures bore you to death as soon as you penetrate the mystery of their weird methods, cheap production and purposeful obfuscations. There are critics talking with themselves, moviemakers explaining what they're trying to do, the Expanded Cinema, Mixed Media, One-minute Movies (commercials), research, etc. etc.

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You want a guess? All right, you have about a one-to-five chance picking at random. You might hit something fresh and fascinating, but it's more apt to be unripe and very hard, really inedible.

Festival director Amos Vogel, asked about this new section of the festival, denied any intention of publicizing the embattled Underground Cinema which Jonas Mekas and the Cinematheque have been touting with a vigor worthy of better causes. He said, "This is really an attempt to survey the whole field, all the way from Left to Right. Even the talk programs, which look as if they were highly esoteric, are really designed to subject the field to analysis."

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As for the festival main events, it's very difficult to persuade Vogel to express opinions at variance with choices of the committee of which he is one-fourth.

He was asked what difference he found between this festival and its predecessors. He said, "Only that there seem to be political films of a broader sort, with less propaganda. They have more to do with the human condition. Unlike the films of the 30's, today's filmmakers don't give you the answers. They just pose the questions. This is equally true of East and West."

Another trend he noted was that of ambiguity. The omnipresent allegories of the past were no more. He said, "When you look at 400 or 500 films it becomes very noticeable. I don't say it's good or bad. It's just a fact."

\* \* \*

Being pressed, he admitted that this was speaking from his position as festival director. Generally he strives to put himself officially in the position of showing everything that's being made. Now, if you ask him about his personal opinion, yes, it's good. He's all for ambiguity and anything new.

This is probably a good way for a festival director to be. Twenty years of running Cinema 16 must have bent him like that when he was a mere twig. Now, oak-like and riding the film storms in yearly surveys of world cinema from which best examples must be chosen, he maintains a lively interest. What is his batting average, and that of his colleagues, remains to be seen during the days to come.

A second Czech film, "Intimate Lighting," by Ivan Passer, is also very appealing. "The War Game" painfully real if you can't do anything about it, which you can't, and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" leaves something to be desired. Personally I look forward most eagerly to "Accatone," "The Shameless Old Lady," and Resnais's "La Guerre Est Finie."



# Festival Calling All Film Buffs

By WILLIAM PEPER

Impervious to the hoots and howls of the critics, the New York Film Festival will bloom again for the fourth time in Philharmonic Hall starting tonight. The opening feature will be "Loves of a Blonde," which sounds like a nudie film but is actually a highly touted item from Czechoslovakia, the cinema buffs' new favorite country.

The critics have been loud in their displeasure over many of the films shown in the past but program director Richard Roud is just as displeased with the critics. He refers to them as "the remnants of New York intellectual society of the '30s."

Roud insists that many of the current avant-garde films should be looked at as paintings. "The notion that film can come as close to painting as to literature or the theater never seems to have occurred to most of our intellectual critics," he says.

## 25 PROGRAMS

To illustrate his thesis, Roud and his fellow directors, Amos Vogel, Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris, have put together 25 different programs.

There is nothing this year quite as far out as the seven hours of "The Vampires" last year, but there is a BBC film about what might happen if the bomb were dropped on Britain, a short documentary

on Marlon Brando and a 1928 silent Garbo film, "A Woman of Affairs," based on "The Green Hat."

As a special side show in the rear lobby of Philharmonic Hall, the Festival will present "Selma Last Year," described as a "continuous environment." It will combine the still photographs taken by Bruce Davidson of the Selma-Montgomery march last year with sound edited by Terry Riley and an arrangement of movies and closed circuit TV by Ken Dewey. It will go on all day and be free to the public.

## WILDER WAS WILLING

Significantly, there will not be an American feature on the program, but it is Hollywood that is snubbing the Festival. The directors asked for Billy Wilder's latest, "The Fortune Cookie." Wilder was willing but United Artists, the distributor, said no.

Feature films to be shown, grouped by country, are:

Czechoslovakia—"Loves of a Blonde," "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," "Intimate Lighting," and "Pearls on the Ground."

France — Bresson's "Balthazar," Varda's "Les Creatures," "The Shameless Old Lady," Godard's "Masculine Feminine" and "Pierre Le Fou," Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" and Renoir's 1931 film, "La Chienne."

Great Britain—"The War Game," Sweden—"Hunger,"



A SON COMES HOME

Leah Padovani and Gianni Garko in "Almost a Man"

Japan — "The Burmese Harp." Spain—"The Hunt." Argentina — Torre Nilsson's "The Eavesdropper."

United States — Marlon Brando, "The Trouble Makers" and "A Woman of Affairs." Belgium—"Simon of the Desert." Russia—"Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors." Hungary — "The Roundup."

Italy — Pasolini's "The Hawks and the Sparrows" and "Accattone," Bertolucci's "La Commare Secca," and de Seta's "Almost a Man."

There will be shorts along with all the features. If critics, festival directors and audiences disagree violently on the features, they all usually agree that the shorts are great.











# CZECH-ING IN

## BIG MOB SCENE, CRAZY ATTIRE

The 11-day, 25-event, non-competitive, partly retrospective New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall began its fourth season Monday (12), Czech-ing in with a comedy, "Loves Of a Blonde," from Prague which drew sustained applause in the hall and an extended lamping of its director, Milos Forman, in the first tier box. Forman had actually been presented to the audience before the unreeling by Schuyler Chapin, Lincoln Center program chief. The film got Czechoslovakia off in a prestigious aura since there will be four Czech features shown during this present festival. The Czech "Shop On Main Street" during the 1965 festival was both an immediate audience favorite and a subsequent commercial property in U.S.-Canada playoff.

U.S. majors largely continue to shun the N.Y. festival as, for some 10 years, has been true of the San Francisco Festival and is true, too, of the Montreal Festival which however has a lingual barrier.

This present issue of VARIETY can only report tentatively, the news being yet to come and press day (Tues.) having intervened. There are pending questions about the fourth year, as to whether the agenda pleases or displeases this or that coterie of buff, over-stresses ideology, under-presents comedy, and all that. As distinctly evidenced in the second and third years the N.Y. Festival stirs the gadfiles, not to say the beatnik out-takes of the town.

Lincoln Center setting itself as of now is of heightened glamour. Added since 1965 is the illuminated facade of the new Metropolitan Opera House and the Chagall murals, all awaiting the gala opening this Friday (16). There were private guards posted around the plaza fountain on a tip of a "demonstration" against the film festival by a mysterious group. Certain visible types circulating in hired or contrived costumes suggested nothing so much as pledges for a high school frat. One chap wore top hat, swallowtail over what may be described as a corduroy Irish stableboy breeches and boots. As near as the "plot"

could be guessed "somebody" had mustered these collaborators with the object of throwing a symbolic coffin in the fountain to dramatize and protest an alleged "dead-ness" in the programming of the festival. The gesture was thwarted.

The first night audience itself ran to some stylishness and rather less of the way-out costuming seen in previous years. The opening night ticket distribution had been treated quite differently from the remainder. However, at the reception and dance held after the filming in the grand concourse of the facing New York State Theatre the matter of "dress" again came to the fore. There was one girl in a transparent net thigh-length thing who hit the floor with nothing underneath save a green bikini and bra. The firstnighters could hardly remember the cinema for the pageant of miniskirts, girls in cloth-of-silver trousers and other fairly startling get-ups. The femmes had recovered from their loss-of-leadership in extremity, as suffered in 1965. (Electrical guitars by a hardy four plus the Bob Banks-Betty Palmer sextette provided the dance music.)

Very first image flashed on the screen at Philharmonic Monday at 9 was the trademark of Columbia Pictures, the major U.S. company which cooperated last year with a Warren Beatty feature, then going to market. In the present instance Columbia offered a 13-minute short, "Last of the Mohicans," which was a delightful spoof on human inertia and intellectual pretense. It, too, drew strong audience response and many bows for its principals. Director, Paul E. Leaf; actor, Alan Arkin.

Due scrutiny of significant detail suggests that the Philharmonic Hall event, which was born successful in 1963, has weaned a cast of formidable credits by now. Frontpage references to the establishment: Lincoln Center, British Film Institute, IFIDA and MPAA plus personals to William Schuman, Stanley Reed, Amos Vogel, Richard Roud, publicists Elinor Silverman and John Springer; two coordinators, Sallie Wilensky and John Brockman; finally, the program selection committee Roud-Vogel plus Arthur Knight, Andrew Sarris.



DAILY NEWS

## Looks Like He Said 'Cut!'

Shorn of the locks so much admired by young musicians these days, but still slightly on the shaggy side, Jordan Christopher takes his wife, Sybil, to the opening of the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. Jordan and his wife saw a Czech flick, "The Loves of a Blonde."



# N.Y. FESTIVAL

World Journal Tribune, Tues., Sept. 13, 1966



ACTOR GEORGE SEGAL AND HIS WIFE  
Among Glittering Array of Film Folk at the Festival . .

## N.Y. Festival Learns 'Lesson': Don't Confuse Dressy Premiere Audience With Come-Later Buffs

By RICHARD ALBARINO

After four years the New York Film Festival seems to have learned the elementary fact of life for any essentially show biz enterprise (no matter how elevated its tone)—a premiere is special, drawing an audience in search of "opening festivities" and only secondarily the object for which the event is staged. Lesson two is that a majority of

firstnighters probably won't return for the rest of the festival, which is then claimed by "serious" filmgoers.

Ideally, a charming situation comedy with enough humanity and enough imagination would fit all the requirements of a festival opener; "arty" enough to remind the audience that they're attending a film festival, yet slight enough to qualify as "entertainment." Most important, the film should neither tax the audience's

nerves nor its intelligence. Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blond" was such an "ideal" film. One festgoer described it as a cross between early Chayevsky and Godard, and its homely anti-glamour combined with its cinema verite photographic and acting style belied the assessment. Richard Roud, one of fest program directors, enthusiastically exclaimed at the post-prem bash that

"we've finally found the best opening night film, it was almost perfect." Warmly received by the audience and the press, it will probably boost ticket sales for the remaining four Czech entries, now lagging behind the fest "regulars"—Godard, Bunuel, and Resnais—in festival b.o.

At first the glitter of opening night at Lincoln Center (by most accountings, the largest collection of Gotham "celebs" yet) was somewhat confusing in that it seemed "more formal" than previous years. The first grainy over-exposed frame (a low angle shot of a Manhattan tower backed by the wheezy dissonance of a recorder), however, of "The Last Mohican," the opening night short, brought relief and recognition. Last year, fest openers were treated to the inspiring spectacle of a chicken being hatched in living color (tracked by the Egmont Overture), followed by Godard's harsh vision of "1984" in "Alphaville."

"The Loves of a Blond," however, is actually a light hor-d'oeuvre. The heavy stuff has been saved to be relentlessly unreel during the remainder of the festival.

Also an innovation was this year's post prem reception which was shifted from the foyer of Philharmonic Hall to the Grand Promenade of the New York State Theatre (which resembles the Globe Theatre as conceived by a Florida motel builder). Better contained and more cohesive, it was a decided improvement, more resembling a "party" than the loose collection of groups "hanging around" Philharmonic which marked previous years. Impression of those gatherings was that everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen. Music and dancing was also added this year, but its benefits were cancelled by the blast volume and the acoustics.

## An 'Underground Carnival' Touch

Adding to the "underground" carnival character of sideshow events at this year's New York Film Festival is a continuous "happening" provided free on the ground floor of Philharmonic Hall. Produced by New York's Action Theatre Inc. and scheduled to be "experienced" by already exposed-to-the-possibilities-of-the-cinema fest patrons between 5:30 and 10:30 p.m., the "environment" is entitled "Selma Last Year."

In keeping with the somewhat deadly serious and political aspects of the festival (only two films are clearly described as comedies, while a few others have touches of "wry humor"), "Selma" is an attempt to recreate some of the sensory data of last year's Selma/Montgomery Civil Rights March. The mixed media composition combines Bruce Davidson's photographs, sound edited by Coast composer Terry Riley, and projection, film and closed circuit video arranged by Ken Dewey, director of the Action Theatre. Its intentions are described by Dewey as an attempt "to bring together three atmospheres—the atmosphere of the actual place in which the presentation is being made, the visual aspects of a historical moment . . . perhaps a lost moment, and the sound texture of the same event. Previously the show took place in a church, various meeting halls and out-of-doors. Philharmonic Hall provides a very challenging situation."

Also in keeping with the serious tone of the fest, the automated sit-in sharply contrasts with the "pop" whimsy of Andy Warhol's efforts—"Kiss," "Eating," and "Sleep" (the latter being an eight-hour portrait of someone sleeping)—shown continuously at last year's festival.



# World Journal Tribune

Tues., Sept. 13, 1966



**THEY WERE THERE . . .** Actor Robert Ryan, left, joins Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda at the annual opening of the New York Film Festival in the Phil-

harmonic Hall at the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts . . .

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, SEPTEMBER 14,

**T**HE opening of the fourth Film Festival at Lincoln Center Monday night proved that the word film and the medium of the foreign film has emerged from the grip of the cultist and the pseudo-intellectual and landed smack happy in the laps of the group that genuinely digs films.

There were people who put on long evening dresses and black ties. There were people who put on short and snappy glitter dresses with dark blue suits, and there were—shall we say—just people who couldn't have cared less what they wore, slacks, mini skirts, boots, beards and anything they could grab, and it all was part of the great ambience which supports the New York Film Festival.

**THERE IS A SPIRIT** and a youth connected with the film world that disputes the regimentation of what has been the required "dress" for theatre and opera. It also proves that we have arrived at the point where fashion has become a most individual and mood form.

The fact that the Film Festival opened with Milos Forman's "Loves of a Blonde" also did more than help.

Forman is the young brilliant Czech director who also did the screenplay with Papousek and Passer.

"Loves of a Blonde" is about an incurably romantic young girl who has a night of love with a jazz musician and takes off for Prague to find him—it just has to be love

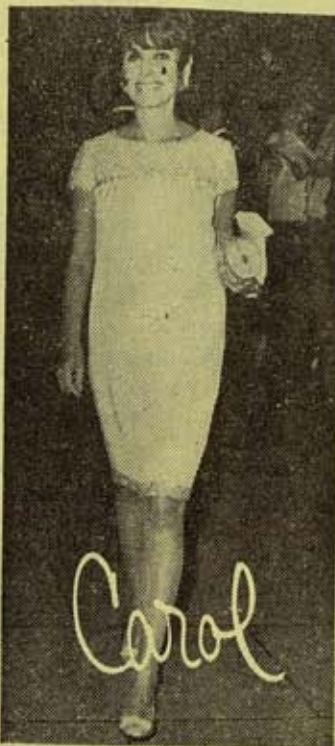


"Loves of a Blonde"

—finds his parents who are scandalized in a most amusing way and the scene with the parents and the boy in bed is one of filmdom's funniest scenes.

Forman has directed it with great tenderness and made the opening scenes in the remote factory town seem alive and beautiful instead of dreary, which it could have been. His characters are superb.

"Loves of a Blonde" is beautiful, tender and so funny—it's for YOU!



ABBE BOROV AND FRIEND





## The Lyons Den

LEONARD LYONS

**CLAIM:** Joe DiMaggio's \$5,000 claim against Milos Forman's estate, mentioned this week again, was advanced to her. His motive in entering the claim, at least, out of the blue, was to keep this sum, at least, out of the hands of the claimants he deemed avaricious.

**SEX:** The N.Y. Film Festival opened last night with Milos Forman's memorable "Loves of a Blonde." The sexy scenes indicated that, as regards to mores, Milos views Czechoslovakia as in sort of a guest room—pretending not to know what goes on in there. "I was in a machine gun proof girdle while all the time I'm thinking, 'What's my inner motivation?'"

**WORKROOM:** Elsa Lanchester, widow of Charles Laughton, decided to dispose of his art collection at auction. Laughton al-



MYRNA LOY

A First Nighter



ROBERT RYAN

MR. AND MRS. HENRY FONDA



PAMELA DRAPER

MR. AND MRS. JORDAN CHRISTOPHER

Off and running . . . to NEW YORK AND THE FILM FESTIVAL . . . where movie makers, movie stars and movie buffs (2600 of them) — in everything from mini-skirts to formals — came to Philharmonic Hall to see the Czech film, "Loves of a Blonde." Everyone seemed to love her . . . except maybe Carlo Ponti who felt there would never be a festival to match Venice . . . also some unhappy independent underground makers who felt the festival had excluded them unfairly.

—T. K.

New York





**Suzy Knickerbocker**

## The Marquesa de Portago Is Using That Name Again

CARROLL CAREY-HUGHES, the former Marquesa de Portago, is simply...

PRINCESS GRACE and Prince Rainier never did turn up at the party given for the film directors here for the Film Festival by Betty Comden, Carol and Joseph Lebowitz, Dorothy Strelsin and Ismail Merchant at the Tavern-on-the-Green. Their Serene Highnesses spent all night and far into the morning at Arthur and at Yellowfinger's Butcheria, the town's two wildest discotheques. Some of the most attractive young people in town constantly crowd into Yellowfinger's, which holds 100 people body to body. The prince and princess got their money's worth. The cream of show biz milled around the Tavern-on-the-Green, including Dina Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Prince, the Jason Robards, Jr. and Sybil and Jordan Christopher. Somebody said they thought they saw Tiger Morse, the maddest designer of them all and her own maddest model. Listen, you never think you see Tiger Morse. You either do or you don't...

WORLD JOURNAL TRIBUNE

## Women's World

Thurs., Sept. 22, 1966

25

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1966

IF YOU SURVIVED the opera opening then get ready for that private little party for 150 people that Dorothy Strelsin, Carol Lebowitz, Betty Comden and Ismail Merchant will give at the Central Park Cafe Fountain to introduce the directors of the New York Film Festival and some of the people connected with the Film Festival to New York. It's all going to be televised, and some of New York's prettiest will be there — and as soon as the theatre is over, some of its most talented. All you need is an invitation.

CHICAGO ARE YOU READY for that fabulous fur fashion show Bergdorf Goodman will put on this Wednesday with Leonard Hankin doing the commentary at Guild Hall at the Ambassador West Hotel. Emeric Partos will be there, so will be Mr. Feldman, so will Toni, Emeric's famous mannequin and so should you.

—CAROL BJORKMAN





## It Happened Last Night

By EARL WILSON

### They Want George! . . .

There's a Washington crowd loudly urging Lynda Bird Johnson—**they** resent and claim he Lynda Bird's g there is one: Jur

**JULIE WIL**  
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**TALK ABO**  
for No. 1 in '6



**BARBARA HODES**

A gal named Barbara Hodes, who was in the city for a night, stole the NY Film Festival party from more than a dozen other parties in the city. She was seen with two babies to move here from



## It Happened Last Night

By EARL WILSON

### Miniskirt Too Mini . . .

A pretty model named Heather Taylor wearing a mid-thigh miniskirt 7 inches above the knees caused an "incident" at Tavern on the Green this morning . . . a man threw two napkins at her and suggested she "use these to finish dressing."

"You aren't half covered where you should be covered," William Slater of San Francisco told her at the Al Strelsin's Film Festival party glamorized by Angela Lansbury, Lauren Bacall, Henry Fonda, Dina Merrill, Betty Comden and Adolph Green.

"He was very snide," Heather complained later to her escort, Britisher Derek Marlowe, author of "A Dandy in Aspic."

"Snide!" echoed Slater. "She was bending over and I was outraged. I tied the napkins together, and if I'd had any guts I'd have tied them around her legs."



**HEATHER TAYLOR**

## Film Festival Feed



Lauren Bacall and Angela Lansbury eat a little something at a party last night honoring the directors of films at the New York Film Festival. See Earl Wilson's column, P. 24.







# A Festival of Films—and Blondes

## From 'The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing' to 'The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing'

By [illegible] and [illegible]

THE FESTIVAL OF FILMS AND BLONDES is a celebration of the blonde in film, and it is a celebration that is well deserved.

The festival is a celebration of the blonde in film, and it is a celebration that is well deserved. The blonde is a symbol of beauty, and she is a symbol of power. She is a symbol of the ideal, and she is a symbol of the future.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1966.

## Film Festival: Off to a Sparkling Start

### 4th Year Opens With 'Loves of a Blonde'

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

THE fourth annual New York Film Festival went into orbit last night with a showing of Milos Forman's Czechoslovak film, "Loves of a Blonde," to a capacity audience in Philharmonic Hall and a gala reception afterward in the grand promenade of the New York State Theater.

Both events were appropriately sparkling. If the festival can maintain the excitement of anticipation and the entertainment altitude achieved by Mr. Forman's picture, then the 11-day run of new and older films (five so-called "retrospectives" will be among the 24 features remaining to be shown) should be pre-eminently successful. But that remains to be seen.

For Mr. Forman's picture is delightful and unusual—comic and sad and comprehending in a curiously inarticulate way. On the face of it, it simply tells a story of how a hopeful but shy little blonde who meets a kooky young Prague pianist at a dance in an all-girl factory town goes up to Prague to try to find him the weekend after she has let herself be had and gets mixed up in a wonderfully funny hassle with his mother and father in their tiny apartment home.

It is richly reminiscent of "Marty" in a comical sequence that describes the endeavors of three Army re-



Hana Brejchova

servists to join up with three girls at the dance. It senses and spots, yet shies away from, the vagrant hungers and longings of youth, very much as did Mr. Forman's previous "Black Peter," which was shown last year at the festival. And in the long sequence with the mother and father (and in a hilarious scene of their taking the son into their bed to keep him away from the visitor) is laced the pathos of the girl's loneliness.

It is human, true but understated—inconclusive, indeed, as is life—and it leaves one amused and wistful over the romantic hopes of its little blonde, who is beautifully played with a pensive air and a provocatively sensuous little pout by Hana Brejchova. And Vladimir Pucholt is delightfully ardent

### Gala Reception Follows Milos Forman Movie

and muddle-headed as the boy.

Likewise, the father and mother are played with extraordinary skill at depicting the attitudes and folkways of simple working-class parents by Josef Sebanek and Milada Jezkova, who had never before acted in films. And the soldiers and girls in the shoe-factory are richly realized by real-life counterparts.

With this warm little film, Mr. Forman contributes to the festival this year something close to the surprising sensation that was "The Shop on Main Street," the work of his countrymen, Jan Kadar and Elmer Klos, at the festival last year. It is also the promising forerunner of three other Czechoslovak feature films and one brilliant short of Jiri Trynka ("The Hand"), which will be on programs in the next few days.

On the program last night was the American short—one of eight in this year's festival—entitled "The Last Mohican." It is a funny and touching dialogue between Alan Arkin as an aging pretzel-peddler on New York's Lower East Side and a callow sociology student who used to live in the neighborhood. The latter is played by Anthony Holland, and the film is simply and sensitively directed by Paul Leaf.

"Loves of a Blonde" will be presented in a commercial theater within a few weeks by Prominent Films.



# A Festival of Films—and Blondes



NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1966



## Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

### 'Loves of a Blonde' at Festival

The advance notices on Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde," which opened the New York Film Festival last night on quadruple resounding notes of humor, truth, entertainment and filmic excellence, were not exaggerated. This is the Czech film that has been touted as a Festival topper as well as a theatrical bonanza when it opens soon.

What's truly remarkable is the way in which Forman, and his writers, Jaroslav Papousek, Ivan Passer (also a director of another film in this Festival), and himself, have taken the common experiences of the man-woman relationship and turned them into marvelously warm and touching comedy.

Forman has held his performers down to the minimal displays of embarrassment, the thoughts and schemes, the frustrations, and the rare success. If you didn't know otherwise you'd say there wasn't an actor in the company. But to mention with credit some of those who do so well, the blonde, Andula (Hana Brejchova), is a pugnosed, plain girl and her musician friend, Milda (Vladimir Pucholt), has more than his fair share of the looks. Milda's mother (Milada Jezkova) and his father (Josef Sebanek) are marvelous in a purely family, argumentative way, but then so are half a dozen others, including some soldiers brought to this remote, manufacturing community to keep the girl

workers from moving away so often.

This is the kind of picture that is funny without trying to be so, and full of pathos, too, again without laying it on purposefully. Its a mistake to learn too much about it because your expectations will be slightly off target. "The Loves of a Blonde" is another good example of the way the Czech

moviemakers are inspecting themselves with understanding, humor and a sharp eye for human foibles, social, political and sexual. It is hard to think of another country that is generally setting as high a standard at this particular time.

### 'The Loves of a Blonde'

A Prominent Films release. Presented by Morris Erbas and Viado Hrelancvic. Directed by Milos Forman. Screenplay by Jaroslav Papousek. Milos Forman and Ivan Passer. The cast: Hana Brejchova, Vladimir Pucholt, Antonin Blazek, Josef Sebanek, Milada Jezkova, Jena Novakova and Jan Vostrel, 68 minutes.





# 'Blonde' Sets Fast Pace at Festival

By JUDITH CRIST

The Fourth New York Film Festival got off to a fine start last night with Milos Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde," beyond providing us with the best opening-night Festival fare to date, this hilarious and touching Czech comedy sets a fast and sparkling pace for the films to follow in the next 10 days.

Once again we are left to marvel at the peculiar ability of Czech film makers to find universal truths in the simplest situations, to discern both the humor and the heartbreak in the human comedy and to translate them to film with a sharp but compassionate eye.

Mr. Forman is shrewdly aware of the foolish hearts and simple minds at hand, but fondness and understanding make comedy rather than condescension the touchstone of his realism. And realism it is, an unabashedly forthright view of young people in all their vulnerability, their foibles, their frailties and their essential romanticism, disguised though it may be in all the messy-haired amorality and yeh-yeh-yeh accoutrements that seem to be the same the whole world over.

His blonde, Andula, snub-nosed, Bardot-haired and not very bright, is all for love—and regardless of how her encounters with an errant cyclist or a much-married game warden or a parent-ridden pianist turn out, she

can always come up with a breathlessly romantic version for the benefit of her confidante at the factory-workers' hostel in which she lives.

To solve the drastic shortage of males and keep his factory girls happy, the plant manager has arranged for a detachment of soldiers to be stationed in the provincial town. At a dance to celebrate their arrival, Andula loses her heart (and more).



ANGELA DISCOVERS LOVE

to Milda, the orchestra's piano player, a smooth operator from Prague, who can cope with country girls a bit more easily than he can manipulate window shades or city maids. Andula, alas, takes him up on his suggestion that she come up and see him some time in the city, and she learns to her sorrow that even big-time operators come complete with nagging mamas and henpecked papas. But it still makes a good story for the girls at the hostel.

Mr. Forman's eye for detail and gift for finding hilarity in the humblest of happenings make Andula almost secondary to his story. The evening-long attempts of three middle-aged soldiers to brace themselves to pick up Andula and two friends at the dance, the gaucheries of would-be Lotharios, the put-on pruderies of avid females and the romantic fiasco and fizzle that ensue provide the highest of comedy—matched only by a subsequent sequence in which Milda's parents—and Milda—find themselves in the family bed with a blonde on their hands.

The young director's affection for his folk does not keep him from a clear-eyed view of their banality, whether it's in a quick glance at the television screen before which Milda's parents

## "Loves of A Blonde"

Philharmonic Hall

Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Milos Forman, Jaroslav Papousek and Ivan Pancer, directed by Mr. Forman, produced by Film Studio Barrandov-Prague (Sebor-Bo), distributed by CBK-Prominent Films. In Czechoslovakian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 28 minutes. With the following cast:

|                |                          |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| Andula         | .....Hana Breichova      |
| Milda          | .....Vladimir Pucholt    |
| Tarda          | .....Antonin Blazekovsky |
| Milda's father | .....Josef Sebanek       |
| Milda's mother | .....Milada Jezkova      |
| Jaraska        | .....Jana Novakova       |
| The Molar      | .....Jan Vostrell        |

drowse, a closeup of a soldier frenziedly removing his wedding ring in preparation for philandering, a glimpse at the factory manager's paternalistic smugness in pairing off two completely frustrated people or a study of the hostel housemother lecturing her girls on purity.

The directorial talent suggested in Mr. Forman's first film, "Black Peter," comes to full flower in this second one, despite the attention to minutiae, the film never flags and the canvas is crowded with beautiful portraits of perhaps unbeautiful but very real and very appealing people.

"The Loves of a Blonde" will soon be in general release. The pleasure will be yours.



# Bittersweet Czech Film Opens NY Festival

By Allan Wallach

Newsday Entertainment Editor

The factory girls of *Zrue* aren't exactly like other girls. When their dormitory housemother warns them to stop chasing after boys promiscuously, they put it to a vote.

And Andula isn't exactly like the other girls of *Zrue*. She abstains.

Andula is the title character of "Loves of a Blonde," Milos Forman's Czechoslovak film which opened the fourth annual New York Film Festival last night in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. As played by sad-eyed Hana Brejchova, she is wistful, pathetic, inarticulate and filled with a yearning that expresses itself in headlong pursuit of a fickle young piano player (Vladimir Pucholt).

"Loves of a Blonde" was enthusiastically applauded by the capacity audience of about 2,600 on hand for the start of the 11-day festival. The movie reflects this year's intense interest in the revived Czech film industry and is likely to please a lot of people to the right of the avant-garde (who can watch a program of underground films situated, appropriately enough, in the basement). In the opening-night audience were a sprinkling of celebrities, including director Forman, a number of persons in evening attire for a champagne reception after the showing and a few relentlessly rebellious filmgoers in blue jeans.

What they saw was the kind of movie Buster Keaton might have come up with if he'd set out to make a sad, comic story of an almost-love affair. Nearly every moment of tenderness is tinged with farce; nearly every moment of comedy is touched with pathos.

When three wretched, grizzled soldiers at a dance try to pick up Andula and two pretty girl friends by sending a bottle of wine to their table, the bottle winds up instead on the table of the three homeliest girls in the room. When the young piano player finally succeeds in enticing Andula into his hotel bed, he is interrupted repeatedly by a bulky window shade.

Forman has succeeded, as well as anyone can, in making his unhappy, lonely people funny. He is helped immensely by Miss Brejchova, who has a petulant, expressive



Vladimir Pucholt and Hana Brejchova in 'Loves of a Blonde'

face and a figure described by her film lover as being like a guitar—drawn by Picasso.

There are also some touching performances by Milada Jezkova and Josef Sebanek as the piano player's parents, who share their bed with their son in a zany, blanket-tugging scene to keep him out of Andula's bed.

The evening opened with a 13-minute short, "The Last Mohican," which blended the same ingredients—sadness, gentle humor, warmth—with affecting results.

Alan Arkin is an aging pretzel seller trapped by a dogged sociology student, Anthony Holland, asking the

kind of inane questions dogged sociology students supposedly feel impelled to ask aging pretzel sellers ("Do you still feel that you're fulfilling a function?").

Arkin, Holland and director Paul E. Leaf were in the opening night audience and must have gathered from the applause that they were fulfilling their function.

Today, the festival moves on to entries from Great Britain and Scandinavia. At its conclusion, it will have offered 25 programs, including three more feature films from Czechoslovakia but not counting those underground movies in the basement.

Tuesday, September 13, 1966



# Film Festival: Two Tours de Force

## 'The War Game' Lists Catalogue of Horrors

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

MESSAGES of misery and foreboding were flashed by the pictures that were shown at the New York Film Festival last night, and suddenly the air of geniality that was wafted into Philharmonic Hall by the opening night showing of the Czechoslovak film "Loves of a Blonde" was chilled.

Offered on the early evening program was "The War Game," a British film that gives a graphic, horrifying portrayal of what would happen to the civilian population of Great Britain if the country were hit by nuclear bombs.

The late evening feature was "Hunger," a Norwegian-Danish-Swedish film that depicts the miseries of a penniless would-be writer in Christiana, Norway, toward the end of the last century.

Both films might be classed as fascinating but definitely painful tours de force—the first because of its smashing simulation of catastrophic reality, and the second because of the tormented and poignant performance Per Oscarsson gives in the principal role.

"The War Game," you may have heard, is the 47-minute film that was originally made for the British Broadcasting Corporation and then withheld from showing on the air because it was considered too grisly and gruesome for indiscriminate projection into homes.

Its fearful and forceful nature was reported in this paper from London by Jack Gould on March 28, and its showing now in this festival is but a token of the talk and controversy its subsequent showing in a few British theaters has caused.

The film was made by a



Per Oscarsson

young man, Peter Watkins, in hand-held-camera style and at a pace that endow its grim, on-the-spot enactments with the seeming truth of a documentary film. It gives us a minute-by-minute rundown of cumulating horrors in an area of Kent from the time the first off-course Soviet bomb explodes in the region until the better part of the landscape and population are laid waste.

While the horrors it shows, such as firestorms, the melting of children's eyes and the mercy shooting by police of rows of victims who are too badly burned to be helped, are based upon actual experiences in Hiroshima and in German cities in World War II, the monstrous piling up of these horrors in one picture seems a calculated showing of the worst.

And the fact that no im-

## 'Hunger' Etches Life of Old World Romantic

mediate way to avoid this is suggested to the audience by the film makes it, for most, a sheer frustrating excitement of morbidity and dread.

Mr. Watkins, whom I talked to in London after seeing his film there in June, said he hopes it will agitate people to demand the elimination of nuclear bombs. But one might guess it will serve that purpose only if shown in connection with some concrete and widespread campaign. Otherwise it is no more than a powerful, isolated horror film.

On the bill with it was "Wholly Communion," a 32-minute report on a recital by a gang of modern poets, mostly beatniks, in Albert Hall in London last year. It is colorful and droll for about 10 minutes. Then it is a repetitious bore.

"Hunger," based on the novel by Knut Hamsun, is a pictorial study in a thin dramatic form of the Old-World romantic eccentricities, hallucinations and creeping despairs of a young author dying of starvation, which he is too proud and foolish to reveal.

It is brilliantly played by Mr. Oscarsson, who stretches so tightly the nerves and the muscular movements of this fellow that he communicates a racking, haunting sense of a misguided, hopeless romantic methodically choking himself. For this performance, he was given the best acting award at the Cannes Film Festival in May.

Gunnel Lindblom is shadowy but touching in the pathetically sketchy role of a genteel young woman who is also starving and joins the writer in one pitiful grab at love. Henning Carlsen's direction is appropriately mordant and gaunt.

## The War Game (BRITISH-DOCUMENTARY)

Venice, Sept. 2.

British Film Institute presentation of a BBC-TV production. Directed by Peter Watkins; camera, Peter Bartlett. At Venice Film Fest, Sept. 1, '66. Running Time, 50 MINS.

"The War Game" was originally made by the BBC-TV for showing on tv, but Corporation brass had second thoughts after it had been completed, decided it was unsuitable for mass audiences, and ordered it to be kept off the airwaves. As a result of political and press agitation, it was eventually agreed to make it available for theatrical release through the British Film Institute. It was a prizewinner at the recent documentary fest here, and was rightly given a repeat in the main motion picture event.

A wholly imaginary picture of what could happen immediately before, during and after a nuclear attack on Britain, "The War Game" is grim, gruesome, horrific and realistic. It is not a pleasant picture to watch, but yet it is one that needs to be shown as widely as possible, as much in China and Russia, as in America, Britain or France. Although make-believe, it would give the general public, the army brass and even the politicians, some conception of what might happen if a nuclear war should ever be triggered off. It's frightening enough to make even the most rabid politico or general have (like the BBC) second thoughts.

The premise of this Peter Watkins production is of a Russian nuclear attack on Britain in support of a Chinese campaign in Vietnam. Civil defense preparations (sandbagging against nuclear bombs) evacuation of women and children, etc., are all grim reminders of the recent past. The attack itself is predictably grim, but the most telling part is the aftermath of the bomb—the severely burned are killed off and their bodies burned, and looters face the firing squad.

Watkins, who left the BBC in protest when it was banned, and who is now directing his first commercial picture, has done an excellent and imaginative job, based on considerable research. It is an effort that deserves to be rewarded by the widest possible presentation.

Myra.

VARIETY

Wednesday, September 7, 1966



# Film Festival Anything But Festive

By WILLIAM PETER

It was anything but festive at the New York Film Festival last night. Audiences at Philharmonic Hall were treated to dissertations on nuclear war, Nazi extermination camps and starvation.

The most shattering and most applauded film was "The War Game," the feature at the 6:30 p.m. program. It was made for BBC-TV and purported to show what would happen if nuclear warheads were dropped on Britain in the near future.

Producer-director Peter Watkins made it as a simulated documentary and it looked horrifyingly like the real thing. The film was based on actual facts gathered from the epic raids on Dresden, Hiroshima and other cities in World War II and projected facts from civil defense studies.

## COMPLACENCY HIT

We were shown the anguish and confusion as women and children were evacuated from London and the petty bickering that resulted from compulsory billeting.

The public's blind complacency about nuclear war was suddenly exploded as a family scrambled for protection in the mere two and a half minutes of warning between the sighting of a guided missile and its impact. Nothing was spared after that: maimed victims begging to be shot, fire storms, food riots, rampant disease.



PER OSCARSSON  
Won Cannes Award in "Hunger"

It's a film that leaves one feeling frightened, angry and nearly hopeless.

Also on the bill was a Hungarian short, "St. Matthew Passion," which combined Bach's music with

stills of the Nazi's exterminating the Jews.

The Passion's German text is translated in subtitles on the screen and when the description of Christ's humiliation and torment is

accompanied by pictures of strutting Nazis and tortured Jews, the effect is devastating.

## A LITTER VEIN

To lighten the program a little, there was a third film, "Wholly Communion," which documented a group of beatnik poets, led by Allen Ginsberg, generally making fools of themselves to an audience of 5,000 in London's Royal Albert Hall last year.

Though it was mostly laughs, it should be added that Britain's Adrian Mitchell, reading an anti-Viet Nam poem, brought as much fervent applause from the Philharmonic Hall audience as it did from the crowd in Albert Hall.

The feature on the 9:30 p.m. program was "Hunger," a Denmark-Norway-Sweden production that detailed what it was like to be a young writer starving to death in turn-of-the-century Oslo. It was most notable for the remarkable performance of Per Oscarsson as the writer.

His wretchedness and growing derangement as he roams the streets for days trying to sell a story, keep a lodging, and, most of all, get a scrap to eat, are painfully real. One is not likely to forget him eating the dust from shelves or getting sick on a discarded bone.

He continually follows a

"THE WAR GAME" and  
"WHOLLY COMMUNION"  
PHILHARMONIC HALL  
LINCOLN CENTER

"THE WAR GAME." A screenplay by Peter Watkins, directed and produced by Mr. Watkins, presented by the B.B.C. Television Film Unit. Running time: 47 minutes.

"WHOLLY COMMUNION." A short feature directed by Peter Whitehead, a Lorrimer Films, Ltd. Production. Running time: 33 minutes.

"HUNGER"  
PHILHARMONIC HALL  
LINCOLN CENTER

A screenplay by Henning Carlsen and Peter Seeborg, based on the novel by Knut Hamsun, directed by Mr. Carlsen, produced by Henning Carlsen (Denmark)/ABC Film Studio (Norway/Swedish Film Institute, Stockholm, Sweden). In Norwegian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 55 minutes. With the following cast:

Woman ..... Gunnel Lindblom  
Writer ..... Per Oscarsson  
and  
Oswald Helmuth, Birgitte Federspiel

lovely, rich girl, Gunnel Lindblom, who at first seems illusory but becomes all too real. Several times a little money comes his way but his insane pride will not let him accept it because he didn't earn it.

The film is painstakingly photographed in a naturalistic style and all of it is expert. What ultimately defeats it is the growing feeling that this writer would be a very tiresome person even well-fed.





# Reviewing Stand By ARCHER WINSTEN

## 'The War Game' at Lincoln Center

"The War Game" showed yesterday at the Lincoln Center Festival.

This is the BBC film, made by Peter Watkins, which was never shown on TV in Great Britain. In all probability it won't be shown here either. Nobody wants to say exactly why, but a good guess would be that it's too tough.

It's a straight documentary leading up to Russia's nuclear attack on Great Britain. The war gets started because the Americans send off their nuclear warheads when the Chinese bring overwhelming numbers of soldiers into Viet Nam.

The British have a few minutes to get ready after they learn thermonuclear warheads are on the way. Before that they've evacuated some people, and some individuals give their opinions.

The picture shows what happens to people some distance from a strike, and what happens to those farther away, and what happens to people four months after they've been subjected to radiation.

Watkins has not tried to bowl over his audiences with horror. Instead he is quietly factual, basing his scenes on records of fire-storms documented at Hamburg, Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When the fires were at their height winds of 100 mph blew into the center as the tremendous heat caused the air to rise.

The factual material is all the more frightening because it does not seem in any way exaggerated.

Probably a picture like this is withheld from general circulation because it would scare the pants off anyone who sees it. And being scared is all right if you can do something about it. In this case there seems not enough one can do. The inevitable frustration could be disastrous for a nation that saw the picture if it were opposed to a nation that had no conception of its horrible lesson.

\* \* \*

There was also on this program something that might be considered comic relief. Poets Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and their British counterparts met and recited in the center of Albert Hall (London's Madison Square Garden) while thousands watched, listened and were recorded on film. It has to be interesting to learn that such a thing could happen. But after you've been convinced—this does not take very long—the picture continues with less meaty content than colorful mouthings. It ends by making you wonder what all those thousands of Britishers in Albert Hall got out of it and whether they would come back again. Such is the curiosity of modern man, the monkey facing a world that's beyond him already and going farther away all the time, that he will prick up his ears and plunk down his money for anything, just so it's well advertised as being in the forefront. The forefront of what? Never ask. Front and rear both will be outmoded and forgotten tomorrow.

## 'Sult' (Hunger) At Lincoln Center

Knut Hamsun's early novel about a writer starving in the midst of a city has been brought to the screen in a Denmark-Norway-Sweden production with a

Danish director, Henning Carlsen, and Swedish stars Per Oscarsson and Gunnel Lindblom.

Oscarsson got a Cannes Festival Best Actor award out of it this year, and deserved it. He does all that anyone could to make the role convincing and varied. But there are limitations to this kind of thing in a movie. You can only get so thin, so haggard, so hungry and only do a certain number of things. After that you have to do them again. There's an awful lot of walking and looking. There's some great repression, and what follows, hysterical

## 'Sult' (Hunger)

A Denmark-Norway-Sweden picture. Produced by Bertil Ohlsson. Directed by Henning Carlsen. Screenplay by Carlsen and Peter Seeberg. From the novel by Knut Hamsun. The cast: Per Oscarsson, Gunnel Lindblom, Oswald Helmuth and Birgitte Federspiel. 115 minutes.

outbreaks. Gunnel Lindblom handles her feminine allure with a fine sense of desire and Victorian propriety.

One comes away from the picture impressed with the integrity of the adaptation, but not wishing to see it again, nor, indeed, completely convinced that it was necessary to see it the first time. There's really not much in it you couldn't have imagined. It's the kind of experience that comes on you stronger if you read about it in the original, I think. But at the end of a day in which many long, heavy movies have been seen, it's hard to be sure of things like intrinsic worth and effects on audiences.



# Film Festival: 2 Entries

## 'The Eavesdropper' and 'The Grim Reaper' Illustrate Savagery of Our Times

By A. H. WEILER

THE STARK truth that the savagery of our times knows no boundaries is illustrated with sharply contrasting but not entirely conclusive effects by Italy's "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper") and the Argentine "The Eavesdropper," which were unveiled at the New York Film Festival last night.

The third entry of the director, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, in the annual Lincoln Center fetes, "The Eavesdropper" is an explicit political statement as well as a poetically sensitive exploration of those nuances of love and caste that have distinguished his earlier films.

The usual collaboration between the director and his wife, Beatriz Guido, and several others, has produced a script that stresses the compulsive spying that leads a young, well-to-do, obviously Fascist Buenos Aires terrorist to disaster in love and in politics.

As always, the director's approach is elliptical, brooding and introspective and demands a good deal of a viewer despite the English subtitles. The basic story of the anti-hero, who is hiding out from the police in a garishly rococo hotel occupied largely by Republican Spanish refugees, is full of people whose motivations are not clearly defined. These include the nubile girl he invites to share his sanctuary, a lass who appears to be searching for the surcease of romance.

One wonders why the heroine, played in gentle, moody and pensive fashion by Janet Margolin (the Lisa of "David and Lisa") would continue to be drawn to the callow terrorist, portrayed in glum, sometimes petulant style by Stathis Giallelis, remembered for his lead role in "America, America." It is not easy to understand why he doesn't simply enjoy the pleasures of sex, which are torridly but decently displayed, instead of constantly succumbing to the snooping that proves disastrous to innocent people, to his cause and to his love.

The director and the pro-

ducer, Paul M. Heller ("David and Lisa"), have employed some refreshingly exotic types—especially Elena Cortesina as an aging soubrette—for the roles of the Spanish acting troupe in the hotel.

Here and in other strange but pictorial settings the director has guided a somber, often fascinating drama in which his politics are perfectly clear even if his motivations are not. Royal Films International will release "The Eavesdropper" to theaters.

"La Commare Secca," screened earlier in the evening, is the work of Bernardo Bertolucci, the writer-director, who made it in 1962 when he was 20, preceding "Before the Revolution," his drama that was shown at the film festival two years ago. "La Commare Secca" is vivid proof of his ability to generate genuine tension in a classic whodunit format while making little effort to flesh out his characters.

The story is simplicity itself, even though his approach is oblique. The discovery of a dead prostitute on the weedy banks of the Tiber brings in a covey of suspects who once again illustrate that Roman society has more than its fair share of dregs. Included are an inept young thief who preys on unsuspecting neckers; an ex-convict and kept man; a rustic soldier; a couple of teen-agers; a homosexual, and a rough drifter who was one of the prostitute's clients.

Mr. Bertolucci's dissections reveal the lying and viciousness common to these beasts in the human jungle. If these are only flashing forays, they do serve to make his points quickly and directly. He collaborated on the script with Sergio Citti and Pier Paolo Pasolini.

The cast of nonprofessionals turns in natural portrayals that are too brief and obvious to be memorable. They do, however, keep the skein of the melodrama taut enough to hold any fan of this genre entranced.

VARIETY

Wednesday, September 21, 1966

## At N.Y. Film Fest

### The Eavesdropper (El Ojo de la Cerradura) (ARGENTINE) (English Subtitles)

Royal Films International release of a Paul M. Heller production. Directed by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Stars Janet Margolin, Stathis Giallelis; features Lautaro Murua, Leonardo Favio, Nelly Meden, Ignacio de Soria, Elena Cortesina. Screenplay, Beatriz Guido, Joe Goldberg, Mabel Itzcovich, Edmundo Eichelbaum and Torre Nilsson from original story by Beatrice Guido and Torre Nilsson; camera, Alberto Etcheberry; editor, Jacinto Cascales; sound, Juan Carlos Gutierrez, Juan Carlos Bertola; music, arranged and conducted by Lopez Furst. Reviewed at N.Y. Film Sept. 14, '66. Running Time: 102 MINS.

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Ines           | Janet Margolin    |
| Martin         | Stathis Giallelis |
| Hernan Ramallo | Lautaro Murua     |
| Santos         | Leonardo Favio    |
| Lola           | Nelly Meden       |
| Ramon Casal    | Ignacio de Soria  |
| Mariquita      | Elena Cortesina   |

Although Royal Films has had invested interest in this film since its production two years ago, it has never been released in the U.S. Major difference is, apparently, due to fact that Royal wanted film to go out in an English-dubbed version whereas producer Paul Heller and director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson wanted the Spanish-language, with English subtitles, version to go first. As result the film has only been seen in a few situations anywhere, including this year's Mar del Plata Fest. It was requested by the New York Fest last year but Royal wouldn't go for the subtitling expense, according to Heller, who paid the costs, nearly \$10,000, himself to make it eligible this year.

A first attempt by the Argentine director to use international names, there's little profit to the film in the performance of Greek actor Stathis Giallelis, miscast as the young university student whose political activities (which evidently require a good aim with a tar bomb on the city's myriad political statues) have necessitated him to "hide out" for a few days. A lecherous uncle suggests an old hotel in a no-longer fashionable area of Buenos Aires, now peopled principally by Spanish exiles and theatrical types

Being a typical member of a typical Torre Nilsson expose of upperclass Argentine society (he evidently refuses to admit that any other types exist), the boy talks a young society girl (Janet Margolin) into accompanying him on his enforced withdrawal from society. As sophisticated as the rest of her friends (plus an inferred incestuous loneliness for a just-married brother), she proves to be as sexually versatile as she is politically naive.

Although the girl becomes friendly toward, and even fond of, some of the hotel inmates, the boy, being a borderline paranoiac (a symbol of the paranoid Argentine society as seen by Torre Nilsson), becomes suspicious of a group of Spanish exiles whose activities are interpreted by him as a plan to assassinate a visiting Latin American dictator. He spends the rest of the film eavesdropping (hence the title) on the group, finally so misinterpreting their actions and conversations that he turns them in to the police. When they're proven innocent, they revenge themselves by mauling the boy and throwing him physically out of the hotel.

With the exception of some rather explicit sexual intercourse scenes and the beautifully-photographed Buenos Aires scenery, there's little excitement in the film. Performances, other than Giallelis', which is quite bad, range from fair (Miss Margolin) to excellent, by several minor characters.

It is time for the director to find fresh material. He and Heller plan to work together on his next film.

Robe.



# 'The Eavesdropper' a Slow And Obvious Festival Film

By ARCHER WINSTEN

"The Eavesdropper," made two years ago in Argentina by Leopoldo-Torre Nilsson, has taken quite a while to be shown here, and the reason is obvious. It's slow and obvious. When you take this in conjunction with a worthy rather than sensational theme, the curse is on it as far as wide, quick distribution is concerned. It was shown yesterday at the Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall.

The story introduces a Fascist lad and his bully-boy friends, Martin (Stathis Giallalis). Buenos Aires is about to have an official visitor from a neighboring state, one of the strong-men dictators who pop up so regularly down there. Martin has been told to go into hiding for two weeks, but when he does this, first failing to shack up with a married friend, he finds the solitude in an unfashionable hotel too much to bear. When his favorite girl friend fails to visit him he persuades a substitute, Ines (Janet Margolin), to come along.

## Almost a Gag-Joke

Their sex life does not prove sufficient to soothe him completely, nor her. She interests herself in occupants of nearby rooms, finding herself in sympathy with their singing and social life. His sharper eyes and more suspicious mind lead him to suspect Communist activity. So he watches, listens, watches, and sees people going around corners, up and down stairs, and into remote rooms with paper packages under their arms. This happens so often that it's almost a gag-joke. And if it fails to become funny, it is surely repetitiously boring.

The Fascist group does not emerge with honor. The performers are good enough without mounting to glorious levels. Director Nilsson still has a good eye for the cogent scene, but his sense of pace seems to be faltering. The picture doesn't jab you hard enough to sustain itself with enough tension.

\* \* \*

Also on this program is a short, "O Dem Watermelons," by Robert Nelson which exemplifies a taste on the part of the festival which requires no small amount of audience tolerance. Anyone who doesn't want to waste his time, or giggle as the broad joke boomerangs on the spectators, had better prepare to froth.

After a long, long view of an inactive watermelon, the picture springs into frenetic, virtually indistinguishable, eye-strain footage. The remote

self-torturers and their adult, hypnotized apologists.

## Young Director Shows Italian Film at Fete

"La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper"), at the N. Y. Film Festival in Philharmonic Hall, uses a police interrogation of suspects in a prostitute's death as a base for a cinemaverite look at their lives on the day of the murder. Director Bernardo Bertolucci, 29, takes his time as he follows each suspect through his day's ac-

## 'The Eavesdropper'

A Royal Films International release. Produced by Paul M. Heller. Directed by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Screenplay by Beatriz Guido, Joe Goldberg, Mabel Itzcovich, Edmundo Eichelbaum and Nilsson.

The cast: Janet Margolin, Stathis Giallalis, Laura Murua, Leonardo Favio, Nelly Meden, Ignacio de Soria and Elena Cortesina. 102 minutes.

idea is to make a joke out of the Negro-watermelon thing of the past. Anyone can get it; but favorable response must be limited to those who'd just as soon kick everything, including themselves, down the drain. This youthful attitude, fortunately, is one of the things youth grows out of quickest, leaving pictures like this to be foisted on those who want to see them, namely, avant-garde

## 'La Commare Secca'

Produced by Antonio Cervi, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. Screenplay by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Sergio Citti and Bertolucci. Cast includes Francesco Ruiu, Giancarlo De Rosa, Vincenzo Ciccara, Alvaro d'Ercole, Romano Labate, Lorenza Benedetti. 100 minutes.

tivities. So leisurely and rambling is the pace that he risks losing the audience.

But though the actors are non-professional, they are so colorful and uninhibited as streetwalkers, pimps, loafers and petty thieves that they keep you interested if not excited.

FRANCES HERRIDGE



## The Film Festival

# Young Director Draws Praise

By WILLIAM PEPER

"La Commare Secca" (The Grim Reaper) is an astonishing achievement for a 20-year-old director. Last night's 6:30 p.m. feature at the New York Film Festival was made in 1962 by Bernardo Bertolucci who had hitherto been an assistant director under Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Turned loose on a crime story suggested by Pasolini and scripted by Bertolucci and Sergio Citti, the youngster displayed a feeling for camera movement of extraordinary grace and excitement. Even more surprising, he proved to be a shrewd storyteller.

Last year he gave us "Before the Revolution," which had his lovely camera work but his plot got lost in a lot of pretentious philosophizing.

### MURDER IN PARK

In "La Commare Secca," he has the police investigating the murder of a prostitute in a public park. Each person known to have been in the park that night is questioned as to why he was there. Each was there for sexual reasons of one sort or another, so each lies a little. But the camera tells the truth.

With the simple device of a rainstorm that each suspect gets caught in before entering the park, he gives the film a nice unity and gets a chance for beautiful pictorial variations on a single theme.

Of course, there are ex-



STATHIS GIALLELIS  
Fascist Terrorist

cesses. For instance, a minor character making out a simple grocery list doesn't need an overhead camera with all that fancy lighting. Also, the denouement is stretched out too long and seems anti-climatic after that stunning buildup. One expects something of more consequence than a third-rate Jack the Ripper.

The acting, by a cast of unfamiliar faces, is excellent.

If Bertolucci gets over the excesses of his first film and the pretentiousness of his second, his third should really be something.

### NO TAKERS

One would think that such a beautifully made movie about sex and murder would have no trouble getting a distributor in this country but

in four years "La Commare Secca" has had no takers.

In the American short film on the bill, "Pestilent City," Peter Goldman seems determined to show New York City at its ugliest. He succeeds but it is hardly a distinguished achievement.

The blurb in the New York Film Festival program tells us that Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's new film, "The Eavesdropper," shown last night in Philharmonic Hall, is "a savagely intense portrait of a young Fascist terrorist. That leads one to expect a formidable, if repellent, protagonist. Alas, he turns out to be only repellent."

As acted by Stathis Giallelis, the young Greek whom "America America," he is a thoroughly nasty fellow who has to hide out from the police for a few days because he has been vandalizing too many statues of public figures he doesn't like.

