

# HARVARD FILM ARCHIVE



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Printer: TCI Press

All text written by Brittany Gravely and Haden Guest unless otherwise noted.

On the cover: one of many arresting images from Godfrey Reggio's Privacy Campaign project, p. 27.

# DJIBRIL DIOP MAMBÉTY'S CINEMA OF POSSIBILITY

SEPTEMBER 6 – SEPTEMBER 9



Djibril Diop Mambéty *HYENAS*

Djibril Diop Mambéty (1945 - 1998) has been described as an actor, orator, composer and poet, deservedly, besides a legendary African filmmaker and—thanks in part to his *prénom*—an “Angel.” He was born near Dakar in Kolobane, Senegal. “All my films speak about the city I was born in,” he’d once claim, “from the outskirts to the capital itself, because the road from your birthplace to the capital is always the path of a desire called emancipation.” He studied theatre at first, working on the stage after graduating from acting school, before losing his job at the Daniel Sorano National Theatre and then teaching himself the “Seventh Art.” Ultimately, he joins an amazing cinematic pantheon. After the late Pan-African greats Ousmane Sembène and Med Hondo, as well as Haile Gerima and Sarah Maldoror, this “Prince of Kolobane” came to innovate filmmaking for all Africa and the world with his signature mix of wild narrative style, rich traditional symbolism and virtuoso editing technique with impeccable political commitment.

For some, his “magnum opus” would be *Hyènes*, a stunning, sardonic tale of human consumption and World Bank colonialism (“a structural adjustment plan for souls and values”). His career on celluloid began at the age of twenty-three with two shorts: *Contras’ City* (1969) and *Badou Boy* (1970). The latter won the Silver Tanit award at the Carthage Film Festival. However, it was his debut feature that took the world by storm: *Touki Bouki*. Its formal sophistication and Afro-cosmological audacity captivated audiences and critics alike. A peerless audio-visual experience ready-made for the global migration drama of today, it earned major awards at Cannes and the 8th Moscow International Film Festival. Next came an enigmatic hiatus. Mambéty did not release another work for two decades, except one documentary short: *Parlons Grand-mère* (*Let’s talk, Grandmother*, 1989). This is no trivial moment in his catalogue. For, against the basics of film school orthodoxies, Mambéty highlights a core antagonism between “Grandma” and “grammar” (the two terms homonymous in colonial French), to insist upon the importance of making a film language of one’s own for African cinema: “Grandma wants us to reinvent grammar every time.... She tells me: ‘Go bash its face in ... because all this space belongs to you, my grandson.’ Grandma has asked me to always reinvent her stories. To never stop recreating it to ensure her perpetuity.” He loved to define cinema as magic and dreams, possibility and small wonders, something only possible for him with its necessary reinvention — “as long as you’re not its slave.” Mambéty would reappear in 1992 to reinvent his own voice for *Hyènes*, a voluptuous epic and sort of allegorical sequel to *Touki Bouki*, which was well-nigh Hip-Hop in cuts and pace, while *Hyènes* flows so slowly and marvelously, like Big Momma’s molasses.

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David Pendleton  
1964 - 2017



On July 23, 1998, his body succumbed to lung cancer—only 53 years old. Yet this could not stop the magic of Djibril Diop Mambéty. He'd been preparing a striking trilogy of short films, entitled *Tales of Ordinary People* (or, *Contes des petites gens*) as a whole. It includes *Le Franc* as well as *La Petite Vendeuse du Soleil*, which is to say, *The Little Girl Who Sold the Sun*, a posthumous marvel likely to steal every spectating heart. Touki Bouki and Hyenas were to comprise two parts of a dramatic series on "Power and Madness" themselves. There is also his virtually dateless collaboration with René Vautier's *Le Glas*, in which Mambéty narrates poetry in homage to three Zimbabwe African People's Union martyrs over a Black Panther Party music soundtrack. His spectacular legacy lives on and perhaps strongest in the country of his birth. He actually named Waru Studio in Senegal, the youthful art-lab base of Fatou Kande Senghor's current *Wala Bok* imaginings in Pan-African music, television and film. Waru translates as "Wonderment." What's more, for the Dakar Biennale of 2018, Djibril Dramé and the *slammeur* "Minus" paid homage to the cinéaste by restaging his film-work in a photography-installation laying out twenty scenes from *Badou Boy* and *Touki Bouki*. Mambéty's belief in Africa's masses of was hardcore; and so is their everlasting belief in Mambéty. Hence, speaking of them and *Hyenas*, he maintains with that voice of an "Angel": "If we are able to demystify wealth, the future of Africa is brilliant.... The future of Black people resides in its mission that goes back to the age of the pyramids and spreads far beyond. We do not cease to produce beauty. We only need be wary of the pathetic contagion of Western 'Enlightenment,' which is really not illumination at all, but simply electricity." — Greg Thomas, *Department of English & Africana Studies Program, Tufts University*), author of *The Sexual Demon of Colonial Power* (2007), *Hip-Hop Revolution in the Flesh* (2009), and *The Immortal George L. Jackson* (forthcoming)

Film descriptions by Brittany Gravely, unless otherwise noted.

**friday september 6 at 7pm**

**friday september 6 at 9pm**

**saturday september 7 at 7pm**

**sunday september 8 at 4:30pm**

**monday september 9 at 7pm**

#### HYENAS (HYÈNES)

Both an adaptation of Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt's satire *The Visit* (1956) and a spiritual sequel to *Touki Bouki*, Mambéty's rich allegory unfolds in the village of Kolobane, the director's birthplace and that of the wealthy, worldly Linguère Ramatou, who left it long ago, forced into a life of dissolution and suffering that happened to pay off financially. Her much-anticipated return elicits an exultant response from Kolobane's desperate populace, whose dreams of opulence suddenly afflict them with a selective memory and a malleable moral compass. It is Mambéty himself—as Ramatou's newly appointed Chief Justice—who outlines the part local shopkeep Dramaan Drameh played in her downfall, fatally sentencing him while granting the town riches beyond their wildest dreams. Ramatou's cruel, conditional "gift" pulls the curtain back on capitalism—exposing the essential dynamic within a society centered around money and material accumulation. The only character conscious of the depths of this spiritual crisis is the guilty man

himself, Dramaan, whose sacrificial status allows him to palpably comprehend the injustice. Vividly illustrated in a *Touki Bouki*-esque magical reality with potent iconography—Ramatou's golden prosthetics are particularly striking—Hyenas both encapsulates and transcends the complexity of the postcolonial African experience. In the words of film scholar Clyde Taylor, "[Hyenas] is singular in leaving no ideological or sociological space for any viewer to hide, African or foreign, black or white, female or male, in witnessing the moral crisis of contemporary humanity from an African viewpoint."

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Mansour Diouf, Ami Diakhate, Djibril Diop Mambéty  
Senegal/Switzerland/France 1992, DCP, color, 110 min. Wolof with English subtitles

#### \$5 WEEKEND MATINEE ADMISSION

**saturday september 7 at 3pm**

#### THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SOLD THE SUN (LA PETITE VENDEUSE DE SOLEIL)

Mambéty describes what would be his final film as "a hymn to the courage of street children," but like all of his works, it is also a hymn to Senegal, to post-colonial Africa and to resourceful visionaries like the courageous girl of the title. Undaunted by poverty or handicap, the young Sili Laam leaves her blind grandmother begging in the street to seek



Djibril Diop Mambéty *THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SOLD THE SUN*

out a better existence for them both. As the only female newspaper seller, she encounters constant obstacles along the way, yet reacts by simply standing up for herself and others. Nonchalantly fighting for equality and justice, Sili's courage and resilience are depicted with a mix of joy and hardship, but no saccharine. The second in his unfinished *Tales of Little People* trilogy after *Le Franc*, this film—like *Hyenas* before it—mixes realism with allegory, taking a "small" story and making it as powerful as the sun.

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Moussa Baldé, Lissa Balera, Aminata Fall  
Senegal/Switzerland 1999, DCP, color, 45 min. Wolof with English subtitles

#### LE FRANC

In "a time of uncertainty"—quoting the radio announcement inviting people impoverished by the CFA franc's devaluation to try their luck playing the lottery—Mambéty went beyond mere observation and elevated his anarchic and rebellious vision by creating the antisocial character of Marigo. With his easy-going walk and Chaplinesque clothes, Marigo immediately expresses his irreverent nature: he spits on the floor of his shack and blows his nose on a towel like an unruly teenager. His comic nature turns into an art like in Chaplin's silent films, almost without words. Marigo speaks through facial expressions, and he does not give in to the bad luck that seems to chase him. Like Chaplin, there is always a glimpse of optimism: the strength of Mambéty's characters lies in their dignity, courage and rejection of fatalism and resignation. They are parables of hope in contrast with Afro-pessimism, the lack of faith in the continent's capability to develop, which was emerging at that same time. — Alessandra Speciale

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Dieye Ma, Aminata Fall, Demba Bâ  
Senegal/Switzerland/France 1999, DCP, 46 min. Wolof with English subtitles

Both films restored in 2K in 2019 by Waka Films with the support of the Institut français, Cinémathèque Afrique and CNC – Centre national du cinéma et de l'image animée, in agreement with Teemur Mambéty, at Éclair laboratories from the original negative.

Also screening as part of the Weekend Matinee program, p. 4.



Djibril Diop Mambéty *TOUKI BOUKI*



**saturday september 7 at 9pm**

**sunday september 8 at 7pm**

**TOUKI BOUKI**

Translated as *The Hyena's Journey*, Mambéty's dazzling debut feature about two modern lovers—attempting to swindle their way to Paris from Dakar—is as mischievous as its protagonists, upending any attempts to reduce it to any particular cinematic categorization. His complex, fragmented and multidimensional approach eschews the limitations of a dominant narrative arc (or hierarchy)—perhaps since all of those have been designated by the colonizers. Instead, as Mory and Anta's lost souls recklessly navigate Dakar's disrupted, disjointed postcolonial limboland, the film travels through irony, allegory, political parody, internal dreamstate—often balancing multiple modes simultaneously. With an occasionally off-kilter camera, lyrical jump-cutting, amusingly effective “magical” editing, an ingeniously disparate

soundtrack and all variations of mythical, marginal and undefinable characters, *Touki Bouki* is a startlingly unique cinematic hybrid, actively resisting voyeuristic exoticization, avant-garde pretension or moralistic messaging, opting instead for breaking through the layers of colonization and acknowledging both the expanse and the mirage within possibility.

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Magaye Niang, Mareme Niang, Christophe Colomb  
Senegal 1973, DCP, color, 88 min. Wolof and French with English subtitles

*Touki Bouki* was restored in 2008 by the Cineteca di Bologna/L'Immagine Ritrovata laboratory, in association with The Film Foundation's World Cinema Project and the family of Djibril Diop Mambéty. Restoration funded by Armani, Cartier, Qatar Airways, and Qatar Museum Authority.



Djibril Diop Mambéty *LE FRANC*

## WEEKEND MATINEE

SEPTEMBER 7 – NOVEMBER 16

The HFA continues its specially priced screenings of films for children and accompanying adults, plus two special selections for teenagers. Drawing from the Harvard Film Archive collection, this series of classic and contemporary films are screened in their original formats and languages.

**All Weekend Matinee screenings are \$5 or admission-free for holders of a valid Cambridge Public Library card!**

Film descriptions by Brittany Gravely and Karin Kolb, unless otherwise noted.

Special thanks: Goethe-Institut, Boston.



**saturday september 7 at 3pm**

**THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SOLD THE SUN**

**(LA PETITE VENDEUSE DE SOLEIL)**

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Moussa Baldé, Lissa Balera, Aminata Fall  
Senegal/Switzerland 1999, DCP, color, 45 min. Wolof with English subtitles

**LE FRANC**

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Dieye Ma, Aminata Fall, Demba Bâ  
Senegal/Switzerland/France 1999, DCP, 46 min. Wolof with English subtitles

**Age recommendation: 8+**

See descriptions in Djibril Diop Mambéty program, p. 3.

**saturday september 21 at 3pm**

**SUPA MODO**

Obsessed with Jackie Chan and action films, terminally ill Jo, a brave and witty nine-year-old, finds comfort in her dreams of being a superhero. When her mother takes her back to her rural village to live out the rest of her short life, her teenage sister Mwix motivates the entire village of Maweni to make Jo's dream come true. Stunning newcomer Styxie Waweru as Jo makes us believe that superheroes really do come in all ages, shapes and sizes in this tremendously moving drama. This honest and inspiring story about the strength of young people in the face of adversity is brought to us by first-time feature filmmaker Likarion Wainaina, with the help of co-producer Tom Tykwer. *Supa Modo* won more than twenty prizes at international film festivals, including the 2019 European Children's Film Association



Likarion Wainaina *SUPA MODO*

award. Presented in collaboration with the Goethe-Institut, Boston.

**Age recommendation: 11+.** Content advisory: This uplifting film deals with difficult issues, including the impending death of a child.

Directed by Likarion Wainaina. With Styxie Waweru, Marianne Nungo, Nyawara Ndambia  
Germany/Kenya 2018, DCP, color, 74 min. English, Kikuyu and Swahili with English subtitles

**SCREENS FOR TEENS**

**saturday october 5 at 3pm**

**GOOD BYE, LENIN!**

At the time one of the most successful German films ever made, Wolfgang Becker's clever tragicomedy begins in East Germany in 1989, right before the fall of the Berlin Wall. Alex's mother has slipped into a coma, missing the historic event and its aftermath. When she awakens in 1990, any excitement could be fatal for her, so her son—Daniel Brühl in



his breakthrough role—sees only one way out: he must conceal the fall of the socialist regime she had so embraced and pretend East Germany still exists. Out goes the modern furniture and back comes her old bedroom, as well as now hard-to-find products like her favorite *Spreewaldgurken* (East German pickles). As the modern world threatens to encroach on his carefully constructed time capsule, Alex and his coworker at a satellite TV company even create an “alternative” history for her evening news program. The film playfully and poignantly expresses that disorienting period of change and nostalgia. Thirty years later, find out what it is like, in Becker’s words, “when your everyday culture suddenly stops overnight and is replaced by something else.” *Print courtesy the Goethe-Institut. In collaboration with the Goethe-Institut, Boston.*

**Age recommendation: 15+.** *Content advisory: Nudity, strong language and alcohol consumption.*

Directed by Wolfgang Becker. With Daniel Brühl, Katrin Saß, Chulpan Khamatova  
Germany 2003, 35mm, color & b/w, 121 min. German, English and Russian with English subtitles



Wolfgang Becker *GOOD BYE, LENIN!*

## SCREENS FOR TEENS

**saturday october 26 at 3pm**

### POLTERGEIST

Directed by Tobe Hooper, produced and written by Steven Spielberg, the film often seems like signature Spielberg—including the middle-class family dynamic and a focus on children that lends a softer, but no less scary, edge to the disturbing events suddenly taking place in the Freeling home. A horror film crafted to scare viewers of all ages, *Poltergeist* barely earned its PG-rating because of a single scene of surreal gore. With special effects that have aged relatively well, the film is now a compendium of iconic phenomena—Carol Anne’s hands on the television, the carnivorous tree tapping against the bedroom window, the possessed clown doll, Zelda Rubinstein’s indelible medium—ingrained in pop culture’s psyche. Despite touching on modern problems such as suburban alienation, rampant homogeneous development, missing children, desecration of sacred land, media messages, and of course, the power of television, the film and its family always maintain a certain positivity and lightheartedness, perhaps because realizing so many primal fears in



Tobe Hooper *POLTERGEIST*

one movie requires a little more levity than your average poltergeist can provide.

**Age recommendation: 15+**

Directed by Tobe Hooper. With Jobeth Williams, Craig T. Nelson, Beatrice Straight  
US 1982, 35mm, color, 114 min

**saturday november 16 at 3pm**

### BOY AND THE WORLD (O MENINO E O MUNDO)

Open your senses to a refreshingly original, uniquely animated feature film from Brazil. Cuca, a small boy, lives a life of quiet wonder exploring all that the countryside has to offer. But his cozy life is shattered when his father has to leave for the city to find a job. Cuca’s quest to reunite the family sends him on an adventurous journey. Director Alê Abreu’s striking style employs crayon-like drawings, kaleidoscopic

images and watercolors that explode with vibrant color. The film’s music—a soundscape of pan flute, samba and Brazilian hip-hop—is on equal footing with the stunning visuals as it mixes with the whirling carnival colors and exploding fireworks. Audiences of all ages will experience different levels of the same narrative when the seemingly simple story becomes a cautionary tale. Winner of Cristal Award for Best Feature Film and Audience Award at the prestigious Annecy International Animated Film Festival. *In conjunction with the opening of the new Valente Branch Library in Cambridge.*

**Age recommendation: 8+**

Directed by Alê Abreu. With Vinicius Garcia, Marco Aurélio Campos, Lu Horta  
Brazil 2013, DCP, color, 80 min. Invented language



Alê Abreu *BOY AND THE WORLD*



# THE B-FILM. LOW-BUDGET HOLLYWOOD CINEMA 1935 - 1959

SEPTEMBER 13 – NOVEMBER 25



André De Toth *CRIME WAVE*

This retrospective reconsiders the history and legacy of that singular mode of low-budget filmmaking invented within the Hollywood studio system and kindled long after as an ideal and an inspiration by diverse filmmakers from Jean-Luc Godard and Seijun Suzuki to Hartmut Bitomsky and Kathryn Bigelow. The B-film was a historically specific mode of cinema that flourished from the mid-1930s until the 1948 Paramount Decree, thanks to the institution of the double bill and the dedicated B-units established within the major studios. A major aim of this archaeological project is to carefully recover the real and historically specific meaning of the B-film by showcasing its most exemplary expressions and by starting to assemble a canon. Long used as a pejorative and nostalgic term, the B-film needs to be recognized as a unique and quintessentially American art form, albeit one created largely by emigres and artists whose work and careers remained on the margins.

During its heyday, the B-film embraced to the fullest degree that paradoxical ideal of the studio system as “art factory” by realizing a remarkably efficient mode of pure cinema that simultaneously returned to cinema’s vaudevillian and “attraction” origins while embracing diverse avant-garde currents, from Surrealism to photogénie to Soviet montage. While the stylish and extraordinarily resourceful films of producer Val Lewton and emigre director Edgar G. Ulmer leap immediately to mind, equally important are examples of formally innovative yet lesser known B-films showcased here, such as William Castle’s *When Strangers Marry* and Joseph H. Lewis’ *My Name is Julia Ross*.

This retrospective also reveals the B-film as a vital incubator for a kind of innovation and experimentation in genre and narrative otherwise rare in studio-era cinema. In this way, for example, the origins of what would later be celebrated as film noir can be traced to seminal proto-noir B-films, such as *Blind Alley* and *Stranger on the Third Floor*, each a psychoanalytically informed vision of criminal pathology as a waking nightmare. Another important showcase of the seemingly free-ranging imagination of the B-film are those works chosen for the retrospective that are linked by a fascination with the supernatural and the occult, among them *The Leopard Man*, *The Falcon and the Co-eds* and *Weird Woman*, which together offer a remarkably frank address of the mysteries of death and spiritual belief not often seen in more topically serious “A” features of the time. Equally striking is the radical hybridization of genre that animates key B-films such as William McGann’s outlandish and shapeshifting comedy-mystery-horror film *Sh! The Octopus* or the tongue-in-cheek murder mystery *Nine Girls*. In these unclassifiable films, we can start to understand the B-film as a different and often self-conscious mode of filmmaking, one used by the studios to experiment with bending and giving new shape to already established genre formulas. The majority of the films in this series are presented as double-bills to evoke the B-film’s status as the second part of the show and to showcase how the great B-films create a kind of shock effect of contrast with, and subversion of, what came before.

While focused upon the 1935-1948 period, this series also points towards the afterlife of the B-film by including a group of Fifties films mostly made by individuals trained earlier in B production, such as Joseph H. Lewis and Norman Foster. In the post-Classical era the B-film lingered on, though differently, in the work of inventive directors and producers who deliberately and subversively forged artistic freedom and possibility on the lower end of the budget scale, such as Ida Lupino, Phil Karlson and Budd Boetticher. Further legacies of the B-film are suggested by showcasing in this retrospective the legendary Ed Wood, Jr. as well as pioneering yet little known independent directors Hubert Cornfield and Irving Lerner. For in these filmmakers’ diverse works we see embodied later mutations of the B-film into alternate modes of low-budget production—exploitation, schlock and the low-budget genre/art film—that each adopt and reinvented, in their own way, the remarkable example and mantle of the studio-era B-film. — HG

A version of this program originally appeared as the centerpiece of the 2018 Viennale. The accompanying book *The B-Film, Low Budget Hollywood Cinema 1935-1959* is available for sale at the HFA box office and in the Carpenter Center Bookshop.

Special thanks: Eva Sangiorgi—Viennale; Michael Loebenstein and Jurij Meden—Austrian Film Museum; and Alexander Horwath.

Descriptions by Haden Guest, unless otherwise noted.

**friday september 13 at 7pm (restored print)**

**sunday september 15 at 7pm (original print)**

## DETOUR

Al Roberts, played somberly by Tom Neal, somewhere at the start of the film utters the phrase: “Fate sticks out a foot to trip you.” Roberts’ fate will be meeting, in labyrinthine ways, Vera, wonderfully portrayed by Ann Savage. Fate will become the constant and mounting fear that fears itself. Fate will become a nightmare of infinite proportions that agglutinates the very dark story that we are horribly being told. This film, one of the most disturbing pieces that I saw in my youth after pursuing it in every film club in Mexico, influenced by the recommendation of some of the iconic members of the French Nouvelle Vague, left a profound impression in me. The morbid pace, ominous and rather slow, the pace of nightmares, gave me reason to try as I could to envelop my movies with the notion of the nightmare, of the force of fate and the occurrence of omnipresent fear. — Arturo Ripstein

Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer. With Tom Neal, Ann Savage, Claudia Drake  
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 65 min

Restored in 2018 by the Academy Film Archive and The Film Foundation in collaboration with Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique, The Museum of Modern Art and Cinémathèque Française. Restoration funding provided by the George Lucas Family Foundation.



