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TELEPHONE: (617) 495-4700
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All programs curated by Haden Guest and David Pendleton. Film synopses written by Haden Guest, David Pendleton and Brittany Gravely unless otherwise noted.

On the cover: The young Michaeleen listens to *Oidhche Sheanchais (A Night of Storytelling)*—and the rest of the world can finally join in. Lost for decades, Robert Flaherty's film was discovered at Harvard in 2012 and receives its US premiere at the HFA. p. 6

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.



ORSON WELLES

is an uneven tangle made on assignment. *Touch of Evil* was the last exhale of greatness before a long sigh of unfinished and often incoherent late-career B-sides. Channeling Shakespeare since boyhood, his handful of adaptations at this late stage ranged from the unforgettable tempest of *Chimes of Midnight* to a forgettable, incomplete small-screen version of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Such accepted vulgarizations have fueled the myth of Orson Welles, a distorted history that too often obscures the work itself. Look without these biases and one can see that even as Welles fell out of favor with American audiences—inaugurating a public plummet from multi-talented industry whiz to international enigma with financial woes—and even as he dealt increasingly with limited resources and bureaucratic pressures (some of these hardships, to be sure, self-perpetuated), his work was always developing in surprising ways while remaining astonishingly consistent in others. His unmistakable formal blueprint (a heavy reliance on inky shadow, dense post-synchronized sound design, and immense deep-focus detail that found a quick admirer in Andre Bazin) was established out of the gate with *Citizen Kane*, but its audacity never wavered, even as it allowed for further exaggerations and new eccentricities. Moreover, the quintessential Wellesian figure—an ideologically misguided, morally broken anti-hero grasping vainly for some lost purity or innocence or truth (a proverbial “Rosebud,” if you will)—stuck around even through his creator's persistent proficiency in knocking him down through potent ironic detachment or fatalistic plots that continually left him lonely, paranoid or dead. Call it poetic survival in the face of sure defeat.

Welles, of course, so predictable a face in the majority of these films, was this figure. He is the wronged, vengeful Othello, silhouetted against a black void of indifference and driven to extreme actions. He is the Nazi leader in *The Stranger*, hiding out in a foreign land attempting to shake loose an incriminating past. And he's there, not fooling anyone, in the openly inward-looking *F for Fake*, raising parallels between himself and skillful real-world con artists. His autobiography, then, is at once relentless and deeply abstracted—a seemingly incongruous match, but a fitting one given the man's inconsistencies. If chiaroscuro is generally considered a pictorial expression of human duality, Welles must be considered one of the cinema's most assertive believers in this metaphor. Taken together, his body of work suggests a fearless look at the self as a site of great potential and unfathomable weakness. For this it's perhaps telling to recall the words of the scorpion to the frog as they sunk perilously into the stream: “There's no logic to it. It's my character.” – Carson Lund

The HFA retrospective will include all of Orson Welles' completed, directed films as well as a few other works significant to his legend. The second half of the series will screen later this year.

Special thanks: Bruce Goldstein—Film Forum; Todd Wiener, Steven Hill—UCLA Film and Television Archive

Film descriptions by Brittany Gravely and Carson Lund

Harvard Film Archive Staff

Director
Haden Guest

Film Conservator
Liz Coffey

Film Specialist
Steffen Pierce

Print Trafficker/
Loan Officer
Mark Johnson

Founding Curator
Vlada Petric

Special Thanks
Alexandra Badow
Abhishek Banerjee
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David Pendleton

Associate Film
Conservator
Laurel Gildersleeve

Publicity/Design
Brittany Gravely

Projection
John Quackenbush
Herb Nipson

Theater Managers
Amanda Bristow
Steven Brown
Kevin Monahan

Assistant Curator
Jeremy Rossen

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ORSON WELLES *CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT*

FRIDAY JANUARY 23 AT 7PM

CITIZEN KANE

What often gets lost within all the popular discourse around *Citizen Kane*—which tends to focus on the film's themes of wealth, ambition and collapse; Gregg Toland's landmark cinematography; Welles' swaggering performance; the famous "Rosebud" motif; and the film's lasting influence on Hollywood storytelling—is just how impenetrable and peculiar it is on a structural level. For a cinematic debut, the film is bravely scattershot, careening from the expressionist mosaic of its prelude to pastiches of Capra-esque newsreel montage, somber chamber drama, nostalgic impressionism, and a panoramic talking-heads approach that splinters the narrative proper (the flashbacks to Charles Foster Kane's biography) across various arguably dubious perspectives—friends, colleagues, and family members of the inexhaustible newspaper tycoon. All these different registers forecast the many stylistic temperaments the director would adopt throughout his illustrious career, while also introducing what would become a major, though less frequently articulated, Welles theme: the inherent



ORSON WELLES *CITIZEN KANE*

inadequacy of storytelling, despite its many bells and whistles, to comprehensively encompass a human life.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Joseph Cotten, Agnes Moorehead, Orson Welles
US 1941, 35mm, b/w, 119 min

FRIDAY JANUARY 23 AT 9:15PM

CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT AKA FALSTAFF

One of the few films over which Orson Welles wielded complete creative control, *Chimes at Midnight* is a creative, combinatory adaptation of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Even more than a sublime John Gielgud as the guilt-ridden Henry IV and Jeanne Moreau as a lusty Doll Tearsheet, the most fascinating performance comes from Welles himself in a riveting Falstaff that is a classic Welles grotesque—by turns abrasive, gentle, pathetic and boastful. Among Welles' most moving films, *Chimes at Midnight* reveals the relationship between Falstaff and Prince Hal to be Shakespeare's nuanced reflection on the difficult gap between political power and its human instrument.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau, Margaret Rutherford
US 1967, 35mm, b/w, 115 min

SATURDAY JANUARY 24 AT 7PM

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

In *What is Cinema?*, Andre Bazin's seminal ontological study, Welles' studio-hacked second feature is a frequent reference point, because in some ways it is even more committed than *Citizen Kane* to the French critic's notion of cinematic realism—that is, the rigorous preservation of spatial and dramatic unity in a scene through the use of long takes and deep focus. Welles employs such immersive mise-en-scène for a striking end goal: the resurrection of the textures, rhythms, and emotional flavors of a bygone era, that of the titular Ambersons. Working from a Booth Tarkington novel about the financial decline and resulting interpersonal turmoil of this aristocratic Indiana family, Welles fixates his film version on the story's larger themes of societal transformation and industrialization at the turn of the 20th century, in the process observing the passing of a pre-modern era with wise detachment. Silent cinema vignettes and iris effects abound, aesthetic anachronisms that encase a host of superb Hollywood character actors (Joseph Cotten, Ag-

nes Moorehead, Anne Baxter) in an elegiac snow globe of regret. In Welles' hands, the Ambersons collectively become a tragic metaphor for the futility of dwelling on the past.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Anne Baxter
US 1942, 35mm, b/w, 88 min

SATURDAY JANUARY 24 AT 9PM

THE THIRD MAN

Only making his startling entrance an hour into the film, Orson Welles leaves a disconcertingly vivid imprint upon yet another work destined to echo endlessly throughout cinema and popular culture. Though not directed by Welles, his presence and influence loom in every dark corner, oblique angle and long shadow. Frequent Welles collaborator Joseph Cotten also materializes in a degraded, divided postwar Vienna to find his friend has just died and left behind a beautiful, tormented lover as well as a strange game of conspiracy, romance and ethics—all enigmatically underscored by Anton Karas' famous theme. With a charming wink, every detail within the film's tricky maze of alternating darks and lights seems precisely and subtly posed to tease, provoke and puzzle until the final unsettling question mark. Featuring many who were directly affected by the confusing horrors of World War II, the production's fortuitous assembly of artists—including writer Grahame Greene and director Carol Reed—had to battle the studio over every artistic decision every step of the way. And what did that produce? *The Third Man*.

Directed by Carol Reed. With Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, Orson Welles
UK 1949, 35mm, b/w, 104 min

SUNDAY JANUARY 25 AT 5PM

OTHELLO

Following his innovative adaptation of *Macbeth*, Welles' *Othello* suffered from delays and budget problems from the first day. As with *Macbeth*, the director's genius and resourcefulness transformed obstacles into opportunities, such as the celebrated fight scene staged in a steamy Turkish bath after the production's costumes failed to arrive. While Welles' cosmetic dark skin has contributed to the film's general neglect, he gives one of his finest performances, conjuring a genuinely moving Othello who is deeply tormented by love and jealousy. Despite garnering



CAROL REED *THE THIRD MAN*



ORSON WELLES *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS*

the *Palme d'Or* at Cannes in 1952, *Othello* remained virtually impossible to see until a wonderful 1992 restoration made new prints available.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Orson Welles, Suzanne Cloutier, Micheál MacLiammóir
US 1952, DCP, b/w, 91 min



ORSON WELLES *THE TRIAL*

SUNDAY JANUARY 25 AT 7PM

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI

Welles brings his metaphysical and psychological preoccupations, as well as his heated camera and editing style, to the genre of film noir in this story of a Spanish Civil War veteran and adventurer (played by the director himself) who falls for a charismatic but dangerous woman (Hayworth, Welles' wife at the time). She leads him into an abyss of personal intrigue and moral bankruptcy that famously climaxes in a chase through a Chinese theater and a gun battle in a hall of mirrors. With spectacular location shooting in San Francisco and Acapulco, the film nevertheless becomes a largely mental or spiritual space, a landscape of pure romantic ecstasy and existential uncertainty.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles, Everett Sloane
US 1948, DCP, b/w, 87 min