He hides out in an elaborate, rundown hotel with a girl who just wants to get away from home for a spell. As played by the American actress, Janet Margolin, she is pretty but not very bright.

### GUESSES WRONG

The young man becomes convinced that a group of Spanish Republican refugees who perform operettas next door are going to assassinate a Latin American dictator visiting Argentina. He is proved completely wrong and is roundly beaten up by the harmless old refugees.

He is thus reduced to the status of a somewhat paranoid pest. In present day Argentina, the Fascist element hardly seems this ineffective.

Torre Nilsson seems to

## "LA COMMARE SECCA" PHILHARMONIC HALL LINCOLN CENTER

A screenplay by Pier Paolo Pasolini, Sergio Citti and Bernardo Bertolucci; directed by Mr. Bertolucci, produced by Antonio Cervi, presented by Compagnia Cinematografica Cervi. In Italian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 40 minutes. With the following cast:

|                |                   |
|----------------|-------------------|
| Canticchia     | Francesca Rulli   |
| Nina           | Giancarlo de Rosa |
| Sindaco        | Vincenzo Ciccara  |
| Francallicchio | Alvaro d'Ercole   |
| Piolo          | Romano Labate     |
| Milly          | Lorenza Benedetti |
| Domenica       | Emy Racci         |
| Mariella       | Erina Torelli     |
| Natalina       | Renata Trolani    |
| Bruna          | Marisa Solinas    |
| Soldier        | Allen Midgette    |

## "THE EAVESDROPPER" PHILADELPHIA HALL LINCOLN CENTER

A screenplay by Beatriz Guido. Joe Goldberg, Mabel Itzcovitch, Edmundo Eichelbaum and Leopoldo Torre Nilsson; directed by Mr. Nilsson, produced by Paul M. Heiler, distributed by Royal Films International. In Spanish with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 42 minutes. With the following cast:

|             |                   |
|-------------|-------------------|
| Ines        | Janet Margolin    |
| Martin      | Stathis Giallelis |
| Santos      | Leonardo Favio    |
| Lola        | Helvy Meden       |
| Ramon Casal | Ignacio de Sarao  |
| Mariquita   | Elena Cortesino   |

have a grand time zooming his camera all over the faded grandeur of the hotel. He also devotes a lot of time to the couple's sex life, which is admittedly diverting but not very relevant to a denunciation of Argentine Fascism.

The short on the bill is the American "O Dem Watermelons" by Robert Nelson and it is a much more clever and effective denunciation of American race relations. W. P.



## Film Festival: 'Balthazar' and 'Les Créatures'

### Story of a Mule and Love Tale Shown

By HOWARD THOMPSON

IT was strictly guess-what? I night at the New York Film Festival yesterday. Chances are that more than a few spectators are still baffled as to exactly what they did see on the screen of Philharmonic Hall. For Robert Bresson's "Balthazar" and Agnes Varda's "Les Créatures," the early and late shows on last night's program, are the latest works by two of France's most individualistic technically sure and determinedly original writer-directors.

Balthazar is a mule—fair enough—and the focal witness to some drably sinful behavior in a French village in this obviously allegorical film, which Mr. Bresson has carefully sifted out in bits, pieces and fragmentary symbols, except for his four-legged hero, who is brayingly complete. As for Miss Varda, the enterprising lady's third feature is an obliquely ornamented love story, saddled with some arch science-fiction shenanigans plus what appears to be plain fantasy, with some drops of Tabasco humor. Both imports are French-Swedish productions,



Anne Wiazemsky

in subtitled French. But as movies, what are they?

In climate and tone, "Balthazar" is somber, dead-earnest and, as with Mr. Bresson's previous works, mystically dedicated to the proposition that man, in spite of himself, looks upward—or at least outward—for hope. A discouraging business, per-

haps, but so is a film that circuitously inches its point, stingily obscures both the plot and the very characterizations and only flies into unity, like a scattered mosaic, at the last minute.

At the fadeout, poor Balthazar (as a shepherd symbol), trots to a hillside flock of milling sheep, sinks and dies. And no wonder; in the course of watching human folly, the mule has been kicked, cuffed, whipped, beaten with furniture and burned (his tail). He has been handed around as a kind of community punching bag.

There are two dour fathers, feuding in an obscure property clash. There is the village idiot, a martyrdom rival of Balthazar. But Mr. Bresson's heroine, played by Anne Wiazemsky, is a snuffy, droopy-eyed teen-ager who hungrily pursues a sadistic, leather-jacketed Apollo. Toward the end, a death-bed scripture reading stresses that "forgiveness is all."

Perhaps. But here it's not enough. If only Balthazar had opened his mouth wide, like Francis the talking mule, and told his tormentors where to head off.

In comparison with Mr. Bresson's dank *Le Dèu*, Miss Varda's pictorial rhythm is downright frisky as she scours a small Brittany re-

### Directed by Bresson and Agnes Varda

sort, where a secluded writer, played by Michel Piccoli, and his pregnant wife, Catherine Deneuve, are suspiciously spied upon by the clannish villagers.

The early scenes are graphic and arresting, with the two principals projecting a strong, tender love relationship and with evil, apparently, about to assail their cozy domicile, a converted fortress.

A symbol, obviously; and here we go again. Miss Varda pits the day-dreaming husband against a recluse neighbor. And the two men play a good-and-evil duel with cards, a chessboard with townfolk figures and a television-type screen that dramatizes their baser instincts. The confusion is compounded by footage spurts and sequences ranging from violence to slapdash comedy, and by the screen's abruptly turning red. It may be actuality, fantasy or a hint of things to come.

This blithely bumpy merry-go-round, whatever spins it, has a good cast, which also includes Eva Dahlbeck, Britta Pettersson, Bernard Lajarrige and Nino Castelnuovo.



# Please Don't Catch a Cult

By JUDITH CRIST  
World Journal Tribune Staff

"Balthazar" is, according to the Film Festival program, Robert Bresson's "most demanding" and "most unusual" film yet. In lay terminology, this means that it's cream for the cultists and confusion for the rest of us stupids.

Some of us joined the cult with "Diary of a Country Priest" and departed the precincts with the French director's subsequent "Pick-pocket" and "The Trial of Joan of Arc." "Balthazar" is enough to take us to the point of no return.

There is no lack of the calm study of mood and movement that has given Bresson his artistic hallmark. What has been added, however, is such a profusion of plot pocked with pointless incident that one can only—reaching for a haute cm-easte cop-out—declare it symbolic of the incoherence of our time.

At bottom there is the life

of Balthazar, a dear little white-muzzled donkey, taken in infancy as a pet for the kiddies on an estate. The lord of the manor leaves the estate in the hands of the resident schoolmaster, who struggles to turn it into a modern farm. Balthazar remains as a pet, then is aoused by a bunch of leather-jackets (apparently because the teacher's nubile daughter, once the true love of the lord of the manor's son, is devoted to him before switching her affections to the chief nasty leather-jacket), then made a beast of burden by a traveling tramp, then made a circus star, then taken by the tramp, then maltreated by the local miser, then used as a smuggling vehicle by the leather-jacket and finally, shot down by customs men, returning to die among the sheep on the hills where mommy used to graze.

Meanwhile the leather-jacket divides his energies among the girl, the tramp

and the donkey, abusing and torturing to his teen-age heart's delight. The ex-schoolmaster goes to law against his one-time benefactor and dies of pride; the tramp inherits a fortune and dies form falling off Balthazar; the girl, returning to her original true love, has a farewell bash with the leather-jackets and dies after they strip and beat her. The chief leather-jacket lives on. And go grab yourself all the symbols you want out of that muddled bag—and welcome.

Bresson's lapses into artistry—in the absorbing vignette, the unspoken suggestions of sin and sanctity that enfold his characters and give them brief but striking significance—keep one interested. But frustration can be as irritating as boredom. One is left with the impression that Bresson worked on this film intermittently, returning to his camera each time with a new concept, a new point of ideology and a new frame of moral reference, along with a new plot and some odd characters.

Anne Wiazemsky, as the girl, wears an air of vulnerable innocence throughout, just as Francois Lafarge is the perpetual embodiment of blank-eyed youthful sadism.

They're matched by Balthazar, who sometimes, however, lets a very little gleam of impatience brighten his mullish glance. The film, which was also shown at Cannes and Venice, is strictly

## "BALTHAZAR"

PHILHARMONIC HALL  
LINCOLN CENTER

A screenplay by Robert Bresson, directed by Mr. Bresson, produced by Maa Bodard, a Park Film/Aras Films/Swedish Film Institute/Svensk Film Industri (Stockholm) production. In French with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 35 minutes. With the following cast:

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Girl (Marie).....  | Anne Wiazemsky    |
| Boy (Gerard).....  | Francois Lafarge  |
| Father.....        | Philippe Asselin  |
| Mother.....        | Nathalie Juvault  |
| Friend.....        | Walter Green      |
| Tramp.....         | J. C. Guilbert    |
| Corn Merchant..... | Pierre Klossowski |

for festivals and the few capable of, let alone willing to bring to their movie-viewing, a patience and humility on a par with that exhibited by its four-footed hero.

A 23-minute short from France, "Adolescence," directed by Vladimir Forgency, has a lovely ballet dancer as heroine, but scarcely achieves significance in its portrait of her on and off stage, in class and out and through the disappointment of an unsuccessful audition. But the anonymous young dancer is a joy to watch.



# Clever Creatures

By WILLIAM PEPER

"The Creatures," last night's 9:30 feature at the New York film Festival, is a clever movie that may be the victim of its own cleverness.

The French-Swedish co-production was directed by Agnes Varda whose earlier "Cleo 5 to 7" and "Le Bonheur" were straightforward films. Here she is playing an elaborate game with her story and her audience.

Part of time she is telling of the emotional problems of a novelist, Michel Piccoli, living on an island in Brittany with his pregnant wife, Catherine Deneuve, who was rendered mute in an automobile accident that was his fault. At other times Miss Varda enters the writer's imagination as he manipulates his neighbors in the plot of his novel.

There is the hotel owner, Eva Dahlbeck, and her married lover, Bernard Lajarrige; her wanton sister, Marie France Mignal, and latest lover, Nino Castelnuovo; a recluse, Lucien Bodard, who lives in a tower, and a number of others.

For the climax, the writer enters into a diabolical contest with the recluse, whom he imagines as an evil magician controlling the lives of the islanders via figures on a checkerboard. By then the air is thick with symbols and it is a toss-up as to what is real and what is imaginary.

In a set-up like this, the spectator tends to get happily involved in the intricacies of structure while remaining unaffected by the



FESTIVAL STARS  
Michel Piccoli and Catherine Deneuve

characters' problems. They are just part of the game. Their loneliness and lack of communication rate only a shrug.

For all its coldness and confusion, "The Creatures" is a fascinating film, exquisitely photographed on a real Breton island. Miss Varda is always a skilful and original moviemaker but this time, like her characters, she has trouble communicating.

The short on the bill is "Aquarelle" by Dominique Delouche. It is a color study of champion French swimmer Kiki Caron in action. It is pretty to look at but the French narration is not translated, so whatever point the director had in mind is lost on the non-French speaking in the audience.

## "THE CREATURES" LINCOLN CENTER PHILHARMONIC HALL

A screenplay by Agnes Varda, directed by her, produced by Mag Bodard, a Parc Film, Modeleine Films (Paris)/Sondrew (Stockholm) production. In French with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 45 minutes. With the following cast:

|                   |                           |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Mylene            | ..... Catherine Deneuve   |
| Edgar             | ..... Michel Piccoli      |
| Michele Quéllec   | ..... Eva Dahlbeck        |
| Lucile de Montyon | ..... Britta Pettersson   |
| Viviane Quéllec   | ..... Marie-France Mignal |
| The Doctor        | ..... Bernard Lajarrige   |
| La Vellini        | ..... Ursula Kubler       |
| The Storekeeper   | ..... Jeanne Allard       |
| Mr. Ducasse       | ..... Lucien Bodard       |
| Jean Modet        | ..... Nino Castelnuovo    |





## Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

### 'Les Creatures' at Lincoln Center

Agnes Varda, the charming little Frenchwoman who made "Cleo 5 to 7" and "Le Bonheur," has refused to stay in one style. In "Les Creatures," which showed at the Film Festival last night and won more applause than its earlier mixed reception in Venice, she has made two innovations.

First, when the picture is tinted red, violence takes over, both in the nature of the character on screen and in the action portrayed. Second, she has imagined a novelist, Edgar (Michel Piccoli), whose wife, Mylene (Catherine Deneuve) becomes a mute as the result of an auto accident when he was driving too fast. She stays in their rented tower while he goes about having adventures which are, for the most part, imaginary. Or, as the Festival note suggests, are they?

A number of people become involved: two sheet-selling thugs, a doctor who is having an affair with Michelle Quéllec (Eva Dahlbeck), a Mr. Ducasse (Lucien Bodard) who invites Edgar to have a game with Living Characters, some children, a storekeeper, a good-looking girl, her friend, Jean Modet (Nino Castelnuovo).

It is probably possible to figure out exactly what is or is not happening. Certainly if someone explains it, it will make a degree of sense, like a struggle between Good and Evil (allegory, you know), or the situations that beset a novelist who has to go fast to be stimulated, even if his wife suffers.

But I can't say the material is sufficiently fascinating to tempt one to further study. If Agnes Varda is trying to say something about the creative process or about Good and Evil or marriage or love affairs or old paralyzed men or children, I wish she would not be so tricky. It's going to cut her audience down to the bone of the movie-puzzle addicts, and although she has made those other good, original films, they haven't won a sufficiently large audience to suffer much reduction now. For ten or fifteen minutes, while she let her characters keep both feet more or less on the ground, the picture looked as if it would sustain a lot more interest than it eventually did.

There was also on this program a short, "Aqualle," in

#### 'Les Creatures'

A Parc Madeleine Film (Paris)/Sandrew (Stockholm). Produced by Mag Bodard. Directed and written by Agnes Varda. The cast: Catherine Deneuve, Michel Piccoli, Eva Dahlbeck, Britta Pettersson, Marie-France Mignal, Bernard Larrigue, Ursula Kubler, Jeanne Allard, Lucien Bodard, Jacques Charrier and Nino Castelnuovo. 105 minutes.

which a maximum of beautiful color, slow motion and brilliant photography is lavished on Kiki Caron, a French champion swimmer. Since the girl is beautiful and built, and every prospect pleases, the clarity and movement rise to magnificent levels of filmic exposition totally lacking in obfuscation. What a relief it is! Thank you, director Dominique De Louche.

### Bresson's 'Balthazar' At the Lincoln Center

Robert Bresson, the forbidding film genius who made "The Diary of a Country Priest" and "The Trial of Joan of Arc," has also struck out in a new direction with "Au Hasard, Balthazar." To his human tragedy he has added that of a donkey, Balthazar, whose patience is monumental, whose ups and downs are many, and who inspires love, hatred and cruelty.

There is a girl, Marie (Anne Wiazemsky), whose harsh fate is half deserved, half undeserved. There is a youth who loves her, and who is rejected. There is another youth who treats her very badly, and she

#### 'Au Hasard, Balthazar'

A French-Swedish production. Produced by Mag Bodard. Directed and written by Robert Bresson. The cast: Anne Wiazemsky, Francoise LaFarge, Philippe Asselin, Natalie Joyaut, Walter Green, J. C. Guilbert and Pierre Klossowski. 96 minutes.

loves him no matter what. There are some cruel cyclist youths, a tramp who smuggles, a rigid father who makes things harder for himself than necessary, a kind mother who tries to be helpful, and police who try to uphold the law occasionally.

What with the complexity of the story Bresson is trying to tell and the shorthand he uses in his narration, it is not clear at a single sitting what he's trying to get at. There have to be meanings behind these enigmatic surfaces and behaviors.

I am not sure that if I understood the picture completely I would agree with what it is saying. But surely it is impossible to disagree with meanings that are not fully understood. Let me say that there's enough there to force you to suspect Bresson is following a strict logic in this his own screenplay. I don't believe he is content to prove that men are viciously crazy and donkeys are noble and women are passionately crazy. You'll find that you have to think in the midst of this pellucid Bressonian confusion.

\* \* \*

Also on this program is "Adolescence," a beautiful ballet film about a beautiful young girl. Its exquisite quality speaks for itself.



THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1966.

## Screen: The Two Faces of Pasolini

### Festival Offers 2 Films by Italian Director

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

THE New York Film Festival, playing its pitch in Philharmonic Hall, was definitely on the sidelines of the Lincoln Center plaza last night. All the sables and diamonds and chichi people were sweeping right past it to the opera house. And well they might, because the two programs offered were scarcely what you might call top-drawer.

They offered films of Pier Paolo Pasolini, the Italian writer-director who attained his first measure of fame here with the showing last winter of "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." The early-evening program featured "The Hawks and the Sparrows," Mr. Pasolini's latest picture, and the later program brought up "Accattone," which he directed in 1961, his first film.

"Accattone," for various reasons, has not been released in New York, and it is doubtful whether even the festival showing at this late date will enhance its commercial prospects here. For it turns out to be a long and dreary neo-realistic rundown on a Roman procurer who is a fated loser, for all his cheekiness and



Franco Citti, a hoodlum, had a role in "Accattone."

phony confidence. He betrays his wife and his women, he steals the religious medal from his small son and he makes a fizzle at robbery. He gets not the slightest sympathy.

In the manner of some Italian predecessors, Mr. Pasolini made his film entirely on location in the slums of Rome using nonprofessionals to play their counterpart roles and actually getting a young hoodlum, Franco Citti, who has since been imprisoned, to play the procurer. The method is eminently successful in

### Strains of Neorealism And Fantasy Evident

achieving a literal look, but it does nothing to relieve the redundancy and tedium of the film.

"The Hawks and the Sparrows" is a more complex, mystical and fascinating film, if mainly because of the roguish and oddly poignant performance Toto gives. (This performance earned him a special prize at the Cannes festival this year.)

But it is also interesting because of its fanciful, allegorical and moralistic tale of a father and son (Toto and Ninetto Davoli) who fall in with a talking crow and are transported back to the time of St. Francis and then forward to the funeral of the Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti in contemporary Rome.

Although the philosophical discussions are generally colloquial and obscure (for instance, St. Francis is made an apparent prototype, in his thoughts and even words, of Pope John XXIII), and some of the Marxist-Christian cross-ruff of doctrine and symbolism are hard to grasp, there is humanitarian feeling and a keen, mocking humor in this film. It bears further examination. And since it is in the hands of Brandon Films, it will probably be shown in a commercial theater later on.





## Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

NEW YORK POST, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1966

### Pasolini's 'Accatone' at Festival

Pasolini's "Accatone," a Festival regular at Venice 1961, London 1961, Montreal 1962, Karlovy Vary 1962 (Grand Prize), is a profoundly real portrait of a Roman pimp, his friends, his enemies, his girls, and the one he finally comes to love in his own way.

The title role, Accatone, is played by Franco Citti in a way that defies improvement, for it runs the full gamut from degradation to courage, and in neither case is it a conscious thing. This is pure response. It is response to the environment of young non-working males and to the economic destitution faced by most of them.

Moralistic preachments have been rigorously avoided by Pasolini who is both director and author. He is showing this young man for what he is, and as the end result of a society without opportunity for the bottom dogs. And yet, the picture is a balanced one. Accatone is not without blame. When he tries to work at an honest job

#### 'Accatone'

A Brandon Films release. A Cino del Duca/Arco Film. Produced by Alfredo Bini. Directed and written by Pier Paolo Pasolini. The cast: Franco Citti, Franca Pasut, Roberto Scaringella, Adele Cambria, Paola Gaudi, Silvana Corsini, Adriana Asti, Mario Cipriani, Piero Morola and Elsa Morante. 120 minutes.

he nearly collapses with the effort. Pimping is much easier physically, though it may undermine the morale.

This is, to be sure, not a pretty film, and it's a tragedy too. This is doubtless why it has been long in receiving commercial release in this country. However, it's unsparing portrait of the people presents a bitter truth that must rank it among the best Italian films of the 60's.

## MOVIE SCENE

By Frances Herridge

### 'Hawks & Sparrows' at Festival

Pier Paolo Pasolini's latest film, shown at the N. Y. Film Festival yesterday along with his earlier "Accatone," is "The Hawks and the Sparrows." In it he comments on such weighty subjects as Catholicism and Communism and how they have treated mankind. But he does it with such light-hearted wit and as such a widely comic fable that no one need concern himself with its symbolism and ideas to enjoy it thoroughly.

Pasolini uses Italy's Chaplin-esque clown, Toto, and his son, Ninetto Davoli, to represent humanity as they progress down the road of life. Their far-out adventures start when they meet a talking crow, who philosophizes amusingly and knowingly about everything that happens.

He represents Marxism, we are told, but with endearing charm. And one of the most delightful parts of the film is his story of two monks—played by Toto and his son—who try to explain to the hawks and the sparrows about God's love. Toto prays for a year, kneeling in the fields, until he has learned bird-talk, then proselytizes his winged listeners, who chirp in agreement. But the monk is shocked to see that the hawks, nevertheless, still kill the sparrows.

The various adventures are the funnier because Toto plays them seriously and poignantly. Not all the episodes are as effective and imaginative as the first, but they are all amusingly fresh and nicely crazy. Only the final scene is an unpleasant note, when they eat the crow who has been so friendly and likeable. That may be Pasolini's symbolic way of denoting man's partaking of Communism through hunger, but it doesn't suit the film's comic vein.

#### 'Hawks and the Sparrows'

Distributed in U. S. by Brandon Films. Produced by Alfredo Bini. Directed and written by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Cast headed by Toto and Ninetto Davoli. 91 minutes.



## TWO BY PASOLINI

Pier Paolo Pasolini is best known in New York for his "Gospel According to St. Matthew." Two more of his films were shown recently at the New York Film Festival.

"Accatone" (Beggar), the first feature film Pasolini directed, is a thesis film. The thesis is quite simple: love is a luxury for the poor and spiritual salvation is a reality. Pasolini creates the pimp Accatone and the sub-world of vice and violence to reconcile the contradictions of materialism and Catholicism.

The reconciliation doesn't come off. Instead the terms remain mutually exclusive and are reduced to a pair of tautologies: salvation is a reality to the religious, and revolution is a reality to the class conscious.

Accatone is a Roman proletarian who refuses to work for a living. His first girl, Maddalena, is jailed for falsely denouncing some of his friends as her assaulters. He then seduces another girl to replace her. The film recounts the successive stages of Accatone's spiritual isolation and demoralization, and his ultimate struggle for salvation.

Pasolini's concept of the pimp and his life is contradictory. Religion and politics have not spoken to man's needs, Pasolini seems to say. So he creates a character who is neither religious nor aware that the life of his class is determined by social forces beyond its control.

Pasolini does not choose to create his hero fully and concretely in terms of the conditions that determined his choice to live in the isolation of the social parasite.

Accatone's choice to live as a procurer remains abstract, almost an intellectual option made long before the film began. It really is Pasolini's choice and Pasolini's option. It is the director's cover for his own alien view of proletarian life and politics.

Because the film lacks the grasp of basic social factors that "Bicycle Thief" grasped, for example, Pasolini's early points about the pimp's false consciousness are not convincing. They appear as quite superficial personality description, i.e. the pimp's sarcasm and self hatred.

When he perceives his real consciousness through his girl Stella it is difficult to credit the new state with any more importance than the awareness of his previous alienation. Since the movie is about the individual and his consciousness the failure is crucial.

What Pasolini wants us to believe is that Accatone is reaching towards a spirituality that he cannot afford and is destroyed. (The hero dies in a motorcycle crash fleeing from the police.) The effort he makes to leave the cycle of exploitation, deprivation and betrayal have been futile. Yet we are to believe in his spiritual transcendence of the material

through his feelings for Stella.

The film is instructive for the new left. In "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (shown the same evening) Pasolini is clearly disillusioned with the Italian Communist Party and equally so with the Catholic Church. These are the two strongest influences a deeply committed young man would have to deal with in Italy.

Leaving a Pasolini film one is never convinced that the director has rid himself of the strictly religious emotional overburden of either. That his films are intended as vehicles in search of the new true faith—a kind of religious anarchism—is the contradiction and the weakness in Pasolini's work.

The director is part missionary and part socialist, part Catholic and part materialist. Rebellion against the paternalism of Catholicism and communism directs his search to the soul of man for liberation and consciousness.



# A Two-Bagger by Pasolini

By WILLIAM PEPER

Pier Paolo Pasolini's new film, "The Hawks and the Sparrows," got a big round of applause after it was on for only two minutes last night at the New York Film Festival in Philharmonic Hall. The applause was for the titles which are sung as opera recitative. They are delightful and so is the rest of the movie.

The film unfolds as a rambling fable of a father and son literally walking down the road of life. They are given tasks to perform by such diverse masters as St. Francis of Assisi and a talking crow.

For St. Francis, they are asked to become monks and evangelize the birds. They learn to speak hawk language and have a dizzily funny dialogue with hawks flying around overhead. They have more trouble with the sparrows when they discover that sparrows talk with their feet.

This is all whimsically funny but it is apparent that Pasolini has more on his mind when a newly converted hawk kills a sparrow. Is this the way the world was meant to be?

In the second part of the fable, the crow walks along with our heroes chattering a leftist line that Pasolini publicly favors while his companions encounter war, birth, death and a variety of machines. In the end, the hungry father and son kill the crow and eat him. This is the

## "The Hawks and the Sparrows" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay written and directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, produced by Alfredo Bini, an Arco Film production, by Pier Paolo Pasolini, produced by Brandon Films. In Italian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 31 minutes. With the following cast:

The Man ..... Toto  
His son ..... Ninetto Davoli

way the world is and man must survive.

That talking crow might easily have stolen the picture if he weren't up against Toto, Italy's most celebrated clown, in the role of the father. Toto's face, with those undulating eyebrows, is a treasure, and the sight of him hopping around in sparrow language is hilarious.

As the son, Ninetto Davoli is just right, oafishly bewildered but eager to tackle anything.

During the course of this philosophical grab bag, Pasolini quotes from Pope Paul VI and Pope John XXIII and includes shots of the funeral of Palmiro Togliatti, the late head of the Italian Communist party. His point of view seems to be ironic but optimistic.

The short is from Sweden, "Piano Lesson," by Vera Nordin. It's a funny trifle about an adolescent boy and his erotic daydreams about his lady piano teacher.

The second feature at the film festival last night was another Pasolini opus, "Accattone," his first, made in 1961. The subject matter is the film's locale, the slums of Rome. However, Pasolini is hardly begging for sympathy since he makes his hero a thoroughly rotten, smalltime pimp who flatly refuses to do a day's work.

Accattone prefers to have his mistress walk the streets for him. When she is jailed,

he tries to get his wife to take him back. She refuses and he proceeds to steal his child's religious medal to buy a present for an innocent blonde he is corrupting.

When she proves incorruptible, he actually goes to work for one day, then decides stealing is easier. In his first caper, he winds up dead.

Such a thorough going rat would be an unsatisfactory subject for a two-hour movie but for two factors: Pasolini's instinctive brilliance as a movie-maker and the leading player, Franco Citti.

Citti is a non-professional whose coarse, natural charm is completely persuasive. Ironically, he tried to become a professional actor after this film, failed and wound up in jail for undisclosed reasons. He has not acted since.

Pasolini presents a vivid picture of the Roman slums

## "Accattone"

Philharmonic Hall  
Lincoln Center

A screenplay written and directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, produced by Alfredo Bini, a Cino del Duca/Arco Film production, released by Brandon Films. In Italian with English subtitles. Running time: Two hours. With the following cast:

Accattone ..... Franco Citti  
Stella ..... Franca Pasut  
Cartagine ..... Roberto Scaringel  
Nannina ..... Adele Cambria  
Ascenza ..... Paola Gaudi  
Maddalena ..... Silvana Corsini

where tragedy and gaiety are constantly jostling each other. It is earthy realism at its best.

He makes a curious choice for background music—Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. The contrast is oddly right.

The short, "Tarentella," by the wonderfully inventive Carmen d'Avino, offers exhilarating fun from a montage of dancing feet and footprints.



DAD AND SON

Toto and Ninetto Davoli



# 'Shameless Old Lady' Tender, Sympathetic



Etienne Bierry and Sylvie

By KATE CAMERON

★ ★ ★ ½★

"The Shameless Old Lady," fresh from exhibition at the New York Film Festival, where it was received with more warmth and praise than other foreign films on the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Hall program, had its first public showing at the Fine Arts Theatre yesterday.

"The Shameless Old Lady" deserves the kudos that have been showered on it here and abroad, as the film, based on a novel by Bertolt Brecht, presents in tender, sympathetic terms, the plight of an old woman, who, after a lifetime of servitude, at 70, has a modest fling at freedom following the death of her husband—much to the consternation of her family.

MADAME BERTHE had been a faithful, hard-working wife, had raised five children to adulthood, keeping her nose to the domestic grindstone. Refusing to share the domiciles of any of her married children, Mme. Berthe, for the first time in her long, selfless life, feels a sense of release from care when the children and grandchildren leave her after the funeral. She had never known what it was to think first of herself and her initial taste of freedom goes alight to her gray-haired head.

She savors the wine she drinks, enjoys restaurant food, goes window-shopping to her heart's content, and enters big stores she had never before seen. She examines with delight the new gadgets and utensils, the wonderful cosmetics and alluring clothes on display, getting pleasure from their sight and feel without attempting to possess them. She takes pleasure in the friendship of a prostitute, Rosalie, who works in the bar across the way from her modest apartment. She and Rosalie chum with a neighboring

"The Shameless Old Lady," a Continental release. Produced by Claude Nedjar and directed by Rene Allio from a screenplay by Allio based on a novel by Bertolt Brecht. Presented at the Fine Arts Theatre. Running time: 1 hour, 35 minutes. With English titles.

## THE CAST:

|               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| Madame Berthe | Sylvie             |
| Rosalie       | Malke Ribovska     |
| Pierre        | Victor Lanoux      |
| Albert        | Etienne Bierry     |
| Gaston        | Francois Maistre   |
| Simone        | Pascale de Boysson |
| Victoire      | Lena Delanne       |
| Rose          | Jeanne Hardern     |

cobbler, who introduces them to his anarchistic cronies.

A fine, elderly French actress, known simply as Sylvie enacts the role of the old lady with charming simplicity. Madame Berthe is, of course, not ashamed to savor her new-found freedom, although she shocks the members of her family.

ALL BUT HER grandson, Pierre, who accompanies her and her friends on their outings, because he has fallen in love with pretty Rosalie. The girl is well represented on the screen by Malke Ribovska. Pierre, a shy awkward youth, is played by Victor Lanoux.

The Continental release was produced by Claude Nedjar in black and white and directed by Rene Allio from his own screenplay, which projects the Brecht story to the screen with wit and tenderness which endows the old lady's last remaining days with a joyous sense of freedom from care and drudgery.



# 'Shameless Old Lady Glows With Compassion

By JUDITH CRIST

"The Shameless Old Lady" who made a preview appearance at the New York Film Festival will move into the Fine Arts Theater next Monday—and win your heart completely.

This 1964 French film, the first work of 30-year-old writer-director Rene Allio, glows with the warm humor and compassion that the Czechs seems to have cornered in such films as "The Shop on Main Street" and, two highlights of the current Festival, "Loves of a Blonde." But the particular distinction of the French film lies in the perfection of Sylvie in the title role, in the octogenarian actress's remarkable ability to embody all the wisdom of age and wonder of the world in the very Gallic gleam in her eye.

Mr. Allio's screenplay is adapted from a Bertolt two lives in succession, the first as a daughter, wife and mother, the second simply as Madame B. . . . She savored fully the long years of servitude and the brief years of freedom, and she swallowed the bread of life to the last crumb."

In the outskirts of Marseilles, Madame Berthe has reared her children and, at 70, been widowed and her second life begins with her refusal to go to live with either of her sons. Initially there is loneliness but suddenly she becomes aware of life around her, of what has been happening in the city itself, of people who have seen and done things that are so strange to her.

Before long her sons are shocked by her goings-on and her associates; she has discovered ice-cream sundaes and movies, escalators and osterizers and, above all, people. With a waitress of dubious reputation and an anarchist shoemaker she is off to the races and a holiday in Toulon, shrugging off family crises and giving her eldest grandson an inkling of what living and happiness all about.

## "The Shameless Old Lady" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

on the story by Bertolt Brecht, directed  
directed by Mr. Allio, a S.P.C.A.  
Cinema production presented by Walter  
Reade-Sterling, a Continental Distributing  
Company release. In French with  
English subtitles. Running time: One  
hour and 34 minutes. With the following  
cast:  
Madame ..... Sylvie  
Albert ..... Etienne Bierry  
Rosalie ..... Malka Ribovska  
Pierre ..... Victor Lanoux  
Gaston ..... Francois Maistre  
Simone ..... P. Pascale de Boysson  
Victoire ..... Lena Delonne  
Rose ..... Jeanne Hardeyn  
Charles ..... Jean-Louis Lamonde  
Alphonse ..... Jean Bouise  
Ernest ..... Armand Mettre

This is no tale of an aging queen-for-a-day off on a spree. Discovery of a new world is embodied in Sylvie's marveling at wigs and housewares and in her childlike infatuation with a department-store escalator. The wisdom of age is in her steering her grandson Pierre into maturity. The shrewdness comes out when she runs a used-car dealer ragged over details, noting that "I never bought a fish and in her concluding after a day at the track that "You have to really know the horses or it's a game of chance." There is an overwhelming heartbreak in the very joyousness of her belated zest for living, for the scandal, as Rosalie, the waitress, tells Pierre, "is not in what she is doing now—the scandal is what you made her do before."

A fine cast supports Sylvie, with Malka Ribovska as the charming Rosalie, Victor Lanoux as Pierre and Jean Bouise as the anarchist outstanding. Beyond his script, Mr. Allio brings a sharp eye for details and a fine sense of understatement to his direction. "The Shameless Old Lady" a beautiful and overwhelming film. And the lady herself is nothing less than an enchantress.

## "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?"

Philharmonic Hall  
Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Sheila Ochava and  
Bahamit Sobalka, based on a story by  
Sheila Ochava, directed by Pavel Hobl,  
a Czechoslovakian Filmexport production.  
In Czech with English subtitles.  
Running time: One hour and 21 minutes.  
With the following cast:  
Jon ..... Ladislav Ocenasek  
Johnny ..... Josef Filip  
Little Girl ..... Olga Machoninova  
Painter ..... Jan Brycht

## FOR THE CHILDREN

The Film Festival's one children's program indicated what a wealth of foreign offerings there are for the young and made one hope that future festivals will expand their interest therein.

Timing is of the essence in children's films and this was proved by a witty and stylish 13-minute French entry "Le Poisson Prof," a delicious little classroom comedy in the course of which some lovely pink-and-white girls successfully dis-

pose of their teacher with the help of some magic incantations a goldfish bowl and the school cat.

The feature offering, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" a 1963 Czech film, consists of a series of marvelously fantastic adventures two small brothers encounter in a day off from school. They direct traffic, paint mustaches on live people and gaiety into the scenery, roller skate through a natural-history museum while chatting with the stuffed animals, enter a hot-rod auto race, break a sorcerer's evil spell with the magical utterance of "Yehudi Menuhin" and generally have a ball before the lion in their house—yclept Daddy—regains control. Various animation techniques, a gay score and a great deal of inventive use of color enrich the movie.

The two boys are appealing and their adventures provide vicarious thrills and special humor for old and young alike. While a few of the adventure sequences go on a little too long for children's attention span and adult patience—cutting would, if anything, enhance the film—the film never lags in demonstrating how imagination and artistry and affection can combine in providing something for the kiddies to delight us all.





# Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

## 'Shameless Old Lady' at Fine Arts

Just ten days ago "The Shameless Old Lady" (La Vieille Dame Indigne) had its one-day premiere at the NY Film Festival. Practically everybody liked it, and this reviewer did too, giving it one of those short, Festival notices. Now it has settled in for a run at the Fine Arts

Theater where it should stay a good while if merit and appeal can overbalance the NYC audience's weakness for famous names.

An 80-year-old, unfamous actress, Sylvie, directed by a first-time director, the Frenchman Rene Allio, don't provide publicity roman candles. So you'll have to take somebody's word for it. The picture comes up with a family in Marseilles facing the death of the father-patriarch. The one left behind is the quiet old lady, Mme. Berthe (Sylvie), who refuses to collapse at the death of her husband, obey the suggestions of her sons and relatives, or preserve her small inheritance with traditional skimping.

Instead, she strikes out boldly, taking a carriage to go sight-seeing, making friends with a pleasant young prostitute, Rosalie, admirably played by

### 'The Shameless Old Lady'

A Walter-Reads Sterling release. Produced by Claude Nédier. Directed by Rene Allio. Screenplay by Allio from a story by Bertolt Brecht. The cast: Sylvie, Etienne Berry, Maika Ribovska, Victor Lanoux, Francois Maistre, Pascale de Boysson, Lena Delanne, Jeanne Hardevyn, and Jean-Louis Lamade. 94 minutes.

Maika Ribovska, and having social get-togethers with a very oddly assorted group of card-players, radicals and what not.

Her family is aghast, but Mme. Berthe obviously, and without too much effort, makes the last months of her life a time of rich, full living. This is a wonderfully warm story that is full of feeling, yet avoids sentimentality.

You never know exactly what is going to happen, or what will be said, except by the conventional members. The world would be a better place if every old lady could be as shameless, as Mme. Berthe, and movies would be improved too.



THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY  
Sylvie, center, and some friends



# Screen: Late Evening in a Gentle Life

## 'Shameless Old Lady' Opens at Fine Arts

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY, screenplay by René Allio, from a story by Bertolt Brecht; directed by Mr. Allio, and produced by Claude Nédjar, A. Walter Reade-Sterling, Inc. presentation, released through Continental Distributing Division, At the Fine Arts Theater, 58th Street between Park and Lexington Avenues. Running time: 95 minutes.

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Madame Berthe ..... | Sylvie             |
| Rosalie .....       | Malka Ribovska     |
| Pierre .....        | Victor Lanoux      |
| Albert .....        | Etienne Bierry     |
| Gasien .....        | Françoise Maistre  |
| Simone .....        | Pascale de Boysson |
| Victoire .....      | Lena Delanne       |
| Rose .....          | Jeanne Hildebrand  |
| Charles .....       | Jean-Louis Lamande |
| Robert .....        | Robert Bousquet    |
| Lucien .....        | André Jourdan      |
| Ernest .....        | Armand Mestres     |
| Chantal .....       | Pierre Decazes     |
| Alphonse .....      | Jean Bouise        |
| Dufour .....        | André Thorrent     |

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

FRESH from its well-claimed showing at the recent New York Film Festival, where it was one of the happier surprises and one of the few normal entries in the show, René Allio's "The Shameless Old Lady" opened at the Fine Arts yesterday for what is booked as a limited engagement, so you'd better go to see it as soon as you can.

That is, you'd better go to see it if you're looking for a film that has charm, sweet sentiment and simplicity in an abundance you seldom get in films these days. It tells of a little old lady, mother of a middle-aged daughter and sons, who slowly and sweetly moves off center after her hard-working husband dies, and enjoys herself to the fullest in the last few months of her life.

From the lugubrious aura of the funeral and the dolor of her first weeks alone, she tentatively starts going places—to the movies, to department stores, on rides around the Marseilles harbor in an old-fashioned horse-drawn cab, spending the little money that her worrying



Sylvie

## Sylvie Is Memorable in Film by Allio

glowing interior poetry that flows from the old lady and her friends. And he has the fine French actress, Sylvie, to play the leading role in a manner that should etch it forever on the memories of those who see the film.

The sparkle with which her old lady begins to see the world after years of drudgery and sadness have put weariness and dejection in her eyes, the wonder that forms in her expression and the spring that comes into her step as she warms to her new enjoyments are but part of Sylvie's art. She has the great skill of being able to make us sense and comprehend a human soul.

And, under Mr. Allio's direction, others are alive and luminous, too—Malka Ribovska as a skinny, young semi-professional prostitute who becomes the close companion of the granny and the antithesis of her dull sons; Victor Lanoux as a grandson who is sullenly torn between a dutiful life in his father's trucking business and the fun of playing guitar in a band; Jean Bouise as an expansive and humanitarian socialist, and any number of others, including Etienne Bierry and François Maistre as the sons.

The humor and compassion in this study of the personal involvements of old age should make it especially attractive to older citizens, and its tenderness and joy should commend it to the feelings of younger people, too. It reminds me very much of "Make Way for Tomorrow," a film about the valor and love of an old couple, that was shown some 30 years ago.

Happily, Jean Ferrat has given it a spirited and tender musical score, and good subtitles are provided for the colloquial French dialogue.

children dole out to her and even taking up with certain off-beat people whom her bourgeois sons consider scandalous.

It is the story of a gentle, patient woman who, in the late evening of her life, discovers the simple pleasures of the limited modern world in which she lives and the unimagined excitement of nonconformist companionships. And in her discovery of these pleasures—her "shameless" behavior, as it is thought—is shown the mistake and the selfishness of the attitude her children have toward her.

Mr. Allio has presented this story, which he got from Bertolt Brecht, in a limpidly realistic format that fuses its own stark poetry with the



## FILM VIEWS

By John E. Fitzgerald

## A 'Shameless Old Lady' . . .

## Putting Glamour Gals to Shame

One of the most pleasant surprises of the recent N.Y. Film Festival was the French picture, *The Shameless Old Lady*. It's not a "blockbuster" in any sense of the word, but a heart-toucher in every sense. It earned its enthusiastic reception and is currently playing in Manhattan.

The heroine isn't a Hollywood glamour girl but, as the title indicates, an indomitable little old lady of immense warmth and wry humor. As played by the radiant-faced Sylvie, the character of Madame Berthe makes quite an impression on all who come in contact with her. And the impression can be gauged somewhat by the awards won by Sylvie and the film at other festivals. (Rio de Janeiro, for example; Venice, too; and the film was shown also at the Montreal and Acapulco Festivals.)

This 1964 film was based on a story by Berthold Brecht but writer-director Rene Allio has not merely brought it directly to the screen but has enhanced it with his own touch and given it a fine cinematic quality. Allio is a director who, as the saying goes, "will be heard from." Especially stunning is the fact that it's the first feature-length film made by the 27-year-old director.

Wisely he has not tried to dazzle us by techniques that only reveal he's learned the whole alphabet of cinema. He's used only what helps him tell his story simply and well. The film never calls attention to its maker but only to its subject.

Allio tells us the touching tale of a 70-year-old woman who, after many years of toil and service as child, wife and mother, following the death of her husband, decides to spend the precious time left her living alone and living it up a little.

She meanders through Marseilles, riding escalators, trying on hats, eating at restaurants and cafes. Her children are married and busy with their families; they see her seldom. However this doesn't stop them from being upset that their inheritance is being spent before their mother dies. They see friends who tell them that their mother has been seen with new friends, a waitress and a shoemaker, driving around in a second-hand car and visiting . . . shhhh! le race tracque!

THE NEW YORK TIMES, September 18, 1966

## Film Festival: Something for Youths

## Czech 'Lion at Home' Offers Lively Romp

By HOWARD THOMPSON  
SOMETHING very warm and winning happened yesterday morning on the screen and in the auditorium of Philharmonic Hall, where the New York Film Festival presented its first children's feature, the Czechoslovak "Do You Keep a Lion At Home?"

The youngsters were there in droves, leading their parents and babbling in anticipation. Thank heaven, the picture was a nice one. And don't think the kids didn't know it.

A good-natured, live-action French short, "Le Polisson Prêt," with some schoolgirls mischievously turning a prissy teacher into a fish, set the stage for the main attraction, which jauntily sketches the fantasy of two tiny lads loose in Prague. Despite the foreign language (subtitled), the kids seemed to catch and savor each amusing nuance well before the old folks, who dutifully chanted the translation in subdued unison.

The picture itself, basically a pantomime comedy, comes here as a prize winner, and wonder. The director, Pavel Hobl, and his technicians have put together a black and white color package with subtle but unpatronizing guile that any child under 10 should relish. And the two little boys, Ladislav Ocenasek and Josef Filip, as brothers who make the most of a school

What her family cannot see is the selfishness that allowed her to labor for them year after year, beclouded as things are by the mist of time. As the little old lady kicks up her heels, the audience, won over by the simplicity and charm of the little film, will delight in their gentle brush with reality as they watch the elderly woman gather the strands of her broken life and reweave them in a pattern which, though it may not suit her family, is eminently pleasing to herself. And to us.

## Meet Brando' Sparks Afternoon Program



Ladislav Ocenasek, at left, and Josef Filip in the film.

closing, are simply wonderful in their wide-eyed mischief and explorations—whether directing traffic, freeing some dogs from an underwater prison (they turn into musicians who foot through Prague in a triumphant street parade) or winning a midget-car race.

Just as beguiling is their shaggy pal, a talking Irish setter. And let's not forget the boys' friendly little cat, which has a sharp mouth of its own. There is also an

amusing encounter with a painter, the children splashily using his palette.

"Whee!" shouted one toddler in the audience, as an orange helicopter shot off the canvas into the clouds. The whole thing is sparked by a batch of jaunty tunes, with the boys chiming-in. Let's hope that next year the festival puts on another children's hour—just as successfully.

The matinee yesterday for adults was something different, entirely, a three-part documentary called "The Screen." "Meet Marlon Brando," (26 minutes), made by Albert and David Maysles and recording the actor's behavior at a mass press conference, is by far the best of the three. Mr. Brando was amusing, perceptive, intelligent and disarmingly in control of himself and the probing press, who ranged from pretty and fawning to exasperating and cynical. The actor was never more appealing than in this candid-camera cameo, his best performance.

"Troublemakers" (53 minutes) is a drawn-out, earnest documentary of a community organization plan for slum improvement in Newark. "Notes For a Film On Jazz" (55 minutes), from Italy, is precisely that, nothing more, with the camera catching bits of rehearsals, concerts and technicians by various jazz groups. But Mr. Brando saved the afternoon.



# Just Run-of-Godard-Mill

By JUDITH CRIST

Jean-Luc Godard's "Masculine Feminine," shown at the Film Festival last night and opening today at the Little Carnegie Cinema, is run-of-the-Godard-mill in technique but sparked with flashes of original wit and contemporary perceptions.

"Very loosely" based on a couple of de Maupassant stories, this 1965 film is concerned with what the French writer-director terms "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola," the post-teen strictly Pepsi-vs.-Viet Nam generation, explored through the interrelations of a boy and three girls. It's the old "he loves her but her loves she, she loves him but him loves me" bit but as always, with Godard the plot per se is secondary to the image and the pace.

The image is beautiful and at times brilliant—as before. The pace is fine until self-indulgence and point-pounding bog it down—as before. There are the reel-numbers

## "Masculine Feminine" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Jean-Luc Godard, based on two stories by Guy de Maupassant, directed by Mr. Godard, a Anoucha Films/Argos Films (Paris) Svensk Filmindustri/Sandrews (Stockholm) production, released in the United States by Royal Film International. In French with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 43 minutes. With the following cast:

|  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| Paul .....                               | Jean-Pierre Leaud         |
| Madeleine .....                          | Chantal Goya              |
| Elisabeth .....                          | Marlene Jobert            |
| Robert .....                             | Michel Debord             |
| Catherine .....                          | Catherine-Isabelle Duport |
| Lavinia .....                            | Eva-Britt Strandberg      |
| Man .....                                | Birger Malmsten           |
| and Antoine Bourseiller, Brigitte Bardot |                           |

flashing, the familiar bang-bang of bullets and the quick flash of dissociated assassinations, the bits of op and pop art, the celebrity walk-on—this time by Bardot—and all the other tricks of the maestro's specialized trade.

But this time there is a flesh and blood young man at hand, a boring, pretentious, over-sensitive, introverted and very real post-

adolescent who touches the heart not only in himself but in his embodiment of so much of today's youngness. He is superbly portrayed by Jean-Pierre Leaud, whose eyes you will recognize as those of the boy of "The 400 Blows."

In counterpoint to Leaud's Paul, who bleeds for mankind, there is Chantal Goya's Madeleine, the lovely object of his love, the sweet and surface-simple-minded young goddess who is preoccupied with her own ambitions and her sexual ambivalence; Marlene Jobert's Elisabeth, coolly possessive of Madeleine, and Catherine-Isabelle Duport's Catherine, whose glances stray to Paul. But the girls' basic concern is themselves and Paul remains the lonely sufferer, ultimately martyred by their trivia.

Godard captures the intensity of desultory talk, the mass-marketing of attitude, the glib fencing of the contemporary female, with whom he deals ruthlessly, although he cannot resist the

loveliness of face and figure. Unfortunately he can resist neither infatuation with his exposition of banality nor his small-boy tendency to try to shock with explicit sexuality that has little to do with his thesis. Repetition, attenuation and irrelevance water down the wit.

But for once the performers carry the Godard day and provide some real fun and genuine feeling in the boy-girl game that is rather grandiosely termed "Masculine Feminine."

An American short shown at the Festival with the Godard film, "How Do You Like Dem Bananas," directed by Lionel Rogosin, has some sharply satiric moments and a lot of lowdown slapstick fun. An improvised interview between a stuffy minister and a potential parishioner who's feeling no pain, the film stands on its own—but also makes one realize that a bit of spit and polish and rehearsal could have raised this funny tour de force to hilarious heights.

## "The Scene" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

Three, free, cinema-verite films. "MEET MARLON BRANDO." A feature directed by The Maysles Brothers, a Maysles Films, Inc. production. Running time: 29 minutes. "TROUBLEMAKERS." A short feature directed by Robert Machover and Norm Fruchter, an Alpha-60 Production. Running time: 54 minutes. "NOTES FOR A FILM ON JAZZ." A short feature directed by Gianni Amico, a La Fenice production. Running time: 35 minutes.

### "THE SCENE"

The Film Festival's venture into cinema verite proved that a little bit of this real-life reportage can go a very long way. Television interviewing has perhaps jaded our taste for bumbling incoherent top-of-the-head comment; theatrical films of this type must offer intensity of observation and finished techniques to gain distinction.

The first of the three films comprising "The Scene," the Maysles Brothers 29-minute "Meet Marlon Brando," set a high standard. A series of interviews with the actor, conducted by various tele-

vision reporters during a publicity tour, have been edited into a revealing study of a no-nonsense man with a mind of his own and a sense of humor about his position that is both impressive and appealing. The half-hour portrait goes far beyond the actor himself in its revelation.

"Troublemakers," by Robert Machover and Norm Fruchter, is a tedious exposition of the failures of NCOMP in attempting to "organize" the impoverished Negroes of Newark. The sound is blurred, the camera work unimaginative and the thesis belabored beyond point long before the 54 minutes are over.

"Notes for a Film on Jazz," made at the Bologna Jazz Festival, has some very good camera work and some jazz sounds worth hearing. But once again it wears thin as the ground becomes a bit too familiar — and almost self-satirizing for those with too vivid memories of "The Interview." Ernest Pintoff's superb cartoon.





# Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

## Five Films at Festival

"La Vieille Dame Indigne" (The Shameless Old Lady) has much to recommend it, being original, touching and popular. The Festival audience gave it and its first-time director, Rene Allio, an ovation. In 1965 it won three Festival awards. Sylvie, its 80-year-old star gives an unforgettable performance, as do some others in lesser role.

It is the story of an old lady who, when her husband dies, takes the bit in her teeth, rejects the advice of sons and daughters, and insists on doing what she pleases for the life remaining to her. As it turns out, this is both amusing and unexpected, as well as eminently possible.

There was also in this program a short, "The Woman" by Hungarian director Ivan Lakatos, which combines wisdom and wit in well balanced doses

\* \* \*

### Three Documentaries Called 'The Scene'

Three documentaries have been shown together at the Festival under a single title, "The scene." They are "Meet Marlon Brando" (29 min.) by the Maysles Brothers, "Troublemakers" (54 min.) by Robert Machover and Norm Fruchter, and "Notes for a Film on Jazz" (35 min.) by Janni Amico.

The first is extraordinarily entertaining possibly the best and most appealing personal portrait of a major film star ever made. Brando's ex tempore talking with interviewers of the TV world is wonderfully, self-deprecatingly good and honest. It's a kind of self-advertisement he couldn't make for himself if he tried a hundred years.

The second is a somewhat laborious compilation of footage dealing with Negro-white political protest in the slums of Newark, N.J. As a record, it has value, though it may be a little too long.

The third, made in Italy at the Bologna Jazz Festival, probably looks better abroad than it does here. Being the "new" Jazz, it doesn't really swing, jump or beat. So if you want to sit there and think about it, probably you can enjoy it a little.

### 'La Vieille Dame Indigne'

An S. P. A. C. Cinema film. Produced by Claude Nédier. Directed and written by Rene Allio. Story by Bertolt Brecht.

The cast: Sylvie, Etienne Bierry, Maika Ribovska, Victor Lanoux, Francois Maistre, Pascale de Boysson, Lena Delanne, Jeanne Hardeyn and Jean-Louis Lamande. 94 minutes.

\* \* \*

There is also on this program a Yugoslav picture of equal length, "Tri" (Three). Where the first picture was made without plot, this one tells three breath-taking, horrifying stories of death in the war.

First, at a station where refugees are hysterically waiting to board a train, if it ever comes, one man with a camera is suspected of being a Fifth Columnist. The soldiers promptly execute him though he calls out for his wife and child to prove he is only a journalist. The wife and child come by later, asking for him . . . The second incident deals with a man who runs through marshes trying to escape from Nazi soldiers trying to hunt him down. He falls in with another lost Yugoslav soldier, and finally does escape when the other is caught . . . The third incident shows this same soldier after the war is over and victory has been won by his side.

### 'Tri' (Three)

An Avala Film, Belgrade. Directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Screenplay by Antonije Isakovic and Petrovic. The cast: Velimir Bata Zivojinovic, Ali Rener, Senka Velestanc-Petrovic and Vola Miric. 70 minutes.

Now he watches and writes his report while some captured Nazis and their sympathizers are being prepared for execution.

The movement, the quality of reality of the people, the sense of time and place, and the absence of theatrical unreality are all truly notable in this film. Director Aleksandar Petrovic handles his picture with extreme power and precision, going from the most violent action to the subtlest of internal moods with no sense of effort. His eye for place and person is flawless.

This picture won prizes at Karlovy Vary and Pula and richly deserved them.



### 'Intimate Lighting' Czech For Festival

"Intimate Lighting," another Czech film at the Film Festival has less plot per linear foot than any feature film in memory. In fact, you could say it has no plot at all. A musician from Prague, Peter (Zdenek Bezusek), comes with his girl-friend, Stepa (Vera Kresadlova), to visit his friend Bambas (Karel Blazek) in the country.

Bambas has a house, a mother, and father, a wife, three children, an automobile, and many chickens, one of which roosts on his car. If you could call this plot, they document a family dinner, a funeral with music, a small musical quartet in the house, a late drinking bout between the two old friends Bambas and Peter, and that's about it.

What's remarkable is the human warmth that director-writer Ivan Passer has been able to put in his situations, business and performances. Following the lead of his colleague, director Milos Forman, he specializes in performers who avoid any taint of performance. Probably

most or all of them are non-professionals.

