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On the cover: Youth rides restlessly, recklessly, forth in
Harmony Korine's *Gummo*. (p. 16)

TIME WITHIN TIME – THE COMPLETE ANDREI TARKOVSKY

JANUARY 17 – FEBRUARY 2



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *SOLARIS*

From the very first, the films of Andrei Tarkovsky (1932-1986) stirred something more than appreciation in their admirers: “My discovery of [his] first film was like a miracle,” recalled Ingmar Bergman. “Suddenly, I found myself standing at the door of a room the keys of which had, until then, never been given to me.” This image strikingly anticipates the central Room of *Stalker*, one of the many catalysts for transfiguration Tarkovsky used to test the threshold of subjective impressions and observable reality. As with the icon painters he so admired, the Russian auteur is important not only for his actual works – seven features, each a monument – but for his ardent conviction in the spiritual nature of art, the moral burden of the artist and the personal nature of revelation. Tarkovsky finally conceived of the creative process of filmmaking as nothing less than a means of reconciling with Creation – “my prayer.”

While his later films would evince the strongest attachments to his father’s poetry and the pastoral *dacha* of his earliest childhood, Tarkovsky was primarily raised by his mother in Moscow. He enrolled in the VGIK film school in mid-1950s, studying under the famously freethinking director Mikhail Romm. It was an opportune moment for a young Soviet director, as Khrushchev’s Thaw resulted in a new willingness to allow for directors, in Tarkovsky’s own words, “to represent the general through the personal.” The young auteur pressed this advantage with *Ivan’s Childhood*, a largely interior treatment of the Second World War that immediately placed Tarkovsky in the front ranks of international art cinema. Not for the last time, however, Tarkovsky’s ambition outpaced his relative prestige within the Soviet industry. After watching *Andrei Rublev*, his years-in-the-making epic of the artist’s transcendence in the midst of abject violence and suffering, the Goskino bureaucrats promptly banned the film, only relenting five years later, nearly a decade after *Ivan’s Childhood*.

This struggle for creative control proved to be a recurring aspect of Tarkovsky’s career until finally, in the early 1980s, he felt it necessary to relocate to Europe. As a self-styled national poet, Tarkovsky perceived exile as a grave threat to his creative inspiration; and indeed, the search for meaning driving all of his films takes on a more pointed, desperate edge during his late period. Asked about the subject of *Nostalghia*, a film concerning a Russian poet facing existential crisis in Italy, Tarkovsky replied, “The impossibility of living, the absence of freedom” – a decisive shift in emphasis from his answer to a similar question about *Solaris* twenty years earlier (“The problem of overcoming, of convictions, of moral transformation on the path of struggle within the limits of one’s own destiny”). Shortly after finishing *The Sacrifice*, a film in which private crisis folds into global catastrophe, Tarkovsky was diagnosed with lung cancer. It was only as his death neared that the Soviet authorities finally began to show signs of reappraising his work – an irony all too familiar from Rublev’s life story. Certainly, though, by the end of his life Tarkovsky’s artistic significance had long since eclipsed the state’s imprimatur.

All programs curated by Haden Guest and David Pendleton. Film synopses written by Haden Guest (HG), David Pendleton (DP) and Brittany Gravely (BG) unless otherwise noted.

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In an essay written just after *Ivan's Childhood's* release, Tarkovsky held that “[a] larger portion of the film must be devoted to the slowly passing minutes of anticipation, delays, and pauses, which are far from being ventilation holes in the narrative progression.” More than twenty years later, in his book *Sculpting with Time*, he offered a variation on this same theme: “I think that what a person normally goes to the cinema for is time: for time lost or spent or not yet had. He goes there for living experience; for cinema, like no other art, widens, enhances and concentrates a person’s experience.” Tarkovsky placed his trust in the idea that an essential experience of cinema would convey an essential experience of life, as both are made of these same “slowly passing minutes.” In each of his films Tarkovsky struggles to find the form that will hold time’s intimacy and mystery. If there is finally something quixotic in the notion of “sculpting with time,” it is, if nothing else, an idea that reflects a strong faith in the audience’s experience. “You are struck every time by the singularity of the events in which you took part,” Tarkovsky reflected. “The artist therefore tries to grasp that principle and make it incarnate, new each time; and each time he hopes, though in vain, to achieve an exhaustive image of the Truth of human existence.” For Tarkovsky, as for all seekers, the only necessary goal is the impossible one. His films live on in the spirit of that search, with all their extraordinary ambitiousness pointing to a finally unfathomable sense of purpose.

– Max Goldberg, writer and frequent contributor to cinema scope

STALKER

FRIDAY JANUARY 17 AT 7PM

SUNDAY JANUARY 26 AT 7PM

“A perverse replay of *Solaris's* cosmic voyage, a remake of Rublev in a secular world of postapocalyptic misery, a premonition of Chernobyl and Soviet disintegration.” (J. Hoberman, *The Village Voice*). Arguably Tarkovsky’s purest articulation of the film as spiritual quest, *Stalker* develops a radically different attitude to time than the jigsaw of his previous film, *Mirror*. “I wanted it to be as if the whole film had been made in a single shot,” Tarkovsky wrote. In the event, *Stalker* is comprised of 142 – each chiseled with the greatest precision. The basic outline of the plot derives from Arkady and Boris Strugatsky’s novel *Roadside Picnic*: ascetic Stalker leads Writer and Professor, both figures of intellectual disenchantment, from a barren wasteland into the lush post-industrial environs of The Zone, a mysterious and forbidden territory believed to actualize desires. Tarkovsky identified with each of the characters but was especially drawn to *Stalker* as “the best part of myself, and also the part that is the least real.”

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Aleksandr Kaydanovskiy, Alisa Frejndlikh, Anatoli Solonitsyn
Soviet Union/West Germany 1979, 35mm, b/w & color, 163 min. Russian with English subtitles



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *IVAN'S CHILDHOOD*

IVAN'S CHILDHOOD (*IVANOVO DETSTVO*)

SATURDAY JANUARY 18 AT 9:30PM

Ivan's Childhood was one of many Soviet films to examine the catastrophic losses of World War II through the prism of childhood, but Tarkovsky’s debut was immediately singled out for its visionary aesthetics, winning the Golden Lion at Venice and the praise of prominent intellectuals. Ivan is a child of the war, orphaned and running dangerous intelligence missions for the Red Army. He has “interiorized [violence],” in the words of Jean-Paul Sartre, a point Tarkovsky accentuates by interspersing the boy’s vivid recollections and dreams with his quiet hours waiting with two soldiers in the shadows of combat. The director’s dramatic rendering of landscape is already richly

apparent in the film’s celebrated “dance of birches” and the flares tracing lines of light over a sunken lagoon.

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Nikolai Burlyayev, Valentin Zubkov, E. Zharikov
Soviet Union 1962, 35mm, b/w, 95 min. German and Russian with English subtitles

SOLARIS (*SOLYARIS*)

SUNDAY JANUARY 19 AT 7PM

Mindful that a space odyssey might find better favor with the Soviet film authorities following *Andrei Rublev*, Tarkovsky reshaped Stanislaw Lem’s metaphysical science-fiction novel to his own preoccupations with memory and sacrifice. A psychologist travels to a space station orbiting *Solaris* to explore rumors that the planet’s ocean may be a “thinking substance,” materializing the astronauts’ memories. “I’ve noticed,” Tarkovsky told an interviewer at the time, “[that] if the external, emotional construction of images...are based on the filmmaker’s own memory...then the film will have the power to affect those who see it.” In this sense, the extraterrestrial ocean can be understood a figure for cinema itself, the means by which one’s innermost visions are to be extracted and reengaged. Magnificent set design notwithstanding, *Solaris* is surely the most intimate of science-fiction epics, a journey into inner-space revolving more around heart-sick regret for lost love than blind terror of the unknown.

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Natalya Bondarchuk, Donatas Banionis, Yuri Yarvet
Soviet Union 1972, 35mm, color, 166 min. Russian with English subtitles

NOSTALGHIA

MONDAY JANUARY 20 AT 7PM

“I wanted the film to be about the fatal attachment of Russians to their national roots,” Tarkovsky wrote of *Nostalgia*, his first production outside the Soviet Union. The story, co-written with frequent Antonioni collaborator Tonino Guerra, traces the alienation of a Soviet poet visiting Italian baths as part of his research on a long-deceased Russian composer. A film of stark symbols and mesmerizing long takes, *Nostalgia's* nearly agonizing picture of personal loss is tempered by the painterly beauty of its compositions. Tarkovsky himself professed to be surprised at seeing how these images revealed “an exact reprint of my state of mind” during what was to be a permanent exile. “How could I have imagined,” he later wrote, “that the stifling sense of longing that fills the screen space in that film was to become my lot for the rest of my life?”

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Erland Josephson, Oleg Yankovsky, Delia Boccardo
Italy/Soviet Union 1983, 35mm, b/w & color, 125 min. Italian and Russian with English subtitles

MIRROR (*ZERKALO*)

FRIDAY JANUARY 24 AT 9:30PM

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1 AT 9PM

Mirror was Tarkovsky’s fourth feature, but the director considered it a kind of rebirth: “For the first time,” he



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *MIRROR*

resolved, “I would use the means of cinema to talk of all that was most precious to me, and do so directly, without playing any kind of tricks.” Tarkovsky needed twenty rough cuts before arriving at the film’s intricately interflowing system of flashbacks and archival footage, often interpreted as unfolding in a dying artist’s final rays of consciousness. While *Mirror*, like all Tarkovsky’s films, pays homage to painting, music, and poetry, it also makes plain that the Russian director understood Mnemosyne to be the mother of the muses. Being a poet, he sought not only to retrieve the past but to reveal its essence – and in so doing to redeem an inherently flawed present. “The story not of the filmmaker’s life,” observes Tarkovsky scholar Robert Bird, “but of his visual imagination.”

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Margarita Terekhova, Ignat Daniltsev, Larisa Tarkovskaya
Soviet Union 1975, 35mm, b/w & color, 108 min. Spanish and Russian with English subtitles

ANDREI RUBLEV (*ANDREY RUBLYOV*)

SATURDAY JANUARY 25 AT 7PM

Originally titled *The Passion According to Andrei*, Tarkovsky’s second feature remains a wholly original epic, a life of the medieval icon painter encompassing the full horror of history. The culminating vision of Rublev’s Trinity only emerges from the yoke of Tartar occupation, mystic rites, excommunications, and nearly unrelieved suffering. In attempting, as Tarkovsky told an interviewer, “to trace the road Rublev followed during the terrible years [in which] he lived,” the film is besieged with lucid visions of violence and cruelty – a panorama worthy of Brueghel. The Goskino authorities found Tarkovsky’s hallucinatory staging of history sufficiently dangerous to shelve the film for five years.

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Anatoly Solonitsyn, Ivan Lapikov, Nikolai Grinko
Soviet Union 1966, 35mm, b/w, 185 min. Russian with English subtitles



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *NOSTALGHIA*

THE SACRIFICE (*OFFRET*)

MONDAY JANUARY 27 AT 7PM

Tarkovsky's final film is also one of his most overtly theatrical, a chamber drama drawn in characteristically virtuoso long takes. A philosopher celebrates his birthday by planting a tree with his young son on an otherwise barren landscape. Disgusted with modernity, he finds his calling after reports of an impending nuclear war, the reality of which remains occluded in dream. A yin-yang symbol emblazoned on the philosopher's robe indicates the many structuring dualities of the film: personal crisis and public catastrophe, Christian atonement and pagan rites, redemption and madness, the hopefulness of a closing tribute to Tarkovsky's son and the irrevocable vision of a life in flames. The film's setting (the Baltic island of Gotland), cinematographer (Sven Nykvist), and leading actor (Erland Josephson) were all borrowed from

Ingmar Bergman, but the central dwelling is of a piece with the many Russian *dachas* in Tarkovsky's work – a final reconstruction pitched on the brink of destruction.

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Erland Josephson, Susan Fleetwood, Tommy Kjellqvist
Sweden/UK/France 1986, 35mm, color, 149 min. English, French and Swedish with English subtitles

THE STEAMROLLER AND THE VIOLIN (*KATOK I SKRIPKA*)

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 2 AT 4:30PM

Tarkovsky's diploma film hews to social realism, but the unabashedly lyrical treatment of an otherwise conventional story of a young violinist's friendship with a laborer is flush with the burgeoning auteur's signature motifs: the rain-slicked reflections, a mirror in which a boy confronts his mother, and the implied yearning for a father figure. For all its intimations of a mature style, though, *The Steamroller and the Violin* is perhaps most fascinating for the opportunity to see the Tarkovsky's treatment of urban space – a kaleidoscopic vision of Moscow evoking Vertov. The film's cinematographer (Vadim Yusov), co-writer (Andrei Konchalovsky), and composer (Vyacheslav Ovchinnikov) would all continue to play instrumental roles in Tarkovsky's subsequent features.

Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. With Igor Fomchenko, Vladimir Zamansky, Marina Adzhubei
Soviet Union 1961, 35mm, color, 46 min. Russian with English subtitles

VOYAGE IN TIME (*TEMPO DI VIAGGIO*)

Filmed as Tarkovsky conceptualized *Nostalghia* with famed Italian screenwriter Tonino Guerra, *Voyage in Time* is an exterior portrait of the Russian director's creative process and a document of his dislocation. A relaxed at-

mosphere prevails as the denim-clad auteur reflects on his favorite filmmakers and Guerra reads from his poetry. They travel Italy together on a quixotic search for possible locations; after touring cathedrals and palaces, Tarkovsky finally responds most to a darkened hotel room. The documentary conveys the supreme importance of setting in Tarkovsky's films, with the added poignancy that as the director comes to terms with the place of Italy in his upcoming film he is also struggling to understand his own place in Italy.

