Marcel Camus: **ORFEU NEGRO/BLACK ORPHEUS** (1959, 100m)

Spelling and Style—use of italics, quotation marks or nothing at all for titles, e.g.—follows the form of the sources.
Cast and crew name hyperlinks connect to the individuals' Wikipedia entries

Bruce Jackson & Diane Christian video introduction to this week's film

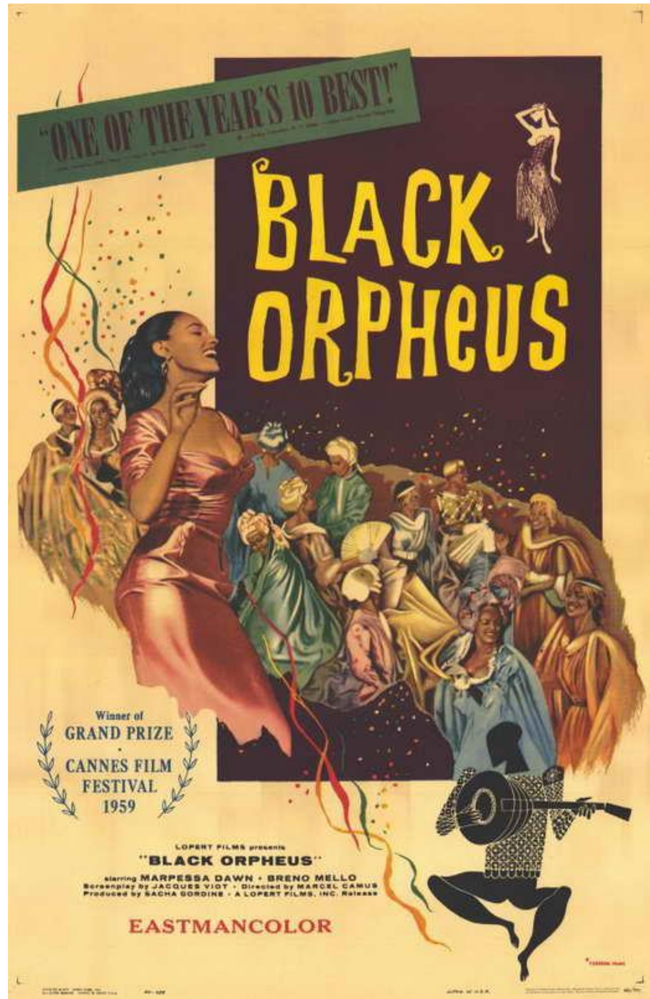
Zoom link for *all* Fall 2020 BFS Tuesday 7:00 PM post-screening discussions:
https://buffalo.zoom.us/j/92994947964?pwd=dDBWcDYvSlhPbkd4TkswcUhiQWkydz09
Meeting ID: 929 9494 7964
Passcode: 703450

Directed by Marcel Camus
Written by Marcel Camus and Jacques Viot, based on the play *Orfeu du Carnaval* by Vinicius de Moraes .
Produced by Sacha Gordine
Original Music by Luiz Bonfá and Antonio Carlos Jobim
Cinematography by Jean Bourgoin
Film Editing by Andrée Feix
Production Design by Pierre Guffroy

Breno Mello...Orfeo
Marpessa Dawn...Eurydice
Marcel Camus...Ernesto
Fausto Guerzoni...Fausto
Lourdes de Oliveira...Mira
Léa Garcia...Serafina
Ademar Da Silva...Death
Alexandro Constantino...Hermes
Waldemar De Souza...Chico
Jorge Dos Santos...Benedito
Aurino Cassiano...Zeca

Academy Award, Best Foreign Language Film (1960)
Palme d'Or, Cannes Film Festival, 1959

MARCEL CAMUS (21 April 1912,Chappes, France—13 January 1982, Paris) directed one film before *Black Orpheus* (*Mort en fraude/Fugitive in Saigon,* 1957) and directed eight after it, but he never again was as successful or as interesting. After *Atlantic Wall* (1979) and with the eXception of *Bahia* (179), he



spent the rest of his career directing TV episodes and mini-series.