Edgar G. Ulmer *DETOUR*





John Farrow *FIVE CAME BACK*

### FIVE CAME BACK

Among Nathanael West's most significant screen credits is co-writer of John Farrow's *Five Came Back*, a tense proto-disaster film about a South America-bound aircraft that crashes in the jungle and, as the suggestive title makes clear, can only accommodate fewer than half of its twelve passengers on its hobbled return flight. "But who?" the audience is asked to ponder while judging the motley gang of intellectuals, criminals and innocents fatefully united on the rickety craft and portrayed by a rich cast of character actors and rising stars, including Chester Morris as a hard-boiled pilot, C. Aubrey Smith, predictably, as a distinguished professor, and Lucille Ball in a revealing role as a tenderhearted "fallen woman." While co-writer Dalton Trumbo's Leftist leanings are clearly expressed in the self-righteous figure of the noble anarchist, West's lurid humanism is rendered vivid in the sweaty, ribald intensity of undesired human intimacy and the ominous tom-toms of the unseen but ever-approaching cannibals that recall the bloodthirsty throng exploding in violent rage at the apocalyptic end of *The Day of the Locust*.

Directed by John Farrow. With Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, Wendy Barrie  
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 75 min

### friday september 13 at 9:15pm DONOVAN'S BRAIN

Adapted earlier by Republic as a low-budget von Stroheim vehicle, Curt Siodmak's cult novel was transformed again with streamlined efficiency by Felix E. Feist into a classic of Fifties' sci-fi and an offbeat climax of the long line of mad scientist fantasies that stretch across the Golden Age of the B-film. Veteran actor Lew Ayres gives dignity to his portrait of a scientist whose zeal for extending life leads him far down the dark path to perdition when he reanimates the powerful brain of a ruthless billionaire killed in a crash, only to be made victim to the pulsing organ's uncanny powers of mind-body control. Ayres' transformation into a hardened billionaire remains remarkably contemporary, with his strange lust for ludicrously expensive and ill-fitting suits predicting Paul Manafort, among other power-hungry tycoons. Almost subversively, the supporting actors also seem to be rendered wooden and pos-

sessed by unnamed forces, with Gene Evans entirely unconvincing as either an alcoholic or a scientist, and Nancy Davis locked into a stunned expression, giving equal affection to both the latest test monkey and her traumatized husband.

Directed by Felix E. Feist. With Lew Ayres, Gene Evans, Nancy Davis  
US 1953, 16mm, b/w, 83 min

### saturday september 14 at 7pm sunday september 22 at 3:30pm CRIME WAVE

One of the great Hollywood films by the two-fisted and one-eyed Hungarian émigré director André De Toth, *Crime Wave* is a brisk cops-and-robbers caper that exemplifies the lean economy, expressive style and dark sense of embittered injustice shared by his Westerns and crime films of the late 40s and 50s. When De Toth rejected Jack Warner's choice of Humphrey Bogart and Ava Gardner as leads, the mogul angrily cut both budget and production schedule in half but reluctantly allowed De Toth to cast Sterling Hayden as the film's antihero, a tough cop leaning hard on a parolee he suspects, almost correctly, of covering for a dangerous band of robbers recently escaped from the pen. Little does he know that the crooks are hiding in plain sight, holed up in the cold water flat of the hapless parolee and his young wife, who are held hostage and forced to join a recklessly audacious heist. Master cinematographer Bert Glennon made it possible for De Toth to shoot quite daring—for the time—night scenes on location, allowing the film to dramatically extend the neorealist style popular in post-WWII crime dramas.

Directed by André De Toth. With Sterling Hayden, Gene Nelson, Phyllis Kirk  
US 1954, 16mm, b/w, 74 min

### PLUNDER ROAD

Raised in Paris, where he befriended Godard and Chabrol, Hubert Cornfield brought a stylized European flair to his low-budget films of the 1950s. With his taut heist thriller *Plunder Road*, one can also detect a clear influence on the late sangfroid crime films of Jean-Pierre Melville, beginning with an incredible extended opening sequence: a deftly choreographed freight train robbery by silent, masked



Felix E. Feist *DONOVAN'S BRAIN*

bandits impervious to the torrential rain that lashes about them. Wasting no precious time, Cornfield's world-weary robbers divide the loot into three Los Angeles-bound getaway trucks, setting into motion a tense race against luck, each moment on the road fraught with danger. Rarely have routine traffic encounters been so loaded with the tension conveyed by the veteran actors assembled by Cornfield, featuring Thirties musical star Gene Raymond as the team's suave mastermind and the ever-anxious Elisha Cook Jr. as their guilty conscience. Making brilliant use of the black-and-white widescreen, master DP Ernest Haller crisply delineates the action with noir abstraction while using bold Pop imagery of roadside Americana to ironically punctuate the perilous criminal journey.

Directed by Hubert Cornfield. With Gene Raymond, Jeanne Cooper, Wayne Morris  
US 1957, 35mm, b/w, 72 min



Hubert Cornfield *PLUNDER ROAD*

### saturday september 14 at 9:45pm ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN

Freed from his Fox contract as the popular Mr. Moto, Peter Lorre leapt to Columbia to release his darkest demons into this standout performance as the sadistic owner of a remote penal colony off the Florida coast. A white slaver who delights in delivering equally ruthless punishment to both his prisoner subjects and poor domestic pets, he reserves a stranger, psychosexual torture for his long-suffering wife. With *Island of Doomed Men*, Columbia pushed hard against the Hays Code with a seedy and deliberately perverse portrait of criminal injustice embodied by Lorre's twisted despot and highlighted by suggestive-yet-indelible images of savage violence. Abbott and Costello director Charles Barton gives free reign to Lorre's unhinged screen presence, which almost overwhelms the film, relegating all other characters to second tier, including Thirties starlet Rochelle Hudson in the difficult role of a fragile Beauty held in the grip of Lorre's suavely menacing Beast.

Directed by Charles Barton. With Peter Lorre, Rochelle Hudson, Robert Wilcox  
US 1940, 35mm, b/w, 68 min

### monday september 23 at 7pm THE LEOPARD MAN

As the third and final film directed by Jacques Tourneur for the legendary Val Lewton, *The Leopard Man* forges a striking trilogy by profoundly extending and responding to the earlier two films, *Cat People*



and *I Walked With a Zombie*. Besides the deceptively lurid titles imposed upon Lewton by RKO, the three films share a similar tone and theme, each offering brooding and melancholy fables meditating on outsidership, mortality and the specter of an inexorable yet arbitrary fate. These are, of course, major themes that resonate across the rest of Lewton's RKO productions and Tourneur's later films. In *The Leopard Man*, however, these themes are given a new dimension by a radical narrative strategy that deliberately denies the spectator any fixed character identification and profoundly reorients the terms of the supernatural mystery genre so successfully invented by the previous two Tourneur-Lewton films. The critical distance defined by *The Leopard Man* from the earlier films also marked an important departure for Tourneur, announcing the pointed-yet-understated engagement with genre and narrative that would become one of the signatures of his deeply nuanced cinema.

Directed by Jacques Tourneur. With Dennis O'Keefe, Margo, Jean Brooks  
US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 66 min



Edward C. Lilley *BABES ON SWING STREET*

### THE GHOST SHIP

Unavailable for many years and now seated in the canon of the works of producer Val Lewton a bit insecurely (because it has even fewer supernatural elements than director Mark Robson has defenders), *The Ghost Ship* might be called the most characteristic Lewton film. All Lewton is in it: quiet, almost over-purified performances; a liberal-humanist attentiveness to women, minorities and the disabled; the atmosphere of brooding disquiet that pervades a universe made to seem real by a few well-chosen details of writing and production design; scenes of suffocating suspense that emerge from inside a melancholy dreariness. As for Mark Robson, it could be argued that of the three main Lewton directors, he (rather than Jacques Tourneur or Robert Wise) is the most suited to realizing Lewton's vision, because his own talent as a director, as his post-Lewton films confirm, lies in a pragmatic and impersonal acceptance of whatever materials the script and the production place before him. As a result, the weapons in *The Ghost Ship* (scalpel, hook, chain, spike) look truly threatening, and the actors, in particular Russell Wade as the beleaguered third officer and Richard Dix as the authority-maddened captain, take on an



Charles Barton *ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN*

almost physical independence from the world of the film. — *Chris Fujiwara*

Directed by Mark Robson. With Richard Dix, Russell Wade, Edith Barrett  
US 1943, 16mm, b/w, 69 min

saturday september 28 at 9pm

### MURDER BY CONTRACT

At the time of *Murder By Contract's* production, the double-feature as an institution was gradually coming to an end. The film tells a story that runs parallel to this change. A pedantic and compulsive but shrewd petty-bourgeois character hires himself out as a contract killer. His victim is a woman who is the key witness in a trial. He doesn't succeed in accomplishing his mission; he doesn't have the heart to do it. His client then puts two men on him while the killer in turn searches for the client he now wants to kill.

The film plays through the dialectics of the relationship between subject and object as conveyed by a tool that triggers a process in which all positions are exchanged. The object becomes the tool and the tool wants to become the subject. A catastrophe of Hegelian dimensions.

At the same time, the film is an example of a B-movie liberated from the slavery of large-scale productions—that for Hollywood are merely a means

of making money—and able to reveal breathtaking dialectical counter-aesthetics. — *Hartmut Bitomsky*

Directed by Irving Lerner. With Vince Edwards, Phillip Pine, Herschel Bernardi  
US 1958, 35mm, b/w, 81 min

sunday october 6 at 5pm

### BABES ON SWING STREET

A spirited example of the B-musical, Universal's *Babes on Swing Street* was an early vehicle for star-in-training Ann Blyth—as Carol Curtis—then only fifteen and at the very start of her career, just before her breakthrough role as Mildred Pierce's venomous daughter. *Babes on Swing Street* takes delight in its threadbare musical numbers, staged as the bricolage inventions of a youth social club raising money for music conservatory scholarships by putting on a fundraising extravaganza in a convention hall surreptitiously borrowed from Carol's wealthy but parsimonious aunt. Among the highlights are the film's hilarious opening number by an aspiring hooper simultaneously tap-dancing and shaving a customer at her father's music-school-adjacent barber shop. With its college sweaters, trendy dances and proto-jive talk, the rarely screened film offers fascinating glimpses into WWII-era youth culture that anticipate Fifties Hollywood's programmatic and often painful appeal to younger audiences.

Directed by Edward C. Lilley. With Ann Blyth, Peggy Ryan, Marion Hutton  
US 1944, 35mm, b/w, 69 min

sunday october 6 at 7pm

### THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG

Written by Karl Brown, for years a cameraman for D.W. Griffith (he also tried directing, not without success, before settling on writing), and directed by the affable Nick Grinde (who once wrote, "The B director has to know more tricks than Harry Houdini did, and he has to pull them out of his hat right now—not after lunch"), this ingenious and entertaining film is the vehicle for one of Boris Karloff's best performances. Everything that happens in the film is fun and interesting, and not a moment is wasted. The film ends with an unanswered question hanging in the air; this ending comes, unfortunately, too soon (interrupting Karloff's plan of serial revenge, which



Irving Lerner *MURDER BY CONTRACT*





Jacques Tourneur *THE LEOPARD MAN*

has the full support of every viewer of the film), but in that untimeliness a bleak and awful judgment about the finality of existence is expressed in an ideally dry and succinct way.

Like all B-movies, *The Man They Could Not Hang* is a commentary on its own production. The newspaper editor instructs his reporter—"Make it weird, make it dramatic, and make it snappy!"—in words Grinde and Brown might have heard in a meeting with the head of their unit. — *Chris Fujiwara*

Directed by Nick Grinde. With Boris Karloff, Lorna Gray, Robert Wilcox  
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 64 min

#### THE CRIME OF DR. CRESPI

After his tragic fall from grace as a visionary but notoriously uncompromising director, Erich von Stroheim transitioned to a prolific-yet-poignant career as an actor who brought a menacing Old World stoicism and indelible presence to his best roles, even in otherwise forgettable B-films. The Viennese-educated Hungarian émigré John H. Auer gave von Stroheim one of his memorable early roles as the titular Dr. Crespi, a venerated surgeon nursing a wounded heart and a festering jealousy of the rival surgeon who stole his girl. The presence of Dwight Frye (Ren-

field in Browning's *Dracula* and Dr. Frankenstein's assistant in Whale's iconic adaptation) signals an alignment with the then-popular Gothic-imbued horror films, a connection underscored by the film's source (one of Edgar Allan Poe's lesser known buried-alive nightmares). Rather than a dark castle or dungeon, *The Crime of Dr. Crespi* is set largely within a white-on-white clinic transformed by Expressionist shadows into a dramatic stage for von Stroheim's fiendish plot to exert a cruel revenge. Auer's independent production was picked up by the fledgling Republic as its first release and the first of many genre films Auer would direct for the studio. 35mm preservation print courtesy UCLA Film and Television Archive.

Directed by John H. Auer. With Erich von Stroheim, Harriet Russell, Dwight Frye  
US 1935, 35mm, b/w, 63 min



Mark Robson *THE GHOST SHIP*

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friday october 11 at 7pm  
sunday october 13 at 4:30pm

## GUN CRAZY

1

*Goin' to the movies*

*I found a shelter from the sun*

*Heard a gruesome story*

*About a couple on the run.*

– from the song “Summertime” by Galaxie 500

*You make me shiver, I feel so tender*

*We make a pretty good team*

*Don't get exhausted, I'll do some driving*

*You ought to get you some sleep*

– from the song “Life During Wartime” by Talking Heads

*Gun Crazy* is incontestably the ultimate film of L'Amour Fou. Fugitive newlyweds escalating through all the majors and minors of larceny and felony, an ascent to the downward spiral. Nick Ray's adaption of *Thieves Like Us, They Live By Night* (1948) started something. Interrupted innocents, tender love on the lam with two kids “never properly introduced to this world.” A couple deserving of a second chance. Denied.

In *Gun Crazy*, Bart and Laurie emerge already tarnished, prodigal, prodigious sharpshooters, mutually dependent with ignited libidos trying to balance each other's opposing moral codes. They go together “like guns and ammunition.” Vulnerable, capable, madly in love clinging to fetish and phobia, clinging to each other, propelled by desperation and dreams. What other film evokes this degree of heightened eroticism and loneliness entwined in disequilibrium. Just one reason why this masterwork from the low-budget peripheries intoxicates and puts us at the altitudes of Borzage and Grémillon.

When their love takes them beyond reason and safety they look towards a lost horizon, their losses accumulating with each heist. This film induces heartbreak long before its eerie, magisterial ending that reminds us of the filmic poetry of Mizoguchi and Murnau.

Seeking refuge in the falling snow or enshrouded in mist, wrapped in the illusory veils of Maya, the couple drives towards an unreachable stillness. Whenever they seem trapped they try to blast their way out.

Bart to Laurie: *It's just that everything is going so fast. It's all in such high gear. It doesn't feel like me. It's as if none of it really happened as if nothing were real anymore.*

The blacklisted Dalton Trumbo writing undercover kept the heart of MacKinlay Kantor's script, built it for speed, cut it to the bone, polished the skeleton like a mad team of white ants. Joseph H. Lewis and cinematographer Russell Harlan (cameraman for Hawks, Minnelli, Preminger, Curtiz, De Toth, Mulligan) gave it a uniquely dynamic visual poetry, inventiveness and excitement. The justly celebrated long-take bank heist getaway is not an isolated incident in terms of innovation and expressiveness. The camera is empathy in action, cornering us as witnesses, implicating us as accessories before we realize it.

The not-to-be-maligned former slot machine salesman The King Brothers (Monograph Pictures) produced. Given reduced means and unerring instincts, they granted freedom, creating the ideal circumstances for one of the greatest films of any genre or era.

John Dall had recently appeared in Hitchcock's *Rope* and the underexposed Peggy Cummins reemerged decades later in Tourneur's *Night of the Demon*. These two actors seemed an unlikely match on paper but they surpassed themselves, both giving the greatest performances of their careers. As the doomed couple they bringing spontaneity and incandescent chemistry to the screen. Both inhabited their roles like it was their life story. You have to remind yourself that these were not their only roles. Was this independent low-budget masterpiece what Hollywood could have been or an augur of things to come? Neither and both. In 2019, when we are in need of a new future and a (truthful) new past, we can see that *Gun Crazy* was an unquestionable influence on many films that followed but remains untouchably unique.





*Yonder stands your orphan with his gun.* — Bob Dylan

*your name is downpour and your name is meadow / your name is high tide / you have all the names of water / But your sex is unnameable / the other face of being / the other face of time* — Octavio Paz "Clear Night" (extract)

*Gun Crazy* begins dreamlike in a downpour in heightened unreality in medias res. A nocturnal feverish wet dream of precipitation and uncontrollable desire. Nine beautifully composed shots placed inside a little over a minute's time composed as an overture that feels like a flashback (but isn't), where echoes in embryo hatch clues to identity and fate, hinting at the circuitry of the film itself. A fourteen-year-old boy stealthily moves through the rain, rounding a corner into a late-night deserted street. An area of small commercial stores as American as a *Saturday Evening Post* illustration becomes a metaphysical arena like a Golgotha, a corridor or a de Chirico piazza, the scene of a crime. A hardware store display case beckons, its glass vault a reliquary of rifles and pistols begging for possession. Bart: "I like shooting 'em, Judge. I don't know why, but I feel good when I'm shooting them. I feel awful good inside like I'm somebody."

The camera tracks back as the boy moves forward, revealing itself to be on the other side of the glass, inside the recess of the coveted interior. Completely absent of dialogue, this primal scene—with its graphic character of high-key lighting and sharp contrast—is as striking as a sequence of woodcuts in the wordless novels of Frans Masereel. But there is the sound of rain, of shattering glass, a stolen gun skidding across a slick street. There are surprising sympathetic camera movements in counterpoint to the trembling dance of the guilty boy. Movements that propel us into another realm of identification and affinity. Bart slips face down into the street. Behind the fallen child are distinctive cursive silver letters, an ordinary yet prophetic name on a store *Marsh/Marsh's*. This is a word clue that forecasts a chase in the "San Lorenzo" marsh, where the exhausted couple struggles through moonlit streams and obscure bogs to the sound of barking hounds.

After the boy tumbles in the street and a towering policeman—a familiar guardian figure made menacing by close framing—waits to close in, we spot evocative words that speak the alluring irrational lingo of American advertising, language that whispers to the unconscious mind. Appearing on another store window the brand name:

"THOR Automagic"

*A now-obsolete hybrid appliance that once promised cleansing with "gentle agitation."*

Other store windows will reappear in the future. Jewelry displays and pawn shops. A wedding ring purchased later put up for hock. The Tammy Wynette song "Golden Ring" illustrates the ironic trajectory of the symbolic inanimate object directed by romantic deterioration. The wedding band before the ceremony and after divorce. But our couple stays emotionally solvent, even more deeply bound as their circumstances become more alarming.

We have been introduced to Bart Tare. And the runaway energy of the film has been in set in motion.

I first saw *Gun Crazy* about forty years ago in the tugboat-shaped Thalia where the rake of the theater paradoxically tilted upwards towards the screen. Double bills were often shown uninterrupted without the lights ever coming up. Sometimes it was too scary to see who was sitting near you.

The film glowed on screen. Love at first sight. I was thunderstruck. Novel vivid propulsive. Pulp gospel. I felt like was receiving a hidden sacrament of cinema. The film felt like something that really happened. Like something that was happening as I watched it, something that was happening to me. The kind of experience you have as a child when films are overpowering, vicarious and hallucinatory with secret actions and drives that make you feel eerily complicit or prematurely adult. Films that make you love every moment, even the gestures you can't quite grasp. Films that seem to want to break your heart then nurse you back to health in the aftermath as you remember them.





*Gun Crazy* combines single-take spontaneity and realism, the feeling of documentary occurrences with rear-screen artifice, backlot sets and actual locations. The reality and the surreality of the meat plant carcasses. The late-night roadside diners, cheap hotel rooms, the desperate refuge of a woodshed in the falling snow, weary bodies crying in the mist, the enchanted and the tawdry. Lust is different than love but love is the strongest aphrodisiac. Hopelessness breeds hope.

Poetry as straight talk, poetry as innuendo. Combustible poetry. The power of the cut.

Made on a shoestring. But there is no sign of the patchwork collage, substitutions or anything “make do” in this film. All coheres in a fabric unified by emotion. Watching it is as magical and as frightening as driving down a back road, lost, feeling the presence of the unknown or the inevitable up ahead.

I left feeling no division between the film and the night outside. I found a film that wouldn't end. I rode the subways for hours with no sense of direction or destination. No questioning or relishing the details, only sympathetically reverberating in shock. A one-way road of no return.