MONDAY JANUARY 26 AT 7PM

THE TRIAL

Hailed as a masterpiece by European critics but dismissed as a failure by the British and American press, *The Trial* is arguably Welles' finest film after *Citizen Kane*. Welles' rendition of Franz Kafka's nightmarish story of a man arrested for a crime that is never explained to him is entirely faithful to the novel, even with the necessary transpositions made to update the action. Anthony Perkins portrays Josef K., a sensitive, "twitchy" individual pursued by a repressive bureaucracy, obsessed by an undefined guilt, and bewildered by the burden of living. Replete with unforgettably baroque, expressionistic imagery, *The Trial* evokes a caustic vision of the modern world, where implausible events seem like everyday occurrences.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider
France/Italy/West Germany 1962, DCP, b/w, 120 min

FRIDAY JANUARY 30 AT 9PM

MACBETH

Attempting to rise above their standard B-movie fare, Republic Pictures agreed to produce Orson Welles' adaptation of *Macbeth*. The extremely low budget compressed

shooting into a brisk twenty-three days and most likely intensified the film's raw, stylized edge. Dramatically angled within stark, jagged sets, Welles' *Macbeth* cinematically wrenches Shakespeare's original into an eerie, brutally expressionistic nightmare featuring an exquisitely choreographed ten-minute tracking shot of the play's initial transgression. Here, the dark soliloquys hang in the looming fog and the curse of the three witches echoes to point toward a dark cycle rather than an end. Feeling cursed himself, Welles once again endured the studio's disfiguring his creation with crude edits and replacing the actors' quavering Scottish burrs with English-accented dialogue. It was not until 1980 that UCLA and Welles' assistant Richard Wilson fully restored Welles' original vision and also restored his reputation in the eyes of critics who immediately switched from complete dismissal to an embrace of the timeless tragedy as one of the director's finest creations. *35mm restored print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive; preservation funded by the Film Foundation and the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.*

Directed by Orson Welles. With Orson Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy
US 1948, 35mm, b/w, 108 min

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 8 AT 7PM

F FOR FAKE (*VÉRITÉS ET MENSONGES*)

This playful homage to forgery and illusionism is the last film Orson Welles released before his death. Both a self-portrait and a wry refutation of the auteur principle, its labyrinthine play of paradoxes and ironies creates the cinematic equivalent of an Escher drawing. Described as "a vertigo of lies," the film itself becomes a kind of fake, for although it bears the signature of its author it was in fact the product of many hands. Starting with some found footage of art forger Elmyr de Hory shot by French documentarist François Reichenbach, Welles transforms the material into an interrogation of the nature of truth and illusion, with stops to revisit his own *Citizen Kane* and "The War of the Worlds" radio broadcast, detours with Howard Hughes and his hoax biographer Clifford Irving, and a profile of Picasso deceived by love.

Directed by Orson Welles. With Orson Welles, Oja Kodar, Elmyr de Hory
France/Iran/West Germany 1975, 35mm, color, 85 min



ORSON WELLES *THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI*

THE LOST WORLDS OF ROBERT FLAHERTY

JANUARY 30 – MARCH 1



ROBERT FLAHERTY

“First I was an explorer, then I was an artist.” – Robert Flaherty

His own story draped in myths and mists, pioneering filmmaker Robert J. Flaherty (1884 – 1951) gained his mammoth status in film history from assiduously carving poetry and legends out of real lives. As adventurous, determined and self-reliant as any character in his films, Flaherty trekked to dramatic, remote regions to experience, record and if necessary, recreate the remaining vestiges of the “primitive” lives he deeply revered. Even when working with subject matter closer to home, Flaherty seemed to actively collaborate with “reality” to make the translation to film as awe-inspiring and deeply felt as the wonders of life and ideas were to him. Part poet, part explorer, he never strictly conformed to the ideal of objective documentation or authenticity—a continual source of academic and ethical contention—instead, he exploited the veracity of film and its persuasive powers in order to restore humanity to a more natural state, living in harmony with one another.

As a restless, intelligent boy in Michigan, Flaherty spent little time in school and more time living a nomadic, frontier life with his father, a mining engineer. Prospecting for gold and iron ore from camp to camp in Canada, the young Flaherty learned how to survive in the wilderness from the miners and the local Inuit. In the midst of this exploration, he discovered his future wife and lifelong collaborator Frances J. Hubbard during a brief sojourn at the Michigan College of Mines. Finally after a second treacherous expedition to the Hudson Bay area he bought a Bell and Howell 16mm camera and took a three-week course in photography from the Eastman Company in order to simply make a visual record of the fascinating lives and customs he witnessed in the frozen, desolate Canadian North.

Focused on correcting the troubling gaps he recognized in his initial efforts to record Inuit life, Flaherty stumbled into the depths of a new obsession. As would be the protocol for *Moana* and *Man of Aran*, he set to work building an ad-hoc film processing lab in the challenging Arctic conditions and trained his Inuit friends to be his technicians. Immersed in the culture for over two years, Flaherty embraced the new artform as a transformative vehicle to show modern audiences that without all the complications and trappings of modern civilization, lives could be happily lived—even under nature’s harshest conditions.

Working to present a form of life untainted by Western civilization, of course, Flaherty tainted it himself by rearranging it to serve his own romantic ideal which the cultures in question often could not even maintain. “Sometimes you have to lie,” Flaherty explained. “One often has to distort a thing to catch its true spirit.” Shortly after *Nanook of the North* took the world by storm and later *Man of Aran*, questions of authenticity arose, but not of sincerity.

As if convinced of the essential goodness in all, Flaherty’s endlessly inquisitive camera eye pursued creatures expressing themselves purely, instinctively through their direct interactions with each other and their environment. Observing patiently and intently through long-focus, detailed tableaux and an intuitive, innovative use of the gyro tripod to follow movement, he embedded scenes with a naturalistic suspense and drama. Known for an extravagant shooting ratio, he conferred an almost mystical power to the very process of filmmaking, asking the film to show him the story. This was not straightforward education or entertainment; it was art. Flaherty preferred shots and stories that did not reveal everything, leaving an audience confronted with his passionate, sublime visions “wanting to know more.”

His adventures on location directly reflected in the drama onscreen, Flaherty overcame enormous physical and technical challenges filming in remote, rugged locations, only to confront more insurmountable ones within the precarious wilds of commercial film distribution and studio production. Flaherty was an esteemed figure in his time, yet continually frustrated by the creative binds of the box office and those who could not comprehend his unusual methods. A colorful, tumultuous career riddled with forsaken films and unrealized projects, Flaherty’s trailblazing path echoed that of another passionate, independent spirit, Orson Welles—to whom Flaherty sold a story for Welles’ own unfinished film *It’s All True*.

Over the years, Flaherty’s films have benefitted from preservation, restoration and most recently, dramatic rediscovery. His daughter Monica Flaherty took the restoration of *Moana* one step further by meticulously recreating a naturalistic soundtrack for her father’s formerly silent work, and was able to finally complete the extended process on DCP last year. In 2012, curators at Harvard’s Houghton Library found a long lost nitrate print of Flaherty’s short film *Oidhche Sheanchais (A Night of Storytelling)*. Aside from being a precious missing piece of Flaherty’s spare output, it is the first sound film in the Gaelic language, and it features the cast of *Man of Aran*. This momentous find was restored to 35mm and premiered at *Il Cinema Ritrovato* in Bologna last year.

Fully immersing himself in their lives and involving the subjects in the filmmaking process, Flaherty created a unique documentary form which seen from today’s vantage—as the concept of “documentary” is continually widened and challenged—approaches a more experimental and innovative hybrid shape. Flaherty’s fearless ventures into the unknown were exhilarating turning points which ultimately opened the door to endless possibilities in the worlds of both fictional and ethnographic filmmaking. – BG

The Harvard Film Archive is thrilled to present a retrospective of Flaherty’s work including *Moana with Sound*, the 2014 2K digital picture and sound restoration of Monica Flaherty’s 1980 16mm sound version of the 1926 35mm silent film by Robert Flaherty and Frances Hubbard Flaherty. The film will be presented by Sami van Ingen, visual artist and great-grandson of Robert and Frances Flaherty, who produced the restoration with film curator and historian Bruce Posner.

We are also presenting the local premiere of *Oidhche Sheanchais* which will be accompanied by *Folklore and Flaherty: A Symposium on the First Irish-Language Film* focused on the film’s significance and history Thursday, February 19 from 1:30pm – 4pm at the Harvard Film Archive, followed by a reception at Houghton Library. The afternoon will include presentations by Catherine McKenna and Natasha Sumner of Harvard’s Department of Celtic Languages and Literatures, among others.

Special thanks: Fleur Buckley—British Film Institute; Steven Hill, Todd Wiener—UCLA Film and Television Archive.

Film descriptions by Brittany Gravelly, Haden Guest, Carson Lund and David Pendleton.



ROBERT FLAHERTY NANOOK OF THE NORTH

LIVE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT BY JEFF RAPSIS

FRIDAY JANUARY 30 AT 7PM

NANOOK OF THE NORTH

Remarkably matter-of-fact in its blow-by-blow depiction of the struggle to stay alive in the Arctic hinterlands of Canada's Hudson Bay, *Nanook of the North* expresses Flaherty's reverence for his Inuit subjects in every carefully framed shot. The film, which emerged from a return trip up North after celluloid from a preceding adventure went up in flames, unfolds as a series of long takes interspersed by annotative, occasionally poetic intertitles, all of which serve to highlight seemingly mundane tasks required for survival in the frigid terrain. Beyond its educational function, though, Flaherty's profoundly empathetic intimacy with his subjects—the resilient, prodigious seal-and-walrus-hunter Nanook and his weathered clan—heightens what seems on the surface to be merely a dry informational pamphlet. While many of his subsequent projects felt the pressures of a variety of forces (Hollywood studios, production houses, commissioning industries), *Nanook* shows the effects of complete artistic freedom, its constraint-free conditions yielding an unmatched sensitivity to climate, labor and the simultaneous bond and vulnerability of humans to both.