The picture is remarkably effective in its own under-played, subtle way. But if you're expecting anything much to happen, aside from those normal small

### 'Intimate Lighting'

A Czechoslovakian Film/Barrandov Studios picture Directed by Ivan Passer. Screenplay by Václav Šasek. Jaroslav Papoušek and Ivan Passer. The cast: Vera Kresadlova, Zdenek Bezusek, Jan Vostřil, Vlastimila Vítková, Karel Blážek, Jaroslav Šedra and Karel Uhlík. 71 minutes.

incidents of any day, forget it. It is enough to see and know these people. Especially please to see is Vera Kresadlova, who in real life is the wife of Milos Forman.

An ovation of equal fervor, but issuing from the throats of Godardomanes, followed the Sunday night showing of "Masculin Feminin." Reacting as an older guardist, though able to admire such films as "Breathless," "My Life to Live" and "The Married Woman," this reviewer found it an experience of stupefying wordiness. To be sure, these words did include a specific and encyclopedic listing

### 'Masculin Feminin'

An Anouchka-Aracs Films production. Directed and written by Jean-Luc Godard.

The cast: Jean-Pierre Léaud, Chantal Goya, Mariene Jocert, Michel Debord, Catherine Isabelle, Duport, Eva-Brigitte Strandberg, Birger Malmsten, Antoine Bourseiller and Brigitte Bardot. 103 minutes.

of little sex shocks: natural and unnatural practices, birth control methods, questioning of young women about their practices or lack of it, and seduction in conversation. The regularity with which these little fillips of excitement were given the vastly appreciative, giggling youthful audience became monotonous. The cut-and-dried question-and-answer form added to the monotony.

On the other hand it is true that Godard's eye has never lost its ability to light on fine-looking, very young females, some of them comparable to his wife, Karina. Chantal Goya, Marlene Jobert and Catherine Isabelle Duport can be mentioned. Brigitte Bardot herself has a cameo appearance, looking considerably older than these girlish chicks.

Since this picture opens today for its local commercial run at the Little Carnegie Theater, one should also mention that it supplies anti-Viet Nam war hoopla along with "Americans Go Home" propaganda, both of which youthful American Vietnams (Beatnik & Viet Nam) seem to embrace with fervor.

Judging from audience response these are the highs, along with the sex shocks. For the rest, the story, supposedly "very loosely based" on two stories by De Maupassant, is slender to the point of invisibility. The boy Paul, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud with an impassivity bordering on paralysis, which is a pretty accurate portrait of that type, has no trouble making you believe.

Actually this reviewer's belief never did flag. It was his interest that sank almost out of sight, but he could still hear

them continuing stubbornly to lay waste the subject, sex, that rarely does itself justice in words. This seems a clear case of youth's being wasted on the young, or else Godard is wasting both.



# Film Festival: 'Masculine Feminine' by Godard

## Gives Free-Form View of Parisian Youth

MASCULINE FEMININE, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, and produced by Anouchka-Argos-Svensk Film-Industri-Sandrews. A Royal Film International release. At the Little Carnegie, 146 West 57th Street. Running time: 103 minutes.

Paul ..... Jean-Pierre Léaud  
Madeleine ..... Chantal Goya  
Elisabeth ..... Marlène Jobert  
Robert ..... Michel Debard  
Catherine-Isabelle ..... Catherine-Isabelle Duport  
Lavinia ..... Eva-Britt Strandberg  
and  
Brigitte Bardot

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

JEAN-LUC GODARD, a reigning favorite with the New York Film Festival crowd, probably because he is the doggedest of the old new wave cinéists in France, had his first whack at the audience of this year's festival last night, with the showing of his "Masculine Feminine" in Philharmonic Hall.

He will have his next whack with the showing of his "Pierrot Le Fou" on Wednesday night, which will make him and Pier Paolo Pasolini the only directors with two films in this year's festival.

And if that doesn't give accommodation to all the eager admirers of Mr. Godard, "Masculine Feminine" may be seen at the Little Carnegie in a continuous commercial run, beginning today. For the first time in the festival's four years, one of its attractions will go into immediate release, thus taking quick advantage of whatever prestige and momentum it may gain.

The question is how much momentum "Masculine Feminine" may have, after its saturation showing to a capacity audience last night. For it is another of those peculiarly vague and elusive Godard films of the sort that he seems to be making at the rate of about two or three a year.

It gives a pretense of being a study of the mores of Parisian youth as conducted by a fuzzy-brained young fellow who becomes rather personally involved, especially with a fidgety young woman who

seems to lead him to be even more confused than he is at the outset about the attitude of French girls toward sex.

But this is just the pretense of the picture. Mainly it seems to be a movie happening, in which Mr. Godard can play whimsical and sometimes comical stunts, not leading to any clear conclusion as to the stability of youth. He himself, as a motion-picture maker, seems to have little more concentration-span than his saucy, good-looking youngsters, who evidently have none at all.

From lengthy and tedious conversation between his fellow and his girl about themselves, he will jump to scenes of youngsters demonstrating in the streets against Vietnam. In the middle of the random flow of story, he stops for a lengthy interview with a girl who holds the screen for the entire shot, sitting casually on a windowsill. (Evidently this is a put-on of cinéma vérité.) Or he turns the screen over for a long and meaningless dialogue between Brigitte Bardot and someone who is apparently a theatrical director, which has nothing to do with this film.

There are some cute things in it, especially Chantal Goya and Marlène Jobert as the most prominent females, and Jean-Pierre Léaud shows that he has grown into a handsome young fellow since he played the tough kid in "The 400 Blows." But it adds up to entertainment of only the most loose and spotty sort.

### 'Shameless Old Lady'

Anyhow, Mr. Godard's picture was not the best of the varied lot shown over the weekend in Philharmonic Hall. The best was "The Shameless Old Lady," a French film made by René Allio from a Bertolt Brecht short story, offered on Saturday night.

This is a charming, touching picture about the sudden, perky coming to life of a little old wizened grandmother after her poor, hard-working husband has died and she has been dolorously marked down as a helpless burden by her cranky, ulcerous son.

The wonderful actress Sylvie—that fragile artist with the sad and eloquent eyes and the classic, unmistakable, everybody's-grandmother face—is superb as the woman who takes on cheerfulness and strength as she slowly discovers the joys of ice-cream sundaes, department stores and association with political crackbrains and a semiprofessional prostitute.

To be sure, this is a casual little picture, sentimental and reminiscent of several others on the delicate subject of adjustment to the problems of old age. But the clearly enthusiastic reception it received should recommend it to a judicious booking in a commercial theater by Continental, which has it for release.

### 'Intimate Lighting'

Also exceptionally winning in a subtle and delicate way was the Czechoslovak film "Intimate Lighting," which was shown yesterday afternoon. It is no more than an account of a weekend visit by a big-city musician to a town and the home of an old friend at the conservatory. The friend is now settled down with his wife and children as the music director in a small-town school.

That's all it is — just a casual and credible observation of the pleasures and provocations of provincial family life, with charming intimations of the feelings of the visitor, who has openly and uncomplicatingly, brought his mistress along.

It bears a strong resem-

## Movie Also Opening at the Little Carnegie

blance in attitude and storytelling style to the festival's opening-night picture, Milos Forman's "Loves of a Blonde." And well it might, for its promising young director, Ivan Passer, worked with Mr. Forman on that film, and Vera Kresadlova, who plays the mistress, is Mr. Forman's wife.

This film, too, will receive commercial distribution, by Kassler Films.

### 'Three' and 'Roundup'

On the program with "Intimate Lighting" was a stunningly directed and photographed but harrowing and depressing Yugoslav film called "Three," which details three horrible experiences of a Yugoslav partisan during and after World War II. And shown last night was "The Roundup," a heavily stylized Hungarian film about torture and death in a 19th-century Austrian prison camp. Executioner, take it away!



# A Tense Yugo Drama

By WILLIAM PEPPER

One of the most stimulating surprises at the New York Film Festival over the weekend was an unheralded Yugoslavian film, "Three." Directed by Aleksandar Petrovic, it tells how a man is faced with death three different times in World War II Yugoslavia.

What is most notable about the film is its pictorial power and mounting tension. In the first episode, a crowd of wouldbe refugees is milling about a station waiting for a train. Our man watches with horror as three bullying soldiers turn on a hapless fellow without identification papers and shoot him as a spy.

In the second and best episode, our man, by now a soldier, is fleeing from a squad of Germans who relentlessly pursue him over hills and through swamps. He escapes but not before witnessing his companions execution in a flaming thatched hut. The power and terrible beauty of this episode are all but overwhelming.

The picture closes with a quiet, almost static sequence in which the man must approve the executions of suspected collaborationists, including a girl to whom he is obviously attracted.

On the same bill was a charming, rueful Czechoslovakian comedy, "Intimate Lighting." Using non-profession players, Ivan Passer has directed an all but plotless film about a weekend in the country.

The host is a musician and school principal with a chubby wife, two children and garrulous old parents living with him. The guest is his old schoolmate, now footloose bachelor with a pretty girlfriend.

The low-keyed humor arises from such homely events as dividing up a chicken at dinner, the bickering during a home string quartet session and the variety of snores heard at night. Despite the title, there is little or no sex.

"Intimate Lighting" may be too low-keyed and meandering for some tastes but its gentle comedy is refreshing.

"The Roundup" is an un-



VELIMIR-BATA ZINOJNOVIC  
Man on Run in "Three," Festival Entry

usual and disturbing film from Hungary. It is based on an historical incident in the 1860s when the Austrian army was rounding up Hungarian insurgents.

The locale is a prison compound set in flat, open country which director Miklos Jancso makes dramatically effective use of. The picture details an elaborate scheme by which the army tricks the prisoners into betraying and indentifying a particular group of cavalry insurgents.

What makes the film a difficult one is that the army's method in all this is not revealed until the very end. The prisoners are ordered about in an arbitrary, seemingly pointless manner.

They become bewildered and, to a degree, the audience does, too.

This Kafka-like quality is disquieting at first but grows a little irritating as it goes impenetrably on. The ending, though, is worth the wait. It comes as a stunning surprise, making clear everything that has gone before.

"The Burmese Harp" is a haunting Japanese film about a soldier's obsession with war guilt. It was directed by Kon Ichikawa, who in years past has been represented at the film festival with "Enjo" and "Alone on the Pacific."

When Japan surrenders in World War II, the soldier is in Burma trying to find his

way back to his unit and his beloved Burmese harp which he plays so well. Along the way, he encounters war dead and attempts to bury them. He also masquerades as a Buddhist monk.

His obsession with the dead causes him to become a Buddhist and refuse repatriation to Japan.

Meanwhile, the men in his old outfit desperately want him to go home with them. When nothing else works, they send him a parrot that says, "Let's go home."

Toward the end, he confronts the outfit with parrot on shoulder and as he strums his harp, they sing "Home Sweet Home" in Japanese. This sequence and a few others remind one uncomfortably of "The Sound of Music," which is hardly what one expects in serious Japanese films.

Despite these lapses into sentimentality, Ichikawa has made a moving film with an unusual theme.

## "Intimate Lighting" and "Three" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

"INTIMATE LIGHTING" A screenplay by Václav Jiráček, Jaroslav Papoušek and Ivan Passer, directed by Mr. Passer, a Czechoslovakian Film Barrandov Studios production. In Czech with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 11 minutes. With the following cast:

Stepa ..... Vera Kresadlova  
Peter ..... Zdenek Bezusek  
Grandfather ..... Jan Vozvicki  
Grandmother ..... Vlastimila Volkova  
Bambas ..... Karel Blazek  
Marus ..... Jaroslav Sledra  
The Pharmacist ..... Karel Uhlik  
A screenplay by Antonie Isakovic and Aleksander Petrovic, based on the book "The Fern and the Fire" by Mr. Isakovic, directed by Mr. Petrovic, an Avala Film, Belgrade production. A Yugoslav movie, with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 10 minutes. With the following cast:  
Milos ..... Velimir Bata Zinojnovic  
Man ..... Ali Rana  
Girl ..... Senka Velestovic  
Soldier ..... Vojta Miric

## "The Roundup" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Gyula Hernadi, directed by Miklos Jancso, a Mafilm (Budapest) production. In Hungarian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 34 minutes. With the following cast:  
Gabor ..... Janos Garbe  
Kobal ..... Tibor Molnar  
His son ..... Andras Kozak  
Torma ..... Gabor Aarady  
Veszeka ..... Zoltan Latinovits

## "The Burmese Harp" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Natto Wada, directed by Kon Ichikawa, produced by Natsuyuki Takagi, a Nikkatsu production distributed in the U. S. by Brandon Films. In Japanese with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 56 minutes. With the following cast:  
Captain Inouye ..... Rentaro Mikuni  
Private Mizushima ..... Shoji Yasu  
Defense Commander ..... Tatsuya Mihashi  
Old Woman ..... Taniye Kikabayashi  
Village Head ..... Yunosuke Ito



# Godard Entry Plotless, Formless and Hopeless

By Joseph Gelmis

"Masculine Feminine" is a plotless, fragmentary, free-form movie about the generation just turned 20 whose growing pains become the audience's agony.

The Marxist hero is in love with a come-alive-Pepsi-Generation, rock 'n roll chanteuse who's got bubbles in her head instead of brains. Midway through this scriptless chaos, a message is flashed across the screen in a typical Jean-Luc Godard aside

to the audience: "The film might be called the children of Marx and Coca Cola. Think of it what you like."

This is a film that asks the question: Can a lightheaded girl (Chantal Goya) with no political consciousness find happiness with a heavy-hearted boy in a schizophrenic society? The answer is no. To the question. To the movie.

Godard, essayist, poet, landscape painter—call him what you will—attempts to illuminate his subject with a succession of images and disconnected scenes, instead of telling his story straight through or even separating and emphasizing meaningfulness and irrelevance. What he produces is an occasional flash, like a match flaring in a dark room, not giving much useful light.

Images, relevant and irrelevant: The hero in bed with two girls, caressing his girl under the covers while their friend reads a novel. The boy and a friend painting anti-U.S. slogans on walls and on an American Army officer's car. The boy unable to communicate his love directly, making a recording of his love in an arcade recording booth. A man borrowing a match, going offstage setting himself afire, leaving an anti-Vietnam note behind. Another man threatening the hero with a knife, then committing hara kiri instead. And the young friends and lovers hypnotically watching a movie, a Godardian spoof of Ingmar Bergman's erotic "The Silence."

"Masculine Feminine" is one of two Godard movies on the New York Film Festival's program. It was shown last night and then began its regular commercial run today at a Manhattan theater.

Godard claims to have based his screenplay "very loosely" on two stories by Guy de Maupassant, a master story teller. He has taken the appealing juvenile delinquent from "The 400 Blows" (Jean-Pierre Léaud), stripped him of his useful wisdom and his victim's tenacity, and turned him into a spineless whiner who finally kills himself.

Does it all mean something? I think not, except in terms of historical process. Godard's irrational, undisciplined, amoral "Masculine Feminine" is part of the continuing international effort to promote ambiguity as a way of life, and of art.



JEAN-LUC GODARD is the most reliably uneven movie-maker alive, as well as perhaps the most prolific. Mark Twain said of New England weather that if you don't like it, wait a minute; in somewhat the same fashion, if you don't like a particular Godard movie, wait until the next one arrives in a month or so, and the chances are that you will like it very much. Since I deplore his newly arrived picture, "Masculine Feminine," I expect to be delighted by his "Pierrot le Fou," which is already waiting in the wings. "Masculine Feminine" is more talk than plot, and so tiresomely seesawlike is its minuscule action that when, from time to time, Mr. Godard tosses in a sudden, refreshing murder or suicide, we welcome it with silent cheers. I have to admit that the picture has slipped through my mind as through a sieve, but I think the main parts were played by Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

—BRENDAN GILL

New Yorker, September 19, 1966



## MOVIE SCENE

By Frances Herridge

### Japanese Work at Film Festival

"The Burmese Harp," in the N. Y. Film Festival series at Philharmonic Hall, is a slow but at times tremendously moving portrait of a Japanese soldier who turns Buddhist monk to expiate the sins and tragedy of war. Set in Burma at the time of the Japanese surrender in World War II, it is the first serious work (1956) of Kon Ichikawa, whose later "Enjo" was so well received here.

Its young soldier, a favorite of his company because he can play the harp so beautifully, is sent on one last mission before joining the others in prison camp. But shocked by the vast number of unburied dead soldiers he sees everywhere and astonished by the humanity of the conquering enemy, he feels a deep guilt in being part of the army. Instead of rejoining his men and returning to Japan, he becomes a priest, goes about burying the dead and praying for them.

There are two surprises for us—the kindly way our side is depicted, which is so unlike our war films about them, and the great sentimentality of the Japanese, their concern about each other and their love of song. Some of the most gripping scenes are their singing "Home, Sweet Home," a theme which runs throughout the film as the soldiers in prison camp hear

#### 'The Burmese Harp'

Distributed here by Brandon Films. Produced by Nasayuki Takagi. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Screenplay by Natto Wada. Cast headed by Shoji Yasui and Renfaro Mikuni. 116 minutes.

their erstwhile harpist playing it outside.

Shoji Yasui changes most convincingly into the dedicated monk. He makes you understand the self-sacrificing conviction the Buddhists have today in Viet Nam.

#### Czechoslovakia Offers Whimsical Children's Film

From Czechoslovakia comes the Festival's "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" It's a whimsical children's movie done with taste and charm and with the latest animagic effects.

Its two adorable nursery school boys, disappointed because their class trip is canceled, go on one of their own through the city. Their young imaginations create all kinds of fanciful adventures from paint-

#### 'Do You Keep a Lion At Home?'

Distributed here by Walter Manley Enterprises. Produced by Ceskoslovensky Filmexport. Directed by Pavel Hobi. Screenplay by Shella Ochova and Bohumil Sobotka. Cast includes Ladislav Ocanasek, Josef Filip and Olga Machoninova. 81 minutes.

ing helicopters that really fly to freeing the prisoners of a wizard living inside a fountain. There may be too little fast action and too much singing for young audiences here, but this is a refreshing change.

#### Hungarian Work:

##### 'The Roundup'

The Festival's film, "The Roundup," by Hungarian director Miklos Jancso is funereal slow, confusing to follow and only sporadically exciting. It's the grim story of how the Austrian army in the 19th century caught and punished a group of

#### 'The Roundup'

Produced by MAFILM. Directed by Miklos Jancso. Screenplay by Gyula Hernadi. Cast includes Janos Gabor, Tibor Molnar, Andras Kozak, Gabor Agardy and Zoltan Latinovits. 94 minutes.

Hungarian insurgents. Its novelty is the use of psychological tricks by the prison camp officers to discover which of the victims were actually the rebels and their leader. They hinted freedom for those who told on their each other, or they tortured a girlfriend to make a member of the group reveal

himself, and they finally trapped the whole band through pride.

The trouble is that it's difficult to know just what is happening as the camera relentlessly and painstakingly follows the various prisoners around, sometimes to no apparent purpose. And not enough character is established to care much one way or the other.



# A Jolting Hunt from Spain And a Russian Folk Legend

By WILLIAM PEPPER  
World Journal Tribune Staff

Last night Spain sent the New York Film Festival the most jolting film of the season. Entitled "La Caza" (The Hunt), it is the work of Carlos Saura, a 34-year-old disciple of Luis Bunuel.

It is a harsh, often brutal film about four men on a rabbit-hunting expedition. Three of them are old friends who fought on the Franco side in the Spanish Civil War. The fourth is a youngster.

Their ostensible friendship dissolves into hatred as they take their hostility out on the rabbits. Here director Saura details all the cruellest aspects of the hunt, including a little shocker wherein a ferret attacks a rabbit in its hole.

In the end, the hunters kill each other and somehow the spectator is not surprised.

The festival program states that film is not really about a rabbit hunt but rather about the Spanish Civil War. With this in mind, the moviegoer can get very confused looking for such parallels because there aren't any.

After the press showing yesterday, Saura explained that his film has only an indirect reference to the war in that the men are products of it. That's all.

It is a study of violence among men bred on war.

## "The Hunt" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Angelino Fons and Carlos Saura, directed by Mr. Saura, produced by Elias Querejeta, an Elias Querejeta production. In Spanish with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 33 minutes. With the following cast:

|              |                         |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| Jose.....    | Ismael Merle            |
| Paco.....    | Alfredo Mayo            |
| Luis.....    | Jose Marie Prado        |
| Enrique..... | Enrico Gullerrez Cabo   |
| Juan.....    | Fernando Sanchez Polack |
| Nina.....    | Violeta Garcia          |

There is no glamor in Saura's violence, no glorying in its sadism. It is just bald and ugly.

Though the movie is superbly directed and acted, it has one major flaw as shown here. The English subtitles are stilted and jarring to the mood of the film, particularly interior monologues.

There were two shorts on the bill, the American "Pop Show" and the French "Escargots." They are both excellent and, as the program says, "undescribable."

## "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Ivan Chende and Sergei Paradjanov, based on a novel by M. Katsubinsky, directed by Mr. Paradjanov, a Dovzhenko Studios (Kiev) production, distributed by Artkino Pictures. In Russian with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 40 minutes. With the following cast:

|               |                     |
|---------------|---------------------|
| Ivan.....     | Ivan Nikolichuk     |
| Marichka..... | Larisa Kedachnikova |
| Palagana..... | Tatiana Bestev      |
| Yurko.....    | Spartak Bagashvili  |

### RUSSIAN ENTRY

The other festival film last night, the Russian entry, "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors," is the folk legend to end all folk legends.

Daringly conceived and lavishly produced, the film attempts to bring a new dimension to a rustic legend and it starts out promisingly.

A kind of Carpathian Romeo and Juliet are gamboling in the woods swearing undying love, to the dismay of their feuding parents. Their idyll is presented in swirling color photography that is most exhilarating.

Then the girl is accidentally killed in a storm and the rest of the film is, in effect, one long torch song on the part of the hero. He eventually marries but ignores his wife. She turns to other men and he is killed chasing a vision of his lost love.

After awhile the endless folk dirges becomes oppressive and the camera work seems self-conscious and literally dizzying. As for the hero, he's a pitiable bore whose demise comes as a great relief.

The director of the film, Sergei Paradjanov, is new to us, obviously talented and very, very Russian.

The short, "The Hand," is by the Czechoslovakian puppetmaker, Jiri Traka. It is a brilliantly executed fable about a tiny puppet artist who refuses to be ruled by the great white hand. It deserves a prize.



# Film Festival: 'The Hunt'

Powerful Spanish Drama Touches On Civil War—2 Other Movies Shown

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

SPAIN, which has not been represented heretofore at the New York Film Festival, turned up with a strong, surprising entry at Philharmonic Hall last night. It was Carlos Saura's penetrating and increasingly violent "The Hunt," which should give the New York cinema intelligentsia a new regard for filmmaking in Spain.

What is surprising about it is that it cloaks in its lean and cruel account of quarreling and ultimate murdering among four men on a routine rabbit hunt a cynical innuendo of what has happened to some middle-aged men of the generation that fought for Franco in the Spanish Civil War. And this has not only been permitted, but it also has been allowed to be shown outside Spain, where film production and distribution are firmly controlled by the Government.

To be sure, the average outsider might not immediately perceive in the seemingly non-descript environment and the accumulating details of the hunt all the subtle hints and signals that colloquially identify these men as veteran Falangists and their background as the civil war.

But any Spaniard familiar with his nation's history and geography should recognize the dry and barren region in which these sportsmen arrive in a jeep for a few days of rabbit-shooting as an area southwest of Madrid where some of the bitterest battles of the civil war were fought.

Any Spaniard should catch in a twinkling the significance in the fact that one of the men is nursing (or favoring) an old wound, that another is carrying a pistol of the type that the Germans used in the civil war and yet another is revealed as having good connections with the Government. These men are Franco veterans—all except the youngest in the group, who is evidently the son of a veteran and they are stricken with morbidity.

This is the daring implication that Mr. Saura has to make: That men who have enjoyed some successes, have evidently lived comfortably

(able to indulge themselves in hunting) are now bitter, degenerate and cruel, suspicious and distrustful of one another, avid to shoot and kill—or, as in the case of one of them, to withdraw in a mood of jealousy and hate.

Mr. Saura imparts his drama—his allegory, as it were, of war and of men fighting against their brothers—in some horrifyingly realistic scenes of men handling guns, shooting rabbits as the terrified creatures scurry up the hills, basking in the sun, grimly quarreling and finally blasting away at one another in frenzied duels. Tension grows, violence trembles and finally disaster bursts.

"The Hunt" is a powerful picture, and it merits further showing here.

## Forgotten Ancestors'

The late show at the festival last evening was an unusual Ukrainian film, "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors," which was made in 1964 to celebrate the 100th birthday anniversary of the Ukrainian novelist, Michalo Kotsiubinsky, from one of whose books this film was made.

It is a colorfully staged and photographed presentation of a folk-tale tragedy all about a handsome peasant who loves and loses one beautiful girl, marries another, but cannot get over the girl he initially loved. Its principal asset as motion picture is the brilliant reproduction of ancient customs and traditional sentiments. It also has a spectacular and abundant musical score that carries much more emotion than the actors convey.

## 'The Hand'

On the bill with the latter was Jiri Trnka's Czechoslovak puppet film, "The Hand." It is a stunning little picture about a happy, independent artisan who is besieged and finally driven to distraction by a persistently giant hand.

This is another picture that has surprisingly political overtones. The festival did rather nicely by the protesters in one night.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1966

# 'Shadows of Ancestors' At the Lincoln Center

"Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors" (Tini Zabutikh Predikiv), the Russian film of the Festival, shows strong outside influences. The technique is extremely fluid. They move so much, and the camera with them, while intervening out-of-focus objects (trees, leaves, grass, etc.) skip by that you are frequently caught up in film rhythms used to accompany a very powerful musical score. The description of the entire film as tone-poem would not be far from the mark, but one must also note classic outlines of plot: a Romeo and Juliet star-crossed love in which enemy families doom Ivan (Ivan Nikolaichuk) and Marichka (Larisa Kadichnikova) to tragedy.

The picture's antique, Russian peasant background and impressive costuming add rich sights to the sounds that have already been mentioned.

The picture looks fine, sounds musically advanced, and is certainly a thing of rare technical virtuosity to be com-

## 'Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors'

An Artkino Pictures release. A Dovzhenko Studios film. Directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Screenplay by Ivan Chendey and Paradjanov. Novel by M. Kotsiubinsky. The cast: Ivan Nikolaichuk, Larisa Kadichnikova, Tatiana Besteva, and Spartak Bagahsvili. 100 minutes.

ing out of Russia. The performers are first-rate, the director, Sergei Paradjanov, equal to the task of sustaining this pounding, elegiac air from beginning to end.

Such brilliance, however, ends by overwhelming the spectator. It is such a show that it loses a portion of its reality. A choice is open to the audience, either to admire it as a tour de force or accept its tragedy despite the distracting decoration. Certainly it's a unique Soviet film and an unusual one by any set of measurements, and a darling of Festivals at Mar del Plata, San Francisco, Montreal and NYC.

A Czech short puppet film by Jiri Trnka, "The Hand," continues his fine record of imaginative and effective film work.

## Powerful Spanish Work At the Film Festival

The N.Y. Film Festival's "The Hunt," directed by Spain's Carlos Saura, is on the surface merely a Sunday hunt for rabbits by four friends. But from the beginning, the holiday mood is troubled by disturbing indications of the spiritual sickness in the three older men.

We are soon repelled, yet held, by the barely-repressed violence and sadism, the suspicion and jealousy each feels about the

other, the bleakness of their lives, their selfish motives, their worry about age and failure, and the barren ugliness of the hunting site.

The site was a former hideout of the insurgents during the Spanish Civil War, and the comparison between the Fascists flushing out the rebels and the shooting of the defenseless rabbits is apparent.

It is also obvious that these men are the product of Spain today. And before the end of the

## 'The Hunt'

Produced by Elias Querejeta. Directed by Carlos Saura. Screenplay by Angelino Font and Carlos Saura. Cast headed by Ismael Merlo, Alfredo Mayo, Jose Marie Prada, Emilio Gutierrez Caba, Fernando Sanchez Polack, Violeta Garcia. 93 min.

day, the killing of rabbits erupts into far greater violence.

This is a powerful film as it builds steadily in an overwhelming effect. It becomes sheer relief to go outside into our comparatively benign and lovely New York.

FRANCES HERRIDGE



# Film Festival: Some Soul-Searching

## Bunuel Enlists Lovely Devil in 'Simon'

By A. H. WEILER

THE fourth New York Film Festival, not especially extraordinary or surprising up to this point, kept its record intact with the showing last night of Luis Buñuel's "Simon of the Desert" and the Belgian feature, "The Man With the Shaven Head." These are highly stylized efforts, whose approach is labyrinthine and whose appeal seems limited to the dedicated who dote on mystical movies.

The Mexican-made effort of Mr. Buñuel, who is a Spaniard, is in the genre of some of his previous satiric and slightly surrealistic gibes at organized religion. In this comparatively short (44-minute) subject, he treats of the trials of the bearded St. Simon Stylites, who chose to stand on a pillar in the desert to do penance in serving God.

His temptations, in the guise of the doubting religious and the laity as well as Satan, who is seen as a delectably attractive girl, played in broad style by Silvia Pinal, are effected with obvious strokes. St. Simon, portrayed by Claudio Brook as a gaunt, but somewhat gullible rustic, is given an opportunity to lampoon and forget prayers, to bring about a miracle and



Claudio Brook

finally to witness the modern skyscraper - and - discothèque world in the company of a swinging Satan, a happening that seems to indicate that faith and reason are lost causes.

Mr. Buñuel's intentions are clear but "Simon of the Desert" appears to be more of a work in progress than a fully realized dramatization of an important thesis.

"The Man With the Shaven Head" has the thin distinction of being the first Belgian feature to be screened at these annual festivals. The

## Belgium Makes Debut With 'Shaven Head'

initial work of André Delvaux, a director new to American moviegoers, it is a moody, often garrulous, disjointed evocation of a married teacher and, later, a law clerk, whose secret love for one of his pupils ends in disaster for both when she confesses she, too, has loved him but has had liaisons with other men.

The Flemish dialogue and English subtitles make it plain that Mr. Delvaux and Senne Rouffaer, as the anguished lover, and the Polish actress, Beata Tyszkiewicz, whom he adores from afar, harp too much on their romantic pains and tribulations. A viewer is befogged by philosophical and mystical allusions long before Mr. Delvaux arrives at a somewhat amorphous ending to his psychological and, occasionally, melodramatic story. Excessive soul-searching beclouds the simple truths he and his players circuitously try to project.

Also shown in Philharmonic Hall at 6:30 P.M. yesterday was "Pearls on the Ground," a Czechoslovak feature composed of five different stories and scripts by Bohumil Hrabal, which were directed by Jiri Menzel, Jan Nemec, Ewald Schorm, Vera Chytilova and Jaromil Jires.

VARIETY

Wednesday, September 28, 1966

## At N.Y. Film Fest

### De Man Die Zijn Haar Kort Liet Knippen

(The Man Who Got His Hair Cut Short)

(BELGIAN)

A Belgian National Ministry of Education Production with Senne Rouffaer, Beata Tyszkiewicz, Hector Camerlynck, Directed by André Delvaux. Screenplay by Anna de Pagter and Delvaux, from novel by Johan Daisne. Photography, Ghislain Cloquet; editor, Suzanne Baron; music, Freddy Devreese. At N.Y. Film Festival. Running Time, 80 MINS. Govert Miereveld ..... Senne Rouffaer Fran ..... Beata Tyszkiewicz Professor Mato ..... Hector Camerlynck

Though it ran roughly twice as long as "Simon of the Desert," with which it was paired at N.Y. Film Festival, this rarity, a Flemish-language film, was billed beneath the Luis Buñuel entry and was given a short shrift in the advance publicity.

This is as it should have been, since the film translated on fest programs as "The Man With the Shaven Head," was perhaps the least admired of the 28 entries, and it was roundly booed and heckled for at least its final half.

It's the story of a middle-aged, married schoolteacher who gets a crush on one of his students, but fails to tell her about it until he encounters her years later after she's become a famous chanteuse. It's also encrusted throughout with endless philosophical discourse and endless closeups of our hero in anguish, or walking hither and yon through the metaphysical void.

Some festival-goers seemed to think that it might be as profound as it comes on, and that its agonizingly slow pace made some sort of a point. This reviewer agreed with the majority, who seemed to think it was a pretentious bore from beginning to end, and that there was virtually nothing in the way of visual interest to keep one

from dreamland during all the high-flown talk and pedestrian meandering. Indeed, one was grateful when the giggling started, since it was then possible to keep awake.

Otherwise, the only things of interest were Miss Tyszkiewicz, who is a tasty dish, and two sequences: one a chilling autopsy (you don't see the body, but you do see the pathologists slicing and wrenching about) and the other, the haircut of the title (which was a sensual experience but didn't seem to have much to do with the rest of the picture). Senne Rouffaer's performance in the title role was more than adequate, considering the fact that most of the time he was required to adopt an attitude of trancelike misery. As for André Delvaux's direction, it has been adequately covered in the comments above.

Gold.



# Bunuel Turns To Laughter

By WILLIAM PEPER

Luis Bunuel has puzzled and shocked people with films like "Viridiana" and "Exterminating Angel" but he was never accused of making people laugh. Last night he surprised and fractured the film festival audience at Philharmonic Hall with his latest, "Simon of the Desert."

He is telling a mocking, irreverent tale of Saint Simon, who is perched atop a 30-foot-high pillar in the desert doing penance, living on lettuce and resisting temptation. The devil, a voluptuous woman, appears in various disguises trying to lure him into sin. She calls him mop-head.

He miraculously restores the chopped-off hands of a thief but gets no thanks for it. He forgets the ends of prayers and absent-mindedly asks, "Now who can I bless?"

A wily monk tries to prove Simon is a fraud and a passing stranger tells him, "Your penance is of little use to man."

The devil finally tempts him into going with her to a witches' sabbath. A jet plane appears and takes them to a discotheque in New York.

Bunuel, who was Jesuit-educated, has always been rough on organized religion. In "Simon of the Desert," he has finally learned to laugh at it.

A welcome innovation in this era of interminable movies.

And speaking of interminable movies, the companion

## "The Man with the Shaven Head" and "Simon Del Desierto" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

"SIMON OF THE DESERT." A screenplay written and directed by Luis Bunuel, a Gustavo Alatriste Production. A.C. in Spanish with English subtitles. Running time: 44 minutes. With the following cast:  
Simon ..... Claudio Brook  
The Devil ..... Silvia Pinal

"THE MAN WITH THE SHAVEN HEAD." A screenplay by Anna de Poper and Andre Delvaux, from the novel by Johan Daisne, directed by Mr. Delvaux, a Ministere de l'Education Nationale, B.R.T. production. In Flemish with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 30 minutes. With the following cast:  
Govert Miereveld .... Senne Rouffier  
Fran ..... Beata Tyszkiewicz  
Professor Moto .... Hector Camerlynck

piece last night was a Belgian entry, "The Man With the Shaven Head," a windy and pretentious attempt at a psychological thriller. The central situation has possibilities. A schoolteacher is desperately in love with one of his pupils but he never approaches her. Years later he meets her again and discovers she was and is a wanton.

Director Andre Delvaux develops this situation with such tedious detail and somber philosophizing that suspense hasn't a chance.



## Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER WINSTEN

### A Bunuel Beauty Arrives

One of the better Bunuels, which also makes it one of the best Film Festival items, "Simon of the Desert," arrived last night with "De Man Die Zijn Haar Kort Liet Knippen" (The Man With the Shaven Head), a film that was rudely received with derisive laughter by the audience.

The latter film was program-described as a "psychological thriller—with metaphysical overtones." It is a first from Belgium, and its director Andre Delvaux is not well-known. To this observer the laughter seemed not thoroughly justified, but there's no denying that the picture moved with leaden feet through sequences of lovelorn melancholy, laced with corpse dissection, and fetched up in weird combinations of sex theory, mysticism and insanity.

There was no unanimity among observers as to what, precisely, had happened at the end, or the exact point at which insanity did intrude. These points might be cleared up by a second and closer inspection, but it seems unlikely that many would really feel like doing it. It is not a fascinating picture, though it does come up with some original fancies, not to mention invisible transitions.

"Simon of the Desert" is Bunuel in his irreverent, straight-faced mood. He has found himself a fine Simon in Claudio Brook, and his imagination is working on all cylinders as he tempts Simon with fleshy transformations of the Devil played by Silvia Pinal.

When they end up in a NYC frug-monkey-swim dive, the comparison with scenes of some classic Hell is not at all far-fetched.

The picture is very short, a mere 40 minutes, but its impact is hard, and very much to each point as it is made and hammered home.

### 'De Man Die Zijn Haar Kort Liet Knippen' (The Man With the Shaven Head)

Directed by Andre Delvaux. Screenplay by Anna de Poper and Delvaux. Novel by Johan Daisne. The cast: Senne Rouffier, Beata Tyszkiewicz and Hector Camerlynck. 90 minutes.

### 'Simon del Desierto' (Simon of the Desert)

A Gustavo Alatriste film. Directed and written by Luis Bunuel. The cast: Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal. 40 minutes.

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1966 64



# Imperfect 'Pearls' From Prague

By JUDITH CRIST

World Journal Tribune Staff

"Pearls on the Ground," the fourth Czech feature to be shown at the Film Festival, proves at very least that not all the Prague product is perfect. After the superb work we have seen from that country, it is, perhaps, salutary (if only for our chauvinistic egos) to see that there too there are banal and pretentious young movie-makers working side by side with men of talent and taste.

This omnibus film, in fact, runs a quality gamut of its own with the five parts—each by the same author but with a different director—ranging from the pointless to the ordinary to the possible. The possible is the final segment, "Romance," which was more successfully shown as a separate short at the Montreal Festival in August; as

the final part of the feature it somehow sags into a haphazard attempt to capture the simple charm and perceptive realism of Milos Forman's "Loves of a Blonde" or Ivan Passer's "Intimate Lighting."

The fault may well lie in Bohumil Hrabal's screen adaptation of his own short stories. Much of the humor, satire and shock derives from a character's narration. In the opening episode, "Mr. Balthazar's Death," we attend, in cinema verite fashion, a motorcycle race, while fans compare tall stories about the bloody climaxes they have witnessed in the past and an old man recalls a bar girl's reactions to Mozart. The race is both lyrical and lusty before its fatal moment, but the spectators are unscathed and the stories go on—just as the film has gone on and on, well past its point.

## "Pearls on the Ground"

Philharmonic Hall  
Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Bohumil Hrabal, from his own five short stories, a Czechoslovakian Film production. In Czech with English sub-titles. Running time: One hour and 47 minutes. With the following directors: Jiri Menzel, Jan Nemec, Vera Chytilova, Edwald Schorm and Jaromil Jires.

The same infatuation-with-sound-of-own-characters is apparent in the second segment, "The Impostors," with two ancients in a hospital tall-taling each other to death and the question remaining open as to who the real impostors among us are. It is a naive segment, its naïveté echoed by the third piece, "The House of Happiness," a color sequence about a goat-slaughterer who paints his fantasies.

In "The Snackbar World," the one woman in the directorial quintet, Vera Chytilova, attempts both realism and surrealism but achieves neither despite all the jumbled devices at hand—a girl suicide in the lavatory, a bridal party broken up by the groom's arrest, the bride's search for wedding-night

company, an artist babbling on about the suicide pact he and his girl projected, the bride and the artist whirling away in a macabre dance on a windswept hill.

In "Romance," Jaromil Jires does achieve a certain charm in his portrait of very young love between a doltish plumber's apprentice and an enchanting gypsy. Their rambling through city streets, the girl's quicksilver babbling about gypsy traditions, her womanly assurances that being a plumber is better than being Fanfan (the high wayman) and the boy's helplessness and affection under her spell are all delightful. But eventually, in the context of the over-all film, Mr. Jires' enthusiasm for all that is in their path and around them proves tiresome.

The Festival brochure terms "Pearls on the Ground" an "authentic sampler of Czech film-making today." Fortunately we have had better and more generous samples thereof.

NEW YORK POST, September 19, 1966

## 'Perlicky Na Dne' Also at Festival

"Perlicky Na Dne" (Pearls on the Ground) is a Czech omnibus film of five parts, five directors, five different casts, all of them working on five short stories from one author, Bohumil Hrabal. Festival guides describe it as "unusual lives of quite ordinary people." The first story carries a family group to a motorcycle race at which a cyclist is killed. Everyone is a character. The race itself is full of audience color. The second

presents a couple of boastful old men in a hospital. The third shows us a primitive painter, and wife, and the insurance salesman who are flabbergasted by them. The fourth, goes into a snackbar where a girl's corpse has been found in the icebox.

The fifth, named "Romance," dealt with a gypsy girl's seduction of a longhaired boy.

The determination of these young directors to penetrate the oddities of Czech character is commendable. When you measure them against the more solid achievements of Milos Forman or Ivan Passer, they fall short. They are on their way but haven't quite arrived.

## 'Perlicky Na Dne' (Pearls On The Ground)

A Czechoslovakian Film/Narrandov Studios picture. Directed by Jiri Menzel, Jan Nemec, Edwald Schorm, Vera Chytilova, and Jaromil Jires. The casts: Pavla Marsalkova, Ferdinand Kriz, Jan Pech, Alois Vachek, Milos Cernachy, Frantisek Havel, Josef Heli, Václav Zak, Josefa Pechlátova, Ivan Vyskocil, Vladimir Boudnik, Vera Mrazkova, Alžběta Lastovkova, Karel Jerabek and Dana Valtova. 107 minutes.



# New Wave, Old Hat, Ho Hum

By JUDITH CRIST

World Journal Tribune Staff

"Pierrot Le Fou," the second Godard movie shown at the Film Festival, demonstrates how banal and just plain boring the nouvelle vague can be when it becomes vieux chapeau. Its few saving moments are provided by Jean-Paul Belmondo, who does a couple of vaudeville routines along the incoherent way.

The entire film—in exquisite color—is a collection of routines from a variety of sources, chief among them Godard's own repertoire. But despite his preoccupation with Viet Nam and a newer crop of commercials, it indicates at best arrested development in both intellectual content and technique. One realizes now that the other Godard Festival film, "Masculine Feminine," owed much of its appeal to its dealing with adolescents; there for once there was a meeting of the minds on both sides of the camera.

## "Pierrot Le Fou" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Jean-Luc Godard, based on the novel "Obsession" by Lionel White, directed by Mr. Godard, a Rome-Paris Film (Paris)/Dino de Laurentiis (Rome) production. In French with English subtitles. Running time: One hour and 50 minutes. With the following cast:

|                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Marianne            | ..... Anna Karina        |
| Ferdinand           | ..... Jean-Paul Belmondo |
| Marianne's brother  | ..... Dirk Sanders       |
| The man on the pier | ..... Raymond Devos      |
| Ferdinand's wife    | ..... Grazietta Galvani  |
| Gangster            | ..... Roger Dutoit       |
| The dwarf           | ..... Hans Meyer         |
| Mme. Stualet        | ..... Jimmy Karoubi      |
| 2nd brother         | ..... Christa Nell       |
| 3rd brother         | ..... Pascal Aubier      |
|                     | ..... Pierre Hanlin      |

In this film Godard is concerned with an ex-Spanish teacher ex-TV director who leaves his wealthy wife and offspring in favor of the baby sitter, a former true love. Off they plunge into a life of parodies of American gangster movies, Robinson Crusoe and, wittingly or otherwise, De Broca-Belmondo movies, all well laced with anti-American and anti-mass-media cracks.

If a couple of teen-agers

were so preoccupied there might be a freshness, gaiety and youthful spirit to excuse the absence of wit or wisdom. But Belmondo at best is deadpan-tolerant of his role, approaching it prosaically and soaring only when doing fine bits of impersonation, including a dandy as an aging author (you name him) who intends to out-Ulysses Joyce. And Anna Karina, while lovely as ever to look at, is ever more the near-tragedian as she tries to clown it up vocally or theatrically. The vocal part, incidentally, is Godard's plunge into the "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" routine with a couple of songs that are as dreary in sound as they are uninspired in translation. One line about "our merry mingled bodies" is typical.

Godard's problem is that he derides the cliché world in clichés. His cocktail-party characters who converse with advertising slogans use brighter and better verbiage than his romantic protagon-



JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO  
Vaudeville Routines

ists who trade tritisms even when they're not tediously aping Batman or the cinema-of-the-Thirties cult. They suffer from the intellectual indigestion inherent in Godardism—for example, the "Appointment in Samarra" epigraph is retold so that the point is lost entirely; the heroine is named Marianne Renoir so that bits of Renoir paintings can be flashed on screen along with comic-strip characters; if the girl calls the boy "Paul" he then calls her "Virginia" and the "in" thing to do is snicker madly.

Typical of the high style of wit is the girl calling the boy "Pierrot" because she thinks of him, in Au Claire de la lune terms, as "mon ami Pierrot"; every time she calls him Pierrot he says "My name is Ferdinand." And this goes on through every one of the various chapters into which Godard, as always, has divided his film. Hilarious. And if you don't think so, don't disillusion the kiddies next to you who are lapping up these brilliants.

"Pierrot Le Fou" is strictly for those who have never seen a Godard film and want to see one for all—and, of course, for the cult. The non-cultist, who has been waiting for the glimmer of feeling and understanding, for the warmth and intellectual revelation that should come with maturity, will be, to say the least, disappointed.

## "A Woman of Affairs" and "The Cheat" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS." A screenplay by Bess Meredyth, based on the novel "The Green Hat" by Michael Arlen, directed by Clarence Brown, presented by MGM. Running time: One hour and 30 minutes. With the following cast:

|              |                             |
|--------------|-----------------------------|
| Diana        | ..... Greta Garbo           |
| Neville      | ..... John Gilbert          |
| Hugh         | ..... Lewis Stone           |
| David        | ..... John Mack Brown       |
| Geoffrey     | ..... Douglas Fairbanks Jr. |
| Sir Montague | ..... Hobart Bosworth       |
| Constance    | ..... Dorothy Sebastian     |

"The Cheat." A screenplay by Hector Turnbull, directed and produced by Cecil B. DeMille, presented by Famous Players/Lasky/Paramount. Running time: 42 minutes. With the following cast:

|             |                      |
|-------------|----------------------|
| Edith Hardy | ..... Fannie Ward    |
| Dick Hardy  | ..... Jack Dean      |
| Tarl        | ..... Sammie Haskawa |

to give a semblance of reality to this claptrap and occasionally succeeds.

"A Woman of Affairs" was a perfect choice for sentimental film buffs, good enough and bad enough in all the right places.

Cecil B. DeMille's 1915 feature, "The Cheat," was also on the bill. A spokesman for Eastman House Museum, owner of the print, said an effort was being made to establish DeMille's reputation as an artist and not just as a money maker.

The hottest ticket at the film festival over the weekend was undoubtedly for the 1929 silent movie, "A Woman of Affairs," with Greta Garbo. The packed house gave cheers to the incomparable Garbo on the screen and affectionate laughter to some of the dramatic foolishness of the period.

A bowdlerized version of the sensational 1920s best-seller, "The Green Hat," the film has Garbo playing a madcap heiress whose love affair with John Gilbert cannot end in marriage because her stuffy father disapproves of her. She marries John Mack Brown who commits suicide when his embezzling is brought to light.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. plays Garbo's brother who blames her for Brown's suicide and drinks himself to death. Director Clarence Brown tries



# Film Festival: By Godard

'Pierre le Fou' Shown  
at Philharmonic Hall

By BOSLEY CROWTHER

JEAN-LUC Godard dropped his other shoe at the fourth New York Film Festival last night. His second film to be shown—his much-talked-about "Pierre le Fou" ("Peter the Crazy")—was a wet night's sole attraction in Philharmonic Hall. The other film scheduled for the evening, Jean Renoir's 1931 drama, "La Chienne" ("The Bitch"), had been canceled.

The splash caused by Mr. Godard's picture was minor compared with the splashing outside, for it turned out to be a synthetic, repetitious and overlong account of the rambles of two highly elastic lovers who can't make up their minds.

The fellow, played by Jean-Paul Belmondo, appears rather gone on the girl; but she, played by Anna Karina, keeps bouncing away from him. Thus they bounce a bit around Paris, until the fellow tosses up his job as a television director. Then they go to the Riviera, where they do a bit of indecisive bouncing around Toulon and St. Tropez.

Since the film is in excellent color, the sight-seeing is good, and that includes some sight-seeing of Miss Karina, whom Mr. Godard photographs lovingly and with great care. But the curious identification of the young woman as a secret consort of criminals and the custodian of a corpse she is compelled to dispose of, intrudes a hint of cryptic symbolism that is unresolved and thus obscure. Of course, this is not uncommon in a Godard film.

Also there are intimations that the young man, a blunt



Jean-Paul Belmondo

and stupid sort, has romantic illusions about his relations with the girl. He visions themselves as lovers ranging all the way from the Paul and Virginia of Jean Jacques Rousseau to the melodramatic couples in contemporary comic strips.

The concept is mildly amusing, but is not sufficient to sustain the almost two hours of rambling that the couple do. A song or two by Mr. Belmondo, rendered in an unmelodic voice, and some tossed-in impersonations of vulgar Americans seemed to amuse the Godard worshipers in the audience, but the morsels of entertainment were few and far between.

Once again, as in his entry last Sunday, "Masculine Feminine," he fails to build up any feeling for his people. They are just types in an insistently specified film.



## Reviewing Stand

By ARCHER  
WINSTEN

### 'Pierrot Le Fou' At NYC Festival

"Pierrot Le Fou," second of Jean-Luc Godard's film romps found in the currently ending Festival, is in his characteristic vein, which is to say that he is thumbing his nose at convention.

Never mind whether it gets much of a story told. Never mind if it's more distraction than aid. The plain facts are that Raoul Coutard's photography, in color, on the Riviera, is sensational. And Anna Karina has never looked prettier. And Jean-Paul Belmondo has never behaved in more irresponsible fashion.

So there's certainly enough to look at. The shortcoming seems to be in the continuity department where screenplay author Jean-Luc Godard has let director Jean-Luc Godard have his own way with Lionel White's vel, "Obsession."

### 'Pierrot Le Fou'

A Rome-Paris-Film/Dino de Laurentis production. Produced by Georges de Bauregard. Directed and written by Jean-Luc Godard. Novel by Lionel White. The cast: Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina, Dirk Sanders, Raymond Devos, Graciella Calvani, Roger Dutoit, Hans Meyer, Jimmy Karoubi, Christa Nell, Pascal Aubier and Pierre Hanin. 110 minutes.

This Belmondo falls in love with Karina, takes a car, steals gas, and away they go to the great outdoors where blue water, blue skies, white clouds, sunshine, sand and nature are in good supply. For a while they get along. Then they don't.

Before anything can be settled they're both killed.

It has been suggested by the Festival management that the plot doesn't tell a story. Check. That it does express a philosophy. Perhaps, but if this is a philosophy, give me spinach. Somewhere along the line your reviewer has this irresistible tendency to give up, even though Anna Karina is so wonderful to watch and Jean-Paul Belmondo still moves like an athlete.



# Trite, Instant Psychoanalysis

By WILLIAM PEPER

World Journal Tribune Staff

The small but ardent band of admirers of Vittorio de Seta's "Bandits of Orgosolo" had their faith put to a tortuous test with his new film, "Almost a Man," at the film festival last night.

From the trials of a simple peasant in the earlier film, de Seta has moved on to the sophisticated psychological problems of a writer. The new atmosphere has proved too heady for him.

The writer is plainly headed for a nervous breakdown when he can no longer write or maintain relationships and has taken to watching lovers in the park. When electric shock treatment doesn't help, he goes back to the family home to recall his formative years.

He wanders through a series of artfully constructed, ravishingly photographed flashbacks. But from this pictorial splendor, we get only banal revelations.

His mother, of course, is revealed as the cause of his troubles. "Why can't you be more like your brother?" she asks. He'd like nothing better because his brother is a handsome war hero and a devil with the girls. When

## "ALMOST A MAN" PHILHARMONIC HALL LINCOLN CENTER

A screenplay by Vittorio de Seta, Vera Gherarducci and Fabio Carpi; directed and produced by Mr. de Seta. In Italian with English subtitles. Running time: Two hours. With the following cast:

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Michele .....     | Jacques Perrin   |
| His mother .....  | Lea Padovani     |
| His brother ..... | Gianfranco Garko |
| Marina .....      | Rosemary Dexter  |
| Elena .....       | Ilaria Occhini   |

his brother is accidentally killed, his neurosis comes into full bloom.

This kind of instant psychoanalysis may be the hot new thing in Italy but it's a cliché over here.

The telling of this trite tale is agonizingly slow because de Seta and his cameraman, Dario di Palma, cannot bear to let go of any of their admittedly beautiful photography. Each scene goes on and on.

Jacques Perrin looks anguished and haggard as the writer, Lea Padovani is properly ferocious as the mother and Rosemary Dexter is lovely as the girl both brothers want.

"Diagram," the three-minute Polish short, is forgettable.

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

September 23, 1966

## The Roots of Torment

IN "Almost a Man," Vittorio de Seta has projected such a keen, quicksilver flow of dazzling imagery that the New York Film Festival's second-to-last feature was a stunning eyeful for every one of its 120 minutes. As a highly introspective drama of a tormented man searching out the roots of an enveloping psychosis, it also rings true. The catch—to him and to the picture—is what ails him.

In the final reel, even as the director steps up the swirl of visual brilliance, the brooding hero relives his home years, crushed by a steely mother and by the theft of his girl by his war-hero brother. Fair enough for a source of lingering sexual inadequacy. But this final reve-

lation is neither new nor especially provocative, and Mr. de Seta redundantly spells it all out. This is a climactic damper for an otherwise interesting tour de force, hanging on fragmentary suggestion.

Even so, the Italian writer-director-producer is a born moviemaker, who can hypnotically hook the viewer. And his second feature, though seriously flawed, remains far more complex and interesting than the acclaimed "Bandits of Orgosolo," with its spare, modern documentary style.

The film opens with a

## 'Almost a Man' Shows de Seta's Virtuosity

close-up of the young protagonist, played by Jacques Perrin, brooding in a leafy glade and idly watching a group of limber teen-agers. In bits and pieces and in random images later made meaningful, the picture moves back in time, exploring the landscape of his self-destructive tendencies. A writer of sorts, the hero is frozen at his typewriter keys, dourly reliving his rejection by a vivacious brunette, Ilaria Occhini, and in numbed desperation after electric-shock treatment.

But in inching Mr. Perrin back to the home hearth, Mr. de Seta and his photographer, Dario di Palma, have designed a superb visual labyrinth, as rhythmically meshed as a Swiss watch and aptly oiled by a background string ensemble. Some images are truly memorable, such as Mr. Perrin at his typewriter, his night drive toward an urban skyline and a cluster of rifle nozzles spitting death at a writhing bird. There is an extraordinary moment toward the end when the darkened profiles of two lovers part like a curtain, revealing the chalky face of the agonized hero.