As with some music, the striking of the notes is equal in importance to the resonance and decay time. The haunted overhang. The ghost of the film took up permanent residency inside of me, lodged in memory singing darkly in my sleep. If you examine the film closely not dispassionately, analytically it still sets the heart racing, it doesn't crumble. It is exalted, magnified. *L'Amour Fou*. Transgression. *Hejira*. The floating world. Damaged children let loose onto the shifting plates under the surface of the earth. It all seems impossibly inventive and alive. The throwaway culture of American B-movies made films for the drive-in for the Bijou for the masses and the solitary mind capturing the imagination. We are taken hostage by these allegories that connect through action and refuse to disappear. This work is indestructible. Enduring minimal critical response and box office seasoned by neglect, the films gain potency. Eventually the shared secret of this low-budget sleeper *Gun Crazy*, once classified as neither classic nor *film maudit*, rose to rumors of its greatness and became a landmark, then a museum piece, part of a canon. Nothing can defeat its voltage and its wild heart. Maybe that was already happening by the time I saw the film in a renowned and dingy theater but films like this feel like a discovery when you first see them whenever or wherever you find them. They provide a refuge and a storm. You enter their world and it becomes yours. And you stick by them. And they stay with you for life.

#### 4

“The lovely to look at” Annie Laurie Starr (Peggy Cummins) makes her coruscating entry guns blazing on a sideshow stage, twirling her pistols and swinging her hips, offering an act of virtuoso marksmanship and carnival burlesque. Supposedly trained in Brighton amusement parks and shooting galleries, Laurie is a magnetic and commanding lost soul. Her eyes catch Bart's as he grins, ardently gazing at her with an astronomer's leer. She fires a blank cartridge at him at close range. A funny valentine. An audacious theatrical come-on. Bart spasms in response to the pistol's report. A challenge. The two spar and spark. Like a jazz cutting contest, an alchemical wedding.

Laurie brands herself as a bad girl, a bad girl with the feeling she wants to be good. But she had a hair-trigger reflex, a compulsion to kill when cornered or pursued.

Laurie is hypnotic. She has the equipment and proclivity to be sexually manipulative. She has cold ambition. She is mercurial with the ruthless survival instincts and the touch of sociopathy needed to embody the archetype or the fantasy stereotype of the noir femme fatale. But she is in fact a great deal more complicated, more honest in her damages and yearning. She is not deceitful; she is on the level. Her most excessive moves are borne out of fear and panic. She carries an abyss inside of her. Laurie genuinely loves Bart and this makes all the difference in the world.

Bart led astray becomes a strategic but reluctant criminal. He has no desire to cause harm. He commiserates with his victims. If anything he feels chronic empathy for everyone.

Laurie's embrace is meant to captivate, to enflame, to stifle anxiety, stifle lucidity, wreck his unerring compass of conscience. So she acts as a forcefield, a lure but also a medicine, narcotic and consoling. Bart may be a moth to the flame but he is also argumentative and enduringly strong. He cradles and protects Laurie in her weakest moments. Even when logic dictates they split up for a while to throw

the law off their trail, they prove inseparable. As their separate getaway cars are ready to diverge, they screech to a halt and reunite in tears of joy. Love calls us by our name, and we see the truth laid bare. Only the Heart matters.

#### 5

*If you knew, all the dreams I had about you / Then you'd know I've got it bad about you* – “Mad About You,” *Gun Crazy* theme song, lyrics Ned Washington, music Victor Young

Both Bart and Laurie are shot through with uneven streaks of innocence, dressing in costumes, playacting as criminals. Life at the pitch of the masquerade. Suspension of disbelief works in their favor. But the bullets are real.

Bart is courageous, fearless, only momentarily paralyzed at points of extreme cognitive dissonance.

Prone to nuance, compassion, bewilderment.

Laurie can be fearful and stern, baring her teeth, frothing into near ecstasy when armed pursuers fall away. They each have their scars and private commotions but they share calamity and hope for impossibilities once closer than the moon, yet the moon evaporates.

Futility

Evanescence

Not a nickel to buy fried onions in the time of hunger. Later flush enough to buy a fur coat with marked bills. Shivering in boxcars then bursting through roadblocks. The texture of life is velvet, then coarse and frayed. The texture of life a nebulous marsh, a mantle of returning childhood tucking you into bed, the penalty zone of memory. Love lies exhausted in the reeds in the arms of panic and protection. The dream dies in the arms of the law. Laurie says, “We're really in trouble this time.” Every scared child has spoken these words at some point. We all have. We all return from points of no return. And then one time we don't. Ghostly voices of childhood companions call out, confident searchlights in a natural obscurity that feels mythical and supernatural swallowed by the fog. Breathless in apotheosis, the crooning love theme is now a surging crescendo of choral vocalise. The nebulous world falls away. Surpassing human contradiction, the film expires as the camera ascends. — Mark McElhatten

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. With Peggy Cummins, John Dall, Berry Kroeger  
US 1950, 35mm, b/w, 87 min



Joseph H. Lewis *GUN CRAZY*





Stuart Heisler *AMONG THE LIVING*

**friday october 11 at 9pm**  
**AMONG THE LIVING**

*Among the Living* is prime Southern Gothic. Twins, one who left town long ago and returns only for their father's funeral, while the other is secretly locked away in the family mansion after being driven mad by their mother's screams for help. The latter will soon walk among the people of his town, a creature too sensitive for a world where violence seems second nature and a mob the preferred way of community. One can only marvel at Stuart Heisler's genius. How elegantly he introduces a theme that would come to dominate his oeuvre, as evidenced by *The Biscuit Eater* (1940), *The Negro Soldier* (1944) or *Storm Warning* (1951): that of worlds divided (townsfolk having to watch the funeral through an iron-wrought gate; the mad son being shushed away into the mansion's vast garden so as to not embarrass the Decent People congregated for the burial); the way the estate is turned into a maze of shadows; his interest in women that will later carry masterpieces like *Smash-Up: the Story of a Woman* (1947) or *The Star* (1952)—all ending with a deft tribute to Fritz Lang's *M* after having taken a cue or two before from James Whale's *Frankenstein* (both 1931), with sharp intelligence and wit. — *Olaf Möller*

Directed by Stuart Heisler. With Albert Dekker, Susan Hayward, Harry Carey  
US 1941, 16mm, b/w, 67 min

**BEWITCHED**

*Bewitched* is an audaciously stylized psychodrama that marked the keenly anticipated directorial debut of Arch Oboler, a brilliant enfant terrible of radio drama whose popular horror series *Lights Out* and scandalous *Adam and Eve* parody—with none other than Charlie McCarthy and Mae West in the biblical roles—earned him regular comparison with Orson Welles. Oboler accepted the inevitable invitation to Hollywood, where he worked successfully as a screenwriter before directing this striking adaptation of his own celebrated radio play *Alter Ego*. "There are dark corners of the human mind we know nothing about" confesses an eminent psychiatrist, as *Bewitched* flashes back to study the strange symptoms of his most enigmatic patient, a beautiful

bride-to-be possessed by a dark inner voice that compels her to violently reject and destroy her glittering debutante life by fleeing to the other side of the tracks and adapting a new but dangerously unstable identity. Especially effective in viscerally evoking the young woman's struggle is the moody score by underappreciated Polish émigré Bronislau Kaper and the embittered inner voice hissed with demonic fury by radio actress turned noir vixen Audrey Totter.

Directed by Arch Oboler. With Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn, Henry H. Daniels Jr.  
US 1945, 16mm, b/w, 65 min

**saturday october 12 at 3pm**  
**HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE**

Marking the screen debuts of both Glenn Ford and Richard Conte (here Nicolas Conte), *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence* was one of seven films helmed for 20th Century Fox by actor-turned-director Ricardo Cortez, brother of cinematographer Stanley Cortez. A gently rambling road movie, *Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence* follows an optimistic dreamer who quits his department store job to travel impatiently West, by thumb and by rail, to Arizona, where a plot of land he purchased by mail waits to be transformed into a farm. Along the way he befriends Conte's garrulous drifter and, more unexpectedly, a Spanish Civil War exile played by serial-starlet Jean Rogers, with beloved handlebar-moustached character actor Raymond Walburn tagging along as an absentminded professor lending a comic accent to the spontaneous group dialogue. Much of the pleasure of the film lies, in fact, in those scenes of the unlikely group bonding in freight cars and beside hobo campfires, sharing their dreams and musings on life on the road. But darker forces also gather around the edges of the film, with specters of Dust Bowl poverty and cruel accidents threatening to shatter the travelers' hopes for greener, more bucolic pastures.

Directed by Ricardo Cortez. With Jean Rogers, Raymond Walburn, Marjorie Rambeau  
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 62 min



Ricardo Cortez *HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE*

**PERSONS IN HIDING**

Law enforcement czar J. Edgar Hoover cannily understood the power of popular media to define the image of the federal bureau he effectively invented and ruled for almost four decades. In the 1930s, Hoover turned to cinema as a publicity vehicle for his FBI, working with the studios to transform stories from the Bureau's own files into gripping narratives of crime and its swift punishment. *Persons in Hiding* is the first of four B-films made by Paramount under Hoover's close supervision and based on successfully closed FBI cases chronicled in his best-selling and eponymous book. Boasting a screenplay co-written by hard-boiled novelist Horace McCoy, *Persons In Hiding* balances its careful exposé of police procedure with a charged evocation of Depression-era struggle, embodied in the figure of an embittered hairdresser who impulsively embraces crime and a partnership with a petty hood as a means to obtain the status symbols she invidiously desires. The fea-



Louis King *PERSONS IN HIDING*



ture debut of little-known B-starlet Patricia Morison, *Persons In Hiding* offers the farm-girl-turned-ruthless-killer as an emblem of the criminality Hoover claimed lurked everywhere, even within the shadows of the American heartland.

Directed by Louis King. With Lynne Overman, Patricia Morison, J. Carrol Naish  
US 1939, 16mm, b/w, 67 min

**saturday october 12 at 7pm**

### STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR

Shadows come cheap, so low-budget movies can afford to use them lavishly. In *Stranger on the Third Floor*, cinematographer Nicholas Musuraca weaves cages, webs, fractured mazes and looming silhouettes out of nothing but light and shade—an embrace of German Expressionism that led first-time director Boris Ingster's radically stylish B-thriller to be anointed the first American film noir. What starts as a conventional crime drama about a fresh-faced young reporter who witnesses a murder becomes a nightmare of mounting uncertainty, guilt and paranoia that shatters the seamless, well-balanced style of classical Hollywood.

Upstaging the nondescript leads are noir icons who cemented their status soon after in *The Maltese Falcon*: Elisha Cook Jr., whose single scene of pop-eyed hysteria launched his reign as king of the small-time losers; and Peter Lorre, who injects pathos and grotesquerie into a role that asks him to do little besides scuttle around looking sinister in a telltale white scarf. It is tempting to find the hand of Nathanael West, who contributed uncredited screenplay revisions, in the film's abandonment of the whodunit's comforting clarity for the diffused guilt of noir. — *Imogen Smith*

Directed by Boris Ingster. With Peter Lorre, John McGuire, Margaret Tallichet  
US 1940, 35mm, b/w, 64 min

### BLIND ALLEY

Chiseled tough guy Chester Morris stars as a psychotic killer who hides out in a lakeside weekend home, only to be locked in an extended fireside showdown with its owner, Ralph Bellamy's tweedy psychoanalyst, who determines to cure the criminal



Budd Boetticher *RIDE LONESOME*

using the verbal tools of his prolix trade. A seminal proto-noir, *Blind Alley* marks an important transition between the classic gangster portrait films of the 1930s and the psychoanalytically informed explorations of criminality that would flourish through the end of the studio era. Indeed, the film sets into place dominant noir archetypes of psychotic criminality: analyst investigators and repressed dream/flashbacks as riddles charged with crucial meaning. Despite the slightly starchy theatricality of its performances, the film is energized by the stylized direction of “the other Vidor,” Hungarian émigré Charles Vidor, whose prolific years in B-pictures have long been overshadowed by his other Freudian noir classic *Gilda*. Lucien Ballard's apprenticeship as cinematographer for Josef von Sternberg clearly shaped the remarkable dream sequences that fur-

ther underscore the film's place as an obscure anticipation of Hitchcock's *Spellbound*.

Directed by Charles Vidor. With Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Dvorak  
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 68 min

**saturday october 12 at 9pm**

### THE STEEL HELMET

A surprise critical and commercial hit that won Samuel Fuller a directorial contract with 20th Century Fox, his first combat film was also the first American feature to depict the Korean War, released while the conflict and US Red Scare hysteria were furiously ablaze. Based on Fuller's own war experience, *The Steel Helmet* vividly captures the confusion of battle while also giving early expression to the bravely critical gaze Fuller would cast upon the American experience throughout his career. Shooting largely in Los Angeles' Griffith Park on a minimal budget, Fuller plunges the viewer into the miasma of war with a taut and emotional intensity, guided by Gene Evans' Sergeant Zack, a WWII “retread” and grizzled Everyman who regards everyone with the same unpitying honesty and anger. Wounded and abandoned deep behind enemy lines, the disoriented sergeant seems to rise from the dead, lending an oneiric quality to the wandering path that leads him to a precocious Korean war orphan and a ragged group of lost fellow soldiers, including an African American medic and wisecracking Nisei who together form a pointedly composite and complex image of America.

Directed by Samuel Fuller. With Gene Evans, Robert Hutton, Steve Brodie  
US 1951, 35mm, b/w, 85 min

**sunday october 13 at 7pm**

### IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

An affectionate valentine to Tinseltown that nevertheless remains clear-eyed about the perils and strange paradoxes of stardom, *It Happened in Hollywood* was directed by the little-known post-Impressionist painter-turned-director Harry Lachman, but is better recognized as a striking expression of



Harry Lachman *IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD*



Samuel Fuller's first Hollywood career as a successful and always brilliantly imaginative screenwriter. Perennial tough guy Richard Dix is wonderfully cast as a silent cowboy star whose oversized heart gives him trouble when his career plummets with the arrival of sound, and he can no longer keep his pledge to a sickly young fan he had once invited to his now-lost cattle ranch. A standout climactic scene of a picnic staged with actual stand-ins for the stars casts an ersatz W.C. Fields and Greta Garbo, among others, for a remarkable, almost Surrealist, gag that also gives touching homage to the Dream Factory's unsung workers. Only Fuller could have invented the film's eccentrically twisting plot that speaks with unexpected wit and poignancy about the fragile lives of actors washed up by the ever-shifting tides of Hollywood caprice.

Directed by Harry Lachman. With Richard Dix, Fay Wray, Victor Kilian  
US 1937, 35mm, b/w, 67 min

### THE FARGO KID

Remembered today for his prominent roles in *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, Tim Holt was better known during his career as the popular star of more than forty B-Westerns made at RKO, cast by Welles and Huston precisely because of his upstanding cowboy persona. Holt's boyish and likeable screen presence made him an ideal replacement for RKO's earlier Western star, the chivalrous George O'Brien, and allowed him to glide across the melding of violent action-adventure, light comedy and song that remained a standard formula of Holt's often compelling oaters. Only the second of Holt's RKO Westerns, *The Fargo Kid* mines a more comedic vein than other entries, following Holt as a wandering cowpoke mistaken for a notorious gunslinger without his even noticing, until it is almost too late. In the role of Holt's friend is country songwriter and singer Ray Whitley who wrote the famous Western ballad made immortal by Gene Autry, "Back in the Saddle Again," and remained a staple of the singing cowboy films.

Directed by Edward Killy. With Tim Holt, Emmett Lynn, Jane Drummond  
US 1940, 16mm, b/w, 63 min



Joseph H. Lewis MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS



Reginald Le Borg WEIRD WOMAN

friday october 18 at 9pm

sunday october 20 at 4pm

### MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS

B-film maverick Joseph H. Lewis delivered a low-rent yet brilliantly stylized reply to *Rebecca* and *Gaslight* starring a sensitive Nina Foch, in her debut role, as a young woman abducted to a seaside mansion to play the role of an already dead woman and victim of a sinister scheme. With George Macready as a knife-wielding psychotic man-child and Dame May Whitty as his coddling elderly mother, *My Name is Julia Ross* releases the Gothic spirits of the Forties woman-trapped-in-an-old-house cycle into a brisk thriller animated by comically irreverent touches. True to its boldly assertive title, *My Name is Julia Ross* flaunts the rich potential of the B-film to act as a revealingly distorting mirror of the more predictable big-budgeted A-films. Indeed, scenes of Foch pulling apart the wall panels and staircases to discover secret passages seem to subversively celebrate the threadbare sets of Lewis' low-budget production. An unexpected breakout hit, the film was so popular it was elevated by Columbia to an A-feature and moved to the prestigious top half of double bills.

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. With Nina Foch, May Whitty, George Macready  
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 64 min

### SO DARK THE NIGHT

One of the great delights of the B-film is that rare chance to see a favorite character actor elevated to a starring role, like menacing tough guy Charles McGraw's transformation into a bulletproof cop in *Armored Car Robbery*, or Hungarian émigré Steven Geray, the suave maître d' and waiter in countless pictures, now cast as a Parisian detective whose engagement to a small-town innkeeper's daughter is shattered by her gruesome murder. Determined to catch the killer, Geray embarks on a strange and twisting path, interrogating subjects while his criminal prey remains always one step away. In this stylish follow-up to his breakthrough hit, the Gothic plot-twister *My Name is Julia Ross*, Joseph H. Lewis makes clear his wild talent for the unexpected stories and bold mise-en-scène that give his films the giddy intensity so beloved by true cinephiles. Regularly re-

discovered as a cult classic, *So Dark the Night* drew the attention of Columbia executives who began to unsuccessfully groom Lewis for bigger-budget assignments that he would steadfastly resist out of reluctance to surrender the creative freedom he found on the lower rungs of the hierarchical studio ladder.

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. With Steven Geray, Micheline Cheirel, Eugene Borden  
US 1946, DCP, b/w, 71 min

saturday october 26 at 7pm

sunday november 10 at 4pm

### THUNDERHOOF

In the first stage of his long career, cult noir director Phil Karlson thrived as a contract helmer of inventive B-films in a wide variety of genres: from service comedies and musicals to minor entries in the Charlie Chan and Bowery Boys series. Among Karlson's best early works is the strangely forgotten *Thunderhoof*, a psychosexually intense Western that succinctly presages his later, and now justly celebrated, studies of strained masculinity (*99 River Street*, *The Brothers Rico*). *Thunderhoof* is admirably resourceful, making the most of a cast of just four actors, including the titular steed, an elusive wild horse pursued with obsessive doggedness by an aging cowboy, played with grizzled intensity by an alternately avuncular and wrathful Preston Foster. Dragged along on Foster's hunt for his White Whale are the cowboy's too-young Mexican wife and a hotshot wrangler and adopted son now increasingly resentful of the strained filial bond to a man he is coming to despise. Channeling the Freudian and patricidal undercurrents reinventing the postwar Western, *Thunderhoof* wastes none of its short running time in ratcheting up the tension as the men quickly lock into a paranoid competition that, in Hawksian fashion, increasingly conflates horse and bride.

Directed by Phil Karlson. With Preston Foster, Mary Stuart, William Bishop  
US 1948, 35mm, b/w, 77 min

### RIDE LONESOME

The seven Westerns Boetticher made with Randolph Scott—the famous Ranown Cycle—mostly produced by Harry Joe Brown and written by Burt Kennedy in the short span of four years, are as many variations on the lonely hero. One could say that, in *Ride Lonesome*, Ben Brigade's loneliness is the monolithic embodiment of revenge, engaged in a pursuit that will lead to one of the most disenchanting endings of the entire cycle. His quest is a mythical one: a quest for fire that will finally purge his past only to leave him lonelier. And, as in all seven films, Scott wears the same mineral mask, like the sculptural rocky dry landscape in which the film unfolds. His invisibility is systematically betrayed by a physical (though ethereal) element: dust—as if his pursuit of revenge is charted by a trail of dust. And dust will finally turn to smoke: in another scene, bodies are buried in a cloud of dust; a tracking shot discovers, behind the funeral party, the dark smoke of the Mescalero's war signs. From dust to smoke, the last shot—rising on a film crane—is of the burning hanging tree's dark smoke climbing up to the sky, fleeing up towards heaven. — João Pedro Rodrigues

Directed by Budd Boetticher. With Randolph Scott, Karen Steele, Pernell Roberts  
US 1959, DCP, color, 73 min





Edward Dmytryk *CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN*

**saturday october 26 at 10pm**  
**PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**

It may be impossible to extricate Edward D. Wood Jr.'s too-famous film from the noxious mixture of mock awe, real awe, familiarity and condescension in which it has lain floating since it was rediscovered (as, supposedly, one of the worst movies ever made) not long after its author's miserable death in 1978. If anything still remains to be said about *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, perhaps it's that the film manages to pull itself together and make an almost coherent (if insane) statement, even though its various parts always seem to be trying to separate from one another: the nonexistent sets; the assortment of professional, quasi-professional, and nonprofessional actors; Wood's fervent, crackpot dialogue.



Edward D. Wood *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*

Tribute should also be paid to Bela Lugosi's performance in the minute-and-a-half or so of footage (shot by Wood for another project that was abandoned after the actor's death in 1956) the filmmaker salvaged for *Plan 9*. In what looks like an absolute vacuum of plot context, Lugosi uses all the resources at his command to impose a last double image of himself: grieving, hapless widower and Satanic overlord, proud in ignoble defeat. — *Chris Fujiwara*

Directed by Edward D. Wood Jr. With Gregory Walcott, Mona McKinnon, Duke Moore  
 US 1959, 35mm, b/w, 80 min

**friday november 1 at 7pm**  
**WEIRD WOMAN**

The long-running radio serial *Inner Sanctum Mystery* (1941 – 1952) inspired six Universal films, all starring Lon Chaney Jr. and featuring eerie stories of supernatural terror. In the best one, *Weird Woman*, Chaney is Norman Reed, an anthropology professor married to the exotic island native he met while conducting field research for a book on voodoo religions. Austrian émigré Reginald Le Borg lends an ironically anthropological eye to his cutting study of a small-minded American town destabilized by the incestuous rivalries and unspoken xenophobia that ignite when Reed unexpectedly returns from his expedition with his comely bride in tow. Remaining true to its radio origins, *Weird Woman* makes effective use of voiceovers to place the viewer squarely in the troubled mindset of Reed as he struggles to understand the many weird women who whisper suggestively into his ear, including the always uncanny Val Lewton regular Elizabeth Russell as a wrathfully vengeful wife desperate to blame someone for her husband's suicide.