BRENO MELLO (September 7, 1931, Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil – July 14, 2008, Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil) appeared in only five other films: 1988 *Prisoner of Rio*, 1973 *O Negrinho do Pastoreio*, 1964 *O Santo Módico*, 1963 *Os Vencidos*, and 1963 *Rata de Puerto.*

MARPESSA DAWN (January 3, 1934, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania – August 25, 2008, Paris, France) appeared in 17 other films, among them 1995 *Sept en attente*, 1979 *Private Collections*, 1973 *Lovely Swine*, 1958 *The Woman Eater* and 1957 *Native Girl*.

FAUSTO GUERZONI (January 13, 1904, Nonantola, Modena, Emilia-Romagna, Italy – June 1, 1967) appeared in 72 films, some of which were 1964 "I miserabili," 1960 *The Magistrate*, 1959 *Black Orpheus*, 1954 *Frisky*, 1950 *His Last Twelve Hours*, 1941 *The King's Jester*, 1938 *Under the Southern Cross*, and 1936 *Ballerine.*

LOURDES DE OLIVEIRA (December 17, 1938, Rio de Janeiro, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil) appeared in only two films, this one and 1961 *The Pioneers*.

LÉA GARCIA (March 11, 1933, Rio de Janeiro, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil) appeared in 51 films and tv series, among them, 2010 *Mon père, Francis le Belge*, 2009 *A Lei e o Crime* (17 episodes), 2007 *Luz do Sol* (29 episodes), 2006 *The Greatest Love of All*, 2003 *Viva Sapato!* 1999, *Orfeu*, 1994 *A Viagem* (2 episodes), 1978 *A Noiva da Cidade*, 1977 *Sweet Thieves*, 1961 *The Pioneers*, and 1959 *Black Orpheus*.

ADEMAR DA SILVA (September 29, 1927, São Paulo, Brazil—January 12, 2001, São Paulo, Brazil) was in only in role one in one film: Death, in this one. He was an Olympic triple-jumper. He won gold medals in 1952 and 1956.

JEAN BOURGOIN (4 March 1913, Paris, France—3 September 1991, Paris) was assistant cameraman on Jean Renoir's *La Grande illusion* (1937). His last film was *La Chambre rouge/The Red Room* (1972). Some of his 50 other films were *The Longest Day* (1962, for which he won an Oscar), *Mr. Arkadin* (1955), *Nous sommes tous des assassins/We Are All Murderers* (1952), *La Marseillaise* (1938) and *Une partie de campagne/A Day in the Country* (1936).

***Marcel Camus France, 1912-82* from *The Rough Guide to Film.* Richard Armstrong, Tom Charity, Lloyd Hughes & Jessica Winter. Rough Guides, London, 2007.**

In a career lasting over thirty years Camus made idealistic films that examined love, condemned war and exuded the atmosphere of exotic countries and their music. But he is best known for just one brilliant film which combines many of these traits, *Orfeo Negro* (*Black Orpheus*, 1959).

Camus was an art teacher but spent World War II in a POW camp where he designed and directed plays. After his release he worked as an assistant to various directors including Jacques Becker, Luis Buñuel, Henri Decoin and Jacques Feyder. His first film was the documentary short *Renaissance du Havre* (1948) but it was not until 1957 that he was able to direct his first feature. *La Mort en fraude* (*Fugitive in Saigon*, 1957). Set during the Indo-Chinese war, it was the first of several anti-war films and pronouncements from Camus. *Orfeo negro* won an Oscar, but *Os bandeirantes* (*The Pioneers*, 1960) and *L'oiseau de paradis* (*Dragon Sky*, 1962) were perceived as disappointing in comparison. *Le chant du monde* (*Song of the World*, 1965), a pastoral Romeo and Juliet story, was seen as overly sentimental, and the wartime comedy *Le mur de l'Atlantique* (*Atlantic Wall*, 1969), though amusing, was essentially lightweight. A few more films followed before he turned to television in 1973. Ultimately, *Orfeo negro* was a brilliant one-off success.

from Robert Graves: *The Greek Myths* v.1. Penguin, Baltimore, 1966

Orpheus, son of the Thracian King Oeagrus and the Muse Calliope, was the most famous poet and musician who ever lived. Apollo presented him with a lyre, and the Muses taught him its use, so that he not only enchanted wild beasts, but made the rocks and trees move from their places to follow the sound of his music. At Zone in Thrace a number of ancient mountain oaks are still standing in the pattern of one of his dances, just as he left them.