"Almost a Man" has everything but a man who really matters.

HOWARD THOMPSON



## Film Festival: 'La Guerre Est Fini'

### Resnais Closes Series With a Taut Drama

THE fourth annual New York Film Festival was brought to a close last night with a film appropriately titled "La Guerre Est Fini" ("The War Is Over"). And in other respects, too, this mood-drenched drama from France's Alain Resnais was appropriate to the windup of the cinema series in Philharmonic Hall.

It is a beautifully made and acted picture, as many in the festival have been. Mr. Resnais has created, from a screenplay by Jorge Semprun, a strikingly realistic and emotionally taut account of the trip that a veteran revolutionary makes from contemporary Spain to report to party headquarters in Paris and to visit his Scandinavian mistress while there.

The drama is on two levels—first, that of the intrigue and peril of the man getting over the border and avoiding detection in France, and then that of his indecision toward his mistress and toward his work. He is getting on, he is weary, he is disillusioned and he is bored. Perhaps he should give up being a revolutionist and settle down with his mistress and a job.

Mr. Resnais blends the drama of both these levels most artfully, moving with sure fluidity from the realistic tensions of his man's political contacts and his activities into the sweet and wistful areas of his own feelings. And the role of the revolutionary is played strongly by Yves Montand, while his mistress is played with serenity and compassion by Ingrid Thulin.

In short—and short is what this notice must perforce be—"La Guerre Est Fini" is artistic and appropriate to close a festival.

Furthermore, it does have the distinction of being something of a cause célèbre at the Cannes festival this year because it was considered inimical to the Spanish Government. It has in it several references to the suppression of workers' demonstrations in Spain and of intransigence toward the leftist opposition. Its showing here upholds the freedom of the screen.

But it must be said that it runs long, tediously long—two hours—and its heavy political orientation may be too slanted and intellectual for general taste. Out of its socialistic sentiments may flow some wistfulness for old loyalties, but its summation is unconvincing.

It is to be distributed by Brandon Films.  
BOSLEY CROWTHER.



Yves Montand





## Reviewing Stand By ARCHER WINSTEN

### Powerful Films End Festival

Two pictures of uncommon power and subtlety wound up the NYC Film Festival at Lincoln Center last night.

The first, "Un Uomo a Meta" (Almost a Man) was a gloomy Italian effort, produced, directed and written by Vittorio de Seta (assisted on the writing by Vera Gherarducci and Fabio Carpi) who made "Bandits of Orgosolo."

Jacques Perrin magnificently embodies a young writer who is losing contact with the world, who gets beaten up in a park as a Peeping Tom, whose friend tries in vain to establish contact, and who recalls the two loves, the sibling rivalry, the unsympathetic mother, and the long-vanished father that have combined to reduce him to this sorry state.

De Seta and Perrin have worked together with a brooding, internalization that almost takes you over the brink with it into insanity. The picture has a pace that is slow, but with its power it exerts an almost mesmeric spell. Neither with respect to subject nor technique can the film be considered lightly or heavily entertaining. Rather, it's like yourself going through the withering experience of rejection by the world, of confusion in facing the world.

The director took 20 minutes and the father figure entirely out of the picture when it was sent here. At 100 minutes it is still on the longish side.

\* \* \*

The Alain Resnais film, "La Guerre Est Finie," chosen to conclude the Festival with a bang that has proven controversial in some parts of the world, is complex despite its plot of political adventure dealing with plotters being sought by the police. You could say that essentially Resnais is back at his old stand of the three P's, Politics, Passion, and Philosophy. And yet, there is no sense of repetition here. The scene, whether at the Spanish border or in Paris, is new, and the passion, whether with the old flame, Marianne (Ingrid Thulin), or the young girl, Nadine (Genevieve Bujold), is fresh-

#### 'La Guerre Est Finie'

A Brandon Films release. A sofracima/Europa Film. Produced by Catherine Winter and Gisele Rebillon. Directed by Alain Resnais. Screenplay by Jorge Semprun.

The cast: Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Genevieve Bujold, Michel Piccoli, Jean Bouise, Yvette Etiévant, Françoise Bertin, Jean Dasté, Dominique Rozen, Jean-François Rémi, and Marie Mergey. 120 minutes.

ly felt. The politics makes very fine distinctions among old and new members of the Left, Spanish and International, Leninist or not.

Diego, the Spaniard who has been crossing and re-crossing the border between France and Spain all these years, still fighting underground battles against Fascism there, is played beautifully by Yves Montand. We are taken into the center of a crisis in this struggle in which the international professionals want to take the risk, Diego prefers to save a life by retiring, and some young revolutionaries want to blow up something. The suspense grows while lives hang in the balance.

Thoughts and memories sud-

denly appear on the screen without a line dividing them from current action. The picture has introduced too many unfamiliar people, too many lines of narration, too much historical substance not to become difficult. Probably it cannot be completely appreciated at a single viewing, for there is too much to be straightened out in your mind before you can attend to the feelings involved. Tangled webs of politics of the left, sex in the meantime, police pursuits, ideas, and personalities give the picture such complication that it assumes the formidable aspect of an intellectual exercise rather than an experience to be assimilated directly. But it is possible that when the basic information has been securely placed, you could give it a stronger response.

In any event the film is certainly a major effort by a ma-

for film-maker, one that has the structure, dimensions and consistency of a work of art. The specific political orientations may limit the numbers of those who can take it to heart. But the picture's artistry

and substance compel the attention and respect of those who take the movies seriously. Admirably complete English subtitles by Noelle Gillmor flatter an audience in avoiding simplification.



# Resnais Scores Triumph

By JUDITH CRIST

World Journal Tribune Staff

"La Guerre est Finie," the final and most significant offering at the New York Film Festival, is a brilliant and cogent work, a beautiful and absorbing movie concerned with a vital force of our time.

Without a doubt it is a triumph for its French director, Alain Resnais, best known here for his "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Last Year in Marienbad" and "Muriel." Certainly in it he has perfected his technique in dealing with the interrelation of time and place in purely cinematic terms; never before has he brought such lyricism to the harshness of realism or given such scope to the probing of the heart and the mind.

It is a black and white film of infinite shadings and, although Resnais himself declared that the choice was primarily motivated by economics, the medium is peculiarly suited to the seriousness of his theme. But neither the theme nor its in-

tellectual content overshadows the essential humanity and sense of humor that are prime elements in the director's sophistication.

The film has been controversial—withdrawn as France's official entry at the Cannes Festival under pressure from Franco Spain and withdrawn as a competitive entry at the Karlovy Festival under Iron Curtain pressures—but it won non-competitive prizes at each. Certainly it is designed to please no one involved, for this is an uncompromising portrait of the professional revolutionary—a man under orders in a lifetime's cause, but a man who is beginning to doubt his dedication and question his goals. It will please neither the reds nor the blacks; Resnais deals in the various shades of truth.

Yves Montand portrays Diego, the Spanish-Republican exile in France who has spent his life in the underground, as courier and organizer. We see him in the course of an Easter weekend, on his return from Spain on a borrowed passport to head off a colleague en route to Spain and, Diego believes, a trap set by the Franco forces. And as he attempts to head Juan off through the network, as he is reunited with his mistress, becomes involved with a young girl and her radical fellows and receives his orders, he begins to see himself and others objectively.

It is the jargon, the failure to realize that Spain is not "the dream of 1936 but the reality of 1966" or the "tourist dream of civil war legend, mixed up with Lorca," that

makes him question the dedicated men who are, he suspects, out of touch and out of date, substituting their underground for the mass movement that does not exist. Nor do the young radicals have the answer in their plastic bombs and use of Lenin as "a prayerwheel." Diego finds himself in limbo but with honesty a sense of humor and the appreciation that "patience and irony are the chief values of a Bolshevik," and "patience, mainly patience" on the "program of a professional revolutionary."

Montand epitomizes the mature and wearied man reassessing his ideals and values, beautifully complimented by Ingrid Thulin, as the mistress who accepts him unquestioningly, and Genevieve Bujold, the youngster who cannot experience too much too soon. Resnais' ability to blend the prose and poetry of human relations has never been so clearly displayed. This time he is not concerned so much with the past as in the future—in a "frontflash" of a man's anticipation of what each of his decisions can bring. These are used with artistry, an artistry underlined by Resnais' blending, along with his intellectual thesis, a thrilling chase that culminates in a surprise revelation of identity and a life-saving race to the border.

"La Guerre est Finie"—and the war of 1936 has ended as myth and symbol, Resnais declares, while the struggle continues—is an outstanding film for our time and certainly the outstanding offering at the Festival. It will be distributed here later this year by Brandon Films.

## "La Guerre Est Finie" Philharmonic Hall Lincoln Center

A screenplay by Jorge Semprun, directed by Alain Resnais, a Sofracima (Paris)/Europa Film (Stockholm) production, distributed in the United States by Brandon Films. In French with English subtitles. Running time: Two hours. With the following cast:  
Diego ..... Yves Montand  
Marianne ..... Ingrid Thulin  
Nadine ..... Genevieve Bujold  
Inspector ..... Michel Piccoli  
Ramon ..... Jean Bouise  
Yvette ..... Yvette Etrivani  
Carmen ..... Francoise Bertin  
Chief ..... Jean Dastie  
Jude ..... Dominique Rozon  
Juan ..... Jean-Francois Remi  
Madame Lopez ..... Marie Meraev



## THE SCREEN

At this writing, the Fourth New York Film Festival is going full blast; and your eye-strained reviewer, who is trying to see as many of the feature films (sometimes four a day) and shorts as he can during the ten-day gala marathon, will report on the Festival after its last trumpet has sounded. But one unusual circumstance to this year's Festival is that two items on its program are being released for commercial runs immediately. So here are some comments on these two French films which may already be at your theaters.

Jean-Luc Godard, who, as a New Wave director several years ago, started making a big splash with his "Breathless," continues to be popular with the Festival's selection committee and with its youthful audiences. As much as any director, Godard is typical and good for film festivals; he continues to be *avant garde* and he continues to grow, with some startling cinematic imagery and outspoken frankness in dialogue. His "Masculine Feminine," which analyzes today's youth in their early twenties, is typical Godard. Its slight plot is only an excuse for the Godard tricks, the in-jokes, occasional reel numbers, titles to sec-

tions of his film (like "Dialogue Without Consumer Product" and the reference to this being about "the children of Marx and Coca Cola") long, seemingly endless, scenes in which the young characters spout their philosophy or play question and answer games, and other scenes that move with speed as they illustrate an amusing point.

"Masculine Feminine" is extremely well acted with Jean-Pierre Leaud (who was the ill-fated youngster in "The 400 Blows") in the lead role as an ill-fated, leftish young fellow—sensitive, brooding, and worried, like most young people today, about Vietnam and that his girls show so little interest in politics and the really important things going on. His girls, however, are interested in sex and clothes and movies, and the three into whose apartment he moves are very attractive looking. Whether or not their behavior and conversations on life and death and sex and an endless list of minutiae are accurate is debatable, but Godard makes them convincing. Perhaps what Godard is saying in "Masculine Feminine" is this is how he sees and hears today's youth—and we're stuck with them and him.

Interestingly enough the other Festival film already in release is also about the pursuit of youth and happiness, but "The Shameless Old Lady" is as different from "Masculine Feminine" as day from night. Instead of spouting its ideas, "The Shameless Old Lady" acts them out, and the movie, written and directed by Rene Allio, is a heart-

warming delight. Its plot, stemming from a story by Brecht, is simple enough. A Marseilles widow of 70 who just lost her husband refuses to move in with any of her children. After a short period of moping, she decides to see a little of life. She makes a few friends in the neighborhood—the waitress in a nearby cafe who's somewhat fast with the boys, a shoemaker who leans toward anarchism, and a few other unconventional playmates. In no time the old lady is kicking up her heels, and in no time her more conventional and definitely mean-spirited family start to fret about her. Bit by bit she sells her possessions—and continues on her merry way for the rest of her life.

While the script of this French picture is good and Allio's direction has great vitality, what makes "Old Lady" so wonderful is the first-rate performance by that fine actress, Sylvie. She glows in the role as the old lady discovers department stores, ice cream sundaes, the races, and just being with companions who don't lecture her or tell her what to do all the time. Perhaps the cards are somewhat loaded with the woman's kids being so unpleasant and selfish. And it's hard to believe that this particular woman would ever be the drudge she's supposed to be at the film's beginning, but in any case, without getting sentimental, Sylvie makes her a charmer. As Brecht said of her: "She savored fully the long years of servitude and the brief years of freedom, and she swallowed the bread of life to the last crumb." And the movie about her is a "must" for young and old.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG



# 4th Film Festival a Sparkler, With Glitter On and Off Screen

By Joseph Gelmis

The New York Film Festival appears finally to have found its audience and its niche in this, its fourth year.

For the first time, it managed to live up to its billing as one of Fun City's more festive events. There were more directors on hand, and more extracurricular activities, parties, receptions and exchanges of ideas. For the first time, it managed to arouse a fair amount of excitement over its opening and closing films. And there were even a few entries of special note in between.

There were more directors on hand—Alain Resnais, Rene Allio, Agnes Varda, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Jean-Luc Godard. And they seemed to enjoy the noncompetitive (no prizes are awarded) atmosphere, as did the near-capacity crowds which filled Lincoln Center's 2,600-seat Philharmonic Hall at most performances.

This year films were heckled less and audiences were more uniformly enthusiastic, or at least polite, indicating that the merely curious moviegoers have been replaced by a given director's fans. In some cases, there were standing ovations as a spotlight picked out a filmmaker like France's Allio ("The Shameless Old Lady") for recognition after his movie was shown.

There were no extraordinary standouts among the entries, as in previous years when "Women in the Dunes," "The Servant," "The Shop on Main Street" or "Nothing But A Man" were presented. Among the best films offered this year

were "Loves Of A Blonde," "Intimate Lighting" and "Do You Keep a Lion At Home?," Czech films of great compassion, humor and wisdom; "The Shameless Old Lady," "The War Game" and "The Hunt."

"The Shameless Old Lady" was perhaps the most perfectly realized festival film, an understated jewel that combines the best facets of traditional storytelling and new moviemaking techniques. It opens today at Manhattan's Fine Arts Theater.

## A Book of Snapshots

Based on a Bertolt Brecht short story, Rene Allio's first feature stars 84-year-old French actress Sylvie as a lady of 70 who has a spiritual rebirth when she becomes a widow. In unsentimental, impersonal and deliberately indirect and off-center sequences, Allio captures what amounts to a scrapbook of snapshots as Sylvia discovers modern gadgetry, the oldest profession, horse racing, anarchists and the selfishness of her family—who try to insist that she sit quietly and await death without upsetting their dignity or pocketbooks.

Instead, in the final words of the film, "she savored fully the long years of servitude and the brief years of freedom, and she swallowed the bread of life to the last crumb." The acting is superb, the direction impeccable. It is recommended to those who love life and good movies.

"Intimate Lighting," like "Loves of a Blonde," which was reviewed after opening night on these pages, is a splendid movie whose virtue consists in human na-

ture well-observed and whimsically presented. "Do You Keep a Lion At Home" is an imaginative children's film with brilliant technical effects. It runs a trifle too long, but this story about two young brothers who are heroes to their city but merely babes at home is a must-see if ever it opens commercially.

"The War Game" is a unique anti-civil defense, anti-war horror masterpiece made by the BBC and then not shown because its fictional documentary account of what would happen to Britain during a nuclear attack was deemed too shocking for public consumption. It should be seen.

"The Hunt" is a powerful, gory Spanish film about a savage rabbit hunt that turns into an orgy of hatred and murder among the hunters. Unsettling, even stomach-turning as pure action film, it has another level as commentary on the aging fascists who brought Franco to power.

The undisputed worst film of the festival must be Belgium's "The Man With The Shaven Head," which was deservedly booed after making no sense at all for 90 minutes. It was one of a dozen fuzzy-headed, intellectually pretentious and vapid films that included Jean-Luc Godard's "Masculine Feminine" and "Pierrot le Fou," as well as "Almost A Man" and "Balthazar."

There was a remarkably good central performance in "Hunger." Yves Montand was faultless as a harassed, weary and cynical professional Spanish revolutionist in Alain Resnais' festival-closing "The War Is Over." There were others who found this film much less tedious than I.



## movie journal

by Jonas Mekas

The New York Film Festival is beginning to fade away in our memories. And there are people, like Bosley Crowther, who would like to see it fade away for good. Those people must hate cinema, I have no other explanation. Since some people have misunderstood my own position toward the Festival, I have to make one thing clear: I am for the New York Film Festival, with my teeth and nails. I am not AGAINST the Festival: my criticism of it comes from the fact that I am in the OPPOSITION wing, that's all.

I was looking through some of the noises (most of them taped) I made during the Festival and I

thought some of them are either illuminating or entertaining and well worth reproducing here:

GEORGE AMBERG, to a question about "what do you mean by 'seeing': do you mean a picayune detail?": Not at all. What I mean is really difficult to tell unless you have some kind of personal experience—that is the limitation of making this point. What I mean, however, is that the motion picture camera is an apparatus, a machine capable of discovering more than meets the eye. If the eye is attuned to it, then we see those things which the image discloses. Partly by intense looking and partly by repeated looking. It's like with paintings. The first time you see one you might say, "Gee, that's a nice girl!"; the second time you see it you might think of composition the third time you . . . And then you see with another kind of eye which is more comp-

-rehensive and much more vastly experienced in seeing detail. Anybody can see detail. I think anyone who is used to seeing films becomes very astute in discovering all sorts of very wonderful things the cameraman did, the director did, the designer did, the actor did. If you watch a film by Godard, it's overwhelming how much delightful detail is in it. But that's really not what I mean, it's only part of it. What I really mean is that something transpires that I can only compare with music. When you can't say what it means, but it affects you very strongly. There's something evocative or something subliminal, don't really know in which area this happens. This is the kind of seeing which does not negate (and in a sense, it should) the ordinary way of seeing—that is, we recognize the details and we become increasingly astute in seeing this. The more films we see or the more things we see, the more . . . But the true seeing experience is something of which only certain people are capable, just as only certain people are . . .

Second Excerpt (Pasolini's press conference):

PARKER TYLER: Does Pasolini consider that the hero (in "Accattone") is redeemed on end?

PASOLINI: Yes, certainly. Specifically, this is made clear in the dream sequence.

TYLER: The dream indicated a religious conversion. But in life, when he wakes up, he is going as he was going before.

PASOLINI: Accattone starts from such a low moral level—as a pimp—that a mere step of becoming a thief, after trying to

work, is a step forward.

TYLER: I agree. But the step is a small one . . .

PASOLINI: In the eyes of God a small step is a big step.

TYLER: I hope you're right.

Third Excerpt (from the Young Critics Symposium):

P. ADAMS SITNEY: John Simon, here is a man who is very intelligent, who appears to be so all the way through, and his imagination is like a pea: it has to be utterly real, for him everything in a movie has to be real. Pauline Kael too—she comes out with a funny statement every now and then, and she measures film in terms of its bitchability. I mean if films didn't have titles. Pauline Kael wouldn't be able to write at all. A marvelous line: "It takes an awful lot of shadows to make an Eclipse."

Fourth Excerpt (From Andrew Sarris symposium):

ANDREW SARRIS: When you tell anyone that to review a film adequately you have to see it several times, it's still a huge heresy. They say, "Oh—nonsense!" Well, a film to me is much harder to get the first time than any other work of art—I don't care what it is: music, the novel, painting, the most esoteric work. You're just not aware of all the cuts, the camera angle changes, of how many different things go into a film. This is a fundamental question of film scholarship, one that hasn't penetrated yet. Dwight MacDon-ald, for instance, when arguing about films, always won with most people because (besides his natural wit, which I freely concede) he was able to establish that there was something a little silly and ridiculous about seeing too many movies. Most people believe that, and there's nothing you can do about it. People who go to see a lot of movies are nuts, cultists, kooks—if you read too many books, of course, you're a scholar.



## CINEMA

### The Eyes Have It

"The cinema is changing. Unless audiences catch up, they will be left behind. The onus is not on the artist; he is merely the sensitive antenna. It is we who must learn to read him."

With this hard-slung pebble for the Philistines, Director Amos Vogel of the New York Film Festival last week opened the fourth annual session of the most prestigious U.S. cinema congress. In a way, the pebble ricocheted. Too many of the far-out films shown at this year's festival tried hard to be difficult but just turned out dull. Too many others were bad jobs by good directors (Buñuel, Bresson, Godard, Torre Nilsson, Varda). Though the sponsors had doggedly previewed 400 films, their ef-



PUCHOLT & BREJCHOVÁ IN "LOVES"  
Slicing life in swift, easy strokes.

forts failed to turn up enough hits to fill out the festival's fortnight.

Despite these demerits, Vogel & Co. presented a provocative cinematic circus. There were eye-grabbing sideshows enlivened by the thumps and grinds of U.S. independent film makers: exhibitions of Underground Cinema, Direct Cinema, and something the Marshall McLuhanatics call Expanded Cinema or Intermedia Kinetic Environment (IKE)—a sort of slap-happening half on and half off the screen. For moviegoers who did not particularly like IKE, there was periodic excitement in the main tent. Seventeen nations were represented in a program that included ten or a dozen superb shorts and five fine features. Pursuing ever more strongly a direction evident for more than a decade, the new films showed more freedom of narrative form, more richness of visual vocabulary. The new movie-makers more and more firmly reject the rules of the drama, and more and more sensitively obey the laws of the eye. They mean to write with the lens and not with their pens. The festival's best:

**The Hunt.** A burgeoning new school of camera-wise Spaniards enters a sturdy claim for recognition in this spare, gruesome drama about a quartet of upper-crust Spanish hunters—three

middle-aged malcontents and a wealthy young sprout—who slaughter rabbits for sport. The cool mechanics of death are recorded in some of the most grisly hunt scenes ever filmed, and during a long, hot afternoon the lust for killing slowly grinds toward a fitting climax. Boozing and broiling in the sun, the men try to buy, sell and slander one another. The hair triggers of anxiety touch off frustrations over their wives, mistresses, businesses, and their expanding waistlines. And at last the verbal sniping takes a deadly turn—hunters hunting hunters.

Writer-Director Carlos Saura's achievement is to arouse concern for a markedly unsympathetic crew in a credible horror story, drawing upon the well-documented history of mankind's particular gift for committing violence against his own species.

**Loves of a Blonde** is a boy-meets-girl comedy so fresh and unassuming that 34-year-old Writer-Director Miloš Forman appears to have put it together without quite realizing the strength of his perceptions. The seeming simplicity conceals extraordinary skill: Forman observes small human aspirations very precisely, then borrows the style of a documentary to carve out a comic slice of life in swift, easy strokes.

The unglamorous blonde of the title is a pudding-faced little pretty (Hana Brejchová) housed with other unfortunates in a shoe-factory town where the girls outnumber the boys 16 to 1. To boost morale and expedite production, the factory manager gets some foot-slogging soldiers assigned to the area, most of them doggy, dumpy and married. The blonde succumbs by default to a callow young piano player (Vladimír Pucholt) who has all but forgotten her when she shows up, a week or so later, at his parents' apartment in Prague.

Forman strews this commonplace tale with insights that are compassionate, painfully true, and almost continually beguiling. Instead of jokes, there is abundant, honest humor, erupting spontaneously in a dance-hall sequence that pits the man-hungry girls against a trio of loutish army Lotharios. One furtively removes his wedding ring, only to see it go spinning crazily off among the dancing feet. In an endearing seduction scene that avoids nearly every nudnik movie cliché, the shy blonde hasn't a stitch on by the time she reproachfully tells her playboy-pianist: "I don't trust you." He, in turn, observes boyish discretion by bounding up at intervals to tussle with a window shade that lets in too much light. The sly tone is sustained through a dormitory matron's wonderfully irrelevant lecture on morals to the film's bittersweet climax in Prague, where the boy's parents forcibly separate their wayward son from his



unexpected guest by dragging him off to their own bed for a riotous family quarrel.

Using nonprofessional actors in all but the principal roles, Forman has collected a gallery of picture-perfect types. They not only look right; they smash the formulas of sex comedy. They sleep through situations that usually call for sobby sentiment, squabble when they should be snoring, sulk when they should be squirming. Altogether human, thus seething with quirky surprises, they satisfy the primal need of festivalgoers who forever sit down in darkness hoping that small miracles may come to light.

**Intimate Lighting** is another exquisite Czech comedy by one of the scenarists of *Loves of a Blonde*, 33-year-old Director Ivan Passer. Slight but abrim with self-assurance, the film simply jogs along delightfully from moment to moment, following a young middle-aged musician, Peter, who takes his cello and his mistress to the country for a day or so, intending to play a concert with his former classmate, Bambas.

Little happens, except what Passer calls "life as it is, unheroic, unexceptional but nonetheless interesting." More than interesting, *Lighting* reflects a humanist tradition seldom seen on the screen since the early films of René Clair, Renoir and De Sica. The young city visitors quicken the tempo of existence for Bambas' family. Everyone goes off to supply music at a country funeral. Later the menfolk, including Grandpa, get together with the village pharmacist to form a string quartet in a rehearsal sequence that is disrupted by intramural arguments and arthritic aches, with additional time called by Peter's giddy girl friend for sexual overtures and fun with a cat. The scene is a brilliant tour de force of unstrained comic invention.

Passer's highly personal style, patient, prying, makes a feast of the small telling details that reveal human character in unexpected ways. The entire hierarchy of the family is threatened during a chicken dinner that ends in a wildly hilarious dispute over who gets the drumsticks. Behind the laughter lie the ordinary interwoven tragedies—of time passing, of the unbridgeable gulf between generations, of youthful illusions gone, and finally, the rueful acceptance of one's lot.

**Hunger.** A dry bone lies in the gutter. Above it, a snarling dog stands muzzle to muzzle with a snarling man (Per Oscarsson). Suddenly the dog snatches at the bone, but the man grabs it first and begins to gnaw ravenously at his prize. It is clear that the man is starving, and before long it becomes clear that he is not starving for bread alone. *Hunger* is a deep and touching study of a man going mad because he dare not satisfy the natural hunger of his heart for love.

The man is a young Norwegian writer

of the last century who lives alone in Kristiania and suffers the fearful anguish of alienation. Mother complex is written all over him. Terrified of life at its source, he pretends that he does not need the milk of human kindness and instead takes refuge in a crazy pride. He jostles people in the street to assert his importance, scolds strangers for imagined insults, brags pathetically as he pawns his vest that he is "a name in the world," declines toplottily a publisher's advance and then can't finish his article because he is too hungry to write. Kicked out of his room for not paying the rent, he wanders the streets in rags, sleeps under bridges, sinks swiftly into delusions that he is conversing with his *Doppelgänger* and even with his own two feet. At film's end, the poor man is at wits' end.

Oscarsson's sketch of a schiz is easily the festival's finest performance, and the



OSCARSSON v. DOG IN "HUNGER"  
For more than just bones.

film itself, though too long and sometimes repetitive, is a clinical classic of its type.

**The Hawks and the Sparrows.** "I am a Communist," Pier Paolo Pasolini recently remarked, "but I am nostalgic for Catholicism." In his films, Director Pasolini attempts to combine the best of both worlds. In *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, he presented Christ as a revolutionary firebrand. In this delightful little political parable, he makes frisky fun of both cop-it-all-ists and communitwits. The first half of the picture tells the story of a 13th century Franciscan fra (Totò) who learns the language of birds and teaches both hawks and sparrows to believe in Christ, but then discovers to his horror that Christianity isn't quite enough—the hawks, being hawks, still eat the sparrows. The second half of the picture, applying the lesson to the modern scene, makes a rueful admission that Communism, personified in a shabby old crow that talks itself to death, may not be the final answer either. The whole show is wonderfully fey and unfanatical. The graceful shrug, Pasolini seems to be saying, is a gesture every Communist should practice in a country so prosperous that most of its workers have nothing to lose but their chins.



# Newsweek

OCTOBER 3, 1966 40c

## Masters and Mavericks

The New York Film Festival awards no prizes. No polyglot gaggle of movie moguls meets in smoke-filled hotel rooms to haggle over worldwide distribution deals. Up to now no starlet has been inspired to strip and dive into Lincoln Center's fountain. Orson Welles does not show up to consume every lobster in Christendom. This is a film festival?

Well, if 65,000 people sitting through 40 movies in every size, shape, color, length and language, some fiends spending eight or ten hours daily in Philharmonic Hall's recently deplused seats, gobbling rubber turkey sandwiches in the intermissions, and talking *montage* and *mise-en-scène* for eleven solid days—if all this makes a film festival, then New York's is possibly the only pure specimen from Cannes to Karlovy Vary.

New York's fourth annual fete made clear last week that cinema has become the excitement, the meeting ground, the new international language for a whole generation. Between the wars it was writers—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner; and then after World War II the new American painting captured the imagination of art lovers all over the world. Now it is cinema—in itself and in the person of the new king of the world's culturati—the film director.

**Bolex:** "When I was in high school and college, art lessons were the thing," said one young trench-coated moviequin. "Now everyone seems to be getting hold of a Bolex and making films. Jean-Luc Godard has replaced J.D. Salinger." And Henry Geldzahler, New York's pocket-size Cocteau who is the super-flack for the new American painting, haunted the festival every day. "Everyone can paint and sculpt now," he said. "Everyone knows the system and there's no need to worry about the struggling painter anymore. It's the filmmaker who's important now—this is the area where art is growing and exploring new experience."

The New York Film Festival hammered this point home in the enthusiasm and expertise of its crowds, and in the double-barreled thrust of its program—new films from old masters, and an additional program of special events designed to bring into the international foreground that embryonic, chaotic, controversial but significant movement (or movements) variously called Independ-

ent Cinema, New Cinema, Underground Cinema or assorted names ending in -nik by those who smell subversion or perversion in every new thing.

As for the old masters—and the new masters in old forms—festival director Amos Vogel and his colleagues corralled new works by France's Robert Bresson, Jean-Luc Godard and Agnes Varda; Mexico's great Spanish expatriate Luis Buñuel; Italy's Pier Paolo Pasolini and Bernardo Bertolucci; Argentina's Leopoldo Torre Nilsson; a covey of the brilliant new Czech directors; a remarkable film from Hungary suggesting that sorely tried country may be the next surprising source of powerful new cinema and some nostalgic revivals spotlighting Garbo and Cecil B. DeMille.

Some of the best:

■ **AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR.** The title of Robert Bresson's film can only be translated into the language of the heart. Bresson is one of the last of the pure, classic stylists of traditional cin-



Newsweek—Robert R. McElroy

### Movie Drome: 'Experience machine'

ema. His last movie was about the passion of Joan of Arc. This one is about the passion of Balthazar—a donkey. Bresson never falls over into sentimentality as he uses this white-muzzled, long-eared, velvet-eyed spirit to express the inexpressible elements in his story of a young provincial girl, her cruel, black-jacketed young lover and her proud-to-a-fall father. Bresson seems eloquently to say that a dumb animal is as close to saintliness as this world can get.

■ **SIMON OF THE DESERT.** Only 42 minutes long, Luis Buñuel's movie is the most brilliant and puzzling of the festival. It is the story of the fifth-century Saint Simon Stylites, who stood on a pillar in the desert for more than 35 years. Talk about black humor—nothing could be blacker or more humorous than Buñuel's fable, with its savagely funny blas-

phemy that can come only from a truly religious man. But its abrupt switcheroo ending with a lady devil whizzing Simon to the rock-'n'-roll present suggests that Buñuel stopped midway for his own good or others' not-so-good reasons.

■ **MASCULINE FEMININE.** Jean-Luc Godard buttons were everywhere as international youth's new culture hero premiered his latest film. Godard, 35, has composed a hilarious and moving film-poem about the two-decades-old generation. Love, sex, Vietnam, de Gaulle, Gallup polls, Coca, Pepsi and all the other colas, race relations—everything foams up clear, sharp and tickling in a film that is so authentic an expression of its time that it has no time to care about its flaws. Jean-Pierre Léaud, the little boy eight years ago in "The 400 Blows," is nothing short of marvelous as the gloriously confused hero.

Also notable were **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY**, a first film by René Allio starring the delightful 84-year-old Sylvie in Brecht's story about an old widow who crams all of life into her last eighteen months; **THE ROUNDUP**, a stark, original, scary, brilliantly conceived Hungarian film about an evil police genius who anticipates modern brainwashing techniques in rounding up rebels a century ago; **SHADOWS OF OUR FORTGOTTEN ANCESTORS**, a Russian folk legend that has more color, music and beautiful people than can be comfortably assimilated by two eyes and ears; and two outstanding shorts—**THE WAR GAME**, which was banned by the BBC because of its calmly frightening projection of a nuclear attack on Britain, and **MEET MARLON BRANDO**, by America's Maysles Brothers, in which Brando, as patient as Balthazar, is shown enduring the twentieth-century agony of the idiot interview.



**Planetarium:** As brilliant as some of these films were, they are pure nickelodeon to the American "underground." Apple-cheeked, above-ground-looking 25-year-old John Brockman was the festival's official wrangler for these mavericks. He arranged a series of showings and discussions, the high point of which was a bus outing to the Movie Drome at Stony Point, where 36-year-old filmmaker Stan Vanderbeek lives and works. The drome, still unfinished, is a 31-foot aluminized steel hemisphere in which viewers lie pillowed on the floor, while on the white, planetarium-like surface of the drome Vanderbeek projects a multiplicity of images and sounds.

For Vanderbeek this is no gimmick but the shape of the future. "Art and life," he told *NEWSWEEK's* Frances Heller, "are coming closer together and it is becoming hard to distinguish the two. There is so much going on today that we can't see the shape of our own culture. In the drome I can project 50

images of something crucial to you at one time—I can soup up the whole thing and get it to you. It is an experience machine—a landing field for the mind."

The new, urgent young filmmakers see cinema as the synthesis of all the arts—the esthetic alchemy that artists have been waiting for ever since the cave painters. "Our problem," says 32-year-old Ken Dewey, "is that we've inherited structures that don't work for us; we are more mobile than our structures. Movie theaters are fantasy palaces. They and TV try to find escapes from one's own situation. The new expanded cinema attempts to form some type of compatible relationship with that situation. It's a way to get back into yourself."

**USCO:** Indeed, many of the new movie men see the medium more as religion than as art. Another festival visit was to a group called USCO (Us Company) in Garnerville, N.Y., where a community of young people who thirst



Simon and lady devil: Black humor

for anonymity have assembled in a white-clapboard "church" a life and ritual centering on a projection system which surrounds them with images of everything from their own household activities to copulating cats.

The European directors who made these visits were not about to buy the new dispensation. "The way of life interests me," said Agnes Varda, "but where's the art? I suspect these people do this in order to 'turn on.'" But that's just the avant calling the garde black. The new filmmakers are riding the wave of the future, however awkwardly, in their varied attempts to "live" film—the last of the arts, child of the machine and the dream. "There should be a marriage of art and technology," says Vanderbeek. "I would like to be the artist in residence at CBS."



## ON SCREEN

By John Simon

### A Fair Fourth

**N**EW YORK'S Fourth Film Festival represents a marked improvement over last year's pitiful gallimaufry. It may be that this is due to the infusion of new blood into the selection committee, whose numbers were raised from two to four; there may, after all, be truth in the old German saying that four eyes see more than two. Perhaps also this was a better, or less bad, year for film. Whatever the reason, there were fewer absolute nullities among the feature films, and there was a decent proportion of pictures that could be watched with interest.

The outstanding event of the Festival was Peter Watkins' *The War Game*, a 47-minute proto-documentary of what atomic warfare would be like if it hit Great Britain. The cataclysm is seen chiefly from the point of view of a part of Kent on which, accidentally, an atom bomb is dropped by the enemy. Far from contenting itself with recording superlatively the biological horrors entailed, the film also probes the far-reaching social, political and moral consequences that sinisterly mushroom from this disaster. Watkins further examines, by intelligent intercutting, the ignorance of the public before the event, as it answers questions with pathetic unawareness; and he re-enacts actual statements by government officials, scientists and clerics in all their grueling fatuity. Thus the film contains elements of black humor as well as tragic blackness.

One is aware throughout of horror being faced squarely without

hysteria and even—a much greater achievement—without allowing righteous indignation to get out of hand. Perhaps the most shattering scene of all, one in which the documentary transcends itself into art, shows an interview with a group of post-bombardment school children. One after the other, these boys, physically relatively unharmed but their blotted-out facial expressions bespeaking a deeper marring, answer the single question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" with the same blankly intoned, "I don't want to be nothing when I grow up." That is one of those ultimate statements in which (to emend myself) even art transcends itself into self-effacement before the ineffable. The BBC sponsored this film, then refused to televise it. It has, so far, found no distributor in this country. If it is not to be released, the loss will be immeasurable.

Several pictures can be classed as meritorious near misses. There was Kon Ichikawa's dignifiedly humane war film, *The Burmese Harp* (made 10 years ago), about a young Japanese soldier upon whom, at war's end, the dreadfulness of it all weighs so heavily that he becomes a monk in Burma, goes about interring the unburied dead and lets his regiment return without him. I have heard a critic I respect compare this film to the Joe Pasternak sentimental outpourings of the '40's, and there are two scenes that are a bit sticky, largely because they are overlong. But the relationships between the

soldier and his captain, between the soldier and his buddies, and, indeed, the interaction of various military and civilian persons, are portrayed with such quietly respectful sympathy; there is such reverence for the ultimate mysteries of motivation—which does not mean that, as in Godard and Bresson, the highly improbable becomes the order of the day; that if I am reminded of anything by *The Burmese Harp*, it is of Renoir's *The Grand Illusion*.

The intimate role a musical instrument can play in the psychic development of a man, and how this can extend even to his fellow-soldiers, is delicately apprehended. If Ichikawa had done nothing more than capture this elusive theme with such lyrical finesse, he would already deserve our thanks. It is, however, true of this as of many another Japanese film that it has a beginning, a middle, and at least three endings.

*The Hunt*, from Spain, is a remarkably courageous and intelligent work—if only it could have had commensurate artistry! Carlos Saura's film concerns three friends who once fought with Franco and are now big businessmen of varying degrees of success, and a fourth, a young man, the son of another old ex-Falangist friend of theirs. The four go rabbit-hunting together on land belonging to one of them. In the course of what starts out to be a carefree hunting party under a hot sun, old rivalries and resentments, exacerbated by new feudalism and materialism, reach such a pitch of



fulminant hatred, that the three older men kill one another off to the helpless consternation of the younger one.

The action moves on three planes. There is the sheer voluptuous brutality with which the rabbits are exterminated (clearly, the poor beasts are symbols for the populace). There is, parallelly, the genteel, patronizing inhumanity with which the overseer of the land, his mother and daughter, are all treated by the older huntsmen. Lastly, there is the contempt or envy with which the three supposed friends regard one another, until, no longer containable, the feelings erupt into massacre.

All this is told patiently, painstakingly, with a nice sense of detail and atmosphere. Success and failure, riches and poverty, confront each other with all the poignance of the contrast, but without lapses into sentimentality or cliché. Some (but only some) of the incidents have genuine bite reminiscent of Buñuel's, and the dialogue has its moments, too, as when the youth asks, upon hearing his elders mention the war that raged in this area, "Which war?"—as if it could be something from the days of Napoleon or Ferdinand and Isabella. But the recording of subtly mounting violence needs consistently good dialogue, better pacing (the rhythm here is too slow for too long, then suddenly too fast—a deliberate device, but unsuccessful), and, probably, more ingenious cinematography. Even so, Saura's film is considerable in itself and promising for its maker's future.

Buñuel, Saura's apparent mentor, was represented by a fine short film, *Simon of the Desert*. While this 44-minute satire makes fun of the church and the laity as they importune the stylite in their various ways; of the devil as he tempts the saint in sundry, mostly feminine, disguises; and, in a gentler way, of the saint himself; it is Buñuel at his best: stylite and stylist face each other from their respective pedestals. But there is a gratuitous ending,

possibly tacked on to get the film over with quickly when financing ran out, which leaves us with a bad taste in the mind.

THE PROVOCATIVE Italian novelist and film-maker, Pier Paolo Pasolini, was represented by two films. The vintage 1961 *Accattone* (for some reason, it was nowhere made clear that the title means "beggar") now seems fairly uninteresting. It is an extension of neo-realism to essentially obnoxious, or, at least, opprobrious characters, mostly pimps and whores; it is discontinuous, lackadaisical, sometimes improbable, almost always superficial. But Pasolini's new film, *The Hawks and the Sparrows*, is something else again. It is a fantasy, mixing in equal measure frivolity and satire, and for the first half it works well enough or better. A man and his son undertake a symbolic journey to the city, and are joined by a Communist crowd. The episode in which the crowd transmutes its human traveling companions into two monks around St. Francis of Assisi, whom the saint orders to convert the hawks and the sparrows, is beautifully conceived, written, directed and photographed. But in the second half of the film the satire becomes either slapstick or so far-fetched as to seem pointless, and though an occasional comic touch still registers effectively, the sophomorically desperate straining to get in a potshot at everything, as well as the obtrusion of effects for effects' sake, manage to undo much of the good of the first half.

A more upsetting, but still highly imposing, miscalculation is Vittorio de Seta's *Almost a Man*. De Seta, who made that overwhelming film unjustly condemned to speedy disappearance, *Bandits of Orgosolo*, here examines the circumstances that turned an intelligent young man into an unhappy, self-destructive voyeur. The script is a rather ordinary psychiatric case history, undistinguished in the writing, and finally commonplace and unilluminating.

But acting, direction and photography combine to make *Almost a Man* visually commanding from start to finish. It can honestly be said that de Seta and his cinematographer, Dario di Palma, have succeeded in making a film of which every frame is worthy of framing, a film you would prefer to see, not on a theatre screen, but hanging, image by image, on your wall.

For example, a writer struggling for inspiration at his typewriter has become a filmic platitude. Here, however, the oppressive lighting, the expressive face of that flawless actor, Jacques Perrin, and the impressive camera angles merge to make the conventional motif a profound experience. The way in which the white sheet in the typewriter creeps up between us and the hero's face, obliterating more and more of it, and then, with a shift of the carriage, starts its unholy march over again; the manner in which a page of manuscript is being belabored by a thick, severely excising pencil until almost all traces of writing are obliterated; a view, suddenly, of the writer's face from below, through the typewriter keys, which are now projected, like some horrible rash, onto that grappling face; the final explosive gesture with which everything is swept to the floor, the camera hurtling along—all this is cinematographic art of the first order.

So, too, is a pheasant hunt, made unbearable in its sad cruelty through striking use of repetition, yet again, by ingenious camera work, auditory effects, and montage, turned into nightmarish beauty. Or there is a series of shots in which the hero is losing a girl to his brother now dancing with her. I have never seen triple close-ups, two happy faces and one wretched one, maneuvered with such choreographic imaginativeness across the screen. Just three large faces, joining, separating, evolving: the two radiant ones now obscuring the third, now parting to reveal it in its full agony. If the screenplay could have lived up to the rest of



the film, *Almost a Man* would have been a triumph.

Much can be said, too, for an insinuating little charmer from Czechoslovakia, *Intimate Lighting*. Ivan Passer's film tells of a small-town music teacher's entertaining for a couple of days a former fellow-student from the Prague Conservatory. The friend is to be guest soloist with the local orchestra, and he brings with him a pretty and playful mistress. The host, an *homme moyen sensuel*, lives with his amiably dumpy wife, two small children, and two charmingly eccentric parents. There are several scenes that are gems of spontaneous, offhanded, rather microscopic humor, none the less fraught with total humane sympathy. Best of all are a much-interrupted string-quartet session, where a little night music results in much funny mutual scraping on nerves; and a nocturnal drinking bout for the two friends in which bumbling conviviality and melancholy longings for the greenness in the other man's yard blend into the very texture of human confusion. There are unforgettable lines, as when, after the friends have listened to a symphony of snores from various rustic sleepers, the guest leads the host to the door of the bedroom where his mistress is sleeping, and asks with a mixture of Candaules-like pride, amusement, mild resentment (she is a rather childish creature), and even a trace of cosmic sadness, "Have you ever heard a lovely woman snore?"

Milos Forman was represented by *Loves of a Blonde*, likewise in the tradition of recent Czech films: small people, everyday incidents, and sympathetic scrutiny not untinged by a sense of the absurd. But this film seemed to me less pleasing than Forman's previous *Black Peter*, for reasons that are hard to pin down. Perhaps it is that in the earlier work Forman brought out more mischievously the surreal inherent in reality; now an overgenerous dose of ordinariness gets the better of a nice touch here, a moving insight

there. *Loves of a Blonde* accentuates Forman's tendency to stretch slenderness beyond the breaking point.

THE YUGOSLAV FILM, *Three*, offers a trio of diverse but equally harrowing episodes from World War II. It is based on short stories by a notable experimental fictionist, Antonije Isakovic, who collaborated on the script with Aleksandar Petrovic, the director. The first sequence relates an incident during the initial panic of the German invasion: a man is killed as a fifth columnist by ignorant soldiers abetted by the mob merely because he cannot pronounce his r's correctly. The episode effectively evokes the forlornness of a small nation caught in a huge war, and the petty meanness of crowds in the grip of fear. The second episode is a more or less conventional hunt of a Partisan and a regular Army man by Nazi soldiers, dogs and planes, but the relationship between the two men, one absolutely brave, the other slowly emerging from cowardice, is not unmoving, though portrayed somewhat sketchily. The last sequence, about the execution of an attractive girl collaborationist and its effect on a sensitive Partisan officer, is rather primitively written and filmed. *Three* is structurally and otherwise indebted to *Paisan*, though it lacks the power of Rossellini's film.

Several rungs lower was Hungary's *The Roundup*, a study of 19th-century police brutality, both psychological and physical. Miklós Jancsó's film is jerkily told, full of obscurities and loose ends as well as sheer improbability, but there are good scenes in it and also a feeling for composition and the use of sets nicely learned from Antonioni. France's *The Shameless Old Lady*, based on a Brecht short story and showing the strain of drawing out a vignette to feature size, tells of an old woman who, widowed, suddenly changes from drudge to Sybarite, much to her family's dismay and

her own satisfaction. René Allio's film is quite amateurish, but that superb actress, Sylvie, invests the protagonist with a sly vitality that makes one oblivious to the surrounding ricketiness.

An all-Scandinavian co-production brought to the screen Knut Hamsun's *Hunger*, and Henning Carlsen's film did have a good period atmosphere, pleasing performances, and one job of pure bravura by Per Oscarsson as the autobiographical hero. But the gloom and sordidness of the film are so unrelieved, the pride of its hero is so monotonously fanatical, that first the mind, and gradually even the heart, ceased to be engaged. Also worth a pat is *Wholly Communion*, a 47-minute record of American beat and British quasi-beat poets disporting themselves amusingly before a scarcely less amusing audience in London's Albert Hall.

The rest was disappointing or downright bad. Of Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie* I shall probably write when it opens commercially; perhaps also of Godard's two new, and customarily offensive, films, *Pierrot le Fou* and *Masculine Feminine*. Bresson's *Balthazar* carries that film-maker's perverse aridity and maniacal pseudo-mysticism a depressing step farther, and Agnes Varda's *Les Créatures* is the last word in distastefully pointless, pretentious mumbo-jumbo. A Czech episodic film, and a Russian and a Belgian entry might as well be passed over in silence, as should campy revivals of old Garbo and De Mille claptrap. A splicing together of three unrelated but equally ineffectual documentaries, *The Scene*, was boring, as was Bernardo Bertolucci's maiden effort, *The Grim Reaper* (preferable, at that, to his later, fulsomely overpraised *Before the Revolution*). But a word must be emphatically said about Torre Nilsson's latest compilation of bogus psychology and politics with pretentious *frissons* thrown in, *The Eavesdropper*. The word is: Desist!



Well, it's back to the nubes now that the local film culture klatsch yept Festival is over. As in the past, the "commercial" hits of the Philharmonic Hall session (ah there, Jean-Luc Godard) are filtering into the art houses at slightly and not so slightly lower-than-Festival prices; a few of the worth-while films are still going begging for local distribution—and the echoes of the perennial bombs are dying out.

What made this fourth New York film festival different from its predecessors is that it started off with a bang—i.e. with a film of indisputable quality by a young film-maker that set a standard that several other offerings neared or reached. The Czech opener, *Loves of a Blonde*, by Milos Forman, was a far cry from Bunuel's *The Avenging Angel*, the Russian *Hamlet* or Godard's *Alphaville* that were, all too unintentionally, I fear, pace-setters for much of the earlier festivals.

Set for distribution before the Festival, the Forman film epitomizes the special gift the current crop of Czech film-makers seem to have in the realm of human comedy, their ability to see both the humor and the poignancy in ordinary human relations—whether it is, in this work, a long night's attempt by three middle-aged soldiers to pick up three young factory girls at a dance, or in Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting* the problem of politely dividing a small chicken among eight diners, or in Jan Kadar's *The Shop on Main Street* an ignorant carpenter's slow appreciation of the human dignity embodied in a doddering, doting old lady. Kadar's film was the highlight of last year's festival; Passer, a screen-writer for Forman, made his local directorial debut at this year's, with his film already having won acclaim at the San Sebastian and Montreal festivals.

There are, of course, the cineastes (and Lincoln Center bubbles with them at fiesta time) who consider the Czech films "square"—they do, you see, have form and content, with the emphasis on the latter, like the Jean-Luc cultists wouldn't be caught having. On the other hand, the Hollywood factory hands could never for a moment contemplate the quiet realism, the understated humor and the purely inherent and completely unstated compassion evident in these films.

But they're great for us middle-brows—and still another mark of this Festival's distinction seemed to be a slight dichotomy in its attitude toward "intellectual" critics—i.e. those who write for publications with very little circulation. . . . And Roud, the Festival's perennial program director who lives abroad between times as critic for the *Manchester Guardian*, decried, in a pre-Festival statement, the fact that "the notion that film can come as close to painting as to literature or the theater never seems to have occurred to most of our intellectual critics." . . . "What is really astonishing," he continued, "is that many of our 'difficult'

"... The Forman film epitomizes the special gift the current crop of Czech film-makers seem to have in the realm of human comedy, their ability to see both the humor and the poignancy in ordinary human relations . . ."

## Something for Everyone: Squares and Cineastes

by Judith Crist

films—and we have had quite a few—have received a more sympathetic response from the so-called middle-brow papers and even from the trade press, perhaps because these critics were capable of approaching the cinema without the rationalistic conceptual blinkers that afflict so many of the remnants of New York intellectual society of the '30s. The trouble is that the most interesting new cinema concerns itself less and less with motivation, plot and the sort of content these critics are talking about."

Beyond the Forman and Passer films, however, the "content" charge can be laid against such excellent offerings as Bunuel's *Simon of the Desert* and Passolini's *The Hawks and the Sparrows*—wonderfully witty and satiric films both—and not only they but most of the festival bill, good, indifferent and bad, even gave evidence of motivation and plot. When one talks of "most interesting new cinema," perhaps one should specify. The Festival label for amateur, underground, student and a variety of non-theatrical (non-movie-house) film including television commercials is "the independent film" and 27 programs thereon were scheduled during the Festival. Good Festival fodder—but "most interesting?"

But the more experimental film work explored, if need be at the Film Festival, so much the better. For the first time no new American feature film was shown on the program; this omission—regardless of whether no quality film was either available or made available—is preferable to the showing of second-rate Hollywood artsy craftsmanship. National honor was left in the hands of Cecil B. DeMille, via his 1915 *The Cheat*, and Garbo, via her 1929 *A Woman of Affairs*. The American Twenties are real far in, as the Venice Festival indicated. A pity the Sixties can't compete.

With the "independent" programs we captured a whiff of the atmosphere that makes the Montreal Film Festival the most exciting, least pretentious and personal of the current festivals. While a broad series of international films are shown (Montreal steals a month-ahead march on New York, having shown about a half dozen of the films later seen here), Canadian films alone are shown in competition. With their makers mother-henning their entries, the festival becomes a directors' rather than celebrities' fiesta, and nightly gatherings after the show, open to the festival patrons, give one entree to the movie-makers' world and the scene. There's a stimulation in the after-hours encounters, which have a leisurely social pace.

The New York Film Festival, steadily expanding its activities, seems to be groping its way to broader interests—but its timing is still off. It comes at the busy period of the year; the afternoon special events are scheduled for "professional" movie buffs rather than just movie nuts who have to earn a living and/or budget their pleasures. But let's not carp in the face of progress. After all, it's being made—this time there were only two Godard films on view and no Andy Warhol. ☿



# Film Festivals—1966

## 1. New York: Compleat

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR continues its coverage of major film festivals with reports from New York City, Venice, and Vancouver, British Columbia.

NEW YORK'S fourth annual film festival at Lincoln Center (September 12-22) gave the one-shot visitor to the showings at Philharmonic Hall about a one in three chance of seeing a feature of some distinction. Since last year's show presented an even higher hazard, it might be a good idea to have a handicapper on hand in advance at future festivals. In that case, Jean-Luc Godard, basing his rating on his two entries this year, would be a longshot. Alain Resnais and Pier Paolo Pasolini could come in at even money, and any Czechoslovakian director would be an odds-on favorite.

Audiences at Philharmonic Hall, however, were hardly as discriminating as horse-players at Aqueduct. They filled the big hall evening after evening, stoically endured the bad films, applauded and cheered the better ones. One thing became absolutely clear: New York wants its annual festival, even if it doesn't like very much what is shown. Some of the heat was taken off the two main factotums of the festival, Richard Roud and Amos Vogel, by the addition

for 1966 of critics Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris to the selection committee. But all four were kept busy explaining such choices as a Belgian dud called *The Man With the Shaven Head* and a Soviet piece of arty emptiness, *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors*, not to mention the inclusion of two bad Godard films.

Viewed objectively, their task this year was hardly an easy one, for the problems of putting together a worthwhile and representative festival clearly are becoming all but unconquerable. For one thing, while several noted names of the American film industry are listed on the sponsoring committee, nary an item from Hollywood or its international production branch was to be found on the program. The festival committee made an attempt to get a few films, and was turned down cold. Paramount and Columbia offered a few of their about-to-be-released pictures, and these the festival committee turned down, although their decision in at least one case, that of *Georgy Girl*, was questionable.

The selectors were also faced with what appears to be a virtual crisis in the field of the serious film. Although enthusiasm abounds and dedication is rampant in the field, the Bergmans, Fellinis,

Antonionis, and Kurasawas are missing these days. Godard and Agnès Varda are disappointing even their most ardent admirers, and such relative oldsters as Bresson are still proving too difficult for the majority audience. Obviously, we are in a trough.

Quite naturally, then, the selectors looked to the Eastern European countries for freshness, and found it in Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde* and Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting*. Arthur Knight coined the term "neo-humanism" to describe what they were up to. What this means, essentially, is that these directors see their characters in pathetic and humorous terms, look on them with a certain amount of tenderness, and follow the tenets of Italian neo-realism in presenting them. But this is hardly new—although I guess it may be neo. And it has to be remembered that for all the seeming freshness of these films from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, they are nevertheless made under the rigors of state-controlled industries. In such an atmosphere, the vapid experimenting and political anarchism of Godard would hardly be tolerated. For the real clue to the situation, one only has to note the presence in *Loves of a Blonde* of the kindly, paternalistic foreman gleefully arranging the love lives of his lonely female employees. One can almost see the State stamping APPROVED on the script.