Directed by Reginald Le Borg. With Lon Chaney Jr., Anne Gwynne, Evelyn Ankers  
 US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 63 min

**CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN**

Before his best-known film noir and his controversially brief turn as one of the blacklisted Hollywood Ten, Edward Dmytryk was an editor-turned-director steadily working his way across different studios' B-units. Dmytryk's journeyman years included a stint at Universal, where he helmed this eccentric sci-fi horror starring John Carradine as an unethical endocri-



Robert Florey *THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK*

nologist performing dangerous experiments upon a gorilla stolen from the circus, using vital organs removed from female patients to transform the beast into a beautiful woman whose strange predilection towards wild animals ultimately reveals her true identity. Played by a Native American or African American actress whose origins remain uncertain but who was claimed in studio ballyhoo to be "The Venezuelan Volcano" best known by the stage name of Acquanetta, the gorilla-woman is as uncomfortably blatant an emblem of racist fears as King Kong years earlier. Intertwining the doctor's increasingly dangerous experiments with the perilous work of the animal trainer taming vicious lions, *Captive Wild Woman* channeled the fad for sexualized jungle exotica into a surprise box office hit.

Directed by Edward Dmytryk. With John Carradine, Evelyn Ankers, Acquanetta  
 US 1943, 35mm, b/w, 60 min

**friday november 1 at 9pm**  
**SH! THE OCTOPUS**

Standing foursquare among the towering achievements of world cinema, *Sh! The Octopus* transcends mere words. Director William C. McGann shows his inventiveness from the start, daring to place Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins into starring roles, fully confident they can carry a feature as easily as Cagney or Flynn. Next, he boldly confines most of the action to a single, cramped set—a lighthouse interior—compelling his cast to make dynamic acting choices in the most restrictive of conditions. His most audacious move is to keep the Octopus off-screen much of the time—a touch famously ripped off by such later, inferior films as *Cat People* and *The Thing*. Finally, he brings it all in at a taut 54 minutes, ensuring there won't even be the slightest whiff of padding; it can scarcely be summarized here, but it involves a pair of cops, a mystery woman, a corpse and, of course, an Irish police commissioner. Released as a huge Christmas present to an America still rising from the Depression, it was hailed by *Variety* as "so feeble even the actors look ashamed of themselves... the studio should be willing to call it quits after this." If motion pictures are indeed the world's greatest art form, then *Sh! The Octopus* is truly the



pinnacle; after seeing it, you'll stagger out of the theatre, secure in the belief you have reached out and touched the face of God. — *Michael Schlesinger*

Directed by William C. McGann. With Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Marcia Ralston  
US 1937, 16mm, b/w, 54 min

### THE DEVIL BAT

Almost hard to watch except when mad doctor Bela Lugosi or his mutant bats are on screen, and padded to an unforgivable extent by scenes in which amateur detectives and potential victims stand around the set wondering about mysteries whose answers have been known to the viewer from the beginning, *The Devil Bat* is at once less effective than it should be as a low-grade horror film and more effective than any film needs to be as an absurdist condemnation of human fatuousness. The stupidity of the characters is so total, and the characters themselves so irritating, that Lugosi and his campaign of revenge seem completely justified.

The contribution of Jean Yarbrough, here making his second feature film as director, is not very distinguished, but more committed or more imaginative direction would hardly have made a difference to the film. *The Devil Bat* belongs to, and exists solely for and because of, Lugosi. On a downward career spiral from which he would never manage to rebound, the former star of *Dracula* compensates himself for the ignominy of appearing in this pathetic little production by wringing each of his scenes by the neck and acting everyone else off the screen. — *Chris Fujiwara*

Directed by Jean Yarbrough. With Bela Lugosi, Suzanne Kaaren, Dave O'Brien  
US 1940, 16mm, b/w, 69 min

### sunday november 3 at 5pm

#### OUTRAGE

Best known as an actress, Ida Lupino was also an accomplished, daring filmmaker. In 1949 she established, with her then-husband Collier Young, the production company The Filmakers, which offered her the freedom to develop her own projects. As an in-



Richard Fleischer *THE NARROW MARGIN*



Anthony Mann *DR. BROADWAY*

dependent producer, director and screenwriter, she created a number of low-budget melodramas focused on women and how women confront the moral vigor of society. Recently preserved by Paramount Pictures, *Outrage* is the second feature by Lupino—she was not credited for her debut *Not Wanted* (1949).

Set during the postwar period, Ann Walton—played by Mala Powers—is a modern young woman working in an office in a small town. When leaving one night she is followed by a man. The long, tense chase scene—a magistral sequence—is charged with disturbing emotional violence. Ashamed and traumatized, she cannot speak about what happened and runs away from her parents' home to start a new life. Dealing with how society faces gender inequality, harassment and sexual assault, *Outrage* confronts subjects that, at that point, remained largely undressed. — *Gustavo Beck*

Directed by Ida Lupino. With Mala Powers, Tod Andrews, Robert Clarke  
US 1950, 35mm, b/w, 75 min

### friday november 8 at 7pm

#### THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK

My favorite Peter Lorre movie, and that's saying a lot (and he's the star too!). It's brisk and unpredictable, always zigzagging from genre to genre. The tale starts out like Kafka's *Amerika*, with a wide-eyed immigrant, our Lorre, on a liner cruising past the Statue of Liberty, on his way to unforeseeable opportunities in the West. Lorre plays the new American with a succession of acting styles that permute as rapidly as the film's careening genres, which freely shift the storytelling cadences from coming-of-age narrative to crime film, romantic melodrama fairytale and even revenge legend, all the while defining a nation. It's a B-movie wonder! — *Guy Maddin*

Directed by Robert Florey. With Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, Don Beddoe  
US 1941, 35mm, b/w, 69 min

### friday november 8 at 9pm

#### ARMORED CAR ROBBERY

*Armored Car Robbery* is just one in a series of violent crime dramas directed with crisp efficiency by Richard Fleischer during his early years at RKO. An important first expression of the heist film genre held at bay by the crumbling Hays Code—which had long prohibited overly detailed depictions of criminal acts—*Armored Car Robbery* came out the same year as John Huston's seminal expression of the genre, *The Asphalt Jungle*, yet stands in stark, stripped-down contrast to Huston's soulful peon to the defeated underdog. Fleischer instead delivers a swift and coldblooded illustration of ruthlessly efficient police and criminal apparatuses set into contrapuntal motion, with William Talman's harder-than-hardboiled mastermind pitted against indelible character actors only possible in the feverish trenches of B-film production. Making great use of Los Angeles-area locations, the film bears affinities with the popular cycle of low-budget semi-documentary crime films that flourished in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

Directed by Richard Fleischer. With Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens, William Talman  
US 1950, 35mm, b/w, 67 min



Joe May *JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE*

### THE NARROW MARGIN

*The final result of the film represents what I thought at the time was the crowning moment of my style. I had finally found it and was able to bring it to the screen the way I wanted.* — *Richard Fleischer*

Compression and forward momentum were key to many of the strongest RKO film noir titles. Fleischer was master of the fleet and compact as demonstrated by this highly celebrated noir shot in thirteen days for 230,000 dollars, running an energizing 71 minutes. After a string of impressive secondary roles (in Siodmak's *The Killers* and Mann's *T-Men*) Fleischer elevated the charismatically gruff Charles McGraw to his first starring role in *Armored Car Robbery*. In *The Narrow Margin*, McGraw's detective Sgt. Brown begrudgingly accepts the assignment to safeguard a racketeer's widow as she makes a furtive journey by train out of Chicago. Destination: Los Angeles, where she will testify before a Grand Jury unless a bullet stops her cold. The train is a steam-powered traveling theater of masquerades and fluctuating appearances, unidentified syndicate killers and unlikely allies. Under police watch is the serrated "Queen of the Bs" Marie Windsor, a sultry, short-



fused fireball of caustic complaint, strategically rubbing up against the flinty McGraw with frictive, hostile sparks. Spilling her string of pearls, jabbing with acid barbs, defiantly blaring music on her portable phonograph, Windsor's every move is a provocation that teases catastrophe.

Fleischer and the great cinematographer George E. Diskant make the most of the lively balance between the interior design of the train and the external landscape, conceiving of multi-plane effects, oscillating viewpoints and natural superimpositions within a tight space. Without a doubt, the story that unfolds and the vocal interplay between the actors is riveting entertainment. But try watching the film silent sometime. You will see the fantastic choreography of figures, modulating light, kinetic cuts, dissolves, wipes, pivoting motion and quick changing impressions. Every great sound film is first a great silent film in the editing and *The Narrow Margin* is a tour de force. *New print courtesy the Academy Film Archive.*

Directed by Richard Fleischer. With Charles McGraw, Marie Windsor, Jacqueline White  
US 1952, 35mm, b/w, 71 min

**saturday november 9 at 7pm**

#### DR. BROADWAY

Anthony Mann's debut feature is a brisk mystery-comedy that follows Macdonald Carey as a physician whose office along the Great White Way makes him an unlikely savior and sleuth of the helpless victims and strange mysteries that land on his doorstep... or on nearby high building ledges. It is there that he rescues a young woman seemingly about to commit suicide, and then promptly hires her as his secretary and assistant on his improbable first case, tracking down the missing daughter of an ex-gangster who he long ago sent to jail. When the doctor is accused of the ex-con's murder the stakes are dramatically raised. Meant to be the first of a character-based series, *Dr. Broadway* is a giddy and delightful rollercoaster of a film that packs more plot into its short running time than it probably should. Despite Mann's impressive ability to weave together the crazy storylines while maintaining a nail-biting tension, *Dr. Broadway* did not convince Paramount to invest in further adventures.

Directed by Anthony Mann. With Macdonald Carey, Jean Phillips, J. Carrol Naish  
US 1942, 35mm, b/w, 68 min

**sunday november 10 at 7pm**

#### JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

This little-known Monogram comedy is a delightful entry in the short cycle of housing shortage comedies inspired by the rush of factory workers to already crowded urban centers during the Second World War. Giving comedic form to period anxieties about single and empowered women newly entered into the labor force, *Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore* stars Simone Simon as Kathie, an aircraft factory worker whose arrival in the Big City and prompt displacement from her promised sublet unleashes a dizzying comedy of mistaken identity and errant desire. The film follows Kathie as she deftly fends off prowling servicemen and adjusts to her new life, all the while accompanied by a wacky Mel Blanc-voiced gremlin sprinkling pixie dust havoc around her. Remembered today, if at all, for the brief appearance of a youthful Robert Mitchum as a sleepy-

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Robert Florey *DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI*

eyed soldier, the film also marks the sadly ignominious end of Viennese émigré director Joe May's once meteoric career.

Directed by Joe May. With Simone Simon, James Ellison, William Terry  
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 74 min

**sunday november 17 at 5pm**

#### THE HOUSE OF FEAR

Joe May injected madcap comedy into his breezy remake of Paul Leni's innovative 1928 part-talkie *The Last Warning*, updating and adding new twists to the whodunnit tale of a theater haunted by the ghost of a lead actor mysteriously killed on stage. May's background in theater informed *The House of Fear*'s evocative rendition of the backstage mayhem and butterfly-filled dressing rooms. Lead actor William Gargan, meanwhile, brought his own pre-acting career as a gumshoe into his role as Arthur McHugh, an intrepid police detective convinced he can solve



Edgar G. Ulmer *STRANGE ILLUSION*

the crime by posing as a producer determined to bring the same ill-fated play back to life, in the same now-shuttered theater and with the remaining cast. McHugh seems to be onto something when the substitute lead is also killed, suggesting that someone in the cast might be guilty.

Directed by Joe May. With William Gargan, Irene Hervey, Dorothy Arnold  
US 1939, 35mm, b/w, 66 min

**sunday november 17 at 7pm**

**friday november 22 at 9pm**

#### DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI

Among the most fascinating and exciting Hollywood films starring pathbreaking Chinese-American actress Anna May Wong is *Daughter of Shanghai*, a revelation of the B-film's potential to challenge dominant rules of studio-era Hollywood. In this case we find casting conventions overturned with Wong as a vengeful daughter paired with Korean-American actor Philip Ahn as a federal agent. They are joined together in a mission to uncover a vicious human smuggling ring victimizing Chinese immigrants. French émigré filmmaker Robert Florey was good friends with both Wong and Ahn, and worked hard to secure them sympathetic and more fully dimensional roles than were typical in the 1930s for non-white stars. Although shot on an accelerated schedule with a minimal budget, Florey's signature stylistic flair and outspokenness is everywhere apparent in *Daughter of Shanghai*, most especially in its pointed critique of the injustices regularly suffered by Asian Americans, including the racist stereotypes the film so clearly rejects. *Preserved by the Library of Congress.*

Directed by Robert Florey. With Anna May Wong, Philip Ahn, Charles Bickford  
US 1937, 35mm, b/w, 63 min

#### PHANTOM OF CHINATOWN

In response to 20th Century Fox's eminently popular Charlie Chan, Monogram invented the depreciatory Chinese master sleuth Mr. Wong, played in five films by the versatile Boris Karloff. The last of the Mr. Wong series broke radically from the formula by replacing Karloff with the talented Keye Luke, the Chinese-American actor locked into the role of Chan's "Number One Son" but now freed to solve



an enigmatic crime of his own: the murder of his college mentor, a prominent archaeologist killed while lecturing about his controversial discovery of a legendary ancient Chinese tomb. Arguably the most progressive of the many Asian detective films popular throughout the B-era, *Phantom of Chinatown* begins with a remarkable critique of the ethnographic gaze shown in the expedition footage presented by the professor just before his death, as if to underscore the film's refreshing casting of Asian American actors as protagonists. Joining forces with Luke is Japanese-American actress Lotus Long as a patriotic secret Chinese agent assigned to recover the precious scroll pillaged from the sacred tomb. Eccentric comic accents liven the pace and sharpen the film's sly parody of racial stereotyping, best expressed in the ludicrous fortune cookie dialogue deadpanned by Luke as he weaves his way through the Chinatown underworld.

Directed by Phil Rosen. With Keye Luke, Lotus Long, Grant Withers  
US 1941, 16mm, b/w, 61 min

**friday november 22 at 7pm**  
**STRANGE ILLUSION**

Shakespeare is given the Hardy Boys treatment by Edgar Ulmer in his liberal transformation of Hamlet into an All-American college freshman home from school who is inspired by weird nightmares to investigate the mysterious death of his father, the town's prominent judge. Among the legendary Poverty Row studio Producers Releasing Company's more ambitious projects, *Strange Illusion* was originally intended for Joseph H. Lewis but ultimately assigned to the equally adept stylist Ulmer, who released ample fog and modernist angles to give eerie atmospherics to the film, beginning with its evocative dream sequence opening.

A clear extension of his leading role as a Boy Scout detective in Paramount's popular Henry Aldrich series, Jimmy Lydon's Hamlet conveys a wide-eyed naiveté that cuts almost subversively against the feverishly Gothic Freudianism percolating throughout *Strange Illusion*. Meanwhile, the perennial villain Warren William lends his trademark lecherousness to the film's Claudius, determined at all costs to seduce and destroy the wife of the judge and uber-father-figure who once convicted him. *35mm preservation print courtesy UCLA Film and Television Archive.*

Directed by Edgar G. Ulmer. With Jimmy Lydon, Warren William, Sally Eilers  
US 1945, 35mm, b/w, 87 min

**saturday november 23 at 7pm**  
**THE FALCON AND THE CO-EDS**

*The Falcon and the Co-eds* is the best of the films in the Falcon series because it has the least to do with the Falcon, instead focusing on several female characters. The touch of Val Lewton screenwriter Ardel Wray is undoubtedly decisive in giving the film its strong Lewtonesque flavor, to which the main-title music, lifted from Roy Webb's score for *I Walked With a Zombie*, and the recurrence of a seashore location from that film, also contribute, as does the casting of Jean Brooks and Isabel Jewell (previously teamed in both *The Leopard Man* and *The Seventh Victim*).

The Falcon films constantly assert that woman is incomprehensible and ever apt to make mountains out of molehills; man, as incarnated by Tom Con-



William Castle *WHEN STRANGERS MARRY*

way (who inherited the Falcon role from his brother George Sanders), is imperturbable and immaculate and trivializes everything. The film doesn't so much overturn this structure as explore it from a female point of view. Always a mild and restrained actor, Conway disappears into the film even more than usual. After it is over, it's hard to remember him, as if he hadn't been in it, as if it had been a film entirely of women. — Chris Fujiwara

Directed by William Clemens. With Tom Conway, Jean Brooks, Rita Corday  
US 1943, 16mm, b/w, 67 min

**NINE GIRLS**

The rarely acknowledged Leigh Jason was a talented and prolific director of B-musicals and comedies at RKO and Columbia before continuing with equal success in television. *Nine Girls* is a wonderful place to start a critical reevaluation: a brisk and sly comedy-murder-mystery set among a small-town college sorority whose most prominent member is the vituperative Paula, a spoiled socialite whose fang marks scar each of the other members. "Some-



Leigh Jason *NINE GIRLS*

day that snake in silk underwear is going to find her neck in a sling!" predicts one of the sisters, and quite correctly when Paula's brutal murder leaves the remaining inductees, together with their matronly chaperone, stranded in the sorority's mountain lodge wondering who among them committed the crime they all not-so-secretly desired. Buoyed by a spirited cast donning competing heart-shape beehive hairdos and including Anita Louise (briefly), Nina Foch and Evelyn Keyes, *Nine Girls* is laced with deliciously catty repartee adapted from the original play by Karen DeWolf and Connie Lee, regular writers for Columbia's popular *Blondie* series.

Directed by Leigh Jason. With Ann Harding, Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg  
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 78 min

**saturday november 23 at 9pm**  
**KID GLOVE KILLER**

The B-film's important role as a lower-risk stage for testing new talent is showcased in the striking directorial debut of Austrian émigré Fred Zinnemann and the first starring role for Van Heflin. A taut police procedural, *Kid Glove Killer* was an expansion of an episode from MGM's long-running shorts series *Crime Does Not Pay*, two-reeler cautionary tales that traced the birth, evolution and successful extermination by a police agency of a wide range of criminal activities and enterprises, from drunk driving and embezzlement to counterfeiting and smuggling. Here Van Heflin is a wisecracking and casually sexist forensic criminologist pitted against a corrupt District Attorney and rival for the affection of his lab assistant Marsha Hunt, who suddenly finds herself caught in the middle of a tense cat-and-mouse game. Writer John C. Higgins imparts *Kid Glove Killer* with rich details of forensic crime work that point towards his efficient police procedural screenplays for Anthony Mann (*T-Men*, *He Walked By Night*, *Border Incident*).

Directed by Fred Zinnemann. With Van Heflin, Marsha Hunt, Lee Bowman  
US 1942, 16mm, b/w, 74 min

**sunday november 24 at 4pm**  
**WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (AKA BETRAYED)**

Orson Welles was an outspoken admirer of this compact B-noir classic by William Castle (later an as-



sistant director on *The Lady From Shanghai*), a taut and suspenseful sixty-seven-minute story of a nubile bride arriving in New York City to meet the traveling salesman she recently and very hastily married before his abrupt and, in retrospect, strange departure. In her hotel she finds not her husband but, by uncanny coincidence, an old flame crestfallen to learn of her spontaneous marriage, a forgiving but oddly brooding type played by Robert Mitchum in a pivotal early role that first revealed his talents as an ambiguous hero. Together the bride and ex-lover search for the missing groom, discovering clues along the way that suggest he may be the ruthless “Silk Stocking Murderer.” The film offered an early role for a radiantly young Kim Hunter, who wanders through a haunted city of beckoning signs and sinister figures like a noir Alice in Underworld Land. An arresting scene of the frightened, lonely Hunter, alone in her dingy hotel room while honky-tonk music and pulsing lights beckon, mysteriously unfolds like an animated Edward Hopper canvas.

Directed by William Castle. With Dean Jagger, Kim Hunter, Robert Mitchum  
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 67 min

### THE MARK OF THE WHISTLER

Not long after the debut of the popular radio mystery series *The Whistler*, Columbia launched a series of adaptations, seven starring veteran actor Richard Dix as a disoriented everyman caught in a self-destructive spiral and mysteriously accompanied by the sardonic, almost sinister, commentary of the unseen whistling host taking obvious pleasure in the inevitable downfall and punishment of Dix’s sad-sack antiheroes. Co-scripted by the great Cornell Woolrich, *The Mark of the Whistler* follows Dix as a fallen man reaching for a fallen star, a park-bench derelict who happens upon an improbable scheme to impersonate the owner of an unclaimed bank account advertised in a local paper. The film was the second in the schadenfreude series directed by William Castle, whose trademark stylistic gusto and vaudevillian flair is wonderfully evident in the boldly homoerotic close-up showdowns that give almost comic tension to Dix’s dangerous game, not to mention the over-the-top Cossack-themed nightclub



Anthony Mann RAW DEAL



Norman Foster WOMAN ON THE RUN

complete with giant flaming shish kebabs and knife-wielding dancers.