After a visit to Egypt, Orpheus joined the Argonauts, with whom he sailed to Colchis, his music helping them to overcome many difficulties—and, on his return, he married Eurydice, whom some called Agriope, and settled among the savage Cicones of Thrace.

One day, near Tempe, in the valley of the river Peneius, Eurydice met Aristaeus, who tried to force her. She trod on a serpent, as she fled, and died of its bite; but Orpheus boldly descended into Tartarus, hoping to fetch her back. He used the passage which opens at Aornum in Thesprotis and, on his arrival, not only charmed the ferryman Charon, the Dog Cerberus, and the three Judges of the Dead with his plaintive music, but temporarily suspended the tortures of the damned; and so far soothed the savage heart of Hades that he won leave to restore Eurydice to the upper world. Hades made a single condition: that Orpheus might not look behind him until she was safely back under the light of the sun. Eurydice followed Orpheus up through the dark passage, guided by the sounds of his lyre, and it was only when he reached sunlight again that he turned to see whether she were still behind him, and so lost her for ever.

From Robert Graves, ed., *Larousse Encyclopedia of Mythology*, ed. Robert Graves: Orpheus was inconsolable and, some said, killed himself. But the more widely held opinion was that he was torn in pieces by Thracian women who were infuriated at this single-minded love for his wife.

"Black Orpheus:* Dancing in the Streets," by Michael Atkinson, from *Criterion Comment

Before Marcel Camus' *Black Orpheus* showed up on American and European screens in 1959, what would later be known as the "art film" came in only a few shades of glum: Bergmanesque existentialism, Japanese samurai tragedy, stories of Italian peasant life, French protonoir. No one thought to buckle up when a Brazilian movie arrived in town, and what happened then was close to an intercultural awakening, from Cannes to L.A. to Tokyo—suddenly, filmgoers knew the fiery power of the South American sun, the frantic colors of Brazilian style, the dizzying blast of relentless samba, and the rangy life lived in the slums of Rio, all of it bouncily packaged around the Orpheus myth and the swoony fervor of Carnival. It was difficult not to be dazzled—*Black Orpheus* stood for decades as one of the most popular films ever imported to the U.S., and people who encountered it midcentury have loved it their whole life.

Certainly, *Black Orpheus* is one of the most remarkable one-hit wonders in film history. Camus, a Frenchman who had assisted Jacques Becker in the late 1940s and 1950s, went to Brazil after directing only one feature (*Fugitive in Saigon*), became intoxicated by Carnival, and made *Black Orpheus* and a handful of other, sparsely distributed films there, before moving on to Cambodia for a project and then back to France. After that, he directed a fair amount of episodic TV, dying in 1982. Camus claimed to be a lifelong adherent of Orphism, a pre-Christian stew of reincarnation beliefs and purgatorial atonement, but because of his sparse résumé, *Black Orpheus* is hardly open to an auteurist appreciation—it stands alone, in the heat and on hotsy-totsy legs. It is, of course, exposed to the kinds of sociopolitical readings that have become de rigueur in the years since it appeared, and it's easy to look at Camus' film with a jaundiced eye and see a white European man's romanticized, even orientalist, portrait of poor brown third worlders, for whom poverty is one long, breathless party.