Yet the festival kept its reputation going for discovering films. There was the Scandinavian *Hunger*, with its superb portrayal of a starving writer by Per Oscarsson. There was Robert Bresson's curiously moving tale of a donkey and his various owners, *Balthazar*, told with austerity and purity and demonstrating perhaps that the only candidates for sainthood these days are to be found among beasts of burden. And there was *The Shameless Old Lady*, a French film starring that enchanting eighty-year-old veteran of the French stage, Sylvie. Less successful, but nevertheless worth seeing, were Resnais's *The War is Over*, technically interesting but diluted in its effect; a featurette by Buñuel, *Simon of the Desert*, containing his by now familiar mixture of religious irreverence, sex, and boldly crude humor; Pasolini's *The Hawks and the Sparrows*, impudent and thought-provoking in its satire, but only spottily fascinating; and *The War Game*, a BBC television program that was thought too strong to be publicly aired. A sickening look at the possible consequences of an atomic attack, it had salutary shock effects, but its television seams showed. The Spanish *The Hunt*, unveiled at Berlin, also impressed here.

The short films accompanying the features were again an incomprehensible mixture of the good, the bad, and the



Sylvie in *The Shameless Old Lady*—"The festival kept its reputation for discovering films."





banal. A solid hit was *The Scene*, a humorous *cinéma vérité* glimpse of Marlon Brando, which may help overcome the bad impression he has been making lately in Hollywood. It was made by the Maysles brothers, two young American exponents of the reality-on-the-run technique, who have found their own special cinematic niche. Hungary's *St. Matthew Passion* combined Bach, the New Testament, and concentration camp footage into an ironic dirge of great power, and admirers of the camera work of Gunnar Fischer, who once worked for Bergman, were enabled to view his skill again in *The Piano Lesson*, a delightful Swedish short. But, good heavens, why were such rear-guard specimens of the avant-garde as *O Dem Watermelons* and *Son of Dada* shown? The festival ought to grow up and cut out that nonsense.

On the other hand, it can be forgiven for its loyalty to such "festival" directors as Agnès Varda and Leopoldo Torre Nilsson. Miss Varda's proficiency as a director grows, but as *auteur* filmmaker, with *The Creatures*, she lacks both imagination and the ability to engage. Torre Nilsson's *The Eavesdropper* is earnest, but slow and obvious. Watching such films, and adding to them the two Godard pieces, *Masculine-Feminine* and *Crazy Peter*, can induce a peculiar kind of anguish, more painful than simple boredom. Many who saw most of the festival output complained of this illness.

For relief, the Festival offered some retrospective material, notably De Mille's 1915 short epic, *The Cheat* (the museum enshriners are already enshrining C.B.!), and a late Greta Garbo silent, *Woman of Affairs*. As a movie, the latter wasn't much, but women in the audience thought Miss Garbo wore her clothes beautifully. Perhaps a reminder is necessary that, from the festival point of view, Hollywood films when first made are bad, but thirty, forty, or fifty (in the case of De Mille) years later, they become classic.

Also new this year were sideshows. In the auditorium of the Library of the Performing Arts, independent filmmakers, the so-called underground, had their showings and their say. Impotent fury at the failure of everyone else to recognize their genius seemed to be the prevailing note. The sad fact is that the underground cinema is a form of exhibitionism and not an art form, and one wishes it were different. Parties were prevalent, too, mainly for such visiting directors as Pasolini, Forman, Varda, and Resnais, and the big opening-night party at the New York State Theater promenade was a great success. The mop-headed musical group was amplified so loudly that conversation was impossible, and no one had a chance to argue. And a girl dressed in the new nude-look style showed up, as though to prove this was truly a film festival.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



# Christian Advocate

NOVEMBER 3, 1966



Toto (front) and Ninette Davoli star in Pasolini parable.

NEW YORK  
FILM  
FESTIVAL

*Artistic* Films  
Receive  
Annual *Exposure*



SADLY, NOT ONE OF THE FILMS shown at the New York Film Festival, Sept. 12-22 will receive general distribution in this country. A few of the feature films screened at Lincoln Center will have a limited New York City run; others will get the national art-house treatment, but the rest will return to their native land, unheralded and unknown to the vast U.S. movie-going audience which will continue to munch its popcorn and watch Rock Hudson (or James Garner or Rod Taylor) chase Doris Day through virginal bedrooms, and be largely unaware that it is witnessing the vulgarization of an art form.

The films shown at the New York Festival were selected (not always successfully) as works of cinematic art, but since distribution of motion pictures remains a commercial operation, no festival film will make it into the mass market because the public has never bought art with its nickels and dimes. The festival films will be confined to limited or no distribution for the same reason Beethoven or Bach pose no threat to Sinatra, Welk, or the Rolling Stones. Directors represented at the festival will command their greatest following in film societies, college campuses, and in those few church groups which are beginning to recognize the secular film as a valid artistic expression which holds potentially a word of redemptive or judgmental grace.

It is in the awareness of this church interest that we once again present an evaluation of the offerings of the New York Festival, acknowledging that the church's business is to understand, evaluate, and receive gladly those moments and events in the midst of culture which restore our humanity to us.

One overriding impression I received from seeing 16 of the festival feature films this fall was the depressing awareness that this love of humanity continues to be most apparent in films made outside the United States. Rare is the U.S. film that has that quality of artistic integrity that announces itself to the viewer with such force that he emerges from the theater with new courage, insight, or sheer joy over being alive. The reason for this sterility in U.S. films is purely commercial. With anywhere from 1 to 18 million dollars invested in a film, U.S. producers are concerned for early return on their heavy investment and care little for artistic integrity. They prefer to tickle the shallow and stimulate the obvious, because this is what sells tickets in mass culture. This focus on commerce accounts also for the absence of any major U.S. film at the New York Festival. Distributors have only three to six months to obtain maximum return on their product and they do not wish to risk their commercial investment to the critical glare of an art-oriented festival.

Of course, because a film is made outside the United States is no guarantee that it is brimming with authenticity and grace. But it is true that nations other than our own subsidize their film-makers, giving them some freedom from box office pressures. (Ingmar Bergman spends \$100,000 on a film while the cheapest quality U.S. film will cost \$750,000.) Government control also raises the spectre of official censorship, another danger to artistic freedom, but in areas other than politics, even the Iron Curtain film-makers appear relatively free of control. Still, subsidy is highly unlikely in this country, and if the gap between art and commerce is to be narrowed, another alternative must be found. In a free society, the only remaining course is education. Here the church has a role to play. Since church leaders know that businessmen listen more to profits than to prophets, they should recognize that the only effective way to raise film standards is to provide box office for films that possess artistic merit rather than continue our ineffective muttering against "dirty" movies. To do this, we must engage in an extensive educational task to move our constituency from the dark ages of viewing film as entertainment and escape into a contemporary awareness of cinema as art form.

James M. Wall, editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, has covered the last three New York Film Festivals. A minister, he is a member of the North Georgia Conference.

As a part of this educational process, the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE has been presenting occasional evaluations of current commercial products, recognizing that these are the films that are being shown in local theaters and eventually on television. Our coverage of the New York Festival is designed to supplement this evaluation, highlighting artistic trends which will eventually influence the commercial product and pointing to specific films which may finally make their way to the 16 mm. rental market, where local church units select their own fare, not subject to the whims of the mass market.

Previous New York Festivals, for example, have presented such films as *Knife in the Water*, *Woman on the Dunes*, and *Nothing But a Man*, all of which had brief commercial runs and are now being distributed in 16 mm. prints. Several of this year's festival films will probably enter this market, while others are worth a trip to a nearby urban center if you are fortunate enough to be near a genuine art theater. (Don't confuse these with "exploitation films," which play in most cities under an "adults only" heading. These are usually cheap, independent U.S. productions that concentrate on nudity, sex, and violence.)

Against this background, here are capsule comments on some of the films I saw during the festival:

*The Shameless Old Lady* (France), directed by René Allio, based on a story by Bertolt Brecht, starring Sylvie, a prominent French actress in the role of a 70-year-old widow who spends the last 18 months of her life receiving her world, not fighting it. This was for me, the outstanding film of the festival, cinematically capturing those moments in the life of a widow when her family gathers around before, during and after the husband's funeral, only to desert her to whatever style of life she can find in her loneliness. Her decision to live, rather than to vegetate in a conventional old-age pattern, provides a joyous statement about the importance of remaining open to the future, no matter how short. Director Allio is superb in his depiction of the family's gathering for the funeral, with the widowed Sylvie routinely fixing their breakfast on "this, of all days," as her shocked daughter-in-law puts it. He also captures her movement into freedom with a scene in a department store where the "shameless old lady" quietly lifts her hand to receive a sample of perfume from the salesgirl.

*The Hawks and the Sparrows* (Italy), directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, who also made *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, starring Toto, a well-known Italian comedy performer. Pasolini has had some affinity for Communism in the past, but this fable of a crow telling stories to a father and son seems to suggest that neither Communism nor Christianity in their present form are adequate ideological answers to life. The crow quotes extensively from Pope John, to whom Pasolini dedicated his *Gospel*, thus underlining Pasolini's statement to a festival press conference that he recalls his Catholicism with nostalgia. The film's title comes from the crow's story of St. Francis' attempt to convert the hawks and sparrows and the disillusionment that settled over his helpers when the converted hawk proceeds to eat the converted sparrow. The mood is provocative, amusing, and somewhat sad. Pasolini's technique in the *Gospel* was better, but then he had a stronger story with which to work. In any event, an important work by a gifted artist.

*Hunger* (Denmark-Norway-Sweden), directed by Henning Carlsen, starring Per Oscarsson, who won a Cannes Festival award as best actor for his exhausting performance as a writer starving to death in turn-of-the-century Oslo, Norway. The evocation of hunger is potent as Oscarsson nibbles at strings of meat on a discarded bone, or is unable to keep food on his stomach after buying stew with money he gets from pawning his vest. His real sin is pride, for he refuses help when acceptance would mean admitting failure. Gunnel Lindblom (one of the sisters in *The Silence*) provides little but beauty in her role as the sex-starved girl Oscarsson wants, but cannot possess.



A gratuitous sex scene late in the film is unfortunate, but it probably will not get past customs if the film is shown here.

*The War Game* (Great Britain), a 47-minute film produced for the British Broadcasting Company by Peter Watkins and then barred from television showing by an overly squeamish government censor. Now available for limited showing in Britain, there are at present no plans to show the film in the U.S. Watkins' mixture of styles impedes the film, but the impact is still strong as he describes what could happen to a section of England in the event of a hydrogen bomb attack. Children blinded by glare, skin peeling from horrible radiation burns, and police shooting dying victims are images that visually depict the unspeakable horror of World War III. A total misunderstanding of the role of this film was evident in a *New York Times* review by Bosley Crowther, who said the film's weakness was that it offered no solution—as though no accurate statement about the horror of war should be made until one has a campaign to stop wars.

*Loves of a Blonde* (Czechoslovakia), directed by Milos Forman, one of the "new wave" from the Czech film industry which in this instance, at least, is willing to present honestly the emptiness of industrial life in modern Czechoslovakia. Cinematically excellent portrayal of a young girl who spends the night with a touring musician and then assumes he really meant his invitation to come to Prague to meet his family. Tasteful handling of seduction scene, several comedy sequences taken from the raw embarrassments, and sheer boredom of living guarantee this film the same kind of U.S. reception given *Shop on Main Street*.

*The Eavesdropper* (Argentina), latest film by noted director Torre Nilsson, stars Janet Margolin, who was the mentally disturbed girl of *David and Lisa*. A portrayal of a young Fascist terrorist who suspects some Spanish Republican refugees are plotting an assassination. The plot requires considerable awareness of (and interest in) Argentine politics, while the love interest is unrelated to film's basic theme. A technically well-made film which lacks substance.

*Balthazar* (France/Sweden), directed by Robert Bresson, who made *The Diary of a Country Priest*. A noble attempt to present a donkey as society's victim, who patiently views mankind's brutality and selfishness. Fails to convince because the director's point of view is so filtered through the donkey's perspective that no compassion is evoked. Interesting for students of Bresson, but otherwise of no real merit.

*The Creatures* (France/Sweden), directed by Agnès Varda, who made *Cleo From 5 to 7*, and the more recent *Le Bonheur*. Another noble effort that succeeds better than Bresson, but is more entertaining than significant. A novelist on an island vacillates between his imagination and reality and the viewer is never sure which is which. Fascinating, more for its technical virtuosity than as a statement about life.

*Do You Keep a Lion at Home?* (Czechoslovakia), made in 1963, directed by Pavel Hrabal. Recent interest in Czech films probably prompted its revival in this country. A children's film, following two delightful boys around the city as their imagination permits them to talk to bears, direct traffic, win an automobile race, and rescue an orchestra held captive under the city fountain. Children should enjoy this look at a fantasy world which is more open-ended than anything Walt Disney dreams up, and consequently has the merit of serving as the beginning of imagination, not as its end.

*Troublemakers* (USA), a 54-minute documentary made in part with money from the National Council of Churches, by Robert Machover and Norm Fruchter. An almost dispassionate look at attempts to organize the poor in Newark, N.J.

Efforts to improve slum housing, install a traffic light and enter politics all fail as the city's power structure crushes all efforts to change present patterns. The film suggests that conventional means of changing the present system are of no avail and asks, "What next?"

*Intimate Lighting* (Czechoslovakia), directed by Ivan Passer. A small-town teacher who must share his home with grandparents, a wife who "is no intellectual, but she can cook," and quarreling children discovers that life is empty and he is trapped. Documentary in style, this is a sensitive, personally evocative film that will cross cultures and pose the same question to the U.S. viewer, "What does life really mean after all?"

*Three* (Yugoslavia), directed by Aleksandar Petrovic. Three incidents in the life of a Yugoslavian soldier. Petrovic's camera caresses his terrain, making the war that scars it all the more absurd.

*The Roundup* (Hungary), directed by Miklos Jancso, set in a 19th-century prison camp where the Austrian army is rounding up the last of a group of Hungarian insurgents. Remarkable in its presentation of personal oppression, focusing on response, rather than actual mistreatment. Its theme will have limited U.S. appeal, but its technique suggests strong artistry.

*The Burmese Harp* (Japan), made in 1956 by Kon Ichikawa, now a leading Japanese director, this film was shown as one of the retrospectives of the festival. Its ending is prolonged, and certain segments seem overly sentimental to the Westerner, but its mood of guilt, loneliness, and alienation in a strange land is skillfully developed. The harp belongs to a Japanese soldier who shoulders the burden of his dead comrades whose bones lie decaying on Burmese soil.

## Festival Ratings

### Excellent

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY  
THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS  
HUNGER  
LOVES OF A BLONDE

### Very Good

THREE  
THE BURMESE HARP  
INTIMATE LIGHTING  
THE WAR GAME  
TROUBLEMAKERS

### Good

THE CREATURES  
DO YOU KEEP A LION AT HOME?  
THE ROUNDUP

### Not Recommended

BALTHAZAR  
THE EAVESDROPPER



## THE LIVELY ARTS

### EYES OF THE WORLD— THE REEL THING IN THE '60'S

THE hall darkens, the screen brightens, and worlds begin to open up before you. One evening it's Belgium in the 1960's: the story unreels in black and white, slow and intense, with Hitchcock-like touches of mystery and horror. Next evening it's the Ukraine of a century ago, wild, whirling, and full of color, ringing with the shouts of mountain shepherds, the blare of 12-foot sheephorns, and the thudding of village dances.

Both these movies—*The Man with the Shaven Head* from Belgium and *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors* from the Soviet Union—could be described as love stories. They have a basic family likeness to the thousands of "screen romances" that have flickered by ever since movies began. But in the past such films were made to be forgotten, because others just like them were always "coming next week." Nowadays, when television has taken over the job of pumping out forgettable entertainment, more and more films are being made to be remembered.

The soft gray plains of Belgium and the rolling, birch-studded hills of the Ukraine settle in one's memory. So do many of the other worlds that were opened up in the 4th New York Film Festival, held last month at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City. There were 28 major films from 14 countries, nearly all of them making their first U. S. appearance.

It was a festival of contrasts but not of competitiveness. Unlike Cannes, Berlin, Venice, and most other film festivals, New York had no judges and no prizes. Or rather, it had thousands of judges—spectators who evaluated each entry for the enjoyment it gave or its contribution to the art of the film.

Amid the obvious differences between films there ran a dominant concern with the problems and challenges of our mid-20th-century world. This isn't too surprising. Just as sculpture is made of clay or stone, movies are made of sights and sounds sliced out of reality. Even without trying to, a movie maker is bound to reflect something of the mood and tempo of the age he lives in.

Many of the films at this year's festival dealt with the ways individuals respond to war and violence. *The*



Youth in conflict: scenes from New York Festival films show (top l.) neo-fascist terrorist in Argentine *Eavesdropper*; (lower l.) remorseful soldier in Japan's *Burmese Harp*; drifter in French *Pierrot le Fou*.

*Burmese Harp*, made in Japan in 1955 but never before given a public showing in the U. S., set its story in Burma at the end of World War II. A Japanese soldier loses touch with his unit during the confusion of surrender. Searching for the Allied authorities, he passes across desolate battlefields strewn with both Allied and Japanese dead. In shock and anguish he tries to help bury as many as he can, sometimes using his bare hands to dig their graves. When Japanese troops are repatriated, this soldier decides to stay on in Burma as a Buddhist monk to bury more war dead—a symbolic atonement for his part in the bloodshed.

The French film *La Guerre Est Finie* (The War Is Over) tells about a middle-aged Spaniard who has lived in exile in France ever since the Republicans lost the Spanish Civil War (1936-39). For a quarter of a century Diego (superbly played by Yves Montand) has worked patiently with other left-wing exiles, trying to organize agitation against the Franco government. Then he runs into a group of younger revolutionaries who talk briskly of different goals and more violent techniques. Diego realizes that he has been living in the past—that the revolutionary methods on which he has staked his life for nearly 25 years are out of date in the 1960's. He decides he must try to disentangle himself from the past and find a new life in the present—but can he? Director Alain Resnais (of the prize-winning *Hiroshima Mon Amour*) has again thrown a brilliant light on the interweaving of individual morality and socio-political change in our time.

The young terrorists of *La Guerre Est Finie* are mirrored—from political left to right—in the teenage neo-fascist "hero" of an unusual Argentine film, *The Eavesdropper*. Impatient, bored, full of aggressions, Martin (played by Stathis Giallelis, the young Greek hero of *America America* two years ago) is

attracted to a terrorist group that plans an attack on Argentine leftists. While waiting for the attack he goes into hiding in a hotel. But his aggressiveness won't let him wait in peace. He begins to suspect that some of his neighbors are plotting to assassinate a visiting military strongman. In the end Martin brings in the police to have the "subversives" arrested—only to find himself humiliated instead.

Two less grim films on the deadly serious topic of violence in our time were the work of the controversial young French director, Jean-Luc Godard—*Pierrot le Fou* (Crazy Peter) and *Masculine Feminine*. Both might be described as comic-strip commentaries on the world of the 1960's. Neither has much of a plot: scenes leap from place to place and characters switch abruptly from mood to mood. One moment the action is like a spy thriller, next moment there's a song and dance, and the moment after that the characters are discussing the war in Viet Nam. Godard's films may well be the most "realistic" of all in capturing the inconsistencies and ever-changing patterns of the world today.

There was one striking similarity between *Masculine Feminine* and *The War Game*, a British film about nuclear war. Both films contain TV-type interviews with people-in-the-street, who are asked basic questions about the world they live in. The interviews appear to be unrehearsed, and the answers of a young girl in *Masculine Feminine* are typical of them all.

Asked whether a war is going on anywhere in the world at present (the film was made less than a year ago) she says: "That's a difficult question! Let me see. . . . Well, er, no."

Obviously the girl had done more than neglect her social studies. She hadn't even seen the kind of movies that are being made in all parts of the world today.

—WILLIAM JOHNSON & ROY HEMMING



# *cabiers du* CINEMA *in english*

The Fourth New  
York Film Festival

Having passed its fourth year, the New York Film Festival has proved itself incontestably one of the cultural ornaments of this city. By the simple process of doing what everyone always asks of institutions for the performing arts, opening new areas of experience without paying too much attention to the requirements of the commercial entertainment industry, the festival has managed to collect at the same time both a large and reasonably loyal audience and the general contempt of New York's most powerful reviewers. That a Jean-Luc Godard can at once fill Philharmonic Hall and drive Bosley Crowther into a rage is a phenomenon strange enough in the New York movie world to merit respect. Everybody knows that movies are "in"; the problem now for a few important people is how to get them out again.

Bosley Crowther began by attacking this year's festival before it opened, and he advised his readers that they shouldn't feel they had to go. He continued with a Sunday column on the scandal of there being no new American entry in the festival, and he concluded the following week by suggesting that the festival voluntarily cut itself down to size in the future with no more than, say, ten films "punctiliously selected for quality and catholicity." What I think Mr. Crowther really has in mind is that the festival should disappear entirely, and



Alain Resnais: *La Guerre est finie*, Yves Montand and Ingrid Thulin.

his method is to expose its mistakes, its embarrassments, its enthusiasms—as if the whole thing were politically suspect.

No one should underestimate the defensive animosity that usually greets new works of art whenever they appear. But neither should one underestimate the wrath of a reviewer scorned, and what has happened is that movies in New York have sufficiently come of age to command an audience that sometimes knows its own mind, that at the very least knows better minds than it finds writing in the daily newspapers. The audience I am taking about is neither so faddist, so intellectually precious, so fanatic, nor even so young as its detractors — those who are not getting through to it—like to complain. But it is a real audience such as the arts require and not just a public such as reads the newspapers. The creation of that movie audience is partly the work of the New York Film Festivals. "Jean-Luc cultists," complains Judith Crist in the *World Journal Tribune*. God bless them! They constitute a line of defense against every manipulative insult the entertainment business throws out, there are more of them each year, and they may even be winning.

\* \* \*

The best movies at the Fourth New York Film Festival came from the direc-

tors one would have expected: Godard, Bresson, Bunuel, Resnais. And the worst also came from the directors one would have expected: Ichikawa, Torre Nilsson, de Seta, Varda. So there were no major surprises. The quality of the worst was pretty low, but the best, especially the Godard and the Bresson, was absolutely dazzling. About the films of the new Czech cinema, which had star billing and most of the publicity at the festival, there is relatively little to say. If Milos Forman's *Loves of a Blonde*, Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting*, and the omnibus film *Pearls on the Ground* avoid the embarrassments of last year's dismal critical and commercial success *The Shop on Main Street*, they also avoid the risks that might have raised them above the ordinary. It is not a matter of their being films about little people and small situations so much as of their seeing in their people and situations nothing that is not little and mundane. All three films tend to substitute a sometimes considerable technical expertise and close observation for feeling and vision. The principal method of both the Forman and Passer films seems to be the exploitation of a sense of sustained, slightly superior discomfort. And both films, which were praised generally for their warm humanity (movie Philistines always prefer people to works of art,



Ivan Passer: *Intimate Lighting*, Vera Kresadlova.



especially to movies), seem actually rather coldly detached from the haggling creatures whose very humanness they are supposed to celebrate.

Of the Czech features, *Intimacy*, by *ing* provided some pleasure in a few genuinely comic sequences around a family dinner table and in a brief meeting between a village idiot and a pretty girl from which both idiot and girl emerge victorious. In *Pears*, on the *Ground* the last sequence, in which a young worker picks up a Czech girl for a night and uncovers more women than he had bargained for, is directed by Jaromil Jires with enough exuberance and warmth to balance the usual debilitating Czech tact.

The category of non-movie at the Fourth New York Film Festival was filled by the B.B.C. pseudo-documentary *The War Games*; a tricky put-down of the 1965 Albert Hall poetry reading by Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Logue, and others called *Wholly Communion*; and three brief excursions into *cinéma-vérité*: a Maysles Brothers account of Marlon Brando meeting and utterly disarming the press, *Troublemakers*, in which Norman Fruchter and Robert Machover examine the frustrations endured by young poverty workers trying to buck the establishment in a New Jersey slum, and the Italian *Notes for a Film on Jazz*, which I did not see. Of all these real-life films I liked only the Brando interviews, for their frank and engaging air of unreality and for Brando's perfect self-possession in playing himself and reducing each of his interviewers to self-conscious blushes as he cheerfully sets about interviewing them.

Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's *The East-dropper*, Kon Ichikawa's *The Burmese Harp*, Aleksandar Petrovic's *Tri*, Agnès Varda's *Les Créatures*, and Vittorio de Seta's *Almost a Man* were the poorest films in the festival. If I were forced to choose between Varda's flashy, modish-



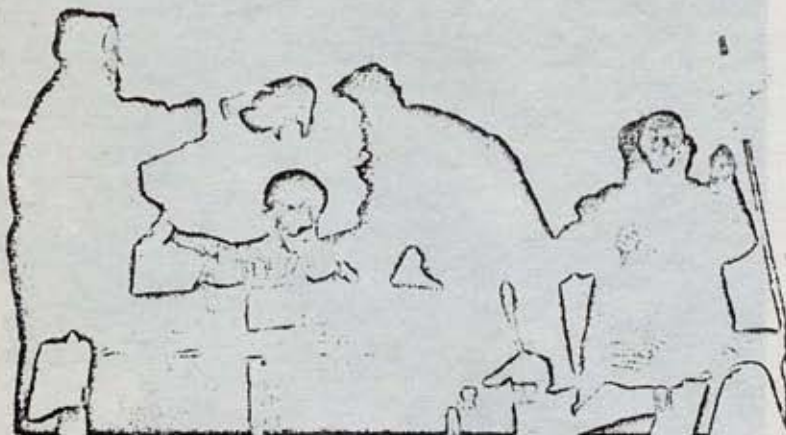
Milos Forman: *Loves of a Blonde*, Hana Brejchova.

ness, Petrovic's fussiness, de Seta's ponderousness, Ichikawa's good-soldier sentimentality, and Torre Nilsson's moody pretentiousness, I should pick the last. High pretensions sometimes argue good intentions, and by sheer weight of incident, energy, and near invention, Torre Nilsson achieves a density of effect that I can't honor but that gives me pleasure. With slighter themes, weaker conscience, and an eye less entranced by the symbolically significant, Torre Nilsson might make movies that were as much fun as Delmer Daves'—which of course would serve him up a camp taste and ban him from the festival circuit forever.

Carlos Saura's *The Hunt* and Miklos Jancso's *The Roundup* (known in England as "The Hopeless Ones," but with a title in Hungarian like *Szegények*, why translate?) are bad movies by directors who seem to know exactly where they are going and how to get there. In neither case is the trip necessary. *The Hunt* managed to please both Luis Bunuel and Rosley Crowther, per-

haps by combining an unusual amount of cruelty to small animals (the film's situation is a rabbit hunt) with a series of interminable confrontations and fatal intramural violence among human beings. According to the festival program notes and Mr. Crowther, *The Hunt* is really about "the contemporary Spanish situation," but without the program notes it is remarkably lacking in resonance or rationale. *The Roundup* is a very canny film, full of strikingly composed frames with stark whites, blacks, barren expanses, maze-like corridors, and impassive performances. It is a resolutely good-looking movie in which all movements are subtly patterned and all effects are managed with a kind of attention-getting understatement. It shows the misery, torture, and killing of political prisoners in 19th-century Hungary, but its concern is more with the efficiency of the methods it investigates than with the pain they afford. Ultimately it is an ambitious shaggy-dog story with a very nasty ending, and its considerable restraint and cleverness support no larger response than a vicious anecdotal irony that seems powerless except to affirm rather than protest oppression.

Rene Allio's *Shameless Old Lady* gains from a marvelous performance by Sylvia and from Allio's unwillingness to protect his film as a general statement or praising the joys of old age. One looks at Sylvia striding vigorously across a street or gazing thoughtfully at the things around her as *convicted* to indicate that this old lady is as much human as shameless. The film is uncomfortable without exasperations, and it avoids the sentimentalism except the most subtle, that of reducing its central character to an object for edification, admiration, what you will—so long as it is less than a person, who engages us totally. De-



Sergei Paradjanov: *Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors*.





Andre Delvaux: *The Man With the Shaven Head*, Beata Tyszkiewicz.

spite Sylvie's magnificent presence, Madame Berthe never succeeds in becoming for us more than an exemplary old lady, whether in serving her family or satisfying herself. The film begins and ends with death, but death is essentially a wonderful convenience—at the beginning, a release for the old lady into a childhood of trust and new experience, and at the end a release from the dependencies of adulthood.

I group the films by Pier Paolo Pasolini and Bernardo Bertolucci together because Pasolini's *Accattone* and Bertolucci's *La Commare Secca* matter for me mostly as indicating stages in the development of the director of *Before the Revolution*. Bertolucci worked on *Accattone*, and Pasolini collaborated on the screenplay for *La Commare Secca*. *Accattone* today looks less good than it must have looked when it was made in 1961. Certain elements, for example the use of a musical score "by J. S. Bach," show their age in the stylistic preferences of their time, and the mystique of the engaging low-life bastard with a soul of something if not of gold has faded with the passing of the early '60's. For all its expansiveness and detail, *Accattone* has little more than sympathy for a particular life style to keep it going. *La Commare Secca* was Bertolucci's first feature, and it bears the stamp of the kind of sensibility exhibited in *Accattone*. Its treatment of a series of vignettes revolving around the murder of a prostitute suggests that Bertolucci has some commercial potential as a director, but in the long run the sort of poetic flamboyance that distinguishes *Before the Revolution* appears here and takes the film over. So thoroughly is it taken over that, despite some gimmicky tie-ins, the end belongs to a different movie than the beginning. I think that Bertolucci is most successful with his

strangest characters (especially a grave homosexual who at the end identifies the murderer) and that everything becomes most brilliant in the moments of superfluous lyricism that fill the loose places in the plot. *La Commare Secca* is a remarkable film from a 20-year-old; it is even more remarkable that the same director could have made *Before the Revolution* two years later.

Two films by new directors merit special consideration. *Shadows of our Forgotten Ancestors* by the Russian Sergei Pardjhanov looks at first like nothing so much as late Eisenstein imitated with a hand-held camera. It swoops and flies and never moves from a point here to a point there without racing through a 360° turn in the process. The matter of the film is folk tale, and it involves a certain amount of communication from beyond the grave between a dead girl and her living, now married, lover. Much of the action is ceremonial: a carnival in the snow, church services, a wedding, a Christmas celebration, a wake—and the tendency is always to push ceremony beyond the limits of decorum. With its unreal colors, improbable camera angles, and precarious balance between ritual and orgy, *Shadows of our Forgotten Ancestors* proves that nothing exceeds like excess, and in the process it succeeds in establishing its own vital stylistic basis, something that the fastidious *The Roundup* never does.

André Delvaux's *The Man with the*

*Shaven Head* was for me the most interesting introduction of the festival. A slow, deliberate, cryptic account of a man's obsession with his dreams of a woman, the film superficially resembles the work of Dreyer and Bresson (Delvaux uses Bresson's photographer Ghislain Cloquet), but differs in being almost completely subjective. The world we share with the self-effacing anti-hero, looking over his shoulder, as it were, and twice in brilliant flashes through his mind's eye, has a weird atmospheric density, almost as if it were being seen under water. In each of the film's three sections a long, loosely connected train of experiences leads to a confrontation of the hero with his beloved that is followed by a crisis of action and/or recognition. Each of these confrontations (the last is no more than a brief newsreel clip), which are both real and visionary, is a mystery that yields nothing to clinical or symbolic explanation. *The Man with the Shaven Head* is in fact a deeply moving love film.

Delvaux acknowledges an admiration of Bergman, and his precisely observed interiors and alien but strangely familiar exteriors seem to owe something to Antonioni, but his film is in a tradition rather than in slavish imitation. The passion of his diffident hero's life is at once more personal, more obsessive, and less weighty than it would have been in the hands of either of those directors.

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Bunuel's *Simon of the Desert* has been



Luis Bunuel: *Simon of the Desert*, Silvia Pinal and Claudio Brook.



praised for its blasphemy, which is one of the chief things there is to praise it for. From its initial conceit of the grandly reverent removal of Simon to a yet more imposing column in the desert on which to suffer his martyrdom, through every useless miracle he invokes and every manifestation of the Devil in Silvia Pinal's ripe body, the film is outrageous, simplistic and totally charming. Since he first put razor blade to eyeball, one has honored Bresson more for healthy vitality than for subtlety, and in this case in the luminous spirit of *L'Esprit*, this is one of the healthiest Bresson movies yet.

With *Au Hasard Balthazar*, Bresson creates a more continuous and varied world than he has in any other recent film. With its hooves, hands, weapons, and tools, the film is virtually a study in aspects of the sense of touch. A story that begins in mystery and passionate anticipation issues fatally either in passion spent or passion betrayed into obsession, and for once we know that the Bresson character have something to lower their eyes about. Almost everyone is driven, by pride, by drink, by lust, by avarice, by sheer evil nature, and anybody not so driven is excluded (like the heroine's childhood friend) from a charmed and violent circle, from which there may be escape, usually in death, but for which there is no mitigation. The donkey Balthazar is also driven, usually with a thwacking stick and occasionally with a whip or a burning newspaper tied to his tail, but he bears his burdens, patiently suffers, and finally dies into so much cold meat on the ground. *Au Hasard Balthazar* is intimately aware of the ground. The land the heroine's father makes profitable by the book but that is finally taken from him, the pavement upon which the drunkard Arnold dies, the stones in Balthazar's path as he carries high-minded tourists on summer outings, the millstone he turns for the grain merchant, the earth of the hillside onto which he sinks in his own death—all suggest a massive metaphorical consistency. The

presence of such a metaphor, and the careful delineation of a community of the damned, would indicate that while this is Bresson's most complex and demanding film, it is in some ways his most accessible, and that its secrets and revelations are very much of this world.

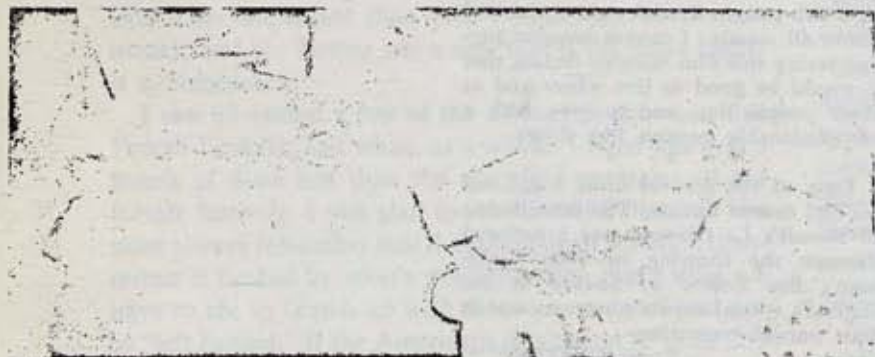
I'm not sure whether most New York film reviewers hate Jean-Luc Godard more for his movies or for his reputation. At each festival he is there with one or two new films, and each festival finds him a year older without even beginning to mellow into what the people on the newspapers like to call maturity. Since they can no longer fault him for being too young, they are beginning to accuse him of being (at thirty-five) too old, too prolific, and above all too popular. When a director none of them likes repeatedly sells out the house at Philharmonic Hall there has to be something wrong. Of course there are a few compensations. This year Mrs. Crist has once again exposed Godard's pretentious intellectual allusions, at least some of them; and Stanley Kauffmann has discovered that for a director who makes it big with the cinema-as-visual-art crowd, Godard rails back suspiciously often on WORDS, spoken, and even WRITTEN ON THE SCREEN!

Both *Masculine Feminine* and *Pierrot le fou* add to a body of work that for me at least becomes more and more interesting as it begins to overlap, redefining itself, demonstrate more clearly and circumstantially that it is of a piece. *Masculine Feminine* is small scale, black and white, with a heavy admixture of what looks like *cinéma-vérité*, and with a strong feeling of having been largely improvised. *Pierrot le fou* is in brilliant color, wide screen (nobody seems to know better than Godard what difference the shape of the screen makes in the shape of a movie), and is full of action and visual effects. It is possible, and it might be fruitful, to study two lines of development in Godard simply by looking at the color movies on the one hand and the black and white

movies on the other. Fruitful, but by no means definitive. If you can follow a line of development from *A Woman Is a Woman* through *Contempt* to *Pierrot le fou*, you can follow at least as reasonable a line from *Breathless* through *Band of Outsiders* to *Pierrot le fou*. And if *Masculine Feminine* is like the kind of film Godard more often makes, *Pierrot le fou* seems more centrally to add to the history of the Godard canon. For example, it is no accident that Karina makes her first appearance wearing her hair the way she did as Odile in *Band of Outsiders* and that on the drive south Belmondo dresses like Sami Frey's Franz, and it is of course no accident that *Pierrot le fou* recreates the color determinates and the sea and sky cosmos of *Contempt* at the moment that it ends with Belmondo's self-annihilation.

*Masculine Feminine* is actually about relations between girls and boys, and its young hero dies just when things might have become complicated, as the heroine learns she is pregnant. Everything else, from a murder and a couple of suicides to the war in Vietnam either happens off screen or happens as the result of a kind of exaggerated play gesture that moves it into a dream-like periphery. That the dream is mostly nightmare, and that its landscape is Godard's Paris-Alphaville of the soul is not beside the point, but neither is it all the point. *Masculine Feminine* is firmly based in reality to the extent that the real is here and now, and not anywhere else (not even outside the door or across the street), and not in the future or the past. Before he dies, the young hero, Paul, tries becoming a public-opinion poll interviewer, but he finds that he imposes the answers he gets by the mere act of asking the questions. The film continually probes, and it is full of questions (quite simply, the personal interview is the structure of most of the scenes), but the answers are always counter-probes, or insults, or one way or another of saying none of your business. In the most touching sequence, Paul makes a recording for his girl, and he ends with a plea made out of the numerous paths of communication across distant spaces. He imagines an import control tower, over the radio a voice comes: "Being 777 calling Caravelle Paul calling Madalaine." Paul leaves the recording booth, enters a noisy arcade, but backs out followed by a young man threatening him with a knife. The man stabs himself. The sequence ends with that absurd, gratuitous, solipsistic gesture, leaving Paul untouched, as by his own death he will leave untouched everything around him.

The hero of *Pierrot le fou* paints his



Robert Bresson: *Au Hasard Balthazar*. Anne Wiazemsky.



face blue and wraps himself in red and yellow layers of dynamite sticks before he kills himself, and by implication he completes the extinction of the known world in destroying himself. This is cosmic, wide-screen, myth-making, Godard, to whom not even ultimate alienation is alien. It seems to be a kind of summing up and a returning to sources (a return auto trip, for example, to the southern coast from which *Breathless* started out). Its final shot pans across that unbroken line of sea and sky that Odysseus faced at the end of *Contempt* and upon which Odile and Franz floated at the end of *Band of Outsiders*. I can't begin to assess a movie that includes so much after just one viewing, but I think that *Pierrot le fou* is major Godard, better than *Masculine Feminine*, for all that film's winning sensitivity and pathos, and that it will be found to explain a good deal that had seemed only conjectural or arbitrary before. It is in many ways a parody—of other films, of styles in life and art, of the events in human history; the kind of very serious though sometimes funny parody that great eclectic intellectual artists of many ages have discovered as their form, but that may be new to film. It is well that Godard has his words to use; he needs traditions of greater depth than movies at this early stage can possibly provide.

Alain Resnais' lovely *La Guerre est finie* has its own depths, which are a gift of visual perspective. This is a film full of doors that open to reveal friends and loved ones, and (unlike *Muriel*) there is never a doorway unattended. I know of no film maker for whom human relations have such reasonable potential and dignity as for Resnais. Whether between the slightly disaffected Spanish revolutionary Diego (Yves Montand) and his mistress Marianne (Ingrid Thulin) or the beautiful young girl who helps him, or in what one feels must have been between a woman Diego visits and her husband who has gone into Spain and vanished without a trace, or between Diego's many revolutionary colleagues and their wives—in this world, domestic arrangements work with a special but not unimaginable grace.

The war is indeed over, but the struggle continues. It is still dangerous, but shot full of ambiguities, or so protracted that it is difficult to hold in view what it is all about, and carried on by comrades who at this date are as likely to die from heart attacks as to disappear into political prisons. In *Muriel* it was World War II; in *La Guerre est finie* it is the Spanish Civil War. Both films are saturated with the past. But in *Muriel* the events of the past are lost,



Jean-Luc Godard: *Masculine Feminine*, Jean-Pierre Leaud, Chantal Goya, Catherine-Isabelle Duport.

or being lost, or never happened; in *La Guerre est finie* the past is massively reclaimed. The danger is that it threatens the present, particularly for a man obliged to render his accounts with old currency, even though it may no longer be valid. Diego's heroic gestures have a peculiar poignancy in a settled world that is largely satisfied with present arrangements and where the coming generation makes its own radical plans to meet those arrangements—to smuggle in explosives that will be used to make Spain unsafe for tourism!

There is a fine moral sensibility in *La Guerre est finie*, a morality that the film never talks about but that it finds waiting behind every apartment door, in every glance exchanged between man and wife, in all the contacts made by lovers. In *Muriel* everything is misplaced, personal taste is a fraud, memories are illusions, buildings collapse, people disappear. In *La Guerre est finie* all this is reversed; lives are full, and the places in which people live are substantial and above all seemly. I cannot imagine anyone seeing this film without feeling that it would be good to live where and as these people live, and to love with a companionable passion like theirs.

\* \* \*

Four of the festival films I did not see and cannot discuss. The cancellation of Renoir's *La Chienne* was a national disaster; the showing of Peter Goldman's fine *Echoes of Silence* in the festival's special events programs was at least partial restitution.

—Roger GREENSPUN



# Commonweal

## THE FILM FESTIVAL

### THE SCREEN

Strangely enough, the most played-up item about this year's N.Y. Film Festival was that there were no new American films scheduled. It was reported that the selection committee, who looked at 400 feature films, had asked for "The Appaloosa," (directed by Sidney J. Furie and starring Marlon Brando) and were refused. They were lucky. While this picture is as arty as most Festival films, it had little form or content—and the new-style cinema insists on the former if not the latter. The selection committee was also fortunate in being denied the new Billy Wilder movie, "The Fortune Cookie," which is now set for release. Expertly acted by Jack Lemmon as a TV cameraman, Walter Matthau as his brother-in-law, a shyster lawyer, and Ron Rich as the big Negro halfback who injures Jack slightly during a game, "Cookie" is really only a half-hour TV show expanded into a two-hour verbose movie. While it is amusing at times, it is definitely not Festival fare.

But what is Festival fare? Amos Vogel, director of the N.Y. Festival, informed readers of the *N.Y. Times*: "The cinema is changing. . . . Unless audiences, exhibitors, distributors, and critics catch up with these new trends, they will be left behind." Thus challenged, audiences flocked to the Festival which ran at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall from Sept. 12th through the 22nd (many of the programs were sold out) and learned that form is now more important than content, characterization more important than plot (which can be non-existent), and the farther out a new film is the more highly it is considered.

I saw all except a few of the 27 movies shown at this Fourth Festival, and while, as a whole, I liked this year's bunch of films less than the complete programs of the former festivals, I was glad to see the 1966 Festival. We must always remember that if the four-man selection committee is limited by what's available, then that's what we have to see to "catch up with these new trends" and not be "left behind." If the Americans don't want to show any good movies, that's a trend too. And if some of the foreign films, even those made by highly considered directors

are a waste of time, then maybe that's a trend too. I could have done very well without Torre Nilsson's "The Eavesdropper," Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot Le Fou," and a five-part Czech film which was supposed to show off five Czech directors and didn't live up to its title, "Pearls on the Ground," at all. But even these mediocre movies keep us abreast of what's going on in cinema today.

The films I liked best were "Intimate Lighting," an incredibly funny and warm and poignant (and plotless!) film made by Czech director Ivan Passer, "Almost a Man," a complicated picture of a man going through a mental breakdown, expertly told by Italian producer-director-writer Vittorio de Seta, and "The Burmese Harp," the 1956 Japanese film made by Kon Ichikawa, a N.Y. Festival Retrospective Choice, which in spite of occasional sentimental touches is one of the best anti-war films ever made and gets across its theme far more effectively than the new British horror, "The War Game," which is supposed to terrify us into hating the very idea of nuclear warfare.

Second best, I liked the Scandinavian "Hunger," Alain Resnais' technically interesting but somewhat tiresome "La Guerre Est Finie," Pasolini's "Accattone," the well-directed, amusing, and touching "Loves of a Blonde" made by Czech director Milos Forman, the strange, slow-moving, fascinating Belgian psychological thriller "The Man with the Shaven Head," and the two pictures which are already in release and which I reviewed last week: "The Shameless Old Lady" and "Masculine Feminine."

Most disappointing among this year's Festival items were those with religious connotations: three films which were either trying too hard or not trying enough to say something but they're not sure what. In any case the "what" doesn't come through in Bresson's "Balthazar," or Pasolini's "The Hawks and the Sparrows" or Bunuel's "Simon of the Desert." I have no objection to Bunuel's kidding a saint as he does in "Simon," but his film is such a half-baked affair that nothing is clear except his attempt to give the man the raspberry. Phyllis McGinley did it better in her delightful poem: "And why did Simeon sit like that? . . . It puzzles the age, It puzzles me. It puzzles many A Desert Father. And I think it puzzled the Good Lord, rather."

Some of the movies in this Fourth N.Y. Film Festival puzzled me too; but I'm still glad to have seen them. And I'm grateful to Program Director Richard Roud, Amos Vogel, and their good staff members for getting me caught up with the new trends. I still like a film with a plot, but I'm willing to play this "changing cinema" game—for a while at least, until the new change comes along.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG



# Commentary

Volume 12, No. 1, Winter 1974

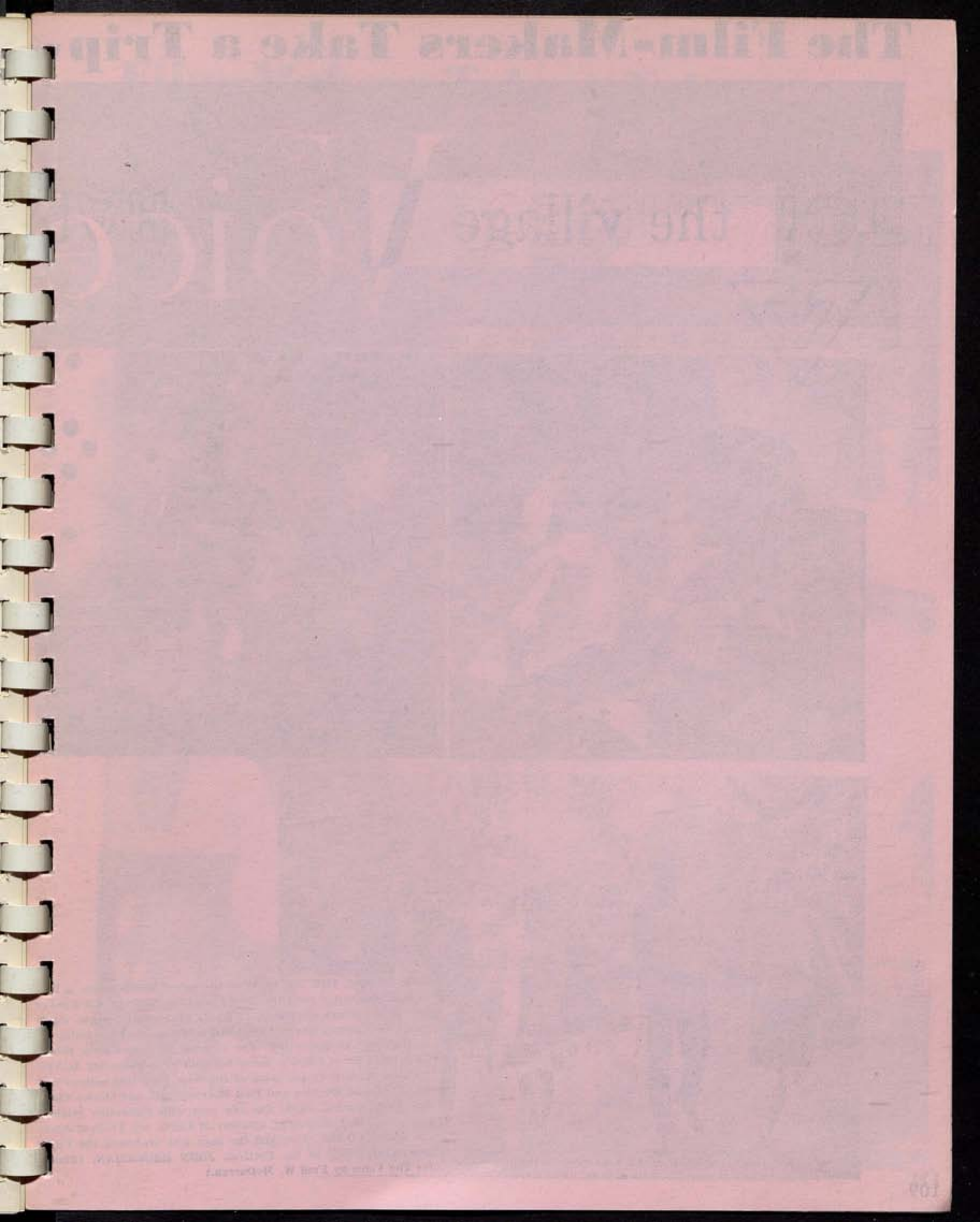
I want to begin this review with a word for the "The" which will appear in the title of the book. The "The" is not a definite article, but a demonstrative pronoun. It is used to point to a specific object or person. In this case, it points to the book "The" by the author. The book is a collection of essays on the history of the United States. The author is a well-known historian and professor at the University of California, Berkeley. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and it is a must-read for anyone interested in the history of the United States. The book is divided into three parts. The first part is titled "The American Revolution" and covers the years 1763 to 1789. The second part is titled "The American Republic" and covers the years 1789 to 1861. The third part is titled "The American Empire" and covers the years 1861 to 1914. The author discusses the political, social, and economic changes that shaped the United States during these periods. He also discusses the role of the United States in the world and the impact of its actions on other countries. The book is a comprehensive and well-written work that provides a detailed and accurate account of the history of the United States. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the history of the United States.

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# At the Village

1957



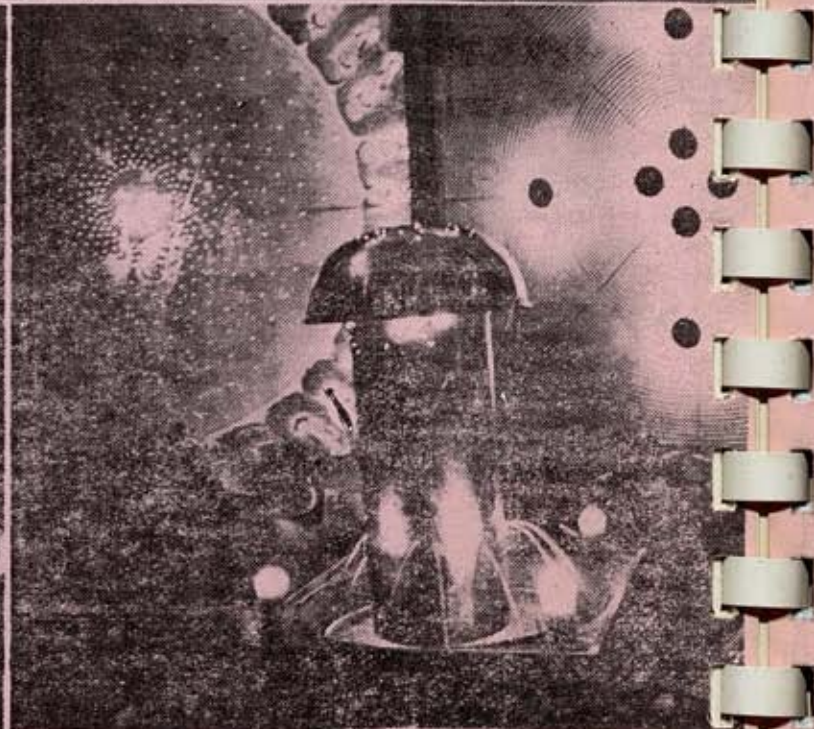


# The Film-Makers Take a Trip

the village

# Voice

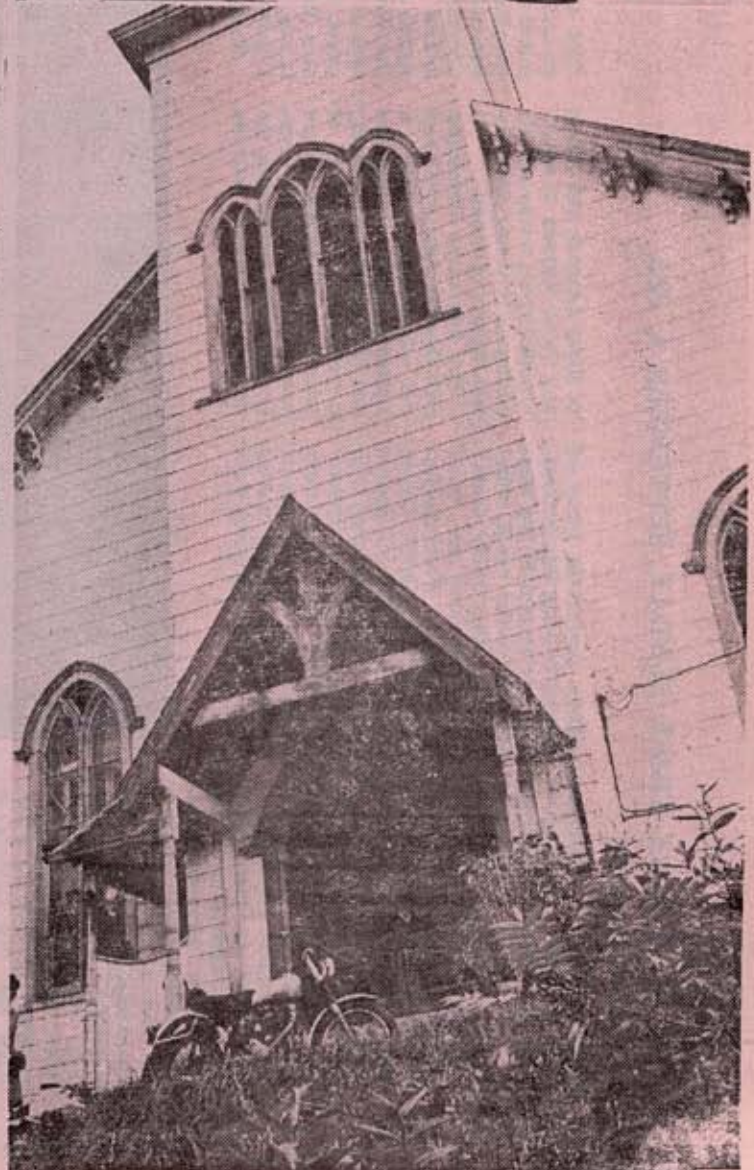
Vol. XI, No. 49 • New York, N.Y. • Thursday, September 22, 1966



OFF TO SEE THE WIZARDS of the mixed media scene, a load of luminaries from the New York Film Festival last Sunday toured the sylvan workshops of USCO (Tabernacle, below right; inside view above) and STAN VANDERBEEK, who illuminates Moviedrome at above left. The exterior is immediately below. GERD STERN of USCO is below left with French director AGNES Varda. At bottom are some of the New York film-makers and friends—Susan Szeckley and Paul Morrissey, left, and Shirley Cla and Andy Warhol, right. The two men with diffraction rain patches on their foreheads, courtesy of USCO, are Festival director AMOS VOGEL (top) and the man who organized the Underground programs of the Festival, JOHN BROCKMAN. (Photo for The Voice by Fred W. McDarrah.)



