### LSC

**FRIDAY**

Rosemarie's and Roman Polanski's masterpiece of suspense functions on levels of both intrinsic mystery and psychical horror. Is it the story of a girl's antipathy?

**SATURDAY**

The Graduate. In spite of Mike Nichols' superb wit, Dustin Hoffman's natural appeal and a brilliant first half hour exposition of the problem of what to do after school, the film slips off into an inamorata, melodramatic subplot that will maintain the regard of only the romantics among us. Even its final act is too entertaining and amusing way to spend one's evening.

### SUNDAY

A Day at the Races and Go West. Two of the Marx Brothers' latest efforts, beloved by both juvenile and adolescent audiences but not quite as amusing as the incomparable humor.

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### film:

**Best of '69**

By Emmanuel Goldman

These are my selections of the best films that opened in Boston in 1969. A word about my method of selection: I try to work out two immediately

1. The Graduate

2. Midnight Cowboy

3. Z

4. Shame

5. Alice's Restaurant

6. Easy Rider

7. The Fixer

8. Weekend

9. Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice

11. Greetings

### Holiday film glut review:

Halloween, The Sorcerer, The Reivers, and the best of '69

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### film:

**On 007 returns (again)**

By Emmanuel Goldman

There are two schools of thought about James Bond—double-\-seven Bond. Producers Saltzman and Broccoli obviously subscribe to the theory that, like Casino Royale, the first Bond film, namely: You Only Live Twice. Count twice for the first Bond film, starting Sean Connery. Count twice for David Niven in that abortive parody of a parody, Carry On, Cleo.

That brings us up to four, for George Lazenby, the new 007 of Dr. No, having tasted immense power, all but left the field. His presence, however, was destined to last partially, like The Secret of Santa Vittoria, and nearly completely, like Dr. No.

Probably a full 15% of the film audience, having tasted immense power, all but left the field. His presence, however, was destined to last partially, like The Secret of Santa Vittoria, and nearly completely, like Dr. No.

As it is the other, he spouts forth his witlicums, but the humor in this one is much poorer, with one notable exception. Double-oh, groovy Bond, pretending to be a genealogist, and wearing a Scottish kilt, sits down to dinner with the beautiful, but you never know. As 007's eyes are faaftly popping out, the evil character asks him if anything is wrong. "Oh, nothing serious," replies Bond. "I just feel a slight stiffness coming on." Later, in the young lady's bedroom, when James removes his kilt, the girl asks him, "What are you hiding behind that kilt?" Bond says nothing. It is the desire for respectability. Having amassed his fortune, and abandoned the fair sex several years ago, the head of SPECTRE, the key to the success of Flem-...