Directed by William Castle. With Richard Dix, Janis Carter, Porter Hall  
US 1944, 16mm, b/w, 60 min

### monday november 25 at 7pm

#### RAW DEAL

Is *Raw Deal* the most beautiful “ménage à trois” in all film history? The late João Bénard da Costa, fond of superlatives, would have called it “*un-adjectivable*.” Pat (Claire Trevor) loves Joe (Dennis O’Keefe) who loves Ann (Marsha Hunt) who hates Pat who envies Ann who loves Joe who trusts Pat... One generally remembers Anthony Mann’s noir films for their cinematography and mise-en-scène. John Alton’s black-and-white images are indeed remarkable. The precise and elaborate cutting, always relying on depth of field, shot/counter-shot, surprisingly efficient compositions, is a marvel shot after shot. The images are often almost abstract, belonging to and moving away from the plot (eventually leading to Pat and the unstoppable clock inside the ship), becoming iconic by themselves. But what touches me most is Claire Trevor’s deep, whispered voice drawing us into the film and past the prison gate in the tense opening scene (No trespassing—she shouldn’t have crossed that gate and if she hadn’t, the film would have taken another turn, as her rival Ann so desires), catching us inside her mind, as if she were writing the very film unfolding before us. — *João Rui Guerra da Mata*

Directed by Anthony Mann. With Dennis O’Keefe, Claire Trevor, Marsha Hunt  
US 1948, 35mm, b/w, 79 min

#### WOMAN ON THE RUN

Typically dismissed as a minor director whose best work was as assistant to Orson Welles, the talented Norman Foster had a significant career unto his own that began with his work directing some of the best entries in the Charlie Chan and Mr. Moto series, but also included a group of accomplished Spanish language genre films made in Mexico. Perhaps the

best place to launch a reevaluation of Foster is the rediscovered noir thriller *Woman on the Run*, starring Ann Sheridan as an estranged wife searching for her embittered artist husband-in-hiding after he is targeted by the mob for accidentally witnessing a crime. Joining Sheridan in her rescue mission through the urban underbelly is Dennis O’Keefe’s strangely insistent crime reporter who may have alternate motives. *Woman on the Run* makes stunning use of its San Francisco and Los Angeles locations to inject a vérité energy and palpable danger into its gripping story, including a thrilling roller coaster climax shot on the Santa Monica pier by pioneering cinematographer Hal Mohr, who across his long career refined dollies and cranes to make possible a richer kind of expressive camera movement.

Directed by Norman Foster. With Ann Sheridan, Dennis O’Keefe, Robert Keith  
US 1950, 35mm, b/w, 77 min





S	M	T	W	T	F	S
01	02	03	04	05	06 7PM HYENAS P. 3 9PM HYENAS P. 3	07 3PM THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SOLD ... / LE FRANC P. 3 \$5 matinee admission 7PM HYENAS P. 3 9PM TOUKI BOUKI P. 4
08 4:30PM HYENAS P. 3 7PM TOUKI BOUKI P. 4	09 7PM HYENAS P. 3	10	11	12	13 7PM DETOUR P. 6 FIVE CAME BACK P. 7 9:15PM DONOVAN'S BRAIN P. 7	14 7PM CRIME WAVE PLUNDER ROAD P. 7 9:45PM ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN P. 7
15 5PM MAISON DU BONHEUR P. 24 7PM DETOUR P. 6 FIVE CAME BACK P. 7	16 7PM MS SLAVIC 7 VESLEMØY'S SONG P. 24 sofia bohdanowicz and deragh campbell in person	17	18	19 6:30PM A CONVERSATION WITH GODFREY REGGIO AND PHILIP GLASS at wbur cityspace	20 8PM KOYAANISQATSI LIVE! at the orpheum theatre	21 3PM SUPA MODO P. 4 \$5 matinee admission 7PM ANIMA MUNDI POWAQQATSI P. 27 godfrey reggio in person
22 3:30PM CRIME WAVE PLUNDER ROAD P. 7 7PM PRIVACY CAMPAIGN NAQOYQATSI godfrey reggio in person P. 27	23 7PM THE LEOPARD MAN P. 7 THE GHOST SHIP P. 8	24	25	26	27 7PM FLEURS SAUVAGES WILDFLOWERS COLOR CORRECTION P. 28 margaret honda in conversation with henriette huldisch	28 7PM EXAMEN D'ETAT P. 29 9PM MURDER BY CONTRACT P. 8
29 7PM LADIES IN WAITING ATALAKU P. 29	30 7PM HORSE MONEY P. 31					



Charles Vidor *BLIND ALLEY* P. 14



David Lynch *THE ELEPHANT MAN* P. 33



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		01	02	03	04 7PM KINSHASA MAKAMBO P. 30 dieudo hamadi in person	05 3PM GOOD BYE, LENIN! P. 4 \$5 matinee admission  7PM MAMA COLONEL P. 30 dieudo hamadi in person
06 5PM BABES ON SWING STREET P. 8  7PM THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG P. 8 THE CRIME OF DR. CRESPI P. 9	07 7PM VITALINA VERA P. 30 pedro costa in person	08	09	10	11 7PM GUN CRAZY P. 10  9PM AMONG THE LIVING BEWITCHED P. 13	12 3PM HEAVEN WITH A BARBED... PERSONS IN HIDING P. 13  7PM STRANGER...THIRD FLOOR BLIND ALLEY P. 14  9PM THE STEEL HELMET P. 14
13 4:30PM GUN CRAZY P. 10  7PM IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD P. 14 THE FARGO KID P. 15	14 7PM EVIDENCE VISITORS P. 27	15	16	17	18 7PM LISTEN UP PHILIP P. 32  9PM MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS SO DARK THE NIGHT P. 15	19 7PM SWIMMING POOL P. 35  9PM THE COLOR WHEEL THE MAGIC LAND OF MOTHER GOOSE P. 33
20 4PM MY NAME IS JULIA ROSS SO DARK THE NIGHT P. 15  7PM REDCAP... THE WIND IS DRIVING HIM TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA P. 37	21 7PM BY THE GRACE OF GOD P. 36 françois ozon in person	22	23	24	25 7PM QUEEN OF EARTH P. 33  9PM BODY DOUBLE P. 33	26 3PM POLTERGEIST P. 5 \$5 matinee admission  7PM THUNDERHOOF RIDE LONESOME P. 15  10PM PLAN 9... P. 16
27 5PM REDCAP... THE WIND IS DRIVING HIM TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA P. 37  7PM LISTEN UP PHILIP P. 32	28 7PM DAVID BROOKS SHORT FILMS P. 37	29	30	31 9PM ALIENS P. 38	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.	



Godfrey Reggio NAQOYQATSI P. 27



Margaret Honda COLOR CORRECTION P. 28



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					<b>01</b> <b>7PM</b> WEIRD WOMAN CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN P. 16 <b>9PM</b> SH! THE OCTOPUS P. 16 THE DEVIL BAT P. 17	<b>02</b> <b>7PM</b> THE ELEPHANT MAN P. 33 <i>introduction by alex ross perry</i> <b>9:30PM</b> PATTY HEARST P. 34 <i>introduction by alex ross perry</i>
<b>03</b> <b>5PM</b> OUTRAGE P. 17 <b>7PM</b> GOLDEN EXITS P. 34 <i>alex ross perry in person</i>	<b>04</b> <b>7PM</b> HER SMELL P. 34 <i>alex ross perry in person</i>	<b>05</b>	<b>06</b>	<b>07</b>	<b>08</b> <b>7PM</b> THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK P. 17 <b>9PM</b> ARMORED CAR ROBBERY NARROW MARGIN P. 17	<b>09</b> <b>7PM</b> DR. BROADWAY P. 18 <b>8:30PM</b> THE KING OF COMEDY P. 38
<b>10</b> <b>4PM</b> THUNDERHOOF RIDE LONESOME P. 15 <b>7PM</b> JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE P. 18	<b>11</b> <b>7PM</b> BEING THERE P. 38 <i>introduction by j. hoberman</i>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b> <b>7PM</b> UNDER THE SAND P. 36 <b>9PM</b> FRANTZ P. 36	<b>16</b> <b>3PM</b> BOY AND THE WORLD P. 5 \$5 matinee admission <b>7PM</b> IMPOLEX P. 34 <b>8:30PM</b> THE FAMILY JEWELS P. 35
<b>17</b> <b>5PM</b> THE HOUSE OF FEAR P. 18 <b>7PM</b> DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI PHANTOM OF CHINATOWN P. 18	<b>18</b> <b>7PM</b> ATLANTIQUE P. 40 <i>mati diop in person</i>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> <b>7PM</b> STRANGE ILLUSION P. 19 <b>9PM</b> DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI PHANTOM OF CHINATOWN P. 18	<b>23</b> <b>7PM</b> THE FALCON AND THE CO-EDS NINE GIRLS P. 19 <b>9PM</b> KID GLOVE KILLER P. 19
<b>24</b> <b>4PM</b> WHEN STRANGERS MARRY P. 19 THE MARK OF THE WHISTLER P. 20 <b>7PM</b> PHAROS OF CHAOS P. 31	<b>25</b> <b>7PM</b> RAW DEAL WOMAN ON THE RUN P. 20	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b> <b>7PM</b> BACK TO THE FUTURE P. 39 <b>9:15PM</b> BLUE VELVET P. 39

## Harvard Film Archive

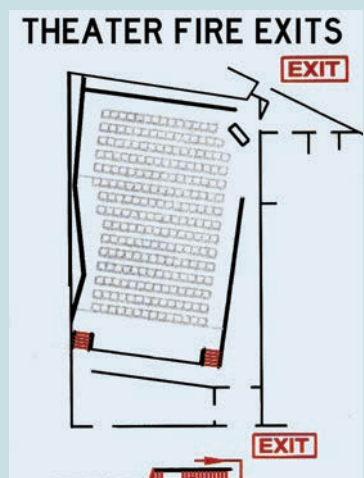
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Tickets are available 45 minutes before showtime.  
 All programs are subject to change.  
 No late seating.

The Harvard Film Archive is just east of the Harvard Square Red Line T stop and next to the Harvard Art Museums. The HFA is one block north of Massachusetts Avenue between Broadway and Harvard Streets on the Harvard University campus.

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





# THE TOUCH OF MEMORY. THE FILMS OF SOFIA BOHDANOWICZ

SEPTEMBER 15 – SEPTEMBER 16



Sofia Bohdanowicz *MS SLAVIC 7*

Canadian independent filmmaker Sofia Bohdanowicz (b. 1985) has made a series of subtly intertwined films that each find different ways to explore family history, the archive and intimate memory. Bohdanowicz' celebrated feature, *Maison du Bonheur*, reveals her personal yet self-effacing approach to filmmaking as a means to creatively reanimate the past. A disarmingly affectionate portrait of a Parisian widow focused on her everyday rituals and living memories, *Maison du Bonheur* also offers a refracted self-portrait of Bohdanowicz as director and as a young woman in need of "new memories" to exorcise a sad chapter of her life hinted at but never explained. In a restrained voiceover, Bohdanowicz quietly asserts and questions her presence and motives as an artist, giving the film the gentle uncertainty and searching quality shared by her other works.

Bohdanowicz' debut feature *Never Eat Alone* also centers on a spirited elderly woman, the filmmaker's grandmother, starring in an imagined version of her own life invented in collaboration with Bohdanowicz and Canadian actress Deragh Campbell, who plays an alter-ego granddaughter determined to rekindle an old romance that almost was. With *Never Eat Alone*, Bohdanowicz embraces a rich but carefully understated intermingling of documentary and fiction that continues, differently, in two very recent films, *Veslemøy's Song* and *MS Slavic 7*, each featuring Deragh Campbell as an intrepid researcher searching for traces of Bohdanowicz' family members in prominent US libraries. Tinged with self-depreciatory humor, often delivered in sharp but minimalist dialogue, both films discover a deeply personal relationship between the distant past and uncertain present. Set in a fictional version of Harvard's Houghton Library—where, in fact, papers of Zofia Bohdanowiczowa, the filmmaker's great-grandmother, are housed—*MS Slavic 7* offers a playful and profound reflection on archival research, especially by lingering insightfully upon the tactile and emotional registers of meaning most often dismissed as ancillary. Made in collaboration with Campbell, *Veslemøy's Song* and *MS Slavic 7* mark a philosophical turn in Bohdanowicz' filmmaking: both are animated by open questions about the limits of language and interpretation and the responsibilities of the archive. Despite the weight of their inquiries, Bohdanowicz and Campbell (who is credited as co-director of *MS Slavic 7*) impart a subtle levity to their projects, refining a deadpan comic timing that opens the awkward but pregnant space between words and encounters to give these compact and streamlined films a rare depth and intimacy. — HG

The Harvard Film Archive is pleased to partner with Houghton Library to welcome Sofia Bohdanowicz and Deragh Campbell for a screening and discussion of *Veslemøy's Song* and *MS Slavic 7*. Joining the conversation will be Houghton's Leslie Morris, Gore Vidal Curator of Modern Books and Manuscripts.

**On Tuesday, September 17 at 7pm both Bohdanowicz and Campbell will present and discuss their first collaboration, *Never Eat Alone*, in the Design and Media Center's Lecture Hall at Massachusetts College of Art and Design.**

*Special thanks: Thomas Hyry, Florence Fearrington Librarian of Houghton Library and Director of Arts and Special Collections of Harvard College Library.*

**sunday september 15 at 5pm**

## **MAISON DU BONHEUR**

A delightful and life affirming portrait-of-sorts, Bohdanowicz' film is set largely within the flower and memory filled Montmartre apartment of a Parisian widow and astrologer. Subtly anticipating the fascination with archival research that inspires Bohdanowicz' most recent work, *Maison du Bonheur* gathers a poetic catalogue of Julianne Sellam's cherished daily rituals, possessions and memories: watering her bountiful geraniums, displaying still-resplendent evening gowns recalling her beloved departed husband. The grandmother of a friend of Bohdanowicz, Sellam is offered as an emblem of *joie de vivre* and a charmingly old-fashioned ideal of feminine beauty that the film holds up as a kind of liberating self-certainty. The director remains only a partial presence, heard in brief monologues that counterpoint

Sellam's ebullience with a wistful melancholia and a touching humility about her filmmaking vocation.

Directed by Sofia Bohdanowicz  
Canada 2017, DCP, color, 62 min. French with English subtitles

## **\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS SOFIA BOHDANOWICZ AND DERAGH CAMPBELL IN PERSON**

**monday september 16 at 7pm**

With her poignant short film *Veslemøy's Song*, Bohdanowicz collaborated with Deragh Campbell to revive the autobiographically inspired character of Audrey Benac, introduced in *Never Eat Alone* and now bound for New York City to listen to a rare recording of the titular piece performed by a little-known female violinist who taught and mentored Bohdanowicz' own grandfather. The search for inspiring women from the family past continues, ex-



Sofia Bohdanowicz *MAISON DU BONHEUR*





Sofia Bohdanowicz VESLEMØY'S SONG

panded, in the remarkable *MS Slavic 7*, whose title derives from a collection in Houghton Library—the crown jewel of Harvard's vast library system—that includes correspondences between Bohdanowicz' great-grandmother Zofia Bohdanowiczowa and poet Józef Wittlin. Resourcefully using the Film Reference Library of the Toronto International Film Festival as a stand-in for Houghton, *MS Slavic 7* follows Audrey's efforts to read closely between the lines of the letters and to understand her responsibilities as literary executor of her great-grandmother's estate. Structuring the film are scenes with Audrey discussing the meaning of the letters and reflecting on interpretation with an interlocutor only disclosed at the end, a device that places awkward and revealing pressures on the young woman's words. A fractured flashback, meanwhile, recalls Audrey's

confrontation with an embittered aunt who reveals another thorny branch of the same family tree explored by Bohdanowicz.

### MS SLAVIC 7

Directed by Sofia Bohdanowicz and Deragh Campbell. With Deragh Campbell, Aaron Danby, Elizabeth Rucker  
Canada 2019, DCP, color, 64 min

Preceded by

### VESLEMØY'S SONG

Directed by Sofia Bohdanowicz. With Deragh Campbell, Joan Benac, Steve Benac  
Canada 2018, 16mm, b/w, 9 min

## GODFREY REGGIO, CINEMATIC SEER

SEPTEMBER 21 – OCTOBER 14



Godfrey Reggio NAQOYQATSI

Released in 1983, Godfrey Reggio's *Koyaanisqatsi* numbers among the more remarkable debut films in American cinema history. The nonnarrative feature with a mysterious title provided an intervention into normal moviegoing, but despite its refusal of character and plot, it was and is engaging and often awe-inspiring in its depiction of American landscape and cityscape. Indeed, Reggio's commitment to transforming the familiar into the visually fascinating recalls the Lumière brothers' first films. *Koyaanisqatsi* quickly became an art-house hit as well as a popular presentation at colleges and universities, and it remains well known among a cine-wise, environmentally concerned younger generation. Beautifully photographed by Ron Fricke, *Koyaanisqatsi* is accompanied by a Philip Glass soundtrack that has had its own considerable life. The success of the film opened the way for two more: *Powaqqatsi* (1988) and *Naqoyqatsi* (2002). Each of the Qatsi films is a meditation on a different dimension of modern life, and together they offer a celebration of the magnificence of both natural and human creation, as well as a warning about how much is endangered if we fail to find a more effective balance between nature and technology.

In the trilogy, Reggio's reliance on such unusual techniques as slow-motion aerial photography and stop-motion shooting creates a contemplative experience that is quite distinct from conventional cinema. In some considerable measure, this approach seems a result of the unusual road that led to Reggio's career as a filmmaker. From the time he was fourteen until he was twenty-eight, Reggio (b. 1940) lived an ascetic life as part of the Christian Brothers, a strict Roman Catholic community. His adolescence and early adulthood were spent in silence, fasting and prayer—though over the years, Reggio gradually became disaffected, as he told me in an interview:

*One of the vows you take as a Christian Brother is to teach the poor gratuitously. That was the original spirit of the brotherhood, though that spirit is long since gone. There were all sorts of rational and 'correct' reasons why the brothers were not able to teach the poor: it wasn't practical; if they did teach the poor, they couldn't sustain their lifestyles. In fact, almost all the children in the schools where I taught were middle-class kids, and yet I lived in this community [Santa Fe], where about forty percent of the people had no access to primary medical care and where the barrio was being eroded out from under the poor. There was great social disintegration . . . So there was a huge community of poverty, and I felt drawn to give some kind of assistance if I could.*

Reggio's concern led him to cofound a facility that provided medical care to disenfranchised communities in Santa Fe; an organization to aid juveniles in Santa Fe street gangs; and the Institute for Regional Education, a media collective that produced a series of nonverbal public-interest television spots. He worked with the American Civil Liberties Union to combat governmental invasions of privacy and the use of technology to control behavior. And in time, he came to see filmmaking as a potential means for transforming consciousness about the inequities in his community and around the world.

From the opening moments of *Koyaanisqatsi*, it is clear that Reggio's focus is something other than romance or adventure; near the beginning, we see what appears to be a rocket liftoff, followed by serene aerial shots of remarkable western sites and stop-motion imagery of cloudscares. Having created a sense of the grandeur and dignity of the Southwest, *Koyaanisqatsi* then reveals industrial exploitation of the environment, shifting into highly kinetic time-lapse photography of urban scenes. These sequences demonstrate the remarkable degree to which the modern city-machine functions effectively—traffic zooms along New York City streets and Los Angeles highways; products get made and the day's work gets accomplished—but ultimately, Reggio's visual phantasmagoria suggests that the primary product of modern industrialized life is the destruction of individuality and serenity.



As he worked his way from a 16mm short to the eventual 35mm feature (which angel financing made possible), Reggio was seeing more films and recognizing distinctions between commercial cinema and what he was attempting to do:

*In my films, I try to eradicate all the foreground of traditional film and give the background the principal focus. I was trying to look at buildings, masses of people, transportation, industrialization as entities in and of themselves . . . Same thing with nature: rather than seeing nature as something dead, something inorganic, like a stone, I wanted to see it as having its own life-form, unanthropomorphized, unrelated to human beings, here for billions of years before human beings arrived on the planet . . . I was trying to show in nature the presence of a life-form, an entity, a Beingness; and in the synthetic world, the presence of a different entity, a consuming and inhuman entity.*

At the conclusion of *Koyaanisqatsi*, on-screen text explains Reggio's title (formed from elements in the Hopi language, *koyaanisqatsi* means, "1. crazy life. 2. life in turmoil. 3. life out of balance. 4. life disintegrating. 5. a state of life that calls for another way of living"), and he returns to that early shot in the film: the rocket lifts off, lofting into the sky—where it explodes, its fragments tumbling slowly to earth.

Each Qatsi film is introduced by a particular metaphor. The subject of *Koyaanisqatsi* is the ever-more-frenzied way of life that threatens to rocket us into oblivion; the subject of *Powaqqatsi* is the third-world labor that makes modern society possible. That film's spectacular opening shots focus on hundreds of men working up and down the steep walls of the Serra Pelada gold mine in northern Brazil. While viewers will be appalled at this exhausting labor, the strength and stamina of the men are impressive, even exhilarating; they are beautiful to watch, often reminiscent of classic statuary. The sequence suggests that the men and women in the Southern Hemisphere who do so much of the world's dirty work are like Sisyphus in their unrelenting toil and like Christ in the sacrifice of their lives for others (at its end, several workers carry an injured or exhausted man up the mine wall in a manner that evokes the Crucifixion and the Pietà). Of course, the kind of labor we are watching has been part of human societies for millennia—it is what raised the pyramids and the Great Wall of China.

*Powaqqatsi*'s kinetic opening sequence and title card are soon followed by a fifty-two-second shot of two women carrying huge bundles on their heads in the early-morning mist. The Glass accompaniment emphasizes the quiet grace of their movements, which have the impact of a miraculous dance. *Powaqqatsi* goes on to take us from one location to another, presenting consistently remarkable slow-motion imagery in extended shots that allow for contemplation of the variety and beauty of individual laboring human beings. Leonidas Zourdoumis and Graham Berry were the cinematographers, and Philip Glass's score provides a somber, respectful lyricism.