Directed by Tonino Guerra and Andrei Tarkovsky
Italy 1983, digital video, color, 62 min. Russian and Italian with English subtitles



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *THE SACRIFICE*

LATE HUSTON

JANUARY 18 – MARCH 31



JOHN HUSTON AND DAUGHTER ANJELICA ON THE SET OF *A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH*

THE DEAD

SATURDAY JANUARY 18 AT 7PM

Both a touching coda to Huston's long career and a valedictory tribute to his consummate skills adapting great, and famously "unfilmable," literature, *The Dead* is remarkably faithful to the delicate balance between constrained social rituals and the infinite complexities of the interior world achieved by the celebrated longest story of James Joyce's *The Dubliners*. Further poignancy

is brought to Joyce's nuanced meditation on mortality by the fact that Huston heroically battled terminal illness to complete his final film, succumbing to emphysema and heart troubles only a few months after the end of production. The emotional complexity of Joyce's masterful story are beautifully rendered in Huston's masterful shift from the chamber music of the rambling and revelatory dinner party which occupies much of the film to the quiet twin arias that are its end. Gliding into central stage to per-

Lavishly praised by James Agee as "one of the most inventive directors of his generation" and caustically dismissed by Andrew Sarris as "less than meets the eye," John Huston (1906-1987) remained a polarizing figure throughout his long and legendary Hollywood career. One of the great screenwriter-turned-directors of the Hollywood studio system (together with Robert Rossen and Billy Wilder), Huston skyrocketed to fame with his 1941 directorial debut *The Maltese Falcon* whose meticulous reinvention of Dashill Hammett's classic hardboiled prose pointed towards the critically acclaimed adaptations (*Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *Key Largo*, *The Asphalt Jungle*) that are today often cited as Huston's greatest films. Beginning with his 1951 adaptation of Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, Huston embraced increasingly ambitious and risky projects that were alternately applauded and derided, often without ever being fully understood. This pattern grew even stronger in Huston's late career as he daringly tackled a wide range of popular genres (the Western, the spy thriller, the boxing film) and "unfilmable" literary properities (Kipling, Joyce, McCullers) to produce some of his most striking, daring and often willfully eccentric films, many – like *Fat City*, his melancholy ode to the fallen man, or his exquisite final film *The Dead* – are recognized as important classics today. And yet, as this focused retrospective reveals, Huston's late career yielded a number of bold, fascinating, controversial films – *The Kremlin Letter*, *The MacKintosh Man*, *Under the Volcano* – that urgently need to be rediscovered and reassessed. – HG, BG, DP

form the first of the two sustained monologues that conclude the film and Joyce's story, Anjelica Huston glows with stirring emotion as a wife whose sudden, unexpected grief stirs a brooding disquiet in her loving husband.

Directed by John Huston. With Anjelica Huston, Donal McCann, Cathleen Delany
Germany/UK/US 1987, 35mm, color, 84 min



JOHN HUSTON *THE KREMLIN LETTER*

THE MACKINTOSH MAN

SUNDAY JANUARY 19 AT 5PM

In keeping with the offbeat nature of Huston's films from the 1960s and early 1970s, and their fascination for eccentrics and outsiders, Cold War thriller *The Mackintosh Man* introduces welcome notes of ambivalence into an often stodgy and predictable genre. The film's first half, written by Walter Hill, begins as a heist movie which evolves into a spy story; the second half, scripted by Huston himself, turns ambiguous, even cynical. *The Mackintosh Man* also delivers the typical pleasures of the Euro-pudding action film from the period: an elaborate car chase and an eclectic all-star cast featuring mysterious Dominique Sanda in the unlikely role of the *femme fatale*.

Directed by John Huston. With Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, James Mason
Ireland/UK/US 1973, 35mm, color, 99 min

WISE BLOOD

FRIDAY JANUARY 24 AT 7PM

Wise Blood presents a singular tale of hell and salvation in its portrayal of a young man who returns from the army, stages a doomed private rebellion, and establishes the "Church of Truth Without Jesus Christ." Adapting a story which takes place primarily within its characters' minds, Huston manages to imbue this version of Flannery O'Connor's remarkable first novel with the same zest with which it was written. Part comedy, part tragedy, part philosophical farce, *Wise Blood* revels in its bizarre characters and the maddeningly irrational psychology of fanaticism without sacrificing a palpably familiar realism and truth.

Directed by John Huston. With Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton
West Germany/US 1979, 35mm, color, 106 min

THE KREMLIN LETTER

SUNDAY JANUARY 26 AT 4:30PM

Dismissed at its release as merely a formulaic spy adventure, Huston's complex Cold War epic *The Kremlin Letter* is among his most ambitious and least understood late works. The film's unsparing fatalism, claustrophobia and cruelty were, however, deeply admired by master of *sang froid* Jean-Pierre Melville who declared *The Kremlin Letter* to "establish the standard for cinema." Deliberately working against genre and box office expectations, Huston assembled and boldly, at times perversely, counter-cast a dazzling array of stars – Bibi Andersson, George Sanders, Max Von Sydow, Orson Welles – to reimagine the Cold War as a lurid, sadistic and brutal hotbed of deception.

Directed by John Huston. With Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone, Nigel Green
US 1970, 35mm, color, 116 min

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN

FRIDAY JANUARY 31 AT 9PM

The wily soul of John Huston – as well as an actual appearance by the director in the role of Grizzly Adams – cavorts mischievously through the exaggerated tale of Roy Bean, a bloodily self-appointed king of a lawless square of land west of the Pecos. In an era of revisionist Westerns, Huston's epic romp is less a rethinking of the Western than a nostalgic satire of the mythic origins of American civilization. As a string of peculiar characters and vignettes parade before Paul Newman's megalomaniacal Bean, his unconventional empire rises and falls, only to rise again in the even more outrageous frontier of Legend. Huston's bemused film takes on the scattershot spirit of the Old West from lawless, off-kilter angles – even collapsing that ramshackle fourth wall if necessary.

Directed by John Huston. With Paul Newman, Ned Beatty, Victoria Principal
US 1972, 35mm, color, 124 min

UNDER THE VOLCANO

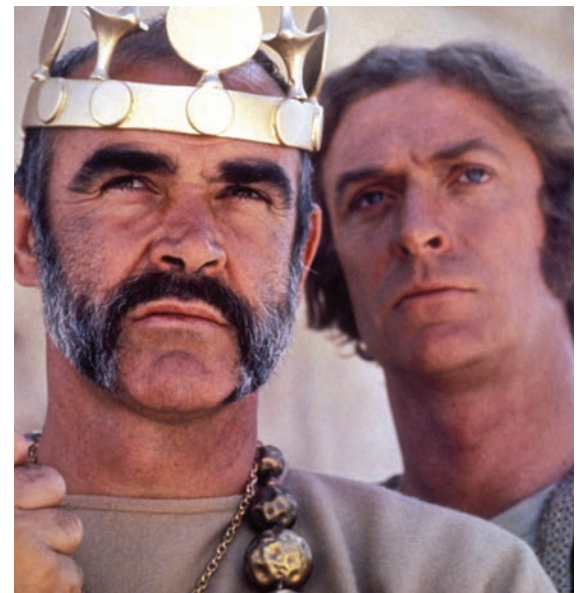
FRIDAY FEBRUARY 7 AT 9PM

After various failed attempts by directors like Buñuel, John Huston was the only one to finally wrestle Malcolm Lowry's semi-autobiographical, un-cinematic novel to the silver screen. On the eve of World War II, glimmers of a lucid, erudite man barely make it through Albert Finney's relentlessly nuanced portrayal of the alcoholic Geoffrey Fermin. A former British consul of a small Mexican town, Fermin is a fallen man taking a direct – if colorful and loquacious – path to Hell. The lost souls of his half-brother and estranged wife emotionally affix themselves to his stumbling corpse and follow him through an endless Day of the Dead. Unable to face the true horrors erupting within themselves and within the world around them, the trio succumbs to a trance of deep denial, only momentarily breaking when the spectre of death appears before them unadorned.

Directed by John Huston. With Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews
US/Mexico 1984, 35mm, color, 112 min



JOHN HUSTON *REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE*



JOHN HUSTON *THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING*

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 8 AT 9PM

One of the great achievements of Huston's late career, *The Man Who Would Be King* brings a sharp critical edge and ripe melancholy into Kipling's British Empire fable about two former British soldiers whose stumbling search for fortune and adventure leads them far from India and into a lost, remote, more fabulous and dangerous world than they could ever imagine. In their measured and nuanced performances Sean Connery and Michael Caine together embody the limitless hubris, romantic zeal and blind folly of the British imperial adventure whose stark limits are constantly reinforced by the sweeping and visually stunning landscapes that dwarf and diminish Huston's obstinate anti-heroes.

Directed by John Huston. With Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Christopher Plummer
UK/US 1975, 35mm, color, 129 min

A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 9 AT 5PM

Despite the 14th Century setting of Hans Koningsberger's novel, Huston imbues *A Walk With Love and Death* with the spirit of 1969. After all, it is both love and war that unite the film's young lovers – played by his daughter Anjelica in her debut and Assaf Dayan, son of Israeli politician Moshe Dayan. When Lady Claudia's aristocratic family is killed by rebellious peasants, she journeys to the sea with Heron of Foix, a discontent student who has abandoned his studies. The doomed pair travels through naturalistically rendered cruelty and carnage of the Hundred Years' War and attempts to rise above the chaos around them by escaping into their passionate devotion. With echoes of Franco Zeffereilli's *Romeo and Juliet* of the previous year, Huston's delicate tragedy is sparsely decorated with lyrical dialogue, a muted palette and a personal appearance.

Directed by John Huston. With Anjelica Huston, Assaf Dayan, Anthony Corlan
US 1969, 35mm, color, 90 min

PRIZZI'S HONOR

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 9 AT 7PM

Undaunted by his advanced age or emphysema, Huston undertook a darkly comic mafia picture based on the novel by *The Manchurian Candidate* author Richard Condon. Patiently toying with elements of various famous gangster movies – including his own – Huston's unusual wandering path through the everyday lives of the Prizzi family is skillfully guided by the strangely endear-

ing performances of Jack Nicholson as Charley Partanna the Prizzi's naïve hit man and Angelica Huston as his jilted former lover. When Charley falls in love with a beautiful stranger who is also in the business, he instigates a messy wave of double-crosses crossing over and back through absurdly sticky webs of organized deception. As if they operated a "standard" family business, Huston wryly explores the strength of their various bonds as well as the occupational hazards of their grisly vocations.

Directed by John Huston. With Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, Robert Loggia
US 1985, 35mm, color, 129 min

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE

MONDAY FEBRUARY 10 AT 7PM

In adapting Carson McCullers' Southern Gothic tale, Huston took great pains to desaturate the color and suffuse the prints with a golden cast. Apparently, audiences appreciated the gilded tone even less than the homosexual content, and the film was rereleased in full spectrum Technicolor. Such monochromatism would have perhaps further subdued the Freudian complex of voyeuristic desires, repressed longings, secret affairs and misdirected fury within the stifling confines of a military post in Georgia. At the height of her critical popularity, Liz Taylor chose Marlon Brando to sink feverishly into the role of her husband, the uptight Major who is repulsed by his adulterous, melodramatic wife and his own latent yearnings for Robert Forster's enigmatic soldier. The closeted ecosystem of eccentricities builds to an expectedly violent culmination tempered by that nonjudgmental Hustonian eye, always empathetic to disrupted desires.

Directed by John Huston. With Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith
US 1967, 35mm, color, 109 min

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LEONARD GARDNER IN PERSON

FAT CITY

MONDAY MARCH 31 AT 7PM

Former boxer Leonard Gardner adapted his own extraordinary novel for *Two-Lane Blacktop's* Monte Hellman. When Hellman had to heartbreakingly decline due to contract conflicts, John Huston returned to the arms of critics and the public with the inconspicuous naturalism of his version of *Fat City*. Acutely rendered shadows and light describe the dingy edges of desperate lives who accumulate around the gym, the bar, flophouses, onion fields – nonetheless flickering with ideas of something grander. A faded, unglamorous boxing film with no precise rises or falls, *Fat City* instead observes the repercussions of the perpetual expansion and deflation of egos

battered by more than fists. Huston – also a one-time fighter – invisibly directs a cast of unprofessional actors and actual boxers with Stacy Keach's washed up fighter, Jeff Bridges' conflicted neophyte and Susan Tyrell's uncannily channeled alcoholic. Both dignified and defeated, they populate a Stockton, California skid row also on the edge of destruction; the very day after the final shoot, large swathes of the film's locations were razed making way for freeways and redevelopment. *Fat City* captures moments – both fleeting and eternal – of a particularly American vein of beauty, humor and pain and inscribes them with such unaffected detail the film seems less a projection than an unobstructed view from across the tracks.

Directed by John Huston. With Stacy Keach, Jeff Bridges, Susan Tyrell
US 1972, 35mm, color, 100 min



JOHN HUSTON *FAT CITY*

OLD DREAMS IN STRANGE TIMES – THE FILMS OF ALAIN GUIRAUDIE

JANUARY 31 – FEBRUARY 8



ALAIN GUIRAUDIE *STRANGER BY THE LAKE*

films resemble fairy tales, in which innocent protagonists – whatever their age – must confront monsters and villains. There is nothing escapist about these fairy tales, however; they represent brilliantly original re-imaginings of our alienated age, presented in distorted form so we may see it differently. – DP

This program is presented with the support of Unifrance; the Film Office of the French Cultural Ministry, New York; the Institut Français; the Consulate of France in Boston; and the Boston LGBT Film Festival.

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Before premiering *Stranger by the Lake* to universal acclaim at last year's Cannes festival, French director Alain Guiraudie had produced a genuinely unique body of work that now comprises three shorts, two seminal hour-long films and four features, all exuberant, elegant depictions of the lives of idiosyncratic individuals and their small communities in rural France. In detailing the workings of these communities, Guiraudie (b. 1964) pays special attention to the circulation of homoerotic desire among men – not so much the glossy urban hipsters typically associated with the gay community, but usually working – or solidly middle-class men in the provinces with a variety of bodies: old, young, skinny, overweight.

Guiraudie first garnered recognition with two medium-length works in 2001: *Sunshine for the Scoundrels* and *That Old Dream that Moves*. The writer-director himself has characterized these films as representing “two modes into which I want to plunge, between documentary and fiction, dream and reality, the light and the serious. My approach to *Sunshine for the Scoundrels* was the imaginary, the fable, heroic fantasy, injected with the social and the real. For *That Old Dream That Moves*, it was the opposite approach: starting with the social, then making it shift towards the imaginary.”