But let's stop right there and consider that Carnival itself is surely proof that these poor people party well enough without any help from white Europeans, thank you, and that frowning on *Black Orpheus* for its rainbow romanticism is akin to damning the very musical traditions it celebrates. Before the late fifties, when bossa nova exploded around the world—thanks in part to the success of this film—Americans thought of Carmen Miranda when they thought of South American culture, and her persona and songs were only the tritest charades of ethnicity. But the music that runs through *Black Orpheus* like a river is authentically native, and the rampant intoxication of the film's characters is not feigned, broadly speaking, for our benefit but is actually a manifestation of an entire culture exulting in its own self-expression. Camus uses a local, all-black cast of nonprofessional actors and heaps in vast swatches of Carnival footage, in case we were in doubt. You see the same identification between a society and its giddy discovery of voice in *The Gold Diggers of 1935,* Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964), and Tony Gatlif's *Latcho drom* (1993).

Exultation is the word to use, because whatever else you make of Camus' film, it is an explosion of life love, a cataract of élan. Viewers in 1959 and beyond couldn't be blamed for thinking that they'd never seen sunlight properly filmed before. There is, indeed, no overestimating the degree to which cinematographer Jean Bourgoin's Eastmancolor images rearranged fifties audiences' perceptions of Rio and its steep favelas (cleaned up though they were), nor can we ignore the sheer opiate effect of so much raging human color, sweat, rhythmic movement, and tropical swelter. (Bourgoin's versatility has also been undersung—astonishingly, he'd shot the black-and-white shadow nightmare of Welles's *Mr. Arkadin* four years earlier.) *Black Orpheus* is, of course, a stylized daydream, a vision of an entire city that won't stop dancing, but still, the full thrust of "native cinema," moderated though it was, may never have been so vividly experienced by mainstream Americans and Europeans. Those two ideas—visual spectacle and cultural import—cannot be separated here, particularly considering the extraterrestrial excess of Carnival, a one-of-a-kind optical drug. ("No one can resist the madness!" someone says.) The overall effect is of the whole story unfurling while an epic, unceasing musical number shimmies, bops, and wails in the background.

Has any other movie worked up this kind of spritz, before or since? It's not a small matter, either, to notice *Black Orpheus'*s unabashed sexiness, which like its music and aerobic joy—the film's founding principles—radiates from it on an almost mythic scale. Given the film's hedonistic program, it was a brilliant gambit to use the Orpheus-Eurydice legend as scaffolding: once you're in the land of demigods and ancient archetypes, every human impulse can attain a cosmic weight, and what's depicted concretely in Camus' film is allowed to take on a metaphoric glamour, voicing all of humankind's repressed desires and hungers. At the same time, Camus and his scenarist, Jacques Viot (working from a play, Vinicius de Moraes's *Orfeu da Conceição*), don't make a big deal about the mythological parallels—characters notice the confluence of names when trolley driver Orfeu (soccer pro Breno Mello) meets and falls for new girl in town Eurídice (Marpessa Dawn) and find the coincidence merely amusing.

Only children see the power of this singing Orpheus to wake the sun as he croons to his beloved in bed before the festivities begin. The couple's wooing and the jealousy of Orfeu's fiancée and the Carnival masquerade enabling the lovers to unite, all of it is giddy preamble to the tale's mythic trial, complicated by the fact that Eurídice's death is accidentally caused by Orfeu's attempt to rescue her from fate (by literally turning on the lights). When Orfeu searches for his dead lover in the underworld, he begins in the spooky empty halls of federal bureaucracy and ends up at an Umbanda ritual peopled by nonactors obliviously absorbed in their prayers and succumbing to spiritual fits. It's indicative of Camus' astute taste and trust in his concoction that the mythic is simply another facet of reality, whether explicitly indexing the ancient tales or evoking the bacchic esprit of living, loving, and partying like the gods.

The happy synthesis extends to Carnival itself, which, we may recall, began as the ancient Roman Saturnalia, a seasonal weeklong party of indulgence, rebellion, and irresponsibility fostered to mollify the poor and enslaved. Its roots were mythological, and the holiday was bolstered by the storied participation of the Olympians, and served the same cathartic social function as the various trickster legends in virtually every primitive culture on earth—to unleash the collective id that society has been erected to discipline and let loose the dogs of fun. In Brazil, of course, where Lenten traditions from Europe are rocketed into the stratosphere, the fun is Homeric. As per legendary structural anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss, myths mediate between radical extremes, primarily life and death, which frames the Orpheus story as the most famous mediation exercise in human history. In Camus' version, we get the juxtaposition in full-frontal glory, the specter of skeletal death cavorting through Carnival's exuberant thicket of life run amok.