Many of *Powaqqatsi*'s most memorable shots involve children. Early on, an eighty-seven-second tracking shot pans across the faces of dozens of African boys and girls: their varied reactions to the camera are lovely and compelling, and the myriad physical and psychological differences among them offer a critique of conventional cinema's frequent use of third-world characters as types. One of the most electrifying shots in the film—really a single extended shot divided in two—is of a small child walking along a highway toward the camera, a huge truck approaching him from behind. At first it appears as if the truck might hit the boy; when it does finally pass him, he disappears in a cloud of dust. The shot seems to end. Then, after much other imagery has intervened and most viewers have probably understood the child's disappearance as a metaphor for the destruction of childhood by the circumstances of industrialization, Reggio returns to the shot: the thick dust is dispersing and the boy is still walking, unscathed and seemingly unaware that anything unusual has occurred. The moment is transformed into a metaphor for the strength and resilience of third-world children and for their ability to confound our assumptions. The forms of labor Reggio depicts in *Powaqqatsi* may be ancient, but the laboring world is also full of youthful energy.

The imagery in *Powaqqatsi* is arranged into an overall montage punctuated by sequences that explore particular themes, within a trajectory that moves generally from rural to urban scenes. While the pervasive use of montage in American television advertising functions as a polemic for ever-greater levels of consumption (of products, of film images per minute), Reggio's montage is as serenely paced as his individual images. It demands that we meditate on individual human beings in those sectors of the world where life is governed by the patterns of consumption we and others like us have set in motion—the patterns revealed by the time-lapse imagery in *Koyaanisqatsi*. One might object that Reggio himself is using a high-tech industrial process to mount his challenge to industrial society, but as he has said,

"No Immaculate Conception is taking place . . . I see myself as a cultural kamikaze, as a Trojan horse, using the coinage of the time in order to raise a question about that very coinage."

*Powaqqatsi* was shot in multiple locations, primarily Brazil, Egypt, Hong Kong, India, Kenya, Nepal and Peru. Indeed, along with Peter Watkins' *The Journey* (1987) and Ron Fricke's *Baraka* (1992), *Powaqqatsi* was part of a move during the waning days of the cold war to use modern filmmaking techniques to take account of the diversity and interconnection of the world's peoples.

Like *Koyaanisqatsi*, *Powaqqatsi* is defined only at the conclusion of the film—as "an entity, a way of life, that consumes the life forces of other beings in order to further its own life"—confirming Reggio's implicit call for a global transformation in the interests of humanity and the environment. But *Powaqqatsi* can also be understood as a comment on the cinematic experience itself—after all, Reggio is a sorcerer: if his interest in exoticizing the familiar and familiarizing the exotic recalls the Lumières, the brilliant use of slow-motion, time-lapse, aerial and telephoto photography in his films ties him just as fully to Georges Méliès and the invention of film magic.

While *Koyaanisqatsi* and *Powaqqatsi* focus on the social, psychological and spiritual impacts of the evolution of industrial development over the past two centuries, *Naqoyqatsi* is a reflection on the immense, ongoing transformation of global experience that has culminated in the arrival of digital technologies. The grimmest of the Qatsi films, it was Reggio's attempt "to have the courage to be hopeless," as he says today. Fittingly, the formative metaphor of the film is the Tower of Babel, as depicted by Pieter Bruegel the Elder in one of his 1563 paintings of the biblical story—the



Godfrey Reggio PRIVACY CAMPAIGN



Godfrey Reggio POWAQQATSI



Godfrey Reggio POWAQQATSI

ences that are full of visual and auditory pleasure but go well beyond the goals of conventional entertainment. If most movies are fundamentally propaganda for the status quo, reconfirming what we understand about the world and what we believe, *Koyaanisqatsi*, *Powaqqatsi* and *Naqoyqatsi* offer a sustained plea for a deeper and more active concern about the costs of our reckless exploitation of the natural environment and the labor of people around the world, and a warning about the dangers of the culture of distraction we are surrounding ourselves with. — Scott MacDonald

The Harvard Film Archive is thrilled to welcome Godfrey Reggio for a rare visit and presentation of his legendary Qatsi trilogy, including the live orchestral performance of *Koyaanisqatsi* at the Orpheum Theatre. This program marks and celebrates the acquisition of Godfrey Reggio's papers, together with the papers of the Institute for Regional Education, the visionary Santa Fe base of Reggio's filmmaking. The HFA gives special thanks to Daniel Noyes whose generous support made possible this important acquisition. As a division of the Harvard College Library, the HFA's non-film collections are accessible through Houghton Library.

**Philip Glass & Ensemble will be performing *Koyaanisqatsi* Live! at the Orpheum Theatre Friday, September 20 at 8pm. Tickets available through the Orpheum or tickets.globalartslive.org. The day before, WBUR hosts A Conversation with Godfrey Reggio and Philip Glass moderated by Haden Guest. The event will be held at CitySpace and tickets are available at wbur.org.**

Special thanks: Ray Hemenez—Institute for Regional Education; Daniel Noyes and Lawrence Taub.

## **\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS GODFREY REGGIO IN PERSON**

**saturday september 21 at 7pm**

### **POWAQQATSI**

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
US 1988, 35mm, color, 99 min

Preceded by

### **ANIMA MUNDI**

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
Italy 1991, 35mm, color, 28 min

## **\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS GODFREY REGGIO IN PERSON**

**sunday september 22 at 7pm**

### **NAQOYQATSI**

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
US 2002, 35mm, color, 89 min

Preceded by

### **PRIVACY CAMPAIGN—AN IRE MEDIA PROJECT**

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
US 1974, digital video, color, 6 min

**monday october 14 at 7pm**

### **VISITORS**

After *Naqoyqatsi*, Reggio didn't finish a new feature until *Visitors*. These substantial gaps in time are necessitated in part by the filmmaker's commitment to making technically advanced films for large-scale theatrical exhibition—money for these sorts of projects is not easy to come by—and presumably by the meditative sensibility that seems to infuse their films. *Visitors*, like Reggio's earlier features, was developed in collaboration with composer Philip Glass, but while it sometimes evokes the Qatsi Trilogy, it is distinct both formally (*Visitors* was shot in elegant black-and-white on 3K and 5K high-definition video and released in 4K) and in terms of its subject matter: Reggio's focus is on portraits of individuals, nearly all of them in close-up, interspersed with

opening image of *Naqoyqatsi*. In the story, God sees humanity's quest to maintain unity and achieve the divine by building a tower to the heavens as a threat, both to the well-being of the earth's people and to his own dominance, and he foils their plans, scattering them across the continents and frustrating their ability to communicate by forcing them to speak myriad languages. In the world of *Naqoyqatsi*, viewers are lost in the maze of visual "languages" that have arrived with the panoply of modern technologies dedicated to investigating people, engaging them in meaningless communication, selling them an endless supply of products, distracting them with spectacles, and facilitating their violence against one another. The title's translation—again revealed only as a conclusion—confirms this: *naqoyqatsi* means, "1. a life of killing each other. 2. war as a way of life. 3. (interpretation) civilized violence." *Naqoyqatsi* evokes various dimensions of our ever-more-virtual world by recycling and refashioning materials from commercial and technological sources. Within the darkness of this virtual "light," only Philip Glass's elegant score provides an echo of hope.

Over the past thirty years, the Qatsi films have regularly offered audiences cinema experi-

panoramic imagery filmed in areas of Louisiana that had been, five years earlier, devastated by Katrina.

Reggio's black-and-white close-ups in *Visitors* evoke Warhol's *Screen Tests* of 1964 - 66, in their composition, as well as in their meditative pace—though the kinds of gaze that interest Reggio are quite different from the gazes of the *Factory* visitors. *Visitors* seems part of a contemporary revival of interest in the cinematic portrait, shared by filmmakers such as Susana de Sousa Dias (48 [2009]) and by Stephanie Spray and Pacho Velez (*Manakamana* [2013]). The experience of looking at Reggio's stunning imagery within the context created by Glass's elegant com-

position is akin to the powerful experiences enjoyed by the original audiences for the *Cinématographe*, for nineteenth century moving and still panoramas, and for Louis Daguerre's Diorama shows. — Adapted from *Avant-Doc: Intersections of Documentary and Avant-Garde Cinema (2014)* by Scott MacDonald

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
US 2013, DCP, b/w, 87 min

Preceded by

### **EVIDENCE**

Directed by Godfrey Reggio  
US 1995, 35mm, color, 8 min



Godfrey Reggio VISITORS



# AN EVENING WITH MARGARET HONDA

SEPTEMBER 27



Margaret Honda *COLOR CORRECTION*

It was only after distinguishing herself as a renowned sculptor and artist that Margaret Honda (b. 1961) began to work in cinema. Her films to date—the 70mm *Spectrum Reverse Spectrum* (2014), the 35mm *Color Correction* (2015) and the 16mm *Wildflowers*—each bring to bear the same exactitude of material and method as her art practice by harnessing the photochemical processes refined over a century by the film industry to produce commercial exhibition prints. For the three films Honda closely collaborated with Hollywood professionals, lab technicians whose unique contributions to cinema are all too rarely acknowledged or engaged and who have been facing an until now delayed extinction as the studios and commercial interests conspire to make film an obsolete luxury afforded only to elite auteurs. The result of Honda's patient collaborations are films in the purest sense, unique photochemical objects, shaped and stamped by the precisely controlled variables of chemical, temperature and those calibrated yet intuitive decisions and compensations that the lab technicians alone are able to make.

As objects that must be projected in a theater to be experienced and understood, Honda's films are vital interventions that demand a committed spectator and institution able to appreciate cinema refined to its purest quintessence, as the controlled projection of light through a plastic and photochemical substrate. Honda's films—often both camera-less and imageless—give vital life to the texture and grain and palpable experience of film as film, freed from the burden of representing and meaning more than the already profound surface. Honda's imageless films also embrace cinema as a pure mode of conceptual and, in a sense, performance art, as objects that give renewed meaning to the post-Duchampian object and find meaning and resonance in the emotive traces and resonances of industrial production.

For her first HFA program, Honda will present three films: two versions of her short 16mm work *Wildflowers*, first in French and then in English—both spoken by fellow filmmaker-artist Morgan Fisher—followed by her celebrated work on 35mm, *Color Correction*. The HFA is pleased to welcome MIT List Visual Art Center Director of Exhibitions and Curator Henriette Huldish to join the post-screening conversation. The Harvard Film Archive gratefully acknowledges its partnership with the Radcliffe Institute seminar organized by artists Matt Saunders and Jennifer Bornstein. — HG

*Special thanks: Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard; Matt Saunders and Jennifer Bornstein.*

## **\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS MARGARET HONDA IN CONVERSATION WITH HENRIETTE HULDISH**

**friday september 27 at 7pm**

For my first film I used only 70mm print stock, a printer and a timing tape specifically made to control the printer's light valves in order to produce the color spectrum. When I saw that the tape alone served as the printing element, I understood I could make a film using existing timing tapes from any movie. That was the idea for *Color Correction*. I was able to get timing tapes from an unknown recent narrative feature. For my purposes, the tapes could have come from any other film of the same type and era. This interchangeability of printing elements and the strict

rules for finding and printing them are the basis for making *Color Correction* as a multiple, using a different set of tapes for each print.

While working on *Color Correction*, I was given two 16mm Kodachrome magazines and I used these to make *Wildflowers*. Kodachrome processing had stopped a couple of years before, so I knew I was basically working with black-and-white negative. I decided to shoot California wildflowers. In the midst of a drought, they made me think of the material I was about to use—something known for its color but facing a limited future. The magazines had expired in the early 1960s, and as I was shooting I could hear the emulsion crumbling off the base. I couldn't

have tried to make the film you're seeing. It made itself. — Margaret Honda

### **COLOR CORRECTION**

Directed by Margaret Honda  
US 2015, 35mm, color, silent, 101 min

*Preceded by*

### **WILDFLOWERS (FLEURS SAUVAGES)**

Directed by Margaret Honda  
US 2015, 16mm, b/w printed on color stock, 3 min. In French

### **WILDFLOWERS**

Directed by Margaret Honda  
US 2015, 16mm, b/w printed on color stock, 3 min

## THE MCMILLAN-STEWART FELLOWSHIP: DIEUDO HAMADI

SEPTEMBER 28 – OCTOBER 5

Over the past ten years, Dieudo Hamadi has emerged as one of the most prominent figures in contemporary documentary cinema. His work bears witness to living conditions in the large African country where he was born, the Democratic Republic of Congo, and, to a certain extent, to situations that occur in many other forms throughout much of Sub-Saharan Africa. Born in Kisangani (DRC) on February 22, 1984, Dieudonné Hamadi studied multiple audiovisual disciplines and began his career as a director for music videos and commercials. He has worked for Suka! Production, the production company of director Djo Munga, whom he assisted on the gangster film *Viva Riva!* (2010). He has also pursued training in documentary film, in particular under a structure established by INSAS (the prestigious national film school of Brussels) and at La Fémis (its Parisian equivalent).

Dieudo Hamadi made his debut as a documentary director in 2009 with contributions to a collective project initiated by a South African company but devoted to representing different aspects of Congolese society, *Congo en 4 actes*. Hamadi directed two of the four parts, *Dames en attente* (see below) and *Tolérance zéro*, on the widespread practice of rape, both as a weapon of conflict and within everyday relationships marked by sexist violence. He thus began a documentary practice at the

most intimate level of human relation, including its darkest facets, often choosing one or two individuals as reference points for his subject matter. A skilled cameraman and editor, he often works alone, which allows him an unusual proximity with the people that he films. He has taken an interest in various social subjects: the healthcare system (*Dames en attente*), the electoral process (*Atalaku*), the educational system (*Examen d'Etat*), sexual violence and child abuse (*Maman Colonel*), civil society's attempts to make itself heard within an ultra-repressive context (*Kinshasa Makambo*) or, in his new film, *En route pour le milliard*, the aftermath of the multiple armed conflicts that have ravaged his country. In each case, his approach—attention to everyday details and bodies, close observation that remains free of any domineering or a priori view—provides access to the complexity of situations that are at once specific and indicative of a much broader whole. Above all, Hamadi's films stand out among other documentaries on the functioning of institutions for their singular filming style; he taps into the energy of his protagonists, and the intensity—positive or negative—of their relationships electrifies the shoot, thereby opening up another level beyond that of factual description. In successive flashes of insight, the films of Dieudo Hamadi thus elaborate the impressive, at times disturbing portrait of a society where violence, extreme poverty and corruption reign, where recourse to the supernatural—whether in the innumerable Christian churches with their highly creative mysticism, in consultations with shamans and healers, or through omnipresent reference to sorcery—serves to distract from the countless difficulties of existence. An unflinching look at the multiple negative aspects of Congolese society, Hamadi's films also attest to the engagement and courage of many people within that society, especially among women and younger populations. — Jean-Michel Frodon

The Film Study Center, the McMillan-Stewart Foundation and the Harvard Film Archive are thrilled to welcome Dieudo Hamadi, this year's winner of the Film Study Center's Geneviève McMillan – Reba Stewart Fellowship in Distinguished Filmmaking.

All text by Jean-Michel Frodon, translated by Amanda Gann.

Presented in partnership with the Film Study Center, Harvard.

Special thanks: Lucien Castaing-Taylor, Julie Mallozzi, Cozette Russell—Film Study Center; and the McMillan-Stewart Advisory Committee: Mati Diop, Jean-Michel Frodon, Alain Gomis, Véréna Paravel and Rasha Salti

**saturday september 28 at 7pm**

### **EXAMEN D'ÉTAT (NATIONAL DIPLOMA)**

The high school exit examination, which grants diplomas and allows entrance to university, is perceived as a passport to a better life. A poor teenage orphan who works in the markets before and after school to survive, Joël serves as a guide and conduit into the violent, cynical and unjust world that is the final year of high school. Although they absolutely need, or think they need, to attend the last year of high school in order to have a chance on the exam, the students who cannot afford to pay for the third trimester are ruthlessly excluded. The feeling of injustice is even more acute as many classes from the preceding terms, for which the students did pay, never took place: often working without pay, teachers frequently go on strike. Alongside this administrative confrontation, multiple magic practices participate in the effort to ensure good results on the exam: Christian priests hawk supposedly salvific benedictions while shamans offer various magic recipes. Students excluded from the school for financial reasons band together to study in an atmosphere also marked by corruption and power struggles. Ultimately, all are counting on cheating

during the exam in order to obtain their diplomas. This organized cheating on a national scale reflects an environment where corruption is the rule, a rule known and accepted by all even if officials make a big show of their respect for procedure. As it brings these processes to light, *Examen d'état* also offers, through Joël and his classmates, a series of portraits of some extraordinarily keen young people, who are capable of mobilizing a wide range of strategic skills in the attempt to reach their goal.

Directed by Dieudo Hamadi  
DRC/France 2014, DCP, color, 92 min. Lingala and French with English subtitles

**sunday september 29 at 7pm**

### **ATALAKU**

Filed during the 2012 elections, supposedly the first democratic elections since the nation's independence in 1960, *Atalaku* ("Town Criers") describes with equal vigor the poor functioning of democracy within the country as well as a multiplicity of facets of daily life and human relationships that this circumstance helps reveal. The film follows three central protagonists. The first, Gaylor, is an ordinary pastor, affiliate of a church where he exhorts his pa-

rishioners, endlessly invoking the name of the Lord to convince women in the audience to donate money. He becomes a tout for candidates in the elections, a "crier" who incites local residents to attend meetings for the political hopefuls who employ him; as he goes through the markets distributing small sums of money, little electoral arguments entrusted to him by incumbents to the national assembly, he keeps as much as he can for himself. The second protagonist is an orchestra of some twenty members, young musicians who rehearse, argue and get drunk in a vast cemetery. The third is a group of young women who belong to a citizens' association; they canvas the streets explaining to people why and how to vote and supervise ballot procedure in polling stations. Through these encounters, *Atalaku* captures the shameless use of bribes, as well as the political passion of many citizens, the misogyny still in force including among "democrats," and the force of a clergy imbued with mysticism. The film ends with the riots that stem from an electoral process so clearly marred by numerous irregularities, and the repression that ensues. But it is the whole of relations to the electoral process that appears as biased, ineffective and immoral, even before the fraud that would bring dictator Joseph Kabila back to power.

Directed by Dieudo Hamadi  
DRC/France 2013, 35mm, color, 60 min. Lingala and French with English subtitles

Preceded by

### **LADIES IN WAITING (DAMES EN ATTENTE)**

The first short in the omnibus *Congo en 4 actes*, this film takes place in a maternity ward in Kinshasa—an environment familiar to Hamadi, who studied medicine before turning his hand to filmmaking. Through the exemplary situation of women who have just given birth, the film presents in detail the unbearable tension within a dysfunctional society, marked at once by tremendous poverty and violence (which translates in particular to numerous rapes and children born of these rapes); the unrestrained commoditization of relationships; widespread corruption; and a litigious bureaucracy. *Dames en attente* focuses on the hospital accountant—whose job it is to collect birthing fees from women who cannot afford to pay—as she pleads a particularly dire case to the administration, or even attempts to convince the children's fathers (if they have not disappeared) to foot the bill. As witness to situations—occasionally



Dieudo Hamadi *EXAMEN D'ÉTAT*





Dieudo Hamadi *KINSHASA MAKAMBO*

extreme—that ordinarily remain hidden, the film develops a rich portrait that refuses to pass judgment; instead, it makes manifest the endless obstacles and dead-ends within a collective mechanism, one not limited, of course, to maternity wards.

Directed by Dieudo Hamadi and Divita Wa Lusala  
DRC/South Africa 2009, 35mm, color, 24 min. French with English subtitles

## \$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS DIEUDO HAMADI IN PERSON

friday october 4 at 7pm

### KINSHASA MAKAMBO

“My country is an open-air prison,” says Dieudo Hamadi. In 2015, the constitution had provided for a least a change of prison warden, but Joseph Kabila, president dictator of the Democratic Republic of Congo, decided to change the constitution. Young people from major cities flood the streets in a protest of unprecedented scale. The film follows three activists in particular: Christian, Ben and Jean-Marie. In an impressive demonstration of physical courage, on par with that of his subjects, Dieudo Hamadi experiences at close range the deadly clashes with police and army, who shoot with real bullets. But he is also embedded in the daily lives of these young people who receive regular threats and criticism from their families and must face the doubts and fears of a situation of extreme violence that seems unlikely to end. *Kinshasa Makambo* also reveals the internal debates of these protestors as they seek to extend their movement without succumbing to repression and co-

ercion. Closely inscribed within a particular historical and geographical reality, this film—whose director makes the unconditional choice throughout to remain next to his protagonists—also reflects more broadly on the forms of political engagement. Although they share in the same struggle, the three protagonists do not have the same analysis on how to continue to their fight: one chooses to join an opposition political party, which, in spite of its limitations, represents a possibility of acceding to power; another sticks to his uncompromising opposition to a corrupt system; the third looks to alternative forms of organization for possible answers. Through Hamadi’s lens, these ideas take shape through words, looks and gestures in an intensely vital and moving way.