Directed by Robert Flaherty. With Nanook, Nyla, Alee
US 1922, 35mm, b/w, silent, 79 min



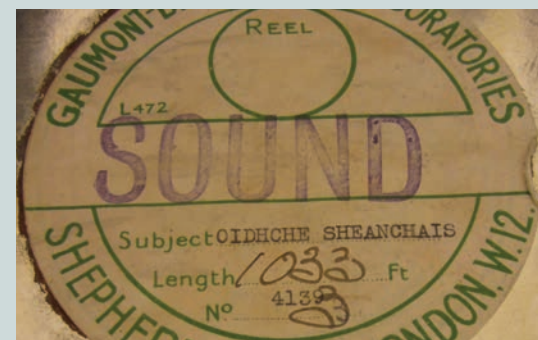
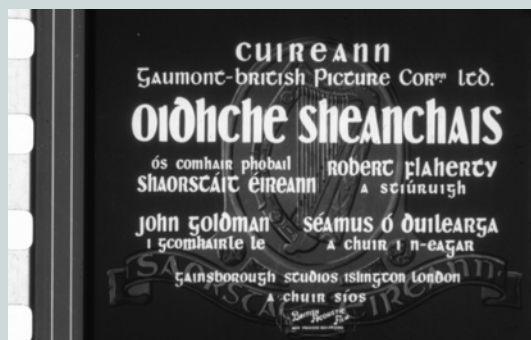
ROBERT FLAHERTY LOUISIANA STORY

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 8 AT 5PM

LOUISIANA STORY

Remarkably laissez-faire with its funding, Standard Oil Company commissioned Flaherty to positively portray oil exploration in the Louisiana bayou. With echoes of *Elephant Boy*, Flaherty places an adventurous, superstitious Cajun youth named Alexander Napoleon Ulysses Latour at the fulcrum of two equally powerful forces: nature and industry. The towering derricks and their dangerous, noisy inner workings have invaded the young explorer's idyllic, animal-populated world, and Flaherty accords both realms thoughtful consideration. Alexander's rural family and the oil workers—who good-naturedly attempt to understand one another—are unpolished non-actors mostly playing themselves. They enter into that peculiar dimension of heartfelt reenactment that feels as innocent and honest as the antics of young Alexander and his pet raccoon. *35mm restored print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive; preservation funded by The Film Foundation, AFI Challenge Grant for Film Preservation, American Movie Classics, and the Academy Foundation.*

Directed by Robert Flaherty. With Joseph Boudreaux, Lionel LeBlanc, Frank Hardy
US 1948, 35mm, b/w, 77 min



SUNDAY FEBRUARY 15 AT 7PM

A NIGHT OF STORYTELLING (OIDHCHE SHEANCHAIS)

A lost film until the 2013 discovery of a 35mm nitrate print at Harvard University, Robert Flaherty's 1935 short film *Oidhche Sheanchais* offers a disarming and fascinating distillation of his ardent belief in cinema as a mythopoeic art and folkloric tradition. To record the soundtrack of *Man of Aran* Flaherty brought the principal members of his cast to London, inviting Colman "Tiger" King, Maggie Durrane, Patch "Red Beard" Ruadh and young Michaelleen to retrospectively add dialogue, in English and in pre-Jean Rouch fashion, to select scenes of the film. During their extended stay in London Flaherty reassembled the nuclear family invented for *Man of Aran* for a second film commissioned by the Department of Education, gathering his four "actors" around a sound studio hearth, together with famed seanchai (story-teller) Tomas O'Diorain. In striking contrast to *Man of Aran*, the resultant film, *Oidhche Sheanchais*, was recorded entirely in the dialect of the Aran Islands and is, in fact, considered the first talkie in the Irish language. Speaking and singing in their native tongue, Durrane, Ruadh and especially O'Diorain deliver beautifully animated performances that bring a rare intimacy to *Oidhche Sheanchais*, making clear Flaherty's unique relationship to his actors and giving new human dimension to these now legendary men, woman and child of Aran.

The surging, symphonic poetry of *Man of Aran* is powerfully emblemized in Flaherty's bold imagery of the restless North Atlantic whose unyielding waves and currents unceasingly threaten the fishermen's boats and very lives. All of Flaherty's feature films are anchored in just such a mythologization of Man locked in an eternal struggle with Nature. *Oidhche Sheanchais* stands apart, then, as a purely interior film, set entirely within a sound stage and without any of the lyrical nature imagery so central to Flaherty's visionary cinema. Yet, despite its explicit interiority and literal enclosure within an artificial studio set, *Oidhche Sheanchais* remains, like Flaherty's other films, an adventurous exploration of a vast, uncharted land. For *Oidhche Sheanchais* is, above all, a film about the interior yet fathomless world of the imagination, a limitless realm from which emerges the song and story shared by the fireside group, each a fantasy echo of central themes of *Man of Aran*. In this way Tom O'Diorain's fiery telling of a well-known tale of Irish water spirits who tempt yet are ultimately tamed by an Aran fisherman, makes explicit the animistic and deeply Romantic vision of nature animating both Flaherty's cinema and the folkloric world that so inspired him. And Maggie Durrane's moving rendition of the Irish ballad, recalls the longing, melancholy and even dark tragedy which defines lives dependent upon the sea.

As both a figure of a world out of time and a kind of a portal to the imagination, *Oidhche Sheanchais'* minimal set also beautifully recalls the cottage hearth tended by Maggie Durrane in *Man of Aran*; a miniaturized and seemingly self-sustaining world, a domestic island, with chickens and lambs warming themselves alongside the baby's cradle while a kettle heats above the fire. An embodiment of the "infinite immensity" described by Gaston Bachelard, the hearth fire is also where young Michaelleen, in one *Man of Aran's* loveliest moments, drifts to sleep, followed by a montage of images of the restless ocean that seem to spring from the boy's dreams of joining his father's oceanic adventure. As backdrop to O'Diorain's spirited story-telling, the dancing shadow and flame of the hearth fire in *Oidhche Sheanchais* is also, of course, a figure for cinema itself, bringing a meta-cinematic dimension to Flaherty's reanimation of ancient tradition. As Flaherty's first work with direct sound, the film crackles with the miracle of the new technology and its ability to so vividly render the cadence and lilt of the Aran dialect spoken and sung by the actors. And yet the figure of Tiger King, the Man of Aran himself, seems still locked in another realm, standing fixed in a statuesque pose, not speaking a word, a figure then for the lost and receding world of the silent cinema.

Directed by Robert Flaherty. With Tomas O'Diorain, Maggie Durrane, Michaelleen Dillane
Ireland 1935, 35mm, b/w, 12 min. Gaelic with English subtitles

MAN OF ARAN

By his third film, Flaherty's formula was well established: unsparing, process-oriented portraits of resourceful men and their clans eking out a living off the grid. This time the location of choice was the rocky seashore of Ireland, and funding was sourced from the native country. The result, *Man of Aran*, is a film reverent of its resilient protagonist even as it acknowledges his sure fate to one day "meet his master—the sea." Befitting this resigned tone, Flaherty alternates furiously between the macro and the micro, intercutting God's eye perspectives and shots from the level of his vulnerable subjects. Brisk montage editing—notably in a suspenseful sequence dramatizing a two-day attempt to capture a basking shark—is juxtaposed against more contemplative landscape imagery that emphasizes the overwhelming force of the ocean environment, always reducing its inhabitants' dubbed voices to unintelligible wails of resistance. The gendered titles of Flaherty's early films often bely the fact that these group portraits are equally about the women in each respective male character's life, and in this case the protagonist's tough wife emerges as one of the more memorable faces from Flaherty's young career.

Directed by Robert Flaherty. With Colman "Tiger" King, Maggie Durrane, Michaelleen Dillane
UK 1934, 16mm, b/w, 77 min

INTRODUCTION BY SAMI VAN INGEN

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20 AT 7PM

MOANA WITH SOUND

In 1923, a small production office that would later become Paramount Pictures sent Flaherty to the Polynesian islands in hopes of recreating the success of *Nanook of the North*. The resulting film, *Moana*, has been credited by many as cinema's first docufiction, as Flaherty consciously collaborated with his indigenous Samoan subjects from day one. His idyllic portrait of the tropical community puts considerable emphasis on daily rituals of survival and has no shortage of exotic spectacle: an able-bodied youngster climbing a slanting palm tree hundreds of feet high to hunt down coconuts, a group of fishermen thwarting off incoming waves in a canoe, organic feasts being prepared over hot coals, and a large-scale tribal dance. The film introduces a romanticized Western perspective through Flaherty's focus on a budding romance between two villagers, as well as his incorporation of a masculine rite of passage that may or may not have been authentic to the community. Ethical questions aside, however, *Moana* compellingly communicates cinema's potential to construct alternate realities more blissful than our own.

Originally a silent film, the 1926 *Moana* was given a soundtrack in 1980 by Robert and Frances' daughter Monica Flaherty—who had accompanied them to Samoa when she was three—using field recordings taken from the same locations as well as re-created dialogue, some of which is spoken by original cast members. The resulting 16mm film, *Moana with Sound*, was given a 2K digital picture and sound restoration released last year by Bruce Posner and Sami van Ingen.