# Film-Makers Take a Trip





THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1966.

By ELENORE LESTER

**"H**ATE Happenings. Love Intermedia Kinetic Environments." John Brockman speaking—partly kidding, but conveying the notion that Happenings are Out and Intermedia Kinetic Environments are In in the places where the action is. John Brockman, the New York Film Festival's 25-year-old coordinator of a special events program on independent cinema in the United States, plugging into the switched-on "expanded cinema" world in which a film is not just a movie, but an Experience, an Event, an Environment. This is a humming electronic world, in which multiple films, tapes, amplifiers, kinetic sculpture, lights and live dancers or actors are combined to Involve Audiences in a Total Theater Experience. Unlike Happenings, which often involve audiences in complicated relationships with plastics, bottles, sacks, ropes and other objects, Intermedia Kinetic Experiences permit audiences simply to sit, stand, walk or lie down and allow their senses to be Saturated by Media.

### No Way Out

"You can't escape from an Intermedia Kinetic Environment the way you can from a play or any art form that reaches you through language," says Brockman. "This is primary experience. It takes place in a 360-degree environment." Brockman, who fully accepts Marshall McLuhan's "the-medium-is-the-message" thesis, believes that full exposure to I.K.E. is positively "therapeutic."

When he was selected by New York Film Festival Director Amos Vogel to work with him on the special events program, Brockman immediately

thought in terms of helping to bring this farthest-out development in the film-art-dance-music world before a public "that really doesn't understand how our world has changed." When the festival starts at Lincoln Center on Sept. 12, four of 27 special events will be concerned with this area of film experimentation. The other programs cover a wide range of aspects of independent film-making from the cinema vérité work

of Ricky Leacock and Albert and David Maysels to poetic-impressionistic works and experiments involving the physical aspects of vision.

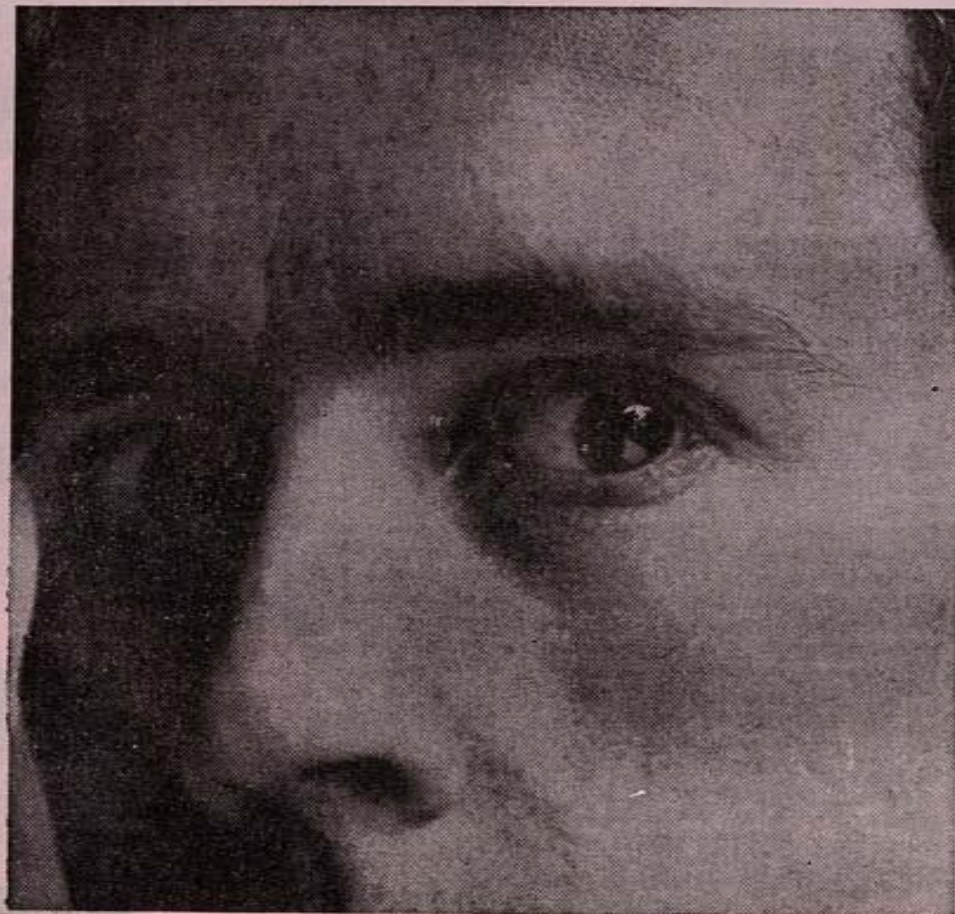
But how came Brockman, pink-cheeked, shiny-eyed, fresh out of business school, a traineeship at Bloomingdale's and involvement in a leasing corporation, to the world of artistic experimentation where in one year he has been largely responsible for bringing the underground cinema into the

light of day and promoting an unlikely marriage between mixed media and commercial discothèques—a marriage consummated when USCO (Us Company), a group of poets, artists and engineers, designed an "environment" for the World, a teen-age night club on Long Island. "All accident. I did what I wanted," says Brockman. "After that it was logical thinking. That I learned at business school." Brockman was enmeshed in

finances and knew practically nothing of media outside of The Wall Street Journal when his friendship with Off-Off-Broadway actor Kevin O'Connor led him to an interest in theatrical activities at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Boww-erie. He and O'Connor suggested to Ralph Cook, director of the church's art program, that a showing of the work of young independent film-makers might be interesting. The thing caught on. But no one was more caught by it than Brockman himself. In the work of the underground film-makers, the young businessman found a soul the computers lacked. "Money is just an abstraction. These people were doing something important. They are artists. They see through years of conditioned responses." The barriers of his own conditioned responses fell like the stock market. "Movies? I had loved them — Westerns, foreign films, all kinds of Hollywood films. But this was Something Else!"

### A New Wave

Dominating the far-out scene at this time (which will undoubtedly go down in film history as the first period of the new American cinema of the 60's) was the beat type of film-maker like Jack Smith, Ron Rice and Andy Warhol, whose work projected a wry, personal social criticism, using everything from pathos to put-on to point up modern man's alienation from his society, from his own body and soul. However, this programmatically naive, home-movie approach represented only one strain in the new cinema. Other film-makers were more concerned with extending the range of film-making through technical innovations such as



John Brockman, champion of Intermedia Kinetic Environments

"It can't be told in words—you just have to experience it"

So What Happens After Happenings?



# After Happenings, What?

Continued from Page 9

the use of multiple screens and projectors, video tapes, and light and sound experiments. It was this aspect of the new work that most fascinated Brockman. Becoming connected with the Film-Makers' Cooperative, he promoted a week-long festival that brought widespread attention to the group.

Since then, intermedia presentations by Robert Whit-

man have been given at the Martinique Theater and at Circle-in-the-Square, and a Whitman work was shown before an invited audience at Easthampton, L. I., last weekend. Although Circle audiences have displayed amusement, bafflement and hostility, the art-oriented audience of Easthampton was enthusiastic about a "theater piece" based on a watery theme—penguins, a boat, a strange inflated

whale-like object, amplified watery sounds and people wrapped in plastic coverings that made them appear to have emerged from the depths of the sea. The work will be given as the final presentation of the special events program at Lincoln Center on Sept. 23.

Brockman feels sure that exposure to Intermedia Kinetic Environments like these will change people's perceptions. He finds it dif-

ficult to describe exactly from what to what ("You just have to experience it. The whole point is that it can't be told in words.") In any case, he is sure the change will be for the better—"After all, we're living in the second half of the 20th century, and for all most people know we may as well be in the 16th. Only the hip-pist, most aware artists are able to make a statement about our world today."

Wednesday, September 7, 1966

**VARIETY**

## N.Y. Film Fest—From Subterranean To Surface for Fresh-Air Kick

By RICHARD ALBARINO

Independent U.S. film production, long buried in the so-called "underground," will be spotlighted by this year's New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center via a comprehensive program of 27 events — exhibitions, demonstrations, screenings, talkfests and panel discussions. Details of the greatly expanded 27 vs. 12 events last year. N.Y. Fest "sideshow," as learned last week reflect what is tantamount to a separate festival.

Once confined to backrooms of village boites or the classes of venturesome universities, the surfacing of the "independent cinema" should do much to remove some of the misconceptions (and also some of its "in" glamor) of the movement by separating the film "poets" from the poseurs, the gagsters from the real achievers. In any case, it's almost a sure bet for controversy — always a desirable dramatic angle at a festival.

One of the more serious motivations for the indie focus, besides the reasonable assumption that it's "long overdue," is that it gives the fest an additional credential in its unstated but frequently intimated competition for Federal and private "Film Institute" funds. It also provides a logical launching pad for the festival's year-round "ongoing" events, so far described as providing a showcase for otherwise unavailable or unseen films. Other filmfest credential for funds is the recently disclosed student films award program, now linked with the festival and scheduled to follow it immediately.

Both festival director Amos Vogel and special events coordinator John Brockman have been associated with the indie film movement. Vogel is the founder of Cinema 16, one of the original showcases and libraries for the "non-commercial" film, and Brockman has been organizer of the current so-called "intermedia" (anything with more than two projectors, but usually a gaggle of visual media projected simultaneously), which is expected to be the special focus of the special events section.

Sideshow, to held, like last year, at Lincoln Center's library auditorium, will offer 27 discussions,

interviews and demonstrations, at least 12 of which involve screening of films, one being Richard Leacock's feature-length "Stravinsky." One demo reportedly is a kind of "do it yourself" film, during which strobe lights are flashed on a blank screen at varying tempi and duration while the viewer experiences a "trompe d'oeil" and presumably "sees" things. Latter offering will be welcomed by bleary-eyed fest-goers.

Events and panels, skedged at rate of three per day, at 1:30, 4 and 6:30 p.m., or 11 a.m., 1 p.m. and 4 are as follows:

Sept. 13: open interview with Czech Milos Forman, screening of last year's student award winners, screening and followup grilling of Leacock's "Stravinsky."

Sept. 14: Talkfest via Parker Tyler "Is Film Criticism Only Propaganda?," screening of Stan Vanderbeek, Robert Breer multimedia films, unreeling of Peter Goldman's \$1,500 feature "Echoes of Silence"; Sept. 15: screening of Sheldon Rochlin's "Vali," Tony Conrad's "Flicker" and Victor Grauer's "Archangel"; "The Theatre of Mixed Means," talk by Richard Kostelanetz.

Sept. 16: discussion of indie film distribution, screening of Harry Smith pix, Maysles Bros. "cinema verite" screening.

Sept. 17: screening of Ed Em-schwiller's "Relativity," lecture by Andrew Sarris, lecture by Annette Michelson re European "radicalism" in film.

Sept. 19: critic's panel, George Amberg on psychology of film vision; screenings of Bert Stern and Harold Becker's commercials.

Sept. 20: talkfest re "expanded" cinema, visiting foreign directors snipe at indies at home and abroad; Michael Mayer, IFIDA director, moderates panel on indie "indie" distribution.

Sept. 21: screening of Robert Whitman's "Theatre Piece," (three times that day).

Sept. 22: Richard Roud interviews fest film directors, screening of Hilary Harris' feature-length documentary of Gotham; Amos Vogel and fest film department discuss present state of indie filmmaking in U.S.





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Festival*

AS autumn in the country brings the county fair, with its oxen draws, square dances, and gooseberry preserves, autumn in New York now brings the urban film festival, with local celebrities straining together in symposiums, young folk giving one another an intense conversational whirl in the hallways, and the local equivalent of 4-H—the Underground—offering juries and fellow-members some samples of film that were canned and preserved at home in an earlier season. We passed through a drenching rain one evening last week to spend a few hours among the exhibits at the fourth New York Film Festival, at Lincoln Center. A few couples in informal dress, having arrived by taxi, raced through the downpour across the plaza and into Philharmonic Hall, where they browsed over a display of leaflets at a press table, and then stood in line for several minutes, dripping, at a ticket window. They did not speak. Having spent between two and four dollars for that evening's feature (films by well-known directors, like Resnais and Godard, which will almost certainly be shown at lower prices in commercial theatres, were almost immediately sold out, while tickets for films that might never be seen outside the Festival were still available), the couples raced across the plaza again, passing the fountain, which seemed fixed in the night at mid-high spray, and the new Metropolitan Opera House, through the second-floor windows of which a kitchen, with a row of copper pans, was visible. They entered a smaller building, the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, and found seats in a crowded auditorium, where a "Special Event"—a film called "Echoes of Silence," by Peter Goldman, to be followed by a general discussion—was taking place. The film featured a rather hirsute young man and a girl, both of them very moody,

in New York. The action of the picture was occasionally frozen in stills, and the sound track consisted mainly of the sort of orchestral accompaniment, rendered flat and full of static by faulty equipment, that one hears with low-budget travelogues. A number of people left while the film was in progress, but their places were taken by new arrivals, and when the lights went on for the post-film discussion the auditorium was still crowded.

Andrew Sarris, a film critic for the *Village Voice* and a member of the Program Committee for the Festival, introduced Mr. Goldman, a young man who was sitting on the stage in the lotus position. Mr. Sarris said that the film had been made for fifteen hundred dollars; that Jonas Mekas (also a writer on films for the *Village Voice*) had praised it, "but nothing much happened;" and that he himself thought the insight into the characters was more important than polish or technique. "You were only what—between twenty-five and twenty-six—when you made this film?" he asked, turning to Mr. Goldman.

"Twenty-three," Mr. Goldman said reproachfully.

Several members of the audience questioned Mr. Sarris's appraisal of the importance of technique in making films. Some expressed doubts about a "shaking or a jittering camera," some remarked that certain shots might have been better lighted or better realized, and one member of the audience ventured to suggest that the stills were not, in certain instances, successful.

"Are you making objections to stills generally?" Mr. Sarris asked.

"No, I—"

"Because if you are," Mr. Sarris said sternly, "there are stills in 'Tom Jones,' you know."

Thereafter, the questioning was confined to practical matters, and since the

discussion resembled an interview with a farmboy about how he had fed, watered, curried, and marketed his low-budget cow, we went out into the rainy night again, passed the pool, and the trees lighted garish green from below, and entered Philharmonic Hall, where the main events of the Festival took place.

The people inside were surprisingly dry, which may have meant that they had been inside the building attending events all day, or possibly for several days. Almost everyone was walking up and down the corridors greeting friends, pointing out critics, and discussing the program. On the second floor, there was an exhibition of German posters advertising such films as "Das Kabinett des Dr. Caligari," and in the basement there was a mixed-media display called "Selma Last Year." Just before nine-thirty, there was a rubbery sound of chimes, like the ones that summon passengers to meals on shipboard, and people began clustering around the singularly impractical, narrow opening that admits ticket holders to Festival performances at Philharmonic Hall. As they filed two by two into the glass-enclosed paddock that leads to the escalator, we left them. The audience snorted and nodded and growled, knowledgeably, and it occurred to us that making films may have become as

much a part of the life of modern youth as was, in the old days, writing verse or taking piano lessons.



## TV MARVELS JOIN FILMS IN FESTIVAL

Special Events Will Include  
Familiar Commercials

By VINCENT CANBY

Films about detergent containers that turn into white doves, beer bottles that dance and deodorants for the family that plays together will have their day at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

"The One-Minute Movie," that is, the TV commercial, will be one of the subjects to be covered in the program of 27 special events to be held in conjunction with the fourth annual New York film festival at Lincoln Center, Sept. 12-22.

While the public will have to pay for tickets to the 25 film programs being shown in the festival, at Philharmonic Hall, tickets to the special events will be free. These events, including forums as well as film showings, will be held in the 200-seat auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, 11 Amsterdam Avenue at 65th Street.

Amos Vogel, the festival's director, said here yesterday that the program, under the over-all title of "The Independent Cinema," would attempt to offer "a valid cross-section of what's going on in the independent cinema today." By Mr. Vogel's definition, the independent cinema includes commercial films, student films, *cinema verit* or documentary films, as well as underground films and avant-garde films.

The difference between underground films and avant-garde films is usually defined by the name of the film maker. Underground films are made by a group, usually based in New York, associated with Jonas Mekas, the film director, critic and head of the New American Cinema Group. They may or may not be avant-garde in style and content.

The main part of the festival will get under way next Tuesday evening with the showing of the Czechoslovak film, "The Loves of a Blonde," at Philharmonic Hall.

### Interview First Event

The special events program will begin at 1:30 P.M. the following day with an interview with Milos Forman, director of "Blonde," at the Museum's auditorium. There will be three such special events each day during the remainder of the festival.

According to Mr. Vogel, while the main part of the festival is concerned with reviewing the best and most interesting films of today, the emphasis in special events program will be on "films of the future," including, apparently, television commercials. Some critical circles contend that the style and form of commercials is having a profound effect on feature films.

The program devoted to commercials will be held at 6:30 P.M. on Monday, Sept. 19. It will include the screening of representative commercials, followed by a discussion led by Bert Stern and Harold Becker, both of whom are active in the TV commercial field.

Expanded cinema, sometimes called intermedia, the recent experiments in combining film with live actors and musicians, will be the subject of five of the 27 events, including two forums and a demonstration. The latter, a work by Robert Whitman as yet untitled, will be shown three times on Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Among the filmmakers who will show some of their works, and who will be on hand to discuss them, are Richard Leacock, Stan Vanderbeek, Robert Breer, Peter Goldman, Albert and David Maysles and Ed Emshwiller. Mr. Emshwiller will appear at 11 A.M. on Saturday, Sept. 17, to show his film, "Relativity," produced with the help of a grant from the Ford Foundation.

Tickets to each of the events will be available in the museum lobby beginning at noon on the day the event is scheduled. The festival is not accepting mail or telephone reservations. It is limiting the tickets, one to a person, and the same person may not have a seat at more than two of the three daily events.



## 'Independent Cinema' Series Adds Dimension to Festival

By VINCENT CANBY

THE late F. Scott Fitzgerald once suggested that New Yorkers became neurotic the day the Empire State Building opened. The view from the top provided the rather disturbing evidence that beyond Manhattan there existed another world. How long it had been there, no one could tell.

A revelation of similar, if slightly less traumatic, proportions was provided by the 27 programs presented under the umbrella tag of "The Independent Cinema" during the just-concluded fourth New York Film Festival.

In addition to various symposiums, the series presented the works of 16 filmmakers at the 200-seat auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, while the main event, embracing 24 programs, was lumbering along in stately fashion at nearby Philharmonic Hall.

For the observer who has been trying—usually without success—to zero in on the matter and meaning of contemporary filmmaking outside the Hollywood Establishment, the series provided a comprehensive, occasionally numbing view, and one that was given particular substance when seen in conjunction with the films at Philharmonic Hall.

As put together by John Brockman, a 25-year-old former associate of Jonas Mekas, the guru of the underground cinema, and supervised by Amos Vogel, the director of Lincoln Center's film department, the series earned the praise of hardly anybody except the youthful cinema buffs who daily packed the museum auditorium.

Those few members of conservative film circles who dropped by were inclined to view the whole thing as a put-on. Members of the underground, even those who participated, criticized the programming for not being adventurous enough.

Where, after all, were the films of Warhol, Markopoulos and others who have been so effectively promoted by the underground's publicity machine, which, for sheer persistence, matches anything on Madison Avenue?

The thing that may have most disturbed these critics was the point, implicit in the series, that today's independent cinema embraces filmmakers beyond Manhattan's underground, where the garde

could be called *derrière* as often as it is called *avant*, particularly in the treatment of nudity.

The series did, however, dramatize the underground's principal contribution to the contemporary film scene—an irreverent attitude toward conventional film form and narrative content.

If the series did nothing else, it may have sent a few people back to Philharmonic Hall, described by one bearded buff at the museum as "the ant palace," with new appreciation for the discipline required by convention.

But the series did accomplish more than that by embracing everything from "light" films of Tony Conrad and Victor Grauer, animated collages of Stan Vanderbeek abstracts by Harry Smith, a happening by Robert Whitman, to stunning documentaries (by Albert and David Maysles) and television commercials.

The series was both "far out" and extremely "in." As one gentleman left the auditorium during Mr. Conrad's "Flicker"—simply a light flickering on the screen at various frequencies accompanied by a noise that sounded like a troubled outboard motor—he announced, not without reason, that "I'm getting off at Bear Mountain." In contrast, a young couple down front cuddled and watched the screen as if it were "Thursday Night at the Movies."

They were apparently following Mr. Grauer's suggestion, to let the film come in to them rather than, as one does with a conventional film, stepping into the film through character identification.

Later, in answer to a question from the audience, Mr. Conrad said (if notes taken during a psychedelic moment are accurate): "I like the effect (of the light films). It's hard to tell whether they're a hoax or not."

Only slightly less subjective, but having an identifiable, breezy beauty, were the short, abstract color films of Harry Smith, a comparatively elder (mid-50's) avant-gardist who earns a living as an illustrator. However, his "Ben-Hur," actually titled "Harry Smith's Heaven and Earth Magic Feature," was an hour-long surrealist bore, depicting, one was told, "the dance of death and resurrection."

More perfectly realized was Ed Emshwiller's "Relativity," a beautifully photographed color montage of shots of insect, animal, man and galaxy;

a sobering antidote to the orgy of subjectivism going on elsewhere. Mr. Emshwiller, who made his film on a Ford Foundation grant, is also a revolutionary. "I value a certain discipline," he told his audience.

There was a good deal of liveliness in technique and style in the films shown in the program devoted to TV commercials, but the content and purpose of the films made it an uncomfortable occasion. Is it really appropriate, as one commercial suggested, that Eastern Airlines should sponsor a television review of our foreign policy?

The Maysles brothers, whose 16-mm. documentary on Marlon Brando was lost in the huge spaces of Philharmonic Hall, presented excerpts from three of their works—on Joseph E. Levine, Truman Capote and the Beatles—to excellent effect in the more snug museum auditorium.

Their next project, in what they call "direct cinema" (as opposed to reconstructed or re-enacted documentaries) is to be a film record of the life of an anonymous door-to-door salesman.

At the other end of the spectrum was Robert Whitman's newest intermedia production, "Two Holes in the Water, No. 2," presented three times last Wednesday while New York was in the midst of a storm that dropped 5 inches of rain on the city in 24 hours.

About 20 minutes after the start of the third and last performance, the lights in the auditorium were suddenly turned on. The audience at that point was watching a film, projected on the left wall of the hall, showing a nude woman (fore and aft simultaneously), while a huge vinyl balloon was being inflated on the stage, both accompanied by the sounds of rushing water.

The show had to be canceled: Lincoln Center had sprung a leak. Rain, coming through the roof backstage, was endangering the electrical equipment.

When you mix your media, anything can happen.





## Jack O'Brian

**D**IZZY DEAN has been asked to pitch for the Miss. governorship. . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt . . . in his newsletter other recent prizes are phony. . . . named six—which . . . One foreign . . . being both . . .

Most film festivals (which give "prizes") are phony but not the N.Y. one—no prizes, is why . . . One foreign festival agreed in advance to hand its six top awards to a blockbuster Italian-made film due here soon but crossed up the promoters by refusing to let it be shown to an audience of 20,000; so the picture had to settle for three awards already handed it. . . . N.Y. press agent. . . . that Frankie will call her . . . year. . . . Capt. Peter Townsend peddled a two-part article to a French mag with one specification—no mention of Princess Margaret; which would seem to remove any reason for running it at all. . . . Interior decorator Jeff Leeds is leading Cynthia Phipps toward their own furniture. . . . Bob Hope will

TV GUIDE / 1290 Avenue of the Americas / New York, N.Y. 10019 / LT 1-9100

## FOR THE RECORD



**Invitation:** The three American TV networks have been asked to meet for the first world-wide meeting.

**But Is It Art?:** The wondrous artistry of certain TV commercials will be placed under close scrutiny as part of a film festival held at New York's Lincoln Center this fall. Amos Vogel, the festival's director, believes the program should reveal a "cross-section" of current independent movie work, and therefore intends to include the commercials as free portions of the festival, and to discuss them in some of the planned forums.

**TV Tel Aviv:** Israelis, who have, until now, been forced to limit their video viewing to Arab fare, may hire CBS to act as advisor to their proposed TV service. The Israeli government discussed contracts with European and



## The Lyons Den

LEONARD LYONS

**Raquel Welch**, Hollywood's newest sex symbol, announced that she's going to play Josephine in the DeLaurentis epic, "Waterloo." She was promised the role, in fact, by a top executive of the studio. . . . But it has to be quite a role: Josephine, 20 years older than Napoleon, was divorced by him 10 years before Waterloo and died the year before the battle.

Sen. Jerry Schutler's tickets for last night's preview at the Met Opera were delivered by mistake to his primary opponent, Sen. Jay Golden. . . . The N. Y. Film Festival showing of Garbo's 1929 film, "Woman of Affairs," is sold out. . . . Harry Belafonte, who never went to college, will sing at 45 different colleges in 51 days this fall. . . . Robert Hooks, with Leonard Bernstein conducting, will narrate Marc Blitzstein's "Airborne Symphony" at Philharmonic Hall.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1986



The Spanish government threatens to take all its movies out of the N. Y. Film Festival unless the controversial Alain Renais-Yves Montand picture, "La Guerre Est Fime," is withdrawn. . . .

## Lyons Den

LEONARD LYONS

### Joseph X. Dever

## Marquise Wed To von Bothmer



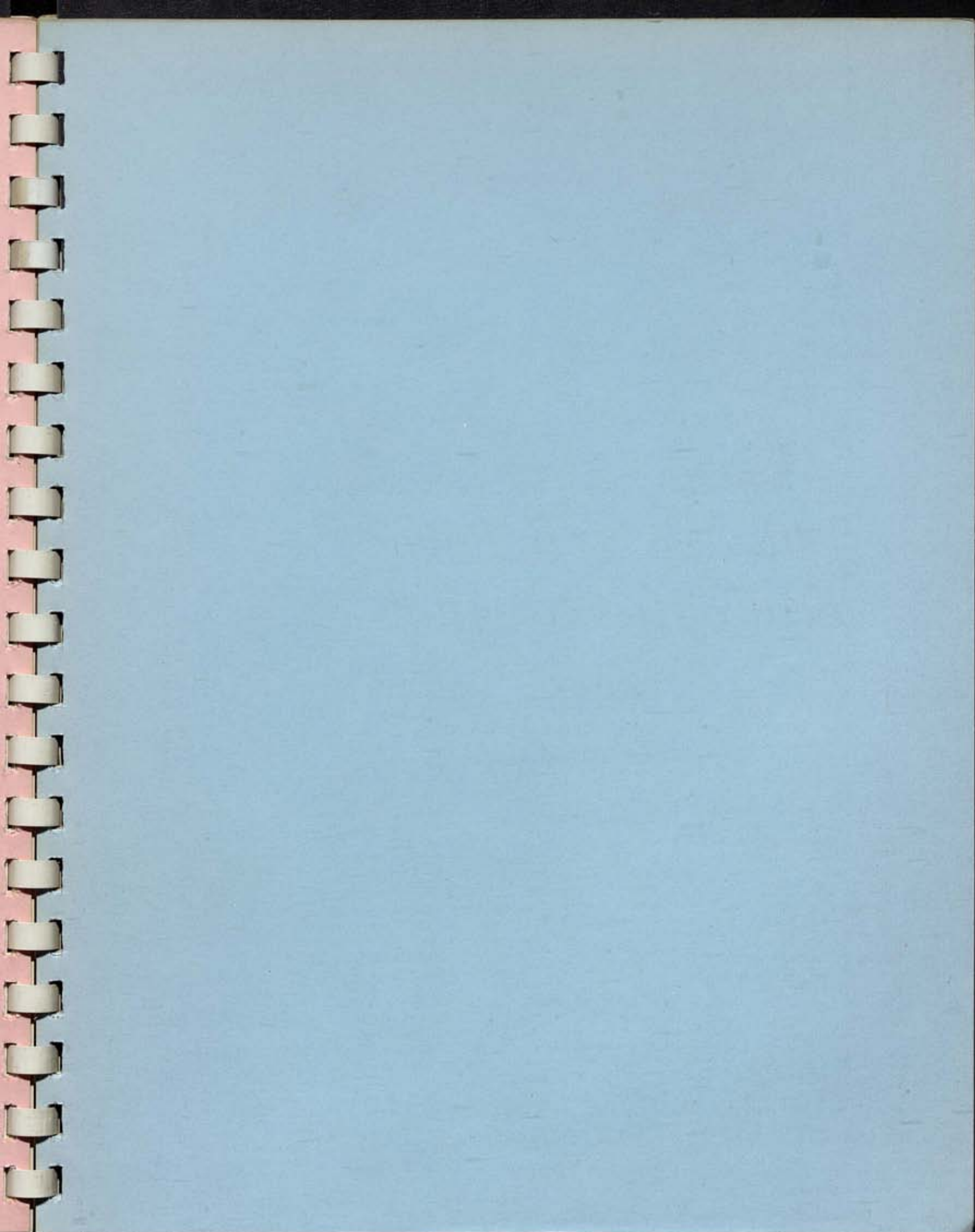
**ALMANACH DE GOTHAM:** In the marriage, out, no one seems to have any interest to international. Bothmer, curator of the Museum.

**THE JOE LEBWORTHS** (Carol Gimbel), Dorothy Strelsin, Betty Comden, and Ismail Merchant teamed to toss a supper party at the Tavern-on-the-Green to salute the new faces of the N. Y. film festival, and such old faces as Henry Fonda, Lauren Bacall and Jason Robards. The Jordan Christophers (Sybil Burton) even stopped by briefly before hurrying back to greet Prince Rainier and Princess Grace at Arthur's. It was all part of the civic-minded drive to help make Our Town a film capital. . . . and eventually the first little von in early spring.











Jean-Pierre  
Leaud and  
Catherine-  
Isabelle  
Duport in the  
Jean-Luc  
Godard film,  
"Masculine-  
Feminine."



## 4th New York Film Festival Ready to Roll

By Sam Lesner

**T**HE FOURTH annual New York Film Festival gets under way Monday at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall.

The 12-day festival opens with a 1965 Czech production, "The Loves of a Blonde," directed by Milos Forman, who has gained an enviable reputation as a filmmaker with a shrewd insight into contemporary youth, a subject with which Forman is much taken.

**PROGRAMS** for the first week include the controversial BBC film, "The War Game," directed by Peter Watkins and depicting what might happen if nuclear warfare were to explode in England, and three films with mixed Scandinavian parentage: "Hunger," a Denmark-Norway-Sweden production directed by Danish Henning Carlsen; "Balthazar," a French-Swedish production directed by Robert Bresson, and "Les Creatures," another French-Swedish co-production

directed by Agnes Varda, whose earlier work, "Le Bonheur," opens here Wednesday at the Playboy Theater.

Still another French-Swedish production, "Masculine - Feminine," directed by Jean-Luc Godard, to be screened Sept. 18, adds to the Scandinavian emphasis at this year's festival.

"**A WOMAN** of Affairs, a 1929 American film release starring Greta Garbo, is the major retrospective showing. Miss Garbo, one of the most elusive, nonpublicity-seeking stars in film history, reportedly will join the "luminous parade of stars and directors" at the festival.

Based on Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," "A Woman of Affairs," was one of the Swedish star's last silent films. It hasn't been shown in New York for more than 25 years.

"A Woman of Affairs," directed by Clarence Brown will be shown with another American antique, the late Cecil B.

De Mille's "The Cheat," filmed in 1915, with Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa and the late Fannie Ward as its stars.

Godard, who created a stir of controversy at last year's New York festival with his "Alphaville," is represented this year also with a French-Italian production, "Pierro le Feu," starring the ubiquitous Jean-Paul Belmondo who plays a former television director, a man destroyed by love.

**OTHER HIGHLIGHTS** of the New York Festival include "The Eavesdropper," a 1964 Argentina-U.S.A. production directed by Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson and starring young Greek actor Stathis Giallelis ("America, America") and Janet Margolin ("David and Lisa") and "Meet Marlon Brando," a documentary film offering the actor in a series of promotion interviews.

Alain Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie," starring Yves Montand as Diego, a Spanish Civil War refugee who continues





*Per Oscarsson, best actor award winner at Cannes, stars in the Scandinavian "Hunger."*



*Lewis Stone and Greta Garbo appear in the 1929 American film, "A Woman of Affairs."*



*Vladimir Pucholt and Hana Brejchova are the young lovers in the Czech entry, "The Loves of a Blonde."*

anti-Spain underground activities from present-day Paris. ends the festival Sept. 22.

Resnais may have been influenced by Fred Zinneman's "Behold a Pale Horse," a 1964 production starring Gregory Peck as a Spanish refugee who waged underground war for 20 years on the Spanish fascists.

Montand was awarded the Grand Prix of the Academy of the French Cinema, 1965, as Best Actor for his characterization of Diego.

**A HEAVY CALENDAR** of special events — interviews, seminars, lectures and free-

swinging discussions, a very successful feature of last year's festival, will be repeated this year.

Parker Tyler, a respected film historian, leads off early in the week with a lecture, "Is Film Criticism Only Propaganda?", and later in the series, Tyler and four young colleagues will kick around the subject, "What Are the New Critics Saying?"



Sunday, Sept. 11, 1966

# Gotham Lures Art Film Buffs To Its Festival

Usually when I write about the doings in New York they involve the footlights wares, for the movies in the big town are the same as we have here. But today on the eve of the fourth New York Film Festival I'm prompted to write about it.

The reason: I must confess that for the first time the lordly folks behind the event have condescended to send me some information on it. The other three times they ignored Show Shops, the snobs.

*But an old pal of mine, an able press agent, Walter Alford by name, made up an orderly, decently put-together kit about the festival and was thoughtful enough to send it to me.*

Thumbing through it idly (wondering how the Bucs will ever start a real drive for that pennant and cease this dilly-dallying) I found some items of interest. Reading on, I gradually took on a little more of enthusiasm—and now regret that I can't be in New York this week to cover at least part of the festival, which opens tomorrow in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall and will run through Wednesday, Sept. 21.

## Okay—Let's All Attend

Now I have never attended a film festival. Probably you haven't either. But after browsing through the kit and perusing the program I think that maybe both of us ought to attend a film festival some time. If you're going to New York this week or the forepart of the next why don't you take a peek at a movie or two on the program?

*The films, of course, are mostly foreign and the so-called avant-garde category. But due to the activities of our local art houses we in Pittsburgh have come to appreciate their products—some of them anyway.*

So if you're an art film buff—full or part-time—take a peek over my shoulder as I eye the contents of the kit, no 121 ter how haphazardly.

## SHOW SHOPS



By  
Kaspar  
Monahan

## Four Experts In Charge

First the short biographies of the four men in charge—each steeped in the art and lore of the cinema. Richard Roud, American-born is described as the "architect of the London Film Festival." He's director of the festival program committee. He's a film critic on the side, contributing to better periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

*With him on the committee are two noted film critics, Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris. Latter, among other activities, is the author of "The Films of Josef von Sternberg" to be published the coming fall by the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Knight, lecturer in many universities, is the author of the motion picture entry in the new Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Amos Vogel, festival director, has devoted most of his adult life to furthering the art of the motion picture. He has served as co-ordinator of film centers at New York University and the New School For Social Research. He has been a board member of the Creative Film Foundation and was an instructor in film history and esthetics at Pratt Institute and the School of Visual Arts. These are just a few of his experiences in the film world.

## Lectures And Discussions

These men, after screening hundreds of movies, carefully selected the entries for the festival, starting tomorrow with "The Loves of a Blonde," filmed in Czechoslovakia. This and all the other features will be teamed with short subjects. Two other features will be shown the same day—and so on to the end of the project, interspersed with discussions and lectures by scholars of the motion picture.

*Many of the features are outstanding entries in international film festivals, such as "The War Game," which speculates on the effects of a nuclear bomb dropped on England. One noted critic commented, "This may be the most important film ever made."*

One standout is, curiously enough, an old Greta Garbo film, "A Woman of Affairs," a silent film which paired her with John Gilbert. On the same bill, DeMille's 1915 film, "The Cheat," considered by the film pundits a turning point in film making.

But you'll be wanting to know about tickets and prices if you've read this far. All seats are reserved, the admission prices range from \$2 to \$4, and may be purchased at Lincoln Center Plaza, Broadway at 64th St., New York.

## Just Take Pot Luck

Can I promise you a satisfactory hour or so at Lincoln Center if you go to see one of the films? No. I'm not familiar with these movies and even if I were I couldn't surmise your reaction. But if you are a film art buff you'll take pot luck and probably have a good time.

Mr. Vogel has some comments on the changes in movie-making and reactions to the new crop of young artists who are defying all the old, set rules. In part, I quote one of his statements on the 'way out films of today:

*"The cinema is changing. Thematically, stylistically, philosophically, esthetically. It was always a bit silly to imagine that film (insofar as it is art) could remain exempt from what is happening in the other arts.*

*"We are inundated by ambiguity, allegory, improvisation, existentialist complexities; in short (and as always)—life as seen by the creative artists of the dominant generation."*

As one who never cared too much for ambiguity—for I'm an old square who thinks an artist should communicate clearly—I have to unbend a bit and agree partially with Mr. Vogel's analysis. Either that or be trampled by the dominant generation.



# The Performing Arts

## Cheers and Catcalls

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—The lights, the glamour, the excitement, the lushness and the fun that exist at the splashiest Hollywood premieres were in full abundance when the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall opened with the Czechoslovak "Loves of a Blonde," plus a stature, a sense of dignity and importance and an international air Hollywood never dreamed of.



①

"Loves of a Blonde"—despite dire omens by those inimical to the aims of the Festival that everything would be avant-garde and pretentious—turned out to be nothing more than a light-hearted

salute to young love with a few serious but hardly agonizing overtones.

Andula, beautifully played by Hana Brejchova, works in an all-girl factory town. The girls are, somewhat depressed, and the romantic factory manager makes arrangements for a group of soldiers to come visiting to permit a little romance to flower and make everyone happy, and just possibly, speed up production.

### Youth and Age

The train arrives one winter morning, and to the girls' obvious and bitter disappointment, the men are a bunch of middle-aged reservists.

Nevertheless, a party is held for the girls to meet the men, with the romantic manager busily throwing everyone at each other. Andula, who is young and lovely, and her two friends sit at a table in haughty and lonely contempt.

Next to them sit three girls, somewhat older and much less attractive who cannot afford to be so fussy, and who are quite obviously to be had—if only someone would ask.

Now three rather sad, not too attractive, and not too young reservists come to a table ready for action, and they see the action at Andula's table. But they get icy stares there, while the girls at the next table gaze dreamily at them to receive nothing but disinterest in return.

### All Seeking Love

Out of the people at these three tables, at cross purposes, all lonely, all seeking love, all concerned with pride—its retention or loss—director Milos Forman has woven a marvelous sequence, sad and true, and funny and true.

One of the reservists, attempting to hide his wedding ring, allows it to slip, and chases it under a sea of women's legs; another wants to go home and go to sleep. A bottle of wine hopefully sent to Andula's table, is mistakenly delivered to the next one, and before the older girls, in transports of ecstasy can sip the brew, it is roughly taken from them. All of them sit around, petrified of rejection.

Andula eventually walks out on the party, and allows herself to give her all to a young man of her own choice, Milda, the attractive young piano player from Prague (Vladimir Pucholt) and she dreamily listens to and naively believes the line of romance the big city boy hands her.

Accordingly, a couple of days later, she arrives at Milda's Prague apartment—complete with suitcase. But Milda is off playing somewhere, and his nervous, working-class parents (convulsively acted by Milada Jezkova and Josef Sebanek) greet her in panic and alarm.

Then follows a side splitting sequence in which the weary

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—The New York Film Festival continues at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, and now it settles down to simply seeing pictures one after the other, at the press showings during the day and the public ones at night.

With "Loves of a Blonde"

20 A THE HARTFORD TIMES, Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1966

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—The New York Film Festival which has been operating on a generally high level all along, moved into the Elysian Fields Friday night with the presentation of two pictures by Pier Paolo Pasolini, director of the already much acclaimed "The Gospel Accord-

18 B THE HARTFORD TIMES, Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1966

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—If Agnes Varda, the brilliant French director of "Cleo from 5 to 7" and "Le Bonheur" intended to mystify the critics and public of the New York Film Festival with her latest movie, "Les Creatures," she succeeded admirably. Almost to a man, the comment

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—In the four years of its existence, the New York Film Festival had never shown a film from Spain until Carlos Saura's "The Hunt" (La Caza) the other evening, which to everybody's amazement, not only turned out to be a small masterpiece but, though a critical allegory on the aftermath

6 C THE HARTFORD TIMES, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1966

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK—The New York Film Festival decided to relax last weekend, and permit a slight recess from the intensive and powerful assault of the heavy themes of foreign films (and one or two heavy bores) on the movie mad constituency who nightly fill Philharmonic Hall.

They thought it would be

6 C THE HARTFORD TIMES, Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1966

By BERNARD L. DREW

NEW YORK — The New York Film Festival, which for the past few days has been occupied with — and quite rightly — introducing some brilliant new talents, paid obeisance to an old one, and to many people, a

18 B THE HARTFORD TIMES, Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1966

By BERNARD L. DREW

New York: The New York Film Festival had hoped to end things in a blaze of glory with Alain Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" (The War Is Over,) and they did.



For this magnificent study of a Spanish Republican revolutionary in Paris, by the director of "Hiroshima Mon Amour" and "Last Year in Marienbad" is his most mature work to date, his most moving, the simplest and easiest to follow in so far as technique is concerned and yet his s122



# Some N.Y. Festival Films Due for Wider Success

By AL MILGROM

Special to the  
Minneapolis Tribune

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The annual film feast at one of the nation's shrines of culture — the New York Film Festival, now solidly established at the Lincoln Center complex for the arts—is under way here with 28 feature films and as many short films in blue-ribbon, U.S. debut.

Opening last Monday with a new Czech film, "Loves of a Blonde," directed by 33-year-old Milos Forman, the festival runs 11 days.

The festival's films were culled from more than 400 feature films and 600 shorts intensively studied at major foreign film festivals this season. The program committee included Richard Roud, American critic working for the British Film Institute, which screens at Lincoln Center program next month; Amos Vogel, founder of New York Cinema 16, critic Arthur Knight of The Saturday Review and Andrew Sarris of the (Greenwich) Village Voice.

**UNDOUBTEDLY** some festival selections will achieve important recognition—as did last year's best the Czech "Shop on Main Street," via Oscarization and Hollywood.

On the basis of Forman's achievement in "Loves of a Blonde"—the second feature—he already has been offered unlimited means and a Hollywood salary (\$40,000 direct one film) to make pictures in America, against staying in Czechoslovakia at \$100 a week turn out bittersweet comedies about the "generational conflict" between teen-agers and parents in a worker's state. What do? His next film will be a story shot in New York.

The black-tie celebratory audience took note in Forman's gentle story about a factory girl's romance with a 123-year-old jazz musician in the stimulating new film



MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE E

Sun., Sept. 25, 1966

## New York Film Festival Lives Up to Expectation

By AL MILGROM

Special to the  
Minneapolis Tribune

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The 4th Annual New York Film Festival, without a doubt the major bacchanal of the year for the serious filmgoer in this country, has concluded 11 days of screening at Lincoln Center here. Alain Resnais' "La Guerre Est Finie" (The War Is Over), appropriately enough, wound up the event Thursday.

The festival presented what its directors believed were the pick of the year's best international production — 24 features and four "retrospectives," early films of now-famous directors or heretofore unseen archive prints.

All told, it was a strong festival, which seems to this hallucinated and bleary-eyed correspondent to reflect the continuing fecundity of world cinema as the most dynamic medium of "presentational" art today.

**THE FILMS** here, this year, are critically, technically and popularly more successful if one may

the good ones, of course, can be packed into one festival and not all the films, of course, can be masterpieces.

A number of films unveiled the second week of the festival seemed to live up to advance expectation. French director Rene Allio presented his "Shameless Old Lady," with the 84-year-old French actress Sylvie in the starring role of a Brechtian "Mother Courage" who at 70, liberated by the death of her husband, spends the last 18 months of her life kicking the traces in unconventional liberty, after years of toil for her grasping children. The film is bound to be a big success for the 42-year-old Allio, his first feature.

**THE RUSSIAN** film, "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors," another first by a new director, Serge Parajanov in Kiev, dealt with a Carpathian folk saga in one of the most unusual and experimental works of the festival. Parajanov's prosaic tale of a village Romeo and Juliet is transformed via camera to lyric as well

features "Masculine-Feminine" and "Pierrot le Fou," both big hits with the avantgardists here, must be included among the critical successes of the week. The "sexual revolution" of the "children of Marx and Coca-Cola," as Godard labels it, is the overt subject of "M-F". It is done in "cinema-verite" style, with Jean-Pierre Leaud, the one-time boy-hero of "400 Blows," a romantic leftist teen-ager taking surveys in Paris.

**IT IS A** daring, yet charming, film which will tell you more about the contemporary western jukebox conscience than all the Beatles films that could be made. Godard's other work at the festival, "Pierrot," ("Crazy Peter" is probably the best translation) became the subject of many a corridor debate of what this undeniably true film poem (yes, that's the word) is about. For some time now, Godard has been experimenting with the conventional story form and if the festival seminars on new trends in cinema have any



JEAN-PIERRE  
Concerni

exemplar, Godard in "Pierrot" is it.

Jean-Paul Belmondo, archetypal post-Bogart hero, is again Godard's protagonist in the account of a restless adventure on the Riviera (in color scope), with Anna Karina (Godard's former wife) as



# Show Guide

BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD, SEPTEMBER 11, 1966

## Fourth New York Film Festival Opens

By DONALD CRAGIN  
Film Reviewer

The phraseology "three to make ready and four to GO" can well be applied to the forthcoming New York

①

TO LAY HANDS on some loose thread of the planned festival with the hope of verbally unraveling the planned programs to give an indication of just what it is all about seems almost impossible, the festival has lozen countries represented by the new Czechos-

Arlen's the second Saturday 1915 silent with Sess The re Garbo film seen in

THE BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, SEPT. 19, 1966 committee's think-

THE BOSTON HERALD, TUESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1966

SCREEN

Czech Film Opens Festival At Philharmonic Hall in N

BY DONALD CRAGIN

②

NEW YORK—Czechoslovakian film director Milos Forman's tender and winsome comedy about a boy, a girl and his family, "Loves of a Blonde."

After a hilarious sequence in which one of the three soldiers quickly removes his wedding ring, and is then forced to crawl about the floor retrieving it, bumbling about midst girls' e threesome oldiers in a

parents is nicely di truth and illusion.

Forman's comedy light and his play known to me, are The film will be di the states later, i stated by CBF Films. The choice a Blonde" to launch was very nice indee

Regarding the the use of the immense nous Philharmonic P a festival, this ch valid. The acoustics the screen is large a ing quite comforta we noticed the little que on the back of front of us wa "Jacqueline Bouvi from her friends at School, Farmington, audience was an cross section of which between it a ques and the pre thusiasm, should s tural complex furth well defined goal something for ever

THE BOSTON HERALD, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1966

The Screen  
Second Night of N.Y. Festival  
Presents an Uneven Selection

By DONALD CRAGIN

NEW YORK—After being delightfully charmed by the Czech film "Loves Of A Blonde" at Monday night's opening of the Fourth New York Film Festival

and in focus on the script. It's just that it doesn't stop, or seemed as though it never would.

Gunnel Lindbloom (sic "The Silence") portrays the girl in the writer's dreams, who r again, does as him of the

THE BOSTON HERALD, FRIDAY, SEPT. 16, 1966

Festival Quality  
Dropping Steadily

By DONALD CRAGIN

NEW YORK—The third and fourth evening programs at the fourth New York Film Festival included representation from Italy and Argentina and two films from France. The best of

In assembling what would be for him an all-star foreign cast, Nillson nonetheless came up with a film with several major weaknesses. The first is a flawed script—how could any Fascist

By DONALD CRAGIN

and war, and whose cawed based on the attti, the Italian der, and the

THE BOSTON HERALD, TUESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1966

SCREEN

⑥

Quality Range Is Extreme  
At New York Film Festival

By DONALD CRAGIN

at least isn't diluted by camera

THE BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, SEPT. 26, 1966

try, "Three."

SCREEN

⑦

4th New York Film Festival  
Comes to Outstanding Close

By DONALD CRAGIN

as he is in bed with his mistress, played by Ingrid Thulin a pretty young thing ch to soon, is

NEW YORK — The nearly

THE BOSTON HERALD, TUESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1966

SCREEN

⑧

New York Film Festival Ends,  
Critics Question Some Shows

By DONALD CRAGIN

Film Reviewer

The Fourth New York Film Festival has ended. It ended with a bang equal to that which

English and chatted about "Umbrellas", to the various groups of people she quickly became acquainted with.

Renaiss, a tall man



## New York Film Festival

# No prizes, but much to cheer

By Louis Chapin

New York



**Franco Citti**

... plays the title role in 'Accattone,' an Italian film directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini in 1961. It was screened in the recent New York Film Festival.

In the glamour of the Cannes or Venice film festivals it is the razzle-dazzle of competition which is naturally celebrated.

Lincoln Center, the scene this fall of the 4th New York Film Festival, now has a slightly Venetian look. The new, patrician facade of the Metropolitan Opera, opened during the 10-day event, has enough of the arched monumentality of St. Mark's Cathedral to make the big plaza a distant, modernized relative of Venice's Campo Santo.

Even so, this young, noncompetitive festival, attracting flocks of young people among its 60,000 ticket-buyers, showed seriousness along with the exuberance. There was both admiration and intense criticism. It was surely one of the most balanced festivals, reflecting the poised, enthusiastic spirit of its director, Amos Vogel.

Feature films were screened in Philharmonic Hall, and 26 programs mixing talk and film titled "The Independent Cinema" were held in the auditorium of the Library-Museum of the Performing Arts.

### Balance shown

There were clear balances among the 24 films in Philharmonic Hall. The six French examples ranged from the freewheeling talkativeness of Jean-Luc Godard ("Masculine Feminine," "Pierrot le Fou"), to the muted visual poetry of Robert Bresson ("Balthazar") and the lyricism of Alain Resnais ("The War Is Over") as he slips in and out of his characters' thoughts. Traditional style was exemplified in René Allio's delightful first film, "The Shameless Old Lady."

The Italians and the newly prolific, well-schooled Czechs were each represented by



four works. These included early ("Accatone") and recent ("The Hawks and the Sparrows") films by Pier Paolo Pasolini. His sometimes intrusive, repetitive use of Bach in the background could be contrasted with some of the same music, in "St. Matthew Passion," an extraordinary Hungarian short which sets Bach's account of Jesus' crucifixion against actual footage of Jews in World War II concentration camps.

Another excruciating item was the British pseudo-documentary "The War Game," projecting the physical and moral effects of nuclear attack.

### Candid documentation

Cinema verité, the actual and candid documentation of unaware subjects, was epitomized in three short American offerings, and more engagingly in a sequence of interviews involving Marlon Brando.

Incidentally, the only feature films publicized with reference to an actor were Greta Garbo's "A Woman of Affairs," a retrospective showing, and the Scandinavian "Hunger," built around Per Oscarsson's tour-de-force performance. Most of today's festival stars are directors, and several were here in person to meet eagerly with press and public.

Among the half-dozen or so other countries, the Soviet Union came through with a picturesque but unimaginative "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors": Spain provided a short sample by Buñuel and a brutal parable, "The Hunt," by one of his disciples; and Belgium, in "The Man With the Shaven Head," offered a bleakly introspective study of failure.

The range in style reflects something of the range of the festival's sponsors and planners, which include beside Lincoln Center the British Film Institute, the Motion Picture Association of America, and the Independent Film Importers and Distributors of America. On the program committee were Richard Roud, Arthur Knight, Andrew Sarris, and Mr. Vogel.



### Less partisan

Philharmonic Hall audiences were said to be less partisan this year in their acceptance of films, though occasional boos were to be heard among the applause.

Yet over in the library auditorium there was a swirling give and take on questions of experimental filmmaking, mixed media, the work of critics and criticism, film style and history, and the distribution of independent films. Several avant-garde samples were shown.

One lively session was titled "What Are the New Critics Saying?" They were saying, not surprisingly, that we should share their horror at big-circulation criticism and espouse all the really new, "underground" movies. But even these four panelists, held in slight check by veteran critic Parker Tyler, betrayed a certain fledgling range.

At one end of the table was Ken Kellman, munching lunch in his raincoat and smiling distantly like a bemused mystic who has been interrupted in some other conversation. And balancing him was Sheldon Renan, delightfully admitting "I'm a moviegoer. I write so I can go for free." In between, P. Adams Sitney, looking as bright as a bearded sophomore, gave his darting opinions.

### Selections praised

Mr. Vogel felt the festival selections had been better because "this has been a good year for films. Of course, every year we make some real howlers. One becomes terribly aware of the subjectivity of all art."

He countered an often-heard complaint about the lack of an American feature film by pointing to the simple, "disheartening" matter of unavailability. The major companies are still unwilling to release their best new films in an implicitly competitive situation which they distrust. Yet he looks forward to a loosening of this attitude, as hinted in various experiment-oriented projects currently being started by the MPAA.

As to the second favorite criticism—that the program committee, through their advance publicity, had inappropriately touted each of the films—he broke into a laugh. "My only answer is that we believe what we say. We all felt that way, and so we wrote it."

His and the committee's estimation, naturally, wasn't shared by all the Lincoln Center visitors or by all the press. But it seemed like an excellent point of view from which to plan and celebrate a festival.



# New York Film Fest Premiere

Noted Italian film director Pier Paolo Pasolini has accepted an invitation from Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival to attend the American premieres of two of his films at the non-competitive Festival held September 12 through 22.

It will be the first official visit to the United States for Pasolini, who came into prominence following the international release of his fourth feature film "The Gospel According to St. Matthew."