Even so, *Black Orpheus* may be a sensual experience above all, a summery idyll like no other, from the sunrises on the hill to the airy tumbledown shack of Eurídice's cousin (virtually the idealized set for a children's TV show, albeit one with scantily clad Brazilians slinking in and out of costume) to the streets filled with ecstatic *sambistas*—with almost every corner of every shot crawling with kittens and jungle birds and farm animals. The Orpheus tragedy takes center stage, but the entirety of Camus' movie insists, even before the infectious ending shot of the children boogying on the hill, that life will go on, and not in a stream but a torrent. If the king be dead, as the traditional myth cycles go, then long live the king, the parades, the hot-blooded rendezvous, the "wretched of the earth" expressing their appetite for life.

Art isn't pedagogic about happiness and living, except when it happens to be. And although we could all do a lot worse than to take cues from Bogart's quietly confident resolve or Greer Garson's optimistic warmth or even Groucho Marx's insouciant fearlessness, it is also true that some entire movies can reveal to us ways to conduct our lives, to make them lighter, more energetic, more forward-looking, and simply more pleasurable. In that sense, it's possible that *Black Orpheus* may be unchallenged as a cinematic pathfinder to earthly bliss, a simple state of being where we worry about our quotidian trials less and dance a little more.

"Black Orpheus," by David Ehrenstein, from *Criterion Current:*

From the moment of its first appearance, at the Cannes Film Festival in 1959—where it won the Palme d'Or—it was clear that *Black Orpheus* was a very special film. Taking the ancient Greek myth of a youth who travels to the land of the dead to bring back the woman he loves, and transporting it to the slums of modern day Rio de Janeiro, this bittersweet romantic tragedy has charmed audiences the world over with its beauty, color, and—above all—its music. In fact, so important is Black Orpheus' musical dimension that you might say the film's roots aren't in images but in sounds.

The first shot shows an ancient frieze of the lovers, Orpheus and Eurydice. But what grabs your attention as it hits the screen is the sound of the music playing underneath it—a guitar softly strumming the chords of the film's main musical theme. A mood of quiet reverie is created only to be shattered almost immediately as the frieze explodes before our eyes, only to be replaced by a series of fast-moving shots of dancers preparing for Carnival. But even these colorful sights are undercut by a sound that, beginning here, runs through the length of the film—the eruptive, convulsive, infectious beat of the Latin American pop sound known as "bossa nova."

Though bossa nova had been the cornerstone of Latin American music for many years, it's safe to say that prior to the release of *Black Orpheus* the world at large had never really heard it before. The film changed the world of music overnight. Its composers, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Luis Bonfá, became international stars. The film's main themes, "Manha de Carnival" and "O Nossa Amor," permeated the public consciousness in a way that hadn't been seen since Anton Karas' unforgettable zither theme for *The Third Man.* But make no mistake, none of these musical glories would have been possible without the film that holds them all together—*Black Orpheus.*

The Orpheus of myth was the son of the god Apollo and Calliope, a muse. His singing tamed wild beasts and quieted raging rivers. The Orpheus of the film is a lowly streetcar conductor whose singing makes him a favorite of the slum neighborhood where he lives. The original Eurydice was likewise high-born when compared to the film's heroine—a simple country girl visiting the big city of Rio for the first time in her life. Ordinarily saddling such everyday characters with mythological barnacles would make for dramatic awkwardness. But thanks to the context of Carnival it all works perfectly. A once-a-year blowout where rich and poor alike can masquerade in whatever identities they choose, Carnival is the ideal setting for sliding a mythical mask over commonplace reality. And director Marcel Camus proves to be quite adept at juggling this balancing act between the fantastic and the real.