Directed by Robert Flaherty and Frances Hubbard Flaherty. With Ta'avale Uni, Fa'agase Súa-Filo, Pe'a Taulealea
US 1926, DCP, b/w, 98 min. Samoan with English intertitles

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 21 AT 5PM

ELEPHANT BOY

Even within the docu-fictional Flaherty oeuvre, *Elephant Boy* stands out as an exotic hybrid of studio style attempting to corral Flaherty's open-ended, observational adoration of regional authenticity and naturalism. London's Den-



ROBERT FLAHERTY MOANA



ROBERT FLAHERTY MAN OF ARAN

ham Studios financed Flaherty's journey to India to recreate a story from Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* with an all-native cast. His crew soon discovered the charismatic orphan and elephant handler Sabu, who would star in the title role and quickly rise to international fame. Shooting was rife with genuine hazards, cinematic feats and animal wrangling, with a few of the more astounding stunts—including an elephant cautiously stepping over a baby in the road—making it to the screen. Distressed by Flaherty's non-narrative footage, the studio shot some expository scenes in London with professional white actors and quickly assembled an entertaining oddity. Depicting a deceptively harmonious portrait of British rule, the film's central charms derive from the tenderly shot scenes of elephants and their remarkable rapport with Sabu.

Directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltán Korda. With Sabu, W.E. Holway, Walter Hudd
UK 1937, 35mm, b/w, 85 min

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 27 AT 7PM

TABU: A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS

In late 1927, both Flaherty and acclaimed German filmmaker F.W. Murnau were nearing the end of a contract with Fox Studios. Both men were fed up with the Hollywood studio system, which for its part seemed to have no further use for them. Collaborating on a Romantic tale that combined Flaherty's penchant for protagonists struggling for physical survival with Murnau's fascination with the struggle for spiritual survival, the story focuses on a pair of young Tahitian lovers who flee oppressive tribal rule only to find themselves at the mercy of predators both in and out of the water. The scenario was a true collaboration between the two filmmakers, and Murnau relied heavily on Flaherty's experience with shooting in a remote location and working with a non-professional cast. However, as filming advanced, Murnau took over, and by the end of the shoot, Flaherty had more or less abandoned the film. Today, we recognize *Tabu* as Murnau's last masterpiece, but it could not have been made without Flaherty.

Directed by F.W. Murnau. With Matahi, Reri, Hitu
US 1931, 35mm, b/w, 81 min

SUNDAY MARCH 1 AT 5PM

TWENTY-FOUR DOLLAR ISLAND

This stunningly beautiful and vibrant "city symphony" celebrates the Manhattan of 1927 from the machinery of the waterfront to the trees of Central Park.

Directed by Robert Flaherty
US 1927, digital video, b/w, 15 min

INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN

While in Europe attempting to slink into the Soviet Union to make a film, Flaherty was approached by London's Empire Marketing Board Film Unit to document craftsmanship within industrial Britain with his famously observant and respectful eye. EMB's head John Grierson—who actually coined the term "documentary" in his review of *Moana*—was forced to intervene when Flaherty quickly exceeded his government-allotted time and budget, feeling his way into the subject by filming "experiments." Flaherty and Grierson's mutual exasperation aside, the finished film transcends its propagandistic purpose and unveils a reverent ode to the ancient traditions of skilled craft and labor. Graceful, expressive images of workers weaving cloth, harvesting grain and making baskets give way to glass-blowing and pottery-making, then pouring metal, engineering airplane motors and disappearing into dark coal mines. "Behind the smoke, beautiful things are being made," states the narrator as human and machine function together in dignified harmony beneath Flaherty's earnest light.

Directed by Robert Flaherty
UK/US 1933, 35mm, b/w, 22 min

THE LAND

The Land was commissioned by the Department of Agriculture to make a film about the importance of farming in modern America. The result combines Flaherty's longstanding passion for tradition and community with his post-Grierson reconciliation with modernity. This wide-ranging film essay is even more episodic than *Industrial Britain*, with each segment resembling—in the words of Siegfried Kracauer—"fragments of a lost epic song that celebrated the immense life of the land; nothing is omitted and each episode is full of significance."

Directed by Robert Flaherty
US 1942, 16mm, b/w, 45 min

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
18	19	20	21	22	23 7PM CITIZEN KANE P. 3 9:15PM CHIMES AT MIDNIGHT P. 3	24 7PM THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS P. 3 9PM THE THIRD MAN P. 3
25 5PM OTHELLO P. 3 7PM THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI P. 4	26 7PM THE TRIAL P. 4	27	28 8PM MIKEY AND NICKY P. 11	29	30 7PM NANOOK OF THE NORTH P. 6 9PM MACBETH P. 4	31 7PM THE VISIONS OF LUTHER PRICE - PROGRAM ONE P. 10 LUTHER PRICE IN PERSON



ORSON WELLES *F FOR FAKE* P. 4



FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT *JULES AND JIM* P. 14

Harvard Film Archive

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



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
01 7PM THE VISIONS OF LUTHER PRICE - PROGRAM TWO P. 10 LUTHER PRICE IN PERSON	02 7PM THE VISIONS OF LUTHER PRICE - PROGRAM THREE P. 10 LUTHER PRICE IN PERSON	03	04 7:30PM MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER P. 11	05	06 7PM A THOUSAND SUNS P. 13 MATI DIOP IN PERSON	07 7PM ATLANTIQUES P. 13 BIG IN VIETNAM P. 13 SNOW CANON P. 13 MATI DIOP IN PERSON
08 5PM LOUISIANA STORY P. 6 7PM F FOR FAKE P. 4	09 7PM TOUKI BOUKI P. 13	10	11 7:30PM EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL P. 12	12	13 7PM ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT P. 14 9:30PM KING AND COUNTRY P. 14	14 7PM A FAREWELL TO ARMS P. 14 9PM JULES AND JIM P. 14
15 4PM THE BIG PARADE P. 14 7PM A NIGHT OF STORYTELLING P. 6 MAN OF ARAN P. 6	16 7PM LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE - FILMS BY JODIE MACK P. 16 JODIE MACK IN PERSON	17	18 7:30PM TAKING OFF P. 12	19 1:30PM FOLKLORE AND FLAHERTY: A SYMPOSIUM ON THE FIRST IRISH-LANGUAGE FILM P. 5	20 7PM MOANA WITH SOUND P. 7 SAMI VAN INGEN IN PERSON 9PM WATERLOO BRIDGE P. 14	21 7PM ELEPHANT BOY P. 7 9PM PATHS OF GLORY P. 15
22 5PM THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG P. 15 7PM J'ACCUSE P. 15	23 7PM THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE P. 15	24	25 7:30PM TWO-LANE BLACKTOP P. 12	26	27 7PM TABU P. 7 9PM LA FRANCE P. 15	28 7PM COMRADESHIP P. 15 9PM THE AFRICAN QUEEN P. 15
MARCH 01 5PM 24 DOLLAR ISLAND P. 7 INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN P. 7 THE LAND P. 7 7PM THE GREAT WAR P. 15	02 7PM FOUR SONS P. 15	03	04 7:30PM SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSS SONG P. 12			

JODIE MACK DUSTY STACKS OF MOM: THE POSTER PROJECT P. 16

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THE WORLD MADE FLESH AND FREED BY SONG AND SADNESS – THE VISIONS OF LUTHER PRICE

JANUARY 31 – FEBRUARY 2

“*Pain is my friend ... Pain is my foe ... Pain is my life ... I’m complete ...*” – Luther Price

The intensely hand-crafted films of Luther Price (b. 1962) unleash the primal and emotional potential of photochemical cinema as a resolutely organic medium whose unruly life and death is uniquely in tune with the quickening pulse of the human heart. Whether scratching, staining or burying his films in his seaside garden in Revere, Massachusetts, Price embraces an impressive range of artistic and alchemical techniques to aggressively push the fragile emulsion to a near breaking point and discover a realm where oneiric imagery intermingles with painterly abstraction. In found footage films such as *A Patch of Green*, *Kittens Grow Up* and *House*, Price’s instinctual editing unearths a hidden language within his salvaged images, a dark unconscious (re)awakened as he poetically fuses forgotten educational, industrial and pornographic films together with the anonymous home movies that remain a major touchstone of his work.

At the very center of Price’s oeuvre lies the deeply, often painfully, personal series of “home movies” he completed around the time of his mother and sister’s tragically premature deaths by cancer. Drawing from his vast archive of photographs, sound recordings and video footage, powerful works such as *Home* and *Door #2-37* assemble moving, searing portraits of Price’s deceased loved ones, together offering an intimate yet still beautifully private chronicle of his lost family. The trauma of sickness, scars and death experienced by Price echoes throughout his films in the recurrent striking, at times shocking, images of the human body; images which alternately tremble with a palpable fleshiness or the dark shadow of disease’s slow decay. A further autobiographical level is openly embraced by the damaged bodies of Price’s films which also recall his own near fatal injury and scarring suffered in an accidental shooting during an ill-fated visit to Nicaragua. In Price’s cinema the photochemical emulsion, the body of the film, poignantly becomes one with human flesh, an equal emblem of fleeting mortality and fragile memory.

Price’s twin artistic background as a sculptor and performance artist (with a MFA in Sculpture and Media/Performing Arts from the Massachusetts College of the Arts where he is now a senior instructor) remains ever-present throughout his vast oeuvre, from his first Super 8 films of the 1980s, directed under the name of Tom Rhoads and starring himself in various guises and disguises, to his more recent work with 35mm slides, or “static films” as Price has called them, a body of work featured in the Whitney Biennial and beautifully showcased in a major Carpenter Center exhibit. Treating film as a dynamically sculptural and plastic medium, Price’s films rend and twist their images away from the frame and in tune with their alternately musical and abstract soundtracks.