In the world of Guiraudie's films, his characters may be subject to the laws of a distant and unsympathetic authority, but the greatest danger is alienation and boredom. In response, Guiraudie gives free rein to his imagination, particularly in his earlier work, in which the line between dream and reality is often thin. Those films are filled with constantly shifting tones, mixing the real and the fantastic, comedy and tragedy, betraying the director's penchant for fanciful narrative. The two most recent films increasingly stick to realism, but with an undercurrent of mystery regarding the behavior of often unpredictable protagonists. Above all, Guiraudie's

TIME HAS COME (VOICI VENU LE TEMPS)

FRIDAY JANUARY 31 AT 7PM

Time Has Come was Guiraudie's second feature film and remains, with *That Old Dream That Moves*, the most overtly political of his films. Like *Sunshine for the Scoundrels*, *Time Has Come* takes place in an alternate reality, similar to ours, but ordered according to the logic of epic fantasy and the Western. Whereas the earlier film celebrated a certain ludic utopianism, Guiraudie here emphasizes the risks of dreams of escape. The film presents a world of bandits, warriors and shepherds in which each of the central characters pursues the hope of a better future, or at least the consummation of an improbable desire, only to find it frustrated by the reassertion of the present order by the powers that be.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Éric Bognon, Guillaume Viry, Pierre Louis-Calixte
France 2005, 35mm, color, 92 min. French with English subtitles

THE KING OF ESCAPE (LE ROI DE L'ÉVASION)

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1 AT 7PM

The King of Escape might be Guiraudie's most accessible work to date. In broad outline, its tale of Armand, a middle-aged, big-bellied gay man, being pursued amorously by an attractive teenaged girl named Curly sounds like an eccentric romantic comedy. While there's plenty of humor, it derives not from courtship but from randy desire and polymorphous perversity. *The King of Escape's* oscillation between erotic utopia and a dystopia of patriarchy and state surveillance ultimately makes it less a farce than a kind of political fairy tale, complete with love potions. Guiraudie's ultimate irony is that what brings the law down on Armand is not his cruising the woods for sex with men – after all, everyone knows he's gay – but his unexpected deviation from that normalized identity.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Ludovic Berthillot, Hafsia Herzi, Jean Toscan
France 2009, 35mm, color, 97 min. French with English subtitles

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

ALAIN GUIRAUDIE IN PERSON

NO REST FOR THE BRAVE (PAS DE REPOS POUR LES BRAVES)

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 2 AT 7PM

Guiraudie's first full-length feature film follows a young man, warned in a dream that he'll die the next time he wakes up, as he wanders between two towns as well as between reality and fantasy. Is he a mass murderer on the run from a bounty hunter, or is he the lover of a much older man in the picturesque countryside? Eventually, this matrix of incompatible but intersecting realities and shaggy-dog narratives becomes a road movie as hunter and hunted switch roles. The most surrealistic



ALAIN GUIRAUDIE *THE KING OF ESCAPE*



ALAIN GUIRAUDIE *SUNSHINE FOR THE SCOUNDRELS*

of Guiraudie's films, *No Rest for the Brave* resembles a cross between Cocteau and Carax, its main character a male Alice who's fallen down a wormhole, not chasing a White Rabbit but running from death, the little death of the workaday world.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Thomas Suire, Thomas Blanchard, Laurent Soffiati
Austria/France 2003, 35mm, color, 104 min. French with English subtitles

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

ALAIN GUIRAUDIE IN PERSON

STRANGER BY THE LAKE (L'INCONNU DU LAC)

MONDAY FEBRUARY 3 AT 7PM

Guiraudie's latest film details several edenic summer days and evenings at a cruising ground on the shore of a lake in the French countryside. The film establishes, with scrupulously observed realism, the rituals of cruising and anonymous sex – presented copiously onscreen – among the men who come to the beach, including Franck who is particularly attracted to a handsome newcomer while also taking the time to befriend an older man who sits at a slight distance, out of the action. When this idyll is disturbed by a murder, the subsequent actions and reactions of the men at the lake reveal the mysteries of desire, which can be insatiable and even irrational.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Pierre de Ladonchamps, Christophe Paou, Patrick d'Assunção
France 2013, digital video, color, 97 min. French with English subtitles

SUNSHINE FOR THE SCOUNDRELS

(DU SOLEIL POUR LES GUEUX)

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 7 AT 7:15PM

The earlier of Guiraudie's two medium-length films looks forward to both *No Rest for the Brave* and *The King of Escape* with its tale of a young woman who falls in love with a gay shepherd. During their wanderings, they cross paths with a bandit – played by the director himself – as well as the bounty hunter who's pursuing him. *Sunshine for the Scoundrels* announces Guiraudie's fascination with loners and oddballs, his extravagant imagination and his affection for the rough landscape of France's Massif Central, whose ruggedness gives the film the flavor of an eccentric Western.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Alain Guiraudie, Isabelle Girardet, Michel Turquin
France 2001, 35mm, color, 55 min. French with English subtitles

PRECEDED BY

HEROES NEVER DIE (LES HÉROS SONT IMMORTELS)

Guiraudie's first film concerns two young men engaged

in a favorite pastime: hanging out and talking. Specifically, they wait in the square of a small town for a third: the potential funder of their proposed magazine.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Jean-Claude Fenet, Alain Guiraudie
France 1990, 35mm, digital video, 13 min. French with English subtitles

THAT OLD DREAM THAT MOVES (CE VIEUX RÊVE QUI BOUGE)

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 8 AT 7PM

Hired to dismantle and ship an elaborate machine, a young specialist arrives in a small town during the last days of a factory about to close. His arrival is treated with friendliness and suspicion by the few remaining workers, while his relations with their supervisor seem charged with unacknowledged feelings. Once all realize that the specialist is gay, an uneasy and ambiguous triangle forms between this newcomer, the supervisor and the oldest of the workers. This film portends the spatial strategy of *Stranger by the Lake*: we never leave the factory, its locker room and adjacent picnic grounds. This constraint focuses our attention on the subtleties of the ways the men interact as well as their implications, both political and erotic.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Pierre Louis-Calixte, Jean-Marie Combelles, Jean Ségani
France 2001, 35mm, color, 51 min. French with English subtitles

PRECEDED BY

STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING (TOUT DROIT JUSQU'AU MATIN)

A young man working as a kind of neighborhood watchman walks the narrow streets of a small French village at night, wondering out loud what he should do with his life and what he wants to do, in between chasing a vandal, asking an older man for advice and confronting a band of young punks.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Stéphanie Valgalier, Jean-Marie Fertey, Christian Ducasse
France 1994, 35mm, color, 11 min. French with English subtitles

THE INEVITABLE STRENGTH OF THINGS (LA FORCE DES CHOSES)

This playful precursor to *Time Has Come* presents an imaginative alternate universe in a forest peopled with heroes, brigands, highwaymen and dandies. While tracking a bandit who has kidnapped a young girl, three warriors discuss their existential problems at length.

Directed by Alain Guiraudie. With Morgan Nicolas, Martial Petit, Polo
France 1997, 35mm, color, 16 min. French with English subtitles

FORTUNES OF THE WESTERN

FEBRUARY 14 – MARCH 22

Boredom and good fate may have caused travelers to thumb through the December 2013 issue of *Magazine*, the glossy monthly Air France stuffs in its seatback pouches to hawk duty-free perfume and canned caviar. They might have happened upon an article advertising another French commodity: the classical American Western. A brief interview that well-named Marie Aucouturier led with filmmaker and critic Bertrand Tavernier, frequent and welcome visitor to the Harvard Film Archive, informed readers of his undying love of the genre. So undying that in partnership with *Actes Sud*, currently France's keenest publisher of creative and critical writing, he is reissuing a series of Western novels of bygone times under the title "L'Ouest, c'est vrai" ["The West, It's True"]. Inspiring many feature films in the halcyon days of the studio era, sadly, few of the original novels can be found in Harvard's Widener Library. It can be wagered that despite their elegant design and crisp translation these new editions will never make their way to our shores. Whether they do or not is less significant than what Tavernier's project makes clear: that much of the American Western owes the recovery of its genius to what Gallic cinephiles have done with it.

As if he had been planning the current retrospective, Tavernier's words tell us why. He corrects his interviewer in noting that the Western is hardly about cowboys and Indians. It is in fact "an immense genre that addresses everything: the conquest of America, the founding of law, racism, anti-racism...It even frays into film noir and be steeped in neurosis. Look at films like *3:10 to Yuma*, *The Hanging Tree*, *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, or *My Darling Clementine*, and you'll wonder who are who are the heroes and who are the villains. And in *The Searchers* the hero is one of the darkest characters in the history of American cinema, played no less by John Wayne!"

Tavernier adds three critical points that might deflect the viewings of the weeks ahead. First, and always tricky, the relation between the Western novels (by Peter Field, W. O. Burnett and others far below the radar of those who think of Zane Gray) and their adaptations is a matter more of betrayal than translation. Like today's impatient filmmakers who "can't read their way out of a paper bag," many directors of the post-war years preferred shooting film to carefully reading and adapting the novels for their storyboards. Such was Roy Rowland's *Bugles in the Afternoon* (1952), a feature showing that the director and screenwriters (Daniel Mainwaring and Harry Brown) never paused to look closely at the writing of Ernest Haycox, prolific writer and also author of a story called "Stage to Lordsburg," the toponym immediately recalling obese Andy Devine's delightfully crackly voice when he puts the whip to the horses of Stagecoach. Now reissued in French, Haycox's novel does what Rowland's film did not. "The tone is broad and epic, nature plays immensely on the characters' destiny. We're in the great tradition of Jack London. Daily life at the outpost is told in minute detail, and then we witness one of the greatest disasters in the history of the American Cavalry. Usually this disaster is magnified while here the approach is much darker and far more complex. It brings forward a multitude of contradictory viewpoints, and is extremely original." By strong contrast to Rowland, adds Tavernier, Henry King, director of three taut masterpieces – *Jesse James* (1939), *The Gunfighter* (1950, which counts among the features in our retrospective) and the oft-overlooked *Bravados* (1958) – made meticulous use of the material with which he shaped his features. Gregory Peck once told Tavernier that in preparing his tale of Jimmy Ringo, when staging his existential masterpiece of 1950 King had studied more than 1500 photos from the late western era in order to attend to details of clothing, gesture, stature, domestic architecture, even the consistency of mud.

Second, and not in the order of the interview, qualifying Aucouturier's observation that the Western is "making a comeback" in films by Eastwood, Tarentino, the Coen Brothers, the *Deadwood* series, and Ang Lee (whose overlooked *Ride with the Devil* he calls the "best I've seen on the Civil War"), Tavernier terms the Western flageolant. It's "wobbly." Italian sequels to Sergio Leone decimated the genre when, one upon the other, in scenarios increasingly far-fetched and sensational, films were "shot often with abominable actors and horribly dubbed." It may be that (the point not Tavernier's but closer to ours in this retrospective), combined with the ambiance of the post-war years, the strictures of the studio

system made for many masterpieces. In this state of things André Gide's prescient words of 1899 still hold true: *l'art naît de contrainte et meurt de liberté* [art is born of constraint and dies of liberty]. Such is what viewers will remark about the spare and terse style of these so-called "minor" western directors in the program, some of whose names may not ring a bell: Budd Boetticher, Delmer Daves, Allan Dwan, Howard Hawks, Rudolph Maté, Phil Karlson, André de Toth, King Vidor, William Wyler.

Now, third, it may be that the Western wobbles because we no longer heed what Tavernier calls the art of filming space. Four (typically French) exceptions tell us that by and large today's cinematographers haven't really studied the Western. Two by Tavernier (*It Begins Today* and *The Princess of Montpensier*) and two by Bruno Dumont (*Humanity* and *The Life of Jesus*) aim the camera skyward, recording immense volumes of atmosphere that weigh on the terrain beneath, close to the lower edge of the frame, where humans move in trains or carriages or on horseback. "There's always a space to film, and there're always people to put into that space. (...) I've often been shocked by platitude of French historical films in their filming of space, nature...forests. Yet the Western and its great masters thought a great deal about space, seeing how characters were rooted their surroundings (...), whether a city, the inside of a ranch, a rocky landscape (...), the importance of hillsides, rivers, skies, characters bound to the landscapes suggesting that they are indeed the world in which they live." Hence the title of the interview, *Filmer le ciel/Filming the Skies*, offers another clue about the today's wavering Westerns. Can a camera in the environs of Lone Pine follow characters riding over arid terrains in front of the jagged edges of the Sierras beyond that bite into the empyrean? Can they make the open spaces reduce characters to minuscule shapes in endless landscapes? The answer is no (1) because existential space may be of another age or (2) because, unless Photoshop or Final Cut Pro comes to the rescue, striations of contrails and congested air traffic proscribe filming of an unfettered sky.

Tavernier adds that he discovered the Western, notably *Bugles in the Afternoon*, in his childhood years when he and his father went to the movies together. Marxist Jacques Rancière relates that in



HENRY KING *THE GUNFIGHTER*



HOWARD HAWKS *RED RIVER*

his adolescence an untold erotic charge came at his sight of Colorado (Virginia Mayo), the half-breed beauty scampering after her ill-fated lover Wes McQueen (Joel McCrea) in the unforgiving landscape of *Colorado Territory*. The moment caused him, before he returned to his senses, to forget class struggle and the gridlock of capital, or even, however fleetingly the very industry that afforded the bliss. Likewise, viewers of this retrospective who are “of a certain age” will probably retrieve fleeting images embedded in childhood memories of the movies. When, as Manohla Dargis’ recently related in the *New York Times* (1/12/13), wondering what is happening when a surfeit of mainstream and independent features is made available for viewing anytime, anywhere, and in any form, how do they replace the theatrical experience that the seventh art had offered for viewers who “went to the movies” (like us, we the public assembled in the HFA) to see Westerns projected on big screens? Made palpable by virtue of carbon-arc projectors running 35mm prints through their gates, the great sky and space of the genre cast children of the postwar years in the enthusing and unsettling bind of Pascal’s “two infinities” a cosmic non-place which, in the Western spaces before our eyes, we suddenly felt, then as we do now, frail, insignificant and for that reason, within the confines of the movie theater, fortuitously present to ourselves.

As Tavernier and Rancière have done, we can let our earliest Western memories seep through the viewings of the features in the weeks before us. This person recalls that the first Western he saw in a theater, alone, at age six, *Winchester '73*, required upon his return home in the late afternoon an oral report to be delivered to his cinephilic father who had bestowed upon him a quarter for admission to the matinée, plus a nickel to buy a box of Mason’s Black Crows. Too small to sit in the unfolded seat, I perched myself on its upper edge and witnessed – the memories are limpid – the battle of the men, whom I now know as Will McAdam (James Stewart) and Dutch Henry Brown (Steve McNally), blasting at each other with carbines in the midst of grainy rock. Gunshots echoed while a soft wind blew amidst the granite crags of the mountain. Thirty years later

American critics told me how, based on the Sophoclean tragedy, Anthony Mann’s tale of enemy brothers proves that the post-war Western is something greater than a simple shoot-em-up. Ten years after that some snobbish intelligentsia of Lacanian extraction condescended to inform me that the film illustrated the concept of “the signification of the phallus”: because the ’73 *Winchester*, a lever-action repeater (three pious viewers couldn’t distinguish a bolt-action from a pump-gun), circulating among men who wanted to have it in their hands, was an *objet-petit-a* (why not, I whispered under my breath, get off your high horse and call it an appetite-object?) attesting to the inviolable law of castration. A decade after that Gilles Deleuze informed me that the film embodied (contrary to its counterpart, the “interstice” of the time-image), the Bergsonian concept of the *interval*, no doubt (Deleuze never elaborates) because evil Dutch Henry, high on the mountainside, hears McAdam below, who yells to remind him of the lesson of thrift their father had taught them when they were children. Dutch needs time to reload: hence the advent of the interval, the gap, which in this instance spells the villain’s demise. With all respect – due or not I don’t know – to the wisdom of Greek myth, the Lacanian phallus and the Bergsonian interval, every time I see *Winchester '73* I tend to recall the delight of the first matinee on a Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1950.