The Fourth New York Film Festival takes place in early September at Philharmonic Hall and, in the course of 22 features from here and abroad, will present Pasolini's first film, "Accattone" (made in 1961) and his most recent, "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (completed in 1965).

The First New York Film Festival, in 1963, introduced Pasolini to U.S. filmgoers in the

sequence "La Ricotta" (The Cream Cheese), starring Orson Welles, which was considered the most outstanding episodes.

Both Pasolini distributed his after their New York Film Festival premiere.

"Accattone" at the Venice in 1962 it brought prize from the (Czechoslovakia).

"The Hawks and the Sparrows" ("Uccelli"), under a picture "Bad Birds," was a much-praised entry in the Cannes Film Festival last May, and was shown for the first time on this continent in the recent Montreal Film Festival. It is a picaresque fable starring Toto, the famous Neapolitan comedian seen in "Gold of Naples," "Mandrango-

and a pedantic, talking crowd are journeying down the highway of life, debating the pur-

pose of human existence. Symbolically, the film spells out the late Pope John's view of human survival via co-existence, for—in an historical flashback—the father, now a venerable monk, is seen spending years—on in-

-San Mateo The Times

Tuesday, September 20, 1966 from Saint Francis-

## The MARQUEE

By Barbara Bladen  
Times Drama Critic

### Opera and Films Topic of N. Y. Conversation

Now in its fourth year, the New York Film Festival is an enormous success. It is well programmed, ideally situated, professionally managed and includes a broad spectrum of events from lectures, to photographic displays, to closed circuit films on television sets in the lobbies of Freedom Marches in Selma to independent cinematic programs, retrospectives, shorts, cartoons, and feature films.

There is criticism for the lack of Hollywood participation (no entry from the American film capital) other than to see where



## The Times Thurs. Sept. 1 Greta Garbo Film Slated As Entry in N.Y. Festival

Greta Garbo joins the luminous parade of stars and directors at Lincoln Center's Fourth New York Film Festival, September 12-22, at Philharmonic Hall. The occasion will be the Festival's retrospective presentation of "A Woman of Affairs," one of the Swedish star's last silent films—in one of the few roles she herself chose—made in 1928 and not seen in New York for more than 25 years.

The rare print, made available by George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, and with the kind permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will be shown on a special double bill with Cecil B. DeMille's 1915 silent, "The Cheat," made available through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures and the Cecil B. DeMille estate.

Michael Arlen's best-selling "The Green Hat," a sensation of the 20's as a novel and as dramatized for Katharine Cornell on the stage, was the inspiration for "A Woman of Affairs." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was prevented by the then all-powerful Hays code from using original book title or the actors' names, and Bess

Meredith's screenplay purified the motivation of the suicide of Garbo's mate.

The producers of "A Woman of Affairs" gave Garbo a sensational supporting cast. John Gilbert was her co-star; the film was the third of the four films made during their much-publicized romance.

The director was Clarence Brown who piloted six other Garbo films: the silent, "Flesh and the Devil" and the talking "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Anna Karenina" and "Conquest."

"The Cheat," made 51 years ago by DeMille for Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount, is best-remembered for the famous scene when Japanese star Sessue Hayakawa, as the villainous Tori, branded the back of society woman Edith Hardy (the late Fannie Ward). The film was very much in advance of its time in technique and served as a model for film directors of its time in technique and served as a model for film directors of the 20's—particularly those in France.

Tuesday, September 6, 1966

## New Films Slated For Fourth New York Festival

Two new films by France's Jean-Luc Godard have been added to the international program of Lincoln Center's fourth New York Film Festival, September 12 through 22 at Philharmonic Hall.

"Pierrot le Fou" ("Crazy Peter"), the prolific young filmmaker's tenth work has been hailed as his most popular and controversial since "Breathless," with which he made his feature debut in 1959. Lionel White's novel, "Obsession," provided the basis for Godard's script in which gangsters and lovers cross like live circuits. Winner of the Young Critics' Award at the Venice Film Festival and nominated for an American Academy Award, "Pierrot le Fou"—filmed in col-

or—stars Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo, in the story of the destruction of a man by love.

On the heels of "Pierrot le Fou," Godard completed "Masculine-Feminine," an extraordinary survey of the manners and mores of modern French youth in which the director further pursues the totally unconventional narrative techniques which have earned his reputation as one of the cinema world's most personal directors.

The film, described by Godard as concerning "the children of Marx and Coca Cola," was highly acclaimed at the Berlin Festival and the Silver Bear Award for best actor went to its leading player, Jean-Pierre Leaud (the little boy, now grown-up, from "The 400 Blows").



## THE PASSING SHOW

Dawn of a Season,  
And a Film Festival

By EMERSON BEAUCHAMP

Star Staff Writer

## 4th New York Festival

But New York's more ardent filmgoers will be able to tide themselves over with the 4th New York Film Festival,

which opens Monday at Lincoln Center.

The 11-day festival, which is non-competitive (no prizes), will show 28 films in its 11 days, one at 6:30 and one at 9:30 each night. On the weekend, genuine fanatics can see five movies on Saturday and three on Sunday.

All but 2 of the 28 are foreign, and the 2 American films are from the archives: "A Woman of Affairs," the 1929 movie version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," directed by Clarence Brown and starring Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, and "The Cheat," an early Cecil B. DeMille film made in 1915 and starring Sessue Hayakawa and Fannie Ward.

The only other American representation at the festival will be "The Scene," a collection of three documentaries—one on Marlon Brando, one on a social experiment in a deprived community in Newark, N. J., and one on jazz.

## Seven From France

The breakdown of foreign films is 7 from France, 4 each from Italy and Czechoslovakia, 2 from England, and 1 each from Japan, Mexico, Argentina, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Hungary, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union.

The large number of films from Czechoslovakia is a tribute to the widespread acclaim received by the Czech movie industry in the past year, including an Academy Award for "The Shop on Main Street."

Two new Jean-Luc Godards will be on the festival program: "Masculine Feminine," a co-winner of this year's Grand Prix at Cannes, and "Pierrôt le Fou," a prize-winner at Venice in 1965.

Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad," will be represented by "La Guerre Est Finie," which was withdrawn from film festivals in France and Czechoslovakia in deference to Spanish protests.

## Two by Pasolini

Two films by Pier Paolo Pasolini, who made "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (extravagantly admired in New York if not here), will be shown: "Accattone," his first, made in 1961, and "The Hawks and the Sparrows," his latest.

Luis Bunuel, best known for "Viridiana," is sending "Simon of the Desert," a 40-minute comedy about a saint, made in Mexico.

The festival also will show "The War Game," the BBC television film about what might happen if the bomb were dropped on England, which has caused considerable controversy over there.

## ENTERTAINMENT

EXCITED AS WE ARE about Broadway, there's still more. The New York Film Festival opens Sept. 12 in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall with 28 films from international production centers on an 11-day program. Richard Roud, program director, along with Amos Vogel, Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris viewed some 400 feature films and 600 shorts in making their selection. Vogel is the Festival's director and Knight is film critic of "Saturday Review" while Sarris holds the same post with "The Village Voice." Showings each day are at 6:30 and 9:30. Twenty-six of the films are foreign. If you wonder how we plan to work these in with our other scheduled activities, it's not too difficult. Press showings start around 10 o'clock in the morning with time set apart for special lectures and interviews. Some of the celebrated European directors whose works will be screened include Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Luis Bunuel, Robert Bresson, Miles Forman. The latter's THE LOVES OF A BLONDE will be the first picture shown on Sept. 12. BALHAZAR is the Bresson film to be shown Sept. 15 at 6:30. Godard has two, MASCULINE-FEMINE which shared the Grand Prize at Cannes and PIERRÔT LE FOU. Resnais, remembered of HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR and LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD, will be represented by LA GUERRE EST FINIE on Sept. 22 at 9:30. Pasolini who won fame with THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW also has two, his first film (1961) ACCATTONE and his newest, THE HAWKS AND THE SPARROWS. Two films long in the vaults will be rescreened: Greta Garbo-John Gilbert's silent classic — A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS and Michael Arlen's THE GREEN HAT. Looking forward to these especially.

-THE DETROIT NEWS— Sunday, Sept. 11, 1966

Best Foreign Films  
in New York Festival

## SPECIAL TO THE DETROIT NEWS

NEW YORK — The newest works of several celebrated European directors will be among the 28 films to be shown at the 11-day New York Film Festival, opening Monday.

Included are two by France's Jean-Luc Godard, and one by Alain Resnais, who came to fame with "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad."

## FIRST AND LATEST

Admirers of Pier Paolo Pasolini's "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" will have a chance to see the Italian director's first film,

"Accattone," and his newest "The Hawks and the Sparrows."

Luis Bunuel's Mexican-made study of the doubts and temptations that beset St. Simon Stylites also will be shown.

Four Czechoslovakian films are also entered, plus pictures from Russia, Hungary and Yugoslavia.

## BRITISH ENTRY

Other entries are "The War Game," a British film originally produced for television, which imagines a nuclear attack on the British isles; "The Man With the Seven Head," a psychological thriller from Belgium, in Flemish; "The Eavesdropper," about the rise of neo-Fascism in the Argentine.

Also "The Harp of Burma," an antiwar allegory from Japan, and "The Hunt," the New York Festival's first entry from Spain.



# Cinema Buffs Focus on Film Festival

By Mal Vincent

Virginian-Pilot Staff Writer

NEW YORK

The New York Film Festival is fulfilling its purpose as an outward, if often superficial, recognition of the motion picture as the most potential art form of the 20th century. The very fact that Philharmonic Hall can be captured from the more traditional art forms of music and ballet for two weeks is, in itself, some cause for rejoicing among movie enthusiasts.

Here on the stage that is customarily occupied by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, a small (16mm) screen has been the focal point of much probing discussion during the past two weeks.

Actually, the fourth annual festival was less exciting, less significant, than the third. The event was most in need of a standout success such as Czechoslovakia's "Shop on Main Street," which took the 1965 event by storm and went on to win the Academy Award for the best general reaction of the closing night's audience last week, it is not likely that any of the 1966 entries will repeat the feat.

For an event that is dedicated to "world cinema," the absence of an American entry was most unfortunate. American producers may well have foregone offering their films to the festival in fear of "intellectual" repercussions sometimes guised in the form of bias against the homegrown product. The young film cultists, who filled the hall for most of the screening, have an apparent proclivity to worship the foreign product—especially the type of confusion that can be labeled "visual symbolism."

Their god of shadowy illusion is French director Jean-Luc Godard, who was represented this year by "Masculine Feminine," and "Pierrot le Fou"—both immediate sellouts in the 2,600-seat hall.



Vladimir Pucholt and Hana Brejchova in "Loves of a Blonde"

The New York Film Festival's opening movie

This reviewer, who was attending the festival for the second year, found the several films he caught to have more form, if less content, than the 1965 crop. "Almost a Man," from Italy, presented us with a 35-year-old writer on the brink of self-destruction. Unable to maintain ordinary human relations, he undergoes a vain attempt at an electric shock cure and wanders, mentally, into his past to seek some illumination on the causes of his dilemma. The camera wanders with him to provide us with some stunningly beautiful black and white photography. The overall effect, however, is that of an individual case history that is easily forgotten.

The French director Alain Resnais was present for the press showing of his film "La Guerre est Finie," which presented Yves Montand as a Spanish Republican working in Paris against Franco Spain. Resnais is the man who found international fame with "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," an arty examination of the effect of atomic annihilation upon two

contemporary lovers. He followed this with "Last Year at Marienbad," a visual examination of a single incident in time as seen from several viewpoints and in several periods of time. That film was a fascinating puzzle for viewers—many of whom have not yet come to a conclusion as to just what did happen "Last Year at Marienbad."

Members of the press viewing the American premiere of Resnais' new film had a distinct advantage over audiences in general—the director met with them following the screening to answer questions. "La Guerre est Finie" was, however, a

straightforward spy yarn with a clear, understandable style. The highbrow crowd, however, maintained that "the general theme is the heartache of men faced with new situations."

Indeed, there is a good deal of snobbery present at these annual festivals. The vogue is always, but always, to refer to the foreign titles of the productions. Hence, only the bourgeoisie would refer to "La Guerre est Finie" as "The War is Over."

Wandering through the lobby, one can hear such comments as "A striking film—just great" and "a bore—just like all the rest of the festival this year." One woman was commenting, "I know such forces are at work in our society, but why should we make a big deal of it?" Another was saying, "I think Resnais is slipping. He is beginning to cater to the trivia."

Resnais, himself, said his new clarity is "a natural evolution." The end of his film,

however, leaves the audience in the dark as to whether the hero makes it through a Spanish border guard. When asked about this, the director commented through an interpreter that "I think he does escape and lives happily ever after." The fact that he "thinks" and does not know may lead some of us to believe what we have always suspected—that he is putting us on just a little.



# New Allio Movie Highlight Of NYC Film Festival

NEW YORK — A movie which goes farthest backward in choice of subject material makes the great forward progress in audience and critical appeal at the fourth annual New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall.

The picture was made by 77-year-old Rene Allio of France.

It stars 84-year-old French actress, Sylvie. Its title is "The Shameless Old Lady." It is my bet that Cincinnati's Ed Salzberg will be bidding for it for the United Artists or Hyde Park.

## Theater

E. B. Radcliffe

subjects (two) to a feature length picture creator.

He has an assist from Bertold Brecht in a 1930 short story idea source but the adaptation, change, and updating of subject material is as "original" as Shakespeare's classic theater creations on borrowings from 16th Century literary inheritance.

THE STORY has a defiant simplicity to make interesting when it is reduced



ing force or unconventional behavior and "scandalous behavior," Allio's script makes the little girl a neighborhood waitress and prostitute. The political acquaintance (fascinating French Indo-China war veteran, becomes Anarchist. In the present as well as original story, labels mean nothing. The outside world—including members of the 70-year-old widow's family — read wrong circumstantial evidence.

The development of this

of the commonplace individual, who has retained keen youthful curiosity despite a lifetime sheltered personal experience.

Her investigation and action to her "adventure" are audience grabber. They cover an initial department store escalator ride; first view of an electric orange squeezer in operation; observing your women try on fashionable hats and wigs; outwitting used-car salesman ("I always

## NYC Film Festival May Solve Puzzlements

NEW YORK CITY—What kind of movie can you make in New York for \$200 more than the price of a swagman?

Are Fellini, Bergman, Antonioni, Kurosawa directors the pictures and movie-making are about to become moidy?

Are American movie "bette" better than any

ay, September 16, 1966

## Theater

E. B. Radcliffe

man. The subject is "Echos cessors is approval by a



dates ancient Chinese foot-binding.

WHAT IS Marlon Brando REALLY like?

Tell you Friday. Thursday I'm going to see a short shot in free style called "Cinema Verite"—meaning like for real.

Pictures are taken by permission of the subject of his life in private and unguarded moments. You saw an example on TV last

## AMUSEMENTS

Mama." He played a year-old boy.

I hope I like him as with his hair down off

# 'Meet Brando' Reveals A Warm Personality

NEW YORK: Marlon Brando is a devil of a lot interesting as himself as he has been in more than a few screen characters he has played. He comes over strong in "Meet Marlon Brando," a 27-minute screen compilation of radio and TV interviews done when he was hustling movies he acted in.

H. Albert and David Maysles put this film portrait together.

had a Lincoln Center Philharmonic Hall audience of critics and film buffs laughing hilariously and given a roar of applause at the New York Film Festival Thursday afternoon.

"roaring," I mean 200 people making a noise in an auditorium which must seat about 2000.

commercial moviemaking to be daring they send the Maysles film

## Theater

E. B. Radcliffe

Brando warm, bright, relaxed, and for real.

TAKE HIS comment about news.

"Names" not only make news, as the old saying goes. They make "salable news," he said.

When "star names don't co-operate" some news people take it out on them. He had a great pun about a late, prominent, Hollywood columnist (a pun made before her demise: O.K. when the picture was made: In bad taste for current publication).

TV INTERVIEWERS who come on with sweet flattery

as you're saying about a star," he told one "butter-upper." "But when the public tires of us, we're in as much demand as fly swatters!"

A PRESS agent had to ride to the rescue of one interview which wasn't making a justifiable quota of movie plugs. Great by-play ad lib by P. A. and Brando. His kidding mockery was as effective promotion as the P. S.'s banner waving bombast.

Interviewed by a French TV and news camera crews about social and political

swers to French interviewers.

(P. S. in background, by parking meter, there was a Hollywood press agent, who works behind scenes. Wonder whether this was a plant, Mr. Neal, huh?)

ONE INTERVIEWER kidded about Brando's interest in American Indian affairs. Wammy! A quiet recital of statistics straightened the quizzer up like a hard right under his chin. "Indians ain't for laughs, baby!"

FUNNIEST revelation was his turning off of a gush about "Guys and Dolls."

He said: "I can't carry a tune more than three notes without going off pitch. So we did all my songs in bits. When we played the first

breath!"

BEST to a Mi during





WELT DES FILMS

# Filmfestspiele im Lincoln Center

## Filme, die nicht alltäglich sind

Für die Zeit vom 12. bis 22. September ist die Philharmonie Hall im Lincoln Center keine Stätte der Musik. In dieser Zeit findet hier zum vierten Mal das N.Y. Film Festival statt. In den Jahren vorher gab es hier die Uraufführung solcher grossen Filme wie "The Shop On Main Street", "Woman In The Dunes", "The Servant", "Knife In The Water" und "Nothing But a Man".

In diesem Jahre zeigen wieder junge Regisseure ihre Experimente. Aber wir werden auch ein Wiedersehen mit "alten Meistern" feiern, wie mit dem Garbo-Film "A Woman Of Affairs", der zu den besten stummen Filmen der "Göttlichen" gehört. Im gleichen Programm wird Cecil B. De Mille's "The Cheat" gezeigt. Er wurde 1915 gedreht und galt damals als revolutionär.

Die Russen sind mit dem Film "Shadows Of Our Forgotten Ancestors" vertreten. Dieser Film gewann einen Preis bei den Filmfestspielen in Mar del Plata, war ein grosser Erfolg bei den San Francisco Festspielen und wurde der "Film des Jahres" von Paris. Dieser avantgardistische Streifen in Farben behandelt eine Romeo-Julia-Sage in den Karpathen. Gezeigt wird auch der nach dem Roman von Knut Hamsun gedrehte norwegisch-schwedisch-dänische Film "Hunger".

Von dem Regisseur Fasolini wird man den Film "The Hawks And The Sparrows" sehen, der den Sonderpreis in Cannes bekam. Ein anderer Fasolini-Film ist "Accatone", der in den Vorstädten von Rom spielt.

"Do You Keep A Lion At Home?" ist ein tschechischer Film, der für Kinder gedacht ist, aber auch Erwachsene durch seine Mischung von Phantasie und Wirklichkeit interessieren wird. "The Burmese Harp", der in Venedig preisgekrönt wurde, brachte dem jungen japanischen Regisseur Ichi Kawa seine ersten Lorbeeren.

Unter dem Titel "The Shameless Old Lady" bringt das Film Festival Bert Brechts "Geschichten von der alten Frau, die in den letzten 18 Monaten ihres Lebens Freiheit fand".

Die Generation, die sich die Kinder von "Karl Marx und Coca Cola" nennt, wird in dem Film "Masculine Feminine" geschildert. Spanien ist mit den Filmen "The Hunt" und "Simon Of The Desert" vertreten. Die Tschechoslowakei zeigt ausser dem Kinderfilm "Pearls On The Ground" auch "Intimate Lighting". Jean Renoir zeigt seinen Film "La Chienne".

Den Schlusspunkt der Serie bildet "La Guerre Est Finie". Dieser Film wurde auf Druck der

spanischen Regierung von der Leitung der Festspiele in Cannes vom Spielplan abgesetzt; auf den tschechoslowakischen Festspielen in Karlsbad ging es ihm nicht viel besser. Der Held des Films ist ein spanischer Republikaner, der in Paris arbeitet und für den der Bürgerkrieg eben nicht beendet ist.

Neben den Filmen finden Diskussionen und öffentliche Interviews statt, die sich mit den vorgestellten Filmen beschäftigen. Ausserdem werden Vorträge gehalten über Radikalismus im Film, über Filmkritik, Psychologie des Sehens und Reklame im Fernsehen.

L. W.

Friday, September 23, 1966

AUFBAU

## Ein Bert Brecht-Film

"The Shameless Lady" (Festspiele in der Philharmonie Hall)

R.A. Ein Menschenalter lang war eine Mutter Dienerin und Bediente ihrer Familie. In den letzten 18 Monaten ihres Lebens aber holt sie nach, was sie ihr Leben lang versäumte. Sie findet einen Menschen, der ihr Leben ausfüllt und kindliches Glück auf der Rolltreppe eines Warenhauses. Sie erfährt Freude an einer übergrossen Eiskreme-Portion und kauft sogar ein Auto.

Die alte Frau ist Syvile, die Schauspielerin, die weisse, grosse Dinge durch kleine Dinge auszudrücken, wie beispielsweise die Einsamkeit dadurch, dass sie noch während des Essens den benutzten Teller abwäscht, um durch Geschäftigkeit Alleinsein zu überwinden. Das Mädchen, das sie findet wird von Malka Ribovska wie ein aus dem Nest gefallener Vogel dargestellt, der eine Mutter bekommt.

Der gut photographierte, bis in die kleinsten Rollen gut gespielte französische Film gleitet zum Schluss aus grosser Tragik in kleine Komik und wird dadurch zu lang. Rene Allio wurde für seine gute Regie-Leistung mit Recht durch einen Preis auf den Filmfestspielen in Venedig belohnt.

Dem nach einer Brecht-Novelle gedrehten Film ging ein kurzer ungarischer Streifen voraus, der eine amüsante, charmante Persiflage auf das Leben einer Durchschnittsfrau ist. Beide Filme gewinnen durch ihre hervorragende Begleitmusik.



# New Yorker Filmfestspiele

Interessante Filme im Lincoln Center



Die Schauspielerin Sylvie in dem französischen Film "The Shameless Old Lady", der von René Allio nach einer Novelle von Bert Brecht gedreht wurde.

Einen der grössten Erfolge hatte der tschechoslowakische Film "The Loves Of A Blonde" (Regisseur Milos Forman). Hana Brejchova und Vladimir Pucholt in einer Liebeszene.



AUFBAU

Friday, September 23, 1966



Eine Prozession aus dem russischen Film "Shadows Of Our Forgotten Ancestors" (Regie Sergei Paradjanov), der das Leben in den Karpathen in der Mitte des vorigen Jahrhunderts zum Thema hat.



Yves Montand, der 1965 den grossen Preis der französischen Akademie bekam, und seine Partnerin seit vielen Jahren, die dische Schauspielerin Ingrid Thulin in "La Guerre Est Finie" (Regie Alain Resnais).



Jean - Pierre L aud, der auf den Berliner Filmfest - Spielen als bester Schauspieler ausgezeichnet wurde, spielte die Hauptrolle in dem franz sisch - schwedischen Gemeinschaftsfilm 'Masculine Feminine'. Neben ihm Catherine - Isabelle Dupont

Wir sahen die Garbo wieder — Lewis Stone und die grosse Darstellerin in dem Film "A Woman of Affairs" (1929). Garbos Partner war John Gilbert, der sp ter im Tonfilm versagte, w hrend Garbos Ruhm noch heute dauert.





# CINE

## Películas y problemas

**De Nueva York:** En última instancia, organizar un festival de películas es algo como escoger una antología de poemas: cuestión de capricho. Sobre todo en el caso del Festival de Cine que anualmente se celebra en Nueva York, desde 1963. Sus promotores no se preocupan por conceder premios entre producciones recientes que buscan mayor distribución comercial, sino por presentar lo que juzgan son buenas películas vistas en otros festivales internacionales o merecedoras de llegar a un público cinematográfico de alto nivel.

El Festival de este año incluyó una veintena de largometrajes y casi el doble de filmes de corta duración, así co-

procedencia el año pasado.

A *Los amores de una rubia*, del director Milos Forman, se dio el honor de abrir el Festival. Forman fue invitado al Festival así como su colega y compatriota Ivan Passer, de quien se exhibió *Luz íntima*, la primera película que ha dirigido. La de Forman describe con simpatía y sencillez los primeros arrebatos y penas de amor de una joven obrera de una fábrica de zapatos. La de Passer, el reencuentro de una pareja, diez años después de sus amores de estudiantes, y su intento de recrear la magia del pasado. También se exhibió *Perlas en la tierra*, serie de cinco episodios basados en otros tantos cuentos del escritor checo Bohumil Hrabal, dirigidos cada uno por un realizador diferente. El cuarto filme checo del Festival fue *¿Tienes un león en casa?*, fantasía para niños dirigida por Pavel Hobl.

Así como los directores checos fueron la novedad del Festival los franceses desempeñaron el papel de maestros jóvenes ya consagrados. De Jean-Luc Godard se presentaron *Pierrot le Fou* y *Masculino-Femenino*, su décima y undécima creaciones filmicas, ganadoras de varios premios internacionales. De la mejor directora de cine francés, Agnès Varda, se exhibió *Les Créatures* sobre un escritor dedicado a preparar en una isla bretona / una ficción científica: los personajes humildes de la aldea le dan tema para los casi mitológicos de su narración. De Alain Resnais se estrenó *La guerre est finie* su obra más reciente, retirada del festival de Cannes para no ofender al gobierno de España. Protagonizada por Yves Montand e Ingrid Thulin, se refiere a la indeclinable actitud política de los grupos españoles republicanos que hoy viven en París. De Robert Bresson, cinematografista galo, se presentó *Au hasard Balthazar*, el primer filme que ha hecho en los últimos tres años.

Pier Paolo Pasolini, Bernardo Bertolucci y Vittorio de Seta fueron los directores italianos representados en el Festival. De Pasolini se incluyeron tanto la obra más nueva, *Halcones y golondrinas*, como su primera creación *Accatone*. Pasolini carga sus películas de intención social y romanticismo político, actitud que con otro estilo también asume Bertolucci. *La commare secca*, dirigida por él cuando tenía 20 años, entusiasmó a la crítica del Festival de Venecia en 1962. *Casi un hombre*, de Vittorio de Seta, tiene por hé-



'El ojo de la cerradura' (coproducción Argentina-EE.UU., 1964)



'El arpa birmana' (filme japonés, 1956)



'Luz íntima' (filme checoslovaco, 1965)

mo una exhibición simultánea (y gratuita) de películas de tipo experimental.

En primer término, se dio preferencia a los filmes de origen checoslovaco. En ciudades latinoamericanas como Buenos Aires y México se sabía más del cine checo de posguerra que en Nueva York hasta el año pasado. Ahora, el Festival neoyorquino tiene sus razones de orgullo para hacer énfasis en que el cine checo actual es de importancia: fue su selección el año pasado de una película de ese origen, (*La tienda de la calle real*) lo que inició la moda. Este filme fue el más elogiado del programa de 1965; una firma comercial adquirió los derechos para exhibirla en los Estados Unidos y en pocos meses conquistaba a críticos y público, terminando por llevarse el Oscar de mejor filme extranjero del año. Ahora, no menos de 55 películas checoslovacas han sido contratadas para exhibición corriente en los Estados Unidos, donde no se vieron más de dos o tres de esta



'Masculino-Femenino' (coproducción franco-sueca, 1965)





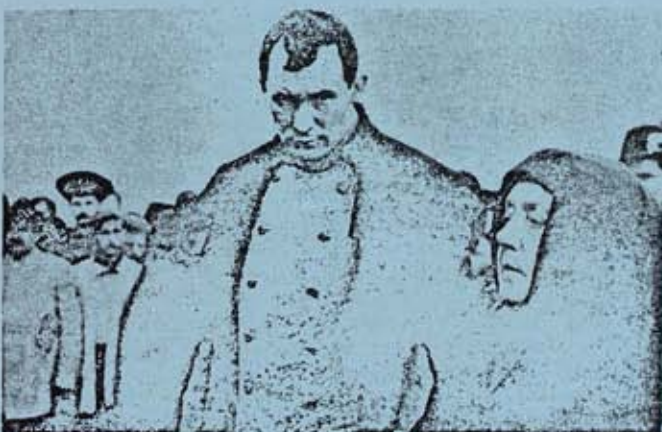
'Simón del desierto' (de Luis Buñuel; México, 1965)



'Baltasar' (de Robert Bresson; coproducción franco-sueca, 1965)



'La caza' (España, 1965) y, a la izq., 'Halcones y golondrinas' (Italia, 1965)



'La captura' (primer filme de Miklos Jancso; Hungría, 1965)

roe a un escritor que sufre una honda crisis psicológica, se somete a cura por electrochoques y rememora episodios de su infancia y juventud en Cerdeña.

México, Argentina y España hicieron contribuciones de valor. *Símon del desierto*, de Luis Buñuel, confirma su obsesante preocupación por lo religioso y lo grotesco; *El ojo de la cerradura*, de Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson, examina otro ángulo de la sociedad ar-

gentina, esta vez el del neofascismo;

*La caza*, de Carlos Saura, contando la historia de cuatro hombres que se van de cacería un domingo, describe muchas tensiones actuales del medio español.

Entre las reposiciones acordadas para el Festival la más llamativa pudo ser el tardío estreno en Nueva York de *El arpa birmana* (1956), la

gran película de Kon Ichikawa.

**Panamá y Venecia:** Otros dos festivales se realizaron también en septiembre, el de Panamá y el de Venecia. En Panamá ganó tres premios la película soviética *Hamlet*, que se estrenó en Nueva York en el Festival de 1964; los de mejor película, mejor director (Grigori Kozintzev) y mejor actor (Innokenti Smoktunovski.) El de mejor actriz fue para Lolanta Umeke, por

su papel en el filme polaco *Hermana Juana de los Angeles*. También se exhibieron películas de Colombia, el Brasil, Francia, los Estados Unidos, China nacionalista, Japón, Canadá, Holanda, Italia y una hecha por cubanos exilados.

El Festival de Venecia estuvo, como ya es costumbre, salpicado de escándalo. El conde Volpi, hijo del fundador del Festival, se negó a entregar los premios que llevan el nombre de su padre, por estar en desacuerdo con la selección de filmes. El diario del Vaticano, *L'Osservatore Romano*, dijo que el Festival producía "la sensación de estar viendo un horrible hospital de dementes..." Hasta tal punto se consideró escabrosa una película, la sueca *Juegos nocturnos*, dirigida por la actriz Mai Zetterling, que sólo se proyectó ante los jurados y algunos invitados. Los franceses protestaron por la exhibición de *La guerra de Argelia*, una película italiana dirigida por Gillo Pontecorvo, que francamente toma el partido de los patriotas argelinos.

Algunas películas exhibidas en Venecia *Fahrenheit 451*, producción inglesa dirigida por François Truffaut, protagonizada por Julie Christie; se refiere a un país hipotético, gobernado por tiranos que ordenan la quema de todos los libros, y a la rebelión de jóvenes que se proponen aprender de memoria los más importantes. *La curée*, dirigida por Roger Vadim con su esposa Jane Fonda en el papel estelar, se basa en una novela de Emilio Zola y se refiere al exceso de amores extraconyugales de una pareja mal avenida. *"Comédie"*, dirigida por Jean-Marie Serreau, Marin Karmitz y Jean Ravel sobre una obra teatral de Samuel Beckett, produjo protestas: contiene una escena de media hora en que sólo se ven las cabezas de tres personas enfrascadas en una conversación.

Aunque cada año se dicen pestes del Festival de Venecia, sigue siendo uno de los principales. Lo importante en Venecia no es tanto ganar premios como ser comentado. Y, ciertamente los comentarios han sido abundantes.



Al Lincoln Center dal 12 al 22 settembre

## "La Commare Secca" di Bernardo Bertolucci in "retrospettiva" al Festival di New York

Al IV Festival del Film di New York, che si terrà alla Philharmonic Hall di Lincoln Center dal 12 al 22 settembre, saranno presentate anche tre pellicole "retrospettive", film, cioè, che appartengono agli inizi delle carriere di tre famosi registi, e non proiettati precedentemente sugli schermi degli Stati Uniti.

Questi tre film, della Francia del Giappone e dell'Italia, contribuiranno a comprendere meglio l'evoluzione artistica dei registi Jean Renoir, Kon Ichikawa e Bernardo Bertolucci. Si tratta, in effetti, di pellicole già significative: "La Chienne", che risale al 1931; "The Burmese Harp", del 1956, e "La Commare Secca", del 1960 del giovane Bertolucci.

La carriera di Jean Renoir, l'intramontabile veterano del cinema francese, rispecchia lo sviluppo stesso della cinematografia francese, dal film d'avanguardia degli anni venti sino

alle espressioni della "Nouvelle Vague" dell'ultimo dopoguerra. "La Chienne" si ispira al romanzo di Georges de la Fouchardière ed è la storia di una prostituta (impersonificata da Janie Mareze), il suo "protettore" (George Flament) ed un uomo anziano (Michel Simon) così infatuato della ragazza da rubare ed uccidere per lei, permettendo poi che lo sfruttatore sia incriminato e ghigliottinato per i suoi delitti passionali. Una versione americana, dal titolo "Scarlet Street", fu prodotta successivamente a Hollywood da Fritz Lang.

Jean Renoir si meritò successivamente la fama di uno dei più grandi registi cinematografici (recentemente egli è stato anche nominato membro dell'Accademia di Francia), con "Grand Illusion", del 1937; "Rules of the Game" (1939); "The Southerner" (1945); "The River" (1951); "The Golden

Coach" (1953) e "Le Caporal Epingle" (1962).

"The Burmese Harp" (L'Arpa birmana), che vinse il Premio San Giorgio al Festival di Venezia del 1965, è il primo film drammatico di un regista conosciuto fino a quel momento in America per i suoi cartoni animati, marionette e commedie. E' un film suggestivamente evocativo sul sentimento di colpa per i crimini della guerra e conseguenti rimorsi di coscienza, che inducono un giovane soldato giapponese a dedicarsi ad una vita di espiatione. Benché la guerra sia cessata e i suoi camerati si preparino per il rimpatrio, egli rimane in territorio straniero e, diventato monaco buddista, dedica il resto della sua vita a ritrovare e seppellire i cadaveri dei soldati di entrambi i Paesi che erano stati in conflitto.

Bernardo Bertolucci iniziò la sua carriera nel 1961, quale assistente di Pier Paolo Pasolini nel primo film del giovane scrittore italiano: "Accattone", anche questo in programma al IV Festival di New York. Il primo film di Bertolucci "La Commare Secca" prodotto quando egli aveva appena vent'anni, riscosse un enorme successo al Festival di Venezia nel 1962. Tratto da un lavoro di Pasolini, "La Commare Secca" è la storia dell'assassinio di una prostituta sulle rive del fiume Tevere, e dell'interrogatorio dei sospetti in un giardino pubblico vicino che lei frequentava. Tutto il cast è composto di attori non professionisti.

IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO — Domenica 28 Agosto, 1966

## Anche un film per ragazzi al IV Festival di New York

Il nuovo film del regista cecoslovacco Pavel Hobl, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?", è stato scelto per essere presentato nella prima "matinee" per bambini al Lincoln Center durante il quarto Festival del Film di New York. E' la prima volta, questa, che ai bambini viene dedicato uno spettacolo tutto per loro nel quattro anni di storia del festival.

Diretto da uno dei giovani registi cechi che si stanno affermando brillantemente alla ribalta del cinema internazionale, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?", è una fantasia umoristica che descrive le avventure

di due bambini che hanno deciso di esplorare da soli le meraviglie di una grande città.

Nel presentare il suo film, che vinse un premio al Festival di Locarno del 1965, il regista Hobl ha dichiarato: "Originariamente questo film era inteso per i bambini e gli adulti, ma io spero di essere riuscito a fare un film per adulti e bambini". Ed ha spiegato che ha invertito apposta l'ordine delle parole perché: "Vorrei che gli adulti comprendessero il film nello stesso modo in cui lo vedono i piccoli, con candore e ingenuità."

"Do You Keep a Lion at

Home?", in bianco e nero e a colori, sarà distribuito negli Stati Uniti a "Walter Manley Enterprises, Inc.", una casa cinematografica che ha dato incarico al regista Pavel di dirigere due altri film nel suo Paese.

22 film e i documentari più interessanti dell'anno saranno presentati durante il quarto Festival del Film di New York, che si terrà dal 12 al 22 settembre al Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, in associazione col British Film Institute e con la cooperazione dell'Independent Film Importers



## HAROM MAGYAR FILM A NEWYORKI FESZTIVALON

NEW YORK. — Szeptember 12-én, hétfőn kezdődött meg az immár negyedik éve ismétlődő newyorki filmfesztivál, amely nemcsak New York és Amerika, hanem az egész világ figyelemkeltő kulturális eseménye. A newyorki fesztivál abban különbözik a többi hasonló jellegű nemzetközi filmbemutatótól, hogy itt nem rangsorozzák és díjaznak a legkiválóbbnak ítélt filmeket és hogy a legmodernebb, legújabb alkotások mellett régi, klasszikus, szinte már történelmi nevezetességű filmeket is bemutatnak.

Az idén 28 hosszú játékfilmet és 23 rövid filmet mutatnak be, amelyeket 1000 benevezett műből választottak ki. Franciaország, Olaszország, Spanyolország, Anglia, Belgium, Csehszlovákia, Szovjetunió, Jugoszlávia, Japán, Argentina, Mexikó, Dánia, Svédország, Lengyelország, Magyarország és természetesen az Egyesült Államok vesznek részt a fesztiválon.

Magyarország egy hosszú és két rövid filmmel szerepel. A hosszú film a "Szegénylegények" (angol címe: The Roundup). Rendezője a nemzetközileg értékelt Jancsó Miklós, a szövegkönyvet Hernádi Gyula írta, a fényképezés pedig Somló Tamás munkája. Öt férfi főszereplője van a filmnek: Görbe János, Molnár Tibor, Kozák András, Agárdy Gábor és Latinovits

Zoltán. A film az idei cannesi fesztiválon nagy elismerésben részesült. A kritikák ideglesztőnek, drámainak nevezték, amellet a fényképezés remekének. A történet 1849-ben, a szabadságharc leverése után játszódik, amikor az osztrák hadsereg körülfogja és megsemmisíti a megmaradt és tovább küzdő szabadságharcosok magyarországi csapatát. Lehetetlen, hogy az ott honi néző ne vonjon párhuzamot az 1956-os szabadságharc szinte azonos mozzanataival.

A rövid filmek egyike a "Máté Passzió", amelyet Czigány Tamás rendezett. A film tulajdonképpen állóképek sorozata. Előbb Krisztus kálváriájának állomásait látjuk

a legnagyobb mesterek világ-hírű festményeinek reprodukciójában, majd a német deportálásokról és koncentrációs táborokról készült fényképeket, mintegy történelmi párhuzamképpen. Az egész filmet Bach zenéje festi alá és a szöveget a kórus szövege szolgáltatja.

A másik rövid film címe: "A nő". Ez egy derűs tanulmány a nőkről. Lakatos Iván munkája.

A Szegénylegényeket szeptember 18-án, vasárnap du. 6:30 kor mutatják be a newyorki Lincoln Center Philharmonie Hall-jában.

Érdekes, hogy az Egyesült Államok az idén egyetlen új hosszabb filmmel sem szerepel, ellenben két olyan klasszikus alkotást ujit fel, mint Greta Garbo utolsó néma filmje, az 1928-ban készült "A Woman of Affairs", amelyben a művésznő John Gilbert társaságában szerepel, valamint Cecil B. DeMille 51 éves "The Cheat" című filmje, amelynek főszerepét Sessue Hayakawa alakítja. Ez is azt a tételt látszik bizonyítani, hogy Hollywood elvesztette régi hegemoniáját és átengedte helyét a francia, olasz, angol, svéd és más európai filmközpontoknak.

Másrészt viszont feljegyzésre méltó, hogy a rövid filmek sorában 8 amerikai film szerepel és a fesztivál keretében, de nem a koncerthallban, hanem a színházmúzeum kamaratermében bemutatott ún. "független", másnéven "földalatti" filmek között ugyszólván teljesen az amerikaiak dominálnak. Ezek a filmek részben amatőr próbálkozások, részben azonban avatott művészek, nagyrészt absztrakt, de mindenképpen uttörő kísérletei. S miután mindig a fiataloké a jövő, remény van arra, hogy ezekből az egyelőre még formátlan kezdeményezésekből kialakul egy újfajta amerikai filmművészet, amely — tekintve az ország szinte korlátlan technikai és anyagi erejét — újra iránymutató lesz a világ filmtermelésében.

M. Gy.



## Ausschnitt aus den Festspielen

"A Woman of Affairs" — "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" —  
"Meet Marlon Brando"

Was wir in der vorigen Woche während eines einzigen Tages im Lincoln Center sahen, waren alles keine sogenannten grossen Filme. Aber sie waren eine reine Augenfreude und, jeder auf seine Art, von jenem Kaliber, das nicht so sehr auf Kassenerfolg und Massengeschmack abzielt, wie auf die Aufnahmebereitschaft des stillen Geniessers und internationalen Filmfreundes.

"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" ist ein herrlicher Film, der, mit fremden Filmpreisen reich beladen, endlich an unseren Ufern gelandet ist. Wenn dieser, von Pavel Hobl gedrehte Streifen nicht à tempo von einer hiesigen Verleihfirma aufgegriffen und im ganzen Lande verteilt wird, verlieren wir allen Glauben an das künstlerische Urteil des amerikanischen Filmgeschäfts.

Was es in diesem surrealistischen Film nicht alles zu sehen gibt! Die märchenhaftesten Erlebnisse, die zwei kleine Jungen im alten Prag haben; und die Erfüllung so vieler Wunschträume, die nicht nur Kindern, sondern vielleicht auch Erwachsenen beschieden sein mögen. Für uns, die wir prinzipiell an alles glauben, was sich im Märchenlande abspielt, eine der reizvollsten Begegnungen war die mit einem langhaarigen "Irish Setter", der tschechisch spricht. Auch "das kleine Auto", das, von den beiden Kindern aus der Gefangenschaft überfüllten Parkplatzes befreit, für diese ein Rennen gewinnt, ist äusserst liebenswert; und ebenso der arme Strassenmaler, der sie mit einer magischen Palette beschenkt und es ihnen gestattet, der grauen Stadt und ihren Menschen Farbe und Frohsinn zu verleihen.

Wenn einmal dieser tschechische Film mit den englischen Untertiteln in New York gezeigt wird, sei es allen Müttern, Grossmüttern und anderen Anverwandten dringend empfohlen, die junge Brut an die Hand zu nehmen und ihr zu zeigen, was alles in einer surrealistischen Welt geschehen kann, wenn man sein Heim mit einem Löwen teilt.

In dem "The Scene" genannten Nachmittagsprogramme war

die hervorragendste Nummer fraglos "Meet Marlon Brando", von Albert und David Maysles produziert, die ein ausgezeichnetes Portrait des vielumstrittenen Filmschauspielers bot. Bekanntlich schwankt sein Charakterbild ausserordentlich stark in der Geschichte der amerikanischen Filmkunst; und es ist daher umso mehr zu begrüßen, dass man hier Gelegenheit hat, ihn in einem Masseninterview



Totò, der grosse neapolitanische Komödiant, spielte in "The Hawks And The Sparrows" (Regisseur Pier Paolo Pasolini) die Hauptrolle. Hinter ihm Ninetto Davoli.



Vera Kresadlova in dem tschechoslowakischen Film "Intimate Lighting" (Regie Ivan Passer.)

mit der Presse als einen intelligenten und stellenweise sogar amüsanten Kontrahenten kennen zu lernen.

Unserer Meinung nach der Höhepunkt des Tages war die Vorführung des alten Garbo Films, "A Woman of Affairs" (Deutsch: "Herrin der Liebe"), der aus den Archiven des Eastman House Museums in Rochester, N. Y., hervorgeholt worden war. Man kann lange Abhandlungen darüber schreiben, wie es kommt, dass die U.S.A. es nicht vermocht haben, das N.Y. Film Festival mit neuen

Beiträgen zu versorgen. Genüge es zu sagen, dass aus Mangel daran eine Reise in die Vergangenheit unternommen worden ist und der jungen Generation jetzt etwas präsentiert wird, was Ende der 20'er Jahre als hohe Filmkunst galt.

Das z.T. aus jungen Leuten bestehende Publikum reagierte zwar mit höhnischem Gelächter auf die moralischen "Probleme" der englischen Gesellschaft jener Zeit, aber die grosse Kunst der Garbo überschattete alles. Ein moderner Filmfotograf hat kürzlich einmal gesagt, dass es sich nicht mehr lohnt, Grossaufnahmen zu machen. Weil nämlich die Gesichter der meisten jungen Stars absolut leer sind und auch in kunstvollen "close-ups" nichts hergeben.

Wie anders dagegen die Garbo, deren beseeltes Lächeln dem Beschauer eine ganze Welt der Gefühle erschliesst. Ein herrliches Erlebnis, sie noch einmal als Vertreterin der Hauptrolle in Michael Arlens berühmten Grünem Hut" sehen zu dürfen — einem der besten englischen Gesellschaftsromane, der hier auf Grund eines blödsinnigen Verbots nie unter dem Originaltitel auf der Leinwand gezeigt werden durfte.

Vera Craener.



Dopo lunghi anni di sdegnoso isolamento

## La divina Garbo presenzierà al Festival del Cinema

Greta Garbo prenderà parte alla scintillante sfilata di stelle cinematografiche e registi al "Lincoln Centre" nella "Philharmonic Hall" in occasione del quarto Festival del Cinema a New York l'avven-

La rara pellicola, messa a disposizione dalla Casa George Esatman di Rochester, New York, e grazie alla gentile autorizzazione della Metro-Golwyn-Mayer, sarà proiettata in una speciale

giudicato un libro sensazionale nel 1920, fu l'ispirazione per a "A Woman of Affairs", nelle versione interpretata sul palcoscenico da Katharine Cornell". Alla Metro Goldwyn Mayer fu proibito dall'allora

IL PROGRESSO ITALO-AMERICANO — Mercoledì 14 Settembre, 1966

## Anche i cineasti indipendenti al Festival del Film di N.Y.

I film di cineasti indipendenti saranno oggetto dell'attenzione e della valutazione di registi, critici, sceneggiatori, distributori ed educatori in un

esperimenti sulle tecniche cinematografiche al servizio della psicologia audio-visiva. Scopo speciale del programma organizzare da John

tembre nell'Auditorium di 200 posti alla Library and Museum of the Performing Arts (III) Amsterdam Avenue - 65th Street 20. 4 e 6 30

SONNTAGSBLATT STAATS-ZEITUNG UND HEROLD, DEN 21. AUGUST 1966

# New Yorker Filmfest ohne Beitrag der US

Das grösste Aufgebot wird diesmal von der Tschechoslowakei gestellt — Von Henry Marx

AUS DEM jetzt vorliegenden nahezu vollständigen Programm für das vom 12. bis 22. September in der Philharmonic Hall stattfindende vierte Filmfestival geht sich unter den Vorführung kein einziger Beitrag befindet. Hälfte der auf entfällt auf dreizehn (fünf), die

schon berichtet, das Filmfestival eröffnen, und sein Regisseur Milos Forman wird anwesend sein wie auch sein Mitarbeiter Theater, Film, Musik

Pavel Hobl. Er wird in einer für Samstag, den 17. September, auf 11 Uhr vormittags angesetzten Kinderaufführung her-

schamlose alte Dame), den René Allio nach einer Erzählung von Bert Brecht gedreht hat. Agnes Varda wird den Film "Les

N.Y. Staats-Zeitung und Herold, Dienstag, den 20. September 1966

"The War Game" und "Hunger"

## New York Film Festival fortgesetzt

Man hatte viel über die beiden Filme gehört, die am 2. Tag

aufsetzt wie es diese Streifen zum Thema haben, mit der Lupe

Kanzleien der Welt sein sollte. Die Augen von Kindern, die aus ihren Höhlen schmelzen, die Feuerwand, die alles verschlingt

N. Y. Staats-Zeitung und Herold, Freitag, den 23. September

Film-Festival fortgesetzt:

## Einige Höhepunkte — aber auch viele Nieten

Es war nicht schwer vorauszusagen: Keinem Film-Festival wird es je gelingen, dem Geschmack aller Freunde der Leinwand gerecht zu werden und selbst der Gast, der als Kritiker oder Berichterstatte geladen ist, wird nicht immer restlos objektiv bleiben können. Letzten Endes ist auch er nur ein Mensch

und sie liebt ihn, aber beide sind so komplizierte Charaktere, das sie ihre Liebe in einem Niagara von Worten verwässern. Paris, die Riviera (ohne die es scheinbar keine Filme aus Frankreich mehr gibt), Telefon — und noch Dialog, Dialog, Dialog... Bis man sanft auf seinen Sitz einge-

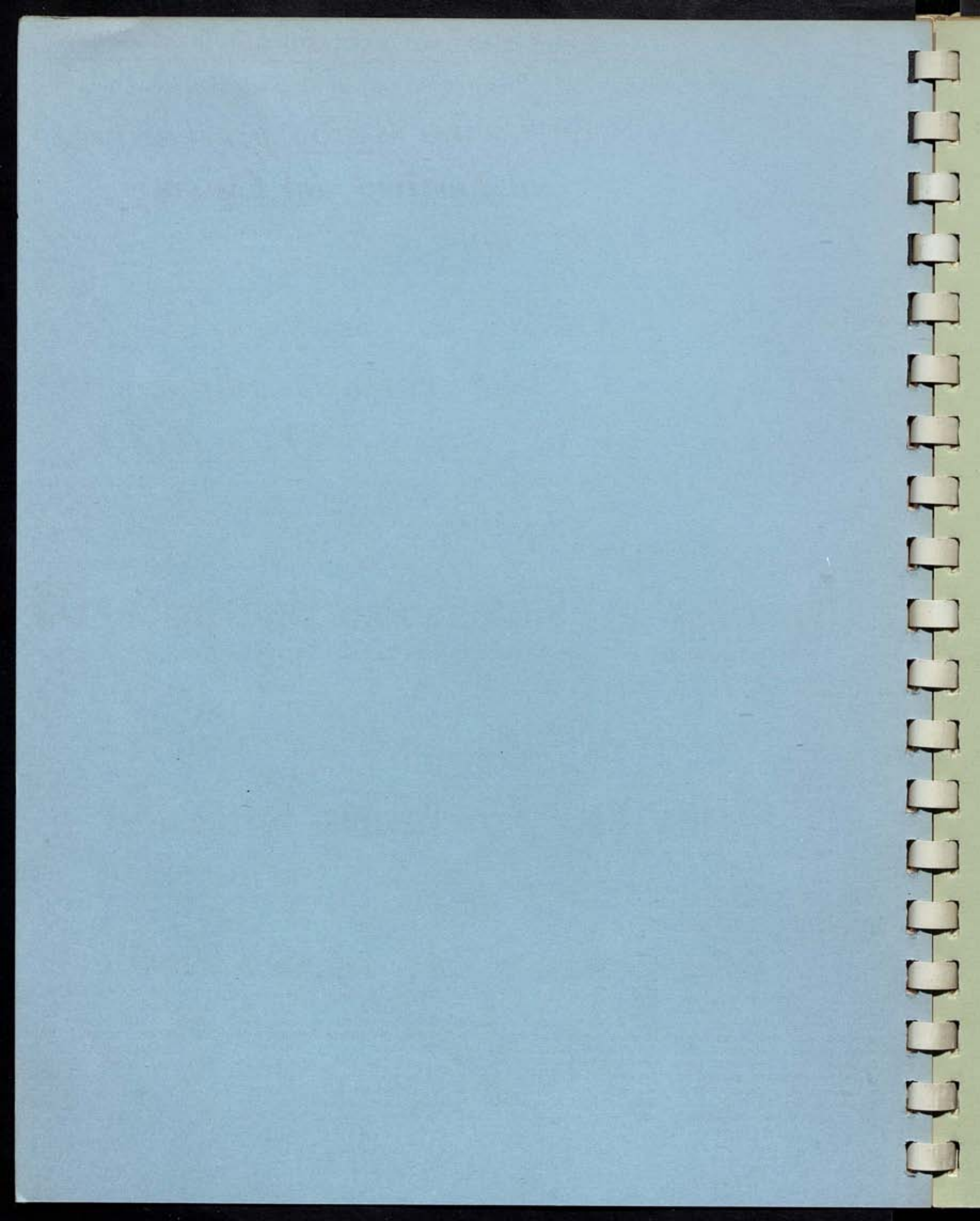
Scheinwelt derer Menschen — und deren Probleme — unsympathisch zu einem Grad sind, das die normale Ablehnung weit übersteigt.

Auch hier sind Godards junge Menschen konfus, unreal, mit dem Intellekt und Auffassungsgabe eines Sextaners. Sie manövrieren sich in Situationen

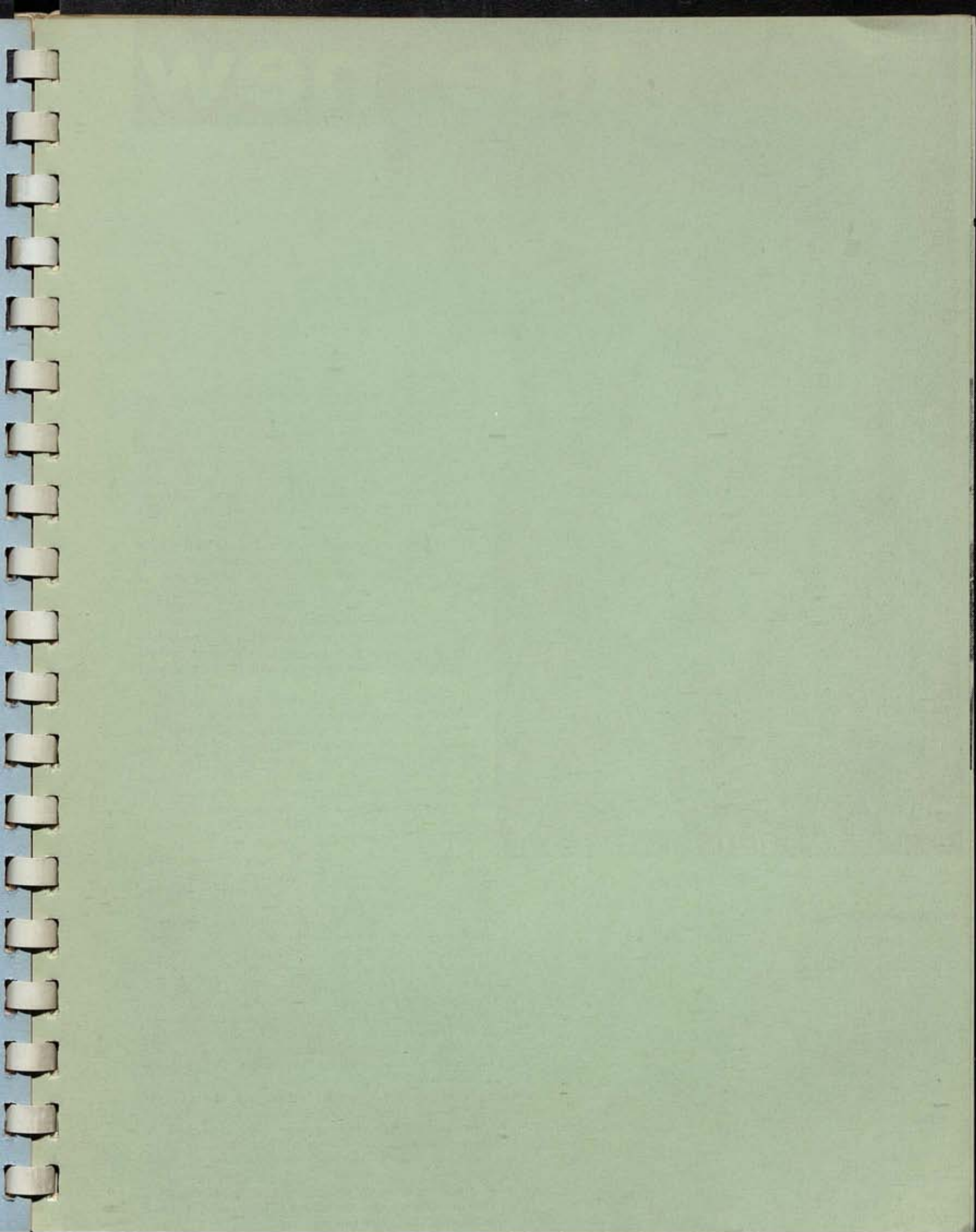
eine Persönlichkeit, die faszinierend sind.