Presented in conjunction with a weeklong exhibit of 35mm “Light Fracture” slides in the Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts, the three programs in the Harvard Film Archive retrospective offer an archaeology of Price’s extraordinary career and imagination, spanning from his first Super 8 films (including his 1986 debut film *Cold, Cold Heart*) and early performance works such as *Meat Blue 03* to the deeply moving portraits of his own family from the late 1990s and more recent collage and found footage works from his still on-going series of “Ribbon”, “Ink Blot” and “Garden” films.

The Harvard Film Archive is honored to welcome Luther Price for three evenings of films and conversations, joined as well by renowned film curator, critic and scholar Ed Halter, co-founder of the celebrated Brooklyn “micro-cinema” Light Industry and Critic in Residence at Bard College. – HG

The Carpenter Center exhibit Luther Price: Light Windows is on display from January 26-February 1 and was organized by John R. and Barbara Robinson Family Director of the Carpenter Center James Voorhies.

All films directed by Luther Price.

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

LUTHER PRICE IN CONVERSATION WITH ED HALTER

SATURDAY JANUARY 31 AT 7PM

A reception in the Carpenter Center follows screening and discussion.

RUN

US 1994, Super 8, color, sound on cassette, 16 min

HOUSE

US 1990, Super 8, color, silent, 3 min

YELLOW GOODBYE

US 1999, Super 8, color, sound on cassette, 13 min

MEAT BLUE 03

US 1999, Super 8, color, 18 min

INKBLOT #44, “AQUA WOMAN”

US 2009-11, 16mm, color, 8 min



LUTHER PRICE *HOME*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

LUTHER PRICE IN PERSON

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 1 AT 7PM

DOMESTIC WHITE

US 2004, 16mm, color & b/w, 3 min

COLD, COLD HEART

US 1986, Super 8, color, 3 min

RECITATIONS

US 1999, Super 8, color & b/w, sound on cassette, 13 min

HOME

US 1999, Super 8, color, sound on cassette, 13 min

HOME, SLIDES

US 1999, 35mm slides, color, silent, 7 min

DOOR #2, 37

US 1997, Super 8, color, sound on cassette, 13 min

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

LUTHER PRICE IN PERSON

MONDAY FEBRUARY 2 AT 7PM

A PATCH OF GREEN

US 2004, 16mm, b/w, 8 min

BURGIN AND TONIC, REEL 1

US 2012, 16mm, color & b/w, 8 min

PORCELAIN RIBBON

US 1990, Super 8, b/w, silent, 4 min

KITTENS GROW UP

US 2007, 16mm, color, 29 min

SHELLY WINTERS

US 2010, 16mm, b/w, 10 min

THE TURQUOISE GARDEN

US 2006, 16mm, color, 8 min



LUTHER PRICE *A PATCH OF GREEN*



LUTHER PRICE *LIGHT FRACTURE SLIDE*

FURIOUS CINEMA '70 – '77

JANUARY 28 – MARCH 5

“Nobody knows anything.” That’s William Goldman’s famous line from his 1983 memoir, about working in movies in the 1970s.

And watching the movies from that period, that crazy worldwide flowering of ballsy cinema, you can see that it was true. Nobody really did know anything. The producers and money-men didn’t have a clue; the marketing departments were lost; the film critics weren’t sure what was going on; and often the “heroes” onscreen knew less than anybody. And it was glorious, because they were willing to try just about anything.

Maybe we’ll never recapture that moment. Maybe we all just “know” too much now. But back then—with the fences knocked down, the maps torn up, the gates left ajar, the governors on the engines disabled—cinema exploded. It was a time of furious announcements, furious experiments, furious rebellions, furious mistakes.

And it was all the various engineers of filmmaking that were in revolt against “the way things are done.” Actors were swallowing their lines, stuttering, mumbling, ignoring the camera; allowing themselves to be underlit and unglamorous. Editors were cutting scenes abruptly, intercutting unexpectedly, using their Steenbecks like a muscle car to push audiences around. Sound was being recorded now by body mikes, allowing actors to move around freely, talking loud or soft, interrupting each other: not waiting for a boom to swivel towards them. Telephoto lenses and maneuverable cameras turned cameramen into eavesdroppers, or spies, or scientists with a microscope, exposing the biological truths of faces and landscapes.

What’s remarkable is not just that they did these things, but that the money allowed them to. The common idea about movies is that they can never be a “pure” art form like painting or novels, because they’re so expensive: so the people with the money will always be looking over the shoulders of the creatives, hamstringing them. But when the people with the money don’t know anything, the balance of power shifts. The money-people look back at the directors and say with a shrug, “well, it beats me. Maybe the kids will like it. Go ahead!”

The money-people might have been scared, but the directors and the writers and the actors seemed fearless. You could make films about losers, neurotics, assholes, or outcasts. You could make movies where all the characters are played by dwarfs. You could make detective films where the detective detects nothing. You could make Westerns about the lone, self-reliant man, where the lone self-reliant man gets crushed by the railroads, or disappears into the landscape like dust. You could shoot and edit your film to feel like a drug trip, while you and your crew took a drug trip behind the camera.

Maybe the whole thing only happened because of the kids. Kids are difficult to understand, in general. But in 1969, when society seemed to be ripping itself to shreds, and the generation gap was a yawning crevasse, they must have seemed an economic enigma. The studio people had no idea what to do—but they knew they had to do something. Because the kids did have money to go to the movies. A lot. But were they going to *2001* because they liked the chilly evisceration of man’s dependence on technology? Or because they liked to lie down on the floor during the last half hour and smoke joints? Were they going to *Bonnie and Clyde* to see rebellion against the social order, or to see cool outlaws being shot in slow motion by way too many bullets? Were they going to *Easy Rider* because they liked an existential story of lost men in a broken nation, or because they dug the Steppenwolf song and watching movie stars smoke pot onscreen?

Easy Rider’s marketing posters declared, “This Year, It’s *Easy Rider*.” What phony bravado! In reality, it seems like the posters for every film released during those years could have used the same tag line, but phrased as a question: “This year, is it *Carnal Knowledge*?” “This year, is it *Two-Lane Blacktop*? Is it perhaps *Clockwork Orange*? *Harold and Maude*? Does anybody know what it is? Can anybody help us?”

It was largely Europeans who had planted the seed. Those euro-heroes of the 1960s—in France, in Italy, in Sweden—had reinvented cinema with their fearless and passionate experiments. And now, worldwide, the film directors of the 1970s were the teenagers of the 60s who had watched those films, and been inspired, instigated, infused. With their newfound freedom, they would repay the debt tenfold.

Like many revolutionary movements, the Celluloid Spring didn’t last. By the 1980s, the money-men had crushed the revolt, repaired the fences, restored order. The business of movies was business once again. Predictable, scientific. We may never recapture those furious days. But the films are still with us, and so the dream of the revolution can live on: a torch passed from audience to audience, from director to director. Furious cinema lives!

—Athina Rachel Tsangari, *filmmaker and Department of Visual and Environmental Studies Visiting Professor*

All film descriptions by Athina Rachel Tsangari

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 28 AT 8PM

MIKEY AND NICKY

“What way am I going to see you, I haven’t seen you before? Open the door!”

Already known as a brilliant comedian for her improvisational sketch comedy with longtime partner Mike Nichols, Elaine May in the 1970s proved she was also a gifted filmmaker. After the farcical *A New Leaf* and the bittersweet *The Heartbreak Kid*, she explored new territory in this, her third and bravest film; sadly her fourth was the unfairly infamous *Ishtar*, and she never directed another one.

Here she looks at male friendship in an intense and touching story about a small-time crook who learns a local mobster has put a price on his head. Hiding out in a crummy hotel room, desperate, he telephones his best friend. What follows is one very long night for the two men, that takes them to every corner of their difficult relationship. And May not only plays with a John Cassavetes-like style, she uses the man himself—and his real-life friend Peter Falk—as her protagonists, adding another layer of intimacy.

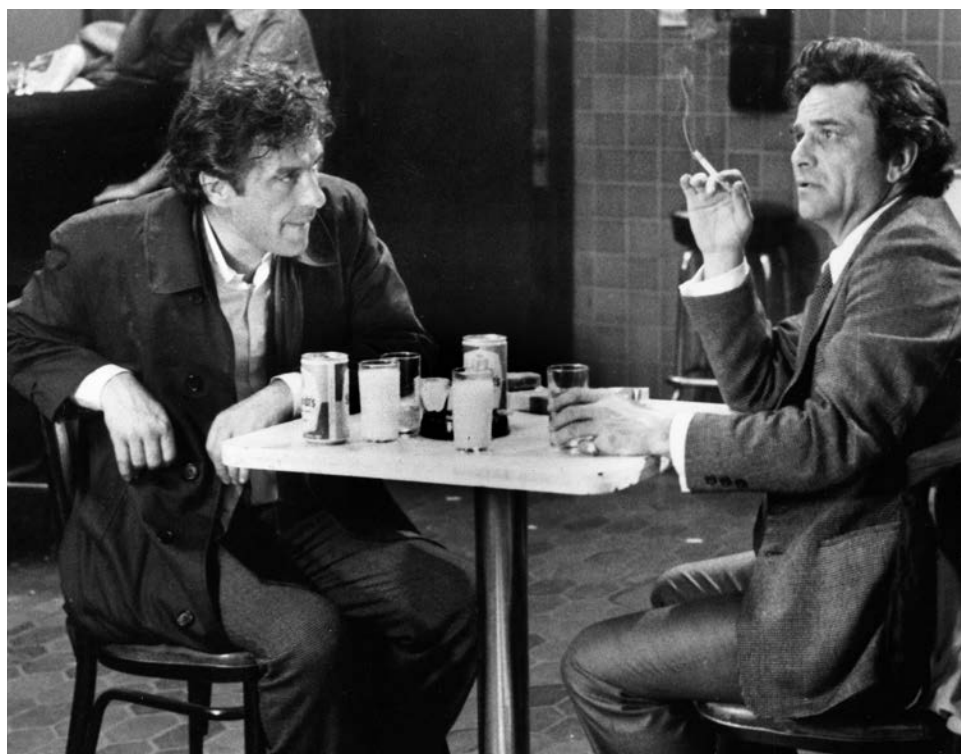
Directed by Elaine May. With John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, Carol Grace
US 1976, 35mm, color, 119 min

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 4 AT 7:30PM

MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER

“I got poetry in me.”