BUDD BOETTICHER *THE TALL T*

who knows where on an infinitely rolling plain of sand and shrub under a darkened sky. In the style of a classical silent film (not a bar of music can be heard), in the sequences set in the town crisp pans follow characters going about their daily business all the while an atmosphere of vindictive menace prevails. At the beginning of *Seven Men from Now* rain pours uncannily in a dark night when, emerging from nowhere, Ben Stride (Randolph Scott) shares a cup of coffee (“much obliged”) with two men who cower by a campfire under an out-cropping. Suddenly two horses are shown shocked at the sound of two gunshots. A close up of the icy face of Tex (Jack Lambert), frozen to death at the end of *Day of the Outlaw*, chills the happy end that follows. At the beginning of *Jubal* (in French as *L’Homme de nulle part*, or *The Man from Nowhere*), tumbling down a hillside, what seems to be a ball of detritus



WILLIAM WYLER *THE BIG COUNTRY*

By the time *Winchester '73* had come to France Paris was already the place, *nec plus ultra*, to see Westerns. No doubt because American export policies imposed its commodities upon the nation its armed forces had purportedly liberated, France was being bombarded with movies. Weaned on American celluloid, the *enfants terribles* who morphed into filmmakers of the New Wave counted among the most adept followers of the Western. Turning it from entertainment into an array of critical objects, without saying so they made its genre the equal of its auteurs. They fashioned repertoires, engaged close readings, compared its signatures, returned to its sources and in the end wrote appreciations that are now an enduring hallmark. Such is *Le Western: Approches, mythologies, auteurs-acteurs, filmographies* [*The Western: Approches, Mythologies, Author-Actors, Filmographies*] a multi-authored volume, dating to 1966, that Marxist publisher Christian Bourgois launched in cheap format, that Raymond Bellour (another friend of the HFA), in 1994 revised for publication by Éditions Gallimard. Written by twenty contributors, its entries are signed by then famous or emerging critics (Bellour, Jean-Louis Bory, Bernard Dort, Bernard Eisenschitz, Roger Tailleur, etc.), a future *nouveau philosophe* (André Glucksman), other major filmmakers or artists (Robert Lapoujade, Tavernier himself), a great historian and theorist (Jean Mitry), a new novelist (Claude Ollier), and even, of a gender who brought fear to the men who were the architects of the New Wave, a woman (Monique Vernhes). Listing 599 films (yet in a Freudian slip omitting *Stagecoach*), elaborating on 58 *auteurs* or directors and 23 *acteurs* (nary a female), most of which are from the post-war era, the book presents a gazetteer of 57 “mythologies” (in line with Roland Barthes’ work under the same title) that are really *topoi* or topical places whose assemblage comprises a geography of the genre. Beginning with *Alcoolique* (Alcoholic – with words on Doc Holliday of *My Darling Clementine*), the list ends with *Viol* (Rape – an entry uncovering the traumatic underbelly of *The Bravados* and *Rancho Notorious*). In what amounts to deconstruction these “common places” offer a means of reading the Westerns transversally, diacritically, and thus spatially, with and against the grain of the narratives. For the authors these plot-points become points of reference for the mapping of the “auteurs” whose signatures are drawn in places that include Fistfights, Barbershops, Campfires, Sheriff’s Offices, Jails, and so on, and last but not least, Woman (qualified as “theogony”). In addition to terse analyses the very selection of the places betrays the nature and the moment of the collective appreciation. Given what it does and how it works *Le Western* remains a viable user’s guide for crisscrossed readings of the seventeen films comprising the retrospective.

If Godard is correct in asserting that the histories of cinema that we fashion for ourselves are based less on narratives than indelible images or sequences with which we live our lives, many inhere in what might appear to be forgettable fare. The credits of *The Gunfighter* are set over a sequence of a solitary rider going

becomes the human form of hero Jubal Troop (Glenn Ford). Visual memory of two victims of random homicide, a boy and an elder tossed down a well come forward lugubriously in *The Tall T* when Pat Brennan (Randolph Scott) forced to dress a deer carcass, cuts through the hind quarters hanging from a makeshift gibbet. In *The Violent Men* the map that burns in the fire that Martha (Barbara Stanwyck), malevolent and bitchy spouse of crippled cattle baron Lew Wilkinson (Edward G. Robinson) set to an elegant home collapsing in view of the vast spaces outside. Next to angelic Sally Maris (Joan Leslie), Kate Quantrill (Audrey Totter), hard-ass wench of ill repute and “dark mirror” to her counterpart, becomes the force of attraction in *Woman They Almost Lynched*. When, at the climax of *Terror in a Texas Town* George Hansen (Sterling Hayden) confronts his enemy with a harpoon in place of six-gun our recall of thousands of iterations of “the gunfight” flash before our eyes. In *Red River*, in harmony with Dmitri Tiomken’s epic refrains, unforgettable lap-dissolves superimpose the cursive of a daily journal over great vistas, each a serial punctuation anticipating the confrontation of Tom Dunson (John Wayne) and Matt Garth (Montgomery Clift) that Tess Millay (Joanne Dru) resolves. These other sequences and many others belong to our vivid memories of Westerns on which, finally, no nation or person has purchase. The backbone of the genre in a span of some of its greatest years, seen anew and afresh, show us that, simply put, these films are what makes the Western what it is.

For this retrospective thus the rules of the game: a nod has not been given to Westerns that have already colonized our imagination, notably *Destry Rides Again*, *Stagecoach*, *Rancho Notorious*, *The Searchers*, *Johnny Guitar* and others. Conspicuously absent is John Ford, and so also Anthony Mann, past master of the post-war Western with *Devil’s Doorway* (1950) *Winchester ’73* (1950), *The Furies* (1950), *Bend of the River*, (1951), *The Naked Spur* (1952), *The Far Country* (1953), *Man from Laramie* (1954), *The Last Frontier* (1955), *The Tin Star* (1956), *Man of the West* (1958) and *Cimarron* (1960). And no less, Raoul Walsh, whose *The Big Trail* (1930), *Wild Girl* (1932), *They Died with Their Boots On* (1941), *Pursued* (1947) and *Colorado Territory* (1949) delighted viewers last spring. Have had to skirt the great silent films from Griffith to Ince and from William S. Hart to Ford and Fairbanks. Pioneers like Tom Mix remain for further study, and so also pre-war sound cinema, forcing exclusion of *In Old Arizona*, *The Virginia Kid*, and many others. Left in the margins, too, are the serials and great B-line Monogram films featuring Johnny Mack Brown and Raymond Hatton. And alas, many, many more. But for starters we proudly present a magnificent set of seventeen epic Westerns on a screen just grand enough to fit them all.

– Tom Conley, Abbott Lawrence Lowell Professor, Departments of Romance Languages and Visual/Environmental Studies, Harvard University



RUDOLPH MATÉ *THE VIOLENT MEN*

RED RIVER

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 14 AT 7PM

Red River plots bifurcating lines, splittings and divisions among cowhand that only a strong female can bring together. Dark and unforgiving hero, Tom Dunson (John Wayne), who would be father, lover and companion of Matt Garth (Montgomery Clift) carries the trappings of a Melvillian character in the great space of a cattle drive that viewers of the landscapes will note goes practically nowhere. An epic equal of *The Searchers*, Hawks’ film binds the brief history of the cattle drive and the “cowboy” to a searing treatment of human force and fragility.

Directed by Howard Hawks. With John Wayne, Montgomery Clift, Joanne Dru
US 1948, 35mm, color, 126 min

THE HANGING TREE

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 14 AT 9:30PM

The most unsettling of Delmer Daves’ three great Westerns – with *Broken Arrow* and *Jubal* – offers stunning takes of a magnificent landscape, as mountainous and jagged as the greed and madness of the characters who hardly exist within it. The panoramics of this noir Western study the sweeping force of mob violence in a plot rife with characters marked by trauma and blindness both figural and real. The landscapes of the troubled faces of characters at odds with each other counterpoint those of the mining town with which they are at war.

Directed by Delmer Daves. With Gary Cooper, Maria Schell, Karl Malden
US 1959, 35mm, color, 106 min

RUN OF THE ARROW

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 15 AT 7PM

Bearing resemblance to *The Searchers* and *Dances with Wolves*, *Run of the Arrow* tells the tale of a Confederate rebel who goes native when he marries a Sioux squaw. Bringing forward the plight of the Native American, the film bears analogy with the stories of displaced soldiers on the losing side of the Second World War who resort to dissimulation to survive. Director Sam Fuller appeals to the pastoral tradition in crafting a political aesthetic through the “visual emotion” that is his signature.

Directed by Samuel Fuller. With Rod Steiger, Sarita Montiel, Brian Keith
US 1957, 35mm, color, 86 min

JUBAL

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 15 AT 9PM

Jubal is striking evidence of Delmer Daves’ consummate craftsmanship. A spatial contradiction: an endless plain under the cerulean sky that for which those confined to the nouveau-riche interior are longing; a seething conflict: between errant Jubal (Glenn Ford) and his well-named nemesis, Pinky (Rod Steiger), a lascivious scoundrel; two women, as usual, at opposite ends of the moral yardstick, are equally attractive in their excess, much also as the bumbling husband (Ernest Borgnine) who pays for his gullible ways.

Directed by Delmer Daves. With Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine, Rod Steiger
US 1956, 35mm, color, 100 min



ROBERT WISE *BLOOD ON THE MOON*

THE GUNFIGHTER

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 16 AT 5PM

The Gunfighter, spare and taut in its shooting style, bears witness to the great Westerns of the silent era. Uninflected by music, the terse and sparse dialogue reminds viewers of Bresson or Hitchcock’s *The Wrong Man*. It suffices to follow the tight pans trailing people moving about in everyday life, and to heed the silence and spacing of the exchanges between Marshal Mark Strett (Millard Mitchell) and Jimmy Ringo (Gregory Peck). If *Stagecoach* is the “classic” of American cinema of the pre-war era, the stylistic virtue of King’s film defines the post-war cinema of the 1950s. Inviting comparison too, with his *Jesse James* (1940) it anticipates the style of the oft-overlooked *Braavados* (1958).

Directed by Henry King. With Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, Millard Mitchell
US 1950, 35mm, b/w, 84 min

THE BIG COUNTRY

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 16 AT 7PM

The Big Country carries an adjective that ties the feature to hundreds of variants (*Big and the Bad*, *Big Jack*, *Big Land*, *Big Stampede*, *Big Sky*, *Big Trail*, *Big Trees...*), but few films offer such epic takes of sky and land by virtue of William Wyler’s long takes, in deep focus, that we recall from *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Here (in Lone, California) the shots that follow inhabitants about and out of their dwellings – a great house under the sky, a remote canyon valley – we feel an astonishing pleasure of agoraphilia. In a film that has Gregory Peck – then the refugee of *Moby Dick* – and Burl Ives bringing social awareness to what was then, before Sergio Leone, the “surwestern.”

Directed by William Wyler. With Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker
US 1958, 35mm, color, 166 min

RIDE LONESOME

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21 AT 7PM

As he had in *Seven Men from Now*, Budd Boetticher has leather-faced Randolph Scott cope with a traumatic past through the ruse of revenge. The equal of the horses they ride (one of the director’s signature traits), the characters travel across a dramatic landscape (near Lone Pine), defining it scenographically, ultimately causing it to become claustrophobically familiar. Dissimulation of the storyline bleeds into landscapes that are magnificently – and tautologically – what they are.

Directed by Budd Boetticher. With Randolph Scott, Karen Steele, Pernell Roberts
US 1959, 35mm, color, 74 min



ANDRÉ DE TOTH *DAY OF THE OUTLAW*

BLOOD ON THE MOON

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22 AT 9PM

Robert Wise's *Blood on the Moon*, notes Melvin Carter, is "a Western for adults" predating Anthony Mann's masterpieces, *Devil's Doorway* (1950) and *Winchester '73* (1967), and his subsequent films built around charmingly evil personages. As he was in *Pursued*, Robert Mitchum as Jim Garry is in a welter of conflict in which deceivers become caught in the webbing of their desires.

Directed by Robert Wise. With Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Preston
US 1948, 35mm, b/w, 88 min

GUNMAN'S WALK

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 28 AT 9PM

Gunman's Walk will unfortunately never be seen in a double – or better, a triple – bill with *Rebel without a Cause* or *Saddle the Wind*. A film that plays out oedipal scenarios as well as any in the canon, it portrays confrontation with unparalleled Freudian resonance. Director Phil Karlson makes two generations collide, father and widower Lee Hackett (Van Heflin – think of *The Prowler*) at odds with his blue-eyed boy Ed (Tab Hunter), rival of his good brother Davy (James Darren) for love-object Cleo Chouard (Kathryn Grant). An unparalleled period piece that defines what then was the classic virtue of the adult Western.

Directed by Phil Karlson. With Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Kathryn Grant
US 1958, 35mm, color, 97 min

SEVEN MEN FROM NOW

SATURDAY MARCH 1 AT 9:30PM

Seven Men from Now, noted André Bazin when he saw it for the first time, turned a "B" film into a crystal gem. Few Westerns share the same simplicity or economy; fewer meld the rocky and arid landscape with the obdurate character of the players among whom count horses that resemble the choir of a Sophoclean tragedy. A study of revenge, it tests the mettle of the inherited genre through clichés that become evidence of their own force: a treacherous villain wearing a green scarf, a henchman who wears suspenders and speaks with a stare, a woman whose desires are divided, a strongbox isolated on the rocky outcropping of a desert, and the hero taking shelter during a downpour in a cranny on a desert plain, drinking a cup of coffee and saying (as he does everywhere), "much obliged" before killing his frightened hosts.

Directed by Budd Boetticher. With Randolph Scott, Gail Russell, Lee Marvin
US 1956, 35mm, color, 78 min

TERROR IN A TEXAS TOWN

SUNDAY MARCH 2 AT 5PM

Terror in a Texas Town, in the literal sense, is a throwback to the classical Western of the silent era. Joseph Lewis, another overlooked director whom auteurist cinephiles have resurrected, master of the B-genre (best known for *Gun Crazy*), engineers this low-budget feature (the production cost \$80,000) in black-and-white, all the while carrying undercurrents of the impact of Hollywood's blacklisting. Where there is oil there will be blood: the duel at the end of the film converts the commonplace of confrontation in the street into a peerless cinematic event worthy of Herman Melville.

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. With Sterling Hayden, Sebastian Cabot, Carol Kelly
US 1958, 35mm, b/w, 80 min

THE TALL T

FRIDAY MARCH 7 AT 7:15PM

The Tall T may be the most unsettling of Budd Boetticher's Westerns. We wonder what we are looking at when we see that thugs have summarily dumped the bodies of the old man and the child they have murdered into an arid well; when we watch with disgust how the gang, under the aegis of Frank Usher – played by Richard Boone, then known as heroic "Paladin" in the TV series *Have Gun Will Travel* – lusts after out-of-place heiress Doretta Mims (Maureen Sullivan); and then behold prisoner Pat Brennan (Randolph Scott) contemplating destiny as he dresses the bloody flesh of a quartered deer. The sheer contrast of sequences in the dark of a cave – where desire throttles – and the light of day on a mesa – where sadism reigns – makes this short film a masterpiece

Directed by Budd Boetticher. With Randolph Scott, Richard Boone, Maureen O'Sullivan
US 1957, 35mm, color, 78 min

DUEL IN THE SUN

FRIDAY MARCH 7 AT 9PM

King Vidor's *Duel in the Sun*, another epic feature of political valence – many we know with Gregory Peck, including *Yellow Sky*, *Only the Valiant*, *The Gunfighter*, *The Big Country*, *The Stalking Moon* – can be read as "two in the one": setting men good and bad upon a half-breed beauty; conflating drives of hate and desire within another father of oedipal character; bringing forward the bestiality of rape prior to Lang's *Rancho Notorious*. As Jean-Luc Godard makes clear through allusion in *Histoire(s) du cinéma* the brutally erotic ending of 1946 becomes a paradigm for many films to come.