Ander Kurzfilme von Wert: "Troublemakers", eine ernsthafte Auseinandersetzung mit dem Slum-Problem, "Notes for a Film on Jazz" und dann ein abendfüllender Film aus den Ateliers der Tschechoslowakei, die uns jetzt mehr und mehr



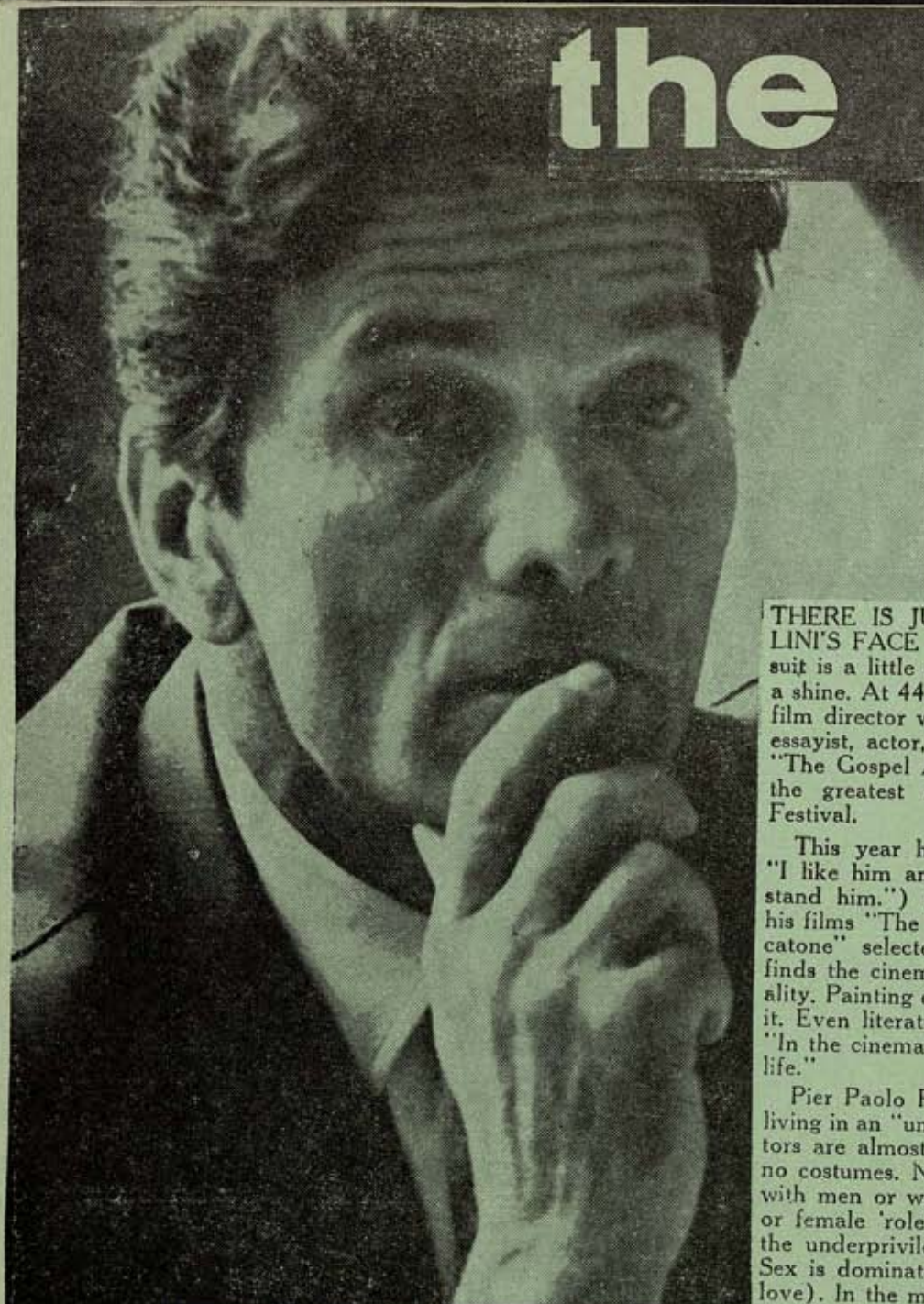








# the new



**PIER PAOLO PASOLINI-ITALY**

WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY.

THERE IS JUST ENOUGH FLESH ON PASOLINI'S FACE to cover the well placed bones. His suit is a little rubbed at the edges. His shoes need a shine. At 44, this sad Italian is a world celebrated film director with equal success as a novelist, poet, essayist, actor, and scriptwriter. Last year his film, "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," received the greatest number of awards at the Venice Festival.

This year he speaks (via a female interpreter "I like him and I want to make sure you understand him.") of "naive pride" at having two of his films "The Hawks and the Sparrows" and "Accatone" selected for the New York Festival. He finds the cinema deals with reality, in terms of reality. Painting copies reality while the theatre mimes it. Even literature and poetry simply recall reality. "In the cinema I can drown myself in the action of life."

Pier Paolo Pasolini makes movies about Italians living in an "underdeveloped environment." The actors are almost always non-professional. There are no costumes. No make-up. No roles. "I don't deal with men or women, just human beings. The male or female 'role' is a middle class division. Among the underprivileged the mentality is more archaic. Sex is dominated by honor (an infantile phase of love). In the middle class love (a mature emotion) ideally rules sexual feeling."

Pasolini, who worked with "nice, interesting and simpatico" Fellini feels the direction of the Italian cinema is toward the problems of middle class as a reaction against the popular neo-realism . . . His newest film, in work, revolves around a middle class family who have a religious experience. "As a result everyone is tormented, except the maid who becomes a saint . . . crazy but a saint."

NEW YORK OVERWHELMS HIM. The size. But he likes it. His "Gospel" was more successful in this city than in Italy. He has thought about filming the first Negro woman in Albany, Ga., who refused to give her seat to a white woman and also about the students of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

Directors like Chaplin and Renoir are admired "for being great poets"—director Buster Keaton "for being and even greater poet." Success to Pasolini is complete sincerity. "Not honesty. Often there is honesty without a sincere idea of one's own self."

At the moment, Pasolini feels as though he were looking down from the tallest skyscraper. "Not the smallness . . . just the mystery."



# est wave



**AGNES VARDA-FRANCE**

AT FIRST AGNES VARDA SEEMED A LITTLE TOUGH. Her pose: In her hotel room at the Sherry Netherlands she greeted us in corduroy dungarees and talked with a cigarette in her mouth. Then she was very firm about wanting a straight back chair. After she established that she couldn't speak English very well she declared, "I'm no messenger. Don't talk to me about the film messages."

It was hard to connect this dark, intense little woman with a bleached fringe on her upper lip with the sensitive film "Le Bonheur," which she wrote, photographed and directed. Once she became confident that her English was good enough, she was more believable.

HER FESTIVAL FILM "LES CREATURES" with Catherine Deneuve fuses fantasy and reality until they melt. "I want to have more than an entertainment. I like to awaken the senses. Often they are asleep."

Agnes refuses to be categorized as feminist. "I am not a woman specialist. I like to think that I can write as well about men as men write about women. Film to me is a connection with the world, male and female."

She just finished making a TV film about her husband making a film. The husband, Jacques Demy ("The Umbrellas of Cherbourg"), directed "The Girls of Rochefort" with Catherine Deneuve and her sister, Francoise Dorleac, who play sisters.

She enjoys these sisters "who really look very much alike when they are side by side. They are modern and rational in some ways but also sweet and romantic. No, they are not competitive. There is complicity . . . sharing the same room until they were 16 and 17. They love each other."

BY THIS TIME AGNES WAS GETTING READY for the formal showing of her film. Her white and yellow Courrèges was ready over the chair. She especially liked his yellow plaid coat which she pulled out of the closet with enthusiasm. A little anxious about the time, she began to put on her make-up.

She was different now . . . fun, light, much younger. They wanted her to say something when they introduced her film that night at Philharmonic Hall. She thought of something amusing. "Two jokes: A zero meets the number eight and he says, 'I see you have added a belt.' And then two tomatoes are crossing the street. One is hit by a car and the other says 'Come on ketchup.'" But they told her not to tell them.





**RENE ALLIO-FRANCE**

"I LIKE WOMEN," HE SAYS, SMILING A SUGGESTIVE SMILE. "You know misogynist, well I am a philogynist." Director René Allio means it as he holds your eye the moment longer than necessary . . . as he twists your passing remark. But don't misunderstand. Allio is not a flirt. He just has a serious feeling about women.

The two feature films he directed are about women. The first one selected for the festival, "The Shameless Old Lady," is about a 70-year-old woman who discovers the world after years of child-wife-mother service. In his second film, a 30-year-old woman finds she still has time to change. "I have seen so many women and men having problems. If the films help them find something in themselves, it's good."

Allio admires three actresses. "Jeanne Moreau and Anna Karina, because they can be true and intelligent. It is more important to be intelligent than sensitive. Anyone can be sensitive. But to control the senses intelligently is special." The third actress, Malka Ribowska, who acts in both Allio films, is this and more. "She's my wife."

Although he is not about to be labeled, Allio admits he could never have made his movies without the Nouvelle Vague. Allio, originally a painter and then a set designer, says these laid the foundation and he went on. "We are now less realistic to be more realistic. We have more liberty." And he points to Godard.

THE MODERN FILM IS MORE SELECTIVE. Twenty years ago it was necessary to catch every phase of the action and yet the results were less believable. "We have a new way of piecing reality together." Allio also makes the point that TV and cinema are really the same. "We often try to draw a line between them. It's artificial. They are both moving pictures."

He talks about New York. He would like a year but only has a week. Then more talk about women. "The women in this country have an advantage. They are not as trapped as they are in Europe. Here the women in the middle class can buy solutions to their problems."

—TONI KOSOVER





**IVAN PASSER-CZECHOSLOVAK**

IVAN PASSER APOLOGIZED FOR BEING LATE. He had fallen asleep. Collapsed really. His first trip to New York has been frantic, exciting, incredible. Ten days beginning with critical success of "Loves of a Blonde," which he helped to write and then "Intimate Lighting" which he directed, too. In between, he and his friend of 20 years, "Blonde" director Milos Forman have been writing a film for Carlo Ponti in their hotel room.

Passer, whose gentle boyish manner hides his 34 years, says, in very good English, "We can't believe it. We never thought about success in our country. We just wanted to make a film." He admits, however, this lack of successful thinking gives the Czech film freedom. "There is no economic pressure which is death for art in film. Once you know you can afford mistakes, you feel freer."

The director in his country has more authority which also leads to more freedom. "The director is the chief. He even picks the producer. And of course the photography and the dramaturgy are different. "We do very small, simple stories so we have time to develop them."

In dialogue, what is not said becomes more important than what is said. Actors are given more freedom with the camera following rather than controlling them. Of course, one of the big differences is the number of non-actor actors.

THIS IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH CINEMA VERITE where the actors play themselves and the film becomes reportage. "In our films the non-actor acts out a part which we have created."

Working with a non-professional actor provides an artistic and emotional challenge. "I feel like a hunter. Finding the key to the personality gives me the chance to live through my work. By comparison working with professional actors is like working with an animal in the zoo."

He sees the film as a "mosaic" composed of all banal details which make people think "that is me. This is not a time for heroes. Everyone is banal." The person or the story only becomes interesting in terms of people and society.

He and Forman made the "Loves of a Blonde" about a common factory working girl. "We felt sorry for her. Society is unfair to her and we wanted to open up the problem."

They don't make movies about upper class problems. "We don't have an upper class."

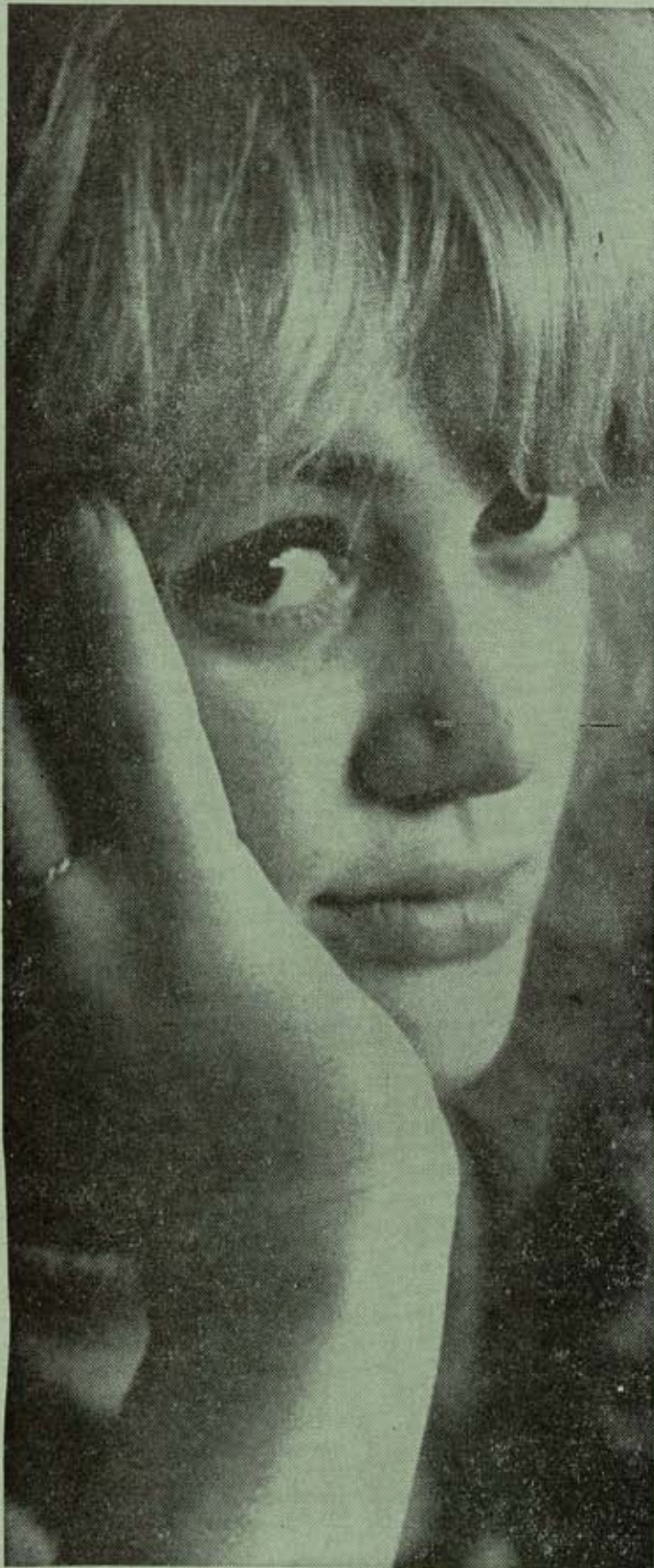
THERE WAS THE NEW WAVE. NOW THE NEWER... THE NEWEST WAVE IN FILM DIRECTION MOVES IN. FOUR INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS, IN NEW YORK RECENTLY FOR THE FILM FESTIVAL, TALK ABOUT THE NEWEST CINEMA.

Photos by Nick Machalaba



## The Nude Boy Needed Three Days

By HOWARD THOMPSON



AT 34, Milos Forman personifies the new, international prestige of the Czechoslovak movie industry. "Loves of a Blonde," his delightfully affecting comedy of a wistful factory girl, was the top hit of the recent New York Film Festival; it begins a regular, commercial engagement on Wednesday at the Sutton. Back home in Czechoslovakia, the picture is reported to be the biggest money-maker ever. True or false?

"True," modestly admitted Forman. He is a solid-set six-footer, handsome in a virile way. His English, learned as a teen-age student in Prague, is excellent. His manner is forthright.

"As for why the picture was such a hit at home, I think there are three reasons," he mused. "It's a comedy, people like to laugh. It also contains the first nude sequence in Czech films. Finally, everybody — and I mean everybody — wanted to see what our blonde, Hana Brejchova, looked like, because she was the sister of the Brigitte Bardot of Czech films, to whom I happened to be married at the time."

"My primary aim in 'Loves of a Blonde,'" he continued, "was to show young people in real situations that I know from life. Two personal experiences started me to thinking. I met a girl in Prague who told me that in three or four towns there existed the kind of place depicted in the picture — a small factory specializing in light work for many, many girls, and not enough boys around. Then once, when I was unmarried, I happened to see a girl at 3 A.M. standing with her suitcase at the Prague railroad station, just like our girl waiting there in the road in the film. I stopped the car and picked her up." Forman smiled roguishly. "Something most unusual in Prague, though I understand it's not unusual here in New York. Anyhow, she, too, had been given a boy's address — but a wrong one — and she was waiting to catch a train back to her home town. What was so interesting was that even before we started talking, I could see how extremely sad and distraught she was. But do you know, after ten minutes of talking, she forgot her problem."

Hana Brejchova, left, star of "Loves of a Blonde,"

Forman's primary aim "was to show young people in real situations that I know from life"



## to Think It Over

She was gay, happy, laughing. That is youth, is it not?"

With his original idea for "Loves of a Blonde," Forman and two co-scenarists, Jaroslav Papousek and Ivan Passer, developed the scenario. His young sister-in-law was recruited to be the blonde. Vladimir Pucholt, who had played the young hero in "Black Peter," Forman's first feature film, was recruited to act the boy from Prague for whom the blonde leaves her small town. Both were professional actors; one of a trio of middle-aged soldiers in a ballroom scene was also a professional.

"All our other people were non-professionals," said Forman. "The two other soldiers were men I had played football with years ago near my school in Prague, a little older than myself. The boy's father was a relative of my cameraman. As for the key role of the boy's mother, she was a housewife my two writers noticed one day riding the tram on their way to my home. They saw her face and knew she was very bright and intelligent."

Forman was asked to account for the sudden outward surge of human-interest movies from his native country, in contrast to the previous trickle of official-type fare. "It started with Stalin's death; since then things have been different for Czech moviemakers. Under the Stalin regime, there were severe restrictions. They were always suspicious that socialism would be destroyed," he said, with a tinge of irony. "Then after his death, the new people in charge had the wisdom to activate cultural and artistic policy changes."

Still, Stalin died some time ago? "Ten years ago. And the bars to creative freedom were lifted high only comparatively recently and more as a reaction to the success of other pictures made elsewhere. If you see happy pictures showing the truth, you want to do the same. What brought things to a head were three sincere films of ours that came out about the same time: Stephan Uher's 'Sun in the Net,' Vera Chytilova's 'Of Something Else' and my 'Black Peter.' With the success of this trio, a major change was in the air — and inevitable."

What about censorship and that long nude sequence in "Loves of a Blonde"? "There simply wasn't

any censorship. Oh, I did get some anonymous letters and phone calls from — what's your word? — crackpots, yes, thank you—saying I was a pig who wanted to destroy youth. Actually, if you watch the sequence very carefully, at no time do the girl and boy see each other full-length. Originally, I discussed the sequence with the director of the studio in Prague and he suggested another, shorter way. Finally—and it was a friendly discussion—he said, 'Go ahead and do as you want.' Under Stalin, the studio director came to you and said, 'Do this' or 'You can't do that.'"

Were the two young people embarrassed by their bedroom intimacy? "They were very shy," said their director, smiling. "During the actual shooting, Hana was more embarrassed than Vladimir, but it was the opposite at first. Vladimir is a strange boy, a little odd but nice. I like him. But he's very puritanical in his relationships with girls. When I said, 'I need you naked,' he put a finger to his mouth, frowned and said, 'Can I have three days to think it over?' Three days later he said, 'All right, if you can guarantee it won't be a dirty picture.'"

Forman was asked about his early years. "My father was a teacher in a little town about 75 kilos from Prague. I am the youngest of three brothers; one is now a painter, the other died five years ago in an accident. Until the war, when my parents were imprisoned by the Nazis, we all lived together.



Then I moved around with various relatives and families and finally came to Prague in 1949 to finish high school."

Interested in theater but not accepted by the Prague Drama School, Forman thought of trying law. "Stupidly," he declared. "Two days before I applied there, I heard the film school was open for applications." Drama's loss — and the law's — became films' gain.

The four-year school, called the Prague Film Faculty, is one of the most thorough and reputable film training grounds in the world. "It offers every conceivable aspect of movie production and technique and there is a direct but free tie with Prague's Barrandov Studios, our movie center," Forman explained. "The school is swamped with applications and I was lucky to get in. This was in 1950. And even more luckily, a friend advised me to apply for the screenwriting section since the directors' branch was overcrowded."

"The result was that I had four wonderful years of absolute freedom, based in film writing. But I was also learning an absolutely fresh approach to the technical side of filmmaking."

Forman became a director "simply because every script writer eventually wants to make pictures himself." In 1963, he directed "Black Peter."

During his recent visit to New York, Forman spent much time walking about the city and catching up on films. "Some sights I'll never forget. Such as Gorki-like people thronging West 42d Street late at night. Or the sight, inside one of those cinemas at 4 A.M., of a Negro woman sitting there, holding a small child while her husband or somebody slept next to her. And the atmosphere of those Sunday afternoon folk-singing concerts down at Washington Square."

"These are the things I most vividly will remember about your New York, sights I have never seen on film — exciting, graphic images to be stored away. I have had several Hollywood offers, but I want to travel around in many countries and make films in them, too. The two things at once. I'm not young any more. I can't waste time."



SHOW NOTES

# Wave of the Future?

By BARRY ROBINSON

IT IS OF MORE than just passing significance that the film that opened the fourth New York Film Festival in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall Monday night was Milo Forman's "The Loves of a Blonde," a frequently comic, sometimes almost tragic, but always engaging vignette about the romantic adventure of a naive but naughty young lady. At the same time, it is hardly surprising that the film—a production of the Barrandov Studios of Prague, Czechoslovakia—was selected for top billing over the 23 other movies being shown during the 11-day cinema carnival.

After all, it was at this same festival a year ago that another Barrandov film was first shown in the United States. Following its initial exposure here, "The Shop on Main Street" went on to win excellent reviews, an Academy Award (as the best foreign film, an example of Hollywood provincialism if there ever was one) and a highly lucrative series of general release bookings across the country, the latter a rather rare triumph for an art film.

THUS, IT IS only natural that the studio's next release be treated with more than utmost respect (if such is possible) since it is the product, not only of a superb production company, but—and this may be even more important—of the burgeoning Czech film industry that has come of age with awe-inspiring suddenness. When one stops to note that, in addition to "Blonde," this year's festival includes three feature-length and one short Czech film, it doesn't take a crystal ball to make one realize that this may very well be a cinematic wave of the future in the making.

Foreign film dominance tends to run in decades. For about 10 years, Italian films were at the aesthetic helm, a position held for almost equal periods by French, British, and Scandinavian productions. Now, it would appear, the decade of the Czechoslovakian film is almost upon us.

THERE IS ANOTHER reason for the respectful reception accorded "Blonde." Director Forman is a festival favorite, his previous effort, "Black Peter," having been screened here last year to almost universally rave reviews. Thus, it is possible to compare the 33-year-old filmmaker's return to that of a favorite son coming home with an all-A report card in his hand. Since "Blondie" won a number of awards at various film festivals on its way to New York, its reputation preceded it, a consideration that no

doubt contributed to its warm welcome.

All of which, however, does nothing to make the film less satisfying. "The Loves of a Blonde" is an extremely well done and acutely sensitive exploration of the world of a young Czech factory worker and her initial involvement in romantic love. The girl becomes infatuated with a young musician from Prague and gives herself to him in a beautifully tender interlude, then follows him to eventual disillusionment. Yet, because the sorrow of her experience will hopefully prepare her for future happiness, the film is very much a comedy in the truest sense of the word.

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND the world of my contemporaries very well, or that of the older generation," reflects Forman, whose films deal mostly with the relationships of the young. "The 16- and 17-year-olds are much closer to me. I like them, understand them, know them and—if you like—I am biased in their favor."

Making his second appearance at the festival in that many years, the young director—whose credits include only a number of short subjects in addition to his two aforementioned features, both of which will be released to theaters this fall—joins other directors and cinematic personnel in open seminars, scheduled to take place most afternoons and early evenings during the festival. Admission to the seminars is free (seating space, however, is somewhat limited) and anyone can go to the evening screenings simply by buying a ticket. It's as simple as that.

EARLIER THIS week, Forman—looking very much like a college student in pale tan chinos, plaid shirt, and dark suit coat—spent a hectic half-hour talking shop with a bevy of film critics. Because the love scene in "Blonde" is the first in the history of Czech films to show as much flesh as it does (which is not an awful lot), he was asked if there had been any censorship problems. "No," he replied. "It surprised me; I was expecting them and they never came."

What about the commercial aspects of the business? Even though Czech films are government-subsidized, isn't there some pressure to produce ones that are commercially successful? "If a film is a commercial failure, there is nothing to worry about as long as it's an artistic success." He paused and grinned a knowing grin before concluding that it's when it is both a commercial and an artistic failure that there are problems."



# Set Designer Makes the Scene

By Joseph Gelmis

Two dozen movie directors were guests at this year's New York Film Festival. Few were as little known before the festival began as was France's Rene Allio. Few were better known after it ended.

Allio, 40, is a theatrical set designer of international repute. His first feature film, "The Shameless Old Lady," earned him a standing ovation and a couple of spotlighted bows at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. It was one of several important films to come out of the 11-day festival.

Over lunch a few days after his film had been screened, Allio was harned and excited by his sudden success. To capitalize immediately on the rave reviews, "The Shameless Old Lady," had opened that day at a Manhattan theater.

In olive corduroy jacket, striped shirt, silk tie and tortoise-shell glasses, Allio's fine-boned face was conventionally youthful and handsome in the tradition of French artists and intellectuals.

"The Shameless Old Lady" cost Allio \$164,000 to make, with 35 per cent of the

cost being subsidized by the French government. He had little difficulty raising the money, since his work for theaters in Paris, Britain and Italy have made him one of the richest, most highly acclaimed set designers alive.

"I don't make films to make money, so I really don't care if they are commercial," he explained. "I'm a set designer. I just make films like a painter paints—about things that concern me, that touch me."

"The Shameless Old Lady" was one of the stories in a Bertolt Brecht anthology for which Allio was asked to design the book jacket. It is about an old woman who gets a chance at a second life when her husband dies.

"The French actress, Sylvie, plays a woman of 70 in the movie to make the character seem more believable," Allio said. "Sylvie's really 84, but the audience would have trouble believing a fictional character could be so spry and intelligent at such an age." Sylvie has been in films since the 1890s according to Allio.

Because of its subject and its unsentimental style, "The Shameless Old Lady" has been compared unfavorably by some to "Umberto D.," a classic film about old age. But, said Allio, "I believe that if you involve too much

the spectator, it is you, the artist, that really thinks, you that hopes. I want in this film that it is the spectator who should think.

"For instance, when you go to the office, you may see a man and a woman pass by separately every day. They are part of your morning landscape. And you cross them every day at the same time. And then one day you pass them and they are hand in hand and obviously in love. What happened? You'll never know. But you can see what happened.

"This is presenting the audience objective facts instead of sentimental facts. If you show this boy and girl in closeup and show their lips touching as they say 'I love you,' these would be sentimental facts. I'm not against them, don't misunderstand. But in "The Shameless Old Lady" I'm interested in the objective facts of how an old thing, an old lady, is discarded.

"In her kitchen, she's just an old thing, with teeth that can hardly chew. But out with her new friends (an anarchist and a charming town tramp) and discoveries (a car, department store escalators, trips to the seashore), she refuses to sink to be discarded. 'Umberto D' was a film about a man sinking, unable to help himself. That's the main difference between them."



Rene Allio  
Now He's Known

Newsday Monday, October 10, 1966





## Rages and Outrages

By ARCHER WINSTEN

Milos Forman, the Czech director, came into the Figaro, looked around very carefully and said, "Yes. Good place."

We had dinner at Rocco's and he mentioned with the cocktails that in Russia, at Tblisi, they drank vodka toasts in a large glass. Very much. "Suddenly," he said, "stands up and a toast on your father. Toast on your children."

It was suggested that perhaps they were really drinking water.

"Afterwards," he said, "200 under the table, not with water."

And if you refused, you were impolite. If you didn't drink, they became cold. In Moscow, though, this did not happen.

He was in NYC from the end of the Montreal Festival to the end of the Film Festival here.

He watched the Beatles at Shea Stadium, seeing them, not hearing them, except the announcements. Near him a girl was singing their songs, but since she could no more hear against the screams of the fans than he could, she was out of synch with them, and ended after they did. Another girl with a tape recorder held out the mike at arm's length towards the distant Beatles (size of hands making a square). Forman thought it was funny and pathetic.

He has been all over the city. In Washington Square he was at an evening concert and thought it was wonderful to see. He doesn't know. Do the filmmakers in New York show this kind of thing? He hasn't seen it. The people are so beautiful, so tragic, more beautiful than stars in American movies.

The last time he was here he got records by Miriam Makeba, Petula Clark and Sammy Davis. When he returned to Prague they asked him to put on a radio concert with them on a Sunday noon when the housewives are making the dinner and listening. The concert was so popular it was repeated twice by request. This time he's going back with Beatle records, Bob Dylan, Miles Davis, Louis Armstrong and Roland Kirk.

Forman has one serious difficulty in making his pictures. He explained, "I look at the scene I'm filming and each shot is . . . it is nothing. It's hard to believe it is funny. It can't be good; it is nothing. When you wrote it you believed it is enough. During the shooting nobody laughed. The electricians didn't laugh. Nobody laughed. It was long, terrible, nothing."

On the other hand, in "Loves of a Blonde," he had two professional actors. One of them began to exaggerate and the electricians laughed. He was a comedian for many years. He was playing the part of the leading soldier. Forman told him not to act, to "be how you are." The actor protested that would not be funny. But Forman knows that it will be when it's the truth about people, though he always has that difficulty when filming it.

He graduated from the Czech Film Academy in 1955, then spent a year in TV as a commentator, wrote two scripts nobody took, made some film puzzles, worked three years on *Laterna Magica* as an assistant, took off a year to do nothing, and in 1963 made a 45-minute film, "Competition," about jazz. He had taken his own money and his own 16 mm camera to shoot enough for the government to authorize him to complete a 20-minute short. He made it, but it turned out much longer, so he had to make another, "If Music Doesn't Play," for the older folk. He followed that with a successful feature, "Black Peter," and then came through with "Loves of a Blonde."

His next picture, to be shot this month near the Kikonose Mountains where he can ski in his time off, is called "On Fire, My Love." It's about a Fireman's Ball in a small town, a kind of mosaic of people in the town.

He explained, "You know how people need sometimes a disaster of somebody else to feel happy themselves. You understand what I mean?"



## LOSSES ARE GAINS AT FILM FESTIVAL

Small Deficit Hopeful Sign  
To Lincoln Center Aides

By VINCENT CANBY

The fourth New York Film Festival, which closed Thursday evening with a sold-out performance for the Alain Resnais film "La Guerre Est Finie," had total ticket sales of \$120,183, according to Schuyler Chapin, vice president in charge of programming for Lincoln Center.

Although this is equivalent to 86 per cent of capacity for the 11-day festival's 24 film programs, there was a deficit of \$95,210 after expenditures of \$215,393.

Deficits, however, are as much a part of any festival scene as the films.

The budgets for such festivals as those at Cannes, France, and Venice, Italy, may range as high as \$500,000, with most of the costs underwritten by local chambers of commerce, bureaus to promote tourism and allied interests. Because most of the tickets to such festivals are given free to members of the film trade and the press, the deficits, which are never made public, are understood to come close to matching the budgets.

In this context, the New York festival, held at the 2,600-seat Philharmonic Hall, is practically a bonanza of profits, even though, as Amos Vogel, the director of the center's film department, has pointed out repeatedly, the New York festival was not designed to make a profit.

He noted here yesterday that one of the prime purposes was to provide a showcase for important films that might not otherwise be seen in this country. Of the films in the 24 programs, only 11 are scheduled for commercial release.

Ticket sales for last year's festival were \$127,000, about 85 per cent of capacity, which resulted in a deficit of approximately \$70,000. There were 25 programs last year. Mr. Chapin said he considered this year's even more successful with the public than 1965's.

He further revealed that Lincoln Center's expenditures to maintain a film department and to sponsor the four film festivals have amounted to \$419,451. That represents the net outlay after deducting receipts from ticket sales.

The money for the center's film activities is provided from the \$3-million portion of the Lincoln Center Fund earmarked for programming and commissioning new works. The fund's remaining \$4-million is allocated for such projects as the establishment of the Juilliard School of Drama, the Juilliard scholarship fund and educational television.

The center now plans to raise money specifically for the film department, with intention of making it a semi-autonomous constituent, comparable to the Music Theater and the Metropolitan Opera. The center, which completed its capital fund-raising drive last winter, is starting a new drive to replenish its \$7-million fund for educational and programming purposes.

It is the aim of the center to provide a year-round program of film events. It may be, said Mr. Chapin, that the center will play an important role in establishing an American Film Institute.

## MOTION PICTURE DAILY

Thursday, September 22, 1966

### Film Festival Wind-up Today in New York

NEW YORK — The fourth New York Film Festival will conclude today at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts with the presentation of two feature films in the 2,600-seat Philharmonic Hall.

Bringing the 11-day non-competitive event to a close will be Vittorio de Seta's Italian production of "Almost a Man," presented at 6:30 P.M.,

and Alain Resnais' Franco-Swedish film, "La Guerre Est Finie" (The War Is Over), at 9:30.

The final programs of "The Independent Cinema," a series of special events being presented in the auditorium of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, are: an open interview with visiting foreign directors, who will discuss their work with Richard Roud, Festival program director, at 1:30 P.M.; screening of documentary by Hilary Harris, at 4, and "Independent Cinema, 1966," a "personal view" of the present state of independent film-making by Amos Vogel, director of the Festival.

One byproduct of the Festival came yesterday with the announcement by Max N. Osen, president of Promenade Films, that his company has acquired from Frank Kassler the feature film "Intimate Lighting," which was screened at the Festival last Sunday. A late Fall opening in New York is planned for the Czech film.

## Indie U.S. Distribs Beginning to See The B.O. Light in N.Y. Film Festival

Somewhat resistant to submitting their product to the New York Film Festival during its first three years, independent U.S. distributors have finally swung over to the fest's side, claim the event's directors, Amos Vogel and Richard Roud. Proof of the contention, they point out, is that of the 25 offerings, 12 were obtained from U.S. distributors—the highest number in the fest's history.

Though distributors are by nature reluctant to give away a potential 2,600 admissions (the festival, as a non-profit operation, retains all proceeds from ticket sales to cover expenses), the boxoffice bonanza history of several films launched at recent N.Y. festivals seems to have impressed the indies.

Previous resistance to entering product to the N.Y. fest stemmed not only from the event's non-profit aspect, but also from the influential New York newspaper critics' habit of reviewing the selections when presented at the festival, thereby depriving the distrib of press notice for its "commercial" preem.

Also, argued the distribs, unless a film has a good chance of becoming a standout at the festival, it could be buried in the tide and actually suffer from the competition. Another objection to the fest stemmed from the difficulty of locating a New York theatre immediately following the film's fest showing in order to capitalize on the bally received.

Nowadays, however, with the majors shutting out indie product from their natural habitat—the East Side "artie"—the indie distributors apparently reason that a festival showcase is their last hope of obtaining a "class" house and setting for the film's premiere.

New York Festival films included in the "with a U.S. distributor category" are: "The Loves of a Blond," CBK/Prominent; "Hunger," Sigma III; "Masculine Feminine," "The Eavesdropper," both Royal Films International; "The Hawks and the Doves," "Accatone," "The Burmese Harp" and "La Guerre Est Finie," all four Brandon releases; "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," Walter Manley Enterprises; "The Shameless Old Lady," Continental; "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors," Artkino/Sovexport, and "Pierrot Le Fou," United Motion Picture Organization.



## See Rival Circle of N.Y. Film Critics Outside Regular Daily Scribes Org.

An indirect result of the New York Film Festival, or at least its ability to bring critics together for cocktail chatter, is that there is a plan underway to form a rival film critics' circle outside of the established New York Film Critics' Circle currently comprised of reviewers for the daily New York newspapers.

Initial founder-members of the new Circle are The Saturday Review's Hollis Alpert, The New Republic's Pauline Kael, New Yorker's Brendan Gill and Andrew Sarris of The Village Voice. Reason for the formation of the new circle, according to one of its members, is that the recent newspaper merger and demise of the Herald-Tribune leaves only four dailies now operating. Resulting decimated ranks of the New York Film Critics' Circle, he said, "hardly makes that group representative of New York critical thinking anymore." As critics for weekly magazines, the four founder-members are not eligible for inclusion in the established Critics' Circle.

The new Circle, though explaining that the group is still in the "talking stage," would widen its membership and inviting Bill Wolf of Cue Magazine, Bruce

## New Pix Critics Org Seen Giving Own Prizes at N.Y. Film Festival Tho 'No Laurels' There Promised

One of the contemplated functions of the now-forming rival group of New York film critics, comprised of pie reviewers outside of the established New York Film Critics' Circle (Gotham daily reviewers only), is to award prizes to films unreelied at the yearly New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center.

Though non-competitive, Festival officials are known not only to have given their blessing to the idea, but are enthusiastically encouraging it. Via this kudo-tossing gambit, the festival could add the glamour and excitement of competition, retain its non-competitive status which gives it access to films from other fests, while dodging the almost certain controversy the selections will stir. Publicity rewards from the awarding of critics' prizes to festival films would be "immeasurable," said one fest official. Random sampling of reaction to the proposal from New York indie distributors, once resistant to the fest, but now apparently boosters (more than a dozen of this year's entries had U.S. indie distributors prior to their showings at Philharmonic), was nearly 100 percent favorable. Most said that chance of award would encourage their support, while all cited that winners would be almost assured of increased b.o. value.

Revealed last week in VARIETY, the rival group's (yet without its own monicker) founding members include The Saturday Review's Hollis Alpert, The New Republic's Pauline Kael, the New Yorker's Brendan Gill and Village Voice film critic Andrew Sarris. Reason for the new roundtable is belief of these four that the current Circle is no longer representative of critical opinion owing to the demise of the morning Herald-Tribune and the merger of two metropolitan dailies, leaving critical ranks decimated. Also most weekly and several monthly magazines are ineligible for inclusion in the established Circle.

Though not yet officially founded, the new Circle is already having its problems. Time and Newsweek film critics, pegged by the new Circle as potential members, are reportedly being sought by the established Film Critics' Circle, which could result in the rival groups "rushing" members like college frats.

Sidelight to the proposal from the festival itself is that at least two attending directors referred to the New York event's non-competitive status in their pre-screening remarks with relief. First was Angès Varda ("Les Créatures"), who thought the relaxed atmosphere conducive to real exchange of cinematic info, while Alain Resnais, whose "La Guerre Est Finie," was festival closer, simply expressed relief at not having to go through the heat of competition again. His film, which was revealed to be probably the most precisely crafted and evocative offering at the festival, had been through the competitive mill in Europe, and because of its "political" nature (it deals with ex-Spanish Civil War loyalist's underground efforts), was denied a competitive berth at the Cannes, Venice and Karlovy Vary festivals. Curiously, the latter Czech fest refused competitive status because of Communist complaints that it was "unorthodox," while the Cannes fest denied fest unreeling due to pressure from Franco's Spanish delegation. "La Guerre," besides its overall excellence, was remarkable because it contributed the only usable new film technique at this year's fest.



Richmond Times-Dispatch, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1966

# Young and Offbeat Marked New York 1966 Film Festival

By William Glover

NEW YORK (AP)—Nobody can please everybody, but Amos Vogel and Richard Roud detect widening acceptance of what's young, new and offbeat in movie-making.

Roud and Vogel are co-bosses of the New York Film Festival, a cinematic global grabbag, which a few nights back wound up at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. It was the fourth annual exhibit.

"This year we've found an audience that is ours," sums up Vogel, the executive director. "The mere curiosity ingredient was down."

Discernible too was "a hopeful shift of critical attitude. The film makers are moving and maybe, at last, some of the critics are too."

Roud, who programmed 25 feature films from 17 nations, agrees that there was increased cordiality, but still plenty of room for festival growth.

"I'm pleased things went as well as they have," says Roud, "but I haven't had time to figure out what should be done next."

At the boxoffice, ticket sales during the 11-day fete totalled \$120,183, representing 86 per cent of potential capacity. The pair regard that as about the maximum realistically possible.

The statistics were just about identical with last year's festival, although the gross was down slightly because one show this year had to be canceled because of last-minute legal mixup.

## \$95,210 Deficit

Although an operating deficit of \$95,210 had to be made up out of Center's fund for just such contingencies, Schuyler Chapin, managing director, rated the festival even more successful with the public than 1965's.

Lincoln Center plans further expansion of the film division into an eventual year-round series of events.

Among the big winners with press and public were "Loves of a Blonde," from Czechoslovakia; "The Hawks and the Sparrows"; "The Shameless Old Lady," France; and "The War Is Over," France-Sweden.

Some brickbats as well as bouquets turned up during the run. On opening night there was some youthful picketing by Greenwich Village movie experimenters who felt the festival had been bourgeois.

## No Reason

"They never offered us any of their films," comments Vogel. "If we'd turned them down there might have been reason for complaint."

Then there were the journalistic reviewers. Although there were many more favorable reviews for individual films, several caustic over-all appraisals were made in major publications.

"In trying to be all things to all men, it ended up mainly by being a sort of splashy fun-thing for cults," said one. "The festival is steadily expanding, but its timing is still off," another complained. A third verdict: "A provocative cinematic circus."

The purpose of the festival, which avoids making any awards, is to display a representative cross-section of contemporary productions.

## "New Generation"

"A new generation of film-makers has arrived," declares Vogel. "The 'giants' we know so well—Fellini, Bergman, Kurosawa or even Antonioni—have imperceptively become the middle generation and we must get used to new names knocking at the battered gates of eternity."

"Also, the cinema is changing—thematically, stylistically philosophically."

Of 24 new pictures shown there were also several "retrospectives" of past glories. 11 have been booked for commercial exhibit.

An expanding aspect of the festival, aside from the main display, is the programming of special events, open without charge to the public. After a catch-all start in 1965, this year's theme was "independent cinema," ranging from fairly conventional efforts on a shoestring to wild mixed-media kinetic stumblers.



## New York Film Festival Economics: More People, Choosiness, Costs

While the fourth New York Film Festival registered a slide in box-office ticket sales from \$127,000 for the 10-day event in 1965 to \$120,183 this year, its total capacity edged upward to 86%—1% over the previous year's capacity figure. The "bigger and better" fest, however, cost more, and its \$215,393 outlay for expenses left a deficit of \$95,210, against last year's \$70,000.

Apparent paradox produced by increased attendance but lower overall ticket sales stems from the fact there were fewer performances this year—23%, according to fest official figuring—as opposed to 25 last year. One showing, Jean Renoir's classic "La Chienne," a retrospective choice, was scratched because of a last minute rights hassle (VARIETY, last week), while the festival added a children's show this year (17), the Czech "Do You Keep a Lion At Home?," at reduced rates (a \$2.50 top versus a \$4 ceiling for all other fest entries) which accounts for the 34rds program.

Increased expenditure was laid to normally increased costs over the past year for all items, and partly to "the growth of the festival." Latter was described by festival officials as a large number of visiting directors, an expanded special events program, the larger number of festivals and production centers visited by more program directors this year than in previous years. In addition to Amos Vogel and Richard Roud, the Saturday Review's Arthur Knight and Andrew Sarris of the Village Voice were named program directors for this year's festival. It was also noted that the cost of importing prints has risen over the past year.

Shifting audience patterns this year noted by festival directors Vogel and Roud were that there seemed to be more and steadier "casual" ticket buying on a daily basis and slower advance sale. Consequently, several shows which seemed to be downbeat earlier in the festival developed into sell-outs by curtain time. This "casual," nearly "off-the-street" trade, has been a growing factor in many of the cultural presentations at Lincoln Center, the most notable example being a Mozart Festival at Philharmonic Hall this summer, which seemed to be a failure by

advance sale standard, only to result in a sell-out on the day of the program. Fest officials also noted that the audiences for specific programs were more selective, and fewer fest patrons attended the broad range of programs at Philharmonic Hall, preferring to choose specific films for patronage.

Total expenses thus far, to operate Lincoln Center's film department and produce the four film festivals, were revealed to be \$419,451, which is reportedly considerably less than the yearly cost of most major overseas film festivals, which are partly promoted by local chambers of commerce and tourist offices. The figure is derived from deducting the cost of film activities at Lincoln Center from the b.o. receipts garnered during the festivals. New York Film Festival deficits are absorbed by the \$3,000,000 portion of the Lincoln Center Fund which is tabbed for programming and commissioning new works.

Attendance at this year's festival was approximately 59,000 vs. 60,000 for the previous year, despite less program, which prompted one official to describe this year's performance as "on a par" with last year's attendance. Festival deadheads, number 200, split evenly between press and festival sponsors, which includes distributors, contributors, and others involved in the yearly event.



# **T** Boston Sunday Globe **HEATER & THE ARTS**

October 2, 1966

## The Manchester Guardian's Roud Distinguished British Critic A Yankee From Boston

By MARJORY ADAMS

A graduate of Brookline High School who turned down a Harvard University scholarship to accept a Fulbright award was the program committee director of the New York Film Festival. Amazingly, even his close associates at the Festival have been of the conviction that Richard Roud, the distinguished critic of the Manchester Guardian and contributor to many international cinema magazines, is an Englishman.

Yet it was only after the sponsors of the New York Festival, at its inception, were told that Roud was an American, that he was asked to try to repeat in the United States the success he had had with the London Film Festival in England.

The moment the festival closed last week, Roud planned to Boston where he was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Irving Smolens of Ravine rd., Melrose, and his two nieces. There was also a visit to Aunt Emma Roud of Everett before he was off to England and his writing duties.

Undoubtedly Roud read the Boston Globe as he used to do all through his school years, with special attention paid to the motion picture department.

I asked this ingratiating, erudite 37-year-old critic why he chose to attend the University of Wisconsin rather than a nearby college. He explained it was because his sister went to Wisconsin, and he liked what he knew of the English department there.

When he had to choose between Harvard and the Fulbright scholarships, Roud remarked, "To hell with Harvard. I want to live in Europe." There was some talk about his using the Harvard scholarship a year later but by that time Roud was enchanted with life across the Atlantic and the French university where he pursued his graduate studies.

"Maybe I made a mistake—my family always thought so," mused Roud. I told him I didn't agree. He might have gone to Harvard but I knew that many of the literary-minded Harvard undergraduates buy the Manchester Guardian to learn his views on the latest films.

Roud and I conversed over cheese cake and coffee in the elegant restaurant at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, between festival sessions.

We were the only people in the restaurant because it was opened solely for his benefit a half-hour before scheduled time. That's how they regard Roud in New York these days.

I asked him many questions about festival procedure, including how he and his committee choose the pictures, can a festival make money, and does he select the same films for London and New York?

Regarding money first, "No film festival will ever make money," declared Roud. "It can't be done. In Europe the festivals are put on for various reasons, but money making at the festival itself is not one of them. Sometimes the festivals are primarily tourist bait; sometimes, as in Berlin, there is a political reason. The West Germans want to prove that West Berlin is not cut off, culturally at least, from the rest of Europe.

"A festival like this one, or its three predecessors, may cost the Lincoln Center as much as \$100,000. I don't know the figures. But it is considered a part of the city's cultural achievements."

Could Boston have such a festival, I asked timidly. And if so, could he, a former Bostonian, take charge of it?

"Yes, it could be done," he replied. "But it needs professional handling. There must be a merger of cultural and financial sources. These things are best done through a foundation.

"We have talked here about extending our own festival to such cities as Chicago and Washington. But not to Boston, I'm afraid. New Yorkers are apt to think of Boston as a suburb—a little farther off, perhaps, than some others."

"What are the qualities you look for when you select the final films for the festival?" I asked.

"That's a hard question to answer," he replied. "From now that the festival is practically over here and through the European Festival months between April and late August I am on the watch for films for 1967. I want something out of the ordinary made by men not content to copy other people. I have no formula for selection myself. I prefer a picture which is a personal statement. The director and the writer must express themselves and not trot out the same old techniques, the same run of the mill productions."

He says that 80 percent of the pictures shown at the New York Festival will be shown later in the London Festival. However, not always do the pictures get the same reception from the two audiences.

"The Shop on Main Street," for instance, was only mildly praised in London; it has been an enormous hit in the United States. In England the Russian "Hamlet" had long lines of ticket purchasers whenever it was shown; yet so far in the United States there has been far less enthusiasm in the places it has run.

William Schuman, president of Lincoln Center, was not too happy when Roud's name first came up as the man who would head the program committee.

"Would it be such a good idea to have an English writer in such an important post," he wondered.





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

September 15, 1966

THE fourth annual New York Film Festival, at Lincoln Center, is reaching the halfway mark, and we feel tempted to preach on a familiar text: that the principal requirement of any festival is simply that it be *festive*, and that to spend one's time deploring the obviously uneven quality of the movies shown, as some of the crankier of our movie-fan friends persist in doing, is to miss the point of the event as well as its pleasure. The Festival has scheduled well over twenty new films, and it would be absurd to expect more than a fraction of them to be first-rate. Are twenty first-rate novels written in the course of a year? Twenty first-rate plays? Assuming a certain level of taste on the part of the Program Committee, one can scarcely ask more of it than that the nature of the particular movies it chooses for us to see bear a just relation to the nature of the generality of movies being made throughout the world; if that principle is followed, then the movies that fail as works of art are likely to prove every bit as instructive, if not as interesting, as the ones that succeed. This year, the Program Committee, mingling old and new movies with an unusually free hand, has achieved the delightful effect of turning different generations of actors into contemporaries; in the silvery light and dark of Philharmonic Hall the Garbo of 1929 and the Belmondo of 1966 are equally young and full of promise, and it is consoling to think that, on screen, they will remain young and promising forever. The

committee has done a couple of other wise things. It has encouraged the so-called underground movie-makers to poke their heads aboveground and be counted and judged (even in a palace, Marcus Aurelius said, life can be lived well, and even in a movie palace an underground movie ought to seem precisely as good or as bad as it would seem in an abandoned loft in the East Village), and it has persuaded a large number of famous movie directors to accompany their movies here. Young people making their first movies are to be found in every Festival audience, and it is important for them to take the measure of their heroes and villains at close range. We salute Alain Resnais, Jean-Luc Godard, Agnès Varda, Milos Forman, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, and Luis Buñuel, among others, for their bravery in appearing at the Festival, to be applauded, booed, and, no doubt, solemnly lectured to, at length and eyeball-to-eyeball, by an army of eagerly beavered and becorduroyed young cinematic gurus. We wish these distinguished visitors strong buttonholes, though perhaps it would be kinder to wish them detachable ones.



# Arguing the Film Festival

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1966.

TO THE EDITOR:

Bosley Crowther's rhetorical question "Was That a Festival?" deserved a far more affirmative response. Even by his own exacting standards, eight out of 24 features at Lincoln Center rang the bell, and a .333 is not a bad batting average in baseball or moviegoing.

In compiling his list of hits, however, he neglected to mention such arresting films as Godard's "Masculine Feminine," the Czech compilation "Pearls on the Ground," the disturbing "Almost a Man," or Resnais' exciting and well-received "La Guerre Est Finie." Furthermore, Mr. Crowther makes no reference to the excellent selection of short subjects or the fine series of special events on film sponsored by the festival.

I submit that, contrary to his views, it all added up to a significant cultural event for our town.

This association of foreign film distributors co-sponsored and backed up this event with over 10 fine features headed for theatrical distribution. Other festival features are presently under negotiation for American rights and certainly will be seen. We are proud and happy to be associated with this program of outstanding films.

MICHAEL F. MAYER,  
Executive Director  
Independent Film Importers &  
Distributors of America, Inc.  
New York City.

## "IMAGE" REACTION

TO THE EDITOR:

Two loud and spontaneous audience reactions broke out during the film festival at Lincoln Center on Tuesday, Sept. 14. It seems to me that they were expressive indicators of the point of view of the literate and fairly well-to-do film audience.

During "Wholly Communion," a British poet read a poem which had the refrain "and tell us lies about

Vietnam." When he finished his reading the audience burst into sustained applause. The few scattered boos were drowned out by clapping.

Then, at one point in the semi-documentary, "The War Game," President Johnson's image was flashed on the screen. The audience immediately started to boo and hiss. Very few people clapped. Loud booing and hissing coming from every part of the 2,800 seat auditorium continued so that one was unable to hear the film narrative.

Mr. Johnson appears concerned about his "image." He might like to know how 2,800 people in America's largest city reacted to his image on the screen as the undeclared war in Vietnam escalates.

CYRUS ADLER,  
Assistant Professor,  
Long Island University,  
New York City.

## "WAR GAME"

TO THE EDITOR:

I think that Peter Watkins's "The War Game" should be seen by every living human being—shown in every public and private school, viewed by every social and religious gathering, screened in every motion picture house. It is perhaps the most important film made since the development of high altitude bombing—that is, since war became an indiscriminating destructive.

Bosley Crowther writes, "... the monstrous piling up of these horrors in one picture seems a calculating showing of the worst. . ." Exactly! What better way to inflict change? As far as avoiding or correcting the situation, only through such efforts as this film will the world become a better place to live in. For example, I don't believe that anything significant will be done about air travel safety until a plane load of congressmen goes down in flames—it is the nature of our present chaos. The only way we can avoid nuclear holocaust is complete public outrage. The banning of this film only underscores the reluctance of the world governments to deal realistically with the problem.

PARE LORENTZ Jr.  
New York City.



Unpublished manuscript