Robert Altman’s sweetest and saddest movie. And one of the few that can be truly called a love story. A gambler arrives in a small western mining town,



ELAINE MAY MIKEY AND NICKY



MONTE HELLMAN *TWO-LANE BLACKTOP*

with only one ambition—to open a really great whorehouse. He is a simple man, and a fool, but he is wise enough to enlist the help of a really great whore. Her cynicism is slowly overcome, as she realizes this man is for real: that after a lifetime of being nobodies, they can actually achieve something great together. But the world isn't kind to visionaries—and especially not to gamblers.

Young Keith Carradine stumbles into the crossfire; various frontier weirdos stumble around at the edges of the frame, lost in their own obsessions. The mud is everywhere. The final shootout in the snow might be the least heroic shootout in Western movie history. Vilmos Zsigmond's gorgeous, milky photography and the music of Leonard Cohen makes it all seem wistful, like a half-remembered tragic dream.

Directed by Robert Altman. With Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, René Auberjonois
US 1971, 35mm, color, 120 min

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 11 AT 7:30PM
EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL

"When we behave, nobody cares. But when we are bad, nobody forgets!"

Even by the standards of crazy Werner Herzog, this film is crazy. But like all of his films, the craziness is not the point; rather, it's a tool, used in a very specific way, by a master craftsman. In this, his second narrative feature, Herzog tells a story of revolution. On a remote island, inside a repressive institution, the unhappy inmates rebel

and rise up against their guards. What results is furious anarchy—but as with most displays of anarchy, there are actually some unspoken rules being followed, and this is what really interests Herzog.

And, keep in mind, the film's title is quite literal. Both the inmates and the guards are played entirely by dwarfs. In fact there are no regular-sized people in the film, yet the chairs and the beds and the doorknobs are sized only for nonexistent big people. No wonder the dwarfs are angry. Herzog's sympathy, as always, is with the so-called freaks and their rampage against the rigged system. Franz Kafka would have cried with happiness, and then cried with unhappiness.

Directed by Werner Herzog. With Helmut Döring, Paul Glauer, Gisela Hertwig
Germany 1970, DCP, b/w, 96 min. German with English subtitles

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 18 AT 7:30PM
TAKING OFF

"I think we oughta change the balance of power a little bit. I'm saving up to buy an intercontinental ballistic missile."

Milos Forman's first American movie is a hilarious parody of the generation gap at its most gaping. A teenage girl sneaks out of the house to audition for a singing contest. Her parents, imagining that she has either run away, become a druggie, a hooker, or joined the Manson Family, begin combing the city for her. They find other parents, also searching for their children. They end up with hundreds of others at a seminar of the Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children, where their boundaries are challenged and expanded. Meanwhile, the kids are desperately trying to express their unfulfilled yearnings through music. The kids are lost. The parents are lost. An affectionate and funny film with equal empathy for both sides. Climaxes with a brilliant scene in which two middle-class NY couples play strip poker. Buck Henry (writer of *The Graduate*) is perfect as the confused father; Paul Benedict, Lynn Carlin and Vincent Schiavelli all enjoy memorable moments.

Directed by Milos Forman. With Lynn Carlin, Buck Henry, Kathy Bates
US 1971, 35mm, color, 89 min

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 25 AT 7:30PM
TWO-LANE BLACKTOP

"If I'm not grounded pretty soon, I'm gonna go into orbit."

Monte Hellman's masterpiece is a tribute both to the American obsession with driving and to his own obsession with minimalist storytelling. In the late sixties Hell-



ROBERT ALTMAN *MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER*

man made several "quickie" westerns for Roger Corman (*The Shooting, Ride In the Whirlwind*) whose narratives were as beautifully spare and weight-efficient as a dragster's engine block. But in *Two-Lane Blacktop* he pushes this idea even further: he redlines it. It's like *The Cannonball Run* scripted by Beckett.

Three nameless characters, who hardly talk, meet a fourth nameless character who never shuts up. They decide to race their cars across the country for pink slips. Non-actor musicians James Taylor and Dennis Wilson play the autistic gearheads; the incomparable Warren Oates is the fast-talking huckster who challenges them. It's their hot-rod'd '55 Chevy 150 against his factory-fresh '70 Pontiac GTO. The girl moves her allegiance from car to car and from driver to driver. They are all chasing after something they cannot define. But maybe, if they can drive fast enough, they can catch it. Or they'll go so fast that they'll abandon the race, transcend the sound barrier, the light barrier, and even the film projector itself.

Directed by Monte Hellman. With James Taylor, Warren Oates, Laurie Bird
US 1971, 35mm, color, 102 min

WEDNESDAY MARCH 4 AT 7PM
SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSS SONG

"You offer pretty good news to me, slappin' up on some white cops. I'm gonna say a Black 'Ave Maria' for you."

In this legendary work of grindhouse political cinema (not to mention personal willpower), Melvin van Peebles wrote, directed, produced, edited, and performed the music, the stunts, and the sex scenes. His title character is a male prostitute who intervenes when he sees a young Black Panther being beaten up by two white cops. As a result he becomes a fugitive. But the black community rises up to help him elude the corrupt and racist state.

Van Peebles makes his technical limitations into virtues, drawing on Godardian inspiration for his hallucinogenic editing style that embraces the non-professionalism of his amateur cast and crew and the breakneck chaos of the shoot. And yet while the film is funny and decidedly insane (according to one legend, van Peebles contracted gonorrhea during a sex scene, filed a claim with the Director's Guild health insurance for an "on-the-job injury," and used the money to buy more film) it also has to be taken seriously, as an attempt to express a voice that in 1971 had almost no voice at all in the movies.

Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. With Simon Chukster, Melvin Van Peebles, Hubert Scates
US 1971, 35mm, color, 97 min



MILOS FORMAN *TAKING OFF*

THE 17TH GENEVIÈVE McMILLAN - REBA STEWART FELLOW: MATI DIOP

FEBRUARY 6 – 9

Each year, Harvard's Film Study Center awards the Geneviève McMillan-Reba Stewart Fellowship to a Francophone filmmaker from Africa or of African descent. The latest recipient is Mati Diop, a French filmmaker and actress working in both France and Senegal. Her formally adventurous films explore exile and identity, memory and loss using fiction and documentary tools. Additionally Mati's uncle is the celebrated Senegalese director Djibril Diop Mambéty, director of the landmark film *Touki bouki*. Mati Diop is currently a 2014-2015 Radcliffe-Harvard film study fellow writing a feature film, *Fire, Next Time*, a gothic coming-of-age tale about the disenfranchised youth of the 2000s in Dakar.

*The films of Mati Diop conjure faraway places. Characters both fictional and quasi-documentary long for locales beyond their reach, or sometimes, as if in a trance, they drift magnetically toward them. No matter where the films take place, there is always the specter of somewhere else, and, perhaps with it, the possibility of a different life. These evocations of distant locations—a friend's tropical Yucatan adventures relayed by text message in *Snow Canon*, memories of home mournfully recalled in *Big in Vietnam*, and the idea of an opportunity-rich Europe worth risking one's life for in *Atlantiques* and *A Thousand Suns* (Mille soleils)—suffuse the concrete worlds her characters inhabit so that her films often seem to be in multiple places at once.*

Simultaneously anchored in the real world and tuned into an imaginary one, Diop's work offers a resolution to what is perhaps cinema's oldest divide: the split between documentary observation (as practiced by the Lumière Brothers and their globetrotting band of cinematographers) and fictive creation (as seen in the magic films of George Méliès). In a statement typical of her enigmatic style, Diop has said of her hybrid style "nothing is true and nothing is false." Instead, her films never announce what parts are fictive or documentary, and reside ambiguously between the two. In this space, which is perhaps unique to cinema, her characters find themselves rooted in one place and dreaming—deliriously, melancholically, and always vividly—of another. — Genevieve Yue

Presented in partnership with the Film Study Center, Harvard University

Text adapted, with permission, from Film Comment, "Art of the Real: The Films of Mati Diop" by Genevieve Yue April 18, 2014



MATI DIOP *A THOUSAND SUNS*

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

MATI DIOP IN PERSON

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 6 AT 7PM

A THOUSAND SUNS (MILLE SOLEILS)

A Thousand Suns is a portrait of Magaye Niang, the non-professional actor who played the lead in the African film classic *Touki bouki*, which was directed by Diop's uncle, Djibril Diop Mambéty. Fusing documentary and fantasy in homage to her uncle's masterpiece, Diop follows Niang to a screening of that 1973 film as the old man comes to terms with the vanished past he longs for and the future he still hopes is possible. *A Thousand Suns* was originally conceived in 2008, though it was not shot and completed until 2013. In the interim years, Diop made *Snow Canon*, *Atlantiques* and *Big in Vietnam*. In many ways, *A Thousand Suns* is the culmination of those previous films, taking from *Snow Canon* its dreamy lyricism, the distant opportunities dreamed in *Atlantiques*, and the ruminative wanderings and regrets of *Big in Vietnam*. *A Thousand Suns* is also the most intimately entwined with Diop's own family (in addition to her uncle's film, it features her father, the musician Wasiss Diop), the troubled history of Senegal, and its cinema. — GY