Directed by Dieudo Hamadi  
DRC/France/Switzerland/Germany/Qatar/Norway 2018, DCP, color, 75 min. Lingala and French with English subtitles

## \$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS DIEUDO HAMADI IN PERSON

saturday october 5 at 7pm

### MAMA COLONEL

First seen in *Tolérance zero*, where she combatted violence against women in the context of a special police brigade, Honorine Munyole, now a colonel, selflessly leads a vigorous campaign against rape and the mistreatment of children in the provincial capital of Bukavu. She has instated a number of mechanisms for their protection and solidarity, including refuges for the most vulnerable. But she is

transferred to a larger city, Kisangani, also Hamadi’s birthplace. Supported by a small group of police officers, she has to convince residents to report the numerous crimes that take place in the city’s disadvantaged neighborhoods and find safe havens for those who need them. Two wounds are particularly active. One is the “six-day war” that ravaged the city in 2000, during which many women were raped, their husbands and sons killed, and all their possessions destroyed or stolen. Some of them now find themselves with children born out of that atrocity. Another is that of a family structure in which men frequently disappear for multiple reasons, which correlates with innumerable abuses inflicted on children who are then accused of sorcery to legitimate the mistreatment. With an impressive level of determination and skill, and well aware of the limitations of her efforts, Maman Colonelle tirelessly struggles against this tight web of poverty, violence, obscurantism and egotism. From the precinct to the slums, from the markets where Colonel Honorine berates shopkeepers to negotiations with public figures looking to appropriate the benefits of her work, and even into the privacy of her home, Hamadi stays close by his heroine. She becomes a mirror for a diseased society, but one that nonetheless pulsates with admirable forces of life.

Directed by Dieudo Hamadi  
DRC/France 2017, DCP, color, 72 min. Lingala, Swahili and French with English subtitles



Dieudo Hamadi *MAMA COLONEL*

# VITALINA VARELA

SEPTEMBER 30 – OCTOBER 7

**A** moving study of mourning and memory, Pedro Costa’s revelatory new film offers an indelible portrait of Vitalina Tavares Varela, a fragile yet indomitable woman who makes the long voyage from Cape Verde to Lisbon to attend her estranged husband’s funeral but misses the event itself because of cruel bureaucratic delays. The name and tragic story will be familiar to those who know Costa’s last work, *Horse Money*, in which Vitalina appears as one of the ghostly figures alternately confronting and comforting Costa-regular Ventura during his soul-searching stay in a haunted sanatorium. *Vitalina Varela* forms a diptych with that earlier film, extending its intermingling of personal and national trauma while refining Costa’s unique mode of oneiric first-person cinema in which inner voices are theatrically recited aloud like prayers. Ventura returns here as a priest gripped by a crisis of faith that recalls the fear, trembling and self-doubt animating his somnambulant patient in *Horse Money*. Vitalina’s singular presence, meanwhile, is dramatically expanded into a mesmerizing titular role that lends simmering power to the larger project shaped across Costa’s post-*Vanda* films to give epic but still intimate cinematic dimensions to the urgent struggles of the dispossessed. Equally a work of sculpture as of cinema, *Vitalina Varela* embraces a radical cinematography that transforms bodies and buildings into haunting presences floating in a netherworld between day and night, between color and black-and-white. While *Vitalina Varela* makes vivid the painful weight of difficult love and poverty, the film also gradually reveals a tender, almost optimistic, side in its vision of a community that murmurs solace through its interconnected walls and offers sustenance to those most in need. — HG

The Harvard Film Archive is honored to welcome back legendary filmmaker Pedro Costa to present and discuss his latest film.

Special thanks: Dennis Lim, Sophia Tate—Film at Lincoln Center.



Pedro Costa **VITALINA VARELA**

**monday september 30 at 7pm**

**HORSE MONEY (CAVALO DINHEIRO)**

*Horse Money* is a mesmerizing and radical expansion of the milestone chronicle of displaced peoples and dreams that stretches across Pedro Costa's so-called Fontainhas trilogy, named for the endangered and ultimately destroyed neighborhood where *Os-sos* (1997), *In Vanda's Room* (2000) and *Colossal Youth* (2006) all take place. While the earlier films are largely choral, interweaving multiple characters and stories, *Horse Money* focuses resolutely upon the figure of Ventura, the aging Cape Verdean immigrant and construction worker first seen in *Colossal Youth*, and now convalescing in a sanatorium transformed by Costa—and DP Leonardo Simões—into a shadowy, oneiric and almost Caligarian space. The ethereally beautiful and frightening sculptural figures hewn by Costa and Simões make indistinguishable the friends and ghosts who visit Ventura and set *Horse Money* adrift between haunting stories of Portugal's vanished past and troubled present.

Directed by Pedro Costa. With Ventura, Vitalina Varela, Tito Furtado  
Portugal 2014, DCP, color, 103 min. Cape Verdean Creole and Portuguese with English subtitles

Also screening as part of the *Cinema of Resistance* program, [this page](#).

**\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS  
PEDRO COSTA IN PERSON**

**monday october 7 at 7pm**

**VITALINA VARELA**

Directed by Pedro Costa. With Vitalina Varela, Ventura, Manuel Tavares Almeida  
Portugal 2019, DCP, color, 124 min. Cape Verdean Creole and Portuguese with English subtitles

## CINEMA OF RESISTANCE

SEPTEMBER 30 – NOVEMBER 24

At a time when so many are called to resist the White House's attacks on numerous fronts, we at the HFA feel compelled to do our part. Cinema has always been a method of examining the world as it is, with the possibility of raising understanding, inspiring change, and imagining other possibilities. *Cinema of Resistance* is a monthly series of films that embraces these alternate possibilities, animated by the spirit of protest and designed to call out oppression and demand justice. These screenings will be designed to spark discussion, beginning in our theater directly after the screening.

Film descriptions by Haden Guest and Brittany Gravely.

Special thanks: Stefan Droessler—Filmmuseum Munich.

**monday september 30 at 7pm**

**HORSE MONEY (CAVALO DINHEIRO)**

Directed by Pedro Costa. With Ventura, Vitalina Varela, Tito Furtado  
Portugal 2014, DCP, color, 103 min. Portuguese with English subtitles

See description in *Pedro Costa* program, [this page](#).

**\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS  
FRANÇOIS OZON IN PERSON**

**monday october 21 at 7pm**

**BY THE GRACE OF GOD (GRÂCE À DIEU)**

Directed by François Ozon. With Melvil Poupaud, Denis Ménochet, Swann Arlaud  
France/Belgium 2019, DCP, color, 137 min. French with English subtitles

See description in *François Ozon* program, p. 36.



Pedro Costa **HORSE MONEY**



Wolf-Eckart Bühler and Manfred Blank **PHAROS OF CHAOS**

**sunday november 24 at 7pm**

**PHAROS OF CHAOS (LEUCHTTURM DES CHAOS)**

Wolf-Eckart Bühler had already made one film about the adventurous, seafaring Sterling Hayden (*Der Havarist/The Shipwrecker*) and finally tracked down the man in person to make this frank, fascinating document. Bühler finds the semi-retired actor, war hero, occasional writer and itinerant sailor whiling away his days—frequently drunk or stoned—living on a barge in France. Bearing more than a passing resemblance to his character in Altman's *The Long Goodbye*, the wild and weathered old man of the sea and out of time enjoys quoting his favorite literature and telling anecdotes until finally opening up about his alcoholism, his loneliness, his “creative impotency,” and his deepest shame: publicly naming names in Hollywood during the Red Scare. Dismissing most of his acting career as meaningless roles offered as a reward for his betrayal, he is proud of only of a handful of films—*The Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) among them. By the time Bühler catches up with him, Hayden's dark and stormy life exists between paradise and the “prison without bars” his tortured soul has become.

Directed by Wolf-Eckart Bühler and Manfred Blank  
West Germany 1983, 35mm, color, 119 min. English and German with English subtitles



# UNCOMFORTABLY YOURS. THE FILMS OF ALEX ROSS PERRY

OCTOBER 18 – NOVEMBER 16

Among the few wholly uncompromised artists working in American independent cinema today, Alex Ross Perry (b. 1984) has written and directed a series of compelling, sharp-edged films focused on unconventional characters whose dark intelligence and vulnerabilities only reveal themselves gradually. The struggling artists deromanticized in two key films best embody the complexly multilayered portraiture central to Perry's cinema. If the arrogant, narcissistic young novelist in *Listen Up Philip* and the self-destructive grunge star in *Her Smell* are unabashedly "difficult" characters of a kind only rarely seen in contemporary American cinema, they are also difficult in unexpected ways that enrich and challenge the viewer's understanding of the subtly shifting desires and relationships that animate the films. Talented yet insecure, their inability to appreciate elusive success and weather inevitable failure renders both writer and musician unexpectedly sympathetic and especially sensitive to the empty accolades and petty rivalries that are the daily bread of the artistic communities observed askance by Perry, who himself has yet to be invited behind the carefully guarded velvet ropes of so-called "indie cinema."

As author and songwriter, the chipped antiheroes of both *Listen Up Philip* and *Her Smell* make clear the subversive charge given to language and dialogue by Perry's screenplays, here by using dark humor and aggressive wordplay to detonate expected codes of performance and social rituals, upturning cocktail party banter and intimate conversations alike. The halting rhythm and acerbic understatement refined by Perry's dialogue aptly captures the queasy tensions girding the familial or family-like relationships that recur across his films; the brother and sister on the road in *The Color Wheel*, the inter-nested neighborhood couples in *Golden Exits*, the frenemies of *Queen of Earth*, the band members of *Her Smell*. Perry's breakthrough film *The Color Wheel* announced his rare ability to carefully simmer inter-relational tensions with a seemingly casual disregard, threading the deadpan waiting time of its road movie story with jittery comedic sparks until its strangely cathartic and uneasy ending. Intimacy cuts deep in Perry's films, leaving lasting scars and neuroses that metastasize and bloom like hothouse flowers, gifting his characters with dark dimensions only partially revealed.

An ardent, indefatigable cinephile who spent formative years working in New York's legendary Kim's Video—alongside his longtime cinematographer Sean Price Williams—Perry channels the edgy, inventive cinema forged by a storied cast of master directors that includes Altman, Bergman, Fassbinder, May, Polanski, Rohmer and Jerry Lewis. While the sweaty, anxious and performatively liberated films of the Seventies remain an important touchstone for Perry, his influences are equally literary as cinematic, with Norman Mailer, Thomas Pynchon and, above all, Philip Roth, hovering like stars high above the willfully crooked paths forged by his films to date. An open secret to Perry's steady productivity and consistency of tone and rhythm is his long-term collaboration with prolific cinematographer Williams and, more recently, editor Robert Greene, himself an accomplished documentarian. Shooting always on film, with a striking lyricism and understanding of natural light, Williams shares Perry's deep commitment to the rigor and poetry of film as film, and to the subtle magic of the photochemical image. — HG

For his first visit to the Harvard Film Archive, Perry has selected four films from the Archive's vast collection, personal touchstones and objects of strange cinematic desire offered here as portals into the fertile imagination of a singular artist who draws creative sustenance from the deep well of film history.

The Harvard Film Archive is pleased to welcome Alex Ross Perry as a 2019-20 Baby Jane Holzer Visiting Fellow in Film in partnership with the Department of Art, Film and Visual Studies and the Theater, Dance, and Media Program.

Special thanks: Robin Kelsey, Dean of Arts and Humanities, Harvard; Robb Moss—Film Study Center and the Department of Art, Film, and Visual Studies, Harvard; Sylvaine Guyot—Theater, Dance & Media and Romance Languages & Literatures, Harvard; Jake Perlin—Metrograph Pictures.



Alex Ross Perry *THE COLOR WHEEL*



Alex Ross Perry *LISTEN UP PHILIP*

**friday october 18 at 7pm**

**sunday october 27 at 7pm**

**LISTEN UP PHILIP**

Openly inspired by the writings of Perry's long-time idol Philip Roth, and his Zuckerman novels in particular, *Listen Up Philip* gives Jason Schwartzman one of his best roles to date as an eccentric and insufferable writer perched at the edge of a successful career he both feels entitled to and secretly fears. A cautionary tale about hubris and artistic ambition, *Listen Up Philip* is also a cutting satire of the writer's life that seems to embrace, only to upend, all too well known literary rites of passage: the dissolution of a toxic relationship, acceptance into incestuous salons, mentorship with an older writer that sours into rivalry. Using a ruminative voiceover (spoken by Eric Bogosian), Perry tellingly gives his film a novelistic richness of perspective, at one point breaking away from Schwartzman's Philip to follow his photographer girlfriend, given real depth by a marvelous Elisabeth Moss—in her first collaboration with Perry—while also lingering on the figure of the older writer-mentor played with nervous intensity by the great Jonathan Pryce.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Jason Schwartzman, Elisabeth Moss, Jonathan Pryce  
US/Greece 2014, 35mm, color, 108 min





Brian De Palma *BODY DOUBLE*

**saturday october 19 at 9pm**

#### THE COLOR WHEEL

In his second feature, Perry works only with flat shades of grey to fill in the infinite spectrum of his sardonic, deviant strain of screwball comedy. In the film that put the young director's name on every critic's watch list, twenty-something JR, an aspiring news reporter, recruits her brother Colin—still living at home—to accompany her across the country to retrieve belongings from her ex-boyfriend/professor. Their respective insecurities provide plenty of material for the siblings' relentless—and mostly hilarious, occasionally offensive—insults and banter; the oddly complementary and oppositional bond only showing signs of tenderness when one is in the crosshairs of those even more ridiculously cruel than they are. With a style and tone that feels as careless and awkwardly self-consciousness as its two unsympathetic leads, the film maintains a bizarrely engaging and unnerving balance of comedy and agitation. When unguarded connection and compassion finally appear, the emotional release is compromised within a uniquely perverse surprise ending—much of the shock stemming from the seemingly motivationless characters and their director suddenly appearing in a sharper, more complicated and strategic light.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Carlen Altman, Alex Ross Perry, Bob Byington  
US 2012, 35mm, b/w, 83 min

#### THE MAGIC LAND OF MOTHER GOOSE

There was a time where you could walk into a video store and, if you were lucky, that store would be staffed by maniacal weirdos with decades of esoteric knowledge who would be playing something on the television set so bizarre and so inane that you had to stop and ask "What is this?" Any Herschell Gordon Lewis film would do the trick, and of course he is mostly known for his splatter-fest horror masterpieces such as *Blood Feast*, *Two Thousand Maniacs!* and *The Wizard of Gore*. But HGL also made several truly deranged "children's" films that are unsuitable for children of any age at any point in time. These are nightmare fuel, pure and simple. No child who was taken to a matinee of these films

would emerge unchanged for the worse. They are dull, perverse, cheap and their very existence defies all logic of what movies are and why they are made. For some reason, the Harvard Film Archive has a print of one of these films and to not share it with an unsuspecting audience for the first time since I had it in heavy rotation at the video store where I worked would be a missed opportunity. — ARP

Directed by Herschell Gordon Lewis. With Roy Huston, David Hammond, Judith Snow  
US 1967, 35mm, color, 59 min

**friday october 25 at 7pm**

#### QUEEN OF EARTH

Summoning psychological horror films like Ingmar Bergman's *Persona* and Robert Altman's *Images*, Perry withholds all life-preservers in his acidic portrayal of a woman coming apart. Elisabeth Moss fearlessly explores the edges of sanity as Catherine who has retreated to her friend Virginia's lakeside cabin after the death of her famous and beloved father followed by a break-up with a longtime lover. The depth of the friends' densely knotted—and at times painfully antagonistic—relationship often reveals

itself in abrupt flashbacks to the previous summer at the same place, allowing for a jarringly slippery perspective on how both women have changed while elucidating Catherine's tenuous hold on present reality, which even the audience begins to question. Exacerbated by the unsettling presence of a persistent interlocutor, Catherine's breakdown and Virginia's entanglement in it contains nothing solid or comforting for either the characters or the audience, only distorted reflections bouncing between the characters and out into the theater beyond its unearthly, eerie ending.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Elisabeth Moss, Katherine Waterston, Patrick Fugit  
US 2015, 35mm, color, 90 min

**friday october 25 at 9pm**

#### BODY DOUBLE

This film operates as the ur-text of cinephilia in the cinema, and crucially includes the first instance of a video store appearing in a Hollywood film. The snake eating its own tail. A character going to Tower Video to purchase a videotape of a pornographic film—newly relegated to the home after a decade or so of theatrical exhibition—says more about what was happening in the 1980s to American movies and cinematic evolution than anything else. Simply a perfect film, and like all the others on this list, one whose impact and importance was not immediately apparent in any academic or historical way. The fact the De Palma made *Body Double*, which is no doubt regarded today as a keystone to understanding him as a filmmaker, in between the iconic but atypical-for-him (at the time) *Scarface* and the irrelevant, unknown *Wise Guys* is as fascinating as Lynch going from experimental midnight movie to sweeping, Oscar-nominated historical drama and then to the catastrophe of *Dune*. Careers are long and strange, as I believe all four of my selections for this program exemplify. — ARP

Directed by Brian De Palma. With Craig Wasson, Melanie Griffith, Gregg Henry  
US 1984, 35mm, color, 114 min

#### INTRODUCTION BY ALEX ROSS PERRY

**saturday november 2 at 7pm**

#### THE ELEPHANT MAN

This is one of my top ten favorite films of all time. The further away I get from accepting that this film is part of my DNA and the more times I find my-



Alex Ross Perry *HER SMELL*





Alex Ross Perry **GOLDEN EXITS**

self connecting to various permutations of the “sad lonely monster” story (*The Phantom of the Opera*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *Beauty and the Beast* [sidenote: why is the source material for all of these French?]) the more I realize that my innate emotional connection to every version of this story can be traced back to the heartbreaking tale of John/Joseph Merrick and how deeply it spoke to me as a teenager when I first saw this movie. This is, in my opinion, perhaps the most ostentatiously beautiful and emotional film ever made. It conquers every classical Hollywood melodrama, musical, tragedy and love story. I always think about what Lynch’s career would have been like if he’d been able to operate in this mode ever again, but considering that this is his *second* film, after only *Eraserhead*, the individual achievement is monumental enough. — ARP

Directed by David Lynch. With Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt, Anne Bancroft  
US 1980, 35mm, b/w, 123 min

## INTRODUCTION BY ALEX ROSS PERRY

**saturday november 2 at 9:30pm**

### PATTY HEARST

Full disclosure: I have not seen this movie. But what is the point of a carte blanche if I am not able to cross an elusive white whale off of my list? Paul Schrader is one of my favorite filmmakers, and his influence on me as a chronicler of the angry, misunderstood and isolated cannot be overstated. *American Gigolo* is another top-10 entry for me, and for years I have tried to get somebody to screen *Patty Hearst* so I could finally see how Schrader handles this par-



Alex Ross Perry **QUEEN OF EARTH**

ticular female protagonist, as opposed to his usual lonely, angry man. I think a print of this played once in New York, though I cannot imagine how or why I missed it. Anyway, I made a short documentary on Paul that should now be available on the Criterion Channel. — ARP

Directed by Paul Schrader. With Natasha Richardson, William Forsythe, Ving Rhames  
US 1988, 35mm, color, 108 min

## \$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS ALEX ROSS PERRY IN PERSON

**sunday november 3 at 7pm**

### GOLDEN EXITS

A slow-burning chamber piece tracing the steady drift of two couples, *Golden Exits* finds Perry working in a lower key to fathom the disappointments of friendship and the perils of believing in unspoken promises. Beastie Boys’ Adam Horovitz is revelatory as Nick, a frustrated archivist channeling his unspoken angst into his work on his late father-in-law’s papers when interrupted by the arrival of a wide-eyed and beautiful Australian intern who comes to work with him for the summer. Chloe Sevigny brings a world-weariness and creeping misanthropy to her role as Nick’s wife—tellingly, a psychologist—cursed with the ability to read the larger patterns of bad habits. Rounding out the cast are Jason Schwartzman as a music producer secretly searching for a new direction, and an electric Mary-Louise Parker as Nick’s overbearing and harshly judgmental sister-in-law whose pronouncements are as cruel as they are correct. The late summer glow of Williams’ gorgeous close-ups and camerawork gently counterpoint the simmering resentment and miscommunication that pull these talented but deeply self-absorbed professionals into stylish traps of their own making. *Golden Exits* may echo the musical symmetries of Rohmer, but it also injects an assertive dissonance. With its sympathetic but hard questioning of neo-Yuppiedom defined by the artistic/artisanal class, *Golden Exits* reveals Perry as a wise but bracing antidote to the cloy whimsy and hipsterism that typically imbues contemporary indie films set in Brooklyn.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Emily Browning, Adam Horovitz, Mary-Louise Parker  
US 2018, 35mm, color, 94 min

## \$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS ALEX ROSS PERRY IN PERSON

**monday november 4 at 7pm**

### HER SMELL

Perry’s longest and arguably most ambitious film to date takes to another level his long interest in creative angst and the instinctual (mis)communication between old acquaintances, centered now on the raging figure of a grunge star burning all bridges with self-destructive abandon. Elisabeth Moss delivers a raw, unbridled performance as Becky Something, seen first in a post-performance rush turned maelstrom as she tears through backstage dressing rooms, lacerating bandmates, rivals and ex-husband alike while her personal shaman awaits. Four immersive, real-time chapters vividly evoke the exhilaration and inevitable disappointment of fickle rock stardom, tracking the dangerous admixture of adrenaline, fear and aching loneliness that fuels Becky’s performative on-and-offstage selves while moving the film, in lurching steps, towards a possible redemption. Although *Her Smell* openly evokes Courtney Love in its title and key details, Perry avoids biopic cliché by giving just enough time to supporting characters—bandmates, family and, in a resonant performance, Eric Stoltz as Becky’s harried manager—to craft a fascinating study of the unstable relationship between star and all of those dependent on the fame they both relish and resent.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Elisabeth Moss, Angel Christian Roman, Cara Delevingne  
US/Greece 2019, DCP, color, 134 min

**saturday november 16 at 7pm**

### IMPOLEX

Despite its postwar backdrop and soundtrack, Alex Ross Perry’s first feature appears relatively indifferent to nostalgia or any conspicuous artistry. Compelling despite—or perhaps because of—its funny, flat delivery, *Impolex* owes much of its circular inspiration to Thomas Pynchon’s notoriously sprawling novel *Gravity’s Rainbow*. The film follows World War II soldier Tyrone Slothrop through a forested, dreamlike purgatorial zone—which could be any number of metaphysical spaces or none at all—as he listlessly searches for two lost V-2 rockets. Tyrone’s ambiguous mission recalls Beckett as much as Carroll as it is periodically interrupted by cryptic encounters with apparitions, old friends, informants, a girlfriend



Paul Schrader **PATTY HEARST**



and a talking octopus. His bored incoherency and sluggish apprehension of events resembles a state drug-induced or sleep-deprived. This amnesiac, dissociative fugue forces the audience to be just as lost, confused, uncomfortable, amused or philosophical. With none of the usual physical or cinematic guideposts, Perry takes his audience somewhere completely different, and sometimes it feels like going nowhere at all.