Directed by King Vidor. With Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotton, Gregory Peck
US 1947, 35mm, color, 136 min

I SHOT JESSE JAMES

SATURDAY MARCH 8 AT 9PM

Sam Fuller's first film belongs to an ensemble that includes Henry King (*Jesse James*, 1940), Fritz Lang (*The Return of Frank James*, 1941), and Nicholas Ray (*The True Story of Jesse James*, 1954). Countering the myth of a six-gun Robin Hood, closer to the grain of *Shock Corridor*, Fuller treats the robber as a psychopath, driven to die. Varying on the iterations of the "picture-hanging sequence" the director suggests that James almost invites his own demise. Fuller's claim to make films of intense visual emotion finds its early expression in this masterwork.

Directed by Samuel Fuller. With Preston Foster, Barbara Britton, John Ireland
US 1949, 35mm, color, 81 min

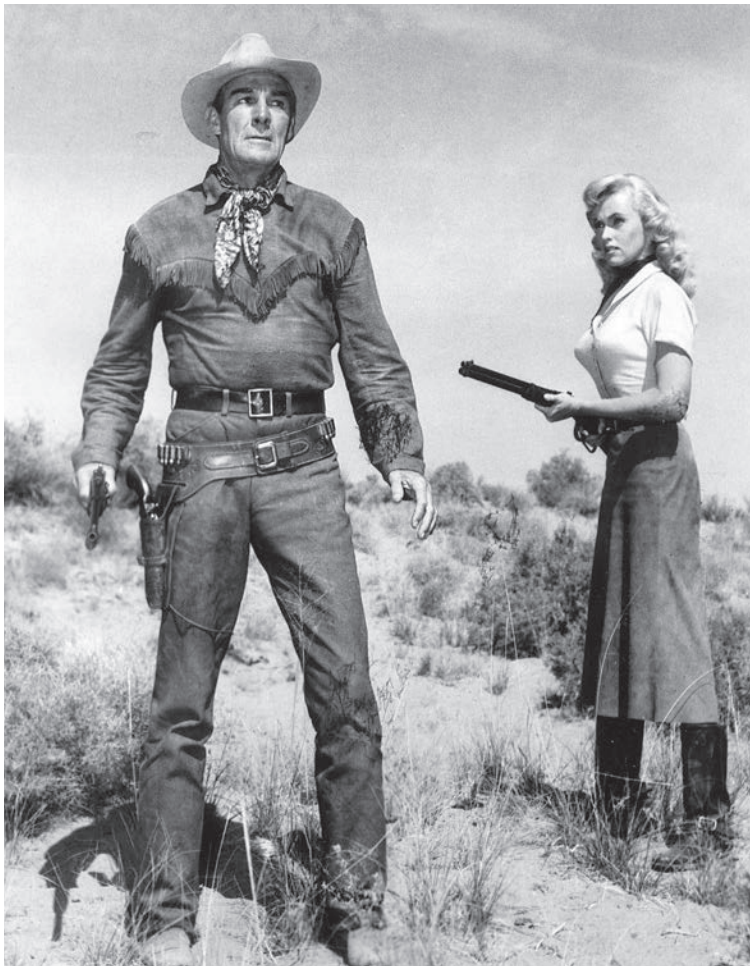
THE VIOLENT MEN

SUNDAY MARCH 9 AT 5PM

The Violent Men rises to the top of director Rudolph Maté's Westerns of the 1950s, for this film folds conjugal violence in the oneiric interior of a ranch with that of an implacable horizon of the high Sierra beyond the familiar lands about Lone Pine. Crippled Lew Wilkison (Edward G. Robinson), hardly little Caesar, is nearly immolated at the hands of his evil spouse Martha (Barbara Stanwyck),



DELMER DAVES *THE HANGING TREE*



BUDD BOETTICHER *RIDE LONESOME*

whose movement through the area of the ranch converts the Western into a reflection on the nature of the space it inherits and reinvents.

Directed by Rudolph Maté. With Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson
US 1955, 35mm, color, 96 min

DAY OF THE OUTLAW

MONDAY MARCH 17 AT 7PM

Day of the Outlaw remains one of the most unforgiving films of under-acclaimed Hungarian director André De Toth – like Raoul Walsh, one-eyed and magnificently drawn to scenarios of violence and treachery. After *Ramrod* (1947), *Man in the Saddle* (1951), *Last of the Comanches* (1952) and a host of other features, he caps his career with a taut and frigid drama of desperate hours spent in an isolated town on the plains below Oregon's Mount Bachelor. Misguided Blaise Starrett (Robert Ryan) finds himself at odds with obese patriarch Jack Bruhn (Burl Ives), whose gang of vicious thugs – including the horrendous Tex (Jack Lambert, who played "Dum-Dum" in *The Killers*) – hold the town hostage.

Directed by André DeToth. With Robert Ryan, Burl Ives, Tina Louise
US 1959, 35mm, b/w, 91 min

WOMAN THEY ALMOST LYNCHED

SATURDAY MARCH 22 AT 9PM

Woman They Almost Lynched stands strong among the 400 films under the direction of Allan Dwan from 1915 to 1961. A film almost forgotten, in the noir shadow of *Johnny Guitar*, of Robert Siodmak's *The Dark Mirror*, or perhaps the paired females in *High Sierra* (Joan Leslie and Ida Lupino) or *Colorado Territory* (Dorothy Malone and Virginia Mayo), Dwan's feature ramps up spite and violence through the brilliant work of the late and lamented Audrey Totter.

Directed by Allan Dwan. With John Lund, Brian Donlevy, Audrey Totter
US 1953, 35mm, color, 90 min

A VISIT FROM TIMOLEON WILKINS

FEBRUARY 17

Working in the tradition of 16mm experimental cinema for the past 25 years, Timoleon Wilkins draws unashamedly from the lyrical and diaristic tendencies of the predecessors who have also been his teachers (whether literally or figuratively) – particularly Brakhage, Baillie and Dorsky – and remains fiercely loyal to the materials of "amateur" filmmaking: the Bolex, reversal film, silent or non-sync sound. Finding beauty in unexpected places, his work masterfully blends the sublime and the everyday, wherein subtle observation and somber understatement exist side by side with explosions of intense color and emotion, tracing an itinerary from clear-eyed perception to melancholy to a kind of exaltation. Wilkins finds special inspiration in the landscape of the West, on either side of the US/Mexico border, and his work occasionally reveals a debt to the road movie. Above all, these films signal an artist surveying the history and the potential of personal cinema at a time when that tradition faces the challenge of the digital.

The HFA is pleased to welcome Timoleon Wilkins with a retrospective of his exquisite films. – DP

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
TIMOLEON WILKINS IN PERSON
MONDAY FEBRUARY 17 AT 7PM

LAKE OF THE SPIRITS
US 1998, 16mm, color, 7 min

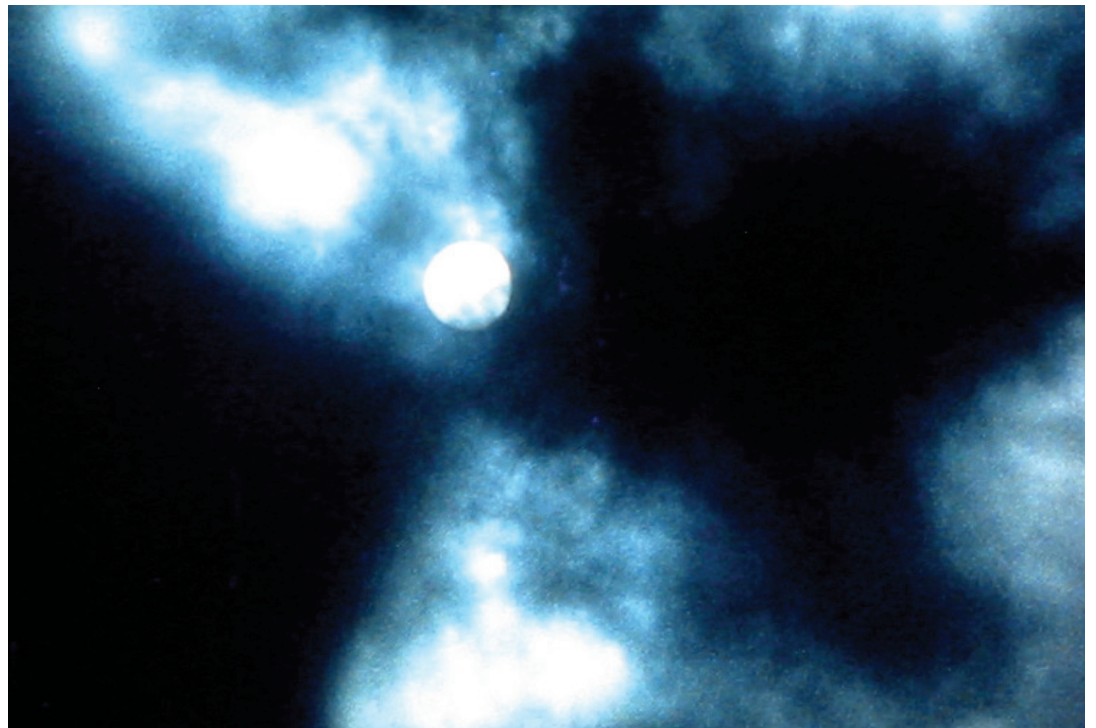
LOS CAUDALES
US 2005, 16mm, b/w, silent, 17 min

THE CROSSING
US 2008, 16mm, color, silent, 7 min

QUARTET (IN-CAMERA)
US 2009, 16mm, color, silent, 14 min

DRIFTER
US 2010, 16mm color, silent, 25 min

All films by Timoleon Wilkins
TRT: 70 minutes



TIMOLEON WILKINS *DRIFTER*

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
05	06	07	08	09	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17 7PM STALKER P. 3	18 7PM THE DEAD P. 4 9:30PM IVAN'S CHILDHOOD P. 3
19 5PM THE MACKINTOSH MAN P. 5 7PM SOLARIS P. 3	20 7PM NOSTALGHIA P. 3	21	22	23	24 7PM WISE BLOOD P. 5 9:30PM MIRROR P. 3	25 7PM ANDREI RUBLEV P. 3
26 4:30PM THE KREMLIN LETTER P. 5 7PM STALKER P. 3	27 7PM THE SACRIFICE P. 4	28	29	30	31 7PM TIME HAS COME P. 7 9PM THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN P. 5	



ANDREI TARKOVSKY *NOSTALGHIA* (P. 3)



JOHN HUSTON *FAT CITY* (P. 6)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			VISUAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES DEPT SCREENINGS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC			01 7PM THE KING OF ESCAPE P. 7 9PM MIRROR P. 3
02 4:30PM THE STEAMROLLER AND THE VIOLIN P. 4 VOYAGE IN TIME P. 4 7PM NO REST FOR THE BRAVE P. 7 ALAIN GUIRAUDIE IN PERSON	03 7PM STRANGER BY THE LAKE P. 7 ALAIN GUIRAUDIE IN PERSON	04	05 7PM LUMIÈRE SHORTS (1895) A TRIP TO THE MOON (1902)	06	07 7:15PM HEROES NEVER DIE P. 7 SUNSHINE FOR THE SCOUNDRELS P. 7 9PM UNDER THE VOLCANO P. 5	08 7PM THE INEVITABLE STRENGTH OF THINGS P. 7 THAT OLD DREAM THAT MOVES P. 7 9PM THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING P. 5
09 5PM A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH P. 5 7PM PRIZZI'S HONOR P. 5	10 7PM REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE P. 6	11	12	13	14 7PM RED RIVER P. 10 9:30PM THE HANGING TREE P. 10	15 7PM RUN OF THE ARROW P. 10 9PM JUBAL P. 10
16 5PM THE GUNFIGHTER P. 10 7PM THE BIG COUNTRY P. 10	17 7PM A VISIT FROM TIMOLEON WILKINS P. 12 TIMOLEON WILKINS IN PERSON	18	19 7PM BATTLESHIP POTEMPKIN (1925)	20	21 7PM RIDE LONESOME P. 10 9PM KIDS P. 16	22 7PM GUMMO P. 16 9PM BLOOD ON THE MOON P. 11
23 4:30PM BLOW-UP P. 18 7PM KEN PARK P. 16	24 7PM THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR P. 18 HERBIE HANCOCK IN PERSON	25	26	27 6PM LA COMMUNE (2000) FREE VES DEPT SCREENING	28 7PM JULIEN DONKEY-BOY P. 16 9PM GUNMAN'S WALK P. 11	

Harvard Film Archive

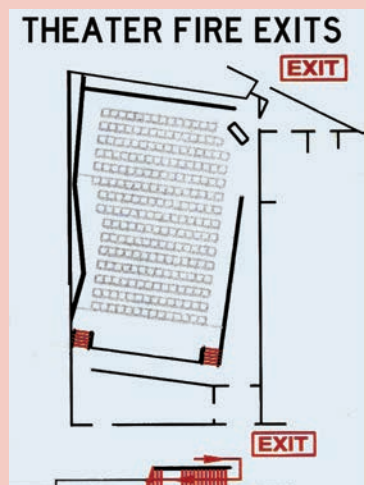
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There is limited metered parking in Harvard Square, which is free after 8pm. Parking is also available at several public lots in Harvard Square.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			VISUAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES DEPT SCREENINGS FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC			01 7PM MISTER LONELY P. 16 9:30PM SEVEN MEN FROM NOW P. 11
02 5PM TERROR IN A TEXAS TOWN P. 11 7PM SPRING BREAKERS P. 17 HARMONY KORINE IN PERSON	03 7PM TRASH HUMPER P. 17 HARMONY KORINE IN PERSON	04	05	06	07 7:15PM THE TALL T P. 11 9PM DUEL IN THE SUN P. 11	08 7PM THE LAST ANGEL OF HISTORY P. 19 MEMORY ROOM 451 P. 19 9PM I SHOT JESSE JAMES P. 11
09 5PM THE VIOLENT MEN P. 11 7PM PERIPETEIA P. 19 HANDSWORTH SONGS P. 19 JOHN AKOMFRAH AND LINA GOPAUL IN PERSON	10 7PM THE STUART HALL PROJECT P. 20 JOHN AKOMFRAH AND LINA GOPAUL IN PERSON	11	12 7PM L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE (1927) MESHERS OF THE AFTERNOON (1943)	13	14 7PM THE SPECIALIST P. 20 EYAL SIVAN IN PERSON	15 7PM JAFFA, THE ORANGE'S CLOCKWORK P. 21 EYAL SIVAN IN PERSON
16 4PM ROUTE 181 P. 21	17 7PM DAY OF THE OUTLAW P. 12	18	19	20	21 7:15PM CAT PEOPLE P. 22 9PM THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE P. 22	22 7:15PM I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE P. 22 9PM WOMAN THEY ALMOST LYNCHED P. 12
23 5PM MADEMOISELLE FIFI P. 22 7PM A SPELL TO WARD OFF THE DARKNESS P. 24 BEN RUSSELL IN PERSON	24 7PM THE BODY SNATCHER P. 22	25	26	27	28 7:15PM THE GHOST SHIP P. 22 9PM ISLE OF THE DEAD P. 23	29 7:15PM THE SEVENTH VICTIM P. 23 9PM YOUTH RUNS WILD P. 23
30 5PM BEDLAM P. 23 7PM THE LEOPARD MAN P. 23	31 7PM FAT CITY P. 6 LEONARD GARDNER IN PERSON					

The Archive is extremely grateful to June Yip, AB '85, and David Wong, AB '85, for their generous support of the Harvard Film Archive's ongoing visiting filmmaker program. Thanks to their generosity the Archive is able to continue inviting filmmakers, artists and scholars to present their work at the HFA and interact with the Harvard film community.