Directed by Mati Diop. With Magaye Niang, Wasiss Diop, Ben D. Beye
France/Senegal 2013, DCP, color, 45 min. French and Wolof with English subtitles

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS

MATI DIOP IN PERSON

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 7 AT 7PM

ATLANTIQUES

Sitting before a beachside fire, and barely illuminated

against the night sky, Serigne (Serigne Seck, appearing as himself) and two friends weigh the dangers of crossing the sea to Europe by pirogue, a small fishing vessel not built for deep water. Faced with unemployment and hunger at home, Serigne argues that there is no choice but to leave, even if it means risking one's life. "Forget Europe," a friend urges. "Let's speak of here, Africa." Like the shot of a rotating lighthouse lens that concludes the film, their conversation circles itself. There's talk of family, of sacrifice, and even of magical transformation from man into fish, sometimes little more than voices in the dark. — GY

Directed by Mati Diop. With Alpha Diop, Cheikh M'Baye, Ouli Seck, Serigne Seck
France/Senegal 2009, DCP, color, 15min. Wolof and French with English subtitles

BIG IN VIETNAM

Big in Vietnam depicts the making of a film, a Franco-Vietnamese adaptation of Choderlos de Laclos's *Les Liaisons dangereuses*. In *Big in Vietnam*, the production stalls when the lead actor goes missing in the woods, and the director Henriette similarly abandons the set. Leaving the film in the tentative hands of her son, she wanders the streets of Marseille, eventually entering a Vietnamese restaurant. There, in a duet sung with a mysterious man, she finds the sensual quality she had been seeking in her film. As night turns to morning, he tells her stories of home. She asks about a tattoo on his arm, which means "the life far away." — GY

Directed by Mati Diop. With Henriette Nhung, Ghe Büi, Mike N'Guyen
France/Senegal 2012, DCP, color, 29 min. French with English subtitles

SNOW CANON

Snow Canon, a coming-of-age story catalyzed by an erotic encounter with an American babysitter, is inspired by events from Diop's own life, along with touches of the Stendhal short story "Vanina Vanini." In the film, the teenage Vanina is by turns petulant and curious about the alluring older stranger. At her family's chalet, the shades are perpetually drawn, creating for the pair a private, sensual world set against the magisterial French Alps outside. — GY

Directed by Mati Diop. With Nour Mobarak, Chan Coïc, Alban Guyon, Nilaya Bal
France/Senegal 2011, 35mm, color, 33 min. French with English subtitles

MONDAY FEBRUARY 9 AT 7PM

TOUKI BOUKI

The debut feature of Senegalese filmmaker Djibril Diop Mambéty, *Touki bouki* stands today as one of the classics of African cinema and of 1970s world cinema. Built out of a rich montage of sights and sounds, *Touki bouki* is exuberantly syncretic, mixing the contemporary and the traditional, the naturalistic and the modernist in an expression of post-colonial Senegal's ambitions for the future. This syncretism is embodied onscreen by the relationship between its two protagonists: a charismatic cowboy-turned-biker and a young student who meet in Dakar and dream of going to Europe.

Directed by Djibril Diop Mambéty. With Magaye Niang, Mareme Niang, Aminata Fall
Senegal 1973, 35mm, color, 89 min. Wolof, Arabic and French with English subtitles



MATI DIOP *BIG IN VIETNAM*

GRAND ILLUSIONS – THE CINEMA OF WORLD WAR I

FEBRUARY 13 – MARCH 2

While war films date to the beginnings of cinema and the Spanish-American War, World War I's magnification of the mutual impact of war and cinema on each other brought the relationship to an entirely new level. As the war that introduced modern technology into combat, World War I saw film and the moving image enlisted as instruments of surveillance and documentation. Away from the battlefield, propaganda films and newsreels worked to keep the civilian population informed and to incite them to join the fight.

But the war's major impact on the cinema had to do with fictionalized depictions of combat. In the years after the 1918 Armistice, when the massive cost of the war had been calculated and as the realization dawned that its impact was immeasurable, filmmakers turned to the feature film in an attempt to grapple with what had happened. For one thing, the feature film itself received a significant boost from the war. When the war began, only a few companies released anything longer than two reels. But the massive success in the US of *The Birth of a Nation* (1915), at a time when foreign films were rare due to the fighting, meant that by the end of the war, the continent was flooded with American feature films from the US, leaving the European industries no choice but to adapt. As the earliest films in this series show, filmmakers on both sides of the Atlantic learned to turn their tales of combat into an evening's entertainment with the use of such narrative situations as the brothers or friends separated by the war who find themselves on opposite sides of the struggle, or the young lovers either thrown together or torn apart by the fighting.

This survey of films about World War I is meant to span several countries, decades and contexts, illustrating that the trauma of the war meant that as often as not, war films became anti-war films. If the conflict was not "the war to end all wars," it nevertheless represented the end of the early modern age and the coming of an entirely new world, one in which cinema would have a central place. – DP

This program is presented in conjunction with a two-day conference at the Mahindra Humanities Center at Harvard, "In Our Time: The Great War at 100," on February 12 and 13. For more information, visit <http://mahindrahumanities.fas.harvard.edu/content/our-time-great-war-100>

Special thanks: Steve Hill, Todd Wiener—UCLA Film and Television Archive.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13 AT 7PM

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

All Quiet on the Western Front is a poignant and realistic adaptation of Erich Maria Remarque's persuasive anti-war novel about seven young German soldiers facing suffering and death on the battlefields of World War I. The film focuses on one of the soldiers and follows his transformation from idealistic and patriotic schoolboy to shattered and disillusioned war veteran. Unforgettable and astonishingly graphic in its honest portrayal of horrifying subject matter, the film was met with controversy in both the United States and Germany when first released; nevertheless it garnered both Best Picture and Best Director Oscars.

Directed by Lewis Milestone. With Louis Wolheim, Lew Ayres, John Wray
US 1930, 35mm, b/w, 152 min

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13 AT 9:30PM

KING AND COUNTRY

Frustrated with three long years of trench warfare and shell-shocked after a particularly brutal attack, Private Arthur Hamp elects to walk home to London from the front. He is subsequently court-martialed, and his assigned defender, Captain Hargreaves, slowly begins to understand the helplessness of Hamp and other enlisted men. With his characteristically subtle touch, Losey intensifies the John Wilson play by toying with the "roles" assigned by the British class system, employing a mildly Brechtian emphasis on theatrical artifice and reflexivity.

Directed by Joseph Losey. With Dirk Bogarde, Tom Courtenay, Leo McKern
UK 1964, 35mm, b/w, 86 min



FRANK BORZAGE *A FAREWELL TO ARMS*



LEWIS MILESTONE *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT*

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 14 AT 7PM

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Hemingway's loosely autobiographical love story between a nurse and an ambulance driver became the great American novel about World War I almost as soon as it was published in 1928. From Hollywood's perspective, Frank Borzage was the perfect director for the inevitable film adaptation; he had directed several silent films that counterposed tender love stories to the carnage of World War I. Hemingway, however, felt that Borzage's style was much too Romantic. While it's true that the film is more emotional than the restrained novel, Borzage's version was further burdened by a studio-imposed happy ending and, later, several minutes' worth of cuts when the film was re-released after the 1934 imposition of the Production Code. This restoration by UCLA restores the original ending and all the censored bits, revealing the power of Borzage's heartfelt vision. *35mm restored print courtesy of the UCLA Film & Television Archive; preservation funded by the Film Foundation and the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.*

Directed by Frank Borzage. With Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou
US 1932, 35mm, b/w, 90 min

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 14 AT 9PM

JULES AND JIM

Alternately gentle and searing, Truffaut's masterpiece follows a love triangle through the years before, during and after the war, enthusiastically portraying the giddy joys of both friendship and romantic love among two young men, one French and one German, and the woman who captivates them both. The nationality of the two title

characters reveals the film's aspirations to allegory. The war itself receives scant notice in the novel Truffaut has adapted; the film amplifies its presence and its impact on the characters to make of this ménage-a-trois an emblem for the urge to challenge social convention in the early years of the 20th century, an urge deferred by the conflict.

Directed by François Truffaut. With Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, Henri Serre
France 1962, 35mm, b/w, 106 min. French with English subtitles

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 15 AT 4PM

THE BIG PARADE

King Vidor earned his reputation as a great director with this stunning antiwar film, now one of the classics of silent cinema. Containing realistic, remarkably staged battle sequences and moments of powerful drama, the film follows a naïve American soldier from the thrill of small-town enlistment rallies to the grim reality of trench warfare in France. Vidor skillfully weaves humor and sentiment throughout, and the film's blend of emotion helped it become one of the most successful silent films ever. It also set the template for American films about modern warfare.

Directed by King Vidor. With John Gilbert, Renée Adorée, Hobart Bosworth
US 1925, 35mm, b/w, silent, 130 min

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20 AT 9PM

WATERLOO BRIDGE

An Englishman who became one of the great Hollywood directors of the 1930s, James Whale was also a World War I veteran. He made a handful of war films, includ-



JAMES WHALE *WATERLOO BRIDGE*

ing *The Road Back*, a sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*. One of his most moving films is this low-budget adaptation of a popular and topical stage play. Roy, a naive American soldier in London during World War I, falls in love with the winsome Myra, another American, played by the mesmerizing Mae Clarke. Claiming to work as a chorus girl, Myra cannot tell Roy that she has lost her job and now makes her living as a prostitute. Out of this melodramatic—and definitely pre-Code—material, Whale fashions a vivid example of the war film that focuses not on combat but on lovers caught in the crucible of the homefront.