Directed by Alex Ross Perry. With Riley O'Bryan, Kate Lyn Sheil, Bruno Meyrick Jones  
US 2011, 35mm, color, 73 min

**saturday november 16 at 8:30pm**

### THE FAMILY JEWELS

I've spent almost a decade grappling with the nuclear blast of inspiration I got from a "Late Jerry" retrospective at Anthology Film Archives in the autumn of 2009. I was zeroing in on how to crack my second film, *The Color Wheel*, and the overt antagonism I perceived on the part of Jerry casting himself in, for this particular film, seven different roles—as well as



Jerry Lewis *THE FAMILY JEWELS*

writing, directing and producing the film—felt like the most logical and yet baffling way to grapple with whatever ego, neurosis and identity issues must have been plaguing him at the time. To shove that much of yourself down the audience's throat felt like catharsis of the highest order, and this coalesced with my intentions of writing, directing, producing, editing and acting in *The Color Wheel*. Unlike Jerry, it wasn't for me, and it was an experiment I never repeated. His mastery knew no bounds, and if anybody ever doubts this, I recommend trying to juggle half as many balls on a film set as he did, time and time again. — ARP

Directed by Jerry Lewis. With Jerry Lewis, Sebastian Cabot, Donna Butterworth  
US 1965, 35mm, color, 100 min

## FOUR FILMS BY FRANÇOIS OZON

**OCTOBER 19 – NOVEMBER 15**

**A** luminary and frequently controversial figure of the French cinema since the 1990s, François Ozon (b. 1967) has continued to surprise and delight with his ever-stylish, daring and genre-defying films. Ozon first made a name for himself as an auteur with a series of audacious and darkly exuberant works that included *See the Sea* (1998), *Sitcom* (1999), *Water Drops on Burning Rocks* (2000) and *8 Women* (2002), energetic and intelligent films which channeled and reinvented traditions of the thriller, kitchen-sink melodrama and the musical while also paying direct homage to one of Ozon's acknowledged idols, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. During the same period, Ozon also explored a subtler, at times more melancholic mode of art cinema with now-classic films such as *Under the Sand* and *Swimming Pool*, understated psychological studies starring the enigmatic icon of disquieting art cinema, Charlotte Rampling. In 2016, Ozon turned in a new direction with a lush period film, *Frantz*, a lyrical drama of war and forgiveness set in the aftermath of World War I.

Ozon continues to be remarkably prolific and unpredictable, but perhaps never more so than with his latest film, *By the Grace of God*, a sobering response to the sexual abuse scandal now shaking the Catholic Church in France and centered on the still-ongoing trial of Cardinal Philippe Barbarin, who covered up knowledge of the serial assault of young boys during his all too long tenure. Winner of the coveted Silver Bear at the 2019 Berlin Film Festival, *By the Grace of God* reveals yet another side of Ozon's cinema, charged with an urgent anger and sense of injustice and dedicated to a methodical and compassionate retelling of a dark, traumatic story from the point of view of the now-adult victims.

The Harvard Film Archive is thrilled to welcome François Ozon for a sneak preview screening of *By the Grace of God*, presented as part of our monthly *Cinema of Resistance* series. Accompanying the film are three earlier works offered as a showcase of the restraint, lyricism and political charge that are less acknowledged as facets of Ozon's vital and polymath cinema. — HG

Film descriptions by Haden Guest.

Special thanks: Kyle Westphal—Music Box Films; Amélie Garin-Davet—Cultural Services of the French Embassy, New York; Arnaud Mentré—Consul General of France in Boston.

**saturday october 19 at 7pm**

### SWIMMING POOL

With his archly stylish and self-conscious thriller, Ozon made clear his playful dedication to a postmodern variant of auteurist cinema by taking the title, sundrenched setting and uneasy eroticism from Jacques Deray's eponymous, now-classic 1969 film to create an uncanny almost-doppelgänger feature placed in deliberate quotes by the figure of Charlotte Rampling as a popular but frustrated British crime novelist come to France to try and write in a different vein. What Rampling encounters in her promised Provence idyll is, of course, not what she expected, but instead what the knowing viewer not so secretly hoped for: a sex thriller murder mystery announced by the sudden arrival of the brooding nymphet daughter of Rampling's publisher, who immediately sets into play a slow-motion and ambiguous rivalry with the older woman. As the mysterious daughter, Ozon regular Ludivine Sagnier injects a searching energy into the story as she gradually challenges Rampling to unleash her inhibitions, promising to reveal dark secrets of a buried crime that appeal to the writer's cherished demons and the viewer's darkest curiosity.

Directed by François Ozon. With Charlotte Rampling, Ludivine Sagnier, Charles Dance  
France/UK 2003, 35mm, color, 102 min. English and French with English subtitles



François Ozon *SWIMMING POOL*







François Ozon *BY THE GRACE OF GOD*

**\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS  
FRANÇOIS OZON IN PERSON**

**monday october 21 at 7pm**

**BY THE GRACE OF GOD (GRÂCE À DIEU)**

Outraged by the still-unresolved sex crimes committed by prominent members of the French Catholic Church, Ozon first considered making a documentary before realizing he was better suited to craft a compelling multithreaded narrative that could do justice, in every sense of the term, to the point of view and life experience of long-suffering victims of sexual abuse. Telling the story of three men looking back, reluctantly but with real purpose, *By the Grace of God* constructs a riveting study of injustice, community and faith that looks closely at the rippling effects of sexual abuse upon families, loved ones and the victims themselves, who have struggled against the shame and guilt and confusion inflicted upon them during their most vulnerable years. Ozon uses all of his consummate skills to deliver a powerful indictment of rigid and criminally indifferent Church hierarchy while also showing admirable restraint in

depicting the crimes committed in ways that ennoble, yet in no way soften, the still heart-wrenching suffering being felt to this day.

Directed by François Ozon. With Melvil Poupaud, Denis Ménochet, Swann Arlaud  
France/Belgium 2019, DCP, color, 137 min. French with English subtitles

Also screening as part of the Cinema of Resistance program, p. 31.

**friday november 15 at 7pm**

**UNDER THE SAND (SOUS LE SABLE)**

Still Ozon's finest film, *Under the Sand* channels the spirit of Virginia Woolf to enter fully into the mind-space of a woman locked in a slow spiral of grief, mourning her husband whose unexplained disappearance she still does not believe. Charlotte Rampling uses the subtlest gestures to achingly capture the ritualistic denial of death later described so poignantly by Joan Didion, with a glazed far-away look and muted anguish that her friends and family try to ignore and, inevitably, to cure. *Under the Sand*

is a masterful psychological study of grief but also an extraordinary tone poem.

Directed by François Ozon. With Charlotte Rampling, Bruno Cremer, Jacques Nolot  
France/Japan 2001, 35mm, color, 92 min. French and English with English subtitles

**friday november 15 at 9pm**

**FRANTZ**

Ozon's sensitive adaptation of Maurice Rostand's pacifist play *The Man I Killed* reveals the rarely acknowledged political voice of his cinema, offering a poignant meditation on war and regret just as Europe, and the US, were threatened by rising nativist and nationalist urges that today feel uncannily familiar. Yet Ozon also injects a subtle psychosexual charge and a melancholy into his retelling of the story of a French WWI veteran trying to find peace with his actions as a soldier while hinting at a repressed double identity.

Directed by François Ozon. With Pierre Niney, Paula Beer, Ernst Stötzner  
France/Germany 2017, DCP, color & b/w, 113 min. French and German with English subtitles



François Ozon *FRANTZ*

## THE TRANSCENDENT CINEMA OF DAVID BROOKS

**OCTOBER 20 – OCTOBER 28**

**B**orn in 1944 in Chelsea, Massachusetts, David Brooks entered Columbia University in the early 1960s, where he immersed himself in the study of philosophy and psychology, with a particular interest in psychoanalysis and the work of Freud. During this time, Brooks met critic and filmmaker Jonas Mekas and immediately got involved in New York's burgeoning independent and experimental film scene. By 1962, Mekas had personally enlisted Brooks, then only eighteen years old, to be the first Executive Director of the newly established Film-Makers' Cooperative. He compiled the Coop's first distribution catalog that same year. Brooks soon left Columbia to dedicate himself to making films. For an all-too-short window, he was a leading filmmaker of his era, his films screening in programs with the likes of Bruce Conner, Ron Rice and Stan Brakhage. He eventually took a film teaching position in 1968 at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Sadly, Brooks only completed six films before his tragic death in 1969, at age twenty-four. His singular films, which typically combine mesmerizing sound collages with lush imagery from his daily life, are lyrical, personal, honest and transcendent. To celebrate his life and work on the fiftieth anniversary of his death, we're proud to host a complete retrospective and reintroduce this still under-recognized figure. — John Klacsmann, *Anthology Film Archives*

David Brooks established himself during the 1960s as one of the most prominent lyricists of the experimental cinema. His work was eclipsed by his early death... and throughout the next decade by the cooler, more controlled sensibility of structural film. As a consequence, his films are scarcely remembered today, which is particularly unfortunate since at least two of them—*Nightspring Daystar* and *The Wind is Driving Him Towards the Open Sea*—deserve a place as among the most important films of this period. — J.J. Murphy, *Film Culture*

Edited and designed by Anthology Film Archives' John Klacsmann, *The Transcendent Cinema of David Brooks* chapbooks will be on sale at our box office during the screenings.

**sunday october 20 at 7pm**

**sunday october 27 at 5pm**

**THE WIND IS DRIVING HIM TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA**

In the beginning a philosopher tells of seeing his hero, DiMaggio, hit a home run. How did he know he hit a home run? He checked the newspapers. How did they know? The philosophers ask, 'How can we prove that this is grass?' How do we know anything? *The Wind...* is about those explorations one must make to find out about the world.

The object of any man's exploration must ultimately be a woman, a kumari.

In the film a boy travels, while we search for a man, Chandler Moore. He is never found, but we see the world he has made for himself. When one does not find a kumari one often finds a kumiss.

A film in numerous realities including those of image, news, myth, philosophy, documentary, mythopoeia. — *David Brooks*

Directed by David Brooks. With Stanley Cavell, Arthur Danto, Sidney Morgenbesser  
US 1968, 16mm, color, 52 min

*Preceded by*

**REDCAP OR PEANUT BUTTER ON MY ROOF**

A mutual venture of a most inordinate sort. Vaguely a mistake, but fun at that.  
— *David Brooks and Ira Schneider*

Directed by David Brooks and Ira Schneider  
US 1965, 16mm, color, 14 min

*Films preserved by Anthology Film Archives with support from The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.*



David Brooks *JERRY*



David Brooks *NIGHTSPRING DAYSTAR*



David Brooks *THE WIND IS DRIVING HIM TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA*

**monday october 28 at 7pm**

**JERRY**

Part I: music as image... Part II: movement of the film-maker [Jerry Jofen].

— *David Brooks*

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1963, 16mm, b/w, silent, 3 min

**NIGHTSPRING DAYSTAR**

Dark to light, sadness to happiness, night to day; the film springs from the night through the dawn to the daystar, following the adventures of the mind on the way. — DB

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1964, 16mm, color, 18 min

**[ROLAND KIRK]**

Footage of the legendary jazz musician shot and edited by Brooks but never printed until preserved by Anthology Film Archives in 2009.

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1964, 16mm, b/w, silent, 4 min

**WINTER '64-'66**

Door golden night room trees fire drip rain blue horse river  
snow birds green mountain forest dark room mist car tress  
window ducks are flying....

Overtones: Raga Palas Kafi, Grant's, Slug's, Bo Diddley,  
Jimmy Reed, Raga Rageshri, the wind, Chuck Berry, Marvin Gaye,  
the Beatles, Piatnitsky Chorus.

Locales: Nantucket, Kazakhstan, Grant's, Nepal, Colorado,

Mt. Kearsarge, Iowa, 7th Street. — DB

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1964-66, 16mm, color, 1000 seconds

**LETTER TO D.H. IN PARIS**

Stoned friends/music more music/fields/movement/play/spontaneous/very beautiful. — Carolyn Brooks

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1967, 16mm, color, 4 min

**EEL CREEK**

Fishing/boys and father/pure/simple/straight forward — CB

Directed by David Brooks  
US 1968, 16mm, color, 7 min

*All films in the program preserved by Anthology Film Archives with support from The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, except Winter '64-'66 and Nightspring Daystar preserved by Anthology Film Archives through the National Film Preservation Foundation's Avant-Garde Masters Grant program and The Film Foundation. Funding provided by the George Lucas Family Foundation.*



# MAKE MY DAY. THE CINEMATIC IMAGINATION OF THE REAGAN ERA

OCTOBER 31 – NOVEMBER 30

With his latest book *Make My Day: Movie Culture in the Age of Reagan*, celebrated film critic J. Hoberman brings to a close his *Found Illusions* trilogy, meditating on the intertwining of American cinema, politics and popular culture that defined the post-WWII era. Focused now on the broad period from George Lucas' *American Graffiti* (1973) to John Carpenter's *They Live* (1988), Hoberman looks closely at the often uncanny and absurd synchronicities between Hollywood cinema and American politics, especially during the years when the White House was occupied by former Warner Brothers contract actor Ronald Reagan. Reading across popular box-office hits, like *Ghostbusters* and the now iconic *Rambo* and *Alien* films, as well as classics like *Blue Velvet*, *Videodrome* and *The King of Comedy*, Hoberman palpably evokes and astutely critiques the nexus of paranoia, false nostalgia and hollow nationalism that defined the Reagan era.

"If the Sixties and early Seventies were, at least in part, periods of disillusionment, the late Seventies and Eighties brought a process of re-illusionment. Its agent was Ronald Reagan. His mandate wasn't simply to restore America's economy and sense of military superiority but also, even more crucially, its innocence. Like an old movie or TV rerun, Reagan reversed the flow of time and remade our days."

The Harvard Film Archive welcomes back J. Hoberman to introduce *Being There* in a visit co-presented with the Brattle Theatre, which will host a book signing with Hoberman on Tuesday November 12 and screen additional films from his book throughout November. Consult the Brattle website for details.

Co-presented with the Brattle Theatre, Cambridge.

Film notes adapted from *Make My Day: Movie Culture in the Age of Reagan*.



James Cameron *ALIENS*

thursday october 31 at 9pm

## ALIENS

Recruited to make a sequel to *Alien*, James Cameron reworked the original as a genre mash-up—a horror sci-fi war movie that was also a last-stand crypto-Western and a drama of maternal love—multiplying the monsters while maintaining the original's anti-corporate attitude. Sigourney Weaver's Ripley is dispatched, along with a squad of Marines, on behalf of "the Company" to investigate the disappearance of settlers on the alien planet. The Company has no difficulty writing off humans' lives in the service of profit, while Ripley is innately nurturing. Motherhood is at once macho and monstrous and, in her all but single-handed conquest, Ripley can lay claim to be the greatest Reagan-era hard body of all.

Directed by James Cameron. With Sigourney Weaver, Michael Biehn, Carrie Henn  
US 1986, 35mm, color, 137 min

saturday november 9 at 8:30pm

## THE KING OF COMEDY

Two downbeat fables—Cronenberg's *Videodrome* and Scorsese's *The King of Comedy*—perhaps pondering the mystery of Ronald Reagan, as well as the impending arrival of George Orwell's dread 1984—dramatized the nature of celebrity in the context of mass-mediated reality. *The King of Comedy* puts a more recognizably human face on the Media. A thirty-four-year-old messenger still living at home, Rupert Pupkin (De Niro) is a borderline psychotic driven to become a celebrity—crossing over from passive Media consumer to elite Media subject. Pupkin has no discernable talent other than a ferocious, unrelenting need of recognition. Although he has never performed for an audience, he has studied obsessively to be a talk show guest, planning to start his career on a TV program watched each night by half of America.

Directed by Martin Scorsese. With Robert De Niro, Jerry Lewis, Diahnne Abbott  
US 1983, 35mm, color, 109 min



Hal Ashby *BEING THERE*

INTRODUCTION BY J. HOBERMAN

monday november 11 at 7pm

## BEING THERE

No less enigmatic than the simpleton Chance played by Peter Sellers is the logic—or lack of same—that



Martin Scorsese *THE KING OF COMEDY*





David Lynch *BLUE VELVET*

caused this wildly inappropriate movie to be selected as Reagan's first post-recovery movie in the White House screening room after surviving Hinckley's attempted assassination. Was it because *Being There* satirized Washington society and politics? Was it because Reagan's peer Melvyn Douglas—something of a political ally during the long-ago 1940s—won an Oscar for best supporting actor? *Being There* is filled with things that Reagan might well have found disturbing. Still, the movie made something of an impression. In February 1983, at the start of Reagan's third year in office, a letter to the business editor of the *New York Times* pointed out a statement by the president that was clearly inspired by Sellers' character.

Directed by Hal Ashby. With Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Jack Warden  
US 1979, 35mm, color, 120 min

**saturday november 30 at 7pm**

### BACK TO THE FUTURE

In dealing with the buried past, both *Blue Velvet* and Demme's *Something Wild* (1986) address *Back to the Future*, the movie that most obviously superimposed the Fifties over the Eighties. Unfolding beneath the banner "Spirit of '76," the ten-year high school class reunion in *Something Wild* is a version of *Back to the Future*'s aptly named "Under the Sea" dance—rich with instances of voyeurism, exhibitionism and sexual assault—as Marty's father spies on Marty's mother undressing, Marty performs on stage, and Biff attempts to rape Marty's mother, who has already expressed her interest in Marty.

Directed by Robert Zemeckis. With Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson  
US 1985, 35mm, color, 116 min

**saturday november 30 at 9:15pm**

### BLUE VELVET

Ostensibly set in the present, *Blue Velvet* evokes the Fifties and, even more than the actual era, its florid

melodramas. Lynch both celebrates and defamiliarizes a comfortable, picture postcard façade of malt shoppes, football fields and rec-room basements—as well as Roy Orbison, whose morose ballad "In Dreams" is lip-synched by the androgynous proprietor of a shabby brothel (Dean Stockwell). Given its originality, *Blue Velvet* received a mixed response. The movie was rejected as "pornographic" by the Venice Film Festival even though it was produced by Italian mogul Dino De Laurentiis and starred native daughter Isabella Rossellini. On the other hand, the

critic for the mainline Protestant journal *Christian Century* declared it the best film of 1986, "probing the depths of evil." Writing in the *National Review*, John Simon called Lynch "a naïf from Montana who wants to be deep, but whose depth consists of drawing huge sexual organs on Norman Rockwell paintings."

Directed by David Lynch. With Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper  
US 1986, 35mm, color, 120 min



Robert Zemeckis *BACK TO THE FUTURE*





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## MATI DIOP'S ATLANTIQUE

NOVEMBER 18



Mati Diop ATLANTIQUE

The stunning debut feature by actress-turned-filmmaker Mati Diop is a bewitching tale of longing focused on a young Senegalese woman gripped by her forbidden love for an exploited construction worker who abruptly emigrates to Europe but seems to be lingering mysteriously behind. Melding supernatural fiction with a clear-eyed vision of the migrant crisis, *Atlantique*—which began, in fact, as a documentary short—gives unique resonance to an urgent issue reshaping communities across Europe and Africa today. A surprise but well-deserved winner of the coveted Grand Prix at the 2019 Cannes Film Festival, *Atlantique* establishes Diop as a central figure in a new wave of politically charged yet lyrically shaped art cinema that is reorienting contemporary filmmaking towards bold new directions. — HG

The Harvard Film Archive is pleased to partner with the Film Study Center to welcome back former Radcliffe-FSC Fellow Mati Diop for an area premiere of her remarkable new film.

Special thanks: Amélie Garin-Davet—Cultural Services of the French Embassy; Lucien Castaing-Taylor, Julie Mallozzi—Film Study Center, Harvard.

Co-sponsored by the Film Study Center, Harvard.

### **\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS** **MATI DIOP IN PERSON**

**monday november 18 at 7pm**

#### **ATLANTIQUE**

Directed by Mati Diop. With Mame Sane, Amadou Mbow, Traoré  
Belgium/France/Senegal 2019, DCP, color, 105 min. French and Wolof with English subtitles

### **in person**

SOFIA BOHDANOWICZ &  
DERAGH CAMPBELL **sept 16**  
GODFREY REGGIO **sept 21 - 22**  
MARGARET HONDA **sept 27**  
DIEUDO HAMADI **oct 4 - 5**  
PEDRO COSTA **oct 7**  
FRANÇOIS OZON **oct 21**  
ALEX ROSS PERRY **nov 2 - 4**  
J. HOBERMAN **nov 11**  
MATI DIOP **nov 18**

### **coming soon**

DUET FOR CANNIBALS BY  
SUSAN SONTAG  
PATRICIO GUZMÁN'S  
CHILEAN TRILOGY  
LA NOUVELLE VAGUE,  
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¡RUMBERAS!  
THE FILMS OF RICHARD SERRA  
ANGELA SCHANELEC *IN PERSON*  
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