TIMOLEON WILKINS *LOS CAUDALES* (P. 12)

HARMONY & ANARCHY

FEBRUARY 21 – MARCH 3

“Everybody’s youth is a dream, a form of chemical madness. How pleasant then to be insane!” – F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz, and Other Stories*

Harmony Korine (b. 1973) counts among the few authentic artists working within American cinema today. Admired by Werner Herzog, who has named Korine a “warrior of cinema” and acted in two of his films, Korine has remained true to the promise of his acclaimed and controversial 1997 debut *Gummo*, a visually dazzling and richly archaic film poem about untamed, misfit youth made with a cast of principally non-actors and following an oneiric and associational collage structure. Channeling the creative spirit and visionary film language of Jean Vigo, Béla Tarr and Leos Carax, *Gummo* also announced Korine’s abiding preoccupation with radically dysfunctional families which has remained a major theme of his work and has made him, arguably, a secret heir of sorts to Nicholas Ray. In subsequent work such as *julien donkey-boy* and *Mister Lonely*, Korine has continued to define a brand of high art film quite unlike any other, alternately injected with melancholy and whimsy and pervaded throughout by a trance inducing, indeed at times almost hallucinatory, quality. A true independent in an age when “indie” filmmaking has become a deliberately false label and cover for formulaic mainstream pabulum, Korine’s films offer a sustained critique of the artistic vacuity effecting so much of contemporary American cinema. With his latest film, *Spring Breakers*, Korine offers a full-on siege of Hollywood with a delirious, ribald and ultra-violent teensploitation picture that upturns and explodes every rule of the genre, its extreme characters cartoon versions of sexual nymphs and villains that horrifically and hilariously embody the worst Bacchanalian and narcissistic tendencies in American youth and pop culture today.

We are thrilled that Harmony Korine will accompany his films on two evenings at the HFA to discuss his provocative work. – HG



HARMONY KORINE *SPRING BREAKERS*

KIDS

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21 AT 9PM

Korine was a precocious eighteen-year-old when he wrote the taut and unflinching screenplay for Larry Clark’s still controversial semi-documentary about destructive New York City youth driven by unfettered hedonism and a quenchless thirst for drugs, skateboarding and spontaneous sex. Together Korine and Clark created a dark, alarming and deeply compelling cautionary tale about youth whose moral compass has gone fatally awry, drifting in a narcissistic and lonely fog, naïve to the world around them, and dangerously glib about the grave dangers of love in the age of AIDS.

Directed by Larry Clark. With Leo Fitzpatrick, Justin Pierce, Chloe Sevigny
US 1995, 35mm, color, 91 min

GUMMO

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22 AT 7PM

In his debut feature, Korine populates a dystopic heartland with amateur actors and shoots them in a gritty cinéma vérité style that gives the work the feel of a documentary, although it is actually scripted and acted. *Gummo* is set in the real-life, deadbeat town of Xenia, Ohio, portrayed by Korine as a roach-infested, garbage-strewn hellhole, once ravaged by a tornado and now left with only its human wreckage intact. Devoid of a stated

moral position and totally neutral in its depiction of the degradations inflicted on its subjects, *Gummo* chronicles the ways in which the local teens manage to inure themselves to violence, sexual perversion, and responsibility for their actions.

Directed by Harmony Korine. With Jacob Reynolds, Nick Sutton, Jacob Sewell
US 1997, 35mm, color, 95 min

KEN PARK

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 23 AT 7PM

Seven years after *Kids*, Korine joined forces once more with Larry Clark, channeling his vision of teenage angst and the impossible gulf between the adolescence and adulthood into an even more controversial screenplay, this time centered around the enigmatic on-camera suicide of the moody titular skater and the disaffected lives of his close friends. Kinetically intercutting the downward spiraling struggles of four ill-fated teenagers, Clark’s film delivers both an elegy of lost youth and an extreme, deliberately caricatured critique of abusive parents cruelly releasing their frustrations and anger upon their unwitting kin. Still unreleased in the US and banned in Australia, *Ken Park* hovers as a missing link, and fascinating endnote, in Clark and Korine’s careers.

Directed by Larry Clark and Edward Lachman. With Adam Chubbuck, James Bullard, Seth Gray
US/Netherlands/France 2002, 35mm, color, 96 min

JULIEN DONKEY-BOY

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 28 AT 7PM

Harmony Korine’s second feature presents a string of grotesqueries set in Queens, New York, where a schizophrenic (Bremner, of *Trainspotting* fame) lives with his pregnant sister (Sevigny), his cough syrup-chugging father (Herzog), his athlete brother, and his grandmother. One of the first works to fully exploit the hallucinatory, impressionistic possibilities of digital video, *julien donkey-boy* deploys a whole new palette of electric colors as Korine traces – sometimes comically, sometimes tragically, and always outrageously – his hero’s efforts to find a place for himself in an increasingly absurd, violent world.

Directed by Harmony Korine. With Ewen Bremner, Brian Fisk, Chloe Sevigny
US 1999, 35mm, color, 100 min

MISTER LONELY

SATURDAY MARCH 1 AT 7PM

After not directing for several years, Korine’s career took an unexpected turn with his whimsical, fantastical comeback film, a floating dream narrative about family and utopian fantasy co-written with his brother Avi. *Mister Lonely* is loosely structured as a diptych whose first half focuses on a zealous priest – played no less by Werner Herzog – airdropping supplies to nuns, some with miraculous powers, deep in a remote South American jungle. The film’s second half offers a lush, unresolved fable about a community of celebrity doppelgangers living in the Scottish Highlands and played by an unusual all-star cast including Diego Luna, Samantha Morton, James Fox and Leos Carax favorite Denis Lavant. Largely misunder-



LARRY CLARK *KEN PARK*



HARMONY KORINE *GUMMO*

stood and dismissed by critics, *Mister Lonely* reveals a different gentler side of Korine, showcasing his full talents as a visual stylist through its haunting and painterly tableaux imagery.

Directed by Harmony Korine. With Diego Luna, Samantha Morton, Denis Lavant
UK/France/US 2008, 35mm, color, 112 min

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
HARMONY KORINE IN PERSON

SPRING BREAKERS

SUNDAY MARCH 2 AT 7PM

Korine's latest film is a subversive and exhilarating ride through the adjacent Florida underworlds of spring break saturnalias and drug smuggling gangsters, starring James Franco as Alien, a suave rapper bandit intent on corrupting four college women, runaways with a growing attraction to dangerous thrills. Poised as a teensploita-

tion film, *Spring Breakers* tears to shreds the mainstream mantle of its "girls gone wild" theme by pushing to a bold extreme the film's sex and violence, brazenly highlighting its raciest moments in the bright neon of the girls' scanty bikinis and the flash of Franco's metal-clad teeth. The vertiginous cinematography by Gaspar Noé's regular DP, Benoît Debie, only accelerates the ambiguously spiraling course of the morally liberated *Spring Breakers* as they blaze a trail of gleeful destruction and set ablaze the candy colored fantasy kingdom constructed by Korine.

Directed by Harmony Korine. With James Franco, Selena Gomez, Vanessa Hudgens
US 2013, digital video, color, 94 min

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
HARMONY KORINE IN PERSON

TRASH HUMPERS

MONDAY MARCH 3 AT 7PM

A (not so) secret sequel to *Gummo*, Korine's fourth feature returned once more to the Nashville hometown that

was the indelible setting of his debut film, offering now a garish, nocturnal vision not of feral, feverish youth but of gothic geriatrics, rubber masked, hunch-backed caricatures of decrepitude lurking in alleys and under bridges to enact ritualistic, almost folkloric, decapitations of dolls and sexual release on the lumpy bags of garbage that are their objects of ecstatic fascination. Shot on ultra low-res video and gleefully rejecting any pretense at narrative structure, *Trash Humpers* drives a sharpened rusty spur into the flank of glib YouTube narcissism, offering its shimmering video imagery of degenerate "homeless movies" as an anecdote to facile DIY cinema. Ralph Eugene Meatyard's haunting photographic poems and William Eggleston's cult video, *Stranded in Canton*, haunt Korine's most ambitious and still misunderstood anti-cinema manifesto.

Directed by Harmony Korine. With Rachel Korine, Brian Kotzur, Travis Nicholson
UK/US 2010, 35mm, color, 78 min



LARRY CLARK *KIDS*

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SOUNDTRACK BY HERBIE HANCOCK

FEBRUARY 23 - FEBRUARY 24

It would be difficult to measure the prodigious influence and achievements of jazz legend and 2014 Norton Lecturer Herbie Hancock (b. 1940). Since first rising to prominence as a pivotal figure of the post-bop jazz movement of the 1960s, most famously through his remarkable presence in Miles Davis' incredible Second Quartet, Hancock has continued to break new boundaries, ever expanding his range as a pianist, keyboardist and composer by boldly embracing new instruments and approaches to composition and improvisation. Deeply grounded in a profound knowledge of the history of jazz and classical music, Hancock has remained open and curious about emerging trends in funk, blues, rock and popular music. A lesser known chapter in Hancock's vast and still growing oeuvre is formed by his work beginning in the 1960s as a composer of innovative and important jazz scores for motion pictures. In conjunction with Hancock's greatly anticipated Norton Lectures, the Harvard Film Archive is pleased to present two major showcases for Hancock's immeasurable talent as a film composer: *Blow-Up* and *The Spook Who Sat by the Door*. We are thrilled to welcome Herbie Hancock on February 24 for a conversation about jazz and cinema and his extraordinary career. – HG

The 2014 Norton Lecturer at Harvard, Herbie Hancock will deliver a series of six lectures entitled "The Ethics of Jazz." For more information, visit <http://mahindrahumanities.fas.harvard.edu/content/norton-lectures>

This program is co-presented with the Mahindra Humanities Center, Harvard. Special thanks: Homi Bhaba, Steven Biel, Balraj Gill – MHC; Anne McIlleron, Natalie Dembo.



MICHAELANGELO ANTONIONI *BLOW-UP*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
HERBIE HANCOCK IN PERSON

THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR

MONDAY FEBRUARY 24 AT 7PM

Beginning with its provocative title, *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* is perhaps the most powerfully political look at US race relations in the early 1970s to have received a theatrical release. Directed by Ivan Dixon, the film tells a credible tale of a Black CIA agent who rebels against his role as a racial token and uses his training in counter-revolutionary tactics to organize a guerrilla group in Chicago to fight racism. The story proved so controversial that United Artists was content to let *The Spook Who Sat by the Door* sink out of sight, although it did attract an avid following among scholars and fans of African-American cinema, as did the soundtrack by Herbie Hancock. Hancock's use of funk and Afrofuturism provide a powerful voice for Black Pride in the film, which has lately been rediscovered to take its place alongside the canon of the 1970s American New Cinema.

Directed by Ivan Dixon. With Lawrence Cook, Paula Kelly, Janet League
US 1973, 35mm, color, 102 min



HERBIE HANCOCK

© DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

BLOW-UP

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 23 AT 4:30PM

Michelangelo Antonioni's once controversial, now classic, art thriller defined a pinnacle of his career as a master of ambiguous architectural, emotional and narrative space. His first film shot outside of Italy, *Blow-Up* made extraordinary use of swinging Sixties' London as the setting for his gently satiric but ultimately haunting meditation on the ineluctability of the moving, and still, image. Herbie Hancock's wonderful score intertwined jazz, funk and rock to bring a complex richness and resonance to the film's unexpected shifts of tone and the mesmerizing suspension of meaning so quintessential to Antonioni's greatest films.

Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings, Sarah Miles
UK/Italy/US 1966, 35mm, color, 111 min



IVAN DIXON *THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR*

JOHN AKOMFRAH, A POET IN THE ARCHIVES

MARCH 7 - MARCH 10

John Akomfrah premiered his debut film, *Handsworth Songs* (1986), at a time of great ferment in British cinema, as it confronted a political landscape of anti-racist struggle, the beginnings of the AIDS crisis and the Thatcherite attack on organized labor. At the same time as Isaac Julien, Sally Potter and Hanif Kureishi were beginning their careers, Akomfrah helped form the Black Audio Film Collective, brought to international prominence by the success of *Handsworth Songs*.

Over the subsequent decades, Akomfrah has continued to combine experimental and political cinema while creating a body of work that covers nearly every genre of the moving image imaginable: documentary, experimental, fiction, essay film, video art, installation, TV series and all their various combinations and permutations. What binds this work together is an attention to the history of Black culture in the Anglophone world over the past few centuries, with a special attention to the recent histories of modernity and postmodernity.

Born in Ghana in 1957 and educated in England from a young age, Akomfrah has become a cinematic counterpart to such commentators of and contributors to the culture of the Black diaspora as Stuart Hall, Paul Gilroy, Greg Tate and Henry Louis Gates. In doing so, he has continued to mine the audiovisual archive of the 20th century, recontextualizing these images not only by selecting and juxtaposing them but also through the addition of eloquent and allusive text. In *Memory Room 451* (1997), Akomfrah speaks of memories become dreams and vice versa. In similar fashion, his films use found footage to create cinematic poetry and then use this poetry to tell history afresh.

Akomfrah's method is both to mark the achievements of leading cultural and political figures while capturing fragments of ordinary Black lives that would otherwise be lost to the winds of history. It is from this interweaving that his work achieves its sense of urgency and its complex emotional impact.

The HFA welcomes Mr. Akomfrah and his partner and producer, Lina Gopaul to the HFA for two enlightening evenings of films and conversation. – DP

Special thanks: Renee Green – MIT

THE LAST ANGEL OF HISTORY

SATURDAY MARCH 8 AT 7PM

A truly masterful film essay about Black aesthetics that traces the deployments of science fiction within pan-African culture. Akomfrah begins by comparing and contrasting three musicians of eccentric genius – Sun Ra, George Clinton and Lee Scratch Perry – and their use of the images of the spaceship and the alien, and then moves on to Black science fiction writers Octavia Butler and Samuel Delany. Suggesting that the spaceship and the alien have obvious resonances with the diasporic condition of exile and displacement, Akomfrah ultimately widens his net to include everything from Walter Benjamin to DJ Spooky while tracing an itinerary through Black music and science fiction on the way to a revealing look at modernity as it enters the digital age.

