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## Come fill the cup 1951 movie youtube

This story of a drunk journalist has long been one of James Cagney's weirdest films, never released on video or DVD. It seems to be available only on the grey market. I hope this film gets an official release, as there is clearly a demand for it. The first time I posted this review, it was available on Youtube, but was later knocked down. The 20 minutes of opening more or less, in particular, for me are Cagney at its best - almost as convincing as his performance in *White Heat*, done only a couple of years earlier. The rest of the film doesn't stay along that tone, but it's still worth seeing, with excellent performances by Gig Young and James Gleason and sharp and memorable dialogues. It was directed by Gordon Douglas, who also directed Cagney in the gangster thriller *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye*, but for me this is probably the strongest film of the two. However, the problem with this film is similar to Bogart and Raff's much better-known film *They Drive By Night* - which begins by giving dramatic treatment of reality, showing a real problem facing the hero, but then turns away from the subject that has just been raised to come up with a much captured melodramatic plot. *They Drive By Night* begins with the grueling workload of long-distance truckers, and ends with a film noir murder plot. *Come Fill the Cup* begins with a look at a man's fight against alcoholism, but becomes a gangster film also directed. Cagney himself was bitterly disappointed by this shift in focus and the way the gangsters had been worked, just as he was trying to beat his meccaging. I wonder, however, if this plot was in Harlan Ware's original book - I can't find a summary of his story anywhere, but he found the cover of a pocket edition on the net (unfortunately, he seems to have lost the link), and it seems to feature dancer Maria, who is involved in the film's gangster plot. After a powerful sequence of titles showing a glass of whiskey, followed by a bright sign in the seven dwarves Bourbon bar, the opening of the film itself is set in a busy newsroom. When the film begins, the publisher has been ordered to fire Lew Marsh (Cagney), drunk. There's a poignant scene where Marsh enters the office after disappearing in a five-day blackout, writes delicately through the furniture, sits on his typewriter and starts writing the story of a plane crash. He only handles five words (All the dead were strangers) before the editor comes and pulls his copy paper out of the typewriter, telling him stubbornly that the story is dead. All the rest of the staff, who's going to be fired, they've been looking at him without words as if he were dead, too. It only takes a couple of minutes to establish Marsh's brilliingness and the fact that he's thrown it all away. Cagney on his typewriter Two drink scenes follow, with the mood constantly darkening. In the first, Marsh pushes away his girlfriend, the page editor of woman Paula Paula Thaxter), telling him when he offers to take him home from a bar: Don't you see? I'm home. The scene fades with an image of a bottle spinning over and over again, and it is unclear how long he has spent the next scene, which sees an unshaven, pale and shaking Lew crawling to the same bar at opening time, and emptying his pockets to buy a single drink. Thrown by the waiter, he resorts to begging a stranger, then, with a coin held in his hand, turns to cross the road. At this point, there is more experimental camera work, such as the previous turning bottle. Here, the scene dives in and out of focus, with only the bar-room sign shining brightly, if blurry - the only thing Marsh is actually seeing. It all ends with him collapsing in the street, simply lost by a vehicle - then being loaded by ambulance to a drunken tank hospital. Cagney delivers heartbreaking performance through this opening section. For the rest of the film, as his character recovers and resumes his journalistic career, his performance is quieter and more restricted, but you can still feel all that nervous energy boiling beneath the surface, and there's a distressed moment later in the film where everything blows up again. Although the film does not feature any organized groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous, it shows former drinkers supporting each other and being there for each other. Marsh moves in with the man he begged in the street, Charley Dolan (James Gleason), himself a former drinker. There are some nice jokes between the two, including a recurring scene where Charley hopes to serve his attempt to mix a non-alcoholic drink that really tastes - only for the two agree that it is still tomato juice. (I have to say that I really love Gleason's performance in this film - his dry voice alone is wonderful - and now I'd like to see any of his other movies that I can beg, borrow or steal.) Back at work as the city's editor after his time at the hospital, Marsh confronts several other reformed drunks on his staff - such as the real journalist who inspired the character, Jim Richardson, did it in real life. (I found an interesting article about Richardson from 1957 in time magazine's online archives, and there's a description in Patrick McGilligan's *Cagney: The Actor as Auteur* of how Cagney went to see him to prepare for the role.) Later in the film, both Dolan and Marsh try to help a younger drinker, the aspiring composer Boyd Copeland (Gig Young), who happens to be Marsh's boss' nephew in the paper. Besides, in a twist designed to pile up in agony, he's married to Marsh's old flame, Paula. The first time I saw the film I found Young's character quite annoyed in his complete The second time, I was more impressed by his lazy charm, as he staggered accompanied by a dog he calls No Name, tying his sentences with Phrases in Spanish. His style is very different from Cagney's - he seems to move and speak in speed, and they play well with each other. It's a good performance by Young anyway, and I can see why he was nominated for an Oscar for this role, although I like Gleason's performance even more. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to find any pictures of Gleason in this film. Much of the advertising material in this film seems to focus on the relationship between Cagney and Thaxter's characters, suggesting that the love triangle is central. I must admit, I didn't think it was as important as the posters are trying to make, although there's an occasional touching moment between them. However, Thaxter does well with a fairly subscribed role, as a loyal wife who nevertheless refuses to be a doormat and threatens to divorce Boyd if she does not change her ways, and who is still worried about her former lover. I was wondering that you don't seem to be both surprised that both men in your life are alcoholics, but, of course, it was an era of hard drinking. (Isn't it all ages?) Boyd's arrival in the film brings the gangster plot, as he is involved with a dancer girl who is the mistress of a fairly thick local criminal boss. I can't bother saying much about this plot, rather than that it's really not necessary - there's a lot of human drama here without the need for twists of the manufactured plot. The only good thing about the film taking this turn is that it gives Marsh a chance to show Marsh at work as a journalist in a great story. In addition to being about alcoholism, this is also a newspaper movie, which was an added attraction for me, as I have a journalistic origin. It's full of scenes in the hallways of the newspaper office where Marsh works and little pieces of store chat that sound authentic to me. A particular pleasure was the scenes with Marsh looking at the owner of the autocratic newspaper John Ives (Shadows of Hearst), who at one point says to him altysptically: I am the Herald Examiner. I also loved a scene where Marsh calls in a splash story at the rewrite desk (I've never met one of those in England) - he basically gives them two phrases of information, one of which is a lie, and then says Write it hard, Don! I think Don might need more than that to move on. Warners has combined a bleak study of alcoholism with a typical James Cagney drama. About the first third of the story [of Harlan Ware's novel] is collected with a detailed study of a man with a great thirst that kills his journalistic career, pushes him down the ladder to patiner and into the alcoholic room of a hospital, where he finds a friend and the will to fight his affliction. While Cagney notes dramatically in his study of an alcoholic, these phases do not have the commercial appeal of his later character as a reformed drunk who returns to the game of he rises to the city editor, is forced to wet-nurse the publisher's nephew through a mist bourbon, and gets involved with the gangsters. Gordon Douglas' management misses few bets. In addition to Cagney, two others stand out performance. They're James Gleason, like the former alcoholic who takes Cagney under his wing after the hospital siege. The other is Gig Young, as good as the publisher's nephew. Nephew.

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