The figure of Death that pursues Eurydice through the streets of Rio could be the literal personification of fate—or the sort of everyday maniac found on the streets of any major city. Likewise, Eurydice's death from a streetcar cable is a neat transposition of the original legend in which she died from a serpent's bite on her leg. Best of all is the film's climax, in which Orpheus visits the underworld—here represented by Rio's Bureau of Missing Persons—and a Macumba ceremony in which he tries to make contact with his dead love. As in the legend, the story of the film ends on an unhappy note. Still this nominally sad conclusion is undercut by the spirit of the largely unprofessional cast (Breno Mello was a champion soccer player, Marpessa Dawn a dancer from Pittsburgh); director Camus' obvious love for Rio and its people; and the joyous, rapturous, unforgettable musical score.

Peter Bradshaw: "Why Obama is wrong about Black Orpheus" (*The Guardian*, 2009)

President Obama is now comfortably into his crucial first 100 days, and perhaps just at this moment, before the arrival of those Macmillan-esque "events" which could cloud or modify our perception of him, there is little left to say about Obama the pioneer, Obama the politician, Obama the mould-breaker or Obama the icon. But maybe there is something left to notice about Obama the film critic.

In his autobiography, Dreams from My Father, Obama recounts his spell in New York in his youth, studying at Columbia University, from where he graduated in 1983. In his first summer in New York, Obama is visited by his sister Maya and his mother, Ann – famously the woman from whom the president gets the white side of his mixed-race ancestry. (She would die of cancer in 1995 at the age of 52; his father, the Kenyan governmental economist Barack Obama Sr – whom he hardly knew – died in a car crash in 1982 at the age of 46.)

Obama wryly describes his mother and sister almost immediately fussing about the studenty squalor in which he was living: "'He's so skinny,' Maya said to my mother. 'He has only two towels!' my mother shouted as she inspected the bathrooms. 'And two plates!' They both began to giggle."

Maya and Ann cheerfully spend their days doing tourist stuff and get lectured by the stern Barack in the evening on how frivolous they are. Obama writes:

"One evening, while thumbing through the Village Voice, my mother's eyes lit on an advertisement for a movie, Black Orpheus, that was showing downtown. My mother insisted we go see it that night; she said it was the first foreign film she had ever seen."

He goes on:

"'I was only sixteen then,' she told us as we entered the elevator. 'I'd just been accepted to the University of Chicago – Gramps hadn't yet told me I couldn't go – and I was there for the summer, working as an au pair. It was the first time I'd ever been really on my own. Gosh, I felt like such an adult. And when I saw this film, I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.'"

Black Orpheus is the 1959 film by Marcel Camus, recreating the Orpheus and Eurydice myth in the Rio carnival; it won the Palme d'Or at Cannes that year and also a Golden Globe and an Oscar for best foreign-langauge film a year later. I wrote a very short review of it when it was revived here in the UK in 2005 and I praised it for what I found to be its innocent charm, rather than the throbbing samba-style vitality which was found to be so compelling at its release.

But for the young Barack Obama, neither aspect was persuasive. He recalls:

"We took a cab to the revival theatre where the movie was playing. The film, a groundbreaker of sorts due to its mostly black, Brazilian cast, had been made in the fifties. The storyline was simple: the myth of the ill-fated lovers Orpheus and Eurydice set in the favelas of Rio during carnival, in Technicolor splendour, set against scenic green hills, the black and brown Brazilians sang and danced and strummed guitars like carefree birds in colourful plumage. About halfway through the movie I decided I'd seen enough, and turned to my mother to see if she might be ready to go. But her face, lit by the blue glow of the screen, was set in a wistful gaze. At that moment I felt as if I were being given a window into her heart, the unreflective heart of her youth. I suddenly realised that the depiction of the childlike blacks I was now seeing on the screen, the reverse image of Conrad's dark savages, was what my mother had carried with her to Hawaii all those years before, a reflection of the simple fantasies that had been forbidden to a white, middle-class girl from Kansas, the promise of another life: warm, sensual, exotic, different."