Directed by John Akomfrah
UK 1995, digital video, color, 45 min

FOLLOWED BY

MEMORY ROOM 451

The subject matter of *Memory Room 451* is the cultural and historical significance of 20th-century hairstyles – the Afro, the conk, dreadlocks – in Black communities on both sides of the Atlantic. Akomfrah has disguised this exploration as a science fiction story – in the manner of the groundbreaking writers profiled in *The Last Angel of History* – while providing a bravura display of the aesthetics of video art in the 1990s. The tale of visitors from the future who gather dreams from unwitting subjects in order to construct a history of the Black diaspora both defamiliarizes Akomfrah's ongoing project and points to the danger that extracting history from memory can be a kind of expropriation.

Directed by John Akomfrah
UK 1996, digital video, b/w and color, 25 min



JOHN AKOMFRAH *MEMORY ROOM 451*



JOHN AKOMFRAH *HANDSWORTH SONGS*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

JOHN AKOMFRAH AND LINA GOPAUL IN PERSON

HANDSWORTH SONGS

SUNDAY MARCH 9 AT 7PM

The Handsworth area of Birmingham has historically been a gritty working-class neighborhood, housing workers for nearby factories and foundries. By the 1980s, it was home to large populations of Caribbean and Sikh immigrants, and was the site of rioting in 1981 and 1985. In Akomfrah's achingly poetic first film, he both documents the riots and their immediate aftermath but also recalls the everyday lives of longtime residents. How did the bright hopes of those who arrived in the 1950s give way to the feelings of rage or hopelessness expressed in the rioting? In the years since the film was made, Handsworth has been the site of further rioting.

Directed by John Akomfrah
UK 1986, 16mm, b/w and color, 61 min

WITH

PERIPETEIA

Akomfrah imagines the lives of the African models for two Albrecht Dürer drawings by presenting a man and a woman wandering in desolate landscapes marked by a foreboding, chilly beauty.

Directed by John Akomfrah. With Monique Cunningham, Trevor Mathison
UK 2012, digital video, color, 18 min

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
JOHN AKOMFRAH AND LINA GOPAUL IN PERSON

THE STUART HALL PROJECT

MONDAY MARCH 10 AT 7PM

Who better to make a film on the life and ideas of one of the founders of Cultural Studies than a fellow Black Briton who has been both a student of and an important contributor to that field of intellectual practice? Stuart Hall (b. 1932) is a foundational figure, a respected intellectual and, in Britain, a well-known public figure. Akomfrah's ambitious documentary is at once a history of the beginnings of cultural studies and a biographical portrait, very much in the filmmaker's patented vein of weaving together the personal and the sociopolitical. One of the goals of cultural studies is to trace the degree to which subjectivity is constructed out of the language and images of the mass media as well as those of various subcultures. And so Akomfrah has cleverly fashioned his portrait entirely from archival footage of Mr. Hall and his times, accompanied by the evocative use of the music of Miles Davis.

Directed by John Akomfrah
UK 2013, digital video, b/w and color, 103 min



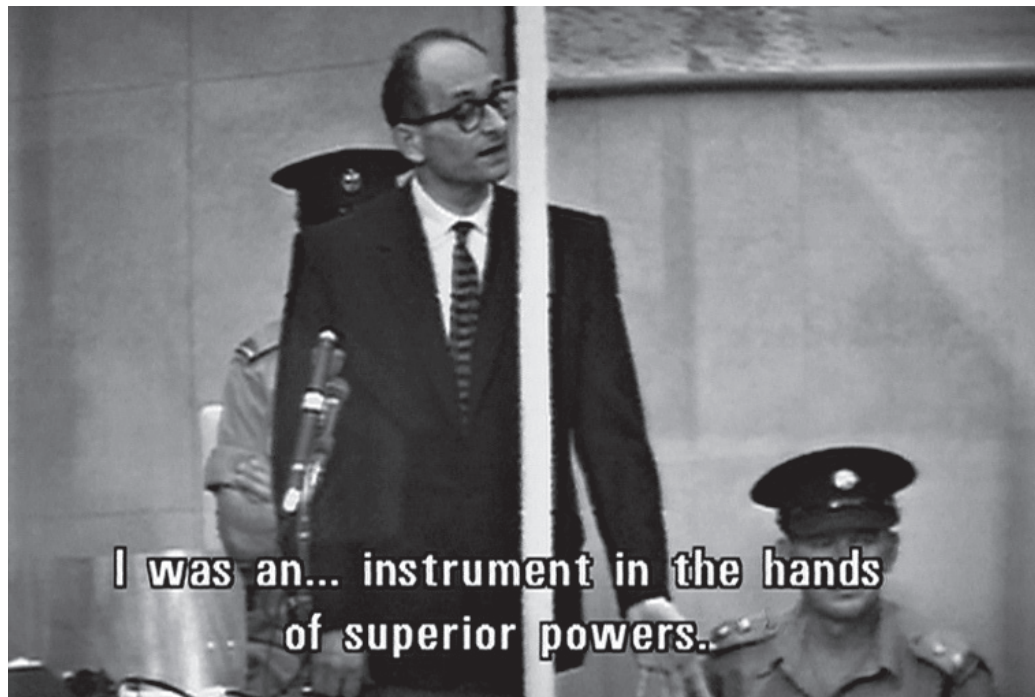
JOHN AKOMFRAH *THE STUART HALL PROJECT*

THE CLOCKWORK OF POWER – THREE FILMS BY EYAL SIVAN

MARCH 14 – MARCH 16

Documentarian Eyal Sivan is a political filmmaker with a keen and passionately critical eye for the workings of power on many levels, whether witnessed directly or discerned through the fashioning of history and ideology through the use of images. Born in Israel in 1964, he began his career as a photographer in Tel Aviv before moving to Paris in 1985 and taking up filmmaking; to date, he has made fifteen films and divides his time between Europe and Israel. Although Sivan's films critical of Israeli expansionism and treatment of the Palestinians have attracted a great deal of attention and controversy, this is only one facet of his work, albeit a central one. Films such as *Akabat Jaber – Passing Through* (1987), the portrait of a Palestinian refugee camp, and *Itsembatsemba* (1996), about the Rwandan genocide, are powerful examples of the observational documentary. Sivan returned to this side of his filmmaking with *Route 181*, included in our program. But Sivan is also a skillful practitioner in the genre of the essay film constructed from archival footage. We will be showing two excellent examples: *The Specialist* and the recent *Jaffa, The Orange's Clockwork*. – DP

Special thanks: Peter Hanly – Boston College



EYAL SIVAN *THE SPECIALIST*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

EYAL SIVAN IN PERSON

THE SPECIALIST

FRIDAY MARCH 14 AT 7PM

The historical 1961 trial of Nazi official Adolf Eichmann in Jerusalem was filmed by American filmmaker Leo Hurwitz's television crew. The riveting footage, comprising some 350 hours, has been little seen since its original broadcast in Israel and the US. Sivan has carefully selected and edited two hours of this footage, subtly manipulating images and adding sound to craft an essay film inspired by Hannah Arendt's groundbreaking book about the trial, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. Sivan's version points out the difference between the prosecution's description of Eichmann as a blood-thirsty murderer and the Eichmann in the courtroom, who was something perhaps even more frightening: a seemingly ordinary bureaucrat who spent years carrying out genocide.

Directed by Eyal Sivan
France/Israel 1999, 35mm, b/w, 129 min. Hebrew and German with English subtitles

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

EYAL SIVAN IN PERSON

JAFFA, THE ORANGE'S CLOCKWORK

SATURDAY MARCH 15 AT 7PM

For more than a century, the "Jaffa orange" was one of the leading exports, first from Palestine, then from Israel. An examination of the records of the orange's production and marketing quickly reveals this history to be one of competing narratives – that of the fruitful Orient, on the one hand, and that of Palestine as a savage desert before the establishing of the state of Israel. Sivan's examination of these ideological narratives becomes a look back at Jewish and Arab coexistence in Palestine before 1948, cleverly constructed out of the archive of moving and still images dating back to the dawn of photography.

Directed by Eyal Sivan

Israel/France 2009, digital video, color, 89 min. Arabic, English, French and Hebrew with English subtitles



EYAL SIVAN JAFFA, THE ORANGE'S CLOCKWORK

ROUTE 181: FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNEY IN PALESTINE-ISRAEL

SUNDAY MARCH 16 AT 4PM

Route 181 is the epic record of a road trip undertaken in the summer of 2002 by two filmmakers, one Palestinian and one Israeli, along sections of what had been designated as the border between Israel and Palestine by U.N. Resolution 181 in 1947. This border never actually existed since Israel's victory in the warfare following the end of British control greatly expanded the new nation's territory. The path taken by the filmmakers, now a virtual and historical one, with no official designation, reveals at times a no-man's land, at others a space tense with occupying forces and their resisters. Tracing this route reveals the ways Israel has expanded since 1948 as well as the deepening and widening divide between the Arabs and the Jews who live in the contested territory. Above all, the film suggests, it is Israel's expansion that sustains and widens this rift.

Directed by Michel Khleifi and Eyal Sivan

France/Belgium/UK Germany, digital video, color, 270 min. Arabic and Hebrew with English subtitles

THE GLITTER OF PUTRESCENCE – VAL LEWTON AT RKO

MARCH 20 - MARCH 30



VAL LEWTON

A year after RKO released *Citizen Kane* (1941) to strong reviews but disappointing box office, the studio's new production chief adopted the credo "Entertainment, not genius" and hired Val Lewton (1904-1951) to produce a series of low-budget horror films for easy profit. RKO supplied Lewton with outlandish titles (he thought *I Walked with a Zombie* especially vexing) and instructions to keep budgets under \$150,000; beyond that he was free to indulge his taste for literary detail and refined craftsmanship. "Our formula is simple," Lewton told an interviewer. "A love story, three scenes of suggested horror and one of actual violence. Fade-out. It's all over in 70 minutes." The very immateriality of Lewton's "suggested horror" offers a kind of insight into its essentially interior quality: an unshakeable apprehension of death's hold on life colored by melancholy and morbidity – a state of mind akin to William James's "sick soul." Writing from the point of view of those so afflicted, James posed the question underlying all of Lewton's dreamlike productions: "If the natural world is so double-faced and unhomelike, what world, what thing is real?"

Lewton himself came from another world, emigrating from Russia as a young boy with his mother and sister. His aunt, the silent-screen diva Alla Nazimova, secured work for Lewton's mother as a story reader at M-G-M; both women later encouraged Lewton's writing and undoubtedly served as models for the many independent female characters found in his films. After years of working as a contract author – writing social realism, murder mysteries, even pornography – Lewton was hired as a story editor by David O. Selznick in 1934. The young man's solicitous nature made him a soft touch for the notoriously demanding producer, but Lewton's eight years with Selznick proved invaluable experience in the business of ushering story to screen. Following the runaway success of *Cat People*, Lewton's RKO debut, Selznick sent his protégé a congratulatory note that would set the tone for many subsequent appreciations: "I know no man in recent years who has made so much out of so little as a first picture."

Of course Lewton's legendary resourcefulness wouldn't be worth mentioning if the shadows weren't so voluptuous, the elliptical turns of plot so enticing. The contours of Lewton's house style owed much to his early collaborators, especially director Jacques Tourneur and cinematographer Nicholas Musuraca. From the very first picture, when a stalking panther lurks unseen in the shimmering reflections of a swimming pool, beauty and terror figure as two sides of the same coin. "That luminous water," a character murmurs in *I Walked with a Zombie*, "it takes its gleam from millions of tiny dead bodies, the glitter of putrescence." That the films themselves should be similarly entranced with this specter of death seems especially remarkable given their era. If RKO's meager budgets afforded Lewton a unique degree of creative control, perhaps it was the horror genre that provided him cover from the Office of War Information's program of patriotic optimism (it was Tourneur who observed that "During war, for some mysterious reason, people love to be frightened"). Film noir broached a related form of isolation, but the mood of quiescence was particular to Lewton.

Indeed, many of the films' most intensely lyrical passages seem to underscore a distinct lack of human agency – a heavy hook swinging uncontrollably on a ship, two men shuffling a corpse onto an empty subway train, the blood of an innocent girl seeping through her mother's front door. More often than not, Lewton's bit players and peripheral details seem more substantial than his curiously blank romantic leads. In the recesses of plot we find the indelible visions of despair that scholar Alexander Nemerov describes as Lewton's "icons of grief": the woman confronting Simone Simon in a Serbian restaurant in *Cat People*, the statuesque guardian of the voodoo ceremony in *I Walked with a Zombie*, the tubercular neighbor in *The Seventh Victim*, the mute sailor in *The Ghost Ship*, the street singer in *The Body Snatcher*, the gilded youth of *Bedlam*. These figures only appear on screen in passing, and yet their nearness to death leaves an indelible mark.

"I think that few people in Hollywood show in their work that they know or care half as much about movies or human beings," observed James Agee in 1946, and today we may still find ourselves caught off guard to discover such precise characterizations and poetic effects waiting behind a title like *The Curse of the Cat People*. Lewton's career ended in disappointment, but his five years and eleven films at RKO represent one of the most remarkable streaks in movies, undeniable evidence of the creative role of the producer and a high-water mark for the B-picture. – *Max Goldberg, writer and frequent contributor to cinema scope.*



JACQUES TOURNEUR *CAT PEOPLE*

CAT PEOPLE

FRIDAY MARCH 21 AT 7:15PM

An auspicious debut by any measure, *Cat People* provided a much-needed hit for RKO and Lewton's ticket to creative freedom. The picture seems remarkable today not only for its justly famous horror set-pieces but also for its intimate portrait of a woman's irreconcilable fear of her own deepest instincts. Simone Simon stars as a Serbian-born fashion artist shadowed by an old-world curse transforming women into panthers at the first sign of desire. Kent Smith plays her woefully unprepared suitor, the romantic non-entity of a thousand 1940s movies ("I can't understand her because I've never been unhappy), Jane Randolph his co-worker and obvious match, and Tom Conway, in the first of many roles for Lewton, a lecherous psychoanalyst. The plot unfolds in zoos, swimming pools, offices, apartments – everyday spaces imbued with dark recesses and uncanny detail, "interiors" in the fullest sense.

Directed by Jacques Tourneur. With Simone Simon, Tom Conway, Jane Randolph
US 1942, 35mm, b/w, 74 min

THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE

FRIDAY MARCH 21 AT 9PM

The Curse of the Cat People would seem definitive proof that RKO didn't know what they had in Lewton: how else to explain the studio's outlandish publicity schemes ("Stencil paw prints leading to your theatre") for one of cinema's most perceptive treatments of child psychology? Typically, Lewton responded to the economic calculus of a *Cat People* sequel with a sensitive rethinking of the film's characters: Oliver and Alice are now married with a young daughter given to daydream. Desperate for a friend, the girl is granted a Madonna-like appearance of Simone Simon garlanded in snow. The film trusts the

girl's private vision, and yet we understand her father's angry denial: he is plainly traumatized by the loss of his former wife and worries that his daughter is captive to the same ill-begotten spell. The same play of shadow and dappled light that conceals terror in Lewton's other films here opens to the child's delicate inner life.