Directed by James Whale. With Mae Clarke, Kent Douglass, Bette Davis
US 1931, 35mm, b/w, 72 min

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 21 AT 9PM

PATHS OF GLORY

This devastating anti-war film focuses on an actual incident that took place among French forces during World War I in which three soldiers from a regiment that failed to advance on the enemy were randomly selected and executed for cowardice. Kubrick relentlessly demonstrates how the real act of cowardice was perpetrated not by the soldiers in the field but by a vain, ambitious general who has willingly sacrificed his troops to advance his own agenda at headquarters. Kirk Douglas both produced the film and stars as a colonel who attempts to intervene in what he sees as a miscarriage of justice.

Directed by Stanley Kubrick. With Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou
US 1957, 35mm, b/w, 86 min

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 22 AT 5PM

THE END OF ST. PETERSBURG

(KONETS SANKT-PETERBURGA)

The 1917 Bolshevik Revolution was a direct outcome of Russia's disastrous participation in World War I. For the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, Vsevolod Pudovkin fashioned a drama that outlines the fall of Tsarist Russia by following the fortunes of a peasant-turned-factory worker through the turbulent 1910s. Pudovkin's protagonist is swept by corruption and cruelty from steppe to factory to battlefield. Pudovkin himself fought in the war, was wounded and held prisoner for three years by the Germans. From this experience he drew the fury that characterizes the scenes of combat, which are intercut with scenes of industrialists growing rich off the fighting.

Directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin. With Alexander Christyakov, Vera Baranovskaya, Ivan Chuvelov
USSR 1927, 16mm, b/w, 80 min

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 22 AT 7PM

J'ACCUSE

French director Abel Gance left behind him a number of epic films that integrate spectacle, sharp social commen-

tary and massively influential formal experimentation with framing, shot composition and dramatic structure. Here he applies all these to one of the first pointedly anti-war films. Gance began the film shortly after returning from military duty himself; some of the battle scenes were shot on location, using actual soldiers as extras. Like *Jules and Jim*, the film's narrative elaborates a love triangle interrupted by the war, but the impact of *J'accuse* comes from Gance's powerful images of combat and its ability to destroy lives both on the battlefield and on the homefront.

Directed by Abel Gance. With Romuald Joubé, Séverin-Mars, Maryse Dauvray
France 1919, DCP, b/w, silent, 166 min. French intertitles with English subtitles

MONDAY FEBRUARY 23 AT 7PM

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse is based on best-selling Spanish novel about the French and German sons-in-law of an Argentinian landowner who end up in opposing armies. Its continents-spanning sweep helped make it a huge success, sending Rudolph Valentino off to stardom with it. Like *Jules and Jim*, *Four Horsemen* presents the war as the tragedy of brother pitted against brother, and like *J'accuse*, it weaves together romance and combat. The spectacle of Valentino's transformation from graceful tango dancer to beleaguered doughboy lies at the heart of the film's anti-war message.

Directed by Rex Ingram. With Rudolph Valentino, Pomeroy Cannon, Josef Swickard
US 1921, 35mm, b/w, silent, 132 min

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 27 AT 9PM

LA FRANCE

Serge Bozon announced himself as a filmmaker to watch with his remarkably original debut feature, which combines the war film and the musical. After receiving anguished letters from her husband, a soldier's wife disguises herself as a man and goes off to the battlefields to try and find him. The film seems suspended in a kind of twilight between day and night, life and death, violence and peace, where French soldiers fleeing the carnage express themselves in song. "The menace of war is unceasing, or even eternal. To be more precise, La France is more a movie about the menace of war than about the war itself, so I could have set it in the present. But I wanted, from a historical point of view, to deal with the question of desertion, which was huge in France in 1917."—Serge Bozon

Directed by Serge Bozon. With Sylvie Testud, Pascal Gregory, Guillaume Verdier
France 2007, 35mm, color, 102 min. French with English subtitles

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 28 AT 7PM

COMRADESHIP (KAMERADSCHAFT)

At a time of rising nationalism in Germany, the great G.W. Pabst turned to the contested border with France to make a classic about solidarity that transcends such considerations. The film is set just after World War I in a mine that finds itself divided between Germany and France by the Treaty of Versailles. A fire in the French side of the mine threatens workers, but the presence of the border complicates their rescue. Will patriotism trump comradeship? History records that Pabst's hopeful fable went tragically unheeded.

Directed by G.W. Pabst. With Alexander Granach, Fritz Kampers, Daniel Mendaille
Germany/France 1931, 35mm, b/w, 93 min. German and French with English subtitles

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 28 AT 9PM

THE AFRICAN QUEEN

Set in the Belgian Congo, *The African Queen* serves as a reminder that the war's impact was truly global. Adapted from the novel by C.S. Forester, the wonderful screenplay by James Agee and John Huston imagines a British spinster uprooted from her Congolese ministry by the arrival of German troops that she escapes with the help of the grimy captain of the title vessel, a tramp steamboat. The film makes the most out of the plot's central irony: by uprooting the lives of two lonely people and tossing them together, the war's destructive tempest brings them to life. The war is mostly offscreen, although Forester's novel found its origin in the battle for Lake Tanganyika between German naval forces and outgunned Belgian and British ships.

Directed by John Huston. With Humphrey Bogart, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Morley
US 1952, 35mm, b/w, 106 min

SUNDAY MARCH 1 AT 7PM

THE GREAT WAR (LA GRANDE GUERRA)

Both critically and commercially, Mario Monicelli was one of the most successful mainstream directors in mid-century Italy, specializing in comedies that usually included touches of satire, the grotesque and even tragedy. Such is the case in this World War I epic, arguably Monicelli's masterpiece, in which two Italian everymen, none to happy to find themselves drafted, shift from contemptuous nonchalance to desperation as they experience trench warfare. This challenging of the romantic notions of Italy's participation in the war, made commonplace by Mussolini, led to attempts to censor the film, whose endorsement of survival over heroics is at first uproarious and ultimately moving.

Directed by Mario Monicelli. With Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, Silvana Mangano
Italy 1959, 35mm, b/w, 134 min. Italian with English subtitles

MONDAY MARCH 2 AT 7PM

FOUR SONS

One of John Ford's last silent films, *Four Sons* is set in both Germany and the US, as an aging German mother sends her oldest son off to America just before the outbreak of World War I. Her anguish as her children are drafted is doubled by the news that their older brother has joined the opposing army. Ford skillfully alternates between the mother's increasing isolation and grief at home and the fury of the battlefield. The film reveals the influence of Murnau: Ford used the sets built for *Sunrise* and indulges in several remarkable traveling shots.

Directed by John Ford. With James Hall, Margaret Mann, Earle Foxe
US 1928, 35mm, b/w, silent, 100 min



STANLEY KUBRICK *PATHS OF GLORY*



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LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE – FILMS BY JODIE MACK

FEBRUARY 16

Jodie Mack (b. 1983) is an experimental animator who received her MFA in film, video and new media from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2007 and currently teaches animation at Dartmouth College. Combining the formal techniques and structures of abstract/absolute animation with those of cinematic genres, her handmade films use collage to explore the relationship between graphic cinema and storytelling, the tension between form and meaning. Musical documentary or stroboscopic archive: her films study domestic and recycled materials to illuminate the elements shared between fine-art abstraction and mass-produced graphic design. Questioning the role of decoration in daily life, the works unleash the kinetic energy of overlooked and wasted objects.

This collection of films investigates the formal principles of abstract cinema while maturing an interest in found materials, evolving modes of production, forms of labor, and the role of decoration in daily life. Prodding at hierarchies of aesthetic value and the tension between high and low, these works question the role of abstract animation in a post-psychedelic climate. Merch tables meet museum gift stores. The sublime meets Sublime the band. Rippling head shop tie dyes and dollar store gift bags form ebullient spectacles from resurrected dead capital and banal everyday objects. These stroboscopic eulogies—celebrating the spectrum of abstraction from transcendent visual experiences to science kit optical fascinations – force a proscenium collision of the arena rock show, the planetarium light performance and the cinema. – *Jodie Mack*

Special thanks: Adam Hart, 2014-15 Harvard College Fellow in Visual and Environmental Studies

\$12 SPECIAL EVENT TICKETS
 JODIE MACK IN PERSON
 MONDAY FEBRUARY 16 AT 7PM
 NEW FANCY FOILS

Paper sample books discarded and dumpstered by long-gone businesses undergo a series of sequential experiments in pattern, rhythm, color, and text(ure). A call and response of flickering and lingering, this catalog of catalogs remembers a tactile economy.

Directed by Jodie Mack. US 2013, 16mm, color, silent, 12.5 min

UNDERTONE OVERTURE

A study of tie dye swims out to the cosmos and back again.

Directed by Jodie Mack. US 2013, 16mm, color, 10.5 min

DUSTY STACKS OF MOM: THE POSTER PROJECT

Interweaving the forms of personal filmmaking, abstract animation and the rock opera, this animated musical documentary examines the rise and fall of a nearly-defunct poster and postcard wholesale business; the changing role of physical objects and virtual data in commerce; and the division (or lack of) between abstraction in fine art and psychedelic kitsch. Using alternate lyrics as voice over narration, the piece adopts the form of a popular rock album reinterpreted as a cine-performance.

Directed by Jodie Mack. US 2013, live performance with 16mm, color, 41 min

GLISTENING THRILLS

A shiny otherworld of holographic reverie pairs dollar store gift bags and haunting resound, unfolding an effervescent melancholy in three parts. Featuring compositions for bowed vibraphone by Elliot Cole.

Directed by Jodie Mack. US 2013, 16mm, color, 8 min

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

The ultimate photo-kinetic stroboscopic spectacle for spectacles. *Prismatic glasses provided.*

Directed by Jodie Mack. US 2013, 16mm, color & b/w, 3 min



JODIE MACK *UNDERTONE OVERTURE*

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