And this movie, and his mother's undiminished rapture at it, was to be the subject of fierce self-questioning about his relationship with her: "The emotions between the races could never be pure; even love was tarnished by the desire to find in the other some element that was missing in ourselves."

For what it's worth, I think Obama is wrong about Black Orpheus – he's too tough on it. And yet for me this passage exposed, more dramatically than anything has in a very long while, the fact that critical perceptions are governed by class, by background and by race. I saw Black Orpheus as a white man, a white liberal. Of course I did. The assumption of progressive good faith on race, and the indulgence of potential condescension or even stereotyping in an old movie is something that a white liberal can afford, and as far as the arts and culture are concerned in the prosperous west, white liberals are in the ascendant. But Barack Obama responded to the film quite differently. He responded with impatience, with scepticism and with pain; he saw no reason for black men and women to be objectified – and now, as the president of the

United States, he is the subject, the most important subject in the world.

Before Barack Obama's presidency, Black Orpheus was perhaps destined to be something for film buffs only. Now, rightly or wrongly, it may become a classic text, a text about something quite other than that intended by its director, Marcel Camus: a loss of liberal innocence about racial difference.

Umbanda (from Wikipedia. Full entry here.)

…A syncretic Afro-Brazilian religion that blends African traditions with Roman Catholicism, Spiritism, and Indigenous American beliefs. Although some of its beliefs and most of its practices existed in the late 19th century in almost all Brazil, it is assumed that Umbanda originated in Niterói and surrounding areas in the early 20th century, mainly due to the work of a psychic (medium), Zélio Fernandino de Moraes, who practiced Umbanda among the poor Afro-Brazilian slave descendants. Since then, Umbanda has spread across mainly southern Brazil and neighboring countries like Argentina and Uruguay.

Umbanda has many branches, each one with a different set of beliefs and practices. Some common beliefs are the existence of a Supreme Creator known as Olodumare. Other common beliefs are the existence of deities called Orixás, most of them syncretized with Catholic saints that act as divine energy and forces of nature; spirits of deceased people that counsel and guide practitioners through troubles in the material world; psychics, or *mediums*, who have a natural ability that can be perfected to bring messages from the spiritual world of Orixás and the guiding spirits; reincarnation and spiritual evolution through many material lives (karmic law) and the practice of charity and social fraternity.

Favela (from Wikipedia. Full entry here.)

… a type of low-income slum neighborhood in Brazil that has experienced historical governmental neglect as well. The first favela, now known as Providência in the center of Rio de Janeiro, appeared in the late 19th century, built by soldiers who had nowhere to live following the Canudos War. Some of the first settlements were called *bairros africanos* (African neighborhoods). Over the years, many former enslaved Africans moved in. Even before the first favela came into being, poor citizens were pushed away from the city and forced to live in the far suburbs. Most modern favelas appeared in the 1970s due to rural exodus, when many people left rural areas of Brazil and moved to cities. Unable to find places to live, many people found themselves in favelas. Census data released in December 2011 by the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics (IBGE) showed that in 2010, about 6 percent of the Brazilian population lived in favelas and other slums.

COMING UP IN THE BUFFALO FILM SEMINARS, FALL 2020, SERIES 41:

Oct 6: Luis Buñuel, *The Exterminating Angel/El ángel exterminador* (1962)
Oct 13: Jean-Pierre Melville, *Le Samuraï* (1967)
Oct 20: Sergio Leone, *Once Upon a Time in the West/C'era una volta il West*, (1968)
Oct 27: Andrei Tarkovsky, *Solaris/ Солярис* (1972)
Nov 3: Werner Herzog, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God/Aguirre, der Zorn Gottes* (1972)
Nov 10: Richard Rush, *The Stunt Man* (1980)
Nov 17: Wim Wenders, *Wings of Desire/Der Himmel über Berlin* (1987)
Nov 24: Krzystof Kieślowski, *Three Colors; Red/ Trois coleurs: Rouge/ Trzy kolory. Czerwony* (1994)
Dec 1: Charlie Chaplin, *The Great Dictator* (1940)

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