Directed by Gunther V. Fritsch. With Simone Simon, Kent Smith, Jane Randolph
US 1944, 35mm, b/w, 70 min

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE

SATURDAY MARCH 22 AT 7:15PM

Lewton's second film with director Jacques Tourneur borrows from *Jane Eyre* in its conception of a romantic plot burdened by the past, but the Caribbean setting and remarkably serious treatment of Voodoo rituals and the ruins of slavery are wholly original. Frances Dee plays an innocent nurse hired to care for a sugar plantation owner's somnambulant wife. "Everything seems beautiful because you don't understand," warns the husband on the initial voyage. Perhaps the most alluringly elliptical of Lewton's RKO films, *I Walked with a Zombie* registers less as a linear narrative than as a collection of feverishly beautiful passages, each inching towards a suitably entrancing vision of death in life. The speechless sequence of Dee's nurse leading the somnambulant woman through fields of sugar cane towards the drums of a voodoo ceremony is generally regarded as the pinnacle of Lewton's style, with Jacques Tourneur's graceful



JACQUES TOURNEUR *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE*

camera movements cutting through the reeds as if impelled by forces unseen.

Directed by Jacques Tourneur. With James Ellison, Frances Dee, Tom Conway
US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 69 min

MADemoisELLE FIFI

SUNDAY MARCH 23 AT 5PM

Lewton longed to escape his RKO-built horror chains with an adaptation blending two short stories by Guy de Maupassant, "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi." Mademoiselle Fifi is the nickname for the despicable Prussian officer who holds up a coach filled with a sampling of hypocritical bourgeois, a priest, a revolutionary and a working-class laundress sensitively and subtly portrayed by *Cat People*'s Simone Simon. Taking place in France during the Franco-Prussian War, the setting provides a candid counterpart to World War II, yet approaches the concepts of occupation and collaboration with more delicacy than most Hollywood propaganda pictures. Simon's proud, patriotic Elizabeth must compromise her morals and entertain Fifi for the sake of both her snobbish coachmates as well as her own townspeople and only receives abuse or obliviousness in return. Imbued with the same civility and moxie of the "little laundress," Wise and Lewton made the most of their period piece with the lowest costume budget on record at the time. Though Elizabeth is able to exact her revenge, Lewton's beguiling literary departure disappointed at the box office and he was thus banished to the *Isle of the Dead*.

Directed by Robert Wise. With Simone Simon, John Emery, Kurt Kreuger
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 69 min

THE BODY SNATCHER

MONDAY MARCH 24 AT 7PM

Adapted from a Robert Louis Stevenson story, with Lewton finally allowing himself a screenwriting credit under his old pseudonym Carlos Keith, *The Body Snatcher* presents a characteristically detailed rendering of Victorian Edinburgh and the 19th century medical college. Boris Karloff follows *Isle of the Dead* with another naturalistic performance, this time as a mordant cabman who supplies a top doctor with all-too fresh cadavers. Ever intrigued by the conflicting impulses of reason and passion, Lewton quotes Hippocrates for a closing epigram: "All the roots of learning begin in darkness and go out into the light." *The Body Snatcher* excels in giving supple form to that darkness: in the long shadows of the operating room, a street singer's haunting disappearance into the night, and the spectacular collapse of the enlightened mind.

Directed by Robert Wise. With Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Henry Daniell
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 79 min

THE GHOST SHIP

FRIDAY MARCH 28 AT 7:15PM

Long withheld from circulation because of a baseless plagiarism charge, *The Ghost Ship* was hailed as Lewton's



GUNTHER V. FRITSCH *THE CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE*

hidden masterpiece when it was revived in the 1990s. A simmering Hitchcockian conflict between an authoritarian captain and greenhorn officer occupies center stage, but Lewton's predilection for sharply drawn bit players finds ideal expression in the ship's crew. Most memorably, a mute sailor played by Skelton Knaggs whispers on the voiceover about fate and death as he sharpens a gleaming knife. The scenes of horror are no less haunting for their cold plausibility: one crewman is swallowed by a coiling anchor chain after the captain has blocked his exit from the compartment. Director Mark Robson takes full advantage of the ship's angled sightlines, with a constant shroud of fog lending the picture a ghastly, if not ghostly, air.

Directed by Mark Robson. With Richard Dix, Russell Wade, Edith Barrett
US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 69 min

ISLE OF THE DEAD

FRIDAY MARCH 28 AT 9PM

RKO pushed Boris Karloff on Lewton as penance for straying from the horror genre with *Youth Runs Wild* and *Mademoiselle Fifi*, but the producer went against the grain in casting the Frankenstein icon in a naturalistic role as a world-weary general in the Greek War of 1912. When a plague breaks out on a small island populated by expatriates and superstitious locals, the unnamed military man commits himself to enforcing a quarantine order to the point of madness. Lewton was disappointed that the film's spiritual essence – “an acceptance of death as being good” – was lost in what he described a “hodgepodge of horror,” but a series of tracking shots through corpse-strewn battlefields modeled on Goya's *The Disasters of the War* powerfully evokes the specter of catastrophe hanging over all of the producer's RKO films.

Directed by Mark Robson. With Boris Karloff, Ellen Drew, Marc Cramer
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 72 min

THE SEVENTH VICTIM

SATURDAY MARCH 29 AT 7:15PM

The subterranean flavor of all Lewton's films is strongest in *The Seventh Victim*, his first production without Jacques Tourneur directing and arguably his most personal expression of a melancholic fascination with death. There is an elliptical story concerning an innocent girl trying to rescue her sister from a band of Greenwich Village

devil worshippers, but more than ever Lewton proceeds by exploring the edges of the plot, imbuing seemingly insignificant bit parts and locations with extraordinary psychological intensity. The occultists are revealed to be little more than a bullying social club, but that still leaves the sister's depression and the bare room with a noose she needs to live. The final urban nocturne reveals the city as the set of a waking dream, an endless series of blind alleys and back doors that poet John Ashbery saw as “[capturing] the weird poetry of New York in a way that few films have ever done.”

Directed by Mark Robson. With Tom Conway, Jean Brooks, Isabel Jewell
US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 71 min

YOUTH RUNS WILD AKA THE DANGEROUS AGE

SATURDAY MARCH 29 AT 9PM

Feeling trapped by his remarkable success with horror and supernatural subjects, Lewton asked permission from RKO to produce a topical subject, a film about juvenile delinquency, an issue of renewed concern during the war years when many feared that the absence of fathers, and often mothers, in the service would leave children neglected and prey to bad influences. Crisply directed by Lewton-regular Mark Robson and boasting a laconic yet sensitive script by celebrated Los Angeles novelist John Fante, *Youth Runs Wild* offers a fascinating glimpse into daily life during wartime told largely from the perspective of disaffected teenagers. While *Youth Runs Wild* is often dismissed as a minor and anomalous entry in Lewton's oeuvre, the film's unplaceable yet simmering sense of unease is as vivid as his better-known works. In response to negative comments from the US State Department, RKO heavily censored Lewton's cut – removing a scene in which a teenager murders his abusive father – causing Lewton to disown the film.

Directed by Mark Robson. With Bonita Granville, Kent Smith, Jean Brooks
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 67 min

BEDLAM

SUNDAY MARCH 30 AT 5PM

Narrowly inspired by William Hogarth's painting of the same name, *Bedlam*'s caustic depiction of 18th century

London is suffused with Lewton's distaste for studio politicking. In spite of a larger-than-usual budget, the film doubles down on its identification with the spurned and cast-out (Lewton went as far as outfitting Anna Lee in one of Vivien Leigh's backup dresses from *Gone with the Wind*, a picture he advised against when working for David O. Selznick). Boris Karloff plays Master Simms, a bourgeoisie who connives to climb the social ladder by amusing the landed gentry with abject displays of the asylum inmates under his control. “I would not want to be a dull man forever in need of entertainment,” Lee's actress snaps at her patron, a harmless yet blithely amoral lord standing in for innumerable studio executives. Completed only days after *V-J Day*, *Bedlam* proved Lewton's final RKO production.

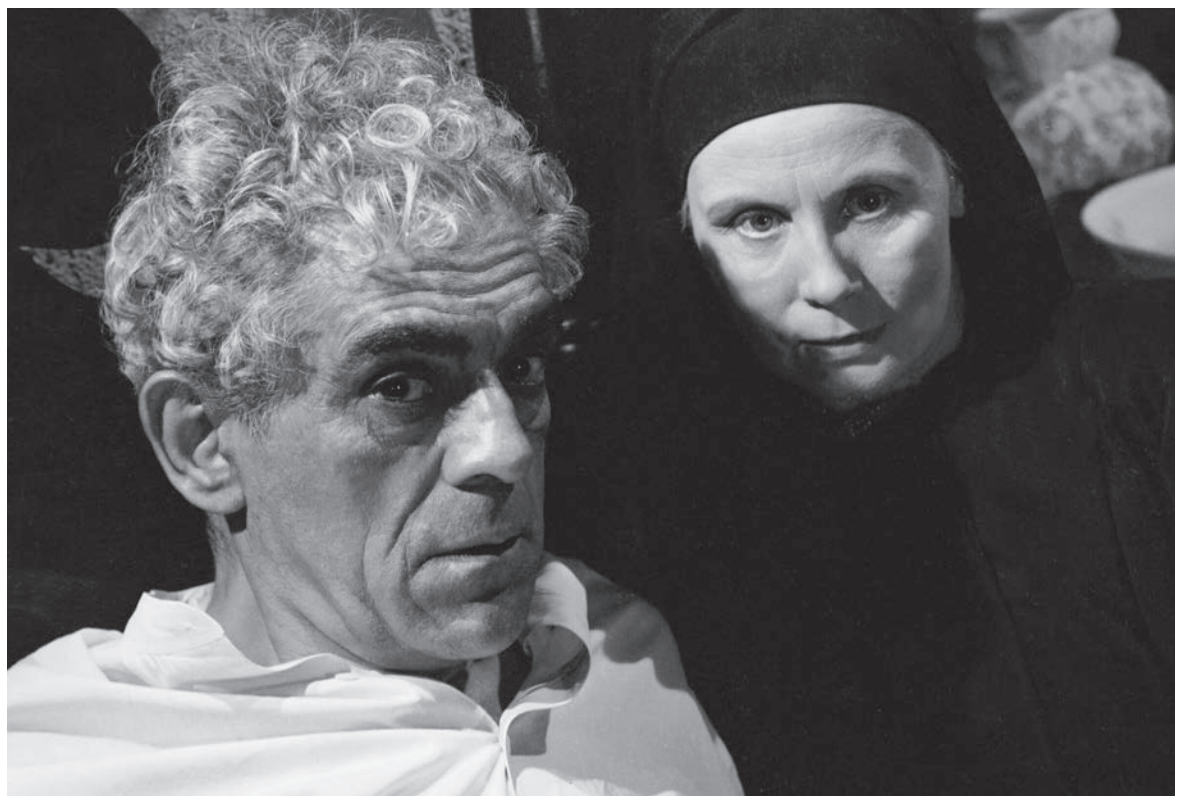
Directed by Mark Robson. With Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, Billy House
US 1946, 35mm, b/w, 80 min

THE LEOPARD MAN

SUNDAY MARCH 30 AT 7PM

Adapted from Cornell Woolrich's novel *Black Alibi*, the New Mexico-set story is set in motion when a nightclub entertainer loses her grip on a black leopard being employed as a publicity stunt – a Freudian accident never resolved in this most dreamlike film. Three women are killed, but the promoter responsible for the leopard's escape begins to suspect a human killer behind the seemingly impersonal deaths. Lewton and Tourneur's final collaboration evinces little interest in the mechanisms of the whodunit, instead developing the peripheral detail of the city's streets towards a radically de-centered narrative structure in which the plot jumps from one character to another. “This film still seems to be one of Hollywood's original gems,” wrote Manny Farber in 1952, “Nothing impure in terms of cinema, nothing imitative about its styles, and little that misses fire through a lack of craft.”

Directed by Jacques Tourneur. With Dennis O'Keefe, Margo, Jean Brooks
US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 65 min



MARK ROBSON *ISLE OF THE DEAD*



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A SPELL TO WARD OFF THE DARKNESS

MARCH 23



BEN RIVERS AND BEN RUSSELL *A SPELL TO WARD OFF THE DARKNESS*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
 BEN RUSSELL IN PERSON

A SPELL TO WARD OFF THE DARKNESS

SUNDAY MARCH 23 AT 7PM

Over the past decade, Ben Rivers and Ben Russell have become known each for their distinct blends of experimental film, documentary and ethnography. The work of Rivers (b. 1972) has often focused on dreams of remote hinterlands and on non-conformists who seek to forge private kingdoms of their own. Meanwhile, Russell (b. 1976) has channeled the spirit of Jean Rouch, seeking the extreme and the sublime at raucous rock shows as well as in the desert and the jungle.

A Spell to Ward Off the Darkness is at once the joint project of two friends and the first collaboration between two rising stars of contemporary cinema. The film itself is a triptych of three complementary yet purposely distinct parts, tracing a trajectory through three distinctive spaces, whether rural or urban, primitive or modern. It is left to the viewer to make connections among the three sections, aside from the distinctive presence of artist-musician Robert A.A. Lowe (aka Lichens) in all three parts, acting as a guide inside the film for the viewer.

Part trance film, part meditation, *A Spell to Ward Off the Darkness* can be seen as a synthesis of the work of its two directors, combining the haunting beauty of Rivers' film with the hallucinatory charge of Russell's. It shows both artists breaking new ground as they jointly grapple with the various kinds of utopia previously explored in their respective work. – DP

Directed by Ben Rivers and Ben Russell
 France/Estonia/Norway/Finland 2013, digital video, color, 98 min

This screening is presented in conjunction with a series of events presented by the Film Study Center of Harvard, Balagan Films, the DocYard and Non-Event.

Monday March 24 at 7pm: *The Shorts of Ben Russell and Ben Rivers at the Brattle Theatre.* For more information visit: <http://thedocyard.com/2013/12/the-shorts-of-ben-russell-and-ben-rivers-2/>

Tuesday March 25 at 9pm: *sound + 16mm performance by Robert A.A. Lowe (of Lichens) and Ben Russell at Middlesex Lounge in Cambridge.* For more information visit: <http://middlesexlounge.us>

Special thanks: Lucien Castaing-Taylor, Ernst Karel, Cozette Russell – Film Study Center, Harvard; Jeff Silva, Mariya Nikiforova, Stefan Grabowski – Balagan; Sara Archambault, Ben Fowlie – The DocYard.

APPEARING IN PERSON

ALAIN GUIRAUDIE FEB 2 - 3
 TIMOLEON WILKINS FEB 17
 HERBIE HANCOCK FEB 24
 HARMONY KORINE MAR 2 - 3
 JOHN AKOMFRAH AND
 LINA GOPAUL MAR 9 - 10
 EYAL SIVAN MAR 14 - 15
 BEN RUSSELL MAR 23
 LEONARD GARDNER MAR 31

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